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The late Dr. A. C. TAIT, Archbishop of Canterbury; Rev. CRAUFORD TAIT and Mrs. TAIT.

THE LATE ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY.

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DR. ARCHIBALD CAMPBELL TAIT, the late Primate of the Episcopal Church of England (*whose portrait appears in the left-hand corner of the upper portion of the frontispiece*), was *born* in Edinburgh, Scotland, on December 22d, 1811, and *died* at his residence at Addington Park, on December 3d, 1882, in the seventy-first year of his age. He was the youngest son of the late Mr. Craufurd Tait, of Harviestoun, in the county of Clackmannan, who was Writer to the Scotch Signet. His *mother* was Susan, daughter of the late Sir Islay Campbell, who was for some time Lord President of the Court of Session of Scotland.

EDUCATION AT GLASGOW AND OXFORD.

Like most of the sons of the gentry of Scotland, he received his education in "Modern Athens," at the famous Edinburgh Academy, and subsequently at the High School, where he showed an aptitude for study beyond the majority of his fellow-pupils. In the year 1827 he entered the University of Glasgow, and by close application gained, in 1830, an exhibition scholarship, which enabled him to gain admission to Balliol College, Oxford.

A story is told on the authority of the late Dean Stanley of Westminster that when young Tait first went up to Balliol and called on Dr. Jenkyns, at that time Master of the College, the Master said to him, "Well, Mr. Tait, what have you come to Oxford for?" "*To improve myself, sir, and to make friends,*" was the reply of the future Archbishop of Canterbury. The answer was prophetic, for Tait's career at Oxford was a brilliant one, and many of his Oxford friendships lasted throughout his life, and retained a singular warmth of affectionate cordiality on both sides.

BRILLIANT ACADEMICAL DISTINCTIONS.

The Glasgow career of Mr. Tait had been of a very unusual kind, remarkable for its great industry, and the great success with which that industry was rewarded. His Oxford course was equally splendid. He became "scholar" of Balliol, graduated "Frst Class" in honors in 1833, and in due course became Fellow, College tutor, and public examiner. He took his M.A. degree in 1836. He also for some time became a member of a third university, that of Bonn, on the Rhine. During his residence at Oxford, Mr. Tait was one of the most prominent members of that historically famous institution, the "Oxford Union Society," where, in common with many illustrious statesmen, he gained a clear, accurate, forcible debating style, which ever afterward characterized him on the platform and in Parliament.

ORDINATION AND CURACY.

In 1836, and when he was twenty-five years old, Mr. Tait was *ordained* deacon by the Bishop of Oxford, and priest in 1838. For a time he discharged the duties of the *curacy* of Baldon, near Oxford, but about this time *Sir Daniel Sandford*, the learned and eloquent professor of Greek at Glasgow, died, and Mr. Tait, who had been one of his favorite pupils became a candidate for the chair. However, there was a legal difficulty in a clergyman of the Episcopal Church holding a professorship in a Scotch University, and so Glasgow lost the services of Mr. Tait, who, in the Providence of God, was to employ himself in a different way.

When the notorious "Tracts for the Times" threw all Oxford, and the whole country, into commotion, and excited apprehension that many eminent clergymen were abandoning evangelical Christianity, and bending their steps toward the bondage of Rome, Mr. Tait entered fearlessly into the conflict. In 1841 he was one of the "four Oxford tutors" who drew the attention of the university to the famous "*Tract* 90," and procured the summary condemnation of its doctrines.

HEAD MASTER OF RUGBY SCHOOL.

In June 1842, the sudden death of the great Dr. Arnold caused a vacancy in the Head Mastership of Rugby School, and Mr. Tait was selected as his successor against a very formidable field of competitors. During the seven years he continued in this important post, the selection was fully justified by its results. A list of his pupils at Rugby would include many eminent names; among them may be mentioned the present Earl of Derby and M. Waddington, formerly Prime Minister of France, who entered at Rugby in 1841. To follow a master so efficient and so beloved as Thomas Arnold was itself no easy task; but to have succeeded as Dr. Tait did in the management of Rugby School was a sufficient proof of his possession of that practical wisdom, and those elements of personal popularity, which justified his subsequent advancement to still higher posts.

MARRIAGE.

Mr. Tait had not been settled long in Warwickshire before he was introduced at Elmdon Parsonage to the family of the late venerable Archdeacon Spooner, and became attached to Catherine, the Archdeacon's daughter, who was a cousin of Bishop Wilberforce. The *marriage* took place in the summer of 1843, and the union was one of singular happiness. Until her decease on December 2d, 1878, Mrs. Tait cordially entered into the arduous duties of her husband with zeal, and engaged in a multitude of good works for the poor and ignorant with indefatigable energy.

UNREMITTING INDUSTRY.

Dr. Tait was always in the school before the first stroke of the clock at seven, not to leave it again, except for refreshments, before the day's work was done, and then in the evening some of the boys were entertained by the Head Master and his wife, so that they both might become acquainted with them all. The holidays were also utilized in visits to the poor of the neighborhood, or other useful occupations, and even the summer vacations were but preparations for the work of the ensuing term, Dr. Tait visiting the scenes of classic history that he might communicate to the boys of the sixth form the results of his tour. But his hard and unintermitting work began to tell seriously upon his health, and, in February 1848, he was seized with a dangerous attack of rheumatic fever, from the effects of which he never entirely recovered.

APPOINTED DEAN OF CARLISLE.

Dr. Tait resumed his labors at Rugby after Easter, but in the course of the year 1849, the Deanery of Carlisle becoming vacant, it was offered to him, and was gratefully accepted. The parting from Rugby took place with many manifestations of affection and honor. The Head Master took his leave of the school by publishing a volume of sermons which he had preached in the chapel, entitled "Lessons for School Life."

HIS INFLUENCE UPON THE NEIGHBORHOOD.

Whatever a deanery may be to some deans, it was certainly no sinecure to the new Dean of Carlisle. His successor, Dr. Close, afterward declared that he found it hard work to keep pace with all that Dr. Tait did in Carlisle. It is no exaggeration to say that the advent of Dean Tait and his wife changed entirely the life of the Carlisle folk. Hitherto the Dean had attended to his own duties, such as they were, often in the most perfunctory manner, but taking little heed of the vice and misery which a garrison is apt to spread around its neighborhood. This was soon changed, for the new Dean wished for no post of indolent retirement. An additional pulpit service was originated on Sundays in the Cathedral, and generally conducted by himself, while the poor were systematically visited and the young and ignorant were instructed. The poor neighbors of the Dean were encouraged to come to the Deanery to make known their spiritual and temporal necessities; while for the benefit of the adult members of the community a night-school was established. A dean's chief ostensible duty lies wi[th] the fabric of his cathedral, and during Dr. T[ait's] residence $75,000 was spent in restoring the [ancient] pile.

DEATH BY FEVER OF FIVE DA[UGHT]ERS.

From six to seven years of quiet [in] Carlisle, filled with Christian labor, glided pe[ace]fully away, four daughters, born in Septemb[er] 1850, June 1852 August 1854, and Februa[ry] 1856, respectively, having been added to their family, making, with those previously born, seven children, the eldest of whom was at the time to which we now refer but ten years of age. It was in the early spring of 1856 that it pleased the Lord to visit Dr. Tait with almost overwhelming sorrow, for in six weeks five of his young daughters were taken from him by scarlet fever, leaving him but his only son—a boy of seven—and an infant but a few weeks old. One after another the five children were laid low, upon one after another the devouring fever worked its will—all the more to be deplored as it was feared that the fever had been communicated to the children through their parents, *brought by them from some sick-bed* where they had been to comfort the living and tend the dying—and one after another their bodies were laid to rest within sight of the old Cathedral, and near the quiet waters of the Eden.

THE BISHOPRIC OF LONDON.

In September 1856, Dr. Tait was appointed Bishop of London, in succession to Dr. Blomfield, who, from increasing age, had resigned the See. The career of the new Bishop, during the twelve laborious years in which he administered England's greatest Diocese, fully justified the exceptional interest displayed when he was introduced to office. His first act gave assurance of his broad and all-embracing charity. *By joining the British and Foreign Bible Society*, he acknowledged the great truth that all evangelical denominations are brethren in Christ, and all denominational differences should be merged in the great work indicated by the original command—that of "preaching the Gospel" by placing the Scriptures within the reach of all men.

Among the enterprises commenced by the new Bishop were: Week-day evening discourses to East End weavers who were asked to "come in their working clothes," addresses to London omnibus-drivers and cabmen in an Islington stable-yard, and open-air sermons in Covent Garden Market.

MRS. TAIT'S GARDEN PARTIES.

The episcopal duties of hospitality were not forgotten amid the sterner occupations of the See of London. Mrs. Tait, who shared and seconded all her husband's labors as only a woman can—was indefatigable in her efforts to promote a kindly social intercourse between the Bishop and his clergy. Her garden-parties at Fulham, at which the clergy of the whole diocese were wont to assemble, were made by her the pleasantest and not the least valuable characteristics of Dr. Tait's episcopate.

THE STORY OF THE AFRICAN EMU

which was sent to the Bishop from Australia is perhaps well known, but it is good enough to bear repetition. At one of these pleasant gatherings, says Mr. Benham, the emu was turned out into the meadows to be inspected by the guests; but the cows resented the intrusion and gave chase to the unfortunate bird. "Halloa!" exclaimed Mr. Milman excitedly, "*there goes Colenso*, and the bishops after him."

Of these garden-parties, the late Archbishop has said: "Persons who had never met elsewhere met on the Fulham lawn as common ground. There was always a large infusion of the clerical element, and men and women, tired with the routine of London gayeties, were not sorry to spend a quiet Saturday afternoon in that peaceful garden, a place full of old associations, and there to meet clergy, statesmen, literary men, and most of laborers in the various works of charity in which my wife delighted. One element was never wanting—a large concourse of joyous children who came to romp on the lawn, and ride the two or three old ponies which Mrs. Tait always caused to be trotted out for their amusement." (*A picture of one*

of these gatherings appears on the left-hand portion of the front page.)

BISHOP TAIT IN A STORM.

The illustrative panel on *the right-hand side of our frontispiece* presents an episode which occurred in the autumn of 1864. Dr. Tait and his family were then at Lochgilphead, Scotland, at the residence of Bishop Ewing. The following is the late Archbishop's description of the circumstances: "On Tuesday, August 30th, by special invitation of the lieutenant commanding, H.M. steamship on this station, we went to Arran. We had a good day; and then, as it got dark, and set in unfortunately for a rainy night, we all sat together talking pleasantly under canvas, and scarcely noticed how dark and very wet it had become. The clock struck, or rather the bell rang, eight. In a moment a cry, 'Breakers ahead!' 'Stop her!' 'Back her!' then three tremendous bumps under our feet—a horrid scraping noise; the vessel was fast on the rocks, and to all appearance, if she ever got off them, would either swing over or would go down, from the hole which we could not doubt was drilled in her bottom. 'All hands astern!' a frightful rushing of seamen and marines. Some of them, half-dressed, turned out of the berths into which they had just turned in. The darkness was intense, but breakers and land within a hundred yards were dimly visible

LANDING THE PASSENGERS.

"Every one behaved beautifully. The ladies were as composed as possible. We then had a little prayer together; but in two minutes the captain had made up his mind: 'Lower the boats; ladies and passengers on shore.' The landing was not very easy. The sea was running very high; the boat could not come within some yards of the rocky beach. A sailor, who was incautious enough to insist on taking Catherine (Mrs. Tait) on his back, came down like a shot in the water, and she waded from the boat. But, providentially, some time before half-past eight, we found ourselves on land, without any accident."

MADE ARCHBISHOP.

In 1868 Archbishop Longley died, and the Bishop of London was appointed his successor. In 1862 he had been offered the Archbishopric of York, and had declined it by the advice of his wife. "This," says the Archbishop himself, "was before the organization of the Bishop of London's Fund, and at that time I was in more vigorous health, and much work in London to which my strength was equal seemed to lie before me. The offer of the Archbishopric of Canterbury presented none of the difficulty which must have attended a migration from London to York." The offer was made by Mr. Disraeli during his first tenure of the Premiership, and the selection did great credit to his sagacity and freedom from party ties in the exercise of ecclesiastical patronage.

ERECTION OF ST. PETER'S ORPHANAGE.

One of the first works of the new Archbishop, aided by his noble-hearted wife, was the erection of *St. Peter's Orphanage* in the Isle of Thanet, where he had purchased a country residence. For a fortnight before the laying of the foundation stone, on December 22d, 1869, he had been seized with a dangerous illness, and for days lay at death's door. He had returned home from the transaction of some business in London, and retired to rest, and rose the next morning as fresh as usual, but while dressing he fell prostrate and unconscious on the floor. Gradually his strength returned, and he was able to view from one of the windows of the house the laying of the foundation-stone by Mrs. Tait.

DEATH OF HIS SON AND WIFE.

On May 29th, 1878, Craufurd Tait, the son of the Archbishop, died. On December 2d, Mrs. Tait went to rejoin her loved ones who had gone before, only surviving her beloved son six months and three days. Surely sorrows fell heavily upon the venerable Primate, and well might Dean Close, his successor at Carlisle, write to him, "Your heavenly Father must love you very much, or He would not chastise you so sorely, opening the tender wounds again and again."

FAILURE OF HEALTH.

From this crowning sorrow the Archbishop never recovered. He accepted his affliction with resignation and with that true humility which ever distinguished him. Last year he suffered from overwork, and the depressing effects of the fog-laden atmosphere of London. He accordingly sought in the spring of the year for ozone and sunlight on the shores of the Mediterranean, but returned to England shortly after Easter somewhat better for the change, in time to officiate at the marriage of Prince Leopold. He again devoted himself, without thought to his own weakness, to the duties of his office, until on August 18th last, he was again seized with illness and a fatal termination was then feared. He, however, sufficiently recovered from that grave attack to lead his friends to hope for his recovery.

HIS LAST SERVICE FOR THE QUEEN.

In the early part of August he had received the command of the Queen to attend at Osborne for the purpose of performing the ceremony of the confirmation of the Princes Albert Victor and George, the sons of the Prince of Wales. He was then strongly advised to excuse himself on account of the state of his health, but he declared, "*It is the last thing I shall do for the Queen, and I mean to do it.*" He accordingly went, and in the course of the journey caught a severe cold. This was followed by an attack of bronchitis, which afterward developed into more serious disorders, and finally led to his fatal illness.

DYING WORDS.

The story of the few final days of Dr. Tait's illness is not one of severe suffering; it seemed at last rather that the sands of life had run out than as if death were the result of absolute disease. On Thursday night, November 30th, he said he thought he was dying, and, as he became colder, the doctor once or twice found the pulse cease. All the family were summoned to the bedside, but the pulse revived and the Archbishop, though in a state of great prostration, was able to talk, and took leave of his children. They were all round him, and prayer was offered.

On Friday, December 1st, he suffered much. While this state continued, the Archbishop said, "If this is death, it is not so bad." In reply to kindly questions as to the pain, the reply was, "Oh, it is not pain," and then he added, "Oh, my God, I am happy." Now and again he quietly exclaimed "Oh! when shall I be at rest? God relieve me and let me go." When he realized that he was dying, he inquired, "What day is it?" Some one answered, "The 1st of December." He then remarked, "The very day poor Catherine died; we shall soon meet." It is, however, noteworthy as evidence of something more than a coincidence of dates that he never looked on the anniversary of her death as the 1st of December, but as Advent Sunday, the very day on which he himself passed away.

DEATH AND INTERMENT.

On Saturday, December 2d, the Archbishop fell into a state of semi-sleep, rousing now and then, apparently knowing everything that was going on around him, but unable to speak. There was no great change until seven o'clock on Sunday morning, when he fell asleep, his breathing becoming slower and slower, until about a quarter past seven, when he drew his last breath and died without any suffering. All the members of the family were present when the end came, including his three surviving daughters, two of them unmarried, and his elder sister Charlotte, now in her 82d year, and by whom (his mother having died soon after his birth) the Archbishop is stated to have been brought up. His family declined the proffered honor of his interment in Westminster Abbey, and, according to his own wish, he was buried at Addington on December 8th, where the dust of his wife and son lie awaiting the resurrection of the just.

THE LATE REV. CRAUFURD TAIT.

CRAUFURD TAIT, the third child and only son of Archbishop and Mrs. Tait, was *born* at Rugby School, of which his father was head master, on June 22d, 1849, and at the time of his death at Stonehouse, on May 29th, 1878, he was in the twenty-ninth year of his age. Nothing could exceed in tenderness the affectionate friendship which characterized the mother and son. He was about five years old when his five sisters died of scarlet fever, the boy's conviction that his little playfellows were gone to be with Christ, and that there was a place prepared for him with them, became the very education of his life, and developed, with God's blessing, into a faithful and gracious manhood.

SCHOOL AND UNIVERSITY CAREER.

On January 21st, 1858, it was deemed advisable to send him to school, at Blackheath, where he remained for nearly four years. In September 1862, at the age of thirteen, he became a pupil at the great public school at Eton. In 1869 he entered as a student at Christ Church, Oxford. While there he shunned all approach to dissipation and frivolity, and sought chiefly the society of those whom he could respect for their moral and intellectual character. In July, 1872, he took his B.A. degree, and was placed by the examiners in the first class of the Law and History school.

JOURNEY TO THE EAST.

On November 19th, 1872, he left England for the East with his future brother-in-law, and at Alexandria he was joined by three other college friends. He was absent for more than seven months, and visited Egypt, the Nile, the Desert of Sinai, Petra, Jerusalem, the land of Moab, Lebanon, Damascus, Athens, Constantinople, and the Danube.

ORDINATION AND CURACIES.

In 1874 he was *ordained* by the Bishop of Dover, and at once entered on his work as a *curate* at Saltwood, under the Rev. Canon Knollys. He aiso accepted the charge of a poor district in the town of Hythe, containing 900 persons. "Not nine of them, I suppose, have ever been to church," he wrote, "so I shall have lots to do. I hope, by having mission services among them, to get hold of them gradually."

After fourteen months' successful work at Saltwood, he returned home; and in 1875 his father ordained him Priest at Croydon parish Church, and he accepted a curacy for a few months in one of the poorest of the London parishes, his object being to see something of London work under a good worker. But in the summer of the same year it was deemed advisable for him to settle as domestic chaplain to his father at Lambeth and Addington.

VISIT TO THE UNITED STATES.

His health requiring a complete change, he determined to carry into effect a long cherished plan of visiting America, and sailed for New York on July 17th, 1877, where he landed on August 1st. In the month of October he delivered his father's greetings to the American House of Bishops, at their General Convention at Boston. Dr. H. C. Potter, of New York, thus wrote of the event: "As secretary, it was my office to arrange for his reception. Those who witnessed the scene will not soon forget it. It is doubtful if, in all its history, the House had ever been addressed by one so young. Indeed, the contrast between the venerable presiding Bishop, bent with the weight of more than fourscore years, and the youth who stood before him was strangely impressive. With singular modesty, but with the most entire self-possession, Mr. Tait discharged the duty which had been assigned to him, and delivered the greetings with which he had been charged. Every one who heard him was alike won and charmed." (*A picture on page 12 illustrates this episode.*)

After three months' absence, Mr. Tait returned home, having rapidly visited the chief cities on the Hudson, Saratoga, Niagara, Chicago, Boston, Washington, and other cities, receiving everywhere a cordial welcome.

INDUCTED AS VICAR OF ST. JOHN'S.

On February 3d, 1878, Mr. Tait was *inducted as Vicar* of St. John's, Notting Hill, near London. This was his first and last appearance as incumbent in that church. Twelve days afterward his strength altogether broke down; fever set in with violence, and on February 16th he was in danger. Then followed three months of intense anxiety. He lay very ill but did not himself suppose he was

(*Continued on page 12.*)

THE STAR.

Dr. Talmage's Sermon Preached on Sunday Morning, Dec. 24th, 1882.

"And lo, the star which they saw in the East went before them."—MATT. 2 : 9.

The Night of Jubilant Commemoration—The Pointing Finger of Night—The Beckoning Star—I. A Sidereal Escort—Its Welcome Voice—II. The Obeisance of the Stars—The Organ of the Universe—Its Broken Stop—All Worlds to be Accordant—III. The Homage of Earthly Wisdom—The Scientists of the Day—The Stars Their Special Study—The Wisest Men Always Christians—The Matter in Ounces—The Sages of the West—IV. Born in the Winter—A December Christ—For People Snowed Under—V. An Alleviation for Animals—VI. The Three Presents—The Gold—Consecrated Affluence—The Myrrh—Bitterness and Sorrow—The Frankincense — Worship — The Two Censers of To-day.

THE old sexton of the village church is about to put his hand on the rope of the bell. The cylinder of the chime of the city belfry is being readjusted. All around the world the air will vibrate with sweetest tintinnabulation punctuated with the roar of cathedral tower, the jingle of the lighter metal submerged by the overmastering boom. When this afternoon at thirty-eight minutes past four o'clock the sun sets, there will come on a night of jubilant commemoration.

THE FIRST CHRISTMAS.

Two plain people centuries ago hoteled in a village barn after a walk of eighty miles, too long a trudge for one in poor health. No lords of state awaiting in antechamber as when other kings are born, no messengers mounted at the doorway ready to herald the advent from city to city, no medical skill in attendance, no satin-lined cradle to receive the infantile guest; but a monarch born in the hostelry called the house of Chim Ham; the night with diamonded finger pointing down to the place; the door of heaven set wide open to look out; from orchestral batons of light dripping the oratorios of the Messiah; on lowest doorstep of heaven the minstrels of God discoursing of glory and good cheer.

Soon after *the white-bearded astrologists* kneel, and from leathern pouch chink the shekels and from open sacks exhale the frankincense and rustle out the bundles of myrrh. The loosened star the escaped doxology of celestials; the chill December night aflush with May morn; our world a lost star, and another star rushing down the sky that night to beckon the wanderer home again shall yet make all nations keep Christmas.

I. A SIDEREAL ESCORT.

Are there no new lessons from the story not yet hackneyed by oft repeatal? Oh, yes. Know in the first place, it was a sidereal appearance that led the way. "Lo, the star which they saw in the East, went before them." Why not a black cloud in the shape of a hand or finger pointing down to the sacred birthplace? A cloud means trouble, and the world had had trouble enough. Why not a shaft of lightning quivering and flashing and striking down to the sacred birthplace? Lightning means destruction and shattering and consuming power, and the world wanted *no more destruction.*

THE VOICE OF THE STAR.

But it was a star, and that means joy, that means hope, that means good cheer, that means ascendancy. A star! That means creative power, for did not the morning stars sing together when the portfolio of the worlds was opened? A star! That means defence, for did not the stars fight in their course against Sisera and for the Lord's people? A star! That means brilliant continuance, for are not the righteous to shine as the stars forever and ever? A star! That means the opening of eternal joy. The day star in the heart. The morning star of the Redeemer.

The unusual appearance that night may have been a strange conjunction of worlds. As this recent transit of Venus was foretold many years ago by astronomers, and astronomers can tell what will be the conjunction of worlds a thousand years from now, so they can calculate backward; and even infidel astronomers have been compelled to testify that about the year one there was a very unusual appearance in the heavens. The Chinese record, of course entirely independent of the Word of God, gives as a matter of history that about the year one there was a strange and unaccountable appearance in the heavens.

But it may have been *a meteor* such as you and I have seen flash to the horizon. Only a few nights ago I saw in the northern sky a star shoot and fall with such brilliancy and precision that if I had been on a hill as high as that of Bethlehem on which the shepherds stood, I could have marked within a short distance the place of the alighting. The University of Iowa and the British Museum have specimens of meteoric stones picked up in the fields, fragments flung off from other worlds, leaving a fiery trail on the sky. So that it is not to me at all improbable, the stellar or the meteoric appearance on that night of which we speak. I only care to know that it was bright, that it was silvery, that it flashed and swayed and swung and halted with joy celestial, as though Christ in haste to save our world had rushed down without His coronet, and the angels of God had hurled it after Him!

Not a black night of threat, but a gleaming star of hope is our glorious Christianity. One glimpse of that stellar appearance kindled up the soul of the sick and dying college student until words flashed from his fingers and the star seemed to pour its light from his white lips as Kirke White wrote these immortal words:

"When marshalled on the nightly plain
The glittering hosts bestud the sky,
One star alone of all the train
Can fix the sinner's wandering eye.
Hark, hark to God, the chorus breaks,
From every host, from every gem,
But one alone, the Saviour speaks,
It is the star of Bethlehem.

"Once on the raging seas I rode,
The storm was late, the night was dark,
And rudely blew the wind that tossed my foundering bark;
Deep horror then my vitals froze,
Death struck, I ceased the tide to stem;
When suddenly a star arose,
It was the Star of Bethlehem."

STELLAR OBEISANCE.

II. Notice also in this scene, that, other worlds seemed to honor our Lord and Master. Bright star of the night, wheel on thine orbit. I must come nearer and I must bend and I must watch and see what you do with my Jesus. Another world that night joined our world in worship. That star made *a bow of obeisance.* I sometimes hear people talk of Christ's dominion as though it were to be merely the few thousand miles of the world's circumference; but I believe the millions and the billions and the quadrillions of worlds are all inhabited—if not by such creatures as we are, still such creatures as God designed to make and that all these worlds are a part of Christ's dominion. Isaac Newton and Kepler and Herschel only went on Columbus's voyage to find these continents of our King's domain. I think all worlds were loyal but this. *The great organ of the universe,* its pedals and its pipes and its keys all one great harmony save *one broken stop,* save one injured pedal—the *vox humana* of the human race, the world, the disloyal world.

Now you know that however grand the instrument may be, if there be one key out of order, it spoils the harmony. And Christ must mend this key. He must restore this broken stop. You know with what bleeding hand, and with what pierced side, and with what crushed foot, He did the work. But the world shall be attuned and all worlds will be yet accordant. Isle of Wight larger in comparison with the British Empire than our island of a world is compared with Christ's vast domain. If not, why that celestial escort? If not, why that sentinel with blazing badge above the caravansery? If not, why that midnight watchman in the balcony of heaven? Astronomy surrendered that night to Christ. This planet for Christ. The solar system for Christ. Worlds ablaze and worlds burnt out—all worlds for Christ.

Intensest microscope cannot see the one side of that domain. Furthest reaching telescope cannot find the other side of that domain. But I will tell you how the universe is bounded. It is bounded on the north and south and east and west and above and beneath by God, and that God is Christ, and that Christ is God, and that God is ours. Oh, does it not enlarge your ideas of a Saviour's dominion when I tell you that all the worlds are only sparks struck from His anvil? that all the worlds are only the fleecy flocks following the one Shepherd? that all the islands of light in immensity are one great archipelago belonging to our King?

THE HOMAGE OF THE SAGES.

III. But this scene also impresses me with the fact that the wise men of the East came to Christ. They were not fools, they were not imbeciles. The record distinctly says that the wise men came to Christ. We say they were the magi, or they were the alchemists, or they were the astrologists and astronomers, and we say it with depreciating accentuation. Why, they were the most splendid and magnificent men of the century. They were the naturalists and the scientists. They knew all that was known. You must remember that astrology was the mother of astronomy, and that alchemy was the mother of chemistry, and because children are brighter than the mother you do not despise the mother.

It was the lifelong business of *these astrologers* to study the stars. Twenty two hundred and fifty years before Christ was born the wise men knew the precision of the equinoxes and they had calculated the orbit and the return of the comets. Professor Smith declares that he thinks they understood the description of the world from the map. We find in the book of Job that the men of olden time did not suppose the world was flat as some have said, but that he knew and the men of his time knew the world was globular. The pyramids were built for astrological and astronomical study.

Then, *the alchemists* spent their lives in the study of metals and gases and liquids and solids, and in filling the world's library with their wonderful discoveries. They were vastly wise men who came to the East. They understood embalmment as our most scientific men cannot understand it. After they had gone on in studying hundreds and thousands of years, they only came up to the point where some of them began to forget. I believe the lost arts are as mighty as the living arts.

They were wise men that came from the East, and tradition says *the three wisest* came, Caspar, a young man; Balthazar a man in mid-life, and Melchior, an octogenarian. The three wisest men of all the century. They came to the manger. So it has always been—the wisest men come to Christ, *the brainiest men come to the manger.* Who was the greatest *metaphysician* this country ever has produced? Jonathan Edwards, the Christian. Who was the greatest *astronomer* of the world? Herschel, the Christian. Who was the greatest *poet* ever produced? John Milton, the Christian. Who was the wisest *writer on law?* Blackstone, the Christian. Who is the mightiest intellect in Great Britain to-day? Gladstone, the Christian. Why is it that every college and university in the land has a chapel? They must have a place for the wise men to worship.

Come now, let us understand in ounces and by inches this whole matter. In *post mortem* examination the brain of distinguished men has been examined, and I will find the largest, the heaviest, the mightiest brain ever produced in America, and I will ask what that brain thought of Christ. Here it is, the brain weighing fifty-eight ounces, the largest brain ever produced in America. Now let me find what that brain thought of Christ. In the dying moment, that man said: "Lord I believe; help Thou mine unbelief. Whatever else I do, Almighty God, receive me to Thyself for Christ's sake. This night I shall be in life and joy and blessedness." So Daniel Webster came to the manger. The wise men of the East followed by the wise men of the West.

BORN IN THE WINTER.

IV. Know also in this scene that it was a winter month that God chose for His Son's nativity. Had it been the month of May—that is the sea

of blossoms. Had He been born in the month of June—that is the season of roses. Had He been born in the month of July—that is the season of great harvests. Had He been born in the month of September—that is the season of ripe orchards. Had He been born in the month of October—that is the season of upholstered forests. But He was born in the month of December when there are no flowers blooming out of doors, and when all the harvests that have not been gathered up have perished, and when there are no fruits ripening on the hill, and when the leaves are drifted over earth.

It was in closing December that He was born to show that this is a Christ for people in sharp blast, for people under clouded sky, for people with frosted hopes, for people with thermometer below zero, for people snowed under.

A DECEMBER CHRIST!

That is the reason He is so often found among the destitute. You can find Him on any night coming off the moors. You can see Him any night coming through the dark lanes of the city. You can see Him putting His hand under the fainting head in the pauper's cabin. He remembers how the wind whistled around the caravansery in Bethlehem that December night, and He is in sympathy with all those who in their poverty hear the shutters clatter on a cold night.

It was this December Christ that Washington and his army worshipped at Valley Forge when without blankets they lay down in the December snow. It was this Christ that the Pilgrim Fathers appealed to when the Mayflower wharfed at Plymouth Rock, and in the years that went by the graves digged were more in number than the houses built. Oh, I tell you, we want a December Christ, not a Christ for fair weather, but a Christ for dark days, clouded with sickness and chilling with disappointment, and suffocating with bereavement, and terrific with wide open graves. Not a springtime Christ, not a summer Christ, not an autumnal Christ, but a winter Christ.

Oh, this suffering and struggling world needs to be hushed and soothed and rocked and lullabied in the arms of sympathetic omnipotence. No mother ever with more tenderness put her foot on the rocker of the cradle of a sick child than Christ comes down to us, to this invalid world, and He rocks it into slumber and quietness as He says, "My peace I give unto you; not as the world giveth, give I unto you." Oh, you broken-hearted, oh, you persecuted and tried souls, oh, you burden bearers, this day I declare unto you a December Christ.

MERCY FOR ANIMALS.

V. Notice also a fact which no one seems to notice, that this Christ was born among the sheep and the cattle and the horses and the camels, in order that He might be an alleviating influence to the whole animal creation. It means mercy for overdriven, underfed, poorly sheltered, galled and maltreated creation.

Hath the Christ who compared Himself to a dove no care for the cruelties of the pigeon shooting? Hath the Christ who compared Himself to a lamb no care for the sheep that are tied and contorted, and with neck over the sharp edge of the butcher's cart, or the cattle train in hot weather from Omaha to New York, with no water—fifteen hundred miles of agony? Hath the Christ whose tax was paid by a fish, the coin taken from its mouth, no care for the tossing fins in the fish market? Hath the Christ who strung with His own hand the nerves of dog and cat no indignation for *the horrors of vivisection?* Hath the Christ who said, "go to the ant," no watchfulness for the transfixed insects? Hath the Christ who said, "behold the fowl of the air," Himself never beheld the outrages heaped upon the brute creation which cannot articulate its grief? This Christ came not only to lift the human race out of its trouble, but to lift out of pang and hardship the animal creation.

In *the glorious millennial time* the child shall lead the lion and play with the cockatrice only because brute and reptile shall have no more wrongs to avenge. To alleviate the condition of the brute creation Christ was born in the cattle pen. The first bleat of the Lamb of God heard amid the tired flocks of the Bethlehem shepherds. The white horse of eternal victory stabled in a barn.

THE THREE PRESENTS.

VI. But notice also in this account the three Christmas presents that are brought to the manger. Gold, frankicense and myrrh. *Gold to Christ*—that means all the affluence of the world brought to Christ. For lack of money no more asylums limping on their way like the cripples whom they helped, feeling their slow way like the blind people whom they sheltered. Millions of dollars for Christ where there are now thousands for Christ. Railroads owned by Christian stockholders and governed by Christian directors and carrying passengers and freight at Christian prices. George Peabodys and Abbott Lawrences, and James Lennoxes no rarity. Bank of England, Bourse of France, United States Treasury, all the moneyed institutions of the world for Christ. The gold for Christ.

Gold not merely paved the way for Joseph and Mary and the divine fugitive into Egypt, but it was typical of the fact that Christ's way shall be paved all around the world. The gold for Christ, the silver for Christ, the jewels for Christ. Australia, Nevada and Golconda for Christ. The bright, round, beautiful jewel of a world set like a solitaire on the bosom of Christ!

THE MYRRH.

But I notice that these wise men also shook out from their sacks the myrrh. The cattle came and they snuffed at it. They did not eat it because it was bitter. The pungent gum resin of Abyssinia called myrrh brought to the feet of Christ. That means bitterness. Bitter betrayal, bitter persecution, bitter days of suffering, bitter nights of woe. Myrrh. That is what they put into His cup when He was dying. Myrrh. That is what they put under His head in the wilderness. Myrrh. That is what they strewed His path with all the way from the cattle pen in Bethlehem to the mausoleum at Joseph's country seat. Myrrh. Yea, says some one, "all thy garments smell of myrrh." That is what the wise men wrapped in the swaddling clothes of the babe. That is what the Marys wrapped in the shroud of a crucified Christ. The myrrh. Oh, the height, the depth, the length, the breadth of the Saviour's sorrow. Well might the wise men shake out the myrrh.

THE FRANKINCENSE.

But I notice also from another sack they shake out the frankincense. Clear up to the rafters of the barn the air is all filled with perfume, and the hostlers and the camel drivers in the furthest part of the building inhale it, and it floats out upon the air until passers-by wonder who in that rough place could have by accident dropped a box of alabaster.

Frankincense. That is what they burned in the censer in the ancient temple. Frankincense. That means worship. Frankincense. That is to fill all the homes and all the churches and all the capitals and all the nations from cellar of stalactitic cave clear up to the silvery rafters of the starlit dome. Frankincense. That is what we shake out from our hearts to-day, so that the nostrils of Christ once crimsoned with the hemorrhage of the cross, shall be flooded with the perfume of a world's adoration. Frankincense. Frankincense in song and sermon and offertory and handshaking and decoration. Praise Him, mountains and hills, valleys and seas, and skies and earth and heaven—cyclone with your trumpets, northern lights with your flaming ensign, morning with your castles of cloud, and evening with your billowing clouds of sunset.

Do you know how they used to hold the censer in the olden time, and what it was made of? Here is a metal pan and the handle by which it was held. In the inside of this metal pan were put living coals, on the top of them a perforated cover. In a square box the frankincense was brought to the temple. This frankincense was taken out and sprinkled over the living coals, and then the perforated cover was put on, and when they were all ready for worship, then the cover was lifted from this censer and the covers were lifted from all the other censers, and the perfumed smoke arose until it hung amid all the folds and dropped amid all the altars, and then rose in great columns of praise outside or above the temple, rising clear up toward the throne of God.

TWO CENSERS.

So we have *two censers to-day*, of Christmas frankincense. Here is the one censer of earthly frankincense. On that we put our thanks for the mercies of the past year, the mercies of all our past lives, individual mercies, family mercies, social mercies, national mercies, and our hearts burning with gratitude send aloft the incense of praise toward the throne of Christ. Bring on more incense, and higher and higher let the columns of praise ascend. Let them wreathe all these pillars and hover amid all these arches and then soar to the throne.

But here is the other censer of heavenly thanksgiving and worship. Let them bring all their frankincense—the cherubim bring theirs and the seraphim theirs and the one hundred and forty and four thousand theirs, and all the eternities let them smoke with perfume on this heavenly censer until the cloud canopies the throne of God. Then I take these two censers — the censer of earthly frankincense and the censer of heavenly frankincense—and I swing them before the throne, and then I clash them together in one great hallelujah unto Him to whom all the wise men of the East brought the gold, and the myrrh and the frankincense as the star in the East went before them.

False Props Knocked Away.—Mrs. Adams, wife of the devoted missionary at Kin-hwa, China, speaking of the habits and apparently ineradicable superstitions of the Chinese women, says: "They are quite satisfied if at the regular season they visit a temple devoted to the worship of the Goddess of Mercy, and after presenting money to the priest, and burning incense before the idol, receive *a slip of yellow paper declaring the sins of the past months to be atoned for.* A few weeks ago two white-haired old ladies came to call on me; they lived a great distance from the city, but had come to worship at the women's temple here. With a look of satisfaction on their poor aged faces, they drew from their pockets *slips of yellow paper*, and told me what they were; and when I told them of the precious blood of Jesus that *alone* cleanses from all sin, they seemed quite disappointed and angry at my seeking to remove *the props on which they leaned in their old age.* But they listened attentively to all I said, and I have since learned that they daily offer a prayer which I taught them, 'In the name and for the sake of Christ, our only Mediator and Advocate.'"

Kept Out of a Theatre by Prayer.—Mr. W. E. Barker, who now resides at Canterbury, New Zealand, narrates the following remarkable incident. He says: "When in England, in 1878–1880, I was a great frequenter of theatres. One evening, as I was crossing from Simpson's restaurant to the Gaiety Theatre, London, I heard the bells of a church near by ringing for service. Something seemed to wrestle within me, persuading me to enter the church instead of the theatre. After wavering for some time, I finally did so, and the sermon seemed to suit my case exactly, convicting me of sin. The next evening, instead of taking that warning as sent of God, I made up my mind to go and see a troupe of minstrels at the Opera House, an entertainment I had been for some time most anxious to attend. On reaching the place, exactly the same feeling came over me as on the previous evening. I again resisted and I walked several times round the building, trying to throw off the unwelcome feeling; but I am now thankful to say the Lord prevailed. This strange interference made me feel nervous, and, on thinking it over, I felt so sure that it was owing to some one praying for me, that I wrote straight off to a friend of mine, telling him all about it, and my firm conviction as to the cause. I also gave him the name of the lady who was praying for me; though she had never spoken to me on the subject, I knew it must be she. I then wrote and asked her, and she confessed with gladness that she had for some time made it a subject of prayer. Her mother, also, had prayed for me. *That young lady is now my wife.*

ANECDOTES RELATED AT MOODY AND SANKEY'S MEETINGS IN SCOTLAND.

A Cowardly Soldier.—At a Recent Meeting the Rev. James Scott said: "I once heard of a soldier who, when war broke out, sent in his resignation. Of course it was not accepted. When asked why he did it, his reply was, 'I did not enlist to fight, but only to turn out on parade days.' How many parade Christian workers are there who never turn out except when some great field-day is on hand? What will they say for themselves when they stand before the Master?"

A Lawyer's Opinion Without a Fee.—At the same meeting Mr. R. Hunter Craig said: "Though I had to rise from my bed to attend the Mizpah Choir practice this afternoon, I do not regret having done so, because when Mr. Simpson and I were on the way down we met a well-known leading lawyer of this city, who said to us, 'Although I have been a Christian almost all my life, and teach in a Sabbath-school, I was also a moderate drinker, and thought it was quite right; but now I find it impossible to continue so, seeing the evil results of moderate indulgence, or even using any kind of intoxicating drink.'"

The Half-Emptied Glass.—Mr. Rugg Said, at the same meeting: "Major Colquhoun asks testimony as to the power of God's Holy Spirit to overcome the love of drink. I have already given my own evidence in this church on a former occasion, and now rise to tell you of a case which happened lately. A man was drinking in a public-house. A friend of his went inside and asked him to come outside for a minute. Laying down the half-emptied glass, he complied, and was then persuaded to go to a Blue Ribbon meeting, where the Gospel was preached in all its fulness. That night he gave himself to Jesus, and he has walked consistently ever since."

A Dirty Saint.—The Rev. G. L. Carstairs said: "A friend of mine, not engaged in missionary work, was lately visiting a heathen temple in India. It was a perfect shambles, reeking with the blood of sacrifices offered to their abominable idols. In that place, the shrine of Heathendom, he was enabled to testify of Christ in such a way that the priests were unable to answer him, 'but,' said they, 'If you will come to a certain holy man, he will answer you.' This saint was a man who *had not washed himself nor changed his clothing for years!* Entering the inner room, my friend preached Christ to him, and the reply he got was, 'We know that you Christians must fill India, and all we can do is to put off the evil day.' This is strong testimony to the value and effect of the missionaries' work and the power of the Gospel of Christ, and that from a man who did not believe in Christ."

A Cry for the Boatman.—At the Same Meeting Major Colquhoun said: "When I used to live abroad I was a great swimmer. Near to my house was the deep, strong running river Garonne. One day I was sailing in my boat upon it, and all at once I determined to have a swim. Without waiting to think, I leaped out of the boat into the current. At first I thought I was swimming all right, but soon noticed that the bearings of the land were different. The big tree opposite, from which a minute ago I was a long way off, was near, and the banks were not the same. Startled, I began to think, 'What is the matter?' when it broke in upon me that I was going with the current; I was in danger. 'Help!' I shouted to my boatman. The need of a saviour to rescue me from drowning was evident, and when I called he came, and I got into the boat. It is so with you, friends. Some are in the current of sin, quite careless and unawakened; some are aroused to a sense of their danger, but will not get into the boat for fear it will sink when they get in; and others are clambering in, and trust themselves to the boatman's care."

Down with the Fever.—Mr. Bowker Said: "A few years ago an epidemic raged in Paris. It was a very peculiar fever, which gradually worked its way to the brain and made the patient insensible, so that the most skilful physician could not foresee whether he was to live or die. An American gentleman of wealth and culture was in Paris at the time, and was smitten with the disease. He sent for an English physician, who, after examining him, said, 'Yes, you are ill with the fever. Have you any friends here?' 'No.' 'Have you made your will?' 'No.' 'Make it at once, for I cannot tell whether you will recover or not.' 'Whom shall I get?' 'I will send some one to you.' On leaving the hotel the Englishman sent a lawyer, in whom he had confidence, to make the will. On his next visit he said, 'In a short time you will become insensible. Give me your will, your purse, jewelry, watch, and passport.' Strange request for a stranger to make, thought the sick man, but on looking at the countenance of the physician he saw candor and truth imprinted on it. With full faith he complied with the demand made. The fever ran its course, and by the blessing of God on the care and attention of physician and nurse, he passed safely through it. After he was well, the physician gave him back everything that was in his hands. See you not what Christ says to you: 'Put your all in My hands while the fever of life has to be passed through.' Afterward He will restore all to you."

THE CHARACTERISTICS AND CONTRASTS OF THE COMING KINGDOM.

By Rev. William Maude.

The Kingdom of Righteousness.

The Essential Connection between Righteousness and Peace—What is Righteousness?—Etymology and Moral Significance—Unrighteousness in the Sphere of Earthly Government—Martin Luther and De Burgh—Unrighteousness in Social Relations—Dives and Lazarus Drifting Further Apart—Progress versus Poverty—The Foundations of Modern Society—A Rationalistic Sneer—The Righteousness of Millennial Rule—The King Himself—An Incorruptible Tribunal—The Future Rulers of the Earth—Need for Discrimination—The Princes of the Coming Age—The Future Condition of Israel—The Banishment of Temptation from the Earth—The Millennium Not a Perfect Age.

IT may be truly said of this our fallen sin-stricken world, that, irrespective, of course, of the supreme individual need of salvation, it has *four* great wants; viz.: considered *politically*, it wants PEACE; considered *socially*, it wants RIGHTEOUSNESS; considered *scientifically*, it wants POWER; and considered *intellectually* and *spiritually*, it wants LIGHT. How the first of these wants will be met when the coming Millennial Kingdom of Christ has been established on the earth, I endeavored to show in my former paper which was printed in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD last month. In this and two following ones I propose to establish the same conclusion in reference to the three remaining needs.

ESSENTIAL CONNECTION BETWEEN RIGHTEOUSNESS AND PEACE.

Peace is the flower of which righteousness is the root; morally there is an inseparable causal connection between them; there can be no real peace either for man, a nation, or a world, in the absence of righteousness; but if righteousness be poured down from heaven, peace, in sweet responsiveness, will assuredly spring out of the earth. Accordingly we find in Scripture an intimate and inseparable connection between *righteousness* and *peace* again and again expressed. So Isaiah speaks of a time when "judgment shall dwell in the wilderness, and righteousness remain in the fruitful field. And," he adds, "the work of righteousness shall be peace, and the effect of righteousness, quietness, and assurance forever." (Isa. 32: 16, 17.)

Again, how beautifully is the same thought expressed by the Lord to Israel, by the same prophet: "Thou shalt also suck the milk of the Gentiles, and shalt suck the breast of kings: and thou shalt know that I the Lord am thy Saviour and thy Redeemer, the mighty One of Jacob. For brass I will bring gold, and for iron I will bring silver, and for wood brass, and for stones iron: I will also make thy officers peace, and thine exactors righteousness. Violence shall no more be heard in thy land, wasting nor destruction within thy borders; but thou shalt call thy walls salvation, and thy gates praise. . . . . Thy people also shall be all righteous; they shall inherit the land forever, the branch of My planting, the work of My hands, that I may be glorified." (Isa. 60: 16, 18, 21.) And again, addressing her in another key, He says, "Oh, that thou hadst hearkened to My commandments! then had thy peace been as a river, and thy righteousness as the waves of the sea." (Isa. 48: 18.) While the Psalmist exultantly exclaims: "Mercy and truth are met together; righteousness and peace have kissed each other." (Ps. 85: 10.)

WHAT IS RIGHTEOUSNESS?

But what is *righteousness*, and how shall we define it? It comes from two old Anglo-Saxon words signifying right or *straight*, and *wise* or prudent. Righteousness, therefore, is keeping to the straight line, pursuing the straight path and avoiding all serpentine deviations therefrom. In like manner, vulgarly indeed, but by the use of a similar analogy, we still speak of acting "on the square," as equivalent to acting uprightly and honestly. So Solomon says, "In the way of righteousness"—the straight open way in which neither robber nor serpent lurks—"is life, and in the pathway thereof there is no death." (Prov. 12: 28.) While concerning Messiah it is divinely declared: "Thy throne, O God, is forever and ever: a rod of *straightness* is the sceptre of Thy kingdom." (Heb. 1: 8.)

So much for the grammatical meaning of the word; but morally, perhaps, no nobler or more exhaustive definition of "righteousness" could be given than that embodied in the great word of Christ: "Whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so to them; for this is the law and the prophets." (Matt. 7: 12.) Concerning this principle Dr. Watts most truly says:

> "Blessed Redeemer, how divine,
> How *righteous* is this rule of Thine;
> To do to all men just the same,
> As we expect and hope from them."

But we have only to apply such a criterion as this to what the Apostle calls "the course of this world" to perceive at once, if indeed we have any spiritual discernment, how, throughout its entire history, and in all the departments of human life, the reign of unrighteousness has obtained; and that in such a degree that even the Christian's faith has often been for a moment staggered, and he has been tempted to ask himself, "Is there indeed a reward for the righteous; is there in truth a God that judgeth the earth?" Putting aside the flagrant vices which in their habitual and world-wide prevalence disgrace and degrade ou. common humanity, such as drunkenness, uncleanness, robbery, and murder, let us look for a moment at two only of the diverse spheres in which the world's unrighteousness is strikingly manifested: (1) the sphere of government, and (2) the sphere of social relation.

UNRIGHTEOUSNESS IN GOVERNMENT.

"He that ruleth over men must be just," says David in his "last words," "ruling in the fear of God;" but alas, how little of *such rule* has the world ever known! What hecatombs of human victims have been slain in order that some ruthless monster might "wade through seas of slaughter to a throne?" What nations of men have been crushed down into slavery and despair by the cruel oppression of crowned and sceptred tyrants! How little have princes and governors in general cared for the welfare and happiness of their people! Solemnly striking and admonitory is the language of the eighty-second Psalm: "God standeth in the congregation of the mighty; He judgeth among the gods." "This is a terrible word of threatening," says Luther, "against wicked 'gods,' or rulers. For they must here understand that they are not placed over stocks and stones, nor over swine and dogs, but over the 'congregation of God,' (as the words 'congregation of the mighty' should be rendered); they must, therefore, be afraid of

ACTING AGAINST GOD HIMSELF

when they act unjustly." When God thus appears and calls to account the rulers of the earth, named in Scripture "gods," because His representatives

and executors, what words does He address to them? "How long will ye judge unjustly, and accept the persons of the wicked? Defend the poor and fatherless," whom ye have so shamefully neglected and oppressed—"do justice to the afflicted and needy."

But the admonition is altogether in vain. "They know not, neither will they understand; they walk on in darkness; all the foundations of the earth are out of course," or "moved." And while these words have a constant application, and are fearfully illustrated by the history of the past; we have here, says *De Burgh*, "the first intimation of a disorder and moral revolution more general and wide-spread than is usually here suspected. For, it is not a departure from justice, or depravity even such as is here described, in one people or country, that could occasion such a catastrophe as this—"all the foundations of the earth are out of course"—but rather we have here the same crisis and climax of apostasy as before indicated in Ps. 75, where God interposes, saying: "When I shall receive the congregation I will judge uprightly. The earth and all the inhabitants therefore are dissolved: I bear up the pillars of it." (Ver. 2, 3.)

(To be continued.)

THE DESCENDING SPIRIT.

S. S. Lesson for January 14. Acts 2: 1-21. Golden Text, Zech. 4: 6. By Mrs. M. Baxter.

The Key of the Dispensation—Man a Temple—A Call to be God-like—The Spiritual First-fruits—The First Instalment of Power—The Gift of Tongues—A Slanderous Accusation—Peter Used to Refute it—A Warrant for Lay Preaching—The Unfulfilled Prophecy—An Undaunted Little Band—The Self of Fanaticism—How Self Hinders the Spirit.

"NOT by might, nor by power, but by My Spirit, saith the Lord of hosts;" this, our golden text, is the key to the dispensation under which we live. "Thou hast ascended on high, Thou hast led captivity captive; Thou hast received gifts in the Man" (see margin, *i.e.*, in man's nature); "yea, for the rebellious also,

THAT THE LORD GOD MIGHT DWELL AMONG THEM"

(Ps. 68: 18). The very purpose for which God has created man is that he might become "an habitation of God through the Spirit" (Eph. 2: 22).

Who can comprehend this wondrous grace of God which unites us to Himself, which makes man one life, one being with Himself! It is almost inconceivable that the mighty Maker of the universe should choose anything so small, so insignificant in His creation, and make it His home, His dwelling place; that the Creator should inhabit the creature! Yet, so it is, in the Person of the Lord Jesus, and so it is in every man who is really indwelt by the Holy Spirit. God calls man *to do God-like things;* to rise out of his own nature into God's; to leave the natural for the supernatural; to renounce and ignore self with all its claims, its rights, its powers, that it may be replaced by the Spirit of God. God calls us to deny and ignore our natural tendency, to stand up for our rights by resisting evil, that by the Spirit we may love our enemies; He calls us from the natural self-reliance which belongs to us, to cast all our care on God for He careth for us. He calls us to deny the love of approbation which dwells in each of our hearts by nature, and to be glad when men revile, persecute, and speak all manner of evil against us *falsely* for His name's sake.

Jesus came to live a new life, a kind of life which no man had ever lived before, a life in which self was unknown, unrecognized, disregarded; and He has made it possible for you and me, dear reader, as we renounce self, and are indwelt by God to live a divine, a superhuman life, which is indeed nothing more nor less than Christ living in us; and therefore living His own life over again in and through us.

We have seen how the little band of disciples had been emptied of self; even the forward Peter, even the doubting Thomas were now occupied with praising and blessing God, although their cause might have seemed, to the eyes of man a lost one. They were neither preaching nor teaching, their Master had left them, their enemies denied the resurrection of Jesus, yet, strong in faith, they gave glory to God, counting on Jesus' Word against all present surroundings and circumstances. And then it was that the blessing came. The day of Pentecost, the time of the offering of *the first-fruits* (Lev. 23: 15-17) was truly come, and a new order of first-fruits had been offered, "Christ the first-fruits" (1 Cor. 15: 23) of the resurrection had ascended into heaven as a true wave-offering unto God; and now His disciples were "a living sacrifice at His disposal," also "a kind of first-fruits of His creatures" (James 1: 18). They were as really devoted, they had as really staked all upon the Word of their Lord, as though they had been slain in sacrifice.

"They were all with one accord in one place;" here was blessed unity, no divided interests, and here God could bless. "And suddenly there came a sound from heaven as of a rushing, mighty wind, and it filled all the house where they were sitting. And there appeared unto them cloven tongues like as of fire, and it sat upon each of them. And they were all filled with the Holy Ghost, and began to speak with other tongues, as the Spirit gave them utterance." This was their special need: commissioned to "go into all the world, and preach the Gospel to every creature," they needed other languages, and

THE FIRST INSTALMENT

of the power of the Holy Ghost, thus coming upon them was the supply of this very need. But they were not masters of the situation; it was not they making use of the Holy Spirit, it was the Holy Spirit clothing, overpowering, and making use of them. They were not employing the Holy Ghost to make their eloquence more eloquent, the Holy Ghost was moving their tongues to convey to the multitude in their own language, "the wonderful works of God." It is probable that they all spoke with a strong Galilean accent, for we may well believe that they were not long in going out into the streets as God's messengers to the multitudes, of the precious tidings of salvation and the people "were all amazed and marvelled, saying one to another, Behold, are not all these which speak Galileans? And how hear we every man in our own tongue, wherein we were born?"

They had no former experience of anything like this, it was a new thing; ignorant men who were too poor to buy a grammar, and too ignorant to study if they had one, speaking with fluency in other languages, and on a subject in which the terms employed could not have been picked up in the markets, or in the way of business. One and the same theme was heard by all, in the sixteen languages mentioned, it was, "The wonderful works of God." No wonder that it made a stir; God was doing an unusual thing, something out of the way. All the hearers were amazed; nobody could count this to be an ordinary occurrence, say what they would, "they were in doubt, saying one to another, What meaneth this?" These men were open to conviction, but there were others mocking; they did not like the subject of the discourse, it touched them too closely, they would put it down if they could do so, in order to bring reproach upon the God-filled men and women who were preaching. They said, "These men are full of new wine."

These latter have their representatives to this day; they are those who say of every real, blessed work of God's Spirit, that it is excitement, and who thus ascribe to an unhealthy state of nerves and brain that which is really brought about by God. And why? Because their own experience does not reach up to it. And instead of solemnly inquiring of God about the matter, instead of searching His Word, to see if these things are so, they give themselves over to condemn the Holy Ghost. It is sadly true that fleshly excitement is often mistaken for the work of the Holy Ghost, but also the reverse is also often the case. If we are filled with the Spirit, we shall learn "to try the spirits whether they be of God" (2 John 4: 1).

Peter was the instrument used by the Holy Spirit to explain this occurrence; and he did it by bringing Scripture to bear upon the men and the circumstances before him; and he did it not in the way of suggestion. As the mouthpiece of the Spirit of God, Peter spoke with authority, "Ye men of Judea, and all ye that dwell at Jerusalem, be this known unto you, and hearken to my words: For these are not drunken, as ye suppose, seeing it is but the third hour of the day. But this is that which was spoken by the prophet Joel; and it shall come to pass in the last days, saith God, I will pour out of My Spirit upon all flesh: and your sons and your daughters shall prophesy, and your young men shall see visions, and your old men shall dream dreams: and on My servants and on My handmaidens I will pour out in those days of My Spirit; and they shall prophesy."

OH, BLESSED EXPLANATION!

These men and women who were impelled by the Holy Ghost yielded themselves to the impulse to tell the tidings of salvation to perishing men, were fulfilling the Word of God in doing it. *Glorious warrant for lay preaching!* Glorious encouragement to the daughters and the handmaidens of the Lord to become vessels of the Holy Ghost to bless a lost world!

The latter part of the prophecy which Peter quoted from Joel is, as yet, unfulfilled. "I will show *wonders in heaven* above, and signs in the earth beneath; flood, fire, and vapor of smoke: the sun shall be turned into darkness, and the moon into blood, before that great and notable day of the Lord come." But soon, ere Jesus comes, in the time of the approaching great tribulation, all this will most surely come to pass. In any case, the closing words quoted from Joel belong to us now. And it shall come to pass, that whosoever shall call on the name of the Lord shall be saved.

Here were one hundred and twenty men and women sent out to evangelize a world, but with the Holy Ghost dwelling in them they did not stagger at the commission; they did not even wait to hold a council, they worked under the immediate guidance of the Spirit who filled them. Of various education, position, and circumstances, without any previously concerted plan, they all spoke the same thing, did the same work in the same way and in the same power. Why should we not have a perpetual Pentecost? The Holy Ghost is not withdrawn, but there are few men who are thoroughly yielded up to the Holy Ghost, there are few who are empty enough of self to go all lengths with the Holy Ghost without diverging into *the self of fanaticism.*

God is obliged to do only little things by us, because we are not to be trusted to let Him do great things by us. Self it is, which more than anything else, hinders the Holy Spirit of God. Anything of self-consciousness prevents the Spirit of God possessing the whole man, and His work is limited; anything of self-esteem prevents the eye being single, the affections are called out toward self and not toward God, there is a preoccupation which prevents the full reign of the Holy Ghost. He cannot mix with self, He can and will only take the place which self abdicates. Oh, in face of a lost world, needing God more than all else, a world full of sin, which only God can deal with, full of sorrow which God alone can assuage, full of wrongs which God alone can put right, full of sickness which in many cases God alone can heal, shall we, children of God, whose calling is to bring God and man together, shall we be *non-conductors of God,* because we let our miserable self come in between?

Paul suffered the loss of all things, shall not we? He counted not his life dear unto him, shall we hold on to ours? The first disciples were of one heart and one soul, shall we not be so? They laid down their lives for the brethren, shall not we be ready to part with ours? What use are health, time, money, position, talent, honor, except to lay at the feet of Jesus, and to place at the disposal of the Holy Ghost? O God, deal closely with us, give us no rest, until we are so surrendered unto Thee, that emptied of self, and filled with God, we may go in pentecostal power to preach the Gospel to all nations for a witness that thousands may be saved, and then our Lord shall come.

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CURRENT EVENTS.

Sincere and Hearty Felicitations are Tendered in this, the first issue of the new year, by THE CHRISTIAN HERALD to each and all of its readers. Many letters have been received during the past few weeks, from every State in the Union and from all the Provinces of Canada, expressing in the strongest terms the obligations of the writers for spiritual blessings, received through the instrumentality of the paper. Some of them have been aroused, through the blessing of God on its pages, to a sense of their condition before God, and to seek the Saviour; others, anxious for salvation, have found in some part of the paper a word which God has blessed to their guidance to Him "whose blood cleanses from all sin;" while many Christians in doubt, difficulty, or despondency, acknowledge that in reading one or other of the issues of the past year, they have found light and comfort to their souls. That God should have so blessed the enterprise is far more gratifying to those engaged in the work, than would be any amount of pecuniary advantage. But that also God has given. The friends of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, who have derived spiritual profit from it, have introduced it to their acquaintances, who have become subscribers; and professional agents, recognizing its value and its cheapness, have introduced it everywhere with success. The result has been that *the circulation this year is largely in excess of that of last year*, and the sphere of usefulness is consequently much extended. It is, therefore, in the capacity of a tried and valued friend that THE CHRISTIAN HERALD wishes its readers in the highest and best sense of the phrase, a Happy New Year. The same hand that pens these lines wrote some years ago the words introducing the first number of the paper to the public and has, since that time, week by week, held communication in these pages with an ever-widening circle of readers. That God has permitted him to do this without interruption from illness or other cause, is a fact for which the Editor is humbly thankful, and he now, at the commencement of a new year, asks for an interest in the prayers of the readers of the paper, that his labor may continue to receive the blessing of God, without which it is powerless for good.

The Pendleton Civil Service Reform Bill passed the Senate on December 27th, by a vote of 39 to 5. It will be seen that the attendance of Senators was small, but the attitude of every Senator on the question being known it is easy to calculate what the vote would have been, had every Senator been in his place. In that case the vote recorded against the bill would have been less than a third of the total vote. The bill, as it finally passed the Senate and was sent to the House provides for the appointment of a commission of three members, not more than two of whom are to belong to the same party and each to receive a salary of $3500 and travelling expenses. The commission is to designate examining committees which will conduct *examinations of all candidates* for office; the examinations to be competitive and on the line of the practical duties of the positions competed for. Promotions also are to be made on the basis of merit and competition. No person appointed by the President and confirmed by the Senate is to be subject to examination. Appointments are to be apportioned among the various States and Territories on the basis of population, and every candidate will, after passing his examination, be required to serve *a term of probation*. Any examiner, who in his report shows animus against any candidate, is to be deemed guilty of a misdemeanor and liable to fine or imprisonment. Recommendations of Congressmen are to have no weight whatever with any examining board. Assessments for political purposes are prohibited under penalty of $5000 fine and imprisonment for a term not exceeding three years, and no clerk or other office-holder is to be removed from office or otherwise injured because of non-participation in political work of any kind. One of the amendments passed by the Senate prohibits the employment in the civil service in any capacity of any person *habitually using intoxicating liquors* to excess. The Bill now has to pass the ordeal of the House, where it will encounter some opposition.

The Bill to Regulate the Presidential Succession in the event of the death of President and Vice-President was discussed in the Senate on Dec. 29th. The bill provides that in case of the removal, death, resignation, or inability of both the President and the Vice-President, the Secretary of State shall act as President until the end of the term; if there be none, that the Secretary of the Treasury shall act; next, the Secretary of War; next, the Attorney-General; next, the Postmaster-General; next, the Secretary of the Navy; and, last, the Secretary of the Interior. The Secretary of State Mr. Hoar said, in a speech advocating the measure, was always a man regarded by the mass of the people as well fitted to fill the office of President, and nearly always a representative of the principles and policy of the President, so that his succession to the position of Acting President would be likely to carry out the policy approved by the people in electing his predecessor; and this would give additional security to the life of the President. Who supposed that Booth would have assassinated Lincoln if Seward had been the legal successor to the Presidency, or that Guiteau would have lifted his hand against the life of Garfield to elevate Blaine to the vacant chair?

At the Brooklyn Tabernacle, on December 27th, the children of the Sabbath-school held their annual Christmas festival. The church was densely crowded. Four hundred children dressed in holiday attire were seated on the platform, their ages ranging from three years upward. The building was decorated with evergreens and bunting. The exercises consisted principally of songs and recitations by the infant class scholars. The Rev. Dr. Talmage made an address, and kept the entire audience in a roar of laughter. When Santa Claus himself appeared on the platform, there were tumultuous glee and wild hilarity among the children. Not less than 1700 children were present, and all were provided plentifully with oranges, candies, and cake, while the children of the infant class had their hearts gladdened by a profusion of toys of every imaginable kind. Gifts were also made to the teachers.

A Christian Home for Inebriate Women will soon be in active operation in New York. The well-known temperance philanthropist, the Hon. William E. Dodge, said last week: "A great deal is being done in this city for those who are trying to reform. I have just purchased a fine four-story house in Fifty-seventh Street, which will be fitted up as a Christian Home for Inebriate Women. There is more drinking among the women of this city than most people dream of. This Home will accommodate twenty or thirty persons, and if necessary can be made to accommodate as many more. We hope to have it ready for occupancy in a month or two." Referring to *the prohibition movement*, Mr. Dodge said: "I think the time will come when there will be a National Prohibition Party organized in this country, the mission of which shall be to drive out the liquor traffic. I have had hard work to induce members of our own association to remain in the Republican party. Many of them desired to assist in establishing a strictly temperance party, but I did not think the time for a new organization had yet arrived, and so discouraged them. The widespread interest in this temperance movement is not to be laughed down. In my opinion, the Republican party will be defeated in the next Presidential election if it does not recognize the temperance element of the voting population. Many of our best people do not believe in licensing sin in any form, and this sentiment is growing day by day. The next generation will see prohibition in nearly every State in the Union."

The Attempt to Produce the Passion Play in New York has happily met with a check, Mayor Grace having refused the application of M. Salmi Morse for a license for the hall in which it was intended to hold the exhibition. Mayor Grace said to a reporter: "I was advised by many of my friends to do nothing in this matter, but after careful consideration I have determined to refuse Mr. Morse's application. There is nothing to prevent his applying to Mr. Edson, when he takes possession of this office, for a license, and if he is again refused he can apply to the courts for a mandamus." In his letter to Mr. Morse the Mayor said: "As it appears from the statement made by you that the hall is to be used for the exclusive purpose of the exhibition of your Passion Play, such exhibition not to take place until some time after the expiration of my term of office, I do hereby deny your application, for the reason that I am satisfied of the impropriety of licensing a place to be used for such a purpose."

An Interesting Service, in which Two Memorable events in an eminent Christian family were commemorated was held on December 24th, when the Rev. Leonard W. Bacon, of New Haven, Conn., lectured in the New Memorial Church Detroit, on the occasion of the unvailing of a tablet to the memory of his grandfather, the Rev. David W. Bacon and his father and mother, the late Dr. Leonard Bacon and wife. The day was a double anniversary. Just twelve months before, Leonard Bacon had drawn the last breath of a long and useful life; and just eighty-two years before, David W. Bacon had been married to Alice Parks, and had, with his seventeen-year-old bride, set out from a pleasant home in the East for the wilds of the West, to preach to the savage Ojibways.

A Remarkably Touching and Graceful Movement has been inaugurated by the employés of *the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad*. It is a general subscription to present a house to Miss Jennie Smith, whose Christian work among them God has so signally blessed. The circular, issued by the employés describing their object, states that as they have been led through the divine blessing on Miss Smith's labors to secure a mansion in the skies, "a house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens," they have decided to provide her, as an acknowledgment of their indebtedness to her for her indefatigable labors on their behalf, with *an earthly home* among themselves. The subscriptions are limited to the employés of the road, and are in no case to exceed one dollar. It is expected that at least $800 will be raised. Some other friends of Miss Smith, who have observed her energetic labor and its blessed results, have resolved to supplement the gift of "the boys." Some of these mention that as they travel on the Baltimore and Ohio line, they too are indebted to Miss Smith for increased safety, owing to the habits of sobriety and Christian conduct among the employés, which have resulted from her efforts. They propose to raise a subscription to enable her to gratify a long-cherished desire of adding to the building "*a Lord's chamber*" where Christ's poor, in need of rest and recuperation, may enjoy a period of peaceful retirement in a Christian home. Contributions may be sent direct to Miss Jennie Smith, 608 Arch Street, Philadelphia.

The Statistics of the Export of Breadstuffs for the first eleven months of the year have been issued, as compared with the corresponding period of 1881. In November the exports were $15,306,494, as against $18,025,880 of 1881; for the five months ending with November they were $100,750,452, as against $98,337,515; for the first eleven months of the year they were $165,606,693, as against $210,318,432. This is a falling off in values in the last period of about twenty-one per cent, while there is a slight excess within the last five months. The first six months of last year showed a decrease of nearly $47,000,000, which will be only slightly overcome in the month of December.

A Man on Horseback on Fire, was the Strange and terrible spectacle witnessed at Lexington, Ky., on December 26th. A Louisville despatch says that a lamp-lighter named O'Neill, while lighting the gasoline street lamps in the outskirts of the city, overturned a lamp, and the burning fluid poured down, completely saturating his clothes and covering the horse he was riding with a sheet of fire. The terrified animal ran down the street at the top of its speed, and finally, in turning a sharp corner, threw its rider. O'Neill, in a perfect blaze, ran to the nearest house, but was fatally burned before the flames were smothered. His entire body to the waist was burned to a crisp, and his horse was literally roasted. It is thought that if the man could have disengaged himself from his horse directly the lamp fell his life might have been saved, but the animal's alarm goaded it to such speed that its rider was doomed. His horrible fate was a fit type of the condition of some wretched beings whose passions, burning like a fire, are carrying them swiftly to destruction (Isa. 33 : 12).

Choked by a Slate Pencil was the Singular cause assigned for the death of a child at Wilkesbarre, Pa., on December 27th. A despatch from that city narrates that a woman named Gannon, went to a physician's office, bringing with her a child which she said had swallowed a piece of slate pencil. The child was half-suffocated and suffering with spasms. The physician, after examining the child, said that the only way to save the child was *to cut open its throat* and extract the pencil. The mother, however, refused to allow the operation to be performed before the arrival of her husband, who had been sent for. He did not arrive until two hours later, and within a few minutes after his arrival the child expired. The mother's reluctance to submit her child to so terrible an operation, without her husband's approval, can be understood, but it would appear that it lost the child the only chance it had of life. There come crises in the lives of many people when their spiritual life is imperilled, like the natural life of that child. Then it is only by a painful sacrifice, terrible as the loss of a right hand, that the way of escape is opened (Matt. 18 : 8).

A Prisoner's Objection to Enjoy a Privilege had a pathetic basis according to a recently-published reminiscence of a prison official. Among a large number of curious recollections of prison-life, related by ex-Warden Haynes, is that of a man who, on account of his good behavior, was offered the highly-prized privilege of working in the garden outside the prison walls. To the general surprise the prisoner declined it, and the warden inquired the cause. He hesitated a moment, but finally told it. He had a wife and two children, who were ignorant of his being in prison. In the small yellow house, he said, directly *opposite his cell-window* and near where he would have to work, should he go outside, they were then living. He had watched his children all through the summer, playing in a vacant lot of land belonging to the prison, directly under his window, and so near him that he could hear the voices; and he could see his wife passing in and out of the house, or sitting at her window, little dreaming that he had been so near them for almost two years. His wife supposed he was in the West trying to obtain work, while he was really in prison for stealing. His feelings were regarded, and he was allowed to serve out his sentence without being discovered. The prisoner said that his punishment had been aggravated by the sight of his dear ones so near to him, yet to whom he must not speak. It is not improbable that such suffering, far more intense in degree and duration, may be experienced after death by the godless head of a believing household (Luke 13 : 28).

Swearing Through the Telephone has Been made the ground of a lawsuit in Cincinnati, O., which was heard last week before the Superior Court. The petition recited that on the 1st day of April, 1882, the plaintiff, wishing to communicate with a certain person on business, went to the telephone in his (the plaintiff's) office and gave the customary signal. The operator at the Exchange called up the wrong person, whereupon the plaintiff remarked through the telephone, "If you can't get the party I want, you may shut up your —— telephone," and it was shut up and afterward removed by the telephone company on the ground that profane language had been used through it, which is against the company's rules. The suit was brought to compel the company to restore and maintain a telephone in the plaintiff's office. The court was divided, but the majority of the judges endorsed the action of the company. It may be hoped that there will be no reversal of that judgment. The horse-car companies and the elevated railroad company, who suffer the ears of those who use their vehicles to be polluted with the oaths of men, who swear unchecked by the officers, may well follow the example of the Cincinnati Telephone Company (Psa. 59 : 12).

A Set of Diamonds in the Fire Caused a Panic in a lady's breast recently. A Pennsylvania journal states that a short time ago a gentleman and his wife were staying in an hotel, at Harrisburg, Pa. Before retiring the lady wrapped her diamond ear-rings, valued at $1000, in tissue paper, and placed them on the bureau. Next morning, after completing her toilet, she was arranging things on the bureau, and, seeing the tissue paper, picked it up and threw it into the open grate. As she did so it flashed through her mind that her diamonds were wrapped in the paper, and she made a snatch for it as the blaze caught and consumed it. One of the earrings was pulled out with the blazing paper, but the other remained in the midst of the red-hot coals. The lady, forgetting her pain, picked the jewel from the fire with her fingers, burning them considerably. The diamonds were rescued in time, thanks to the lady's promptitude and courage; but the gold setting was spoiled. This kind of heedlessness is going on in many families where the existence of something far more precious than diamonds is involved. Mothers are throwing their children into the fire of temptation from which, when they realize the danger, they cannot rescue them, even though they brave personal peril themselves. (1 Sam. 3 : 13).

Conversation by Signals between Vessels at sea can be carried on with marvellous precision and comprehensiveness, by means of the international code, which it was supposed contained a signal for every communication that it was likely a captain would need to make. In the course of a description of the code, recently published, however, it is stated that one omission was made, which, had it been discovered earlier, might have prevented a disaster. Three years ago, when the Guion steamship Arizona ran into an iceberg on the banks of Newfoundland, she could have received warning of her danger on the previous day had there been a signal which denoted that ice was ahead. The Anchoria, of the Anchor Line, which had sighted the iceberg, passed the Arizona about twelve hours before the accident, and the Captain of the Anchoria, finding there was no signal in the code having reference to icebergs, suffered the Arizona to pass unwarned, and she afterward struck with such force that but for her water-tight bulkheads she must have sunk. There was, however, a signal which might have been used with advantage. It was the signal "*You are running into danger*" which is well known, and often used. The excuse is sometimes made that the Bible contains no specific warning against intoxicating liquor, theatre-going, card playing, etc. It is forgotten that to all such evils the Bible contains the warning to those who indulge in them "you are running into danger" (1 Thess. 5 : 21-23).

THAT HORRIBLE EAST WIND!

A New Sermon by Pastor C. H. Spurgeon.

"And let the peace of God rule in your hearts, to the which also ye are called in one body; and be ye thankful."—COLOSSIANS 3 : 15.

A Troublous Time—The Miseries of the East Wind—The Infallible Remedy—I. Have the Peace of God—What That Implies — Peace with God—As to His Providences—Such as He Commends—Such as God Works—II. Let It Occupy the Throne—III. Strengthen Yourself with Arguments — The Only Way to Spiritual Health — To Church Prosperity—IV. Healthy Mental Occupation—Be Thankful — To God and Man.

I DO not know how it is, but during the last two or three days I have been called to sympathize with an amount of sorrow such as I have seldom met with before in so short a space of time. One messenger of misery has followed on the heels of another, each one with heavy tidings. Nor is that all; for I have also been perplexed with a large amount of sinning, quarrelling, and fault-finding. *People are murmuring*, grumbling, fretting, and fighting on all sides. So much has this tried me that I feel little fitted to act as comforter, for I need comfort myself. I have endeavored to cheer others till I have drunk of their cup of sorrow, and put my own mouth out of taste; I have tried to make peace for others till I am half afraid of losing my own; I have answered the people's grumblings till I am tempted to have a growl or two on my own account. Perhaps I may relieve my own mind by the sermon which I hope to deliver.

I said to one whom I greatly esteem, "I do not know how it is, but everybody seems out of sorts with everybody else just now." His wise answer was,

"THE WIND IS IN THE EAST."

This fact accounts for a great deal, for

"When the wind is in the east,
'Tis neither good for man nor beast."

This is that ill wind which seems to blow no man any good. Some humanities feel the east wind terribly: it sets their teeth on edge, and they feel that they *must bite the first person they meet.* I am glad to find some sort of excuse for my fellow-Christians, and if I can find it nowhere but in the east wind I will make the best I can of it; but I earnestly hope that the wind may soon blow from another quarter, and not come from the east again till we have had a little respite, and laid in a new stock of patience. If a cutting wind causes despondency, vexation, discontent, and bad temper, may soft gales visit us frequently, and bring us healing in their wings. As fair weather will not last forever, it will be well to prepare ourselves to breast the blast.

When I turn over in my mind the events of the last few days I do not suppose that there is more discord or discontent in the world just now than at any other time; but it happens that a number of black lines have all found their centre in my person, and my thoughts have had to travel out in all those directions; all which is trying enough, but all the more so when *the wind is in the east.* It is a coincidence, but the like has happened before. I have had to unravel many tangled skeins in my time, out of love to others; I did not get the threads into a ravel, but people are very fond of bringing me their snarls to disentangle, and when I have a hope of succeeding I try my best. Gladly would I be a peace-maker, but it is much easier to make a snarl than to put it straight again, *especially in the east wind.* I have tried to set things right, and meanwhile I have asked myself,

"IS THERE NOT A REMEDY

for these mischiefs?" I feel assured there is such a remedy. Family discomfort, husbands and wives that cannot agree, domestic difficulties, brothers and sisters that fall out, church troubles, members that are not treated kindly by others (not generally the kindest sort of people themselves, I notice), difficulties in business, difficulties in preaching—the world teems with these things *when the wind is in the east.* We meet with many people who cannot earn enough wages, others who do not believe they were ever well treated since they were born; others, again, who are highly deserv-

ing people, but have never yet been appreciated as they should be; and these all come out in crowds *when the wind is in the east*. Good men become rabid for something new, find fault with old friends, invite debate, and quarrel about nothing; and this happens most often *when the wind is in the east*.

When this kind of spirit gets among Christian people it is very sad; but surely there must be a remedy for it. Many nostrums are proposed, many quacks are ready to prescribe this and that form of remedy for troubles and discords, but the results of the east wind are not to be removed in that way: a higher power is needed. I have heard of pills for the earthquake, and *medicine for the comet;* but I have no such patent physic for the east wind. All I have to tell you is borrowed from an old Book, in which the wisest prescriptions are to be found, prescriptions so excellent that, if they were followed, the inhabitant would no more say, "I am sick."

This windy night I shall take you to the great Physician of souls, Jehovah-Rophi—the Lord who heals us, who is able to cure all our diseases and to give permanent relief from all evil, so that our spirits shall be at rest. I believe that we have a prescription in this verse which, if it be well attended to, will deliver you out of all troubles, make you sing all your lives long, and help you to travel from earth to heaven, and be all the while as happy as the birds in the air. Here it is: "Let the peace of God rule in your hearts, to the which also ye are called in one body; and be ye thankful."

If we dissect our text we shall find in it four pieces of advice.

I. First,

POSSESS THE PEACE OF GOD:

"Let the peace of God rule in your hearts." It cannot rule in your hearts if you have never felt its power; therefore, make certain that you are truly reconciled to God by Jesus Christ. Many persons have peace, but, alas, it is false peace! They have the peace of a soft, gentle, timorous, time-serving character—a mean sort of peace, which, if it hurts no one else, often ruins its possessor. Some have the peace of ignorance, the peace of stupidity, the peace of utter indifference, false peace. These are the followers of those false prophets who cried, "peace, peace," where there was no peace. Woe to the man whose peace of mind is like the deadly smoothness of the current just as it nears the cataract! Many are at ease in a condition which might make a wise man's hair turn gray in a night. They were never emptied from vessel to vessel, and therefore they are settled upon their lees; but they shall be poured out to their utter confusion. They think right well of themselves, but already the axe of judgment is lifted against them.

The peace that we need to possess is the peace of God, which means, I think, first, *peace with God*. Oh, what a blessed thing it is to feel that the great cause of quarrel between our fallen spirit and the great Spirit is taken away, that we are reconciled to God by the death of His Son, that sin, the great divider, has been cast into the depths of the sea, and that there is established between us and God a happy fellowship! I hope many of you are at this hour enjoying such peace. If you have it, rejoice in it.

Growing out of this there comes, next, a peace with God with regard to *all His providences*, which can only come through a complete and entire submission to the divine will; for some there are who are not at peace with God, even about a certain providence that afflicted them years ago. They remain quarrelling with God about the decease of a beloved wife or child or mother, and they cannot forgive God for having taken a flower out of His own garden. If they were wise they would not thus rebel, but find in their loving Saviour a recompense for all their losses. Was not that fine of *Andromache*, when she remembered that she had lost all her relatives except her husband, and, gazing on him with delight, she said

> "While my Hector still survives, I see
> My father, mother, brethren, all in thee"?

Cannot a believer say the same of the Lord Jesus? Far be it from us to raise a question about what the providence of God has already done! It must be right.

The point is to

KEEP ON SUBMITTING

to that providence in what is now transpiring. If for the present the will of the Lord should send me poverty, obscurity, pain, weariness, reproach, I must be at peace with God about it all. If the Lord says to me, "Go across the sea, and leave all your friends," I must not delay. If He says, "Preach unwelcome truth, which will make you enemies;" I must not hesitate. If He says, "Keep the house with rheumatism," I must not come out of doors. If the Lord says, "*Lie on thy back and cough*," it is not for me to quarrel with Him, and say it ought not so to be. If He denies us that which we think would make us not only more happy, but more useful, it is of no use for us to kick against the pricks. The divine appointment will certainly be fulfilled, and the misery to us will be in struggling against the yoke, in endeavoring to have it otherwise than divine love and infinite wisdom have determined it should be.

This peace of God is, also, *peace such as God commends*—such as God approves of. That, you know, is first, perfect peace with Himself, and then with all men—certainly with His people, but also with all mankind. "If it be possible, as much as lieth in you, live peaceably with all men." Take heed that ye do not offend; and if you are offended by others, do not offend in return, but accept the offence in patience; forgive it and forget it. Forbear, and, when you have done so, forbear, and, when you have done so again, forbear, and, when you have forborne seven times, still forbear. I will not repeat the advice seventy times seven, though if I did, I should not go beyond the measure of forbearance and of forgiveness which the Lord Jesus would have us display. Be so at peace with God that you feel perfectly at peace with your fellow-men. This is a sweet part of the peace of God; cultivate it carefully.

But this peace is called the peace of God because *it is peace which God works in the soul*. I think I hear you exclaim, "To have such a peace as that—a perfect consciousness of full forgiveness, complete acquiescence in the will of God, perfect forgiveness toward all mankind, and an intense desire to live in

PERFECT PEACE WITH ALL,

both saints and sinners—how can I get such a peace within me?" Ah, indeed, how can you? It is impossible to unrenewed human nature. Man by nature is worse than any one wild beast, for *he is a menagerie*. There is lion in him, and there is serpent in him; there is tiger in him, and there is wolf in him; there is dog in him, and there is devil in him. He is half beast and half devil through the fall. I do not caricature him; his body allies him to the beast, and sin makes him a child of Satan.

Shall the leopard get rid of his spots? Well, that is difficult; but still the task of taking spots out of leopards would be small compared with the miracle of taking evil out of the very core of our wild beast-like heart, and putting into it the peace of God that makes us love. God only can do it. God's own mighty Spirit must put forth that same energy with which He will raise the dead out of their graves at the resurrection; for nothing short of creation and resurrection power is able to transmute this beastly, devilish heart of ours into a heart in which the peace of God shall reign supreme. Well is it called the peace of God.

My dear hearer, do you know this peace? If so, you will understand that, *because of its excellence, it is called the peace of God*. It is a Hebraism: for among the Hebrews they called certain mountains that were higher than others the hills of God; and certain gigantic trees, such as the cedars of Lebanon, were the trees of God that were full of sap. So the peace that is greater than every other peace is called the peace of God—it means the holiest, deepest peace. It is "perfect peace"—peace that nothing disturbs: deep peace—"the peace of God, which passeth all understanding": solemn peace at which you almost stand in awe—a hush within the soul in which there is heard nothing of discord or of fear, but a stillness reigns like that which was maintained in the Holy of Holies, within the veil, where seraphim were silent above the mercy-seat. "The peace of God." Oh, I have known it! You, too, my brethren, must have known it when the Lord Himself has dwelt within your hearts, and kept all adversaries far away. You have then known days of heaven upon the earth. It has left nothing to wish for except the perpetuation of itself, for you have been satisfied with favor and full of the goodness of the Lord, filled with all the fullness of God, anchored fast, settled, grounded, established.

> "My heart is resting, O my God!
> I will give thanks and sing.
> My heart is at the secret source
> Of every precious thing."

That is the peace of God.

Win it, dear friends, and wear it. By God's good Spirit enter into this serene haven. Rest in the Lord, and be happy in Him, for He is our peace! When the Lord and Giver of peace once comes to tarry in your heart let Him rest there; and charge all about you, by the roes and by the hinds of the field, that they stir not up nor awake your love until He please.

II. But now the second piece of advice that grows out of the text let us consider. If you possess that peace of God,

LET IT OCCUPY THE THRONE:

let the peace of God rule in your hearts.

In order to there being any peace in the heart, or anywhere else, there must be a ruler. Those people who are for putting down all kings and principalities and powers may bid farewell to peace. Anybody who is inclined to anarchy should read *Carlyle's "French Revolution"* through with care, and ask himself whether the worst king is not, after all, a deal better than the despotism of the mob, the carnival of misrule, wherein every man doth that which is right in his own eyes, and all eyes love darkness rather than light. Let loose the reins of government, let everybody be *equal to everybody else*, and a little bigger than everybody else as well, and you will soon see what confusion ensues. See how it is in a house! I hear that there was great deliberation over those census-papers in many families to know who was the head of the household; but I am quite clear that it was not a happy household where that question took long to answer; for the husband is the head of the wife, and where he is not so, everything is out of order, monstrous, outrageous.

Where the head is not the head, the hand is not the hand, the eye is not the eye, the heart is not the heart; and nothing is itself at all. All is what it should not be, and all is misery. You must have a governing faculty somewhere; and, within your own soul, if nothing governs, I tell you boldly the devil governs. That man who does not control himself is controlled by the devil, for he must have a master somewhere. We cannot have two masters, but it is quite as certain that we must have one. One power or another will master you. Shall it be your Creator, or His enemy? your Saviour, or your destroyer?

It is a blessed gift of grace if a man is enabled by the Holy Spirit to say, "The peace of God shall rule in my heart." Paul advised this: "Let the peace of God rule in your hearts:" if it is in your hearts at all, it must rule, for it has power to put down all rebellion. You know, when we have a government and a magistracy with power at their back, if a riot arises, we appeal to the lawful power to come and protect us, and put down the uproar. So in our hearts, if we have

A MASTER PRINCIPLE,

and that master principle is the peace of God, we may warrantably pray, "O Lord, put down this riot. I am tossed to and fro in my heart about my circumstances; I do not like them, and I quarrel with God about them. Come, peace of God; come, and put down my murmuring. Come and calm my wicked, discontented spirit."

Or do I feel some discord in my spirit toward one whom I ought to love? I must cry, "Come, peace of God. Come, and *arrest this bad temper* of mine. Handcuff it. Take it off to prison.

Give it hard labor and short commons; bring it down till it is no longer able to rebel as it does. Come, peace of God, and help me in the struggles of my daily life, that I may not break out into anger, and wrath, and malice, and all uncharitableness. Come, peace of God, put forth thy mighty power over my soul." This is the great remedy for the discord within and the discords without; the grand cure for all distempers of the east wind, and all beside.

We ought to have the peace of God ruling in our hearts so as to let it decide our course, and lead us to do that which is consistent with

OUR OWN PEACE

with God. I do not know how you find it, but I know that I cannot afford to be angry. It takes so much that is valuable out of me. I am sure it does.

It does a man an immense mischief physically; to some men it is a dangerous thing to get excited, it even endangers their lives. But, spiritually, I believe that to get into a state of enmity toward anybody is one of the most grievous diseases which can befall a Christian. In such a case you cannot pray as you did; you cannot read some passages of Scripture as you did; you cannot look the Well beloved in the face, and say, "I am acting in a way that pleases Thee." It is, therefore, a very serious thing for a believer in the Lord Jesus Christ to break his own peace—serious to himself as well as to those that are round about him.

Let the peace of God always rule, or otherwise you will not always be safe. Especially let the peace of God rule your affections. Be satisfied that you love God, and that your heart cleaves to God, and does not follow after any other. Be at peace with God as to your heart, and, when that is so, and the affections are dominated by conscious love to God, it is then that you fight the battles of life with comfort to yourself, and with honor to the name of Him to whom you belong.

III. Very briefly, I want, in the third place, to say,

STRENGTHEN YOURSELF,

dear friend, by God's Spirit, with arguments, in order that you may let the peace of God rule in your hearts, and may be kept from any breach of that heavenly peace.

Remember, you *can only yourself be happy in heart and healthy in spirit as long as you keep the peace of God.* You are sure to become wretched and unhappy, you are sure to stumble here and there into faults, if that peace of God be gone. As you would be in the best possible trim for walking with God in joy while here below, look to your peace. This is no mean argument; try to feel the force of it.

And, next, *only thus can the church of God prosper.* I am grieved when I receive members from other churches, who come because they say that they are weary of the incessant bickerings and jealousies which have disturbed their rest. I am sure that there can be no blessing where there is no peace. A house divided against itself cannot stand. A church disputing is a church committing suicide. Many and many a church has come to its death by bleeding inwardly through strife; otherwise it might have defied the whole world, and hell itself. It is generally the little churches that squabble most; if they cannot excel in anything else, they certainly claim

THE FIRST RANK IN QUARRELLING.

A few Christian people get together to serve God, and the devil comes in at once and sets them by the ears; they are good men and true, but Satan bewitches them so that they dispute about nothing at all.

Whenever I have to settle a dispute, I always like to have some big, bad thing in it. This I can point out, and we soon agree to set the matter right. When I cannot with microscopes on my eyes find out what it is all about, I find that brothers and sisters are hardest to be reconciled. It is easier to shoot an owl than a gnat. Little differences rankle like tiny thorns, and you cannot get them out of the flesh. Oh, that the Spirit of God would come upon the churches, and turn them into masses of fire; then they would not fall to pieces through intestine strife!

Remember, next, that *God cannot be glorified unless there is the peace of God in our hearts.* My dear friend, if you are always troubled, and fretting, and anxious, I do not see how you can glorify God to any large extent. Seek more faith, more trust, more confidence, more calm of mind, and you will personally glorify God.

The passage from which our text is taken offers us other reasons. It says this: "*To the which also ye are called.*" You were called to the peace of God. My dear brother, if you are not a peaceful man you have not inherited your true calling. When the Lord called you out from the world, He called you to be

A PEACE-MAKER.

He called you on purpose that the Spirit of peace might be shed abroad in your heart, and that afterward you might carry that peace with you into your own family and among all your neighbors, and spread it everywhere. The Lord Jesus never called a man to be a maker of strife. If a Christian woman, as she calls herself, goes from house to house with tittle-tattle, she was not called by God to do so; of that I am certain. A man goes into his pulpit, and preaches a personal sermon on purpose to empty out his own spleen. God did not call him to that, for God loves not firebrands. The man may have been sent as a messenger from other regions, but certainly not as an ambassador from heaven, when he preaches gall and wormwood.

Some seem, wherever they go, to make mischief as speedily as possible; their mission is contention, whereunto they certainly were not called of God. You who are the true heirs of heaven are called to peace; seek peace, and pursue it. Wherever you go, labor earnestly to make peace. If you see two boys fighting, make them leave off. If you see two girls in a bad temper, try to make them happy with one another. If you see two people disagree in business, do not back one of them up, and cry, "Go to law with him," but plead for peace and mutual concession. "Blessed are the peace-makers." Whatever you may be in a household, whether father or child, husband or wife, master or servant, son-in-law or mother-in-law, let your soul be seasoned and savored with that blessed word, "Peace."

There is always a war party in England: I fear the Jingo is no foreigner, but the genuine offspring of the British bull-dog.

AN UNCONVERTED BRITISHER

is all for blood, and fire, and glory; and as the unconverted are the majority among us, we remain a fighting nation. Fighting—how we delight in it! Down with the Afghans, down with the Zulus! The Boers—destroy them! We cannot get our fill of glory and honor unless we get knee deep in blood. The policy of peace is voted dishonorable, and so we go from land to land till there is hardly a nation which has not been stained with blood by British hands. How fiercely these English talk; but it is not Christian talk. May the Lord teach us the language of peace. Be you at peace, "whereunto also you were called."

IV. The last point upon which I shall speak is this—to keep yourselves right,

OCCUPY YOUR MINDS HEALTHILY.

"How?" say you. The text says, "*Be ye thankful.*" That is the way to keep up our peace with God. "Be thankful." Do not complain, but bless His name for everything. Do not quarrel with Him, but be thankful. Say, "Shall we receive good at the hands of the Lord, and shall we not receive evil? The Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away, and blessed be the name of the Lord." That is the way to be at peace with Him, to be thankful at all times. "He hath not dealt with us after our sins." Be thankful.

Well, but it does not mean only, "Be thankful to God," but be ye thankful to your fellow-men. Too many receive all kinds of Christian kindness as a matter of course. They look upon the spontaneous kindness of their brethren as a sort of right. Now, that the poor should be helped by Christian generosity is certainly according to Scripture; but this is an obligation not of debt but of grace. Whatever is done in almsgiving and charity should be gratefully and heartily received. It is an unholy spirit which scarcely has the courtesy to say "thank you." Toward one another we ought to have a thankful spirit.

How thankful the child ought to be to his mother and his father! What a happy home we should have if children recognized the deep debt of obligation that is really due to those who have nursed them and cared for them so long! How obliged, I think, the husband ought to be to his wife for all her tender kindnesses—those hundred unseen ministries of love! How grateful, I think, the wife should be to her husband, for all his labors and anxieties! She receives a thousand things from him which make life comfortable. If we live in mutual gratitude, feeling that we are, each one of us, indebted to all others, how merrily will the household wheels go round, and what families of love we shall all gather around us!

I am

NOT INCLINED TO QUARREL

with anybody; I would sooner run a mile than I would fight for half a minute. There is nobody in the world that I would like to contend with; my heart is full of good wishes to all men. It has been a sort of rule with me

TO MEASURE A MAN

before I fight him; if he is bigger than I am I know he will beat me, and so I decline battle; and if he is smaller, and I can easily beat him, it would be cruel and cowardly to do so. Nobody in the world is worth contending against as to our temporal interests. Even necessary law is troublesome and vexatious. Be ye thankful, then; and if, with thankfulness to God and thankfulness to those around you, you can fill up the day, oh, how happy will the days be! In the family and in the business God will be glorified; the church will be sweetened and welded together; we shall see better times, and shall no longer grumble at *the east wind.* May God bless you!

[The prayers of the readers of this Journal are requested for the blessing of God upon its Editors in America and England, and those whose sermons, articles, or labors for Christ are printed in it; and for its weekly circulation of more than 250,000 copies to be blessed by the Holy Spirit to the conversion of many sinners and the quickening of God's people. Mr. Spurgeon and Dr. Talmage especially request prayer every Sunday morning on behalf of their labors.]

A Ringleader in Mischief in an English City was three years ago as low down in the social scale as it was possible to be. A Mildmay deaconess says: "His attention was first arrested by seeing in our common lodging-house for single men a Christian *kneel down* in the presence of his companions in the room to pray to God. For the first time in his life he thought there was something real in that fellow's religion, whatever it meant. Marvellously soon came the change over his own bad life to one of such simple, childlike trust in Christ that his face, with its calm, quiet, serene expression, speaks of the inward peace. His workmates in the house where he works as a weaver or maker of fringe have felt the strange power of his changed life, and his new religion, as they call it; and the little deed of kindness done to some who had been cruel in their mocking him at first, and the kind word to those who had been bitter against him, have wonderfully caused the enemy to cease tormenting. He is not more than twenty four years old, and for the last year and a half has been a martyr to rheumatism, from exposure to cold and want of sufficient warm clothing in the winter. From childhood he has had a delicate constitution, and the reckless life he led for so many years, and never being able to have the comforts he needed—all now are telling on his health. The constant pain he suffers in almost every joint of his body makes the struggle for daily bread difficult, and the supply of food for himself and Christian wife is insufficient; yet no murmuring word is heard from either. Their one word ever is, 'Oh! the Lord will help, we know.' It is touching to see his patience in all his weakness." How true it is that "if any man be in Christ, he is a new creature."

Rev. C. Tait's Address to American Bishops.

Mrs. Tait's Visit to a Dying Christian.

THE REV. CRAUFORD TAIT.

(*Continued from page 3.*)

near death, until May 29th, when a new symptom showed itself and he questioned his father as to how the matters stood, and received with perfect calmness the statement of the real truth, that there was great danger, but still hope. "I submit myself," he said, "entirely to God's will."

At five o'clock that same evening his medical attendant observed a sudden change. He summoned the family at once, and said that as far as he could judge, Craufurd could not survive above an hour. The Archbishop again told his son of the immediate danger; he received the intelligence with calmness, and set himself to use the hour, feeling that as before his business had been to live, so now it was to die. The presence of those he loved greatly cheered and comforted him. He was most calm; and having addressed kindly words to each, turned over on his side like a tired child, and fell asleep in Jesus.

THE LATE MRS. TAIT.

THIS estimable lady (*whose portrait is given on the front page*) was the youngest daughter of the late venerable Archdeacon Spooner, vicar of Elmdon, Warwickshire.

The late Archbishop's first introduction to her was in the year 1834, when she was on a visit in Worcestershire, and when she was only fourteen years old. Major Henry O'Brien, the brother-in-law of Gerard Noel, "the most loved and honored uncle of the family at Elmdon Parsonage," had much to do with the first distinct awakening of the spiritual life in Catherine's mind. It was at the age of 23 years that she was *married* to Dr. Tait, then Head Master of Rugby Grammar School, in 1843.

No sooner was the pleasant marriage tour finished than the bride and bridegroom plunged at once into their busy life at Rugby. The life of the school-house was always busy, and had naturally many anxieties. Beside several hundred boys outside, there were seventy inside the school-house. The servants, whose business it was to attend to these, formed a large household to be ruled by the young mistress; but she braced herself for each days' duties by prayer in public, from which she returned to family prayer. From the first she began the practice, which she continued all through life, of teaching all the younger maid-servants of her household, and praying with them on Sundays. The boys loved to look upon her face, while those who were in the sick-room were her especial care.

In 1849 her husband removed to the Deanery at Carlisle, and she soon made her home a centre to which the poor looked for sympathy and help. From six to seven quiet, useful, happy years passed away; then, on a day in the early spring of 1856, the clouds darkened and a change came upon the family at the Deanery, with the suddenness and overpowering force of a thunderstorm. In six weeks five loved daughters were laid in the churchyard at Stanwix. "The shock had been overpowering," wrote her husband, "but we cherished our dear little son and baby-girl, and read together and prayed together, and bathed our spirits in the beauties that surrounded us, by God's mercy there came over us a holy calm."

ACTIVITIES IN LONDON.

Dr. Tait having been appointed in September 1856, to the See of London, at once the Bishop's wife began to devote herself to the important work of her new position. She did all she could to make the acquaintance of the London clergy, numbering about one thousand; she threw open the drawing-rooms at London House, and invited to a friendly gathering as many of the clergy as the house could hold. She visited frequently among the poor, both in their cottages and in the almshouses and the poor-house, and interested herself in hospitals and penitentiaries for females.

OUTBREAK OF CHOLERA.

The year 1866 is memorable in the history of this devoted lady's efforts. In the summer, cholera broke out in London. The whole district which had any connection with the river Lea was infected. The Bishop and his wife regularly visited the plague-stricken localities. Not only did she visit the hospitals, but acted as guide to several clergymen who distributed relief among a miscellaneous crowd of those whose families were suffering from the plague.

This visitation of the cholera led to the crowning labor of her life. Mrs. Gladstone, Miss Marsh, and herself—the *three Catherines* as they were termed—had each of them her spirit stirred to undertake the charge of some of those many orphans whom the cholera left destitute; and institutions, still vigorously at work, were the result. Mrs. Tait hired a house for the girls, and soon established St. Peter's Orphanage, which has continued growing ever since. It cannot be doubted that the ever-present thought of her own children whom she had lost was, after her love for Christ, an incentive to her care for these destitute little girls. In 1869 a permanent orphanage was commenced in the Isle of Thanet.

HER EFFORTS FOR THE POOR OF LAMBETH.

In 1869 her husband, the Bishop of London, was elevated to the Archbishopric of Canterbury. Mrs. Tait accepted the change, and in the spirit of prayer quietly prepared herself for the duties of her new sphere. Soon followed her first visit to stay with the Queen when the Archbishop was called to do homage at Osborne. She was soon plunged in all the social and other duties of Lambeth. How well she bore herself in her onorous position many have testified who were brought within the range of her influence. Lambeth Palace stands in the midst of a dense, poor population, in whose welfare she and her daughters soon became deeply interested, repeatedly visiting among the sick and aged (*as shown in the picture on this page*).

ILLNESS AND HAPPY DEATH.

During a brief tour in Scotland, just after the marriage of her second daughter, on Thursday, November 30th, 1878, she became very ill, and Dr. Carpenter having been telegraphed for, arrived in Edinburgh on the following Saturday evening. By this time she was utterly prostrated, and spoke to her eldest daughter of what she wished in the event of her death. On Sunday, December 1st, she was worse. By mid-day her case was hopeless. Her speech—from the setting in of congestion of the lungs—had become very difficult, but her mental faculties were unimpaired. Her husband administered the Holy Communion to her. She audibly joined in everything so far as her impeded speech would allow. Her husband tried to repeat the hymn,

"Jesus, lover of my soul,"

and when he faltered, through grief, she supplied the missing words. Her daughters then sang to her some favorite hymns, and when they had finished, the Archbishop repeated to her the lines:

"And with the morn those Angel faces smile,
Which I have loved long since, and lost awhile."

"Yes, yes," she exclaimed, and spoke of her dear ones who had gone before, stretching out their hands to welcome her. About ten o'clock at night her breathing ceased with a gentle sigh, and she was gone.

Thus ended her earthly life of fifty-nine years, refreshed from her childhood onward, through Divine grace, by a well-spring of joy within which poured forth in acts of kindliness to all whom she could reach.

MRS. ROBINSON'S VISITOR.

"THERE'S another knock, I declare," said Mrs. Robinson; "do go down, Clara, and see who it is. I am that tired with the up and down stairs I feel as if I should faint." Mrs. Robinson did not look the kind of lady addicted to fainting, nor did the healthy color of her face indicate that there was any immediate cause for alarm in that direction, but she was evidently fatigued. She was a little

too bulky to bear easily the labor of climbing the steep flight of stairs that led to the upper floor of the house. And she had made many such journeys lately. Her husband was sick and required a good deal of attention, and Mrs. Robinson, being a good wife and being firmly convinced that no one could wait on her William so well as herself, did not spare her footsteps. But she felt tired, nevertheless, and so when she had carried up the teatray, and was sitting down by the bedside to see the sick man enjoy his meal, she was naturally vexed to hear a sharp rap on the door.

"It's a young gentleman," said Clara, when she returned from her descent to the street door. "He says he has called to see you; but you were not to hurry down. He just sat down in the parlor, and said he would wait for you."

"Who can it be? What is he like? Don't you know him?" asked Mrs. Robinson all in a breath.

"No, ma'am," said Clara, answering the last question first. "He does not live about here, I guess. He looks more like a city gent, but I never saw him before as I know of."

Mrs. Robinson's curiosity was excited, but she restrained it until William had finished his tea, and then having tucked him up comfortably in bed, she gave a minute or two to tidying up, first the room and then her own person. A clean cap of the kind she had worn for nearly twenty years, and her mother had worn before her, was put on, and a bright ribbon knot on her bosom, and a clean apron completed her toilet. Then she descended, tea-tray in hand, a little flurried, but otherwise ready to entertain her visitor.

Underwood Appeals to Willie Robinson's Mother.

"Sorry to keep you waiting, Sir," said Mrs. Robinson, apologetically, as she set down the tea-tray on the table, but you see William, that's my husband, he's sick. He's a little particular in his appetite, and I like to see to his meals myself, and as you said you did not mind waiting, I thought I'd just stay till he was through before I came down."

"Now, Sir," said Mrs. Robinson, the subject of the sickness being exhausted, "may I ask you what I can do for you."

There was no help for it now, and the young man knew it. "Well," he said, "nothing for me, thank you, Mrs. Robinson, but I hope you will do something for an unfortunate friend of mine. My name is Underwood, Mr. George Underwood, and I am studying medicine in the university with your son Willie."

"Oh, Sir," broke in the good woman, "there is nothing wrong with Willie, is there?"

"Don't distress yourself, my dear creature," said Underwood. "It is trouble, certainly, but it may be very quickly mended, and no one be any the wiser if you see it in the right light. You know Willie is a very handsome lad, and he is very good company, and he has seen a little too much of it, that is where the evil commenced. Willie does not know when he ought to say 'no,' nor how to say it. He was invited out to some party every night, and then he is too proud and too high-spirited to go to other men's parties without being hospitable in his turn, and then there were cards and dice and high play, and the end of it is that Willie is heavily in debt and in despair."

Mrs. Robinson listened to this brief story with a heavy heart. It was a relief to know that the trouble was not that of sickness or death, but it was very sad to learn that Willie, her darling boy, was dissipated and a gambler. He was her idol, loved and almost worshipped by her fond heart. It was a cruel blow that struck her through her boy. "See," she said through her tears, "Willie is our only son, and all we have will be his, but it is not much, and we too must live. We have pinched and saved, his father and I, all these fifteen years that William might have a good education. He is a cruel, ungrateful boy to have spent his parents' savings in gambling, and to have spent his time in pleasure instead of in study. You must excuse a mother, Sir, but I must say that those who have led him to act in this way will have a deal to answer for." A light flashed from the eyes of the old lady as she uttered those words before which Underwood quailed.

"I know that," he said, with a look of distress, "and I assure you, madam, that I am sincerely sorry for any share I may have had in it. This will be a lesson to me as well as to Willie. I have no mother, but I had one a few years ago whom I loved very dearly, and your tears remind me how she would have felt if she were living. I do not mention it as an excuse, but it may help you to understand our position if I tell you that no one at college knew Willie's circumstances. He was always well dressed and had the manners of a gentleman; we did not know the sacrifices that had been made to send him to college, nor that he was spending his parents' hardly-earned savings in his entertainments. If we had known that, there are some among us who have enough right feeling to have checked it; though I grieve to say there are some who would not have been moved by the knowledge."

Mrs. Robinson was sitting rocking herself and weeping quietly while Underwood spoke, and when he ceased there was no fresh outburst. She was practical and was first to settle to business. She said, "If you will tell me, sir, how much Willie owes and what is his present need, I will see what can be done. It is very hard, but he is our only son, and we cannot see him ruined if we can save him."

"I cannot tell you that," Underwood said, "I do not know how much he owes, but this debt is one of five hundred dollars and I am sure there are others, but it is possible they may be postponed. This five hundred dollar amount must be paid the day after to-morrow, or Willie will be arrested for fraud. He does not know I came to you. I told him I would try to get the money for him, but none of the men who have won money off him would loan me a cent, and after I failed with them I contrived to get your address and came to you, for I feared to tell Willie I had failed lest he should be driven to despair." Underwood forbore to tell the mother that when her boy confided in him he had resolved, in his remorse, on suicide and had bought a pistol to carry out his terrible purpose.

"Five hundred dollars may seem a small sum to a gentleman like you, sir," Mrs. Robinson said, "but it is a great deal to me and my husband. But I think we can find so much, if Willie's other creditors will wait. I will have the money here tomorrow, if Willie will come for it himself. It is better that he should do that. I should take it as a favor if you would come too."

Underwood promised he would do so, and was soon on the cars speeding away to the city to acquaint his friend with the news. Willie Robinson was at first indignant that an application to his mother should have been made, but now that the confession had been made for him and he learned that he was delivered in his desperate strait, his anger soon melted. The next day both young men went down to Willie's home. There the good lady handed Willie the money with tears and prayers and entreaties, and then begging them to wait a short time she told them that she had invited the clergyman to meet them, and she expected him every minute.

Happily for both young men Mr. Bromley, the clergyman, was a man of tact and an earnest Christian teacher. Without any allusion to the trouble that had brought Willie home, he spoke to them as a brother about the temptations of college life; of his own struggles and victory through Christ, and commended them to the same source of strength. They returned to college with a totally new view of their state, and with a firm resolve to make their personal salvation their first business. To those who earnestly seek Him, God is ever near, and it was not many days before both were rejoicing in the assurance of salvation. There were no more drinking and card-playing parties in their rooms, nor were they seen at places where those dissipations went on, but gradually their example attracted others, and they were the means of saving several young men who were about commencing the downward path to ruin.

MARGARET MUSGRAVE'S MISFORTUNE.

By the Rev. J. Jackson Wray.

MICHAEL MUSGRAVE'S HOUSEHOLD.

EVERYBODY knew Michael Musgrave; that is to say, everybody who dwelt within the limits of the manufacturing town of Carchester, and even far beyond those limits, for Musgrave's Bank was popular through all the county of which Carchester was the chief town. There were large numbers of people who, had their opinion been sought as to the comparative stability of that and the Bank of England, would have expressed emphatic preference for the former.

He was not exactly what is called a self-made man, for his father before him had inherited the bank from a still earlier progenitor. But Michael Musgrave, by the aid of remarkable ability, unfaltering perseverance, and indomitable energy, had established it on a vastly broader basis and expanded its operations to such a degree that few provincial banks surpassed it

either as to the extent of its investments or the strength of its credit. A keen, clever, hard-headed man of the world was Michael Musgrave. Making money and hoarding it was with him a passion in which principle was not permitted to exercise any serious control. Get money honestly if you can, but still get money, was the unspoken, unacknowledged, but yet the governing motto of his life.

As in many another case of the same kind, Michael Musgrave became rich; but whether he did not discover that, as in many another case, he had put his money into a bag full of holes, the sequel will disclose. His urban mansion with which the banking establishment was close allied, was one of the most imposing specimens of architecture of which Carchester could boast. Within its walls were found abounding evidence of luxury and wealth, and one glance at Mrs. Musgrave and their daughter Margaret, full clearly told that these were conscious of their riches, for alike in dress and bearing they were evidently to the manner born.

A tall, commanding-looking matron was Mrs. Musgrave, with whom it was not by any means an easy business or a speedy, to feel thoroughly at home. Quite as sensible of the value of bank-notes and gold as her successful husband was, she was more ambitious than he for rank and influence in the social scale. Her daughter Margaret, equally tall and even more handsome than her good-looking parent, had inherited in an intensified form both these peculiarities. Wealth and position were the gods before which she bowed down to worship, and at their shrines she offered daily sacrifice like the loyal votary she was.

Gifted with a remarkably clear intellect, Margaret Musgrave was, in her way, a reader of books, and her tastes in that direction were such as are not usual among women. Such literary outcomes of a somewhat sceptical age as John Stuart Mills' philosophy, Herbert Spencer's positivism and the like had charms for her which were probably to be accounted for more by her desire to be rid of the irksome restraints of practical Christianity, than any clear conviction of their intrinsic truth. She had a conscience, and would fain travel in the paths of moral rectitude; but, according to her thinking, the afore-mentioned gods of wealth and position demanded greater elasticity of service than the received and formal dogmas of religious faith and practice seemed able to permit. Kindly and generously disposed, she was not slow to aid in matters of charity and philanthropic beneficence, for these enabled her to pay due honor to the deities she worshipped.

The Musgraves were constant in their attendance at the old Abbey Church of Carchester, and Sunday after Sunday they sat in state in the old-fashioned, well-cushioned, high-backed pew which had been the property of the owners of the Musgrave mansion from time immemorial.

The worthy vicar, the Rev. Abel Forsyth by name, was a close and intimate friend of theirs—an intimacy which was strenghtened, in all probability, by the fact that he was somewhat of a worshipper at the same shrine. His highly respectable and careful method of discoursing vaguely on the moral duties chimed in with their own tastes, and never rudely questioned the right of wealth and position to occupy the place of divinities to the children of men. When the Sabbath morning's service was ended, and the Musgrave household stepped into their carriage at the church-door, they rolled homeward perfectly satisfied with themselves and with their vicar, and with their gods—a satisfaction with which, it is to be feared, the God of the Abbey Church had little to do.

The daily life of the Musgraves may readily be implied from what has already been said. The father went about the daily round and common task of money getting, and the chiefest music in his ears all the livelong week was the crisp rustle of bank-notes and the chink of gold. His chief anxieties consisted of choosing the most prudent and remunerative investments, and keeping a careful watch on the solvency of all the names registered on the books of Musgrave's Bank. The old lady found congenial employment in the somewhat magisterial control of her domestics, the maintenance of a proud position in the highest social circle of the city, and in due attention in a somewhat oppressive style to such city organization of a charitable character as enabled them to keep the name and fame of the Musgraves prominently before the citizens.

The sole child and heiress of their house and gear, the handsome Miss Margaret, trod a somewhat similar path, except in domestic affairs, in which she took small concern. Her spare hours, which sooth to say were numerous, were spent in conning the pages of questionable theology, and unquestionable doubt; a study which was relieved in turn by careful ponderings on all the subtleties of the latest fashions, and by turning the vapid pages of the numberless three-volumed effusions which came to hand from Mudie's perennial and exhaustless stores.

It was only a low and somewhat unworthy plane of existence for a young lady, good looking and intelligent, of five-and-twenty summers, to move on, especially with two such genii as wealth and position to act as slaves to the lamp of her will; but you see these were not slaves as they ought to have been, but deities worshipped and obeyed, and that makes all the difference. Whether this unsatisfactory state of things will be suffered to continue, or whether this young life will find a nobler and more elevating sphere of action will in due time be seen.

Matters in Michael Musgrave's household continued in much the same fashion, until the advent of *a new curate* at the Old Abbey Church introduced quite a new element into their experience. The Rev. Abel Forsyth had for some time past been conscious of the failure of his physical powers. His eye was dim, and his natural strength abated. This failure did not appear greatly to affect his mental abilities, probably because there was less room for it there to do so. Like a sensible man, he had come to the conclusion that it would be well to secure an assistant in the not too arduous duties, as he read them, connected with his clerical office. True, his devotion to the twin deities of wealth and position made it difficult for him to spare even a curate's humble stipend from the very liberal income he enjoyed as vicar of the Abbey Church. Still, there were compensations; a little more ease, a little more time at his disposal; and the credit of showing such interest in the welfare of his parishioners were to be reckoned on the other side.

So it came to pass that the Rev. Noel Cleveland was installed in the office of curate at a not too liberal stipend of four hundred dollars a year. Of course, the *position* occupied by Mr. Cleveland gave him entrance into circles even of the Musgrave level; but the sadly meagre limit of his *wealth* sensibly and prejudicially affected the warmth of his welcome at the banker's house. At the church, however, they were bound to recognize him as their clerical instructor. The high-backed, well-cushioned pew must be regularly occupied; their wealth and position alike demanded it. Therefore, whoever occupied the pulpit and the desk, must be regarded for his office' sake.

As the Rev. Noel Cleveland will prove to be a somewhat prominent character in this brief story, it will be requisite to give him a fuller and more complete introduction to the reader. He was the only son of his mother, and she a widow. The death of his father while he was but a boy, left his widowed parent in somewhat straitened circumstances. A kindly disposed relative, who had both the means and the will, undertook to secure Noel's education and training for clerical life. In coming to this decision he was not guided, as is too often the case, by the sole idea of providing the youth with a livelihood. In childhood and early youth, Noel had been studious and thoughtful beyond his years; and under the godly influence and pious teachings of both his parents, he had in early life become a decided Christian; and had constantly expressed his hope that some day or other he might become a preacher of the Gospel.

His college career was not marked by the attainment to any high honors in scholarship; but his character and conduct, his zeal and sincerity, had won for him the high esteem of his tutors and the love of the best of his compeers. He might in all probability have secured, so far as emoluments were concerned, a better position than that which the Rev. Abel Forsyth had given him; but his kindly relative resided in Carchester, and desiring to have him near, he advised its acceptance, and promised to afford his young protégé a welcome addendum to his meagre salary.

Noel Cleveland was a somewhat stalwart and thoroughly good-looking young man. He had a pleasant, open face; and his dark and somewhat piercing eyes, arched by expressive brows, had a peculiar faculty of catching and holding the attention of lookers-on almost in spite of themselves. When his face was in repose, earnestness of purpose was its most prominent expression; at other times, it was lighted up with a quiet and winsome smile; and at others, those dark eyes of his, aided by two perpendicular lines on his brow, could express reproof, disapprobation, wrath, in a fashion that made the object of the look exceedingly uncomfortable.

Thus far, his outward appearance and deportment and gentlemanly manners were quite sufficient to secure a certain dignified approval and semi-patronage from the stately Mrs Musgrave, and her equally stately and handsome daughter. Michael Musgrave could not be induced to see that there was "anything in him;" but that probably meant that as his pockets had not anything in them, it did not much matter what else he had. According to his judgment, wealth and position made a very good pair; but position without wealth was a very limp affair indeed.

The first time that Mr. Cleveland made his public appearance in the Abbey Church, he had but to conduct the Liturgical service, the Rev. Abel Forsyth having arranged to preach the usual sermon himself. The worthy vicar had an idea, you see, that his position was somewhat elevated in his having a clerical servitor at command, and so he lost no time in reaping the honor which was attached thereto. On this occasion the Musgraves deigned to be perfectly satisfied, and even to express themselves as more than pleased with the way in which the new curate read the beautiful Liturgy of the Episcopal Church.

Miss Margaret expressed her opinion that he would do very well indeed; she thought he was a little more energetic, and threw a little more feeling into the work, than there was any occasion for; but she dared say that that was due to nervousness in his new position, and, she might have added, in the presence of the Musgrave household. This favorable verdict, however, soon came to be materially modified, for the worthy vicar, having done himself the honor of introducing Mr. Cleveland to his congregation, soon found it convenient to leave the entire service in Mr. Cleveland's hands.

When in the pulpit, the new curate departed entirely from the lines so long laid down and followed by his superior. So far from dealing in empty platitudes, vague moralities, and meaningless formulas of speech, the Rev. Noel Cleveland preached an earnest, powerful, evangelic sermon; preached it, let it be understood, not read it; and in such a fashion, as for once in his life, at any rate, to prevent even Michael Musgrave from enjoying his usual snatch of slumber in the high-backed pew. As the curate gave the message of his divine Master—a message of warning, expostulation, exhortation, and Gospel promise—the congregation, which had sat so long lulled by the somniferous periods of Mr. Forsyth, were fain to look at the preacher with wonder, and then with equal wonder at each other, marvelling whereto all these things would grow.

After the first sermon, Miss Margaret Musgrave said but little; after the second, she expressed her disapproval, a disapproval emphatically endorsed by her parents; after the third sermon, in which the curate had been even more than usually faithful, delivering his home-thrusts with unsparing hand, she declared with much vigor that Mr. Cleveland was unbearable, and that she should tell the vicar all her mind upon the subject.

(To be continued.)

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD ALMANAC FOR 1883.

JANUARY.

1	M	Casting all your care upon Him. 1 Pet.
2	Tu	Open thy mouth wide and I will fill it.
3	W	Christ is all, and in all. Col. 3 : 2.
4	Th	He will not always chide. Ps. 103 : 9.
5	F	Before honor is humility. Prov. 15 : 33.
6	S	I will heal your backsliding. Jer. 3 : 22.
7	S	Godliness with contentment is great gain.
8	M	The just man walketh in his integrity.
9	Tu	As thy days shall thy strength be. Deut.
10	W	My beloved is mine. Cant. 6 : 3. [33 : 25
11	Th	He blesseth the habitation of the just.
12	F	O Lord, remember and visit me.
13	S	The Lord preserveth the faithful. Ps.
14	S	Hope thou in God. Ps. 43 : 5. [31 : 23
15	M	Keep thyself pure. 1 Tim. 5 : 22.
16	Tu	In God we boast all the day long.
17	W	He is altogether lovely. Cant. 5 : 16.
18	Th	The Lord heareth prayer. Ps. 65 : 2.
19	F	God is our refuge. Ps. 46 : 1.
20	S	Faint, yet pursuing. Judges 8 : 4. [22.
21	S	There is no peace to the wicked. Isa. 48 :
22	M	Return, O Lord, how long? Ps. 90 : 13.
23	Tu	The Lord is my rock and my fortress.
24	W	Search the Scriptures. John 5 : 39.
25	Th	Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ.
26	F	I am Thine, save me. Ps. 119 : 94.
27	S	The Lord openeth the eyes. Ps. 146 : 8.
28	S	In the Spirit on the Lord's day.
29	M	Turn ye from your evil ways. 2 Ki. 17 : 15.
30	Tu	The Lord is thy keeper. Ps. 121 : 5.
31	W	So run, that ye may obtain. 1 Cor. 9 : 24.

FEBRUARY.

1	Th	Not slothful in business. Rom. 12 : 10.
2	F	Lord, teach us to pray. Luke 11 : 1.
3	S	Prepare to meet thy God. Amos 4 : 12.
4	S	In God is my salvation. Ps. 62 : 7. [14.
5	M	O Death, I will be thy plague. Hosea 23 :
6	Tu	We are the work of Thy hand. Isa. 64 : 8.
7	W	What must I do to be saved? Acts 16 : 30.
8	Th	Thou hast been my help. Ps. 37 : 14.
9	F	In the time of trouble He shall hide me.
10	S	All things possible to him that believes.
11	S	I have waited for Thy salvation.
12	M	In all thy ways acknowledge Him. Prov.
13	Tu	It is finished. John 19 : 30. [3 : 6.
14	W	Lord, be Thou my Helper. Ps. 30 : 10.
15	Th	The Lord is merciful and gracious. Ps.
16	F	God is love. 1 John 4 : 8. [103 : 8
17	S	Let us not fight against God. Acts 23 : 9.
18	S	The Lord heareth thee. Ex. 15 : 26.
19	M	Turn again to the Lord. Lam. 3 : 40.
20	Tu	Grace to help in time of need. Heb. 4 : 16.
21	W	The Word was made flesh. John 1 : 14.
22	Th	**George Washington's Birthday.**
23	F	The Lord is good to all. Ps. 145 : 9.
24	S	Follow after charity. 1 Cor. 14 : 1.
25	S	In the fear of the Lord all the day.
26	M	Be ye thankful. Col 3 : 15.
27	Tu	Ask and it shall be given you. Luke 2 : 9.
28	W	I am Alpha and Omega. Rev. 1 : 8.

MARCH.

1	Th	If thine enemy hunger, feed him.
2	F	He giveth more grace. James 4 : 6. [4 : 2.
3	S	Ye have not, because ye ask not. James
4	S	If God be for us, who can be against us?
5	M	Ye must be born again. John 3 : 7.
6	Tu	I was sick, and ye visited me. Matt 24 : 36.
7	W	Be filled with the Spirit. Eph. 5 : 18.
8	Th	If children, then heirs. Rom. 8 : 17.
9	F	Heirs of God, and joint heirs with Christ.
10	S	From all your idols will I cleanse you.
11	S	He is faithful that promised. Heb. 10 : 23.
12	M	Delight thyself also in the Lord. Ps. 37 : 4
13	Tu	Only acknowledge thine iniquity. Jer. 3 : 13.
14	W	Be thou faithful unto death. Rev. 2 : 10.
15	Th	Trust in the name of the Lord. Zeph. 3 : 12.
16	F	Thanks be unto God. 2 Cor. 9 : 15.
17	S	God is our refuge and strength. Ps. 46 : 1.
18	S	A very present help in trouble. Ps. 46 : 1.
19	M	Ye are the blessed of the Lord. Ps. 115 : 15.
20	Tu	Thou shalt forget thy misery. Job. 11 : 16.
21	W	Lay hold on eternal life. 1 Tim. 6 : 12.
22	Th	Peace to him that is afar off. Is. 57 : 19.
23	F	**Good Friday.** And they crucified Him
24	S	Be ye separate, saith the Lord.
25	S	**Easter Sunday.** The Lord is risen.
26	M	Make Thy face to shine upon Thy servant.
27	Tu	And teach me Thy statutes. Ps. 119 : 135
28	W	Pardon mine iniquity. Ps. 25 : 11.
29	Th	Let the people praise Thee. Ps. 67 : 3.
30	F	This corruptible must put on incorruption.
31	S	Thou art my portion. Ps. 119 : 57.

APRIL.

1	S	Thanks be to God for his unspeakable gift.
2	M	Come out from among them.
3	Tu	Buried with Him by baptism. Rom. 6 : 4.
4	W	Touch not the unclean thing. 2 Cor. 6 : 17.
5	Th	He led captivity captive. Eph. 4 : 8.
6	F	Be careful for nothing. Phil. 4 : 6–14.
7	S	Ye are not your own. 1 Cor. 6 : 19.
8	S	I will bless thee. Is. 41 : 13.
9	M	All things are yours. 1 Cor. 5 : 21.
10	Tu	I am a worm. Ps. 22 : 6.
11	W	He shall be called Wonderful. Is. 9 : 6.
12	Th	Come unto Me. Matt. 11 : 28.
13	F	In Christ he is a new creature.
14	S	Let him ask in faith. James 1 : 6.
15	S	Walk circumspectly. Eph. 5 : 15.
16	M	Follow peace with all men. Heb. 12 : 14.
17	Tu	Is it not well with thee? 2 Kings 4 : 26.
18	W	Follow the Lamb. Rev. 14 : 4.
19	Th	He healeth the broken in heart. Ps. 147 : 3.
20	F	He who raised up Jesus shall raise us up.
21	S	Christ is our life. Col. 3 : 4.
22	S	Buy the truth and sell it not. Prov. 23 : 28.
23	M	Ye cannot serve God and mammon. Luke
24	Tu	I am thy shield. Gen. 15 : 1. [16 : 13.
25	W	Behold I stand at the door. Rev. 3 : 20.
26	Th	The just shall live by faith. Rom. 1 : 17
27	F	Ye are not your own. 1 Cor. 5 : 19.
28	S	Ye are my friends. John 15 : 14.
29	S	I will instruct thee. Ps. 32 : 8.
30	M	Lacked ye anything? Luke 22 : 38.

MAY.

1	Tu	All things are yours. 1 Cor. 3 : 21.
2	W	I know that my Redeemer liveth.
3	Th	Surely I come quickly. Rev. 22 : 20.
4	F	If God be for us, who can be against us?
5	S	Wherefore comfort one another. 1 Thes.
6	S	"Learn of me," says Jesus. Matt. 11 : 29.
7	M	Why art thou cast down? Ps. 43 : 5.
8	Tu	I will feed my flock. Ezk. 34 : 15.
9	W	I will cause them to lie down. Ezk. 34 : 15.
10	Th	Whom the Lord loveth he chasteneth.
11	F	Our conversation is in heaven. Phil. 4 : 20.
12	S	I go to prepare a place for you. John 14 :
13	S	Filled with the Holy Ghost. [2.
14	M	Set me as a seal upon Thine heart.
15	Tu	Let us watch and be sober. 1 Thes. 5 : 6.
16	W	The needy shall not always be forgotten.
17	Th	The Spirit beareth witness.
18	F	Be not afraid, only believe. Mark 5 : 36.
19	S	Be still, and know that I am God.
20	S	They shall call His name Immanuel.
21	M	Even so come Lord Jesus. Rev. 22 : 20.
22	Tu	Occupy till I come. Luke 19 : 13.
23	W	He hath ascended up on high.
24	Th	Follow after charity. 1 Cor. 14 : 1. [20.
25	F	How is it that ye have no faith? Mark 4 :
26	S	The sufferings of Christ abound in us.
27	S	Not as I will, but as *Thou* wilt.
28	M	We shall also reign with Him. 2 Tim.
29	Tu	Righteousness tendeth to life. Prov. 11.
30	W	**Decoration Day.** My brother shall rise.
31	Th	Salvation belongeth to the Lord. Ps. 3 : 8.

JUNE.

1	F	Thy blessing is upon Thy people. Ps. 3 : 8.
2	S	Thou Lord wilt bless the righteous.
3	S	The Lord is a sun and shield. Ps. 84 : 11.
4	M	Blessings are upon the just. Prov. 10 : 6.
5	Tu	Seek ye first the kingdom of God.
6	W	The Lord is my Shepherd. Psalm 23 : 1.
7	Th	Take heed how ye hear. Luke 8 : 18.
8	F	Unto you that believe *He* is precious.
9	S	My God shall supply all your need.
10	S	Godliness is profitable unto all things.
11	M	Trust in the Lord. Psalm 37 : 3.
12	Tu	Keep thy tongue from evil. Psalm 34 : 13.
13	W	He will keep the feet of His saints.
14	Th	The Spirit also helpeth our infirmities.
15	F	The Lord is the strength of my life.
16	S	He giveth His beloved sleep. Ps. 127 : 2.
17	S	I am the Lord *thy* God. Isaiah 43 : 3.
18	M	Peace shall be upon Israel. Ps. 135 : 5.
19	Tu	Brethren, we are debtors. Romans 8 : 12.
20	W	Arise, call upon *thy* God. Jonah 1 : 6.
21	Th	Lord, thou wilt ordain peace for us.
22	F	Them that honor me I will honor. 1 Sam.
23	S	The memory of the just is blessed. [2 : 30.
24	S	Commit thy way unto the Lord. Ps. 37 : 5.
25	M	I will cry unto God. Psalm 57 : 2.
26	Tu	I hate vain thoughts. Psalm 119 : 113.
27	W	But Thy law do I love. Psalm 119 : 113.
28	Th	Let brotherly love continue. Heb. 13 : 1.
29	F	What think ye of Christ? Matt. 22 : 42.
30	S	I have not seen the righteous forsaken.

JULY.

1	S	Thy word is a lamp unto my feet.
2	M	And a light unto my path. Ps. 119 : 105.
3	Tu	The Lord is my rock. Psalm 17 : 2.
4	W	**Independence Day.** Ebenezer.
5	Th	Blessed is he that considereth the poor.
6	F	God is the strength of my heart.
7	S	The wise shall inherit glory. Prov. 3 : 35.
8	S	Thy face, Lord, will I seek. Ps. 27 : 8.
9	M	I will seek that which was lost. Ezk. 34 : 16.
10	Tu	Let us hold fast our profession. Heb. 4 : 14.
11	W	Praise ye the Lord. Psalm 101 : 1.
12	Th	I am with thee, saith the Lord. Jer. 30 : 11.
13	F	The Lord will not cast off for ever.
14	S	The Lord shall be a light unto me. [9.
15	S	I shall behold His righteousness. Micah 7 :
16	M	The Lord is good. Nahum 1 : 7. [21.
17	Tu	Come unto me all ye that labor. Matt. 11 :
18	W	I am the resurrection and the life.
19	Th	I have overcome the world. John 16 : 33.
20	F	Our consolation aboundeth by Christ.
21	S	Cast down, but not destroyed. 2 Cor. 4 : 8.
22	S	Ye shall serve the Lord your God. [3.
23	M	Who forgiveth all thine iniquities. Ps. 103 :
24	Tu	The Lord preserveth the simple. Ps. 116 : 6.
25	W	Christ Jesus came to save sinners.
26	Th	Even to hoar hairs will I carry you.
27	F	Man shall not live by bread alone.
28	S	God himself is with us. 2 Chron. 13 : 12.
29	S	Through God we shall do valiantly.
30	M	The Lord shall be thy confidence. [loved.
31	Tu	I will call her beloved which was not be-

AUGUST.

1	W	To be spiritually minded is life and peace.
2	Th	All we like sheep have gone astray. [6.
3	F	We have sinned with our Fathers. Ps. 106 :
4	S	I will sing praises unto the Lord. Ps. 27 :
5	S	The Lord preserveth the strangers. [6.
6	M	God hath chosen the poor of this world.
7	Tu	Their Redeemer is mighty. Prov. 23 : 11.
8	W	This is the Lord's day, we will rejoice. [12.
9	Th	Thy commandment above gold. Ps. 119 :
10	F	God be merciful to me a sinner.
11	S	O Lord, pardon mine iniquity. Ps. 25 : 11.
12	S	Blessed are the meek. Matt. 5 : 5.
13	M	Walk as children of light. Eph. 5 : 8.
14	Tu	Without faith it is impossible to please God
15	W	God rested on the seventh day. Gen. 2 : 2.
16	Th	By grace ye are saved. Eph. 2 : 8.
17	F	O, how I love thy law. Ps. 119 : 97. [97.
18	S	It is my meditation all the day. Ps. 119 :
19	S	Blessed is he whose transgression is for-
20	M	Learn to do well. Isa. 1 : 17. [given.
21	Tu	Create in me a clean heart, O God.
22	W	The heavens declare the glory of God.
23	Th	Hold Thou me up, and I shall be safe.
24	F	Blessed are the poor in spirit. Matt. 5 : 3.
25	S	Our God is the God of salvation. [ed.
26	S	It is good for me that I have been afflict-
27	M	Justified by faith. Romans 5 : 1. [8.
28	Tu	I will pardon all their iniquities. Jer. 33 :
29	W	My house is the house of prayer.
30	Th	Blessed are the peacemakers. Matt. 5 : 9.
31	F	The Lord is at hand. Phil. 4 : 5.

SEPTEMBER.

1	S	The Lord reigneth. 1 Chron. 16 : 31.
2	S	Love your enemies. Matt. 5 : 44.
3	M	The Lord our righteousness. Jer. 33 : 6.
4	Tu	At the name of Jesus every knee shall bow.
5	W	And so all Israel shall be saved. Romans.
6	Th	Christ died for our sins. 1 Cor. 15 : 3.
7	F	I will not leave thee. Gen. 28 : 15. [2 : 13.
8	S	Made nigh by the blood of Christ. Eph.
9	S	Beloved, now are we the sons of God.
10	M	Ye are all one in Christ Jesus. Gal. 3 : 28.
11	Tu	Jerusalem which is above is free
12	W	Who may abide the day of his coming.
13	Th	Worship God in the Spirit. Phil. 3 : 3.
14	F	Our God is the God of salvation.
15	S	Accepted in the Beloved. Eph. 1 : 6.
16	S	The Lord God is a sun and shield.
17	M	The Lord will give grace and glory.
18	Tu	I will be their God. Jer. 31 : 33.
19	W	Godly sorrow worketh repentance. 2 Cor.
20	Th	Thy word is truth. John 17 : 17. [11 : 10.
21	F	Our sufficiency is of God. 2 Cor. 3 : 5.
22	S	Created unto good works. Eph. 2 : 10.
23	S	I can do all things through Christ.
24	M	The night is far spent, the day is at hand.
25	Tu	The very God of peace sanctify you.
26	W	Who gave himself for me. Gal. 2 : 20.
27	Th	Owe no man anything. Romans 13 : 8.
28	F	And they shall be all taught of God.
29	S	Trust in the Lord with all thine heart.
30	S	Lord increase our faith. Luke 17 : 5.

OCTOBER.

1	M	I will bless the Lord. Psalm 16 : 7.
2	Tu	The Lord giveth wisdom. Prov. 2 : 6.
3	W	He leadeth me. Psalm 23 : 2. [25 : 8.
4	Th	Good and upright is the Lord. Psalm
5	F	The Lord shall guide thee. Isa. 58 : 11.
6	S	I will direct their work in truth. Isaiah
7	S	Hear ye the rod. Micah 6 : 9. [56 : 8.
8	M	Thy God reigneth. Isaiah 53 : 7.
9	Tu	He delighteth in mercy. Micah 7 : 18.
10	W	Blessed are they that dwell in thy house.
11	Th	The wells of salvation. Isaiah 12 : 3.
12	F	Sin shall not have dominion over you.
13	S	Quicken me, O Lord. Psalm 19 : 107.
14	S	God is faithful. 1 Cor. 10 : 13.
15	M	My grace is sufficient for thee. 2 Cor. 12.
16	Tu	This is not your rest. Micah 2 : 10.
17	W	The day spring from on high hath visited
18	Th	Resist the devil. James 4 : 7. [us.
19	F	Behold, God is my salvation. Isaiah 12 : 2.
20	S	A bruised reed shall he not break.
21	S	Call upon me in the day of trouble.
22	M	The righteous shall hold on his way.
23	Tu	He giveth more grace. James 4 : 6. [15.
24	W	I will be as the dew unto Israel. Hos. 14 :
25	Th	Thy mercy, O Lord, held me up.
26	F	Israel shall be saved in the Lord.
27	S	The Lord is faithful. 2 Thess. 3 : 3.
28	S	Make your calling and election sure.
29	M	Whom the Lord loveth he correcteth.
30	Tu	Kept by the power of God. [fliction.
31	W	I have chosen thee in the furnace of af-

NOVEMBER.

1	Th	Fear thou not, for I am with thee.
2	F	The Lord is my portion. Lam. 3 : 24.
3	S	My presence shall go with thee.
4	S	The Lord loveth the righteous. Ps. 146 : 8
5	M	Thou wast precious in my sight. Is. 43 : 4
6	Tu	The Lord thy God is merciful. Deut. 4 : 31
7	W	He is faithful that promised. Heb. 10 : 23
8	Th	Who is a God like unto Thee?
9	F	The eternal God is thy refuge.
10	S	Create in me a clean heart. Ps. 51 : 10.
11	S	The Lord is my helper. Heb. 13 : 6.
12	M	Renew a right spirit within me. Ps. 51 : 10
13	Tu	The Lord forsaketh not. Ps. 37 : 28
14	W	Turn ye, turn ye; why will ye die?
15	Th	The Lord is nigh unto them that call.
16	F	Walk in love. Eph. 5 : 2.
17	S	Because I live, ye shall live also.
18	S	He that hath the Son hath life.
19	M	Incline Thine ear and come. Isa. 55 : 3.
20	Tu	His banner over me was love.
21	W	Unto Him that loved us and washed us.
22	Th	Christ also loved the church. Eph. 5 : 25
23	F	Repent and be baptized. Acts 2 : 38.
24	S	The Spirit helpeth our infirmities.
25	S	The fruit of the Spirit is love. Gal. 5 : 22.
26	M	Ye are a chosen generation. 1 Pet. 2 : 9.
27	Tu	The Lord give thee peace. Num. 6 : 26.
28	W	I come quickly. Rev. 22 : 7.
29	Th	**Thanksgiving Day.**
30	F	Thy faith hath saved thee. Luke 7 : 50.

DECEMBER.

1	S	The joy of the Lord is your strength.
2	S	Behold, the Lord God will help me.
3	M	Let the righteous be glad. Ps. 68 : 3.
4	Tu	Thou shalt rejoice in the Lord. Is 41 : 16
5	W	A new heart will I give you. Ezek. 33 : 26
6	Th	Whom, having not seen, ye love.
7	F	Whosoever believeth shall not be ashamed
8	S	For me to live is Christ. Phil. 1 : 21.
9	S	The God of Jacob is our refuge. Ps. 46 : 7
10	M	Jesus Christ hath abolished death.
11	Tu	He was wounded for our transgressions.
12	W	Pray for the peace of Jerusalem
13	Th	There shall be no night there. Rev. 22 : 5
14	F	Cleave unto the Lord. Acts 11 : 23.
15	S	Hope thou in God. Ps. 43 : 11.
16	S	Grieve not the Holy Spirit. Eph. 4 : 30.
17	M	Now is the day of salvation. 2 Cor. 6 : 2.
18	Tu	Is the Lord's hand waxed short?
19	W	The Lord trieth the righteous. Ps. 11 : 5.
20	Th	He delighteth in mercy. Micah 7 : 18.
21	F	Love not the world. 1 John 2 : 15.
22	S	Thy Maker is thy husband. Isaiah 54 : 5.
23	S	Before I was afflicted I went astray.
24	M	Walk worthy of God. 1 Thess. 2 : 12. [us.
25	Tu	**Christmas Day.** Emmanuel, God with
26	W	God was manifest in the flesh. 1 Tim. 3 : 16
27	Th	Blessed are the poor. Luke 6 : 20.
28	F	Have faith in God. Mark 6 : 22.
29	S	Pray without ceasing. 1 Thess. 5 : 17.
30	S	We walk by faith. 2 Cor. 5 : 7.
31	M	Overcome evil with good. Rom. 12 : 21.

CHRONOLOGICAL CYCLES.

Dominical Letter	G
Epact	22
Golden Number	3
Solar Cycle	16
Roman Indiction	11
Julian Period	6596
Jewish Year	5643–4
Mohammedan Year	1300

Astronomical Calculations for 1883.

ECLIPSES.

This year, 1883, there will be four Eclipses, two of the Sun and two of the Moon.

I. A Partial Eclipse of the Moon, on the morning of April 22, upon the Moon's northern limb, visible principally on the Pacific coast. The magnitude for all places is about one digit.

II. A Total Eclipse of the Sun, May 6, invisible in the United States.

III. A Partial Eclipse of the Moon, on the southern limb, on the evening of the 15th and morning of the 16th of October; visible generally throughout the United States. Magnitude, 3.3 digits.

IV. An Annular Eclipse of the Sun, October 30, visible as an annular eclipse from the eastern coast of Asia, near the 40th parallel of latitude, across Japan, and over the greater part of the Pacific Ocean. It is visible as a partial eclipse on the Pacific coast of the United States.

MORNING STARS.

Mercury, from February 5 to April 16, and from June 7 to July 29, and from October 6 to November 26.

Venus, until September 20.

EVENING STARS.

Mercury, until February 5; and from April 16 to June 7, and from July 29 to October 6, and from November 26 to the end of the year.

Venus, from September 20 to the end of the year.

FOREIGN TOPICS.

Moral Dynamite is the Weapon now Advocated by Michael Davitt for use against the English Government. In a speech he recently delivered he said he made his recent speech at Navan because it was necessary to remind the government that it must save the people from famine. He did not preach violence or crime. He relied solely on the moral dynamite of ideas, in which there was sufficient strength to crush landlordism. Mr Davitt took occasion to inveigh bitterly against crime in Ireland. Agrarian crime, he says, killed the Land League, and it must be done away with, no matter who is responsible for it. Speaking on the pacification of Ireland, he said an orderly state of things could never be established while an alien government and an alien rule were maintained in that country. He asserted that public works, such as drainage and the improvement of waste lands, if carried out, might do away with the necessity for emigration. He suggested that a committee of independent English and Irish gentlemen should be appointed to inquire into Irish grievances. A resolution was unanimously adopted declaring that the only satisfactory solution of the Irish difficulty was the government of Ireland by Irishmen.

The Floods in Germany are Reported by cable as continuing their destructive work. The Rhine and its tributaries, from the Lake of Constance to Cologne, continue to rise rapidly. Many bridges and banks of dams have been destroyed. A bridge near Lörrach, in Baden, gave way and twenty persons were drowned. The river Inn has overflowed its banks at Passau, and the Danube has overflowed in Upper Austria. On Friday the despatches from the flooded district said there seems to be a ceaseless downpour of rain. The Rhine has risen ninety centimetres at Cologne during the night, flooding the lower town and part of the quay. Frankfort-on-the-Main is flooded. At Mannheim the river Neckar has risen considerably, and the firemen and soldiers are ordered to be ready to assist the population. The rains have flooded Stursuline. Several towns in the valley of the Doubs are inundated. The Jura and Berne Railway has been serious damaged. The Salzkammergut district in Austria is threatened with inundation. The Danube River Steam Navigation Company has notified owners of merchandise stored in the Prater Quay, Vienna, to remove their goods. The Linz Quay is under water.

The British Court, it is Reported, has Decided on resuming diplomatic relations with the Pope. It is now three centuries since England last sent an ambassador to the Papal Court. A prominent secular journal calls attention to the fact as "a sign of the times," and also draws attention to a remarkable coincidence in which two other European Powers are concerned. It says: For the first time since the outbreak of the *Culturkampf*, a Prussian minister has been accredited to the Pope, and an equally important concession has been made by the Czar of Russia in the acknowledgment of the right of the Roman See to appoint the Polish bishops. A still more important sign of the times is the proposal of Great Britain to send a diplomatic representative to the Vatican on the same footing as that occupied by the Prussian envoy. If it shall turn out that arrangements for such official recognition have been made upon terms satisfactory to both parties, the object will have been attained for which a strong body of English Catholics, headed by Mgr. Capel, have long earnestly contended on the ground that such a resumption of diplomatic relations is the legitimate outcome of the policy inaugurated by the Emancipation act of 1829.

The Leaders in the Egyptian Insurrection have been finally sentenced by the Egyptian Government under the guidance of Lord Dufferin, the British diplomatist. Arabi Pasha Toulba, Abdelal, Mahmoud Fehmy, Ali Fehmy, Yakoub Sami, and Mahmoud Sami, condemned to exile in Ceylon, were accompanied to Suez by Mr. Mark Napier, one of the counsel who defended them. The *Moniteur Egyptien* publishes decrees concerning other rebel prisoners. Emin Bey el Shemsy and eleven others will be placed under surveillance for various terms of years, during which they are forbidden to quit their estates. They are to be placed under heavy bail for the faithful observance of this injunction. Hassan Moussa-el-Akid and Ali Roubi are to be banished to Massowan for twenty years. Three others will be banished to Suakim or Kosseir for shorter terms, and twenty others, including Kadr-Kadr and Riforat Bey, will be banished for various terms of years.

The Future of Egypt, According to Despatches from European courts, appear to be shaping itself under a British protectorate. The Paris correspondent of the London *Times* states that England proposes to send a note to the Powers, including France, explaining what she intends doing for the reorganization of Egypt. England decided to send the note because it was evident that M. Duclerc, President of the French Council, influenced by considerations connected with the maintenance of his position, would not otherwise either come to an agreement with England or break off negotiations. The correspondent adds that the great majority of the Powers would be willing to assent to a British protectorate over Egypt.

Another Immense Fire Occurred in London on December 26th. A cable despatch to the New York *Herald* says: The two upper floors of William Whiteley's furniture store, on Queen's Road, Bayswater, have been burned out. Notwithstanding only the two floors were destroyed, the damage is very great, as the establishment is one of the largest in London. Twenty-five engines were engaged in subduing the flames. A detached warehouse, six stories in height, belonging to Mr. Whiteley, was also burned out. Mr. Whiteley's loss by to-night's fire is $100,000. Another establishment in which the same merchant does business was destroyed by fire on December 17th. No clew to the origin of the fires has been obtained.

Renewed Complaints in Regard to the Treatment of the Jews are again appearing in the Russian newspapers. It is stated that the railway companies have ordered the discharge of their Jewish employés. The Prefect of St. Petersburg has ordered that no indulgence shall be shown to Jews residing in the capital without official leave. The Senate has decided that no court can authorize the transfer of land to a Jew.

The Anarchists of Europe, their Ceaseless intrigues and protean disguises, continue to make demands upon the most vigilant attention of the governments of the Continent. France seems to be in a volcanic condition, and at any hour an unfortunate coincidence of circumstances might precipitate a disastrous eruption. Russia has her hands full of domestic difficulties, and is troubled by foreign imbroglios. Moscow and St. Petersburg are veritable hotbeds of Nihilistic revolutionism, which derives not only passive recognition but also active support from the intelligent and professional classes of the land, headed by the students of the universities. Hungary and Austria suffer, in common with their national neighbors, from an almost intolerable incubus of lawlessness and apprehension, their own subjects profiting apparently by the unhandsome and barbaric example recently set by the officials of the Dual Government toward the Jews. Germany is being crushed by the oppressiveness of her indigenous militarism, while her internal condition is one of discord and socialistic disintegration. Everywhere, in Europe, at least, the immediate outlook is most portentous, and the "signs of the times" presage the accelerating nearness of catastrophe, political, moral, and social.

A Gloomy Picture of the State of Ireland is drawn by an influential English journal which says: "Disturbing intelligence comes from all parts of Ireland. The tone of the meetings that have lately been held in different quarters is more threatening than ever. The declarations respecting the failure of the Land Act and the general *collapse of the Arrears Act* are almost universal in the country. The political ill-feeling is being fed by the agricultural distress, especially in Connaught. If we may believe the Carrick-on-Shannon Board of Guardians, something not short of *absolute famine* is impending over the district which they control. One half the grain crops, it is said, was never gathered, on account of the severe weather which prevailed toward the end of the harvest time, and the potato crop in many parts is a complete failure. In short, the outlook is, if possible, gloomier than ever; and, however much the contrary is to be desired, it is to be feared that England is a long way yet from being rid of the burden of her Irish trouble." The London *Graphic* also remarks: "Never, perhaps, since the outbreak of 1798, if then, have the citizens of Dublin felt so insecure as they feel just now. The Phœnix Park butcheries were inflicted on officials, and every one is not an official; but when, within a few days, a judge, a detective, and a juryman were attacked, the alarm spread like wildfire."

Prince Krapotkine, the Russian Agitator, has been arrested on French soil and has been sent to Lyons for trial. He was suspected of complicity in the recent outbreaks in Lyons, and the police were instructed to search his house. Compromising documents were found, and he was, in consequence, arrested on December 20th. He is an untiring worker in the cause of Nihilism. He was arrested in 1877 by the Russian Government and imprisoned in a fortress near St. Petersburg, but he effected an escape and is supposed to have since spent most of his time at Geneva.

Mr. Eli Johnson's Lecturing Tour in Australia is arousing a powerful temperance movement there. A Launceston journal describes an enthusiastic meeting held in that city in the Mechanics' Institute, at which Mr. Johnson delivered an address. Ministers of the various denominations occupied seats on the platform and took part in the proceedings. Mr. Johnson's appeals and the revelations of his black box have made a deep impression wherever he has gone, and it is hoped that a genuine and permanent revival of Gospel temperance in Australia has commenced.

An Illustrated Work on the Unfulfilled prophecies of the Bible, by the Rev. M. Baxter, entitled: "Forty Coming Wonders," may be had from the office of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, 63 Bible House, New York, by remitting one dollar. It is a book of 528 pages, is handsomely bound in cloth and contains fifty full-page pictures and diagrams representing the scenes described in the prophecies of Daniel and in the book of the Revelation. It also contains a resumé of the opinions of other expositors and extracts carefully collated from the works of all the most eminent writers on prophecy, from the earliest ages of the Christian era down to those of recent date. It thus forms the most useful and complete guide the student can have in entering on the study of that portion of the Word of God. The book may also be obtained for one dollar from any bookseller, who can procure it from the American News Company.

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD BINDER.

NUMEROUS applications have been received from readers of this journal for a case, in which the copies of the paper, as they are received, may be placed and kept clean for binding, at the end of the year. To meet this demand a stock of such covers has been prepared and they are now on sale at this office. Each cover is made of strong cloth,

with the name of the journal stamped in gilt letters on the outside. It is large enough to hold fifty-two copies, and is fitted with the new patent apparatus for holding the papers securely. A cover will be sent, postage paid, to any address, on the receipt of *one dollar*. Application should be made to THE MANAGER, 63 Bible House, New York.

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD AND SIGNS OF OUR TIMES.

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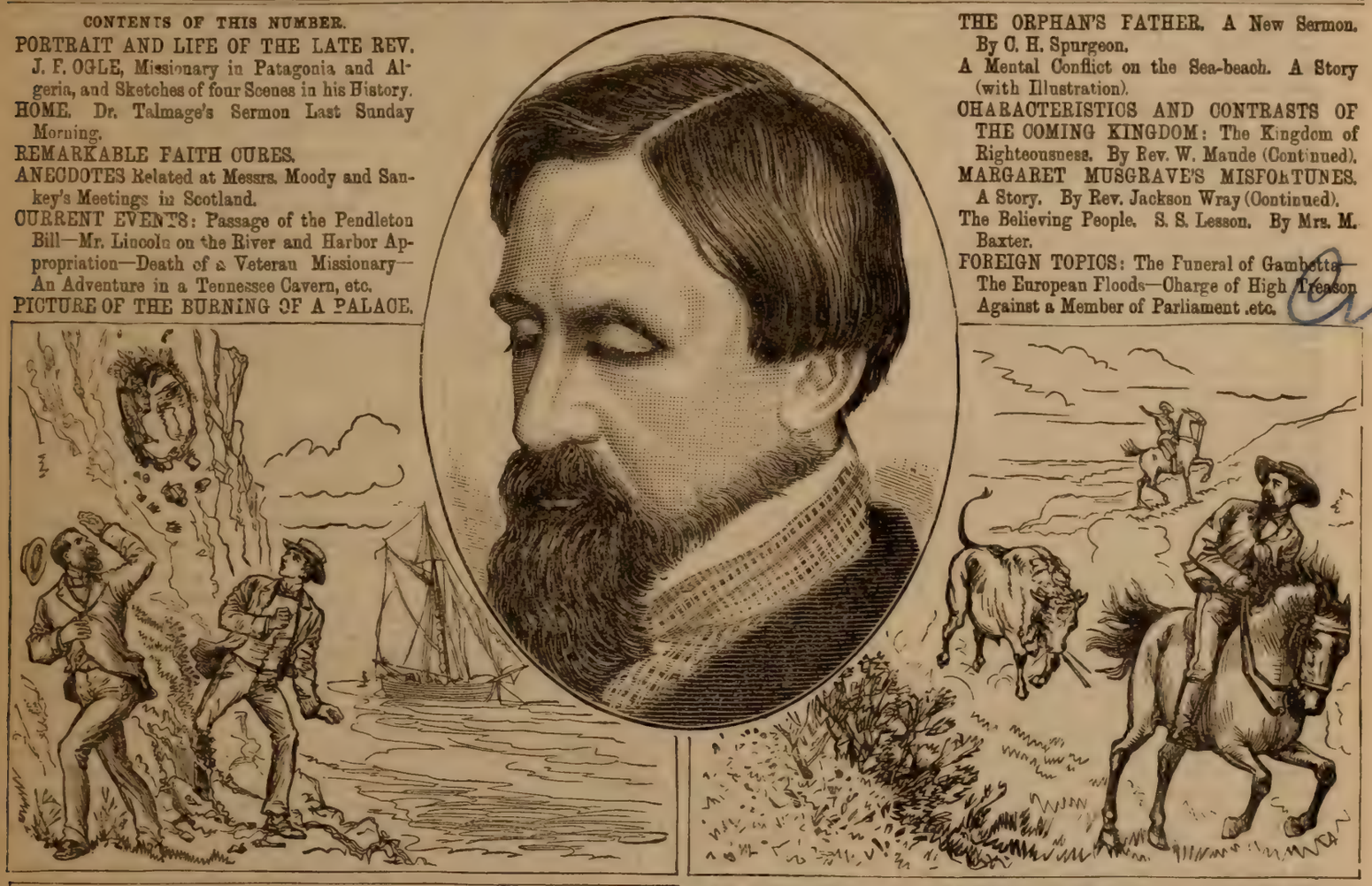

The Late Rev. J. F. OGLE, Missionary in Patagonia and Algeria—Scenes in His Life.

THE LATE REV. J. F. OGLE.

Missionary in Patagonia and Algeria.

Birth and Education—His Attention Directed to the Need of the Spaniards in Algeria—Three Years' Tutorship in Scotland — His Father's Death—A Narrow Escape—Joins the Patagonian Missionary Society in 1856—Pursued by a Wild Bull—An Indian Encampment—Becomes a Missionary to Algeria in 1858—Visit to England in 1865—Shipwreck and Death.

AMONG the names of the heroes of the missionary field who have laid down their lives in that noble cause, is that of John Furniss Ogle, *whose portrait, together with sketches of four scenes in his life, appears this week on the front page.* He was *born* on February 1st, 1823, in the rectory-house of the parish of Skirbeck, near Boston, England. He was the eldest son of the Rev. J. F. Ogle, *an Episcopal clergyman.* His mother was a woman of refined mind, and of much intellectual vigor, which seems to have been inherited by her son. She fell asleep in Jesus before he had attained the age of four years.

EARLY RELIGIOUS TRAINING.

Mr. Ogle owed much in early youth to the careful education and watchfulness of his father's sister, Charlotte Ogle, who took charge of the four children that were left motherless. This lady was assiduous in the religious and moral training of those thus committed to her, and by her care John's memory was early stored with considerable portions of Holy Scripture.

In the year 1838, when he was fifteen years old, the lad was sent to Rugby. There, though conspicuous among his sunny-hearted fellow-pupils for his amiability and cheerfulness of temperament, he manfully persevered in the daily habit of prayer and reading the Bible, in spite of the annoyance which he received from some of his school companions. His abhorrence of bad language and of untruthfulness, or unfairness of any kind, drew down upon him much treatment that was hard to bear.

CAMBRIDGE UNIVERSITY.

After spending a year with a private tutor, Mr. Ogle, in 1842, entered as a student at Jesus College, Cambridge, where his father had held a fellowship. Mr. Ogle read much, but not steadily. His imagination beguiled him from the prescribed path of university study to topics which those studies suggested. Concurrently with this irregularity in his course of study, other irregularities of habit and acts of self-indulgence took hold of him. His health gave way; he was subject to great nervous prostration, which he never entirely lost, and to palpitation, which made him at times feel certain that he was suffering from serious and mortal disease of the heart, and the only relief he obtained was in boating and out-door exercise, which temporarily restored him.

SKETCH BY A SISTER.

The young man's condition at Cambridge has been very touchingly described by his sister: "Of his religious life at Cambridge little that is satisfactory can be said. 'A Siberian winter' had fallen upon his soul. His views upon the sanctity of the Sabbath, upon inspiration, and upon some other questions, were shaken; he entered into metaphysical inquiry, and to anxious friends at home his mind seemed to be tossed upon the troublous ocean of human speculations, and reasonings on things divine; in danger of losing his anchor-hold, and of drifting into a restless and miserable scepticism. It was the time of battle between the pride of intellect and the spirit of faith within him; and though he came forth not unscathed out of the battle-field, yet his spiritual life, being sustained by Jesus, survived the agonizing conflict, while by it he was enabled in after years to help those who had fallen into the same temptation and to sympathize in their sufferings and difficulties."

SPIRITUAL DARKNESS.

It is only too evident that Mr. Ogle had fallen from his first love, had become careless, had sinned against conscience, and in mercy God hid His face from him. He was now made to taste "the pains of hell and the sorrows of death," that he might know from what a doom he had been rescued, and might the more prize his deliverance. He was also taught at this period, that if he would make progress in the Christian life, he must cherish a spirit of simple, humble dependence on Christ; not only as his Saviour from hell, but also as his Deliverer from the power of sin. Brought at last to the very brink of despair, and made to feel himself the chief of sinners, he went forth into the world to tell men that in him they saw "a brand plucked out of the burning," and to intreat them to cast themselves on the same all-sufficient Saviour whose mercy had been so gloriously illustrated in himself. Much of the zeal of his after life, and the clear knowledge which shone in his teaching, may have come from these hours of darkness.

About this time he took a short voyage with a friend, who in his own yacht visited the coast of Spain and Portugal. This cruise proved to be the first link in the chain of providences by which he was eventually drawn to devote himself to the evangelization of

THE SPANIARDS IN ALGERIA.

He acquired a sufficient knowledge of the language to enable him to enjoy its treasures of literature, and come home full of pity for the condition of a noble and chivalrous but a priest-ridden people.

He accepted *a tutorship*, in which he remained three years. Early in 1850, he was summoned to his father's death-bed, and the immediate result seems to have been to make him hesitate no longer as to his duty to enter

THE MINISTRY OF THE GOSPEL.

For this office he had been educated, and had in fact been preparing himself while engaged in tuition. In the spring of 1850, Mr. Ogle was *ordained*, and appointed to a *curacy*. But, though he labored hard and most successfully, the English climate was found unsuitable to his health, and at the end of five years he was compelled to resign. A short tour in Ireland proved beneficial to him.

NARROW ESCAPE FOR HIS LIFE.

In June 1854, he had a very narrow escape for his life. He and a friend from Cambridge went down to the beach to examine the rocks and to sail upon the water. Alternate thunder-showers and the bright shining which succeeded, the exquisite beauty of cloud, and sea, and shore, tempted them to walk along the beach under the high overhanging cliffs.

During the afternoon two men appeared above them, pursuing their search for eggs of sea-birds hidden on the ledges of the cliffs. Mr. Ogle was watching the dangerous movements of the men. Presently a huge stone, dislodged by the climbers, took a side direction in its fall, bounded on a tuft of grass half way down the cliff, and flew off at an angle toward them. Mr. Ogle darted from the place, and the same instant the stone came crashing down between him and his companion, knocking off a piece of rock where his elbow had leaned a second before. His friend remarked, "Well, John, I never saw a nearer escape for a man's life than that!" (*The incident is illustrated in the left-hand section of the upper portion of our front page.*)

Later in the year it was again pronounced advisable for him to go away from home for a season, for both body and mind needed bracing anew. He accordingly directed his steps to Orkney and Shetland, where his quick eye, and ready, poetical pen, gathered up and treasured in his letters the novel features of those bleak northern regions.

THE PATAGONIAN MISSIONARY SOCIETY.

Having, from conscientious motives, resigned his living as a parish minister, but yet remaining a loyal son of the Episcopal Church, he devoted himself to evangelistic efforts wherever and however God should direct. Having become acquainted with the secretary of the Patagonian Missionary Society, his interest was awakened for "those poor Patagonians, perishing for lack of knowledge," and he thought he perceived the way in which God would have him go. The more he pondered, the more he felt himself drawn to this field of service. The Committee accepted him, and on June 4th, 1856, he sailed from Plymouth, in the company of other members of the mission, as a volunteer to labor in the field at his own charge.

CROSSING THE LINE.

In the middle of July he wrote in a letter home: "The children find a difficulty in conceiving that so much fuss can be about nothing, and hence the questions, 'When shall we see the Line?' 'Where is it, Captain?' to which the captain answered, 'I'll wake you when the ship's keel grates upon it.' 'Oh, then, we shall not see it; it will be dark.' 'No, you'll not *see* it, but you'll *hear* it,' says the captain; and, true enough, we *did* hear it, for the rushing water keeps up a constant rustle as we traverse the zone of ocean which constitutes *the Line.* We did hear it, for voices raised aloft in songs of praise and prayer and joyous shouts told us the Line was being crossed, and bid us

"'Praise God from whom all blessings flow;'

and, borne on the breeze of night, were the inspiring words of Bishop Heber's hymn:

"'Salvation, oh, salvation!
The joyful sound proclaim,
Till each remotest nation
Has learned Messiah's name,' etc."

The vessel reached Stanley, Falkland Islands, *en route* for Patagonia, on August 31st, but the missionaries found that no preparation had been made for their reception. But Mr. Ogle was not, and could not be idle. He preached before the governor and townspeople, and visited the ships that put in at Stanley harbor. To some of the crews he appears to have been useful in leading them to the Saviour, or in helping them on in the way of Life.

The difficulties in the way of visiting the coast of Patagonia were such as Mr. Ogle could not foresee before leaving home. He found them, now that he was upon the spot, all but insuperable. While waiting at Stanley for an opportunity of being carried across to his selected mission field, he made occasional excursions among the Falklands.

PURSUED BY A WILD BULL.

At East Falkland an episode occurred (*as shown on the right-hand side of the upper portion of our frontispiece*). As Mr. Ogle and a Spaniard were one day riding across the country, on horseback, they were suddenly confronted by a wild bull. For a moment the animal stood still, and then charged the horses and their riders. The two riders dispersed, and the bull singling out Mr. Ogle as the object of his attack, gave chase. Matters became so serious that there was a distance of only five yards between Mr. Ogle and the furious monster. But happily after twenty miles more of hard riding, the speed of the bull slackened, and his intended victim reached a place of safety.

At last, Mr. Ogle sailed *in an American ship*, from Stanley to the neighboring coast of Patagonia, and a few days afterward the opportunity was gladly seized to preach the Gospel of Christ among the natives. He sailed up the river Rio Negro, and on the way encountered numerous perils both from wild beasts and the Indian. Having reached

AN INDIAN ENCAMPMENT

about twenty-five miles from Carmen, he entered into conversation with the people whom he met. He says: "They invited me to enter their booth, which was made of ox-hides stretched over poles of wood, in the same way as gypsies make their wagon-covers serve for tents. The entrance is at a corner; opposite, the beds of the family are arranged; in front of them, the fire. I seated myself upon one of the logs, and taking out my New Testament, read in Spanish several passages illustrative of the love of God in Christ Jesus, and concluded by pressing upon them their need of salvation. They were attentive, and evidently felt every word. I have since sent them a number of copies of the Gospels in Spanish." (*This visit of Mr. Ogle is shown in the left-hand section of the lower portion of our frontispiece.*)

MISSIONARY TO ALGERIA.

Toward the end of 1858, Mr. Ogle returned to Scotland for the reinvigoration of his health, and halting at Edinburgh, he met with some Christian friends who were planning measures for the evangelization of Spain. He was requested by them to

ceding the 7.30 Gospel meeting in the great audience room. In the summer an open-air meeting is held at 8.45 in the public square, only half a block away, after which the large crowd that gathers is invited into the Gospel meeting. After a short practical sermon by Mr. Johnson or some one whom he invites, an invitation is given to the after meeting, always held in the corner room. This room will seat about 150, and is almost always *full*. The invitation is to Christians who are ready to pray and work for the salvation of sinners, and for those who are ready to accept Christ. This after meeting is *the* feature of the Sunday evening Gospel meetings. The whole service looks forward to the after meeting. The sermon, the singing, the praying, are all arranged in view of *one result, the immediate salvation of sinners*. God honors and blesses this aim, and sinners are seen pressing into this corner room and rising for prayer at every Sunday night service. The genial, radiant face and cheerful voice of Mr. Doan are never forgotten by those who attend this after meeting. His hearty welcome and good-by, as he stands at the door and grasps every one by the hand, have the spirit of the Gospel of Jesus Christ. The average attendance at the Sunday evening services is about 1000.

There are meetings for prayer, for testimony, for Bible study, and for temperance, held every night of the week except Friday.

The cost of the building was about $10,000, which stands on a lot owned by the C. C. C. and I. Railroad Company, and loaned to Mr. Doan without rent for the purpose.

THE CHARACTERISTICS AND CONTRASTS OF THE COMING KINGDOM.

By Rev. William Maude.

The Kingdom of Righteousness.

(*Continued from page 7.*)

UNRIGHTEOUSNESS IN SOCIAL RELATIONS.

Again, as regards the unrighteousness which pervades the social relations of different classes of the community, even now at the close of the nineteenth century of the Christian era: the unrighteousness of trade; the war of capital against labor, and labor against capital; the iniquities of class legislation; the lawless violence of the masses driven well-nigh to despair by want and suffering; how little hope is there of any effectual amelioration. How sadly applicable even in our own day and in our own country are the prophet's words: "Judgment is far from us, neither doth justice overtake us: we wait for light, but behold obscurity; for brightness, but we walk in darkness. In transgressing and lying against the Lord, and departing away from our God, speaking oppression and revolt, conceiving and uttering from the heart words of falsehood. And judgment is turned away backward, and justice standeth afar off; for truth is fallen in the street, and equity cannot enter. Yea, truth faileth, and he that departeth from evil maketh himself a prey." (Isaiah 59: 9, 13, 15.)

As a recent writer has remarked, in a book which has attracted much attention: "Unpleasant as it may be to admit it, it is at last becoming evident that the enormous increase in productive power which has marked the present century, and is still going on with accelerating ratio, has no tendency to extirpate poverty, or to lighten the burdens of those compelled to toil. It simply widens the gulf between

DIVES AND LAZARUS,

and makes the struggle for existence more intense. The march of invention has clothed mankind with powers of which a century ago the boldest imagination could not have dreamed. But in factories where labor-saving machinery has reached its most wonderful development, little children are at work; wherever the new forces are anything like fully utilized, large classes are maintained by charity or live on the verge of recourse to it; amid the greatest accumulations of wealth men die of starvation, and puny infants suckle dry breasts; while everywhere the greed of gain, the worship of wealth, shows the force of the fear of want. The promised land flies before us like the mirage. The fruits of the tree of knowledge turn as we grasp them to apples of Sodom that crumble at the touch.

"It is true that wealth has been greatly increased, and that the average of comfort, leisure, and refinement has been raised; but these gains are not general. In them the lowest class do not share. I mean that the tendency of what we call material progress is in nowise to improve the condition of the lowest class in the essentials of healthy, happy, human life. Nay, more, that it is to still further depress the condition of the lowest class. The new forces, elevating in their nature though they be, do not act upon the social fabric from underneath, as was for a long time hoped and believed, but strike it at a point intermediate between top and bottom. It is as though an immense wedge were being forced not underneath society, but through society. Those who are above the point of separation are elevated, but those who are below are crushed down."

PROGRESS VERSUS POVERTY.

And these melancholy conclusions are virtually endorsed by the London *Times* newspaper (October 28th, 1882) when it says, "By some grave defect of our civilization, the advance of the mass (or rather the more favored part) of a nation seems to be accompanied by the degradation, to a point unknown in less developed societies, of a certain number of men and women. . . . . Perhaps we do not always sufficiently consider that the social order from which we reap perennial and solid advantages presents itself under a very different aspect to whole classes of our fellow-citizens.

"When every allowance has been made for the vices so glibly enumerated by those who hold the comfortable theory—that their own ample possessions are a Providential recognition of their virtues and importance in the universe, every serious man must perceive that there is a great mass of hardship which no industry or frugality can greatly alleviate. There are thousands of hard-working and honest men whose life is one long struggle with want, and who escape, if they escape at all, only by leading a joyless existence oppressed with sordid care. . . . Wherever these classes become numerous, they are a danger to society, and wherever they exist at all they are its reproach. Instead of singing pæans about progress which has left thousands, even among ourselves, as poor and as miserable as men ever were in this world, we should do better to aim at extending to them the blessings of Christianity and civilization."

THE FOUNDATIONS OF MODERN SOCIETY.

Now, whatever plausible explanations of this state of things may be given, and whatever superficial and transitory causes thereof may be pointed out, the truth remains that—*fundamentally* it arises from the fact that—modern society, so-called Christian society, rests to a large extent upon unrighteous bases; or, to repeat the words of the Psalmist, that "the foundations of the earth are out of course." In point of fact we have developed the maxim of Cain, "Am I my brother's keeper?" into a science—a "dismal" one truly—which we call political economy; by which we vainly endeavor to charge upon God's providence the misery which arises from our own selfishness and greed. And

WHERE IS A REMEDY

to be found? Is it, as the Nihilist and the Socialist madly dreams, to be found in revolutionary anarchy? Nay; that were but to substitute for one form of unrighteousness another still more terrible. Is it in the wider extension of Christianity? Alas, it is in the midst of the most Christian nations that misery has assumed its most hopeless and concentrated forms. No; there is one hope for humanity, and *only one, the coming of the Lord and the establishment of His righteous government.*

A RATIONALISTIC SNEER.

This "blessed hope" may be scoffed at by "advanced theologians" as the dream of "a few fantastic Millenarians, whose visions deserve no elaborate refutation."* It may only excite the smile of worldly Agnosticism which asks, as it was divinely foretold it would ask, "Where is the promise of His coming, for since the fathers fell asleep, all things continue as they were from the beginning of the creation." Nevertheless "the mouth of the Lord hath spoken it." "For yet a little while, and He that shall come will come, and will not tarry." (2 Peter 3: 37.) And "He shall not fail nor be discouraged, till He have set judgment in the earth." (Isaiah 42: 4.)

MILLENNIAL RULE WILL BE ABSOLUTELY AND DIVINELY RIGHTEOUS.

Let us note, then, some of the great forces which will "make for righteousness" in that kingdom of righteousness and peace whereof we speak.

1. *The supreme and universal power and rule will be absolutely and divinely righteous.* "Behold," says Isaiah, "a King shall reign in righteousness." And this King is none other than the Lord Jesus Himself; for Zechariah says, "And the Lord shall be King over all the earth; in that day shall there be one Lord, and His name one." (Zech. 14: 9.) Of His solemn investiture, Daniel had a sublime revelation when he "saw in the night visions, and, behold One like the Son of Man came with the clouds of heaven, and came to the Ancient of Days, and they brought Him near before Him. And there was given Him dominion, and glory, and a kingdom, that all people, nations, and languages, should serve Him; His dominion is an everlasting dominion, which shall not pass away, and His kingdom that which shall not be destroyed." (Dan. 7: 13–14.)

THE KING HIMSELF.

Now concerning this King it is said, "He shall not judge after the sight of His eyes, neither reprove after the hearing of His ears; but with *righteousness* shall He judge the poor, and reprove with equity for the meek of the earth. And *righteousness* also shall be the girdle of His loins, and faithfulness the girdle of His reins." (Isaiah 11: 3-5.) While of Him the Psalmist sings, "The Lord shall endure for ever, He hath prepared His throne for judgment; and He shall judge the world in *righteousness*, He shall minister judgment to the people in uprightness. The Lord also will be a refuge for the oppressed, a refuge in times of troubles." (Psalm 9: 7-9.)

And if this were all, what an unspeakable blessing would it prove to the world! An absolute monarchy is undoubtedly the only perfect form of human government; but it involves the possession and exercise of a power which cannot with safety be intrusted to any fallen man. But to His Son, God can with divinest confidence say, "Thy throne, oh God, is forever and ever," because He can add, "Thou hast loved *righteousness*, and hated iniquity, therefore God, even Thy God, hath anointed Thee with the oil of gladness above Thy fellows." (Heb. 1: 8,9.)

AN INCORRUPTIBLE TRIBUNAL.

Again, how profoundly would it affect the conduct of men toward their fellows, whether inferior or superior in station, to know that there was *on earth and within reach* a Supreme Authority, not only armed with irresistible power, but whose decrees were infallibly true and incorruptibly righteous; and which was, moreover, accessible to the poor as well as the rich, to the servant as freely as his employer, nay, which made the former his special care, seeing that it is written, "with righteousness shall He judge *the poor*," and will be "a refuge *for the oppressed.*" What a blessing, I say, would this be to the world; how completely would it alter the complexion and constitution of all human society. "I appeal unto Cæsar," said Paul, when he feared that justice was not to be had at a lower tribunal, though Cæsar did not rule in righteousness. But when the poorest and humblest shall be able to say, "I appeal to the King of kings," how will injustice shrink back appalled and selfishness hang its head in confusion and dismay.

(*To be concluded.*)

* Dr. Robertson Smith, "Prophets of Israel," p. 338. But, mark the momentous admission which this writer immediately afterward makes, and which many orthodox theologians will do well to ponder: "If we repudiate the dream of an earthly Millennium, with Jerusalem and a Jewish restoration as its centre, we have no right to reserve for literal fulfilment such details of the prophecies as seem more capable of being reconciled with the actual march of history, or to rest the proof of the prophets' inspiration on the literal realization of isolated parts of their pictures of the future, while it is yet certain that, as a whole, these pictures can never be translated into actuality." Ah! even so; but where will this lead us?

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This number of the "CHRISTIAN HERALD," like that of last week, is mailed to some subscribers whose term expired on Dec. 28th last. Their names have not yet been removed from the mailing list, because in many cases, we are informed, they intend to renew, but have omitted doing so, owing to forgetfulness, absence from home, or holiday engagements. All renewals received during the ensuing week will be promptly recorded on the list, and the names of those who do not renew will be erased. The publishers have good reason for hoping that with the large number of new subscribers who have sent in their names, they will retain all those who subscribed last year. Subscriptions should be sent promptly. P. O. orders to be made payable to The Manager.

CURRENT EVENTS.

The Pendleton Civil Service Reform Bill was passed by the House on Thursday after a debate of only thirty minutes. This result was a genuine surprise to the country; for a very determined and strenuous opposition to the measure was expected. Mr. Kasson's committee which had charge of the bill reported it exactly as it was received from the Senate. Even the minor errors the committee detected in it were allowed to stand so that no delay might ensue in sending the bill to the President. The opposition to the measure was based chiefly on the fact that it is incomplete and does not extend to the higher grades of the service. An impression prevailed, however, that it was the best bill that could be passed this session, and as it was evident that public opinion is aroused on the subject there was a general reluctance to take the responsibility of opposing it. The bill passed the House by a vote of 155 to 47. The majority was composed of 100 Republicans, fifty Democrats, and five Independents. The minority consisted of forty Democrats, six Republicans, and one Greenbacker. The operation of the bill will be carefully watched by the people. It is avowedly tentative, and if its provisions result in purifying our system of appointments in the lower classes of the service, a principle will have been established which may be adapted to the higher offices. It will not be difficult to evade the provisions of the Bill, if there is a disposition to do so, but the will of the people has been so plainly and emphatically expressed on the subject that it will be dangerous to trifle with the spirit or letter of the new law.

Secretary Lincoln sent an Adroit Reply to Congress in response to the resolution asking for information as to the River and Harbor Bill. The Secretary informed the House that it had been the practice of the Department to refrain from expressing any opinion as to the wisdom of appropriations. It had not been considered the duty of the Department to extend its recommendations beyond matters relating to the practicability of the method of accomplishing the results indicated by Congress. The Secretary states that he did, however, in compliance with the resolution, make an investigation, and that it appeared to him that in many instances the results of substantial benefits to general commerce were so obscure and apparently insignificant as to vindicate the doubt on the part of the House of Representatives indicated by the inquiry presented in the resolution. The Secretary also says that the appropriations have been withheld from new works in cases where a temporary suspension of the commencement of the work would not substantially delay the completion. From the paper accompanying the Secretary's report some idea may be obtained of the shamelessness of this diversion of public funds. One of the most grotesque is that of a harbor for the improvement of which fifteen thousand dollars was appropriated. It appears that this harbor is "the mouth of a creek which can barely float sawlogs. It contains only a single sawmill, and the timber is nearly exhausted." Yet to complete this work would take one hundred and thirty-eight thousand dollars, and before it can be completed all the timber accessible to the creek will be exhausted.

Mayor Edson of New York has Refused his permission for the production of the Passion Play in the city. The application to ex-Mayor Grace, who is a Roman Catholic, having failed, it was renewed on January 5th before Mr. Edson, who is a Protestant. "It is alleged," said the Mayor, "that the play contemplated by Mr. Morse is the Passion Play. It appears to me that the statute gives the Mayor power to use his discretion in the matter, and if there is nothing to be said on that point I can render my decision right now. As the matter has been already heard and the play contemplated is obnoxious to a large part of the community, my duty is to decline to grant the license applied for, and that will be my decision." The Mayor might very justly have given his decision on the merits of the case instead of making it a concession to public opinion, but the decision being right there will be little disposition to quarrel with its grounds.

The Shah's Present to the President has been put to a good use. In refitting and refurnishing the White House the carpet which the Shah of Persia presented for the great East Room, and for which it was not suited, as well as the carpet laid in that room, became useless, and would ordinarily have been bundled off to the auction-room, to be sold for a song. But the President had them cut up into rugs, with tasteful borders, and sent them to the Soldiers' Home, where they appear as good as new and far prettier than they were in their original shape.

An Unpleasant Surprise was Caused by the announcement on January 6th that the State Treasurer of Tennessee had absconded, and that defalcations had been discovered in his office. The Treasurer was well known in financial circles, and the report of his flight was at first received with incredulity, but further reports from Nashville confirmed it. The total defalcation is stated to amount to $402,666, and is believed to have been lost in stock speculations and in loans to friends engaged in similar business. The Treasurer's bond was only $100,000. He was highly respected in the State. He is fifty-one years old, is a graduate of West Point, and served four years on the frontier. He was a captain of artillery in the Confederate army, and lost a leg at the battle of Shiloh. He afterward served on the staff of General Leonidas Polk, to whom he was related. After the war he resided on a farm near Bolivar, Tenn., until elected Treasurer, six years ago. He is a nephew of the late President Polk, has a large family, and occupied a high social position in the State. A leading newspaper of Tennessee commenting on the affair says: "There is no question but the habit, of a large section of our press and many of our public men of treating lightly, scornfully, and flippantly the claims of the State's creditors, has had a most damaging effect on public morals in general and has lowered especially the tone of official morals and sense of obligation. Colonel Polk was without doubt a victim both to the wretched looseness of the laws and the administration of executive business at Nashville; but he was also a victim of the prevailing *low tone of public honor* fostered by the spirit of repudiation."

Intelligence of the Death of Dr. Titus Coan, the veteran missionary to the Sandwich Islands, is published. Dr. Coan died on December 1st after a period of service of forty-eight years. He was eighty-one years of age, and it was fifty-nine years since he was licensed to preach. In August 1833, he was one of a party of missionaries sent to Patagonia by the American Board of Missions, where he remained a year. On December 24th, 1834, Dr. Coan and his wife, with five other missionaries, sailed from Boston in the ship Hellespont for the Sandwich Islands. From this date the life-work of Dr. Coan began. He was stationed with his wife at Hilo, and in addition to preaching the Gospel to the natives as a missionary, he was obliged to act as the physician of the town for the first fourteen years of his labors. Of a singularly mild and affectionate disposition, he won the confidence of the Hawaiians at the beginning, and with his wife, who had established a school for girls, was blessed of God to the conversion of a large number of the native men and women. He soon had a native church established at Hilo, and in a short time trained native converts to act as missionaries among their own people. Dr. Coan revisited America but once after his departure for the Sandwich Islands, and this was in 1870, when he passed about six months here, and then returned to his work. He was stricken with paralysis last September and the news is just received that his noble career in this world terminated on December 1st.

The Gospel of Socialism According to Herr Most, the German Socialist, who is now delivering lectures in our chief cities, deserves the attention of all our citizens. There has been considerable doubt as to the aims of the socialists as the utterances of one leader have been often repudiated by another. But Herr Most is a recognized authority in the order, and he has spoken out in a very unequivocal manner. The people may now learn exactly what is the aim of socialism and should be put on their guard by the exposition. In the course of a lecture recently delivered in Chicago, Herr Most is reported to have advocated *the wholesale use of petroleum* and dynamite; the gutting of every bank in America and Europe, and the destruction of all governments and institutions now in existence. He said that the entire world was conducted on false doctrines and in detriment to the interest of the great mass of the people. These utterances apparently embody the socialistic creed, and it is well that the people should understand it. We are warned in prophecy that such teachers would appear in the last days (2 Pet. 2 : 10–12).

At the Celebration of the Eighty-fourth birthday of the Rev. Alpheus S. Packard, D.D., vice-president of Bowdoin College, on Saturday, December 23d, amid the personal congratulations of the Maine Historical Society and a shoal of letters from absent friends, it was stated that he entered Bowdoin as a student in 1812, just six years after the first class had been graduated. He was graduated in 1816, became tutor there in 1819, and a professor in 1825. Thus he has been a teacher for sixty-three years, and of the 1994 young men graduated at Bowdoin since the foundation of the college, more than 1900 have been under his immediate instruction.

A Prosecution was Abandoned last Week in New Jersey on a somewhat remarkable ground. The prisoner was charged with having concealed himself in the prosecutor's house with the design of robbing the premises. The case was adjourned, and the defendant released on bail. When the case was again called up the prosecutor declined to press the charge, and it was stated in court that during the interval between the first and second hearings the prisoner had married the daughter of his accuser, who, finding that the defendant was his own son-in-law, naturally desired to withdraw the charge. The relationship contracted had effectually disarmed the prosecutor's hostility to the offender. In a different way and on higher grounds the sinner saved by grace may lose his fear of the judgment of God. He has become by faith one of the sons of God, and his sins are absolved (Rom. 8 : 1, 14).

Another Automatic Railroad Signal has been patented. It consists of a box filled with mercury placed under the rail at the required distance from a bell. When a train passes over this box the mercury is so agitated as to form contact with the wire communicating with the bell and thus makes it ring. If this device fulfils the purpose for which it was designed, it will be invaluable and may save many lives ; but all the automatic signals yet invented are liable to get out of order by some unforseen cause, and so disappoint those who trust in them. It may be, however, that an agent, so sensitive as mercury, may be relied upon invariably to give the needed warning. The wish has often been expressed by thoughtful men that some such signal existed by which men might be warned in their journey through life of the approach of moral and spiritual danger, that Satan might not take them unawares. God has granted that privilege to those whose supreme desire it is to live near to Him. Their souls are filled with His Spirit, and they become increasingly sensitive to His guiding hand, and are conscious of danger when others of less elevated life suspect it not (Jude 20–24).

An Offer of Marriage was Made and Accepted in an amusing way in a Pennsylvania city a few days before Christmas. The young man was bashful, and he had been for months vainly endeavoring to muster courage to say the words that were to put his hopes to the test ; but somehow, had never been able to find an opportunity. The two young people were very intimate friends, and as the holidays approached, the young lady asked the young man to give her a hint of what he would like to have for a Christmas present. The young man saw his chance, and replied, "Nothing could please me better than yourself." The young lady saw her chance also, and answered, "All right ; call around for me Christmas morning, and bring a minister with you." So promptly, at last, was the momentous petition made and granted. Doubtless, the young lady would not have consented with so much apparent levity to make a present of herself had not she decided long before what she would do in the event of such a request being made. The gift of self involves consequences too serious to be lightly incurred. That gift in the highest and holiest sense Jesus asks for, and with good reason, for He has bought us with His blood (Rom. 12 : 1).

An Adventure in a Dark Cavern of Tennessee, in which three college boys incurred no trifling danger, is described in a Monroe journal. It appears that on December 23d three boys started from the college to explore Craighead Cavern, three miles away. They entered the cave with a torchlight, and after wandering about became lost in the labyrinthine passages. For some hours they endeavored in vain to find their way out again. Their light began to flicker, but, fortunately, it did not expire till they had *passed the pit, said to be ninety feet deep.* Then Egyptian darkness was all about them. They searched their pockets for matches, but could find but one, and that missed fire. There they were, in a vast living tomb, utterly unable to extricate themselves. At the college the day wore away, but the three boys were missing. With the night came on cold, drizzling rain ; but a band set off with lights through the mud and rain to the cave. They entered and called aloud for their lost comrades. At length their shouts were answered. The lost were found, cold, shivering, hungry. By one o'clock in the morning of the next day the lost ones reached their rooms at the college, sadder, but wiser than when they stole their march on the previous morning. Their experience may appropriately remind them that, deplorable as their plight was in the dark cavern with a pit ninety feet deep near at hand, their condition before God would have been still more terrible had not Jesus come to guide them out of the darkness (John 1 : 9).

An Amusing Explanation is Given of the sudden extinguishing of the electric lights, a few nights ago in a Chicago store. A large number of lights are used in the building, and as when they went out the store was crowded with people, there was no little alarm experienced. As rapidly as possible the gas-jets were lighted and everybody looked surprised, none more so than the members of the firm. The engine was running as rapidly as usual, and the dynamos were working properly when an investigation was made. Under the dynamo there stood a rat, with one leg raised up as if about to take another step. The rat was dead and rooted to the spot. The machinery was stopped, the rat taken off, and then when the machinery was again started the lights burned as well as usual. That so mean and insignificant a creature as a rat should have been able to throw the brilliantly-lighted building into darkness, might well cause surprise. A similar feeling has been experienced by Christians, when they have seen the soul lighted up with faith and hope become dark under the quibblings and sceptical arguments of an atheist (Psa. 14 : 1).

A Dog Saved the Life of his Companion in a remarkably intelligent way, recently. The correspondent of a Boston journal, who relates the incident, states that he has two dogs, Grouse and Scott. One morning they were both missing. After having been gone the greater part of the day Grouse returned home pretty well tired out, but was able to jump around the coachman, looking up into his face, barking and running ahead as if he would say, "Do follow me." So he followed Grouse far into the woods. At last they came to a stone wall. Grouse jumped over and he followed, and there they found poor Scott, *caught in a trap* by one of his forefeet, crying most pitifully. When extricated, his foot was found to be very much swollen, but fortunately no bones were broken. If it had not been for faithful Grouse, he never would have seen his home again. I need not say that Grouse jumped around with delight to see his friend again free. The conduct of the faithful Grouse may teach Christian workers a lesson. They often find sinners held fast in the meshes of Satan's trap, and cannot release them ; but the dog in like case went to one who could deliver. So may the Christian go and tell Jesus (1 John 5 : 16).

A Convicted Murderer's Last Words are Seldom very edifying, as it often happens that they are merely the expression of conviction that the speaker, in spite of his crimes, is going straight from the scaffold to Heaven. The dying words of James Tracy, recently executed in Chicago are, however, an exception to the rule. They deserve the careful attention of young people who think that it is a fine thing "to see life" by which they generally mean vicious life. Tracy said : "I do not believe any man who has known the life of virtue can ever be contented with a life of vice. The farmer who has spent his life on his farm, never seeing more of the world than the road to market, or more of society than the village congregation, is happier than the 'sport' who gets his money easily but questionably, and sees society in its wildest dissipation. I hope that my fate may prove a warning to young men who are *cheating themselves* with the idea that there can be any peace, happiness, or prosperity in a crooked life." Perhaps the readers of dime novels and young people attracted by the pleasures of vice will heed the solemn statement of a man who was qualified to speak with authority, even though they despise the same warning given in the Bible (Proverbs 13 : 15).

THE ORPHAN'S FATHER.

A New Sermon by Pastor C. H. Spurgeon.

"For in thee the fatherless findeth mercy."—Hosea 14 : 3.

A Special Mark of God's Character—His Regard for the Widow and Fatherless—Laws on their Behalf—The Levite's Portion in Abeyance—The Forgotten Sheaves for Them—Come to God as Orphans—I. Encouragement—Eyes Cleared by Tears—The Tender Points in God's Character—Cast off Other Confidences—An Old Liar—Necessarily Ignorant—The Children's Helplessness—II. Encouragement as to Action—An Irish Servant's Admission—A Mother's Appeal to Napoleon—How to Plead—The Enquiry Room a Snare—A Faculty for Clinging—III. What to Expect—The Orphan in the Orphanage—A Touch or Two of the Rod.

THE Lord God of Israel, the one only living and true God, has this for a special mark of His character, that in Him the fatherless findeth mercy. "A Father of the fatherless, and *a Judge of the widows*, is God in His holy habitation." False gods of the heathen are usually notable for their supposed power or cunning, or even for their wickedness, falsehood, lustfulness, and cruelty ; but our God, who made the heavens, is the Thrice Holy One. He is the holy God, and He is also full of love. Indeed, it is not only His name, and His character, but His very nature, for "God is love." Among the acts which exhibit His love is this—that He executeth righteousness and judgment for all that are oppressed, and specially takes under His wing the defenceless ones, such as the widow and the fatherless.

This is very notable if you look into the subject in connection with holy Scripture. We see this soon after the giving of the law. We have the law in the twentieth chapter of Exodus ; and in the twenty-second chapter of the same book, close upon the heels of the law, you have God's word concerning the fatherless. Listen to Jehovah's words ; they are strong and forceful ; there is a thunder about their sound. "Ye shall not afflict any widow or fatherless child. If thou afflict them in anywise, and they cry at all unto Me, I will surely hear their cry ; and My wrath shall wax hot, and I will kill you with the sword ; and your wives shall be widows, and your children fatherless." These are the words of that Jehovah who spoke the ten commands on Sinai. See how very

NEAR TO THE HEART OF OUR GOD

lies the cause of the widow and the fatherless.

The Lord gave the law a second time in the book of Deuteronomy. If you turn to the tenth chapter of that book, at the seventeenth verse, you will find such a statute as this : "For the Lord your God is God of gods, and Lord of lords, a great God, a mighty, and a terrible, which regardeth not persons, nor taketh reward : He doth execute the judgment of the fatherless and widow, and loveth the stranger, in giving him food and raiment." Those are two strong and striking proofs of the fact that the cause of the fatherless lies near to the heart of God.

LAWS WERE MADE ON THEIR BEHALF,

and among the rest was the institution of tithes. I have read some amazing statements upon the divine right of tithes. It seems to be established in the minds of some that if God gave the tithes to Levi He must, therefore, have given them to Episcopalian ministers ; an inference which I fail to see. I should just as soon draw the inference that He had given them to Baptist ministers ; certainly it would be no more illogical. The idea of our being priests, or Levites, in order to get compulsory tithes, would be too abhorrent to be entertained for a moment. But while I have often seen *the divine right of tithes* stated and argued, I have never heard it urged that the tithes should go to those for whom God set them apart under the legal dispensation.

Now, if you will turn to Scripture, you will find that the tithe of all the produce of the land was to be given to the Levite and to the stranger, and to the widow and the fatherless ; and whenever tithe comes to be properly distributed, if there be any divine right in it at all, it will most certainly be given to the widow and the fatherless. We

should agree to its being given in part to the Levite *when he turns up*, but as we do not know who the Levite is at present, we may keep his portion in abeyance till he appears. But the widow and the fatherless are still here among us, and the poor shall never cease out of the land; and as the institution of the tithe was as much for them as it was for the tribe of Levi, let them have their share.

The tribe of Levi had certain rights, because, while the other tribes had each one a portion, that tribe had no inheritance, and therefore took out its share in having a part of the tithe, and certain cities to dwell in. Read Deuteronomy 14 : 29 : "And the Levite," (because he hath no part nor inheritance with thee), "and the stranger, and the fatherless, and the widow, which are within thy gates, shall come, and shall eat and be satisfied; that the Lord thy God may bless thee in all the work of thine hand which thou doest." I do not know that Episcopalian clergymen have given up their earthly inheritances any more than Nonconformist ministers, and I cannot therefore see that they have the Levite's claim; but I see clearly the right of the widow and the fatherless, and I pray that the day may come when they will get their share of what is undoubtedly theirs, if it is anybody's at all.

Another ordinance was made about the widow and the fatherless—that when the people gathered in the harvest, if they omitted

A SHEAF OF CORN,

they were never to go back for it, but were to leave it for the widow and the fatherless. "When thou cuttest down thine harvest in thy field, and hast forgot a sheaf in the field, thou shalt not go again to fetch it; it shall be for the stranger, for the fatherless, and for the widow; that the Lord thy God may bless thee in all the work of thine hands." In gathering in the corn *the field was not raked*, but all that fell was left to the widow and the fatherless. It was expressly commanded that when they gathered the grapes they were never to gather a second time, but were to leave the bunches to be ripened for the widow and the fatherless. "When thou beatest thine olive-tree, thou shalt not go over the boughs again; it shall be for the stranger, for the fatherless, and for the widow."

Nobody was forgotten in the divine rule when Jehovah was King in Israel; but especial mention was continually being made of these two classes—the widow and the fatherless, and the poor strangers that happened to be within Israel's gates. "Thou shalt be kind to the stranger," said the Lord, "because thou wast a stranger in the land of Egypt, and thou knowest the heart of a stranger." I call your special attention to this, and beg you to look through Scripture, and see how again and again God calls upon His people to take care of the widow and the fatherless. Job, that upright man whom God accepted, disclaimed for himself the charge that he had ever forgotten the widow and the fatherless; and you know how, under the New Testament, it is written, "Pure religion and undefiled before God and the Father is this, To visit the fatherless and widows in their affliction, and to keep himself unspotted from the world."

It is established, then, that God, even the God of Israel, is one in whom the fatherless findeth mercy; let us take care of them too. "Be ye imitators of God as dear children," and select as the objects of your charity those whom God specially cares for.

This, however, is not my subject at this time. I wish you to become yourselves objects of the divine charity by

COMING TO GOD AS ORPHANS,

and putting yourselves under His protection, that you, like the fatherless, may find mercy at His hands. If we ourselves are sad at heart, troubled in spirit, full of needs, full of wants and trials, let us be encouraged to come to God, because in Him the fatherless findeth mercy.

First, here is *encouragement;* secondly, here is *encouragement as to what to do;* and, thirdly, here is *encouragement as to what to expect.*

I. First, here is encouragement. Here is encouragement, though *such as none spy out but needy ones.* You notice that the people who said, "In Thee the fatherless findeth mercy," are the people who had fallen by their iniquity, and who were bidden to return unto the Lord, saying "Take away all iniquity, and receive us graciously." They were a people who renounced all self-confidence, and cried out, "Asshur shall not save us; we will not ride upon horses: neither will we say any more to the work of our hands, Ye are our gods." They were a people with whom God's Holy Spirit had so dealt that they were stripped of their pride, and made conscious of their guilt. Then it was that they spied out this precious fact, that in God the fatherless findeth mercy.

A tear in the eye is a fine thing to clear it. He that never saw his sin has never seen the mercy of God. David never sang of the lovingkindness and tender mercies of God so well as in that fifty first Psalm, when he mourned his great sin. A broken-hearted sinner has a sort of instinct for finding out *the tender points in God's character.* The ungodly man who is self-satisfied, and has never been made to know the truth about his condition, often likens God to an austere man, reaping where he has not sown, and gathering where he has not strawed; but once let the man know his guilt and mourn it, and then he looks with all his eyes to God to spy out mercy in Him; and he is the man who delights to learn that God is merciful to the fatherless. This becomes a fountain of hope to him.

Have I here any sin-stricken sinner? Are you desponding and despairing? Did you come here feeling that there could be no mercy for you? Catch at this word. "In Thee the fatherless findeth mercy." He is a merciful God; He is tender, kind, considerate. He evidently looks after the helpless and hopeless. He is the patron of those whom others desert. Widows without friends, the fatherless without protectors—these are the care of God. May you not hope that He will care for you? May you not in the depth of your sin and brokenness of heart come to Him and say, "O Lord, I hear thou art

THE FRIEND OF THE FRIENDLESS,

be a Friend to me?" It looks like a candle put in the window of your Father's house to guide you home through the darkness. May God help you to see it; but I know that you will not care to see it if there is not a tear in your eye, for none but the needy perceive this gracious truth.

This encouragement is, moreover, one which is *a strong inducement to cast away all other confidences.* If God be the Friend of the fatherless, He may be a Friend to me; would it not be well for me to trust Him, and leave off trusting those other things that I have relied upon? You see how the text runs, "Asshur shall not save us; we will not ride upon horses." These were their great trust and confidence, and then they go on to say—neither will we worship false gods, for we can see that the true God is kind, kind to the fatherless ones, and therefore we may come and trust Him. When a man gets some little hope, then he says to himself, "I will even venture to look to the Lord."

When the prodigal son in the far-off country had spent all his living, what was it that brought him back? Why, it was this thought, "How many hired servants of my father have bread enough and to spare!" This made him resolve to go home again. I know

WHAT THE DEVIL WILL DO;

he will tell you that there is no mercy for you. He is an old liar. There is abundant mercy for the greatest sinner. What does the devil know about it? He never sought mercy, and he has never had any, and never will have any, for he will never seek it; but for you, poor soul, there is bread enough and to spare in your Father's house; and why do you perish with hunger? Why not arise and go unto your Father? If God be the Father of the fatherless, this should induce us to hasten to Him, and rest in Him.

"May I trust in Jesus Christ?" says one. "May I?" Of course you may; it is your sin if you do not, and, indeed, the chief and most ruinous of sins. Many of you are trusting in your sacraments and your priests, or in your good works and your prayers, or your own feelings, because you think that you may not trust Christ. But you may! for He who takes the fatherless under His blessed wing invites *you* to come to Him. "Come unto Me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest." If He had ever repulsed one, He might repulse you. But since the fatherless find mercy in Him, and all that come to Him find mercy in Him, come along with you, and trust in the merciful One at once.

Furthermore, there is much encouragement in my text, because it gives us a clear look into the heart of God. I always like to see *how a man treats children.* You learn a great deal about a man when you see that. Some men abhor children, and almost wish that they could exterminate them. As to the fatherless children they say, "Let them go to the workhouse; we cannot be troubled with them." The gentle-hearted One never sees a little child in want without feeling the utmost pity. I feel more sorry for a suffering child than even for a man or a woman. Adults have a measure of a power to help themselves; but if there be poverty in the house, the little one may pine away, but it cannot get relief. Little boys and girls have suffered much in this great city when their parents' home has been desolated by poverty, frequently caused by drink and other sins.

Who knows the sufferings of the little ones when father dies? I confess it touches my heart that little children should suffer as they do. When men are wicked, one is almost thankful that there should be poverty following their sin to whip them out of it; but these lambs, what have they done? Any tender heart feels this. Is not this a wonderful text which lets us gaze into the heart of God while we read, "In Thee the fatherless findeth mercy?"

Great God, the seraphim adore Thee. Angels, day without night, in serried ranks stand waiting to do Thy bidding. Thy voice is the thunder, and the glance of Thine eye is the lightning. At Thy bidding kings die, dynasties decay, and empires are blotted out, and yet Thou carest for little children and widows. It is very beautiful to me. I feel as if I could trust Him all the better for that, and come with my daily burden and daily cares—ay, and my sins, too, and feel sure that He will not refuse me. This is

THE FATHER OF JESUS,

I am sure of it. Oh, how like the Son is to the Father, for if the Father is thus the children's Patron, what think ye of the Son, and of His likeness to His Father, when He said, "Suffer the little children to come unto Me, and forbid them not, for of such is the kingdom of heaven." Does not this encourage you to come, as you see the heart of God laid bare in the blessed statement of the text, "In Thee the fatherless findeth mercy?"

There is this encouragement too, that *our cases are like those of the widow and the fatherless.* The orphan has no father, no helper, no means of sustenance. And you, my hearer, are in that state, without God. If there be no God, you have no father. If you have no God to trust to, you have no protector, and you are undone. There is no light for you if God be not your light, no hope for you if Christ be not your hope. Do you feel that? Well, then, you are an orphan; you are a fatherless one. Come along, for Jesus has said, "I will not leave you orphans. I will come unto you." Come to Him, and look up into the face of the orphan's Father, and say, I plead that word of Thine, "In Thee the fatherless findeth mercy." Lord, let me find mercy, for my case runs parallel with theirs.

If there is a heart here that wants encouraging, it will spell out my meaning. But if you do not need it, and some of you do not, for you are *fine fellows, full of your own righteousness*, then I have nothing to say to you but this, "The whole have no need of a physician, but they that are sick. Christ came not to call the righteous, but sinners to repentance."

II. Secondly, for every poor, needy sinner here is encouragement as to

WHAT TO DO.

First, if you want to find salvation to-night, take

the text as a sort of *spiritual guide-book*, and plead your need. Do not say anything about your merits; the less said about *them* the better. Your position is like that of the Irish servant, who said, when asked for his character, that the gentleman at his last place told him he would do better without his character than with it. You are just in that case, only that you *will be* asked for your character, and the best thing you can do is to say, "My character is as bad as it can be;" and then plead for mercy.

"Lord," it says in the text, "in Thee the fatherless findeth mercy. It does not say that they are good and holy, but simply that they are fatherless. It does not say that they find reward, but that they find mercy, Lord, that is all I have to say to Thee. I am in need: I am in awful need; and because I am such a sinner, it makes my need all the worse, for that is where my need lies; I need righteousness; I need a new heart; I need a right spirit. I need a total change. I need everything, for I have nothing but sin and misery. O Lord, I only urge that as Thou dost help the fatherless, simply and only because they are needy, I pray Thee save me irrespective of my character, for my need is great."

The next lesson for you is this; be sure to take a hold of this text by the handle, and

ASK FOR MERCY.

"In Thee the fatherless findeth,"—what? Findeth *mercy*. Mercy is the handle of the text. When you go to God, ask for mercy, not for justice. A mother once went to *the Emperor Napoleon* to ask for mercy for her son. He had committed some breach of the French law; and the emperor replied, "Madam, this is the second time the boy has offended; justice requires that he should die." She answered, "*Sire, I did not come to ask for justice.* I beg for mercy." He answered, "He does not deserve mercy." "Sire," said she, "it would not be mercy if he deserved it. I ask for mercy." When she put it in that way, the emperor replied, "Well, then, I will have mercy."

My unsaved hearer, you deserve to be in hell tonight. It is of the Lord's mercy that you are not consumed. Do not dream of asking for justice, for justice will be your ruin; but get a hold of this word, "Lord, I ask for *mercy*," and if something whispers, "Why, you have been a hardened sinner," say, "Lord, it is true; but Lord, I ask for mercy." "But you have been a backslider." Reply, "Lord, that I have; but I ask for mercy on that account." "But you have resisted and rejected grace." "Lord, that is true; but I shall want all the more mercy because of that." "But there is nothing in you to argue for forgiveness." Say, "Lord, I know there is not, and that is why I ask for *mercy*. I put it wholly on that ground. Display Thy mercy in me, I beseech Thee." That is the way to plead. Mind you keep to it. *That is the straight way.*

YOU WILL GET HEAVEN SO,

for you will get Christ so, since His mercy endureth forever.

Learn another lesson, you that want to get peace with God at once, and I hope that some of you do. *Cast your sin, trial, and sorrow upon God.* The text says, "In Thee the fatherless findeth mercy;" so the business of the fatherless ones is to come to God, and just look to Him for mercy; and that is your business. Do not, I charge you, look to anybody else but the living God to help you. It is a snare, and a horrible one, for people to trust to priests; and I will say, in addition to that, to trust to ministers, to trust to any man whatever. I have known persons when they have heard an address and have been impressed, to say, "Oh, I shall find Christ in the inquiry-room!" That *inquiry-room may be a snare* to you if you talk thus. You want to speak to the man who preached to you, do you? Do not speak to him; go to Jesus direct. "But I wish to see that good man who spoke to me the other day." Very well, so you may by-and-by, but mind you do not put that good man or that good woman in the place of Christ. The text says, "*In Thee* the fatherless findeth mercy," and it is in Christ, and in Him alone, that mercy is to be found. Go directly and distinctly to Jesus.

God is everywhere. Let your spirit be conscious that God is present, and now let your heart speak to Him. To Him confess your sin; do not pour that rubbish into the ear of mortal man. To God lay bare your heart, and to Him alone; it is not a fit sight for any human being. Tell the Lord Jesus all your wants and woes, and He will help you, for in the Son of God is the help of the sons of men. Oh, that I knew how to speak these things, but they will surely go home to those who are in spiritual need! You that are not in need, you, that are good you that are self-righteous, will see nothing in the text for you. No, and there was not meant to be, for the Lord has a people that He will draw unto Himself, and these people are known by this—that they are weary of themselves.

God's chosen people exercise the natural art of the weak, namely, clinging. They are made to feel their poverty and their need, and then when they hear of the fulness of Christ they haste to lay hold on Him. Have you never noticed how the plants that God has made weak are all endowed with

A NATURAL FACULTY FOR CLINGING?

One of the first things that the vine does is to put forth its tendrils for something to cling to. The hop, the woodbine, the sweet pea, they have all a little hook ready to lay hold on a support. Now, if God is about to bless you at this hour, you have a little tendril that is being put out to find something to lay hold of, and as the gardener carefully puts his stick for the sweet pea, or as the farmer puts his pole for the hop, I have tried to set my text in your way. I would set the blessed Lord before you, and, say, In Him the fatherless findeth mercy, cling to Him; cling to Him. It is our life to do it. *Cling firmly!* The limpet by the seashore can do little, but it can cling, and so it does cling, and very firmly too. That is the one thing you can do, poor sinner, and I pray the Holy Spirit to lead you to do it at once. God help you at this moment to cling to Christ, and if you do, you are saved, yes, saved at once. In him the fatherless findeth mercy. Cling to Him, and you shall find mercy too.

III. Now, lastly, here is encouragement as to

WHAT TO EXPECT

of God. "In Thee the fatherless findeth mercy."

What do the fatherless expect of us when we stand in God's place to them, and take them into *our Orphanage*, and try to be as a father to them? What do they expect of us? Well, I do not know that the younger ones have intellect enough to know all they expect, but they expect everything. They expect all that they want, and though they do not quite know what they do want, they leave it to us. They believe that all will be found that they require. I like a poor Christian who does not know all he wants; but yet knows that his God will supply all his needs. He trusts Jesus for all. He trusts His heavenly Father as a child; He does not know what He may require today, and require in the unknown future, but then His heavenly Father knows, and He leaves it all to Him.

As our orphan boys grow older, however, they begin to have a perception of their wants, and they trust that they shall have everything provided which their own fathers would have provided for them, and more, perhaps. So is it with us when we come to the great Father. We say: all that I would provide for my children, if I had everything, and could give them all that wisdom could desire, my God will provide for me, for He will be a Father to me. If ye, being evil, know how to give good gifts unto your children, much more shall He, who has taken you into His family, though you once were fatherless, give all good things to you. You shall have food and raiment, and sufficient for this life. You shall have protection, guidance, instruction, and tender affection. You shall have

A TOUCH OR TWO OF THE ROD

every now and then, and that is among your choice mercies; but you shall also have all the cherishing of His sweet love; and by-and-by, when you are fit for it, He will take you home from school, and you shall see His face, and you shall live forever in His house above, where the many mansions be.

Oh, if you come and put yourselves by a simple faith into the blessed custody and keeping of God, He will admit you into *His Salvation Orphanage*, and He will take care of you, and you shall find Him a better Father than you will be to your own children—a better Father than the best of fathers could ever be to the best beloved of sons. "I will be a Father unto you, and ye shall be My sons and daughters, saith the Lord Almighty." I will not say more, but I should like to leave John's choice sentence as my last word. "Behold what manner of love the Father hath bestowed upon us, that we should be called the sons of God!" Blessed be Thy name, O Lord, that we also have been led of Thy Spirit to prove that in Thee the fatherless findeth mercy!

[The prayers of the readers of this Journal are requested for the blessing of God upon its Editors in America and England, and those whose sermons, articles, or labors for Christ are printed in it; and for its weekly circulation of more than 250,000 copies to be blessed by the Holy Spirit to the conversion of many sinners and the quickening of God's people. Mr. Spurgeon and Dr. Talmage especially request prayer every Sunday morning on behalf of their labors.]

THE BURNING OF A ROYAL PALACE.

(*See Illustration, page* 28.)

HAMPTON COURT PALACE, which was partially destroyed by fire on December 14th last, as was mentioned at the time in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD in the department of Foreign Topics, is about fifteen miles from London. Queen Victoria does not occupy it, but she uses it as a kind of *genteel almshouse*. Widows of officers and others who have performed services for their country are granted, on the nomination of the Queen, free residence there. The palace is divided off into separate suites of apartments, and is like an aristocratic little town.

The building is well known to American visitors to Great Britain, who always visit it, attracted thither by its numerous historical associations. It was for many years a royal residence, was at one time a royal prison, and occupies a prominent place among English historical buildings. Early in the sixteenth century Cardinal Wolsey began its erection, and in 1515 he received a lease of the mansion and grounds for ninety-nine years. He spent immense sums of money upon the buildings and grounds and succeeded in making so pretentious a palace that the sovereign, Henry VIII., showed some signs of envy. After occupying it for eleven years the Cardinal, in 1526, presented the place to the King, telling him he had designed it from the beginning for his use. It became Henry's favorite residence, and he spent more fortunes upon it to make it suit his fancy. He built several additions, including the great hall and chapel, in the Gothic style. Only two of the original five quadrangles now remain, but a third was erected by Sir Christopher Wren for William III.

THE FIRE.

On the morning of December 14th, 1882, smoke was seen to be issuing from the eastern wing of the Palace, and flames speedily burst forth with great fury. Despite the efforts of those residing within its precincts and the military stationed at the Palace, it appeared as if the east wing was doomed, and every effort was made to prevent the fire spreading to the other parts of the building. The flames were speedily extinguished, but not before much damage was done. The burned rooms were immediately above the picture gallery, the curiosities and tapestry in which were considerably damaged by water. The tapestry, which suffered the most, is part of that which represents Alexander the Great entering Babylon and the battle of Granicus. In Queen Anne's bedroom the celebrated painted ceiling was damaged. Pictures by Rembrandt, Rubens, and Kneller, and Lely's celebrated "Beauties" had a narrow escape. The rooms known as the Queen's Gallery, the King's and Queen's private chambers and private drawing room were partially flooded by water. The loss is roughly estimated at $50,000. The greatest excitement prevailed among the residents in the

The Burning of Hampton Court Palace on December 14.

Palace, the people in the vicinity, and those to whom the fire became known. The ladies residing in the Palace all escaped, but one hired domestic was suffocated before she could be extricated.

HOW IT BECAME A ROYAL PALACE.

The history of Hampton Court as a royal palace recalls a series of striking incidents illustrative of men and times familiar to every American school boy. There King Henry VIII., of vicious memory, stood by his garden gate, in his gown of russet velvet furred with sables, while Cavendish, the secretary of the deceased Cardinal, before him, gave an account, on his knees, of his master's property. Then history describes Henry building the great hall, and revelling there with his new queen, Anne Boleyn; then rejoicing over the birth of his son and heir, Prince Edward, and mourning over the death of the babe's mother, Jane Seymour; then come pageants in honor of Catherine Howard; and next the marriage of Catherine Parr; and last, days of disease, when the tyrant becomes a prisoner and can no longer hunt and take his pleasure as aforetime. The Palace was sold by Parliament in 1641, but it afterward fell into Cromwell's hands, and continued to be one of the principal residences of the English sovereigns until the time of George II. It was *the birthplace of Edward VI.* and the meeting-place of the conference held in the reign of James I. to settle the dispute between the Presbyterians and the State clergy, and it served as *a prison for Charles I.*

OLIVER CROMWELL'S RESIDENCE.

The scene changes, and Hampton Court is found in the occupation of a far different personage, Oliver Cromwell, whom we here discover sauntering up and down the long gallery, or seeking to soothe his mind, burdened by the cares of empire, by the music of the great organ, removed hither from Magdalen College, Oxford. And then, in the death-chamber of the Lady Claypole, his daughter, we see him for fourteen days watching over the sufferer, and afterward mourning over the dead.

The beautiful gardens, which are still numbered among the finest in England, were laid out at the desire of William III., and contain forty-four acres. They are in the formal Dutch style, with elevated terraces, long shady walks, and a labyrinth called the "Maze," which is always an object of great interest to visitors.

The whole palace is one immense picture gallery, containing more art works than some national galleries, many of them of great value. Among them are portraits of the celebrated beauties of the Court of Charles II., while among its artistic treasures was a fine picture of Charles I. on horseback, which was painted by the great Vandyke. It contained, for a time, the famous cartoons of Raphael, but several years ago these were removed to South Kensington Museum.

The principal embellishments of the palace were made by William III., whose delicate health rendered residence in London injurious to him. He therefore fixed on Hampton Court as his home and prepared it to become once more a royal palace. Macaulay gives an extended description of the expensive improvements within and without. "Much idle ingenuity was employed," he says, "in forming that intricate labyrinth of verdure which has puzzled and amused five generations of holiday visitors from London. A new court, not designed with the present taste, but stately, spacious, and commodious, rose, under the direction of Wren. The wainscots were adorned with the rich and delicate carvings of Gibbons. The staircases were in a blaze with the glaring frescoes of Verrio. In every corner of the mansion appeared a profusion of gewgaws not yet familiar to English eyes. But the new palace was embellished with works of art of a very different kind. A gallery was erected for the cartoons of Raphael. Those great pictures, then and still the finest on our side of the Alps, had been preserved by Cromwell from the fate which befell most of the other masterpieces in the collection of Charles I., but had been suffered to lie many years nailed up in deal boxes. The expense of the works at Hampton was a subject of bitter complaint to many Tories, who had very gently blamed the boundless profusion with which Charles II. had built and rebuilt the dwellings of the Duchess of Portsmouth."

It is, therefore, a matter for thankfulness that the Palace was not destroyed by the fire, both on account of its historical associations, and because it at present affords an asylum to those who, reared in affluence and refinement, would in their old age and poverty, but for that institution, find their adversity by contrast especially painful.

A MENTAL CONFLICT ON THE SEA BEACH.

SOME years ago I was prostrated by a severe illness from which it was believed by the physician who attended me and by the kind friends who nursed me that I should never recover. By the blessing of God, however, the crisis passed, and very slowly and wearily I began to retrace my steps from the shadow of death to health and strength.

My physician having prescribed tonics without much effect, ordered change of air and scene. Accordingly, one lovely summer morning, I set out northward for a city on the Atlantic coast. It was during my stay there that an incident occurred which is one of the most memorable in a not uneventful life.

One day I had accomplished the quantity of exercise prescribed for me with less fatigue than usual, and as I stood at my window after sundown, the light of the moon on the waves and the soft balmy air attracted me out of doors for another stroll before retiring to rest. I hesitated some time before going, and it seemed as if a hair might turn the balance whether I went out or not, but the attraction increased, and I went. I know now, though I had no idea of it at the time, that Providence was leading me.

I walked for about a mile along the sands from my hotel, and was about returning, when my attention was drawn to a man, apparently a fisherman, dragging a boat to the beach. Some one else was watching him, too. I saw to my astonishment the figure of a woman lying prone on the sand in the shadow of a schooner, and intently regarding the man who was dragging the boat. As I looked at her more carefully I doubted my first impression. She seemed to be staring into vacancy rather than looking at the objects before her. Who was she? Why was she stretched there at that hour, having on neither bonnet nor shawl, in spite of the chilliness of the evening air?

At first I thought she might be the wife or daughter of the approaching fisherman, but the delicacy of her features and the costliness of her attire, both revealed in the light of the moon, satisfied me that whoever she might be, she did not belong to the fishing community, with the majority of whom I was acquainted. An instinctive feeling of delicacy prompted me to pass on and not intrude myself on her attention, but I could not leave her. There was a look of blank despair on her face that appalled me, and her attitude was one of mute but severe suffering. I waited for a few moments and watched her until I became convinced that the expression of hopelessness in her face had an element of activity in it denoting the intending suicide. Here was work for me to do. God had directed my steps to this point, I felt certain, that I might be the instrument of saving a soul from death.

Overcoming my constitutional reluctance to address a lady who was a total stranger to me, I walked to a spot near to that on which she lay, and affecting not to notice the peculiarity of her being there in that strange position, I made a remark on the singular beauty of the scene. She did not resent the intrusion as I expected she would have done, but merely said in reply, "Yes; it is always very lovely at this hour." She evidently desired to convey the impression that her being there was no unusual circumstance. But I thought otherwise.

"God has made the world so beautiful," I said, "that even if we had no other ties, that alone

would make us reluctant to leave it."

She responded almost fiercely: "All do not feel that reluctance. There are troubles and sorrows which cannot be soothed by nature's tranquillity. It mocks and irritates them rather by its contrast."

"That is true," I said; "It would be a sad thing for us all if there were no other refuge in trouble than the material world; beautiful as it is, it often fails to calm the perturbation within; then we can take our case where it will certainly be put right for us. That is, after all, the only unfailing source of peace and rest. Broken hearts and brains half maddened with woe have been healed there. If it were not so, there are thousands of people with a burden so heavy that they would prefer death to life. But happily *there are none who need do that.*"

"She Lay Prone Looking Hopelessly on the Water."

I shall never forget the expression of her face as she turned and looked at me when I said those words in a tone of calm, settled conviction. I saw what a struggle was going on within her breast. The stolid despair that had held her relaxed its hold for a moment, and there shone in her eyes a light that was almost hope. Then she seemed to realize, as with a flash, the peculiarity of the situation. She raised herself to a sitting position, and said, with an attempt to assume the conventional tone of society: "You are a stranger to me, sir, why have you spoken in this way?"

"Forgive me," I replied, "for venturing to address you, but I have been too familiar with trouble of all kinds not to recognize the signs of its presence when I saw you prostrate on the sands. I hoped that perhaps I might be privileged, if you are in trouble, to direct you to One who is 'commissioned to bind up the broken-hearted.'"

"You speak so kindly, and your motive is apparently so unselfish, that I cannot be angry, though you have shown a disregard of the usages of society. But I am afraid your effort is wasted; I cannot apply for help to Him."

She said this in a tone of firm conviction, in which I detected a sorrowful accent that encouraged me to proceed. I said, "Cannot is not the word to use in this case, my dear lady. I have no knowledge of the nature of your trouble, but this I know, that for near two thousand years men and women have been taking their troubles to Him, and not one has been repulsed. There is no limit to His invitation, 'Come unto Me all ye that are weary and heavy laden, and *I will give you rest.*' Whatever your trouble may be, there are no obstacles in the way of your getting relief, but such as are raised by your own will."

"I think God must have sent you to me," she said; "I came here after bitter suffering, resolved on ending my life this night. You speak as though you were sent with a message to my soul. I cannot die if there is hope, as you say there is. I must go home now and think. But I will be here at sunset to-morrow. Will you do me the further kindness of meeting me then?"

I gladly consented, and she walked hurriedly away in the direction of a hotel near the beach, while I went back to my own quarters to thank God that He had led me to a spot where one of His suffering creatures needed such help as I could give.

The next day I was at the appointed place an hour before sunset, but, early as I was, I found my acquaintance of the night before already there. She greeted me eagerly, and though I could see by her dress and manner that she belonged to the upper ranks of society, she displayed no hauteur. She thanked me for speaking to her the preceding night and at once entered on the question of Christ's willingness to save sinners. I reminded her of the invitations of the Gospel, and as God gave me utterance, I urged her to go to Him with her burden and assured her that He would receive her. Satan had used her own conscience against her, and he seemed to stand before the door of hope with his darts to drive her away. But before God's Spirit he quailed, and I could see that the feeble grasp she had on Jesus was being strengthened. Before I left her she promised that the prayer of the publican, "God be merciful to me a sinner," should be offered that night with all her heart.

The next day I met her again, and then she told me her story. It was a very sorrowful one. She had been bereft of her mother in infancy. Her father, cold, proud, but ever indulgent to her, had brought her up until she arrived at womanhood. She had moved in a gay circle and had fallen before the designs of a wicked, crafty man. When she discovered his villainy and saw her own shame she was horror-stricken. She had made an excuse to her father for a brief absence from home, and had come to this place fully determined that she would take her own life rather than brave the anger of her father and the contempt of her friends. By the blessing of God the words I had been led to utter at our first interview were used of Him to check that desperate scheme, and though the intention was not finally abandoned, I hoped that it might be.

Many earnest prayers did I offer for guidance in dealing with this poor, erring, despairing woman, and many were the interviews in which I combatted the doubts and despondency by which Satan sought to hold her in his power. Ultimately, by God's grace, she was brought to trust herself wholly to Jesus, and found peace in Him. For a long time she could not bear the thought of returning to her home, and the prospect of confession to her father was very terrible to her. But through this, and the troubles that followed, she was mercifully supported. Bitter as they were, humiliating as her position was—and how that gentle womanly spirit suffered no one could realize—she clung to Jesus and found rest to her soul. Nor was her social trouble to be permanent. She came forth from the furnace of trial chastened and purified, and the chastisement having done its work in her soul God permitted her to rejoice in the love of a Christian man who knew her story, and who was proud to make her his wife. It is with hearts full of gratitude to Him who receiveth sinners that both husband and wife rejoice that in that terrible crisis that moonlight night on the sands, God interposed to save the soul of His erring daughter from destruction.

MARGARET MUSGRAVE'S MISFORTUNE

A Story by Rev. Jackson Wray.

(*Continued from page 14.*)

The Banker's Gods.

THE opportunity desired by the irate heiress of the house of Musgrave was not long in coming to hand, for the Rev. Abel Forsyth and his good lady were speedily favored with an invitation to dine at the Musgrave Mansion. The objectionable character of the new curate's ministrations were not adverted to during the progress of the meal; it may have been because of the acknowledged unwisdom of mingling the discussion of exciting topics with the important business of dining, which ought to be prosecuted, for the sake of ultimate digestion, in calm enjoyment. Over the walnuts and the wine, however, though neither the banker nor the vicar did much execution among the former, the latter perhaps demanding too much attention, Michael Musgrave opened up a perfect battery of denunciation against the luckless curate who had come between the wind and his nobility.

"What on earth induced you to select such a Puritanic curate, Vicar?"

"Puritanic, eh," said the Vicar, "I'm sorry you don't like him, Mr. Musgrave. I assure you he came to me with the very highest recommendations, both from Cambridge and from the clergyman for whom he has been doing duty."

"Hang his recommendations!" said the banker, wrathfully, "you may buy recommendations anywhere for a pound a bundle."

It may here be said that everything and everybody had a money value according to the banker's estimate of men and things.

"And then," continued Mr. Forsyth, "he is a relation of Mr. Cranswick, the great cotton spinner, you know, and he was very anxious that he should be located here."

"Hang Mr. Cranswick too," retorted the banker, who was not to be conciliated, "he has got a Puritanic bee in his bonnet, and you don't suppose that the whole congregation of the Abbey Church is to be insulted out of deference to him, do you?"

"Why, there it is, you see," answered the Vicar, dropping his voice to a serious semi-whisper, "I find that the congregation on the whole are mightily pleased with the young man. They are speaking of him in strong terms of approval, and congratulate themselves on having secured so good a man."

"Then hang the congregation too," said the banker, stamping his foot upon the ground with vexation, and calling up his two divinities, wealth and position, to aid him in the fray. "I tell you plainly, I don't like him, Mrs. Musgrave doesn't like him, Miss Musgrave doesn't like him, and I want to know if Michael Musgrave isn't to have some consideration shown him. The congregation! Pshaw! I could buy the whole of 'em without disturbing Musgrave's Bank a week."

"Well, but let's talk it over a little while," said the Vicar, in tones which were intended to throw oil upon the troubled waters. "Tell me what it is you don't like in this young man. He is a man of capital presence and good address. He has a voice clear as a bell and pleasant to listen to, and the way in which he reads our glorious Liturgy is far better than common, and—

"Yes, yes; all that may be true enough. I don't deny it. But as soon as he gets into the pulpit, he begins to make a fool of himself. He talks to us as though we were all on a dead level. He has no respect for wealth and position. He tells us that we are all big sinners, and—and, in short—makes himself confoundedly disagreeable."

Here the Vicar felt himself to be getting on slippery ground. He had too much reverence himself for the two ruling deities in the Musgrave Mansion to dare to endorse his curate's levelling views in that presence, and yet he felt a sort of hazy conviction that the curate wasn't wandering far from the teachings of the Book in saying so. He had an idea that his wife would probably be able to help him out of the difficulty; for she, sooth to say, was herself one of Mr. Cleveland's admirers. She had long felt that her worthy spouse was sadly in the habit of beating about the bush when in the pulpit, a process conducted so daintily that scarce a twig or leaflet of thought or feeling was ever shaken thereby; and she welcomed the advent of the new curate, glad to think that a little plain, honest Gospel truth might have a good effect on those who had long been lapped in slumber.

"Let us go and join the ladies, and hear what they've got to say on the subject," said the Vicar, rising to his feet.

"Say! why, they'll say as I say; only they'll put it a good deal stronger, or I'm mistaken."

Arrived at the door of the drawing-room even before it was opened, the Vicar had reason to believe in the truth of the banker's words. Words were evidently running very high inside; and on entering, the first words that caught his ear were an emphatic statement from Miss Margaret.

"The man doesn't know his place. One would think he was talking all the while to nothing but a batch of plough-boys and dairy-maids. His theology is all of the ranting school, and it is evident that he is altogether unacquainted with the more enlightened teachings of modern thought."

"Very likely, my dear," replied Mrs. Forsyth, a pleasant-looking, silver-haired lady with a quiet light in her dark-gray eyes. "The teaching of modern thought, as you call it, hasn't very much in it, so far as I can make out, either to enlighten the conscience or to satisfy the heart."

"Stuff and nonsense! I beg your pardon, madam, but I feel very strongly on this subject," said Michael Musgrave, standing in front of the fire with his legs apart, erect and portly as a Musgrave should, and jingling the money in his pocket as if to get new inspiration from an accustomed source. "What have conscience and heart to do with it? *A parson's business* is to read the prayers and conduct the service with decorum; to tell the poor to be content with the station in life into which God has called them, and to say a few respectful words to people of wealth and position about the duties they are called on to fulfil. That's his business, I expect, and to let conscience and heart alone."

With all this Mrs. Musgrave cordially agreed. Miss Margaret, to do her justice, was hardly prepared altogether to agree with her father's dictum. As I have already said, she had a conscience; she also had a heart, and had it not been for the *two despotic deities* who sat on both like a veritable Old Man of the Mountain, she would have seen through a much clearer pair of eyes. To her parents Mr. Cleveland's preaching was an insult, to her it was something more; something which like a barbed arrow rankled within her and disturbed her a good deal more than she cared to own. The discussion of this important matter ended in a compromise. The Vicar undertook to expostulate with his young curate, to induce him to moderate his ardor, to tone down a little the vigor of his utterances, and to place his dogmatic declarations of Gospel truth a little more in the background. With this the Musgrave household strove at present to be content.

It came to be a matter of remark among the good people of Carchester, that Michael Musgrave was beginning to look *haggard and careworn*. In vain did the banker seek to maintain his wonted dignity of port and impressiveness of demeanor. Those who knew him best were not slow to declare that something was amiss with him, and conjecture was rife as to the cause. It was perfectly true. At last, Black Care had found his evil way even into the mansion of the Musgraves, and the trouble that was disturbing the banker's mind, destroying his appetite, and robbing him of his nightly rest, was a very big business indeed.

The shrewdest men, the cleverest financiers, are at times at fault, especially when, as in Michael Musgrave's case, principle does not keep a strong controlling hand on policy. *A huge speculation* in which the banker felt certain that he could count enormous profits as clearly and as certainly as he could count his fingers, disclosed an unexpected weakness almost at the crisis of success—a weakness of so serious a nature that the whole fabric of his fortunes was threatened with a fall. In vain he sought to extricate himself, and the desperate fact grew more patent every day that Fortune, which had long treated him as a pampered favorite, was about to trundle her wheel and depart.

Whatever of human love was possible to this lover of gold was centred in his handsome daughter; and now his great anxiety was to see her safely provided for before the blow should fall. For some time past a celebrated and successful French financier, Eugene Lefevre by name, had sought alliance with the house of Musgrave. He was a thoroughly eligible *parti* except in one respect. Michael Musgrave, in his devotion to wealth and position, had strongly hoped to ally his daughter with an aristocratic house, and by his wealth to secure her an aristocratic title. That was now impossible, but by accepting Eugene Lefevre, wealth at any rate would be secured. That gentleman was, therefore, received with such increase of favor and warmth of welcome that he lost no time in declaring his love and applying for the hand of the handsome Margaret. It suited his purpose, as it suited Michael's, to hurry on the arrangements with all convenient speed.

On a sunny summer's day in June *the marriage* took place in the old Abbey Church of Carchester; and the Vicar, assisted by his curate, tied the knot. The Rev. Noel Cleveland could not help wondering as he looked into the fair face of the bride, and then into the somewhat haughty, unreadable face of the bridegroom, as to whether either conscience or heart had anything to do with the business, or whether the stately maiden was not being offered, as he shrewdly suspected, on the cold and glittering altar of wealth and position. The stalwart curate may be forgiven if his heart beat a little more rapidly than usual at the sight of so fair a sacrifice.

At *the wedding breakfast* which succeeded, Mr. Cleveland's considerable conversational powers, his genial manners, and evident interest in the day's proceedings won greatly on the young lady's esteem and regard. She felt half a regret as he warmly wished for her a happy future, and expressed an earnest hope that God's blessing would attend her, that she had held so harsh an opinion concerning him, and promised herself that on their return to Carchester she would give him a franker hearing, and a kindlier heed. Did she, I wonder, make any silent comparison between his manly, openly countenance and the dark inscrutable face of her husband, which was half hidden beneath his huge mustache and raven hair? If so, was that the reason of the involuntary sigh which accompanied her parting shake of the curate's hand?

The wedded pair left the city of Carchester for a lengthened tour, and the Musgrave Mansion, bereft of its chief ornament, became a place of solitude, and, alas, of multiplied anxiety and care. Events move swiftly in financial life, and the trouble which the keen-eyed banker saw looming in the distance, came in upon him like a flood. For days together Michael Musgrave shut himself within his private room, vainly striving to discover means to disentangle himself from the web which his own too eager hands had woven round him. Convinced at last that all hope was gone, he set himself with somewhat of his customary shrewdness to secure from his wrecked fortune a something for his wife and child.

One bright autumnal morning, all Carchester, all the country round, and in a measure all England, too, was startled by the news that *Musgrave's Bank was closed;* and that Michael Musgrave was stricken by paralysis of so fierce a form as to be deprived of speech, and almost deprived of motion. Mrs. Musgrave's state of mind may be better imagined than described. With wealth and position both gone at one fell blow, her husband little better for the moment than a living corpse, her cup of bitterness was filled to the very brim. The Vicar came duly to condole with them, but alas! it was but little in that direction of which he was capable; his good lady was by far the more effective comforter of the two.

Now it was, however, that the Rev. Noel Cleveland shone at his very best. His big honest heart was filled with real compassion. He felt that the greatness of their straits was an emphatic call on him to do his utmost to administer consolation and relief. Glad of any genuine assistance in her heavy need, Mrs. Musgrave leaned upon him as she would upon a son. He evinced a clever and business tact, and managed her affairs with a diligence and success which brought her material relief; and all the while he sought with winning speech, gentle entreaty, and with the Great Comforter's gracious precepts and promises on his lips, to lead her to cast her burden on the Lord, and place her trust in the Divine Unfailing Friend. The stately lady melted under his influence, and with tearful eye and heart hungry for help, bowed with him at the throne of grace.

Though Michael Musgrave had so thoroughly collapsed, though speech and motion were held in almost absolute suspense, it was evident by the expression of his features and the unspoken, but intelligent, language, of the eyes, that his sense of hearing was untouched. Doubtless the poor imprisoned soul within him was pondering on his fearful fall; looking with dazed eyes upon the remnants of the *two shattered Dagons* who had come crashing down within the threshold of their temple, and left the poor and pitiful worshipper poor and pitiful indeed. With him sat Mr. Cleveland by the hour together, directing him, as one who well knows how, to the All Merciful Source of succor and of aid. For some time it seemed as though the old man could not understand it, but sore sorrow is a rapid teacher and the heartache opens wide the door for Jesus. Noel Cleveland's inspired message sped home at

length, and the trickling tears which dropped from the eyes of the poor invalid told that he, too, longed for rest.

(To be concluded.)

THE BELIEVING PEOPLE.

S. S. Lesson for January 21st. Acts 2:22-47. Golden Text, Acts 16:31. By Mrs. M. Baxter.

The Delivery of the Message—Demanding Acceptance or Rejection—Neutrality to be Precluded—Persecutors Used as Instruments—Jesus all Life—Proof by Scripture—By Witnesses—The Wounds of Inspired Preaching—Pseudo Conversions—Necessity of Open Confession—Peter's Promise of the Holy Ghost—Man's Responsibility: Save Yourselves—The Sudden Conversions—Wonders in a Believing Atmosphere—A Community of Goods.

PETER had been commissioned, in common with the other disciples to "teach" (or make disciples of) "all nations" (Matt. 28 : 19), they were commanded to preach the Gospel to every creature, and in such a way that they should, after the delivery of the message, find before them *two classes*, "he that believeth," and "he that believeth not" (Mark 16 : 15, 16). They were to declare, and make people feel, that the kingdom of God was come nigh unto them (Luke 10 : 9, 11), so that it should be impossible for men to continue in a neutral or indifferent position; they were instructed to begin at Jerusalem (Luke 24 : 47); and now the power from on high was upon them—what should be the result?

Peter, as the spokesman of the rest, and surrounded by the remaining eleven, had explained the prophesying of the hundred and twenty men and women who had been filled with the Holy Ghost, by the words of the prophet Joel, and then, guided and inspired by the same Holy Ghost, he directly charged his hearers with their fearful sin against the Son of God. "Ye men of Israel, hear these words; Jesus of Nazareth, a Man approved of God among you by miracles and wonders and signs, which God did by Him in the midst of you, as ye yourselves also know."

THE PERSECUTORS USED.

Peter pointed to an undeniable fact, the healing and miracles of Jesus were known everywhere, and no rational Jew could attribute them to any other power than that of God. Thus they stood convicted of having fought against God. "Him, being delivered by the determinate counsel and foreknowledge of God, ye have taken, and by wicked hands have crucified and slain." What was this? Was then their deed of darkness a blind carrying out of the purpose of God? Even so. Oh ye, who persecute and calumniate those who are walking with God, take heed; the Lord may use you for the carrying out of His own purposes, but you will not go one step beyond His permission. His children may suffer, suffer intensely through you, but the very suffering which is increasing your condemnation, is purifying them and making them more like the Captain of our salvation, who was made "perfect through sufferings" (Heb. 2 10). Instead of injuring them, you are really tools in God's hands in blessing them even beyond all which could be, had they not, through you, so great a fellowship in Christ's sufferings.

"Whom God hath raised up, having loosed the pains of death; because it was not possible that He should be holden of it." Yes, as David prophesied, "His soul was not left in hell, neither His flesh did see corruption." Jesus is "that eternal life which was with the Father" (1 John 1 : 2).

HE WAS ALL LIFE;

spirit, soul, and body, He was Life, and no element of corruption dwelt in Him; when He died He gave up the ghost, His life was not taken from Him, and it was impossible that He should be holden of death. In measure as He Himself dwells in us, life drives out all which is of sin, and corruption, and death in spirit, soul, and body." If the Spirit of Him that raised up Jesus from the dead dwell in you, He that raised up Jesus from the dead shall also quicken your mortal bodies by His Spirit that dwelleth in you (Rom. 8 : 11). "This Jesus hath God raised up, whereof we all are witnesses." "In the mouth of two or three witnesses every word may be established," (Matt. 18 : 16) here were one hundred and twenty witnesses to the resurrection of Jesus.

"Therefore," continued Peter, "being by the right hand of God exalted, and having received of the Father the promise of the Holy Ghost, He hath shed forth this, which ye now see and hear." What then? was that crucified

JESUS ALIVE,

and active in heaven? Was His power not confined to earth but mighty at the right hand of God? Had they *made a terrible mistake*, and in their blindness fought against fearful odds? It was beginning to dawn upon them how unspeakably great was their culpability. And Peter, still speaking by the Holy Ghost, went on: "For David is not ascended into the heavens; but he saith himself, The Lord said unto my Lord, Sit Thou at My right hand, until I make Thy foes Thy footstool." By Scripture, the Scripture which was read in the synagogue every Sabbath day, the case was proved; it was clear that David did not refer to his own body when he said, "Thou wilt not leave my soul in hell, neither wilt thou suffer Thine holy One to see corruption," David did not speak of himself when he said, The "Lord said unto My Lord;" who then arose uncorrupt from the dead? who then was David's Lord? Peter said, "Therefore let all the house of Israel know assuredly, that God hath made that same Jesus whom ye have crucified, both Lord and Christ:" both David's Lord and God's Messiah. What could Peter's auditors say?

ONE HUNDRED AND TWENTY WITNESSES

attested the resurrection of Jesus, and these hundred and twenty were testifying now, in a supernatural manner, in sixteen different languages, and in power which riveted the hearers, "the wonderful works of God." The testimony was too strong to be rejected. "When they heard this, they were pricked in their heart, and said, . . . men and brethren what shall we do?"

Such is always the effect of preaching in the power of the Holy Ghost, even when the instrument used is of the feeblest; the heart is pricked, a real wound is made, men are brought to see their right position before God, they are brought to reality about themselves and God, and the one cry of their hearts is, "What shall we do?" Is there any remedy? Is there any way out of this? There is, and it is at hand, "Repent and be baptized" *i.e.*, "Turn right round and let everybody know you do so." Many make great mistakes about repentance. Some speak of it as deep, emotional sorrow for sin, and many people try to produce this in their own hearts. Others make out that the simple acceptance of the fact that Jesus has died and atoned for their sins, is a turning from their unbelief and therefore is repentance, and some do this without definitely breaking with the past, and this leads to *miserable so-called conversions*, which are the greatest stumbling block to the real work of God.

REAL REPENTANCE

is a final, definite, and determined break with the past at all costs, and a real taking sides with God, and letting everybody know it. These men must "be baptized for the remission of sins," not because outward baptism changes the heart at all, but because in their case it was the act which committed them before all men as disciples of Jesus; it was the thing which would draw down upon them the reproach of the scribes and Pharisees, and it was, therefore, a testing point as to whether their hearts were right or not.

God is no party to a cowardly slipping into faith in Christ, without open testimony. If we have really passed from death unto life, from darkness to light, and from the power of Satan to God, if we have received forgivness of sins, and inheritance among them which are sanctified by faith which is in Christ (Acts 26 : 18), it is but due to God that we should proclaim the great things He has done for the sinful and undeserving; and it is due to our perishing fellow-creatures that we should declare to them that God's great salvation lies open to them. Where there is real honesty of purpose, this is the instinct of every saved soul.

Peter boldly promised to every one who should repent and be baptized in the name of the Lord Jesus, not only the remission of sins, but also the gift of the Holy Ghost. God most surely meant that every converted man should be a man filled with the Holy Ghost; oh, how is it that a degenerate, enfeebled race of Christians should have arisen, among whom faith and the power of the Holy Ghost is the exception, who speak of the gifts of the Holy Spirit as belonging to apostolic times, as though the Holy Ghost had ceased to be, or had left the world again! "Ye shall receive the gift of the Holy Ghost," said Peter, "for the promise (of the Holy Ghost) is unto you, and to your children, (oh parents, praise God for this), and to all that are afar off, even as many as the Lord our God shall call. And with many other words did he testify and exhort, saying, Save yourselves from this untoward generation."

Here we see

MAN'S RESPONSIBILITY;

God saves us from sin, we ourselves must separate from our surroundings, *i.e.*, from our vain conversation (manner of life) received by tradition from our fathers (1 Pet. 1 : 18). God calls us to a life the exact contrary of that lived by most men; they live for time, we for eternity; they live for self, we deny self; they live for the world, and do as the world does; we are "not of the world," and "testify against it that the works thereof are evil;" they love the praise of men, we receive not honor from men; they hate those who injure them, we love our enemies.

"Then they that gladly received his word were baptized." They would lose caste, they would be misunderstood and persecuted, but they would be right with God; and there were three thousand of them! Glorious result of the first pentecostal sermon! But what kind of lives did they lead? Some are afraid of

SUDDEN CONVERSIONS;

these were very sudden but "they continued in the apostles' doctrine and fellowship, and in breaking of bread, and in prayers." How dull! some worldly people might say. But "the apostle's doctrine" was a glorious unfolding of the Old Testament, as Jesus had been so recently explaining it to them; fellowship was the stirring of one heart by another to fresh acts of faith and love; the breaking of bread was the token of oneness, one life among them all; and the prayers were answered prayers, each bringing down new blessing, so that they could see God moving among them. No wonder that "fear came upon every soul," they had not been used to have God within sight as now; no wonder that "many signs and wonders were done by ithe apostles," in a believing atmosphere God can always work.

"And all that believed were together;" sects and parties were unknown. Oh that it were so now; they "had

ALL THINGS COMMON;"

in giving themselves away to the Lord, they had included their possessions, all they were and all they had was Christ's, and therefore one another's; the atmosphere was pure, "thine and mine" was not heard among them, it was always "ours." They "sold their possessions and goods, and parted them to all men, as every man had need." They did not cling to some trinkets because they were "*family jewels*," they did not hold some property because it would be expected of them, all such considerations had lost their power in the overwhelming consciousness of God dwelling in them; they saw all in the light of God and of eternity. Was this oppressive? Far from it; in His presence is "the fulness of joy."

"They, continuing daily with one accord in the temple, and breaking bread from house to house, did eat their meat with gladness and singleness of heart, praising God, and having favor with all the people." Gladness and singleness of heart! this was far from oppressive; no worldly cares troubled them, the Lord was their Shepherd they should not want, there was nothing sensitive or morbid, they were in other hands than their own. And the Lord added to the church daily such as were being saved" (Rev. Ver.) Lord speedily restore primitive Christianity.

FOREIGN TOPICS.

The Death of Gambetta, the most Prominent figure in the French Republic on January 1st, has been the principal topic of the week in the foreign press. The announcement of his death caused general surprise, the surgeons who attended him having concealed from the public the gravity of his symptoms. It was known that the statesman was suffering from a wound caused by a pistol bullet which, it was stated, he received while carelessly handling the weapon, but which other reports affirm was fired at him by a woman with whom he had improper relations. The wound, however caused, was only the secondary cause of death. The autopsy proved that he was the victim of a disease which must have proved fatal at no distant date, and that the inevitable end had only been precipitated by the wound. M. Gambetta was forty-four years of age. He has occupied a prominent place in French affairs since the downfall of the empire, when for a brief period he was *Dictator of France*. His magnificent courage, his untiring energy, and his dazzling eloquence raised him to the front rank among statesmen, and while presidents held office and retired, and one administration after another passed away, the real power over the country was centred in his hands. Latterly he lost the confidence of his most radical supporters who were impatient at his moderation. German newspapers congratulate their country on the death of its most relentless foe, but it may be doubted whether there is much real reason for congratulation. It is certain that Gambetta's influence exercised a restraint on the extreme section of the radical party, which is likely now that he is removed to run into excesses.

The Christian Aspect of Gambetta's Death was thus described by Dr. Talmage in his Friday evening talk last week. The speaker said: "We applaud Gambetta's eloquence, his courage, his patriotism, his friendship for America, his sympathy with free principles all over the world. But Gambetta was an atheist. When Premier he appointed as Minister of Worship Paul Bert, another atheist, to look after the affairs of the Church of Christ, one who believed in neither Christ nor Church nor Bible nor anything else sacred. Gambetta's patriotism toward France cannot atone for his atheism toward God. He never uttered more thrilling words than in his last moment. His dying words roll like a wintry sea over all nations—'I am lost!' I tell you atheism is a hard thing to live by and a bad thing to die by. All honor for Gambetta's patriotism and all honor for his eloquence; but alas for his atheism! Poor example both for Frenchmen and Americans!"

The Funeral of M. Gambetta on Saturday last was a scene unequalled in Paris since that when the body of Napoleon I. was brought from St. Helena to the Invalides. The Legislature decreed that Gambetta should have a public funeral, and accordingly his body was borne to its temporary resting-place in the cemetery of Pere la Chaise, with military pomp and attended by the officers of State and foreign ministers. It will be finally interred in compliance with the wishes of the deceased statesman at Nice. A newspaper correspondent cables respecting the ceremony in Paris: "The spectacle was unexampled. From eight o'clock this morning traffic has been stopped on the south side of the river. Detachments of special commissaries of police gave direction to the ever increasing mass of deputations which came up, each anxious to secure a good position. From the Place des Invalides the scene presented was of the strangest imaginable aspect. Above the swaying mass of the crowds which covered it are banners, wreaths, and enormous masses of flowers borne on men's shoulders. In the Rue de l'Université, from the square up to the Esplanade, were deputations who were unable to find a standing place. A whole corps d'armée was drawn up encircling the funeral car. The space between the Champs d'Elysees, the Terrace des Feuillants, the Bridge and the Rue Royale was a mosaic of heads, all uncovered, stretching forward and motionless."

The Death of General Chanzy, the Distinguished French general and Life Senator, occurred on January 4th. The event following so closely on the death of M. Gambetta, who was General Chanzy's most intimate friend, is a remarkable coincidence. General Chanzy was an officer in the army under the empire, and attained the rank of brigadier-general prior to the Franco-Prussian war. After Sedan M. Gambetta relied chiefly on Chanzy's energy, gave him an influential position, and at one time had hopes that he would succeed in raising the siege of Paris. Chanzy scored several successes, and proved his brilliant military capacity, but the Prussian armies were too strong and too well placed for Chanzy to drive them out with his raw levies, and finally the armistice closed his efforts. Since the foundation of the Republic General Chanzy has held important posts in the military and diplomatic service of his country. He died suddenly of apoplexy at his residence in Chalons, aged 58. A prominent French journal, alluding to the coincidence of the death of the two friends, says: "What has France done to Death? Has Bismarck signed a compact with it? General Chanzy's death is a great sorrow. The Germans feared him as they dreaded General Skobeleff."

The Final Settlement of the Egyptian problem is not yet arranged, and there are evidences that the mutual jealousies of the European nations have not been allayed by the action of the English Government. The London *Times* in a leading article says that the note sent to British representatives abroad by Lord Granville, Foreign Secretary, in regard to Egypt is purely explanatory and in no sense apologetic. It principally deals with past events and prudently refrains from giving pledges, which no Power has the right to exact, and for which there is no probability of any Power asking. In regard to the canal, however, Lord Granville proposes that it be treated virtually as an arm of the sea, freely open to navigation but subject to a rule forbidding belligerent operations both in its channel and within a certain distance of its extremities. Referring to the circular of Lord Granville, British Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, inviting the Powers to recognize definitely the free navigation of the Suez Canal by the ships of all nations, the Paris *Temps* to-day says it shall not at present attempt to disturb the illusion that the circular will be received with satisfaction.

An Irish Member of Parliament has Been committed for trial on a charge of high treason. Mr. J. G. Biggar, M.P., against whom the charge is brought, is a prominent member of the League, and has been notorious throughout the agitation for the violence of his utterances. Other members of Parliament are also qualifying for a place in the dock. At a National League meeting held in Bray on December 31st, Mr. Corbett, member of Parliament, who presided, said nobody need hesitate to join the League, as Mr. Trevelyan, Chief Secretary for Ireland, admitted that it was a legal organization. Mr. Lalor, member of Parliament, and Mr. Harrington, secretary of the Organizing Committee of the National League, addressed the meeting. Mr. Lalor said he was glad to observe that the Assembly was mainly composed of *fighting men*, by whom he always liked to be surrounded. He was certain they knew the day might come when they should have to use that force by which every other country had obtained freedom. He urged organization, if possible, in open day. Mr. Harrington said he would show the government that it could not intimidate him.

Distressing Accounts of the Damage Caused by the floods in Europe arrive every day by cable. A Berlin despatch, dated January 4th, says that the inundations *in Germany* are taking the form of a great public catastrophe. The distress is increasing hourly. The military and civil authorities are making the greatest exertions to mitigate the misery of the disaster. There are no signs yet that the crisis of the calamity is reached. The high temperature and rains continue. At Ludwigshafen, opposite Mannheim, where the great Rhine dam gave way last night, the lives of *hundreds of people are imperilled*. A steamer rescued many hundreds, including the sick. The deepest distress prevails. Thirteen persons were drowned at Friesenheim. In all sixty or seventy lives have been lost by the floods. The water is penetrating the foundations of the fortifications at Mayence. *In France* the rivers Saône and Doubs have inundated several villages. Thirty-two houses have fallen at Longuepierre, in the Department of the Saône et Loire. The River Seine has again reached the level of the December flood. *In Switzerland* the Paris and Lyons Railway on the French frontier is washed away. Direct railway service betwen Switzerland, France, and Italy is interrupted. *In Austria* the Danube has inundated Presburg, thirty-four miles from Vienna. A despatch was sent from Frankfort, Germany, to a business firm in New York appealing for help for the sufferers. It said: "Terrible and lasting floods in the Rhine, Neckar, and Main valleys. Rustall to Mainz is nearly *one large sea*. Whole villages in Pfalz are devastated. There is untold misery and want, and many lives were lost."

The Nihilists are Again Threatening the Life of the Czar. The order appears to have lost none of its energy, although wholesale executions have been the order of the day, and large numbers of its members have been sent into exile. A Berlin correspondent of the New York *Herald* says that private letters from St. Petersburg state that the Czar on Sunday found in his bedroom a letter from the Revolutionary Committee demanding the commencement of the promised reforms, and adding that the committee possess power to forcibly obtain concessions. The sale of the St. Petersburg *Golos* on the streets is prohibited.

Messrs. Moody and Sankey have been Conducting a largely attended Gospel mission at Brighton, England. Bible readings have been held daily at 3 P.M., and Gospel addresses have been delivered every evening at 8. Although the Dome where the meetings are held holds some 3000 people, many hundreds have been unable to gain admission to some of the meetings. A choir of between 400 and 500 have supported Mr. Sankey. The evangelists were welcomed on December 14th, by a large number of clergymen, ministers, and laymen. At the after-meeting, in the evening, more than 100 stood up to be prayed for, and upward of seventy professed conversion. On Wednesday evening, Mr. Moody asked those who were truly desirous of a new life to come up to the front of the platform. About 260 of the audience came up to the platform in answer to the invitation. On Thursday, after Mr. Moody's address, a considerable number of inquirers went up for conversation with him and the other workers.

The Evangelical Societies Engaged in Christian work in Italy have many difficulties to contend against. One of these is described in a letter from a clergyman in Rome to the London *Record*. He says: "The great difficulty that stands in the way of evangelizing Italy is the want of *proper places of worship*. The Italians as a nation are most sensitive to beauty of form and color, and alas! are often repelled by bare whitewashed walls or a small gloomy room, which equally jar on their æsthetic tastes. When we consider the beautiful and world-famous cathedrals and churches they have been accustomed to all their lives, enhanced by the ritual and pomp of the Romish Church, we must be lenient, and agree that the change is very great, and a hard test of the earnestness of the converts. Finding that this is one of the great objections to be overcome, the Waldensian being essentially an Italian Church, and wishing to meet the wants of the people, every effort is being made to build suitable churches, and they hope shortly to open one in Naples, and one in Rome. The latter, situated in a most central position in the Via Nazionale, is, strangely enough, close by the spot where the Waldensian Pascal was burned at the stake, a martyr to the truth now freely preached.

The Blue Laws are Desired by a Large Number of the inhabitants of the manufacturing metropolis of England. A petition against the hawking and crying of newspapers in the streets, on Sunday, has been signed by the religious public. On the petition are the names, among others, of fifty-four clergymen, and thirty-four Nonconformist ministers in Birmingham, for presentation to the Town Council.

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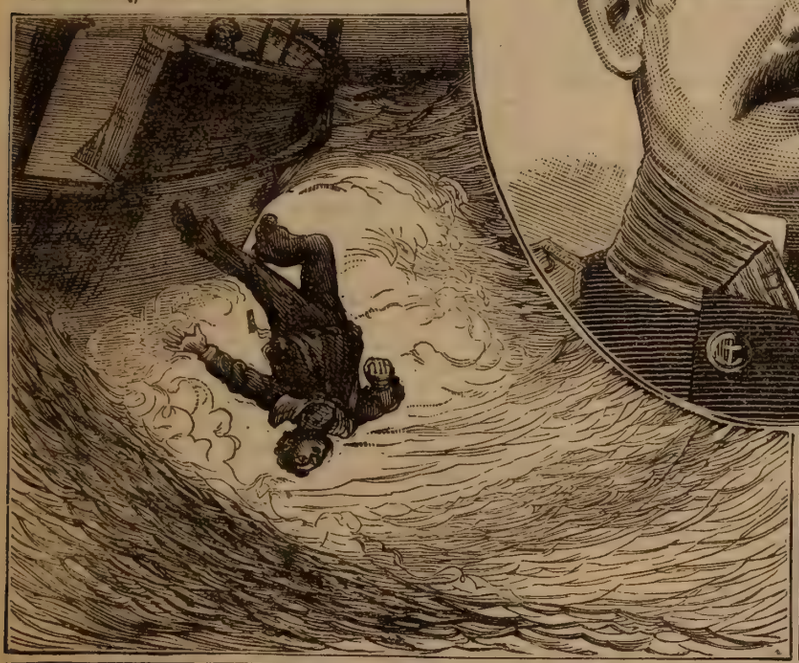

CAPTAIN W. HUGH PHIPPS, The Christian Sailor.—Scenes in His Life.

CAPTAIN W. HUGH PHIPPS,

The Christian Sailor.

Birth in 1822—Early Conversion—His Uncle—Introduction to the Naval Profession—First Experiences as a Midshipman—"A Man Overboard!"—The Calling of the Roll—Oysters Growing on Trees—A Burial at Sea—Catching a Shark—Its Execution—Africa and the Slave Trade—An Ocean Voyage in an Open Boat—Crossing the Mouth of the Congo—Chasing a Slave Ship—A Benevolent Scheme Frustrated—Fire on the "Warspite"—Efforts on Behalf of Temperance and Religion.

THE opportunities for Christian usefulness possessed by the chief officer of a well-conducted ship can scarcely be realized by those whose lives are passed on land. That they are only too seldom used as they should be is a sad fact. It is, therefore, all the more gratifying to read of one case in which those opportunities have been used as they have also been in other cases for the glory of the Saviour.

Captain W. Hugh Phipps, *whose portrait appears on our front page this week*, was *born* at Chichester, England, on November 10th, 1822, and is now therefore in the sixty-first year of his age. He is the son of the late Rev. Barré Phipps, Rector of Selsey and Canon of Chichester. At an early age he gave himself to Christ, and has continued amid the multiform experiences of his life, and the perils incident to his profession, to seek His glory by engaging in His service, and seeking to lead men to Him as their all-sufficient Saviour.

His uncle, Captain Robert Phipps, commanded a man-of-war at a very early age, and by his gallant behavior secured the favor and patronage of Admiral Lord St. Vincent. The clergyman, though conscientiously devoted to the Church, was possessed with such admiration for the naval profession, and esteem for Admiral Lord St. Vincent, that he resolved to foster in his son the love of the sea which he early manifested, and ultimately secured for him a position as a midshipman when he was about fifteen years of age. Since then, Hugh Phipps' course has been steady, and his urbanity, coupled with a perfect knowledge of all the duties associated with his vocation, has won for him not only the honorable eminence which he now adorns, but has secured for him the esteem of all who know him.

He first went as midshipman on board a man-of-war to Spain, and one of the events on his ship during the cruise was that of a

"MAN OVERBOARD;"

The scene *as depicted on our frontispiece* represents the incident which occurred while the ship was proceeding to Portendick, on the coast of Africa, to settle a dispute which had arisen there between some English and French merchants, and which threatened serious consequences. As the vessel was running one night before a strong breeze there arose the startling, thrilling cry, "Man overboard!" The hands were called up, sail shortened, and the ship "hove to" as speedily as possible, but no boat could have lived in such a tempestuous sea, had it even been possible to see the man, who was now battling with the waves astern.

A hurried inquiry was made as to who he was, but no one knew. All that could be ascertained was that one of the look-out men on the gangway had heard a sudden cry and a heavy splash, and he at once gave the alarm. The captain therefore ordered all the crew to be mustered, the clerk brought the books, and there on deck, in the deep darkness of the night, with a gale of wind blowing, each man's name was called.

THE CALLING OF THE ROLL.

The anxiety was intense. At last a name was called, there was a pause, and it was now clear that one of their number had in reality been swept overboard, and suddenly ushered into the presence of God. The officers secured his effects, and a deep gloom seemed all at once to have fallen upon every one on board, the sailors gathering in groups, relating in an undertone their recollections of their messmate, over whose head the waves had closed until the time shall come when the sea shall give up its dead.

The appearance of the coast of Africa, when the vessel arrived was discovered to be by no means inviting—a low, sandy shore destitute of trees, with two large hummocks, on which sparsely grew some stunted bushes, which were the land-mark for the guidance of the captain in the navigation of the ship. Here they cruised off and on in a dreary monotony for several weeks, when they were ordered to the River Gambia for supplies and water. The Settlement is at the mouth of the river, and has for its protection a fort on the opposite side, and is itself an island, separated by a creek from the main land, the banks of which are grown over with small trees, to whose pendant branches adhere the spawn of oysters, so that, literally,

OYSTERS DO GROW ON TREES;

and Captain Phipps asserts that he has often cut a branch-full of the bivalve, and in this way procured for himself an enjoyable dinner.

The Governor of Gambia was very courteous and hospitable to Mr. Phipps, and invited him to stay in his house, but the guest was greatly disturbed by the loud croaking of the frogs, and much excited by the altogether strange surroundings of the building itself, with its open veranda, black servants, and curious customs, and knowing what a bad name the Settlement had for fevers and deadly tropical diseases of various kinds, the news was gladly hailed by Mr. Phipps and all the men that they were ordered to return at once to Lisbon. The visit, however, resulted in more than one death among the crew, and several poor fellows after a very brief illness died, and were reverently consigned to their graves amid the unfathomed caves of the ocean.

A BURIAL AT SEA

is an interesting and most solemn spectacle. The ship's bell is tolled, and all the officers assemble on the quarter-deck in epaulettes and swords to show the last respect to the dead, the men simultaneously gathering on deck to take part in the service. The deceased, sewn up in his hammock, having a thirty-two pound shot at the feet to make it sink, is brought up on a grating by his messmates, his body covered by the Union Jack as its appropriate pall. The captain opens the Book of Common Prayer, and all heads are uncovered, while the Service for the Burial of the Dead at Sea is read; and when the words are reached, "We therefore commit his body to the ground," at sea the phrase is altered to "We therefore commit his body *to the deep*, to be turned into corruption, looking for the resurrection of the body when the sea shall give up her dead." At these words the grating is slowly elevated and the corpse slides gently into the bosom of the deep.

CATCHING A SHARK.

It was during this cruise that Captain Phipps saw for the first time a shark—a monster between which and sailors there exists an enmity deadly and ineradicable. It was almost calm, the sea a beautiful transparent blue, when a man at work in the rigging suddenly exclaimed, "A shark! a shark!" The sailors ran over to that side of the ship, and, says Captain Phipps, "Yes, there he was, taking a leisurely swim with his fin above water, quite black, and about twenty feet in length. I shuddered as I looked at him, for in spite of his apparent quietness, I knew he had a keen eye and three serrated rows of deadly teeth, and that if by any misadventure I fell overboard, he would, in a second, enclose me in his capacious jaws."

The men begged that an attempt might be made to catch him, and having obtained permission, the shark-hook was fastened firmly on to a strong rope, and being baited with a tempting piece of pork, weighing about four pounds, it was thrown toward him. With a switch of his enormous tail, the monster instantly turned on his back and seized the bait, going off with such speed that had the rope not been new and strong, it must inevitably have broken. The news that a large shark had been hooked ran quickly through the ship, and every one hurried on deck to witness the exciting and somewhat dangerous operation of "hauling him in."

Considerable dexterity and circumspection have to be exercised by all who take part in the proceedings, as a blow from the tail of the shark would easily break any one's arm or leg, and then also there are the gleaming, glistening teeth! He was, however, drawn amid much enthusiastic cheering close to the stern, and another rope being slipped over his gigantic head, it was not long before he was hauled on board, where he was attacked with heavy tomahawks and hatchets, and speedily slain. *This episode is represented in the right hand section of the upper portion of our frontispiece.*

AFRICA AND THE SLAVE TRADE.

During the years 1840-42, Mr. Phipps was a midshipman on board the "Madagascar," a frigate under the command of Captain John Foote. The ship was ordered to the coast of Africa for the purpose of preventing the Slave Trade, which was there carried on by the Portuguese for the slave markets of Brazil, and by the Spaniards for those of Cuba. Slaves were brought down to the coast in gangs, and exchanged for gunpowder, arms, and calico-cloth. Depots called *baricoons* were formed on various parts of the shore, and when a sufficient number of hapless creatures were collected, a Portuguese or Spanish vessel would attempt to embark them. To prevent this was the commission of the British frigate.

The "Madagascar" was a large ship, and the Captain therefore frequently detached his boats for a week at a time, or longer, and sent them to scour the neighborhood of one of these depots, hoping to intercept some vessel while the frigate herself judiciously stood off, out at sea and out of sight. Upon one of the many occasions that Mr. Phipps was ordered on this hazardous service, he had remained away for six weeks, only now and then meeting the frigate and getting supplied with provisions, and a change of such men as had been attacked by sickness, when one day he received orders through one of the ship's boats to proceed to Cabenda, near the Congo River, to prevent the anticipated embarkation of a large number of the slaves collected there.

AN OCEAN VOYAGE IN AN OPEN BOAT.

However fond of the excitement of boating and chasing slavers Mr. Phipps may have been, *a six week's life in an open boat*, sleeping always in his clothes, exposed to the torrid heat of the sun by day, and the chilling, drenching dew by night, he found to be quite sufficient, and more, especially as he had in prospect to go *over a hundred miles*, and to cross the mouth of the largest river in Africa, with a current of six to seven miles an hour, and, to add to the unwelcome news, the midshipman in charge of the boat which brought him the new instructions, told Mr. Phipps that in his hurry he had unfortunately forgotten to bring him his provisions. Beside, he was four men short-handed, having sent them invalided to the frigate by a passing merchant ship.

Nothing daunted, however, Mr. Phipps at once started for his destination. Meeting a vessel on their way, they stopped and searched her. The midshipman and his coxswain entertaining considerable suspicions, they passed several hours in the hold, groping about for illicit articles. That same evening the were both stricken down by fever, and three days afterward *the coxswain died.* Mr. Phipps was supported by some of the men, while with the aid of a lantern, he read a few prayers over the poor fellow's body, and then in the silent darkness of the midnight, committed it to the deep.

CROSSING THE MOUTH OF THE CONGO.

The boat soon arrived off the mouth of the river, and as he could not spare a single man from the oars while struggling across its fierce tide, Mr. Phipps, in order to steer, was obliged to be lashed to the mizenmast, as he had not sufficient strength to sit up, until they had passed the danger. Arriving off Cabenda, they saw several baricoons, and on many houses also the Portuguese flag was hoisted in bravado. Being out of provisions and water, it became a most momentous consideration how they were to keep their ground. Mr. Phipps one night directed that a native canoe should be seized, and in this two of the British bluejackets armed used to stop fishermen and others, taking just enough for their pressing necessities.

During the night Mr. Phipps always kept the

Those whose faith having been tried in the fire, is "found unto praise, and honor, and glory at the revelation of Jesus Christ." Those who are in truth "overcomers," and who can therefore lay claim to the wondrous promise, "To him that overcometh will I grant to sit with Me in My throne, even as I also overcame, and am set down with My Father in His throne." These, and these alone, shall be the "princes" of the coming age, the reflectors of Christ's glory, the channels of His righteousness, by whose presence the world will be enlightened and made beautiful as the garden of the Lord.

THE FUTURE CONDITION OF ISRAEL.

3. Again, *Restored and converted Israel will present to the world the influential spectacle of a perfectly righteous nation.* This is clearly revealed both in the Old and New Testament. Thus Paul says, addressing the Gentile believers at Rome: "I would not, brethren, that ye should be ignorant of this mystery, lest ye should be wise in your own conceits; that blindness in part is happened to Israel, until the fulness of the Gentiles be come in. And so all Israel shall be saved; as it is written, There shall come out of Zion the Deliverer, and shall turn away ungodliness from Jacob; for this is My covenant unto them, *when I shall take away their sins.*" (Rom. 11: 25–27.)

And the provisions of this "new covenant" are thus declared by Jeremiah: "Behold, the days come, saith the Lord, that I will make a new covenant with the house of Israel, and with the house of Judah. . . . And this shall be the covenant that I will make with the house of Israel after those days, saith the Lord, I will put My law in their inward parts, and write it in their hearts; and will be their God, and they shall be My people. And they shall teach no more every man his neighbor, and every man his brother, saying, know the Lord: for they shall all know Me, from the least of them unto the greatest of them, saith the Lord: for I will forgive their iniquity, and I will remember their sin no more." (Jer. 31: 31–34.)

So also Isaiah says of Israel, "Thy people shall be all righteous, they shall inherit the land forever, the branch of My planting, the work of My hands, that I may be glorified." And then, as if transported with the glory of the dawning vision, he bursts forth into the glowing, burning words: "For Zion's sake will I not hold my peace, and for Jerusalem's sake I will not rest, until the *righteousness* thereof go forth as brightness, and the salvation thereof as a lamp that burneth. *And the nations shall see Thy righteousness, and all kings Thy glory.*" (Isa. 60: 21; 62: 1, 2.) Yes; and seeing that righteousness, and the exalted position which Israel in consequence thereof occupies, the inhabitants of the world will learn that it is "*righteousness* alone that exalteth a nation, while sin is a reproach to any people."

THE BANISHMENT OF TEMPTATION FROM THE EARTH.

4. Lastly, *All ultra-natural incentives to unrighteousness will be absolutely banished from the earth.* Hitherto the story of Eve's temptation in the garden has been the history of all Eve's children. Not only as "the prince of the power of the air," has Satan "worked in the children of disobedience;" and "as a roaring lion" gone about "seeking whom he may devour;" but even of himself and the saints at Ephesus, Paul says: "Our wrestling is not against flesh and blood, but against the principalities, against the powers, against the world-rulers of this darkness, against the spiritual hosts of wickedness in the heavenly places," or, rather, "the aerial regions." (Eph. 6: 12, R. V.) But "the God of peace shall bruise Satan under your feet shortly," though previously he may for "a short time" be permitted to exercise, as he has never yet done, his "great wrath." (Rev. 12: 12.) "And I saw," says John, "an angel, having the key of the abyss and a great chain in his hand. And he laid hold on the dragon, the old serpent, which is the Devil and Satan, and bound him for a thousand years, and cast him into the abyss, and shut it, and sealed it over him, that he should deceive the nations no more until the thousand years should be finished." (Rev. 20: 1-2.)

And how great a boon this banishment of Satan and his hosts will be to the world we can in some measure realize, not only from the history of the past, but also from the terrible results which almost immediately ensue, when, at the conclusion of the Millennial age, Satan will for "a little season be loosed out of prison and go forth to deceive the nations which are in the four corners of the earth." Why this brief return of Satan to this earth, to work such dire mischief is divinely permitted; why, according to St. John, it "*must*" needs be so, is indeed hard to understand further than this: (1) that it will conclusively demonstrate the inherent frailty of the natural man even at his best estate and under the most favorable circumstances; and (2) the incurable malignity and wickedness of Satan which is in nowise eradicated or subdued even by the penal judgment of a thousand years.

THE MILLENNIUM NOT A PERFECT AGE.

These, then, are the four strong pillars on which the righteousness of the coming kingdom will securely rest. It must not be supposed, however, that during the Millennial period the reign of righteousness will be universal—that is, beyond the limits of Israel, "the righteous nation that keepeth the truth," for the contrary is plainly implied in Zech. 14: 16–19, and other passages; but whereas *now* it may with truth be said that unrighteousness is the rule and righteousness the exception, *then* it will be equally true that righteousness shall be the rule and unrighteousness the exception.

Meanwhile, as the darkness falls, which is to deepen into a very "noon of night" over the world; as "evil men and seducers wax worse and worse, deceiving and being deceived;" as lawlessness, the noxious growth of ages, ripens its last deadly fruit; as the perilous times of the last days multiply their signs around us: still, above the shouts of victory that rise from the camp of the enemy, and amid the tumult of a world in arms against the Lord and against His Anointed, the watchful Christian can hear the Divine Voice, calm with the assurance of invincible power and immutable purpose, saying, "Yet have I set My King upon My holy hill of Zion. I will declare the decree: the Lord hath said unto Me, Thou art My Son, this day have I begotten Thee. Ask of Me, and I shall give Thee the heathen for Thine inheritance, and the uttermost parts of the earth for Thy possession."

Behold, He comes! He comes to bless
The nations as their King!
To rule the world in righteousness,
And peace eternal bring.

"ONLY WAITING."

A Temperance Talk.

"YES, I quite sympathize with you. My heart goes out to the drunkards, even as yours does. My spirit is sorely grieved at the thought of my drink-ridden country. The salvation of the drunkard is a noble object. I quite feel with you that to clear the mind from its drink fumes, is a necessary preparation for our glorious Gospel."

Was it not natural, after such strong words, that I should expect some personal statement as to my friend Tweezers' own abstinence from strong drink, that he had determined not only to talk temperance, but to practice it? But just when I was opening my mind to take in the expected information, this was what I received instead:

"Personally, you know, I am not an abstainer. I take a little wine, light wine only, with my dinner. I have been brought up to it, you see, from my boyhood. But this I am determined, that habits, doctors, taste, and fashion, shall avail nothing when the path of duty is clear. That moment come, and I will launch out on the sea of temperance with a brave heart, fearing nothing."

To tell the truth, I was disappointed. And it is of no use for me to disguise it. Almost with us. On the very line of separation. Standing like a swimmer on the edge of the stream, ready at the call of duty to spring off. All this, and only this, alas!

I asked Tweezers cheerfully, but with a secret pang within, for an explanation of what he would accept as a signal for the plunge.

"Well," he said, "I don't mind committing myself, for I assure you, I am quite honest in the matter. If a man who is ruining himself by drink should be hindered by my example, I will cheerfully take the pledge side by side with him. I will trace my name on the pledge-paper before his eyes, and so lead the way. No drunkard shall ever say I was his stumbling-block. This will be to me the path of duty, which I shall not dare to shrink back from."

I suppose I ought to have been charmed with this frank statement. I was not, however. It damped me rather than delighted me. I felt there was a flaw in it somewhere. That, though honestly said, it was not altogether satisfactory. It came to me like a bad half-crown which did not ring out true, though it seemed to do so to the offerer of it.

I asked Tweezers if he would mind hearing my view of the matter.

"Perfectly delighted," he said.

"*Are you sure you have never had the opportunity and neglected it?*" I asked. "I am not accusing you of any dishonesty of purpose. I am only putting my finger on what we all must have discovered before now in our own hearts, an unfairness in applying our own conditions. It may be you are waiting for some great opportunity. You will sacrifice yourself only on some public occasion when many eyes are upon you. It may be you have a certain kind of drunkard in your mind's eye, some notorious and desperately wicked one, or a drunkard in a particular rank of life. Of course it is possible to make such reservations in your promise as practically to annihilate it altogether. This is why I ask whether more than one opportunity has not come, and been neglected.

"And then, I should like to ask whether, should the opportunity ever come, *you would then make up for the loss of your present influence?* You have gained the drunkard, we will say. But in the years you have been waiting, how much good you might have done. You might, by God's help, have saved scores of drunkards, and by your influence have prevented hundreds from drifting into drunkenness. One man saved is but a poor set-off to the many you would have saved, had you acted sooner. Perhaps your ideal drunkard may only stumble across your path at the very end of your life. Perhaps he will never come to you. A present certainty is ever preferable to a future uncertainty.

"And *how know you that your present influence is not working against the cause of temperance?* You are waiting for some messenger from the drunkards' ranks to tell you your example will be a help to him. But where one is found to ask for it, and gratefully accept it, there are hundreds who silently crave and desire it without asking. Is it not as true in the temperance cause as in that of the Gospel that 'he that is not with us is against us?"

"And then, Tweezers, you must remember *how many are imitating your waiting scheme.* I know you have many imitators, and the longer you live, the more their numbers will increase. If every one were to act like you, the great temperance army would dwindle down to a very insignificant company. If your principle be a good one, it is worthy of universal practice. Nay, more, it ought to be universally accepted. If, however, as you must, you deprecate that, then see how you are placed. That which you would not wish imitated cannot be good. Perhaps you yourself are imitating some one.

"Life is so short that it is a pity to shift a good example into the unknown future. If in giving money it be true that 'he gives twice who gives quickly,' it is, surely, the same with our example.

"And then remember, too, that there is more hope of a man saved on his way to drunkenness than when drunkenness has become a habit. The cure is more perfect in the one than in the other. Lay yourself out to prevent, and do not wait for some opportunity, which perhaps, when you have gained it, will slip through your fingers."

CHRISTIAN HERALD AND SIGNS OF OUR TIMES.

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CURRENT EVENTS.

The Senate Passed the Presidential Succession Bill on January 9th with an amendment providing in the event of the death or inability of both the President and Vice-President for the assembly of Congress in extraordinary session. This bill meets, so far as the Senate is concerned, one of the serious questions which agitated the country during the illness of President Garfield. A second question was also raised. The Constitution, it was found, does not define the inability which would justify the substitution of the Vice-President for the President, nor provide for the resumption of duty by the President in cases when the inability might be only temporary. Senator Ingalls has introduced another bill dealing with that branch of the subject. It provides that whenever two heads of departments shall state in writing to the Chief Justice of the Supreme Court that the President is unable to discharge the powers and duties of his office, he, the Chief Justice, shall convene the court within ten days, if it be not then in session, and it shall hear and determine summarily the question of alleged inability. If the court finds that such inability exists, it shall certify its decision to that effect to the Vice-President, who shall thereupon discharge the powers and duties of the office of President. The second section of the proposed act provides in a similar way for determining the removal of the disability, upon the ascertainment of which the President shall resume the discharge of the duties of his office.

The House of Representatives Passed the Shipping Bill without a division on Friday. There was a protracted debate on the measure, and some important amendments were introduced, at first accepted, but eventually rejected. The measure as passed, satisfies no one but those who desire the perpetuation of our present system. Among the amendments discussed in committee and in the House, the principle one provided that vessels built here for foreign trade, including that between the Atlantic and Pacific coasts, were to be entitled to a drawback on all American materials used, equal to the duty which would have been collected if imported materials had been employed. In opposition to this provision the minority of the committee formulated amendments which provided for the admission of all shipping materials free and granted the right to citizens to purchase ships wherever they could be bought—in other words, they provided for "free ships and free materials." These clauses were both rejected.

The Prospects of Temperance Legislation in Ohio are thus described by an eminent journalist who has opportunities of obtaining reliable information: The Ohio Legislature seems disposed to make a sincere effort to arrive at a common-sense solution of the liquor question at its present session. The only thing which will probably prevent its succeeding is the great number of plans submitted. Some of these are complicated and would certainly cause dissatisfaction and embarrass the Republicans in this year's campaign. The general sentiment of the party as voiced by the newspapers evidently favors the simplest plan possible. A constitutional amendment repealing the no-license clause and a general tax law is believed to be the best method of solving the problem. The Legislature is said to have little work before it, and consequently there is ample time to digest the subject thoroughly.

A Medical Opinion on the Temperance Question was pronounced by an eminent authority at a meeting in New York last week. The meeting was convened to consider the beast means of promoting practical temperance reform in this city in connection with the work of the Church Temperance Society. After Mr. Robert Graham, the organizing secretary, had described the progress of the society, he directed attention to the good to be accomplished by securing the enforcement of the existing laws against illicit liquor dealers, against their keeping open on Sunday, and selling to minors or men in a state of intoxication. Dr. W. H. Draper then spoke of the pathological aspect of the temperance question. Physicians had to recognize the existence of alcohol and the almost universal appetite for it. His first suggestion was that the society should diffuse information as to the effects of alcoholic stimulants, which was greatly needed. His experience, based on twenty-five years of practice, convinced him that for all persons with sound constitutions *alcohol in any shape was absolutely unnecessary and absolutely hurtful.* Recent statistics of the New York Hospital showed that one third of the cases of sickness there came from excessive use of alcohol.

Herr Most, the European Socialist, now on a lecturing tour in this country, finds little sympathy in the West. A prominent journal describes his mission as a failure for the very suggestive reason that most of his former sympathizers now own property, and have consequently lost faith in Communism, and adds, "It is a pity that workingmen could not be made to see that the Church is to-day trying honestly to keep them and atone for its past errors and mistakes. Men like Most are not capable of advancing the condition of poor men one iota. And the reason is that when they are honest they are ignorant, and when they are intelligent they are nearly always dishonest demagogues."

The Appalling Disaster at Milwaukee, Wis. has cast a shadow over the whole land. The fire which destroyed the Newhall House on the morning of January 10th, is one of the most fatal of recent times. It is impossible to compute with reliable accuracy the number of lives lost, but there is reason to fear that not less than eighty-two persons perished in the flames. The fire was discovered about four o'clock in the morning near the elevator shaft. It spread by way of the shaft to the upper floors of the building before help could be obtained, and the guests and hotel servants who slept on those floors found their way to the basement cut off by smoke and flame. Many of them *jumped from the windows* to the street below. Some of these were dashed to pieces on the pavement; others fell on the maze of telegraph wires surrounding the hotel, rebounded cut by the wires and fell to the ground. Several women were rescued by *the heroism of a fireman* who, climbing to the roof of an adjacent building, made a bridge to the burning hotel of a ladder placed horizontally between the two. The fire brigades were promptly at work, but the construction of the hotel prevented the success of their efforts to save it. The exterior walls were of brick, but inside *the partitions were of lath and plaster* which offered no resistance to the fire. The hotel clerk states that there were 110 guests in the hotel and sixty-seven employés. Of these ninety-five are known to be saved; twenty-three dead bodies have been found and recognized, and fragments of corpses charred beyond hope of identification, but which are believed to represent sixteen bodies have been exhumed from the ruins. A searching investigation of the cause of the fire will be made by the coroner's jury. There is a prevalent suspicion that it was the work of an incendiary. Much indignation is expressed by the citizens of Milwaukee against the wealthy proprietors of the hotel on account of the lack of precautions against fire, the hotel constructed as it was being a certain death-trap in the event of a conflagration.

A Hospital in Memory of Garibaldi in New York is projected by the Italian residents of the city. The Italian Benevolent Society has already through its president, Chevalier G. J. Secchi de Casali, given an order for plans for the hospital. The plan of founding such a hospital originated with Mr. Secchi, who says that Garibaldi was opposed to having statues erected to his memory. Bellevue, St. Vincent's, and other hospitals have been visited and inspected for the purpose of obtaining information that may be useful in deciding what plan shall be adopted. It is said that the Italian patients in the hospitals are not treated as successfully as they should be, owing to the inability of the nurses to understand their language. Toward the building fund $2000 has been raised.

Christian Scholarship in America has Suffered a loss in the death of Dr. Charles Porterfield Krauth, D.D., LL.D., Vice-Provost of the University of Pennsylvania. Dr. Krauth died at Philadelphia, on January 2d, aged sixty years. He entered the Lutheran ministry in 1841, and labored with success in the pulpit for more than thirty years in the States of Maryland, Virginia, and Pennsylvania. He was for several consecutive terms President of the General Council of the Lutheran Church in America. As a Biblical and historical writer, and especially as a writer upon the original history and relations of the authorized versions of the Scriptures, Dr. Krauth did valuable service in the religious world. He was a member of several historical and Oriental societies, and served on the American committee on the revision of the Old Testament.

The First Anniversary of the Cremorne Mission on Thirty-second Street, New York, was celebrated on Sunday, January 7th. Large crowds were gathered at the services, many of those attending having been rescued from a life of vice and immorality through the blessing of God on the labors of Jerry McAuley and his colleagues at the mission during the past year. It was stated that the aggregate attendance at the services during the year was 157,686. Interesting testimonies were given by twenty-two men and women present, of the blessings they had derived from the mission. All of them had been converted there, and in the majority of cases they had, prior to their conversion, been leading vicious lives. They were well dressed and appeared to have been temporally as well as spiritually blessed. Dr. Booth, of the University Place Presbyterian Church, made a statement of the finances of the mission. It had cost $8000, he said, to run it during the last year, but it would cost only $4000 for the ensuing twelve months, and a call was made for voluntary contributions. Dr. Booth pledged his congregation for $100. "A friend" at once gave $500, and another $250. Several other one-hundred dollar subscriptions were made, and in less than fifteen minutes more than half of the necessary $4000 had been subscribed. Several of the "converts" subscribed smaller amounts, such as $5 and $10. One man said: "I haven't got the money now, but I'll give $50 before the year is out," and a colored boy rose and said: "I'll give fifty cents a month for a year." An interesting feature of the celebration was the marriage of two converts and the christening of the infant of a couple who had been reclaimed from evil.

The Heaviest Damages on Record in a Suit for breach of promise of marriage were awarded last week in Brooklyn against a millionnaire, who was defendant in a suit of that description. The jury found for the full amount claimed—$75,000. The verdict occasioned some surprise on account of the sum it carried, and there will probably be an appeal granted. As is usual in such cases there was much contradictory evidence given, but the jury appear to have given credence to the story of the plaintiff. By her own admission, however, she acted so imprudently as to prevent any very general feeling of public sympathy in her favor. The verdict is gratifying, chiefly because it may operate as a warning. The defendant acknowledged that he had been guilty of gross immorality, and had the effrontery to say that the majority of the wealthy men of New York were leading similar lives. If this is true, it is time something was done to check it. A community in which such practices as those of this defendant are common, must inevitably fall under the wrath of God (Jer. 29 : 22, 23).

A Fight Between a Blacksnake and a Rattlesnake was witnessed recently in Texas. The Fort Worth *Democrat* thus describes the struggle : "The rattlesnake was apparently on a journey, and the meeting was quite accidental. At first the rattlesnake sought to avoid a difficulty, but when the blacksnake pressed the matter he halted, and folded his length into a coil. The blacksnake glided around in swift circles ; the rattlesnake never changed its position. But the circle still diminished its size, and as the blacksnake drew close the rattlesnake appeared to grow confused. His rattle ceased to give out the sharp sound, and his head dropped as if vertigo was seizing him. The blacksnake seized, by a lightning movement, the rattler by the throat, and winding him up in folds the two rolled over and over together, and in a few moments the rattlesnake ceased to breathe. An examination of the dead body of the rattlesnake revealed a fracture of the spine as complete as if done by a blow with a club." That was a fight the spectators could view with equanimity, not caring which of the deadly creatures won. The day will come when the saved church will witness a deadly conflict between her enemies, the hosts of the old serpent, in which they will turn against each other the weapons they have used against her (Ezek. 38 : 21, and Zech. 14 : 13).

A Train in a Sand Storm is the Subject of a graphic description in a San Francisco journal. The train which arrived at Oakland on the evening of January 2d was thirty hours late having been delayed by a terrific sand storm while crossing the Mojave Desert. The storm began in the early morning, and when the train reached Sumner had become a regular simoon. The wind swept across the sandy wastes with such violence that the train swayed and rocked under the violence of the blasts, and seemed ready to plunge from the track. The moon had become overcast in the early part of the night, and the journey was continued in a darkness that rapidly increased until the day began in Stygian gloom. The passengers, who had been aroused from their sleep by the fierce assaults of the wind and the dashing of the sand against the windows of the train, looked anxiously for the appearance of the sun, but no gleam of light relieved the forbidding darkness of the east. Night maintained her sway, and the blackness of the heavens grew intense with the morning. The small portion of the desert which was exposed by the engine's lights only served to discourage the travellers. The track was lost under the billows of sand that were being tossed across the rails by the angry storm. The desert moved like a sea, and when the waves of sand struck the shivering sides of the train they scattered like spray and filled the air with a dust which made free breathing impossible. Further progress was at length stopped by a collision with a freight train ahead that had run into the sand drift. No one was hurt, but the passengers had a dreary time of waiting while the storm abated and gangs of laborers cleared the track. An experience of which the passage through the sand storm may serve as a type, the believer is sometimes called to undergo in his journey through life. Such a case was that of the patriarch Job. It is then, while the light of life is obscured and the way obstructed that the Christian is brought to walk by faith and not by sight (1 Pet. 1 : 6, 7).

A Disappointed Gold Miner in California unexpectedly came upon the long-sought metal recently. It is stated that he labored assiduously for many years without any success, and, weary and dispirited he determined to abandon his claim. One day, lately, he was reflecting on his failure as he sat on the bank of the Indian River, watching a Chinaman in his employ at work. Suddenly he saw an immense nugget fall out of the dirt into the cut. As might be expected, for a time it completely unnerved him. It is related that he had the nugget all that day and could hardly decide what to do with it. After a few days the excitement wore away, and the mass of metal is now on its way to the mint to be coined into cash to feed, clothe, and educate his children and bring comforts to his lowly home. The piece of gold ore is flat, and is a little worn by washing and has several pieces of quartz still sticking to one side of it. It is valued at $2500. His patience and perseverance are rewarded at last, and he doubtless considers himself repaid by the discovery of the spot where the gold is. Yet the gold is useful to him only while he lives. The treasure which will last throughout eternity is offered freely to the world and the offer is slighted (Ps. 49 : 6–9).

A Remarkable Case of Suspended Animation is reported from Washington. On Sunday morning, January 7th, a lady living on First Street was on her way to attend church, when she suddenly became too faint to proceed. She turned back, and succeeded in reaching her home where she fell insensible on the floor. Her family thought that she was dead, and being Catholics summoned a priest who, also believing her dead, left the house. But a doctor who was called in thought it might be a case of suspended animation, and sent out for restoratives. They were administered and the lady revived and described her sensations. She said that she was conscious of voices at her bedside and knew that the priest had pronounced her dead. In an agony of apprehension she strove to move or speak, but her muscles would not obey her will. When the restoratives had been forced down her throat she made what seemed to her a gigantic effort, and came slowly back to life. The lady's alarm on hearing herself pronounced dead, and yet being powerless to move, can be imagined, and it was well for her that that opinion was not considered final. The soul of the sinner convinced of his lost state is equally helpless, as he soon discovers. But the Holy Spirit which God gives those who call upon Him imparts a new life that will never end (Rom. 8 : 10).

A Brave Mother's Long Journey through the snow is narrated by an Ohio newspaper. It appears that near the close of last year a laborer died at Troy, N. Y., leaving a widow and three children. The mother disposed of the household effects, and with the cash thus obtained—some $50—started for her parental home, which is at Niles, Mich. On the way she got on the wrong train and landed in Meadville, Pa., where her pocket was picked of all the money she had, except some small change, and, being unable to obtain assistance, she purchased a cheap handsled with a part of the balance that remained, and wrapping the little ones up as best she could, and seating them upon the sled, she took the babe in her arms and proceeded on her weary way through the snow, hauling the fatherless family behind her. In Elyria she received assistance, and was furnished transportation to Cleveland, where she found further assistance, enabling her to complete her journey by rail. The courage and devotion of the poor widow in undertaking such a journey as that from Pennsylvania to Michigan, on foot, and dragging her children on a sled are amazing. But she was cheered by the prospect of her father's house at the end of her weary way, and she hoped to take her children there. How many mothers are similarly encouraged in their painful toil by the hope of eventually reaching their Father's house in Heaven (Isaiah 8 : 18) !

THE BIRD ESCAPED FROM THE SNARE.

A New Sermon by Pastor C. H. Spurgeon.

"Our soul is escaped as a bird out of the snare of the fowlers : the snare is broken, and we are escaped."—Psalm 124 : 7.

A Spiritual Rescue—A Canticle of Certainty—I. A Little Bird—A Fit Type of the Soul—Because of its Ignorance—Eager and Venturesome—Defenceless — Alarmed — The Objects of Snares—II. The Snare — Concealed — Attractive — Effectual — What are Soul Snares? — Pleasurable Sin—Erroneous Doctrine—Deceitful Action—Apeing Experince—Snares for the Spiritual—III. The Capture—Through Hunger—Appetite — Fear — Love of Company — IV. The Escape—Due to God—Complete—V. The Lesson—The Liberated Sailor's Purchase.

THIS text describes a soul-matter. The Psalmist is not speaking of a temporal deliverance, although even in that sense an escape from death would be a theme worthy of his song. He says, "*Our soul* is escaped as a bird out of the snare of the fowlers," thus denoting

A SPIRITUAL RESCUE.

The man's soul is the soul of the man ; and though some give all their attention to the body, their folly is great. It is as though a man should spend all his substance upon his house, and have no bread for himself to eat. Do I speak to any who never think about their souls? Do you really believe that you will die like dogs and horses? I cannot believe that you have such brutal views of yourself. Believe me, you have within you an immortal spirit, which will outlive the sun. If you have hitherto been careless of your nobler part, may God's Spirit teach you wisdom. I pray that you may so think of your soul that our text may become deeply interesting to you, so that you may join in its song of deliverance.

I have called the text a song ; does it not read like one? "*Our soul is escaped as a bird out of the snare of the fowlers : the snare is broken, and we are escaped.*" It is *a canticle of certainty*. It does not say, "We hope that we have escaped, and we trust that the snare is broken ;" but "The snare is broken, and we are escaped." "If" and "buts" make no music. Poetry flees when peradventures enter. Certainties are melodies. We hear people speak of "dead certainties," but the Christian rejoices in living certainties, and is wretched till they are his own. Rise then, my beloved ; above the fogs and mists which cover the marshes of carnal questioning ; climb the mountains of full assurance, and stand there with your foreheads bathed in sunlight, breathing that serene atmosphere which is untainted by a cloud of doubt.

The text reads like a song, not only because of its certainty, but also because of its joy. It has the wing and the throat of a lark ; see how it rises from the net to God—"Our soul is escaped as a bird out of the snare of the fowlers." Anon it sakes another rise—"The snare is broken.' ' And it mounts yet again with still greater joy—"And we are escaped." The words melt away into the music of heaven as the spirit perfectly escapes from the snares of earth.

First, we have here *the bird;* secondly, *the snare;* thirdly, *the capture;* and fourthly, *the escape :* we may then add *a lesson* from it all.

I. First, we have here the soul compared to a bird. It is

A LITTLE BIRD

too—a sparrow, or one of the sparrow kind. "Our soul is escaped as a little bird"—not as a great bird that could break the net and free itself by its own force. A little bird fitly represents our soul when we are lowly in heart. In our unregenerate condition we think ourselves eaglets at the very least, but we are not great creatures after all. We talk of *great* men ; we are all little in God's sight. "Lord, what is man, that Thou art mindful of him?" Sparrows were very cheap in our Lord's day because of their littleness ; in the market you could buy two for a farthing, and five for two farthings, so that they threw an odd bird in when you bought at such a wholesale rate as two farthings' worth. Sparrows were inconsiderable things, "yet not one of them falleth to the ground

without your Father." If He cares for sparrows, be sure He cares for souls, and when you think least of yourself, yet believe that the Lord regards you.

Again, our soul is like a little bird because it is so *ignorant*. Birds know little about snares, yet they know so much that "surely in vain is the net spread in the sight of any bird." Even this slender wisdom is more than men display, for they fly into the net when it is spread in their sight; ay, into the selfsame net out of which, in God's providence, they have just been permitted to escape. Man naturally is the essence of folly; and he is desperately set on destroying himself. He must "see life," he says, and therefore he haunts the gates of death. He reckons the fowler to be his friend, and dreams that he spreads his nets for purposes of friendly hospitality. He does not know that the fowler is hunting for his life, and will destroy him if he can. So foolish are we and ignorant, we are as birds ready for the lure, till the Lord teaches us wisdom; and even then we need hourly keeping, or we are entrapped by the destroyer.

Our soul is often like a little bird because it is so

EAGER AND VENTURESOME.

How birds will trust themselves in winter around traps of the simplest kind if but a few crumbs are used as bait! Alas, men are equally foolhardy; they see others perish, yet they follow their ways. Many sip of the intoxicating cup, yet declare they will never be drunkards; they pilfer littles, and yet despise a thief; they indulge in wanton words, but vow to be chaste as snow; they go into *questionable places of amusement*, and hope to remain pure. Oh, silly birds! I mean silly souls! Thus the fowler fills his bags. Young people associate with ungodly persons, and say, "We are not so weak-minded as to be led away by them;" thus displaying a weak mind by that boastful speech. Youths tell us that to read sceptical books, and impure novels, and to hear lewd songs and spicy language will do them no harm. Believe no such *flattering falsehoods*, or you will rue the day. "You don't catch old birds with chaff," says the simpleton; and he hops into the net. "Younger birds must not come here," says he; "it is dangerous for them, but I am safe enough." Yet old birds' necks are wrung as well as those of young birds; and experienced men are as foolish as the juveniles. When a man says, "It is no temptation to me," it may be true, for soot will not blacken a sweep. Little birds, beware; the fowler promises pleasure, but the end thereof is death.

The little bird, also, when once taken in the net, is a good comparison with the soul captured by sin, for it is *defenceless*. What can it do? A mouse might eat the ropes and set free the lion, but no mouse will liberate the sparrow. He will have a short flutter, and we shall hear no more of him. When a man is *birdlimed by a vice*, the more he flutters the faster he is held by it. What is more defenceless than a soul in the net of sin? What little power men seem to have against their habits! They boast that they can stop anywhere—but, alas, they stop nowhere. "Oh, I have only to come to a determination." Yes, "only to come to a determination;" but to that determination you will not come. When men become entangled in the meshes of sin, their power to escape is gone; Jeremiah asks: "Can the Ethiopian change his skin, or the leopard his spots? Then may ye also do good that are accustomed to do evil." Such is the entanglement of habit, the slavery of lust.

While they are thus defenceless, we must notice, too, how *alarmed* they often are. The bird is no sooner in the net than he is frightened. Poor thing, how gladly would he escape if he could! Souls are not always so. They will be taken in Satan's snares, and yet say that they are happy.

CUSTOM IN SIN

kills conscience of sin. "A short life and a merry one," say they, as if there could be any true merriment anywhere except in the great Father's house, where they *begin* to be merry, as if they had never been merry before. Many souls have enough of conscience, and of enlightenment by the word, to alarm them when they find themselves entangled in sin; and then they beat about, and hurt themselves, but, alas! notwithstanding all their efforts, unless a stronger hand than theirs shall break the net, they will perish by the fowler's hand.

Our souls, once more, are like to birds because they are *the objects of snares*. If the Pharisees would compass sea and land to make one proselyte, certainly Satan will compass all the universe to ruin a single soul, for he delights in destroying the souls of men. Nor is it Satan only, for all the world seems to have taken to this fowling; and men who would not lift a finger to save their fellows will go far to ruin them. Oh, little birds, there is no place on earth safe for you till Jesus covers you with His protecting wing!

II. Secondly, we will now speak of

THE SNARE.

The text speaks twice of the snare.

It is wonderful what a variety of snares there are for birds. The tombs of Egypt exhibit the art of bird-catching, and show us decoys, traps, nets, and so forth. Such arts are still practised by fowlers. The main point about the snare is that it is *concealed*. So, when the arch-fowler comes after the souls of men, he will not usually spread his net in their sight. Some silly birds can be taken in that way, but the most of souls need that the temptation should be veiled. Always suspect that in a temptation to sin there is more than you can see. Never say that it is a little thing; for great evil lurks in a little fault. Death and destruction hide under apparently small offences. Oh, if we could see everything as God sees it, then we poor silly souls might be in far less danger! But, alas, Satan covers the hook with a tempting bait, and we are taken.

Snares and traps are usually *attractive*. The poor bird sees seeds which he is fond of, and he goes for them, little judging that he is to give his life in exchange for brief enjoyment. So is it with Satan. He tempts us with pleasures, with the lust of the eye, the lust of the flesh, and the pride of life: we taste the sweet, and are pierced with the smart. Did we perceive the intent of the great enemy of souls we should fly from sin. You know the old sentence, "Fear the Greeks, even when they bring gifts;" even so fear a temptation to sin, even should it offer you all the kingdoms of this world. May God keep us from the attractions which conceal the snare!

But Satan's snares, like the fowler's are sadly *effectual*. Look at the quantities of small birds that will be found for sale in the market; fowlers must be exceedingly skilful to catch all these. If we could walk through Satan's market, what a multitude of souls should we see in his hands! Multitudes upon multitudes are the victims of their own passions, victims of that hellish art which makes evil appear to be good. God save us from being taken in these most deadly snares!

WHAT ARE THESE SNARES?

I cannot mention them all, for they are legion. Snares tuck our bed, and snares attend our board. Snares are in the street, and snares are in the field. Snares are on the table, snares are in our daily walk. But the chief among them are *temptations to sin*. The Evil One endeavors to lead us into a false way, which will be congenial to our taste. We have each *a peculiar weakness*, and he knows how to adapt himself to it. He has been a student of human nature for so long a time that he knows more about man than man knows about himself, and he, therefore, chooses that bait which is most likely to attract us. Oh, that we may have grace to keep clear of

PLEASURABLE SIN!

The rabbis said to the Nazarite who was not to drink wine or strong drink, "Oh, Nazarite, go about, go about; and do not pass through a vineyard." So, child of God, it will be well for you to go about, and not enter into temptation. Your Master bids you pray, "Lead us not into temptation." Against temptation we are to watch and pray as well as against the sin that is likely to come of it.

Another snare is *erroneous doctrine*. There is plenty of that abroad at this time. Be warned. You can have doctrine high, and doctrine low; doctrine broad, and doctrine narrow. You can have it how you like, for nowadays *every man makes his own Gospel*, and sits in judgment upon the Word of God. Dearly beloved, hold fast the truth, and be not decoyed by error. If any come with a new Gospel, turn away your ear from their deceptive teaching; for false doctrine is the poison of asps, and the venom of hell lieth therein.

Even Christian people are in danger from another snare, namely,

DECEITFUL ACTION.

The tempter whispers, "You need not do evil, but there are different ways of judging right and wrong, and it is best to go by the custom of the trade." Satan puts things very prettily when he means to ruin us. You have somebody else's money intrusted to you. Of course, you would not steal it; but you can use it for a little, and then replace it. It is true, if it should be lost, people will call you a thief; but then you are not going to lose it; you are going to double it by your cleverness. That is the snare. At other times the temptation is in this form—"Be sure to buy the thing if you would like it, though you have no money with which to pay for it." You would not steal. No, no; there is another way of doing it. Buy it, and do not pay for it. This is one of the snares with which Satan seduces men, till they are ruined. Ah, me, that men should be so soon moved from their integrity! Oh, child of God, be upright in everything! However well you may gloss a matter over, and however much others may excuse it, yet if a certain act would be wrong in the sight of God, you must not think of it.

I have noticed another snare. Satan tries to get Christian people to *ape the experience of others*. A certain good man is often melancholy. "Ah," says Satan, "that is how you ought to be; you ought to be bowed down with holy sorrow." I remember right well when I was a youth hearing a preacher say that it was *dangerous to be sure* of our salvation; and he preached up the duty, and beauty, and sweetness of being everlastingly in doubt as to your condition. A few people would gather around such a preacher, and sit and have a little comfortable misery all to themselves, and think that they were worshipping God. Now, that is a snare to a Christian, because he has *a right to be glad*, and "the joy of the Lord is our strength." May we be kept out of that snare!

On the other hand, anxious people see Christians who are advanced in grace and full of faith, while they themselves are much cast down; then the Evil One whispers, "You are not like those good men; you are no Christian." Brother, you cannot have another man's experience any more than you can wear another man's face. Certain lovely ferns grow best in the shade, and never flourish in the sun; while many flowers cannot have too much sunlight. Do not wish to be like this man or that man, but pray God to make you like Jesus Christ, and to let your experience glorify His blessed name; otherwise the desire to copy others will be a snare to you.

SNARES FOR THE SPIRITUAL.

Thus I might go on mentioning snares. They are some of them gross and carnal; but for the spiritual there are snares so neat and pretty that they are apt to be taken in them before they are aware. According to Pliny, the nets in which the Egyptians took little birds were frequently so fine that one person could carry a net large enough to encompass a whole wood. Surely, it must have been a small wood, and even then it is a remarkable statement for so reliable a writer to have made. We may here see an illustration of the delicacy of those temptations with which Satan surrounds the nobler order of minds. Strong as iron, yet filmy as gauze, are the snares for spiritual men. Why, Satan can encompass a whole church with one of those nets, and you scarcely know that it is there; and yet the minds within its meshes are quite unable to mount up and sing unto their Lord, as once they did, for they are within an invisible net.

III. We cannot further dwell on the subject of the snare, but we must turn to consider

THE CAPTURE.

Birds are taken in nets, and souls are taken by temptations to sin, and by errors of doctrine, and by a thousand other methods. Dear friends, it is a dreadful thing for the poor little bird when it is

taken, especially when it is so anxious to escape that it beats itself, and hurts itself in its efforts to get free. How came it to be taken?

It may have been taken through *hunger*. Half-starved, it dashed into peril for necessary food. Many true men are in such straits and difficulties that they are sadly liable to be brought into the net thereby. Dear brethren, pray God to deliver you from poverty and from great riches, for there are perilous snares about each of those positions. May you be neither exalted nor depressed, but preserved in the middle path of experience. If you are extremely needy, you may be tempted to do wrong to provide for your wife and family; I pray that you may never yield to the temptation, but trust in God, and He will deliver you without your putting forth your hand unto iniquity.

Other birds are taken merely by their *appetite*. They are not excessively hungry, but they enjoy

CERTAIN CHOICE SEEDS,

and the fowler knows it; and he scatters such around the trap. Ease of body, indulgence of taste, the joy of being admired, the sweets of power and position, all these and many more have been the fowler's baits. Hundreds have all that heart ought to wish for, but they must needs be rich, and therefore fall into a thousand snares which they might have avoided. Men are snared by eating and by drinking, by fine raiment and by vainglorious display. Snares lie thickly around the appetites of the body and the longings of the mind.

Some persons are entrapped by *fear*. Birds have rushed into the net for fear of danger; many persons have become great offenders against God through lack of moral courage. They are afraid of the laughter of fools. They cannot bear the sarcasm of the so-called wise; and so they suppress truth, and join in sin to escape scorn. God give us a holy bravery wherewith to defy every man's opinion when we know that we are obeying the Lord.

Some little birds are lost by *love of company*. The fowler has a decoy-bird which sings sweetly or coquettes pleasantly, and the other birds must needs follow it. In the church of God we lose many members by ungodly marriages. The worldling pipes his pretty note, and the tender heart is taken by it. The fair enthusiast says, "I shall convert him;" but it is very, very seldom that this happens; it is usually the other way. This is a snare of Satan in which many are taken.

Thus you see how souls are captured. Perhaps I am speaking to one here who has flown into the net. You do not know what to do, friend; for you are quite helpless to break your bonds. You went in very eagerly, and, oh, how eagerly you would get out again if you could! But you cannot escape. Your own helplessness is now apparent as it never was before. One thing, however, you can do; you can cry to One who is stronger than you. You can pray the Lord to pluck your feet out of the net; and He is able to do it, for all things are possible with Him.

IV. Just a word or two upon

THE ESCAPE.

This is a very blessed text, although the sermon has been gloomy so far; for now we shall see the fowler disappointed, and the captive let loose.

I wish that everybody here could repeat the utterance, and cry, *Our soul is escaped*. We were in the net, but our soul has escaped. The snare is broken; it has no power over us any longer; we are free from its grasp, we have escaped. Up, up, we soar, away from the fowler and his nets. Glory be to God, we have escaped.

"As when the fowler's snare is broke,
The bird escapes on cheerful wings;
My soul, set free from Satan's yoke,
With joy bursts forth, and mounts, and sings."

This escape is due to God alone. As the bird could not get out of the snare, so the soul cannot escape from temptation; but God can bring it out, and He works the rescue. Hear this, ye that are slaves to drunkenness; God can deliver you. You that have fallen into licentiousness; hear it—*God can deliver you*. Whatever the sin that has birdlimed you, that gracious hand which once was nailed to the cross can set you free. Up, up, up, ye that pine on the borders of despair! Jesus can deliver you. He that made the world out of nothing can make a joyful Christian even out of you. He can turn your mourning into dancing, and your despair into confidence.

This escape is achieved by power. That word "broken" has force in it. "The snare is broken," the meshes torn with a strong hand, the steel trap dashed in pieces. It matters not what danger you are in, there is power enough in God to fetch you out of it. I thought once that God could never save *me*. I supposed that He would bless my brother and my sisters, but that He would leave me; yet He did save me, blessed be His name! And you, too, He is able to deliver. "Oh, but *I am the odd man*," cries one. Then there are two of us; and if God has saved one odd man He can surely save another; and why should He not save you despite all your eccentricity? "But I do not think that He will save me." What are your thoughts worth? He can save even you. Only trust Him, though you be in the net, and out of that net you shall be fetched, for He leaves no soul to perish that puts its trust in Him.

Observe that *the escape was complete:* "The snare is broken, and we are escaped." As long as a little bird has the tiniest bit of cotton tied to its leg, and that is fastened anywhere, the bird has not escaped. And as long as you have one evil habit—one wrong thing that you really love—you have not clean escaped. You must be altogether separated from your sins. No man can be married to Christ till he is divorced from sin. Our deliverance must be entire, or it is not true. Who can give us this but the Lord Jesus Christ by His blessed Spirit? Trust Him to set you free, and no net shall hold you.

I would again put the question, "How many of us can say, We have escaped?" Let us sing unto the Lord, if we can; and let those who cannot say that they are free, continue to plead earnestly with God that He would deliver them.

V. I would close with the lesson which this subject ought to teach us. A word or two only.

It ought to teach us, first, *to sing*, for if a bird gets out of the net, does it not sing? How glad it seems to be when once it flies away! Oh,

YOU THAT HAVE BEEN DELIVERED

from sin and Satan, sing unto the Lord! Praise and bless His name. Be as happy as possible. Be something more than full of happiness. How can that be? Why, be so full of it that it overflows and cheers others. Let us communicate our joy as far as ever we can, for we are escaped. We are escaped, and we will praise the blessed God who broke the snare.

Next, *let us trust*, for if the Lord has saved us from the dreadful snare of sin and Satan, He will save us from everything else. It is sad to me that any should trust the Lord with their souls, and yet they cannot trust Him for their daily bread, or for help in their daily trials. This must not be. If the Lord has given our soul so great an escape, depend upon it He will take care of our bodies. He that gave us Jesus will give us food and raiment, and let us be therewith content.

Lastly, *let us watch*. If we have fallen into the snare once, let us keep our eyes open not to go there again. May the Holy Spirit prevent any child of God from turning aside even for a moment from the straight way. "Let them not turn again to folly," is one of God's own cautions to His people. He has brought you up out of the horrible pit; do not play near the edge of it. He has set your feet on a rock; what have you to do with the miry clay? Get away from the slippery ground, and on the rock let your goings be established.

THE LIBERATED SAILOR.

I would say again to you netted one—you that are really caught in the trap, and held fast; oh, that the Lord would come at once, and set you free. I think He will, yea, I am sure that He will if you cry to Him to do so. I have heard of a sailor who had been in prison, that after his release, he had money in his pocket, and going over London Bridge, he saw a man selling birds—thrushes, larks, and so on. "What do you want for that lot?" said Jack. I forget how much it was, but Jack found the money; and as soon as the birds were his he opened the door, and let them all fly away. The man called out "Whatever did you buy those birds for, and then let them out?" "Oh," said the sailor, "if you had been in prison as I have been you would be sure to set everything free you could get a hold of." You and I ought to display the same kind of feeling toward all poor bondaged souls. I am sure that the Lord Jesus Christ is more tender-hearted than we are; and therefore He will certainly come and set free all prisoners who beg Him to open their cage doors. He is the great Emancipator; show Him your bonds, and beg for liberty, and He will grant it you.

[The prayers of the readers of this Journal are requested for the blessing of God upon its Editors in America and England, and those whose sermons, articles, or labors for Christ are printed in it; and for its weekly circulation of more than 250,000 copies to be blessed by the Holy Spirit to the conversion of many sinners and the quickening of God's people. Mr. Spurgeon and Dr. Talmage especially request prayer every Sunday morning on behalf of their labors.]

THE INDIAN CITY OF DELHI.

(*See Illustration, page 45.*)

THE picture on page 45 gives a view of a gateway in the city of Delhi, one of the most ancient and magnificent cities of India. These gateways were in ancient times, and to some extent even in the present day centres of communication and intercourse. Business was transacted there; disputes were settled there, and they were the places in which notifications and publications were made.

The city of Delhi has had a very checkered history. In comparatively recent times its most momentous event was its capture by Babur in 1525, who was the following year proclaimed emperor, and founded the Mogul dynasty, which gradually became possessed of a considerable portion of Hindostan.

The extensive dominions owned by subsequent Mogul emperors yielded them a revenue such as had never been known since the days of Solomon, when "silver and gold at Jerusalem were as plenteous as stones." Some of these Mogul princes were distinguished by a passion for architecture; and the unlimited means at their disposal enabled them to indulge their inclination to the utmost extent. The very tombs which they raised over their deceased relatives, such as Taj-Mahal at Agra, *the most splendid mausoleum* in the world, and the most touching tribute of affection ever paid by a Mahommedan prince to the memory of a beloved consort, would elsewhere have been deemed palaces for the living, save among the ancient Egyptians, who appear to have entertained similar feelings of regard for their cherished dead.

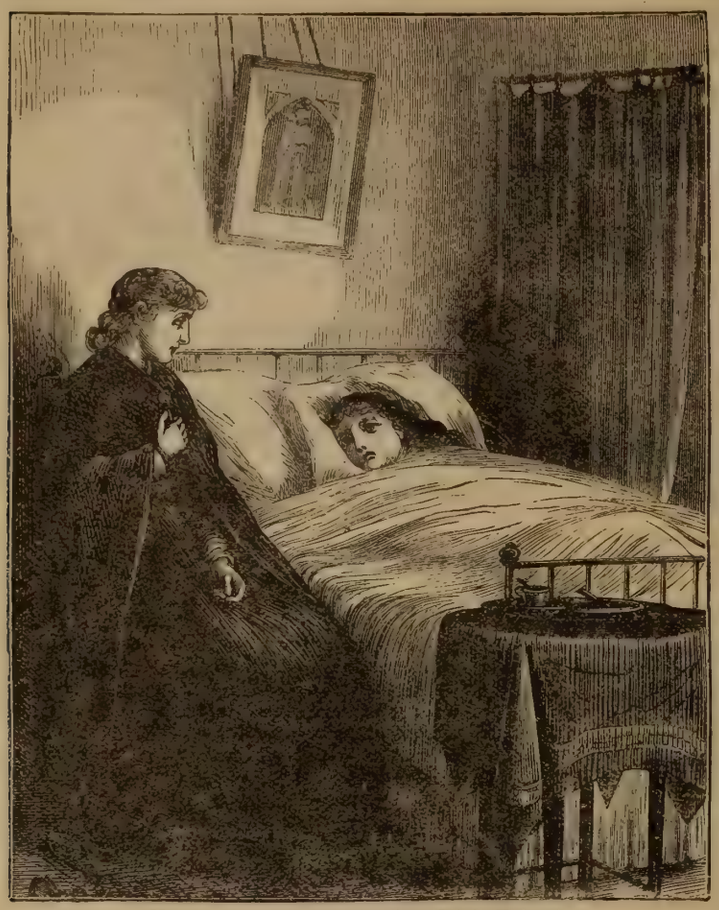
No single edifice, however stately, can give an adequate idea of the scale on which the architectural operations of the Mogul emperors, by means of their boundless wealth, were carried on. They had but to speak the word, and in a few years a range of rocky hills became the site of a new metropolis, fitted for the reception of half a million of subjects; and history records more than one instance in which a production of this kind was commenced and completed by one prince.

Yet all this splendor has long been a thing of the past; and though upwards of three centuries have elapsed between Babur's conquest of Hindostan and the final extinction of the dynasty after the Sepoy Mutiny of 1857, a certain degree of State was allowed to the King of Delhi. who was the pensioner of the British Government, up to the eve of the rebellion.

What a contrast to the former grandeur of the Mogul emperors was that presented at Delhi in the early part of 1857. On January 27th a military commission assembled in the palace of that city for the trial of Mahommed Bahadoor Shah,

THE LAST KING

of that once mighty race. After three weeks' judicial investigation the wretched monarch was in his own capital found guilty of having ordered the murder of forty-nine Christians at Delhi, of waging war upon the British Government and of exciting



Helen Anderson Visits her Irish Friend.

A Censor Reads Crushing Intelligence.

the people of India, by proclamations, to destroy the English. Sentence of death was recorded against him, which was eventually commuted into one of transportation, by the clemency of Lord Canning, then Viceroy of India, and they were exiled to Tounghoo, in Burmah.

Thus was prostrated in ignominy and disgrace the descendant of a long line of illustrous princes, prominent among whom are the renowned names of Babur, Shah Jebán, and Aurungzebe. The vast appanage which once belonged to the Mogul monarchs, has now passed into the hands of a race whose dominions at the time of the Mahommedan conquest of India, were confined to two comparatively small islands in the Western Ocean, but which now has obtained an empire on which "The sun never sets." The responsibility for that proud position it is scarcely possible to realize. It does not end with wise and good government. England as a Christian country having control of a land sunk in superstition and ignorance cannot free herself of the duty of giving the Gospel to the people she has conquered. This duty the government has never recognized, but private Christians have gone there and have undertaken the neglected task. A noble band of men of whom Carey was the pioneer, have preached the Gospel in the land, and many souls have been gathered into the Kingdom through the blessing of God on their efforts.

A CENSOR CENSURED.

(*See Illustration.*)

"I AM sure Edward Hartshorne is an honest man, uncle, whatever is said about him. He is industrious, too, and I am sorry for him."

"Honesty and industry, my dear, always result in the payment of one hundred cents on the dollar. If a man owes me a thousand dollars, and when the times comes for payment, he offers me two hundred and fifty and says that is all he can pay I naturally doubt his honesty. Even if he should turn out to have been honest and calls his trouble misfortune, it generally happens that it would be more accurately described as the natural results of idleness and incapacity."

"I cannot set my business experience up against yours, uncle, but in this particular case I know Edward Hartshorne well, and I am certain that he is both honest and industrious. He has not been successful I know, and I suppose his failure was very disastrous; but he struggled hard, and if you would forgive that and give him the chance he asks for to commence business again, I am sure you would not regret it."

"Upon my word, Mamie, Hartshorne has an eloquent advocate. If all his creditors could listen to your pleadings I really believe they would accept his offer and give him his discharge. But you ladies never take an impartial view of facts, you are swayed by your likes and dislikes, and in this case I believe you are wrong. Hartshorne ought to have suspended three years ago when his business first began to show a deficit instead of a surplus. But he would not do that. He borrowed money to meet his obligations, and then the next year his profits would not cover his business expenses, and the interest on his borrowed money, and there was another deficit. He did not suspend even then, but borrowed more money, hoping for better times and so the burden became heavier than he could carry and he failed miserably. That's his case, and I say that a man who acts so, and involves in loss men like myself who were kind to him and assisted him in his difficulties, does not deserve to be released. He ought to be punished as an example."

"I hope, uncle, you will change your mind about him. Mr. Hartshorne seems to have been trying to avoid bankruptcy. I snppose it would have been easier for him to take the soft road of suspending three years ago, as you say; but if he thought he could pay every one in full by waiting and borrowing money, he may have had a good motive after all. I like him all the better for making a brave struggle to maintain his position. Do, uncle, as a favor to me withdraw your opposition to him."

"I cannot understand your interest in him, Mamie; I expect that handsome son of his has had something to do with it. But you must understand that affair is off now. I consented to your engagement when I supposed the father was a prosperous merchant. I would never permit you to marry him now. As you ask me *as a favor to you* to withdraw my opposition, to the father, I will do so; but there must be no renewal of the engagement."

"Thank you, uncle, for your concession; it will be time enough to discuss the renewal of the engagement when Walter proposes it. You have been a second father to Laura and me ever since we were left two little orphans, when poor papa died; I should be ungrateful, indeed, if I did not submit to your wishes in such a matter."

"Spoken like a good girl and we'll seal that compact with a kiss. Now I will send a telegram withdrawing my opposition to Hartshorne's discharge, and then I shall go to the beach for a swim, and in two hours from this I will meet you both at the Crag's foot. The New York papers will be here by that time, and if you will bring my *Times* with you, I shall be able to read it right away."

At the appointed time the two sisters strolled leisurely to the trysting place where their uncle met them. He seized his *Times* with the eagerness a city man on a holiday excursion always shows to get his newspaper, and asked the ladies' permission to glance over its contents at once before starting on the walk. It was, however, more than a glance the gentleman gave to the news. There was intelligence there that sent a cold chill through his veins. One of the columns was headed with the announcement of the death of a bank president, the flight of the cashier, and the sudden closing of the institution.

He closed the newspaper and folded it with mathematical accuracy as when stricken with some sudden blow men often perform some trivial act with scrupulous care. He turned to his nieces and said he was ready for a walk. But he was a different man from the man who opened the newspaper ten minutes ago. That was a self-satisfied, wealthy man, with a large income, respected on all sides as the largest shareholder and influential

director of a noted financial institution; this, was a ruined man who knew he was not worth a dollar, that his house and even his furniture would be claimed by the creditors of the bank, and that he would be held up to public execration for his credulous faith in men whom he should have watched. He said no word of this to his nieces. In a dull crushed state of mind he strolled with them, and even made an effort to join in their conversation. The suffering he endured during that hour none ever knew but himself.

He returned to the city that night to meet the storm which concentrated on his head. It was a bitter time. One after another the men who relying on his sagacity and honor had invested in the bank came to upbraid him with his negligence, and to heap on his head the reproaches of the ruined. Only one friendly hand grasped his that day. It was that of Edward Hartshorne, who came to thank him for the merciful act which had turned the tide in his favor, and enabled him to make an effort to retrieve his fortunes.

A few years later and Edward Hartshorne, successful in business, having paid off all the obligations of his failure, called on the man he persisted in calling his benefactor, and finding him and his nieces in abject poverty, offered him a partnership in his business. It was accepted gladly, and when that night at family prayer he read the words of the Great Teacher, "Judge not that ye be not judged. For with what judgment ye judge, ye shall be judged: and with what measure ye mete, it shall be measured to you again," tears came into his eyes. He did not need to seek a commentary for an exposition of the Divine words.

A Gateway in Delhi, India.

HELEN ANDERSON'S VISIT.

A LARGE dry goods store in New York was being closed one winter evening, and the salesladies were busy putting their respective departments in order for the night. Helen Anderson was one of the most active of these. Deftly and rapidly each box and drawer was examined, and the contents placed in neat and attractive order. She was soon through and stood waiting for the signal to leave.

"You are coming with us to the concert to-night, of course," said a friend, who was engaged in the same establishment, and who passed Helen as she stood.

"No," said Helen, "I am not going. I want to see Katie Romayne. She is so dreadfully ill, and it's lonely for her in that horrid boarding-house all by herself. I'm going there to-night."

"Well, you have a queer taste" said her friend. "I think after being in this place all day at work one is entitled to a little relief and now we have a chance of hearing some good music and seeing a little life, you throw it away and are going to sit in a stuffy sick-room with a girl you don't care for a bit. I can't understand you, Helen. It is not as if Katie were your sister or a very particular friend."

"All the same I am very sorry for her," said Helen. "You are all going to the concert to-night and no one else knows her; so she will certainly be alone if I don't go."

"It's very kind of you, of course, but I don't believe in sacrificing one's self for other folks in that way. You'll get no thanks for it and you'll miss the concert. You can go to Katie's another night."

But Helen shook her head. She saw the merry group depart without a single regret. She would have gone with them readily enough at another time, but the recollection of Katie's pale, wistful face as she had last seen it, effectually overcame any disposition to enjoy a concert that night. Accordingly slipping on her rubbers and a thick wrap she started for a trudge through the snow across town to Katie Romayne's boarding-house. It was among the low-priced houses on the east side, and Helen not caring to endure the protracted infliction of a Belt Line car, and being too poor to pay three fares, she concluded to walk the two miles that lay before her as Katie did every day when she was in health.

If Helen had needed consolation for the pleasure she had missed at the concert, she received it in the look with which Katie Romayne told of the weariness and depression that her coming put to flight.

"This is real kind of you, Helen," said Katie, "I never thought I should be so glad to see any one as I am to see you. The hours seem so long when one is alone and suffering, but I have been encouraging myself with the hope of your coming. But when the snow came I was afraid you would not venture. It is very kind of you to come; I shall never forget it, if I live."

"'If you live,'" said Helen slipping off her rubbers and sitting down by the bed. "That is not in doubt now, Katie. You are looking much better than you were, and we are all hoping to have you back in the store again soon."

"I don't know," Katie answered, "I am still very sick, and sometimes I feel convinced I shall never leave this room alive."

"Don't give way to fancies, Katie, I think you are getting better, and will soon be well enough to go out. But tell me, how do you feel when you think you will die? Are you in great dread?"

"No, I am just dull and stupid about it. I don't know what will come after death. How can I tell? It will be a change, but I cannot even guess what kind of a change. The priest at the little chapel on the corner came here yesterday, and I confessed, and he gave me absolution, so I suppose I should be all right if I died. You are a Protestant and may think different, but I was reared in Ireland and there we trust to the priest."

"I wish you would trust in Jesus instead of in the priest, Katie. Jesus loved you so well that He came to die for you; why not go right to Him?"

"Have you done that, Helen? Did He hear you? I have always thought you were different from the other girls. Perhaps it was that made you different. I thought of that to-day when I was expecting you, and wondered why you came to see me instead of the other girls. I was much more intimate with them than with you."

"You have asked ever so many questions, Katie. Let me answer one at a time. I did ask Jesus to save me and He has done so. He never refuses any one who is really in earnest about it. Then I try to live as He wishes and that is the reason I come to see you. I cannot do much good, but He was very kind to the sick when He was on earth, and if I can come and cheer you and others when they are ill, I feel that I am doing what He likes and that makes me happy."

"Helen, you are very good. Will you pray to Jesus for me?"

"I do pray to Him for you, my dear child, but that is not enough. I want you to pray for yourself. I am not good; I have many wicked thoughts and sometimes I do things I grieve over very much, and I ask Him to forgive me. He does not make us perfect, no one in this world is holy. His dearest children are tempted and have to struggle to do right; but He helps them. Only you must go to Him first, and ask Him to save you and then after that you will be all the time getting better and stronger and more like Him."

"Helen, where did you learn all this? Let me hear you pray. I don't know any prayer except those in the Missal and the Garden of the Soul. I don't know how to pray."

Kneeling down by the bed, Helen prayed that light might come into that poor dark soul, and afterward she taught Katie a few simple petitions appropriate to her case. With those she left her, after giving her the little pocket Testament she carried. Then as she plodded homeward through the snow and mire of the city, she thanked God that He had permitted her in her humble way to work for Him.

The next day she listened with an unmoved heart to the glowing accounts her friends had to give her of the concert and to the sympathy tendered to her on account of the pleasure she had missed. She knew that her joy was far above any the world could give, for she hoped she had been the means of commencing a work that would last through eternity. Nor was that hope a false one. Katie's recovery was followed by a Christian life, and the two girls working together in love for their Saviour and each other, have been the means of winning other souls for Him who died for them.

MARGARET MUSGRAVE'S MISFORTUNE

A Story by Rev. Jackson Wray.

(*Continued from page 29.*)

CLEVELAND'S BRIDAL GIFT.

WHILE these sad occurrences were transpiring at Carchester, Eugéne Lefevre and his handsome bride were spending their honeymoon on the borders of a Swiss lake. The honeymoon, however, had already belied its name, for there was but little sweetness in it, and that little threatened to be exhausted before the moon had utterly waned away. Entirely a marriage of convenience, and on the Frenchman's side a marriage with a view to wealth, the misalliance in which the heart had nought to do began fully early to produce its natural fruits of repining and regret.

No sooner did the news of the collapse of Musgrave's Bank reach the ears of the astounded Lefevre, than, with a scowl upon his face and a curse upon his lips, he declared that they must start for England at once. Rage, disappointment, and revenge made his own secret to leap from his lips, and blanch still paler the pale cheek of his luckless wife. He too, like Michael Musgrave, had urged

on the marriage from selfish considerations, for he, too, had blown a bright financial bubble which had been pricked at the moment when he was most confident of success; and marriage with Margaret Musgrave was his prescription for filling his purse, and setting him on his legs again.

Never will Margaret Lefevre forget that awful journey to her native land. Her husband was more mad than sane, and roundly declared that he would cast her off, and leave her to die on a pauper's bed. To her, poor soul! the casting off was the one alleviating beam of hope that lightened up the gloom; a pauper's bed had just then less terror for her in the prospect of lying there alone. What might have transpired had the baffled and frenzied Frenchman reached the Musgrave mansion cannot be told. No sooner had the steamer dropped anchor in the port of Dover than it was boarded by two detectives, one of whom laid his hand upon the shoulder of Lefevre, and arrested him for *heavy frauds on a Parisian bank*. Our scheming financier knew too well what the upshot would be, and in an instant he disengaged himself from the grasp of the officer, and, with one wide bound, leaped into the turgid flood. The ebb-tide was flowing strong, and long before assistance could be rendered, Eugéne Lefevre had gone to his account.

Shocked beyond measure at this new catastrophe, sadly unstrung both in body and mind, the young wife, made so suddenly a widow, continued her journey in all haste to Carchester. Though she wept no tears for the memory of her dead husband, she did weep bitter tears on the neck of her sore stricken mother, and by the side of her poor and helpless father. All that was best in Margaret Lefevre now came to the front; with the most loving attention and unremitting care, she sought to lighten the burden and soothe the sorrow of her afflicted parents.

It was a mystery to her, as she listened to the tones of her mother's voice, and heard her faltering, but emphatic testimony to the truth and preciousness of true religion, as to how this wondrous change had come to pass. To see how her father's eyes brightened, and how he nodded his head in satisfied affirmation in response to her mother's quotations from the words of Jesus and the Psalms of David, was an additional cause of surprise. The mystery was solved, however, when Mr. Cleveland made his appearance, and when she listened to the *winsome words of comfort*, hope, and cheer which fell so feelingly from the young man's lips, and so stirred his hearers' hearts. All this gave rise to many ponderings and serious thoughts, alike in the quiet of her chamber and by the bedside of her helpless father.

One day, Mr. Cleveland, being resolved upon the leading of the fair young widow to the same gracious Saviour that her parents had found, said to her:

"Mrs. Lefevre, may I hope that you have favored my little wedding present with somewhat of interest and attention during your absence?"

A deep blush pervaded the cheeks of Margaret as she answered in full candor, remembering the small but beautifully-bound copy of the New Testament which he had given her on that momentous day:

"O Mr. Cleveland, I'm ashamed to say that I have never opened its pages. Don't think me unkind; I assure you I valued it, and will promise you to read it."

"Do, please; not so much because it was a wedding gift, but because it is the gift of God. Believe me, as one who knows the sorrows of bereavement, that there is in it all you need to sustain and comfort you in these dark and trying days."

That very afternoon Margaret entered the room where an unpacked trunk, which had accompanied her on her wedding tour, was lying. She opened it, and then, kneeling by its side, she searched its contents for Noel Cleveland's bridal gift. Then, retreating to her chamber, she locked herself in, and turned over the sacred pages with a beating heart and a tearful eye. On the fly-leaf was written by the donor, "Presented to Miss Margaret Musgrave, with a fervent prayer that she may find herein the gracious knowledge of a Father, a Saviour, and a Comforter; that in the day of gladness this book may be her guide and teacher, and that in the day of sorrrow it may be her strength and consolation."

The words seemed prophetic. The day of gladness had been enjoyed and the day of sorrow had come with its crushing burden. In the day of gladness the bridal gift had never been opened. Its teachings, valuable as they are, were unheeded. Margaret's religion was, like the religion of thousands, a mere conventional custom, a social wrap to be worn on Sundays as the notions of society demanded, and then to be laid aside until the following Sunday. That the New Testament contained words which were to be the life of the soul, that were to inspire and dominate the thoughts and actions of every-day life, Margaret never once dreamed, she sat down to read the divine words in her hour of sorrow with no conception of their potency.

For a short time she sat looking meditatively at the inscription in Noel Cleveland's bold handwriting. "In the day of gladness," that had passed away; there was no need to consider what the book might have been to her then. Would such days return? It seemed little likely. She was the daughter of a bankrupt banker, and the widow of a self-murdered swindler; the world would hold her as identified with the wrong-doing of both men, innocent though she was. Mrs. Lefevre knew of no happiness outside the delights of social life, and those were barred against her by the crime of her husband and by the failure of her father. It was a blank and dreary prospect on which she looked out. She could see before her no day of gladness when the little book might be her guide and teacher.

It was with the second period Noel Cleveland had mentioned that her account lay. When he wrote those words there seemed no probability of their being appropriate for her. The petted child of the wealthy and aristocratic banker, the wife of the shrewd, clever financier, it would seem that her life was shielded from trouble by the golden bulwark before which the waves of trouble are supposed to fall back impotent. But the trouble had come, and Noel Cleveland recommended the book for that also. "Strength and consolation" might be derived from it. She sorely needed both. The support of her life had been cut away and she needed strength. The joys of life had been withdrawn, and she needed consolation. As the promise of water to a man dying of thirst, so to the afflicted widow was the promise of strength and consolation.

"Margaret, Margaret." The voice of her mother was calling her, and she laid aside her book for the time and descended to Mrs. Musgrave's room. "Your father is worse," said that lady. "I am afraid he is dying, do come."

Mrs. Lefevre entered the sickroom with her mother and saw in her father's pallid face confirmation of the sad foreboding. She hurried away to send a messenger for the physician, and then returned to administer such restoratives as, in her own inexperience, she thought might sustain the flickering lamp of life. A spasm of agony was rending that wreck of a frame. The aged banker shivered and shook beneath its power, and as he lay on the threshold of the grave he quailed before the awful change.

The physician arrived to find his patient overcome with pain and nerveless with terror. He was not alarmed. With gentle hands and with the quiet self-reliance of the practised healer, he administered relief, and soon the patient was quietly slumbering like a tired child. The two ladies sat and watched the sick man after the physician had left them in glad relief from the terrible strain of anxiety, each busy with her own thoughts.

Only a few minutes passed before a servant entered with the information that Mr. Cleveland had called. "Go and speak to him, Margaret," said Mrs. Musgrave, "I will not leave your father while he sleeps. Tell Mr. Cleveland how he is, and ask him to call again. He is always welcome, but sleep is the one thing needed now after this suffering."

Mrs. Lefevre left the sickroom and entered the parlor where Mr. Cleveland awaited her. She told him of the crisis that had passed since his visit in the morning, and of her father's present condition.

"This is a sad time for you all, Mrs. Lefevre," said Mr. Cleveland; "I fear you must be suffering deeply. For such afflictions as yours the world supplies no medicament, but He in whose hands are all our ways has given us one that never fails. Thousands of people have turned to it in the dark hours of life and not one has come away empty. Let me beg of you to test it for yourself."

"I have been thinking of it this afternoon, Mr. Cleveland, and the words you wrote in the New Testament you gave me impressed me; but I do not understand how I can realize the strength and consolation you speak of. I have heard the Bible read every Sunday since I was a child, and many chapters I now know by heart; but there seems no comfort in them for such woe as this."

"Yet," said Mr. Cleveland, "there is comfort in them if you would take it. If Jesus had not been God as well as man, His merely human experience qualified Him to comfort the afflicted. He had no home; His most intimate friends misunderstood Him; His enemies jeered at Him and scorned Him; Satan tempted Him and His whole ministry was one of pain and sorrow. There could be no better counselior than He, and He especially invites the sorrowing to put their case in His hands. Jesus is a living helper; you must not think of Him as a being who merely left a system of philosophy for study. He lives and can hear us when we seek His help. Will you not ask it?"

"I never sought His help," said Mrs. Lefevre, "when I was happy and gay, I am ashamed to ask it now."

"You might be that naturally, indeed, I suspect there is more or less of that feeling with us all; but it does not excuse further neglect. When we have been negligent in our duty, it does not atone for the negligence, to continue it. With an earthly friend you would not do that, though you might be reproached with the fact by an earthly friend. There is no ground to fear reproach from Him. Read His invitations and see how cordial and how free of conditions they are. There is one to the weary and heavy laden you are surely qualified to accept. Think of it, my dear lady, and ask Him to give you the rest He offers."

"I will," said the stricken widow, through her tears, and shaking hands with Mr. Cleveland, she once more sought her room. There she opened the Testament, and with her head bowed over its pages prayed as she had never prayed before, that her eyes might be opened to see the spiritual truths it contained.

For the space of an hour she read; by-and-by her reading was accompanied by earnest aspirations for the light and life and love of heaven. These came to her as, where there are open hearts and willing, they come to all; and Margaret Lefevre found that the truest *wealth* is to be found in the riches and grace of God; and that the highest and best position is ocupied by those who lie low at the Cross, and enter the ranks of the children of adoption, crying with love-filled hearts, "Abba, Father!"

It will be no matter of surprise to the reader that sentiments of true affection and esteem became stronger and stronger in her mind for their true friend and benefactor, the humble curate; and it need be no matter of surprise, seeing how fair and beautiful she was—a beauty to which sorrow and the new light from heaven had lent an added lustre—that Noel Cleveland felt marvellously drawn to the young widow, whom he had known in the two extremes of wealth and poverty, and had found her attractive in the former, and lovely in the latter.

Michael Musgrave gradually declined, and at length peacefully expired. The last word he heard spoken by his daughter's lips was "Jesus." That name brought a smile upon his face—a smile that lived, even after the soul had left its clay. Mrs. Musgrave gradually regained her customary health and spirits. The wreck of fortune, chiefly through the kindness of the creditors, left her with a competency. She took up her abode in a small villa

on the outskirts of Carchester, and found her chief delight in doing good work for the Master among the afflicted and the poor.

Noel Cleveland, by his godly zeal and fervent spirit, and marked ability as a Christian pastor, won golden opinions from the citizens of Carchester, especially of that portion of them who resided in the parish in which the Abbey Church was situated. He made bold to ask the hand of Margaret Lefevre, and as he had already full possession of her heart it may well be understood that his request was not denied. Some twelve months after, the Rev. Abel Forsyth was gathered to his fathers. The living was in the gift of the Queen; and, in answer to a widely-signed petition to that effect, the Rev. Noel Cleveland was appointed his successor. The marriage took place almost immediately afterward, and the young vicar and his wife entered on a career of usefulness, peace, and prosperity, which brought abundant compensation for "Margaret Musgrave's Misfortunes."

THE HEALING POWER.

S. S. Lesson for January 28, Acts 3 : 11. Golden Text, Ex. 15 : 26, By Mrs. M. Baxter.

The Statute and Ordinance—People who Experiment with Faith Healing — The Lame Beggar — An Unexpected Answer — Not an Experiment—Utilizing the Faith of Others—No Result from Second-Hand Faith—Ingenious Explanations of Faith Healing—Cases Referred to Hysteria—The Idea that Sickness Glorifies God—Jehovah Rophi—A Sign of the Lord's Approach.

OUR golden text for to-day proclaims that the Lord is our Healer, and this title applies to Him as much now as in Old Testament times. It teaches us also that healing is His statute and ordinance. "There He made for them

A STATUTE AND AND AN ORDINANCE

and there He proved them, and said, If thou wilt diligently hearken to the voice of the Lord thy God, and wilt do that which is right in His sight, and wilt give ear to His commandments, and keep all His statutes, I will put none of these diseases upon thee, which I have brought upon the Egyptians: for I am the Lord that healeth thee," (or I am the Lord thy Healer). The unbelief which causes men to say that healing was only for the time of our Lord and His immediate successors, has no warrant in the Word of God; and in every age, when spiritual life has risen to its true level, holiness of life and healing have been found together as an invariable result. The world scoffs at the faith which believes in a God who answers prayer, and denies the reality of it when it applies to the soul: but when the incurable are healed, the lame walk, the blind see, the deaf hear, then the world is obliged to know that a power beyond that of man is at work. Who shall affirm that scepticism and infidelity exist so little that God has now no need for works of healing to convict these unbelievers? Oh, how men shrink from anything which will bring them into such close quarters with God that they cannot draw back. Oh, how men who need healing will seek it first through every human device and then through the prayers of believing people making them another kind of experiment, rather than themselves appealing to God, and putting their case, in absolute trust into His hands! Oh, how many hide themselves under that device of the enemy, "If it be His will," in spite of His clear declarations (Matt. 8 : 16, 17; James 5 : 14), and so back out of a real step of faith, choosing rather to suffer any tortures, to be ever so useless in life, rather than take the bold step of faith and consecration, which would bring them under the statute and ordinance of the Lord's healing! We are not speaking now of suffering children of God, whom the Spirit of God has not yet enlightened about His will and power to heal, but such as shrink knowingly from the close walk with God which His healing entails, and who therefore remain unblest.

Our subject for to-day shows us Peter and John in the freshness of the unction which had come upon them. They "went up together into the temple at the hour of prayer, being the ninth hour;" although themselves temples of the Holy Ghost, they were not exempt from the duty of public worship. A daily occurrence took place; a certain beggar, "lame from his mother's womb was carried, whom they laid daily at the gate of the temple which is called Beautiful, to ask alms of them that entered into the temple." The poor man had no other means of subsistence than the degrading one of begging, he must either beg or die, and so he made capital of his infirmity, and traded upon his impotence to walk, by exciting the compassion of the passers-by. Among others he begged of Peter and John, but he met with

AN UNLOOKED-FOR ANSWER;

"Peter, fastening his eyes upon him, with John, said, Look on us. And he gave heed unto them, expecting to receive something of them." But his expectations were far below the glorious reality. "Then Peter said, Silver and gold have I none; but such as I have give I thee: In the name of Jesus Christ of Nazareth, rise up and walk."

But the man never had walked; how could Peter expect him, an ignorant man, to act faith, when all the experience of the past went to prove that every attempt to stand or walk had been utter failure? when he had never, during his whole life, borne his own weight? Peter looked not at the man, but at the man's Creator, and he knew that the power of God was both present with him, and equal to the case in hand. But he helped the man, "he took him by the right hand, and lifted him up." Was not this rather

A DANGEROUS EXPERIMENT?

Reader, would you attempt it with any lame one in your neighborhood? With Peter this was no experiment; he had received the commission to heal the sick as well as to preach the Gospel; and he had heard the risen Jesus declare that those who believed should in His name lay hands on the sick, and they should recover. In that name of Jesus, in His authority, he had commanded the man to rise, and he knew that he could count upon his Lord. What happened? The moment the man acted faith, by allowing Peter to lift him up, the Lord met him; "immediately his feet and ankle-bones received strength, and he leaping up, stood, and walked, and entered with them into the temple, walking, and leaping, and praising God."

There are many sick ones in soul, or body, or both, who want to utilize the faith of others for their salvation, cleansing or healing, without themselves exercising faith. Oh, that they would see that every real blessing comes from *personal contact with God*. The man sick of the palsy who was brought by his friends to Jesus, must, nevertheless, himself act faith, and himself arise and walk at the word of Jesus (Matt. 9 : 6, 7). The man at the pool of Bethesda who was waiting for some one to put him into the pool, must stir up his stagnant faith, arise and take up his bed (John 5 : 8, 9). So with the man which had the withered hand (Luke 6 : 6–10), so with the many who touched the hem of Christ's garment (Matt. 14 : 35, 36); others may have brought them near, but the final transaction was between themselves and Jesus. Just as with conversion, just as with cleansing, so is it with healing, *nothing can be done second hand*. In the Old Testament, the conditions of healing are always the hearkening to, and obeying God (Ex. 15 : 26; 23 : 20–25; Deut. 7 : 12–15). In the New Testament the conditions seem to be the same as for all spiritual blessings, the yielding of ourselves, and the receiving of Christ (Rom. 8 : 11; James 5 : 14–16); the quickening of our mortal bodies depends on the Spirit of Christ dwelling in us, the calling for the elders and confessing our faults one to another implies a yielding of ourselves more entirely up to God.

The man who had been healed could not restrain himself; the first movement of his released feet had been to leap upward, he had not waited first to try how far they would bear his weight; no wonder he praised God. "And all the people saw him walking and praising God; and they knew that it was he which sat for alms at the Beautiful gate of the temple; and they were filled with wonder and amazement at that which had happened unto him;" this was a thing which no one could mistake. It frequently happens that in those healed at Bethshan, through Miss Green, or alone with God in prayer, cases which physicians have pronounced to be tumors, cancers, etc., which must be at once removed with the knife, are suddenly found out to have been only

HYSTERIC SIMULATIONS

of disease when they are healed by the Lord. We would like to ask those physicians who say so, if they can explain why then were they not healed when under their care? Internal diseases, when healed by the Lord, bring forth precious praise from the former sufferer; but when a man lame from his mother's womb, whose deformity was known by all the usual frequenters of the temple—when the man was healed, none could deny it.

It is marvellous with what ingenuity many explain away healing by the power of God. Blessed be His name it does not rob the healed ones of the blessed nearness to Him which His healing touch involves, it does not rob them of youth renewed like the eagle's; it does not take away the precious consciousness of possessing a body on which the hand of God has so immediately come or the holy awe which such sensible contact with God produces. But it does manifest in those who thus doubt Him a grievous lack of acquaintance with God, it reveals too often a life in which His intervention in answer to prayer is the exception and not the constant, blessed experience. Those who are in the habit of close dealing with God about all things temporal and spiritual, who have learned to walk upon the water, and find solid ground in the promises of God, where other feet would sink—these take healing by faith with a kind of intuition, it is only applying the principle of their whole life to their bodies as well as to their souls and their outward circumstances; and they come to wonder how they could have been so foolish as to make their bodies an exception to the law of faith which rules their whole life.

It is a current idea that sickness glorifies God more than health does. Did the lame man give more honor to God when he sat in his misery and begged, his only thought being how to screw out of the passers-by an unwilling alms? Or when fresh from the healing hand of God, his heart ran over with praise, and he told every one the great things which God had done for him? Surely the latter. "But," you will say, "many are converted on a sick bed." Thank God they are, and no doubt God permitted them to lie there in order that He might gain their attention, and speak, and make Himself known to them, but having done so, He only waits to be inquired of, that He may remove the sickness (see Job 33 : 14–28). If sickness glorifies God more than healing, why is He named Jehovah the Healer? If sickness is so honoring to God, how comes it that in every instance when commanding His disciples, the Lord Jesus directed them to heal the sick? How comes it that the only direction to the sick in the whole Word of God, is that they should call for the elders and seek for healing? How comes it that Jesus "healed all that were sick

THAT IT MIGHT BE FULFILLED

which was spoken by Esaias the prophet, saying, "Himself took our infirmities and bare our sicknesses?" (Matt. 8 : 16, 17.) Surely had sickness been a greater blessing than healing, the Lord Jesus would have left us to bear it, and not have borne it Himself as He bore our sins.

It is true, sadly true, that the Church as a whole, has lost sight of Jehovah Rophi (the Lord that healeth thee) but the last days of the dispensation are upon us, men are waking up to see that Holy Ghost power still remains among us, that holiness of life is not only a possibility, but that "without holiness no man can see the Lord, that God is moving among us as in times of old; and amid much which is unreal and grievous, there is a people which is being prepared for the Lord, and the revival of healing is but one of the signs of the Lord's approach. Many are talking about it, criticising, doubting, but the witnesses are multiplying every day, and wherever they are, there comes new spiritual life. Go on O Lord "grant unto Thy servants, that with all boldness they may speak Thy Word, by stretching out Thy hand to heal; and that signs and wonders may be done by the name of Thy holy child Jesus." Amen.

FOREIGN TOPICS.

The European Inundations have not Materially subsided during the past week. Cable reports from Pesth dated January 13th, describe the situation in South Hungary as very alarming. The town of Neusatz, on the Danube, is submerged. Somboz, on the Francis Canal, and Semlin and Pauscova, on the Danube, are in imminent danger, as are also a number of villages. A distressing scene was witnessed at Raab, a town situated at the junction of the Raab and the Danube, in Hungary, on January 9th; Raab and the adjacent villages, had been saved from inundation until then by the frost. When the thaw commenced the water suddenly rose all over the district. At three o'clock on Tuesday morning the inhabitants were aroused by alarm bells and commenced a rapid flight. Meanwhile around Raab the dikes, breaking at length admitted the deluge, which soon reached the inner town, containing 6000 fugitives as well as the ordinary inhabitants. A considerable number of lives were lost, but happily the flood did not reach some of the higher parts of the town and ceased to rise at noon. The inhabitants, however, finally abandoned the town. The floods rose so rapidly that many persons, in trying to escape, fell through the ice and were drowned. The roofs of some of the houses in Raab had to be taken down to enable the soldiers to rescue the inmates. The Emperor of Germany has increased his contribution for the relief of his own suffering subjects to $138,000. A subscription in aid of the sufferers has been commenced in New York and $6000 have already been forwarded by cable for distribution among the homeless fugitives.

The Illness of Mr. Gladstone is Reported by cable. The accounts published do not describe his malady as serious, but certain symptoms which would not be alarming in a younger man or one of a different temperament, occasion concern in the case of Mr. Gladstone. It appears that he indulged soon after Parliament was prorogued in his favorite recreation of *cutting down a tree.* He caught a severe cold which has prostrated him, and has been followed by sleeplessness. This symptom is regarded as serious, the Premier having hitherto relied for recuperation under the strain of his herculean labors on his power of commanding sleep at will. He has been ordered complete rest and a change to a southern climate. Cannes in France is the retreat selected. If Mr. Gladstone can be induced to follow the advice of his physicians, his recovery is probable; but it is stated that he has hitherto proved *an intractable patient* and is likely to insist on being in his place in Parliament next month if he is able to move. His friends, both personal and political, are represented as suffering anxiety on his account. The dissensions in the Liberal party, which are kept down by his commanding genius, would probably cause its disruption if Mr. Gladstone were removed.

The Intelligence that the City of Brussels, the well-known steamer of the Inman Line, plying between New York and Liverpool had been run down in a fog, caused some excitement on January 8th. Later reports, however, relieved the anxiety experienced by the public. It was speedily made known that the only passengers who lost their lives were two Italians in the steerage, and that of the crew all but eight were saved. Happily at this time of the year the passenger list in all trans-Atlantic steamers is usually at its lowest point, or an appalling loss of life might have ensued. It appears that the City of Brussels, which left New York on December 28th, landed her mails at Queenstown and proceeded to Liverpool. A dense fog lay upon the Channel and the engines were stopped. Captain Land, who commanded the City of Brussels, states that after the steamer had been stopped for forty-one minutes whistles were heard on the starboard and port sides. He concluded that the steamers would pass in parallel lines. Suddenly a white light appeared on the starboard bow, and a minute and a half afterward the vessel ran into the City of Brussels. He immediately ordered the boats to be lowered and a spare sail placed over the hole, but before the latter order could be carried out the carpenter reported that there was *fourteen feet of water in the forehold*, and the engineers stated that the fires would be out in about a minute. The passengers then took to boats, and, the crew, without orders, filled other boats. When the ship sank as far as the bridge Captain Land called out for every one to save himself, and jumped into the water. He and others floated upon a spar until rescued. The Kirby Hall, the Glasgow steamer that collided with the Inman boat picked up the boats containing the passengers, who were not even wetted in the accident, and conveyed them safely to Liverpool. They lost all their luggage, however, and many of them had not time even to save clothes to wear as the majority of the passengers were asleep in their berths when the collision took place.

The Joint Control of Egyptian Finances by representatives of England and France has been formally abolished. The British Commissioner acting under the advice of Lord Dufferin, who is still engaged in regulating the Khédive's affairs, resigned his office and the Khédive then notified France of the collapse of the control. A scheme for the future government of Egypt has been formulated by Lord Dufferin, and has been submitted to the Sultan of Turkey. After his views have been ascertained it is intended to lay it before a conference of delegates of the great European Powers. The French press contains bitter attacks on England for ignoring her former ally in the negotiations, and French self-esteem appears to have been wounded by the power acquired through the achievements of the British army, in which France is not invited to participate. It is understood that Prince Bismarck will advocate the acceptance of the British scheme.

The Dublin Police Arrested on Saturday last a number of men who are alleged to have been plotting the assasination of prominent English officials. Twenty prisoners were seized, and the police continued their quest for others on Sunday. Two of the arrested men promptly turned informers against their colleagues. One of the prisoners is an alderman of the city of Dublin; the others are chiefly from the artisan class. Among them are the two men who occupy the house behind which *the long knives* were found that it is supposed were used in the murder of Lord Frederick Cavendish and Mr. Burke. All the prisoners were found with arms in their possession, and the police assert that they are members of a secret society sworn to assassinate the chiefs of the Dublin police force.

A Statue of the Prince Imperial of France, who was killed in the war with the Zulus, was unveiled at Woolwich, England, on Saturday by the Prince of Wales. The cost of the statue, which amounted to $21,000, was defrayed by a subscription among the officers and men of the British Army. In unveiling the statue the Prince of Wales was accompanied by his two sons and by his brother, the Duke of Edinburgh, and his mother's cousin, the Duke of Cambridge. General Lord Wolseley, Prince Lucien Bonaparte, the Duc de Bassano, and a large and distinguished company assisted at the unveiling of the monument. In his remarks the Prince of Wales said: "It is obvious that this short ceremony is not a political one in any sense of the word. We are inaugurating a monument to the memory of a young and gallant prince, who fell fighting for the Queen of England." The prince gave a brief sketch of the career of the Prince Imperial to the time of his death, in which he eulogized his personal qualities.

Mr. Bradlaugh, the Atheist, Elected Member of the British Parliament has again been defeated in endeavoring to secure legal redress of his grievance. He brought a suit for damages against the official of the House of Commons who ejected him from the House. Mr. Justice Field, who tried the case, gave judgment against Mr. Bradlaugh on the ground that the officer simply obeyed a resolution of the House which had the right to control its own proceedings.

The Use of the Bible in the Common Schools has long been urgently advocated by the Christian public of Canada. Concerted action has recently been taken in the form of a petition to the Dominion Government, which has been extensively signed. The prayer of the signatories is: "That the Bible be used not as a reading book, but devotionally, in connection with the prescribed prayer, at the opening of the school each morning, and that both teachers and pupils read together the selection prescribed for each particular school day throughout the year. We do not ask that the Bible be used as a text-book in the public schools. We do not ask that the teachers be required to give expositions or explanations of the meaning of passages of Scripture."

A Cry from Italian Atheists has Arisen from all parts of Italy. Applications are being made for evangelists to Signor Matteo Trochet, President of the Waldensian Committee. Only a few weeks back he received a petition from Capua signed by twenty-five persons, another from Giarre, in Sicily, signed by seventy persons, begging to have a minister. An evangelist, writing from Sicily on the 20th of November, gives the interesting news that at Terranova the principal proprietor, Signor Calandra, himself offered to find a building suitable for public worship, and, in the event of not succeeding, promised the use of his own house. A friend of his, a young lawyer, said, "We are atheists; but we know you and the history of the sad and terrible persecutions you have undergone. Come and show us a God and a religion that will make us better men, and we will be grateful indeed." These are only a few facts gathered out of hundreds, but they will serve to show how the Italians are waking up to a knowledge of the truth, and how the good seed which Christian devotedness has sown with tears, is at length beginning to take root.

A Learned Hindoo Lady Named Pundita Romabai, has recently created much interest in Bombay by the delivery of a course of Lectures on Female Education in India. She is a widow, twenty-five years of age; she is noted for her knowledge of Sanscrit, and for her emancipation from superstition. The attendance at her lectures was large. Hindoo and Parsee ladies crowded to hear her. And these were profoundly impressed. No such sight was ever seen in India before. Pundita Romabai showed in her lecture that the education of men is advancing in India, and that in order to domestic fellowship and happiness there must by a corresponding progress in the education of women. Considerable enthusiasm has been produced by this sudden outburst of feminine conviction and eloquence. This is certainly a sign of the times, and bears not only on the political and educational interests of India, but most powerfully also on the progress of Christianity in that vast country.

Minnie, an Actress in one of the London theatres, quite a child, was led through the agency of a mission-room in Covent Garden, to accept Christ as her Saviour. Soon afterward, an old woman, dresser at the theatre, called at the mission-room and told how Minnie had changed the whole inner life behind the scenes. "How's that?" was asked. "She brought her Bible, and read to us all every day, and instead of filthy talk and profane words we have now quietness and decency." So much for the influence of a little one in the green room. She cannot leave the theatre, her father forbids her doing so, but she says, "I can shine for Jesus there," and she does so.

An Illustrated Work on the Unfulfilled prophecies of the Bible, by the Rev. M. Baxter, entitled: "Forty Coming Wonders," may be had from the office of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, 63 Bible House, New York, by remitting one dollar. It is a book of 528 pages, is handsomely bound in cloth and contains fifty full-page pictures and diagrams representing the scenes described in the prophecies of Daniel and in the book of the Revelation. It also contains a resumé of the opinions of other expositors and extracts carefully collated from the works of all the most eminent writers on prophecy, from the earliest ages of the Christian era down to those of recent date. It thus forms the most useful and complete guide the student can have in entering on the study of that portion of the Word of God. The book may also be obtained for one dollar from any bookseller, who can procure it from the American News Company.

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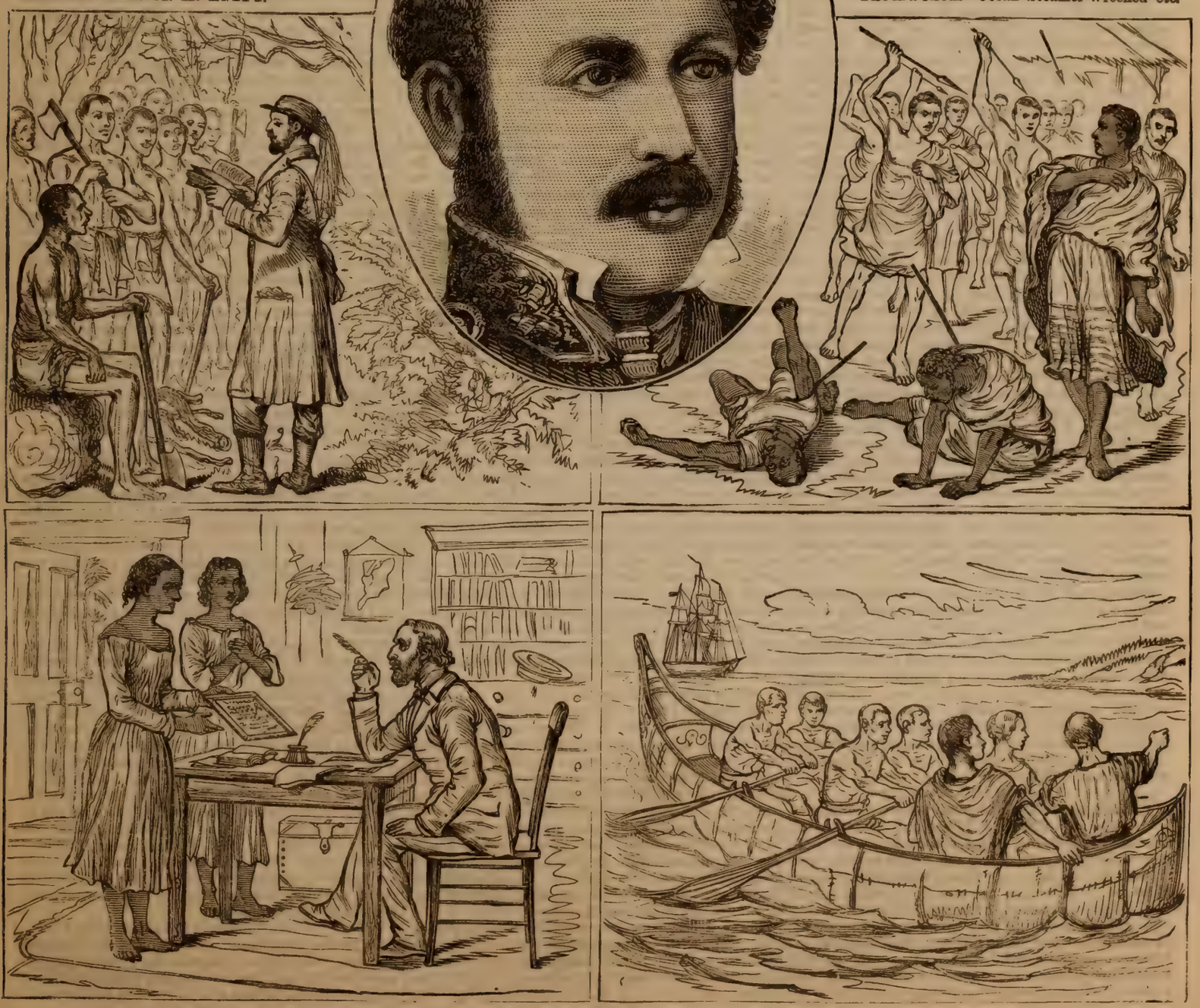

RADAMA II., Late KING OF MADAGASCAR.—Scenes in the History of the Mission.

RADAMA II., KING OF MADAGASCAR.

Thrilling History of Christianity in the Island. Magnitude of Madagascar—Its Original Religion—The Present Dynasty—The First Missionaries to the Island—A Singular Prediction Verified—An Interview with the King in 1820—Royal Interest in Schools—Radama's Letter to the London Missionary Society—His Death in 1828—Usurpation of Ranavalóna—Loyal Officers Speared—A Malagese Martyr Prince—Shadow and Sunshine—A Reign of Terror Begun on March 1, 1835—Martyrs for Christ—Death of the Cruel Queen in 1857—Radama the Second's Enlightened Policy—The Reigning Monarch, Ranavalona II.—Her Baptism in 1869—Burning of the National Idols.

THE present crisis in the missionary campaign in the Island of Madagascar has attracted increased attention to that interesting field of missionary operations. For more than half a century the island has been an object of concern to the Christian world, but it has been on other grounds than those now existing. Heretofore, the anxiety about the country has arisen out of the strange vicissitudes in the relations existing between the missionaries and the monarch of Madagascar. The new trouble is an outside affair.

A claim has been set up by the French Government to certain territory on the north-west coast, and an effort has been made to establish a French protectorate or tutelage over the whole island. The government of the island, which is independent, view this project with alarm. Their civil and religious liberty they believe would be imperilled by its realization. That these fears are not groundless will be admitted by all who have watched the course of affairs in Tunis, Tahiti, the Gambier Islands, and other places. The Malagasy Government sent Commissioners to France to protest against the disguised annexation. They were met by a refusal on the part of M. Grévy to receive them, unless they yielded, as a preliminary, the right of France to the land claimed. The commissioners were not empowered to make the concession. Being unaccustomed to the ways of European diplomacy, they did not know how to proceed. Their present stage of civilization they owe to the labors of missionaries, the majority of whom have been of British nationality. They therefore applied for counsel and aid to the Missionary Society in London. The society has used such influence as it has with the English Government to secure its mediation with the French Government on behalf of the Malagasy envoys. There is, however, a radical difference in the points of view taken respectively by the Missionary Society and the Government. The Missionary Society is anxious for English intervention, because French supremacy would issue in the advancement of the Jesuit missionaries, and the practical exclusion of the Protestant missionaries from the Island. But the English Government is averse to interference in a matter in which national interests are not involved. Thus the question remains pending.

Madagascar is by no means an unimportant island. It is 980 miles long and 360 miles wide, and its area is as large as the aggregate area of New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Connecticut and Massachusetts. It is situated off the south-east coast of Africa, and its magnificent forests and luxurious vegetation render it one of the most beautiful countries on earth. The population is about 2,500,000. It is composed of three tribes; the Betsima-Sarakas, the Sakalavas and the Hovas. They all speak the same language, the Malagash, which is very similar to that of the Malays.

ITS ORIGINAL RELIGION.

The original religion of Madagascar was singularly vague and obscure. The people professed to believe in a God, but could not explain what they meant by the term. They sometimes prayed, but seemed not to know to whom their prayers were addressed, whether to the sun or the wind or the spirit of some departed sovereign. They had some ugly *wooden idols*, but they could give no intelligible account of the beings whom these idols were intended to represent. The idols numbered fifteen, and priests or keepers for them were appointed and maintained by the government. To cure diseases, to drive away pestilence, and to give fertility to the ground—these were but a few of the attributed functions of the idols of Madagascar. The idols were only called upon when need arose, and then the people did not go to the idol, but the idol was brought to them.

THE ROYAL DYNASTY.

At the beginning of the present century, Madagascar was ruled by a number of independent chiefs, but at the same period the present dynasty began to present itself as the claimant of supreme sovereignty over all the island. The representative of the family at that time was one Radama, who assumed the title of Radama I., on obtaining the ascendency, and he was sometimes called "the Prince of Imerina," sometimes "King of the Hovas." The Hovas, being the people of Ankova or Imerina, the chief province of the island. In this province is the present capital, Antananarivo.

Radama I. on his accession to chieftainship, in 1808, showed himself a ruler of energy, penetration, and vast ambition. A few years afterward, a British agent, Captain Le Sage, visited the island from Mauritius, and succeeded in reaching the capital, and gaining an audience of Radama, who was so impressed with Captain Le Sage's abilities that he decided on sending to Mauritius two of his younger brothers, Ratafia and Rahovy, in order that they might receive a European education. In July 1817, Mr. Hastie, who had been appointed by the Governor of Mauritius to take charge of the youths, returned with them to Tamatave, where he and they were received by Radama himself, who had gone down to the coast with about 30,000 of his people.

Mr. Hastie was appointed British Resident at the court of King Radama; and his instructions from the English Government were to use his influence over the king to effect the abolition of the exportation of slaves. About the same time another Englishman from Mauritius, Mr. Brady, a non-commissioned officer, took up his residence at Radama's court, in order, at the king's desire, to instruct his troops in the tactics and discipline of a European army. Making good use of Mr. Brady's instruction, the king formed, in a few years, a disciplined army of 15,000 men, armed in the European manner, and provided with artillery, before which no tribe or chief in the whole island could raise any effective opposition.

On October 11th, 1820, the king was induced to sign a treaty agreeing to put a stop to the export of slaves.

A GREAT KABARY

(or assembly) was convened, the proclamation was made, and the British flag and that of Madagascar, hoisted side by side, gave token that slavery was abolished from the island. At this time also Radama insisted that ten Malagasy youths should be taken to Mauritius, and ten others to England, to be instructed in European arts. One of his own relatives, Rataffe, who had married his sister, had already departed for England, to learn, by personal inspection, something of a country whose influence was becoming so powerful in the island; and this prince succeeded in obtaining an interview with the British king, and in becoming personally known to the directors of the London Missionary Society.

THE FIRST MISSIONARIES TO THE ISLAND.

In August 1817, three years before the period just referred to, Mr. S. Bevan and Mr. David Jones were set apart to commence mission work in Madagascar. They arrived at Mauritius in the following July, but owing to a temporary misunderstanding which had arisen between General Hall, the Governor of Mauritius, and Radama, the moment of their arrival was an unpropitious one. They were dissuaded from proceeding to Madagascar as missionaries, so leaving their families in Mauritius, they paid a visit, as private persons, to Tamatave, the port of Madagascar, for the purpose of making personal inquiries.

These devoted men reached Tamatave on August 18th, 1818, and remained there nearly two months, gaining much insight into the state of affairs, and learning the rudiments of the language. Returning to Mauritius in October, they wished to remove with their families to Madagascar, but Mr. Bevan was obliged to remain in Mauritius, for a time, on account of the illness of his wife. Mr. and Mrs. Jones landed at Tamatave on October 19th, and immediately began the erection of a school-house. But fever soon seized upon both of them, and on December 28th, Mrs. Jones died. Her infant daughter had died about a fortnight before. Mr. Jones himself remained very ill; and when in the second week in January 1819, Mr. and Mrs. Bevan arrived from Mauritius, the first intelligence they heard was that Mrs. Jones and her child were both dead, and that Mr. Jones was dying.

A SINGULAR PREDICTION VERIFIED.

Mr. Bevan was stunned by the news, and at once expressed his conviction that he should take the fever also, and should die. Nevertheless, he began to prepare for his work. In a few days, however, both he and his wife and child were prostrated by fever, and the child soon died. Mr. Jones was now sufficiently recovered to see his colleague, who unhesitatingly told him, "I shall die, but you will recover and go on with your work, and will ultimately succeed in the mission." His presentiments were soon fulfilled. On the morning of January 31st, Mr. Bevan finished his earthly career, and on February 3d his wife followed him into the heavenly rest. Out of the six individuals who had landed at Tamatave a few weeks before, Mr. Jones was now the only survivor, and he was in greatly shattered health, but regarded himself as irrevocably devoted to Madagascar.

INTERVIEW WITH THE KING.

About three days after the great Kabary, referred to as having taken place in October 1820, the king received Mr. Jones with great cordiality, and promised him his royal support. Mr. Jones then inquired if the wives and families of missionaries might also come, and be assured of protection; to which the king replied by the most satisfactory assurances. Preparations accordingly were made, and on December 8th, 1820, the work of the mission may be said to have commenced in the capital of Madagascar. On that day Mr. Jones opened a school with three children, a number which soon increased. A house being required, the king himself performed the ceremony of laying the foundation stone, to the great astonishment of all the people. Other missionaries, the Rev. D. and Mrs. Griffiths, soon arrived, together with two other Europeans, Mr. Barnsley and Mr. Carvaille, artisans, and toward the end of 1821 the mission might be said to have been fully established.

The missionaries were almost overwhelmed with proofs of the royal favor. The king himself attended the inspection of the schools. He received, with much pleasure, specimens of the needlework done by Mrs Griffiths' pupils, and rewarded the children. So earnest were both the king and his subjects about the instruction of their children, that when, at Christmas, the missionaries gave the young people a few days' holiday, an assembly was held, to complain to the king of the cessation of the teaching, and Radama wrote to the missionaries to know why the children were not taught as usual.

PRINCE RATAFFE AT A MISSIONARY MEETING.

It was in May 1821, that Prince Rataffe, brother-in-law of the king, attended the annual meeting of the London Missionary Society, in London. He tendered to the society a letter from King Radama, which said, "Mr. Jones, your missionary, having satisfied me that those sent out by your society have no other object than to enlighten the people by persuasion and conviction, and to discover to them the means of becoming happy, therefore, gentlemen, I request you to send me as many missionaries as you may deem proper, together with their families, if you desire it, provided you also send *skilful artisans* to make my people workmen as well as good Christians; and I promise all the protection, safety, and respect which the missionaries may require.

"Saith RADAMA MANJAKA."

In hearty response to this request, the directors sent back with Prince Rataffe the Rev. J. Jeffreys and his wife, and Messrs. Brooks, Chick, Canham, and Rowlands, artisans, who reached Madagascar

in May 1822, and were received by the king with many demonstrations of gratification and delight.

PREACHING TO THE NATIVES.

It was not until February 1824, that the missionaries began to preach the Gospel to the people in their native tongue. In June, the following year, Mr. Jeffreys died. His progress in the language had been so rapid that even the people themselves were astonished. The following is an extract from his journal, and *the scene is illustrated in the frontispiece picture.* "Left home after the morning service to visit a village about five miles distant; but I met a number of men who were going into the forest for wood for the king. It struck my mind that an opportunity presented itself, and I asked if they could stay a short time to hear me speak of God. They assented, and I accordingly spoke to them of Christ and His salvation, and of His willingness to save all who come to Him. They listened with attention and apparent interest. Thus nearly one hundred human beings heard the Gospel—may it prove to be good seed cast into good ground!"

DEATH OF KING RADAMA I.

Everywhere there was apparent prosperity; congregations of 2000 and 3000 hearers regularly listened to the story of salvation; and schools were being successfully conducted in every part of the land. There was abundant cause, however, for disquietude. The mission rested apparently on the favor of the king, and, as he had given no tokens of real conversion of heart, there could be no solid trust reposed on his protection. In fact, secular and not religious knowledge was the chief object of his desires. Radama, however, fell a victim to habits of self-indulgence, and his death took place on July 27th, 1828.

The reins of government were instantly seized by a woman named Ranavalona. The rightful heir was at a distance from the capital, and the king's death was kept profoundly secret for two or three days, during which time Ranavalona, one of Radama's queens, was actively engaged in obtaining adherents among the chief generals and officers of state. By August 1st, her plans were matured. The firing of cannon summoned the people to the courtyard of the palace, and it was announced to them that the idols had declared Queen Ranavalona to be successor to the deceased king.

QUEEN RANAVALONA.

Four chief officers, who were not in the conspiracy, at once objected that it was well known that the late king had named Prince Rakotobe his successor. They had scarcely spoken when a dozen spears were plunged into their bodies by the conspirators who stood around, and they instantly perished. Silence followed. No other person dared to whisper an objection, and the accession of Queen Ranavalona was proclaimed as an accomplished fact. (*The assassination of the four officers is shown in our frontispiece, at the right-hand side of the portrait.*)

A MARTYR PRINCE.

The rightful heir, however, still lived, as well as his father and mother. Prince Rakotobe, who had been one of the first scholars placed under Mr. Jones's care, was residing in one of the villages near the capital. A party of soliders was sent to seize him, and to carry him to another village at a greater distance. He understood his peril, and begged them to allow him a short time to pray. They granted his request, and meantime *dug his grave.* He was then speared, and at once laid beneath the earth. There was reason to hope that the instruction he had received had been blessed of God in leading him to Christ; and that he was the first Malagese who died a Christian.

The next three or four years was a time of much peril to the existence of the mission, but gleams of hope occasionally flashed forth to relieve the surrounding gloom. In May and June 1831, twenty-eight persons were baptized in the suburban chapel at Ambatonakanga. One of these had been, like Simon, a sorcerer, an idol-priest, a deluder of the people! He had taken his place among the children in the school, had learned to read the New Testament for himself, and had been thus "made wise unto salvation." He chose the name of Paul, and, with his wife, who was baptized at the same time, he continued to walk in the ordinances and commandments of the Lord." But as the year 1832 advanced, the hostility of the government—real though not avowed—became more visible and perceptible.

APPEAL FOR THE NEW TESTAMENT.

The circulation of the Scriptures and of other religious books now began to tell. The native Christians, armed with these, and with copies of the Gospel, went everywhere spreading the knowledge of the truth. The missionaries wrote home: "Many of the people, both in the capital and in the provinces, are beginning to read, and this creates a great demand for books. A few days ago we were much struck by two young persons, who came to us with a slate in their hands, on which one of them, a respectable young female from the country, had written—'I have long lived in darkness, and am now most desirous of being brought into the light, that I may know about God and His Son Jesus Christ. Oh, pity me! have compassion on me! give me a copy of the New Testament. I am greatly in need of it; be merciful to me, and grant, if you possibly can, my request.'" (*A picture of this visit is shown in the lower section of the frontispiece.*)

A REIGN OF TERROR.

On March 1st, 1835, the long-dreaded blow fell, and by royal edict all missionary operations were arrested, and the Queen Ranavalona began the attempt to stamp out Christianity, a struggle which was destined to end, as such struggles always have, in the confusion of the persecutors and the triumph of the Gospel. Multitudes of the people gave way to the pressure brought to bear upon them, and returned to heathenism, many of them to its vilest practices; but the missionaries remained in the island translating the Word of God, and the most faithful of the natives began to hold secret meetings, often on some solitary mountain, whence they could discern the approach of any stranger from a considerable distance. Here they could freely sing the praises of their God and Saviour without any danger of being overheard.

MARTYRS FOR CHRIST.

Among those who continued to meet for the worship of God, despite the prohibition of the queen, was a young man and his wife. The former suffered martyrdom by decapitation rather than deny Christ; the latter set out at midnight to flee to a place of safety. The following morning officers were in pursuit, with orders to put her at once to death. She and other fugitives were compelled to pursue their wanderings, being literally in the situation described by the apostle: "They wandered in deserts and caves of the earth." Often drenched with rain, and sometimes sinking in the bogs, generally pinched by famine, and always in dread of their pursuers, it was not until many weeks had elapsed that they reached Tamatave, whither Mr. Johns, one of the missionaries, had arrived from Mauritius to aid them in their escape.

Mr. Johns had arranged with a captain, and in the dark hours of evening a canoe took them from the shores of Madagascar, and placed them on the deck of an English ship, which sailed for Mauritius at daybreak in the morning. As the sails spread themselves to the breeze, the captain said to them in Madagese, "Efa Kabary," a common phrase, meaning, "That business—that trouble—is over: all is safe!" They burst into tears, and asked if they might sing a hymn of praise to their Heavenly Preserver: "Our souls are escaped like a bird from the snare of the fowler." (*A panel of our frontispiece illustrates this episode.*)

DEATH OF THE CRUEL QUEEN.

From this time onward, until 1857, the persecution was untiring; but though the slaughter had been wholesale, the faith of the Christians was stronger, and their love of the Saviour not less than when the first martyrs died for the name of the Lord Jesus. But far more remarkable is the fact that during all these years of oppression and suffering, the number and the influence of the Christians had continued steadily to increase. On July 16th, 1857, the queen died, the persecution of Christians ended, and her son was proclaimed her successor by the title of

KING RADAMA II.

One of the first proclamations of Radama II. (*whose portrait appears on our front page*) gave to every man his liberty to follow such religious worship as he judged best, and every man was declared free to teach or preach his own religion. Exiles and Christians in fetters were recalled and liberated; the claims of the idols were disregarded; the use of the tangena (drinking poisoned water by way of ordeal) and sorcery were abolished; and in May 1862, the Rev. W. Ellis arrived in Madagascar, and memorial churches were built where martyrs had died.

Radama allied himself with *the French traders*, and showed considerable favor to a certain M. Lambert, who was a French merchant and who held under his government a species of consular appointment. The king made him a grant of land and otherwise showed him marked favor. So high a place did M. Lambert attain at the king's court that the jealousy of the natives was excited, and a conspiracy was organized. It succeeded, and *King Radama II. was strangled.* This occurred in 1863. The widow of the dead king was proclaimed his successor under the title of *Queen Rasohérina.*

THE REIGNING MONARCH.

The present monarch is Queen Ranavalona II., who succeeded to the throne, at the death of her sister Rasohérina, on April 1st, 1868, and the opening of her reign was characterized by the most emphatic refusal to acknowledge idolatry in any shape or form.

The great national inaugural ceremony, equivalent to coronation in other countries, but here called the showing or presenting of the sovereign, took place on September 3d, 1868. The queen, with a hundred ladies of rank, ascended a richly-decorated platform, and appeared before her people. She was enthusiastically cheered. Then, surrounded by the high officers of her kingdom, she took her seat beneath the canopy, on the front of which were inscribed in shining letters the Malagasy words signifying, "*Glory be to God;*" on the other sides, "*Goodwill among men,*" "*On earth peace,*" and "*God shall be with us.*" On one hand of her majesty stood a small table with the crown, on the other a small table bearing a handsome Bible, sent to her predecessor by the British and Foreign Bible Society.

BURNING OF THE IDOLS.

On February 21st, 1869, the queen was publicly baptized together with her Prime Minister, whom she has married. But the great event of this year was the burning of the national idols by order of the queen. The inhabitants of the surrounding districts forthwith committed their own idols and charms to the flames, in which, according to the native expression, they passed away in smoke. So effectual and general was the action of the people that, within a month after the first idol had been burned, a small heap of ashes, lying in the open space situated in the centre of most of the villages, was all that remained of the once-dreaded objects of the people's worship. The conflict was long and sanguinary before Christianity gained the citadel of the nation's idolatry, but the victory was complete. The Word of Truth has triumphed, and Madagascar is free, and using her freedom to convey to others the knowledge of the liberty she has gained.

A Lonely Nursery Governess Received a Remarkable answer to prayer some time ago. Captain Trotter, whose work for Christ is well known, purchased some books lately from Mr. Nisbet, the well-known London publisher, and was about to write his address, when Mr. Nisbet told him he knew it well, adding, "*I have prayed for you* ever since you were as high as my table. You and your sister had a young nursery governess, who felt sadly alone in this great metropolis. She was a child of God, and came to tell me of her concern for the souls of her little pupils. She was cast down by the charge. I felt for her, comforted her, and she was strengthened; and every Saturday she came to my house, and together we prayed for your salvation and that of your sister, and I have lived to see the fruit which we desired."

SONS OF A GORILLA OR SONS OF GOD.

Dr. Talmage's Sermon, Preached Last Sunday Morning, January 21, 1883.

"Professing themselves to be wise, they became fools, and changed the glory of the uncorruptible God into an image made like to corruptible man, and to birds, and four-footed beasts, and creeping things."—ROM. I : 22, 23.

A Full-length Portrait of Evolutionists—The Ancestral Line—A Missing Link Conceded—A Whole Chain Gone—Difficulties the Evolutionists Do not Explain—Development of a Bird's Wing—A Different Creation—Rapidity of Development—Evolution an Hypothesis—Testimony of Inward Consciousness—A Bankrupt Monkey—Evolution the Mother of Mysteries—The Origin of the Horse—A Convention of Animals—The Counsel of the Lion—Prorogation of the Convention—Evolution Brutalizing—Annihilation the Heaven of the Evolutionist——Destiny More Important than Origin—Evolution in the Future, not the Past—An Evolutionist after all.

A FULL-LENGTH portrait of an evolutionist who substitutes the bestial origin for the divine origin. Sons of a gorilla, or sons of God? is the great question of this day, and every intelligent man and woman must be able to give an intelligent answer.

I showed you last Sabbath that evolution was contradicted by the Bible, by science, by observation and by common sense; that the Bible account of the creation of man, and of brute, and of the world, and the evolutionist's account collided with each other as certainly as two express trains going in opposite directions at thirty miles the hour, their locomotives meeting on the same track. I showed you that all the evolution scientists, without any exception, were pronounced infidels; that evolution was a heathenism thousands of years old; that among the best scientists of our time—among them such men as Agassiz, and Hugh Miller, and Farraday, and Dawson, and Dana—these were men who had for that doctrine of evolution unlimited contempt. I showed you that their favorite theory of the "survival of the fittest" was an absurdity and an untruth, and that natural evolution was always downward and never upward, and that there had never been any improvement for man, or beast, or world, except through the direct or indirect influence of our glorious Christianity. And in the closing part of that sermon, I told you I was not a pessimist but an optimist, that instead of being eleven o'clock at night it is half past five in the morning.

THE MISSING LINK.

This morning, I go on to tell you, it seems to me that evolutionists are trying to impress the great masses of the people with the idea that there is *an ancestral line* leading from the primal germ on up through the serpent, and on up through the quadruped, and on up through the gorilla to man. They admit that there is "a missing link," as they call it, but there is not a missing link—it is a whole chain gone. Between the physical construction of the highest animal and the physical construction of the lowest man, there is a chasm as wide as the Atlantic Ocean.

Evolutionists tell us that somewhere in central Africa, or in Borneo, there is a creature half-way between the brute and the man, and that that creature is the highest step in the animal ascent and the lowest step in the human creation. But what are the facts? The brain of the largest gorilla that was ever found is thirty cubic inches, while the brain of the most ignorant man that was ever found is seventy. Vast difference between thirty and seventy. It needs a bridge of forty arches to span that gulf.

Beside that, there is a difference between the gorilla and the man—*a difference of blood globule*, a difference of nerve, a difference of muscle, a difference of bone, a difference of sinew. The horse is more like man in intelligence, the bird is more like him in musical capacity, the mastiff more like him in affection. That eulogized beast of which we hear so much, represented on the walls of ancient cities thousands of years ago, is just as complete as it is now, showing that there has not been a particle of change.

Beside that, if a pair of apes had a man for descendant, why would not all the apes have the same kind of descendants? Can it be that that one favored pair only was honored with human progeny? Beside that, evolution says that as one species rises to another species, the old type dies off. Then how is it that there are whole kingdoms of chimpanzee and gorilla and baboon?

EVOLUTION OF A BIRD'S WING.

The evolutionists have come together and have tried to explain *a bird's wing*. Their theory has always been that a faculty of an animal while being developed must always be useful and always beneficial, but the wing of a bird, in the thousands of years it was being developed, so far from being any help must have been a hindrance until it could be brought into practical use away on down in the ages. Must there not have been an intelligent will somewhere that formed that wonderful flying instrument, so that a bird five hundred times heavier than the air can mount it and put gravitation under claw and beak? That wonderful mechanical instrument, the wing, with between twenty and thirty different apparati curiously constructed, does it not imply a divine intelligence? does it not imply a direct act of some outside being? All the evolutionists in the world cannot explain a bird's wing, or an insect's wing.

So they are confounded by the rattle of the rattlesnake. Ages before that reptile had any enemies, this warning weapon was created. Why was it created? When the reptile far back in the ages had no enemies, why this warning weapon? There must have been a divine intelligence foreseeing and knowing that in the ages to come that reptile would have enemies and then this warning weapon would be brought into use. You see evolution at every step is

A CONTRADICTION OR A MONSTROSITY.

At every stage of animal life as well as at every stage of human life, there is evidence of direct action of divine will.

Beside that, it is very evident from another fact that we are an *entirely different creation*, and that there is no kinship. The animal in a few hours or months comes to full strength and can take care of itself. The human race for the first one, two, three, five, ten years is in complete helplessness. The chick just come out of its shell begins to pick up its own food. The dog, the wolf, the lion, soon earn their own livelihood and act for their own defence. The human race does not come to development until twenty or thirty years of age, and by that time the animals that were born the same year the man was born—the vast majority of them have died of old age. This shows there is no kinship, there is no similarity. If we had been born of the beast, we would have had the beast's strength at the start, or it would have had our weakness. Not only different but opposite.

EVOLUTION A GUESS.

Darwin admits that the dovecote pigeon has not changed in thousands of years. It is demonstrated over and over again that the lizard on the lowest formation of rocks was just as complete as the lizard now. It is shown that the ganoid, the first fish, was just as complete as the sturgeon, another name for the same fish now. Darwin's entire system is a guess, and Huxley, and John Stuart Mill, and Tyndall, and especially Professor Heckel, come to help him in the guess, and guess about the brute, and guess about man, and guess about worlds, but as to having one solid foot of ground to stand on, they never have had it and never will have it.

THE INWARD TESTIMONY.

I put in opposition to these evolutionist theories the *inward consciousness* that we have no consanguinity with the dog that fawns at our feet, or the spider that crawls on the wall, or the fish that flops in the frying pan, or the crow that swoops on the field carcass, or the swine that wallows in the mire. Everybody sees the outrage it would be to put beside the Bible record that Abraham begat Isaac, and Isaac begat Jacob, and Jacob begat Judah, the record that the microscopic animalcule begat the tadpole, and the tadpole begat the polywog, and the polywog begat the serpent, and the serpent begat the quadruped, and the quadruped begat the baboon, and the baboon begat man.

The evolutionists tell us that the apes were originally fond of climbing the trees, but after a while they lost their prehensile power, and therefore could not climb with any facility, and hence they surrendered monkeydom and set up in business as men. Failures as apes, successes as men. According to the evolutionists a man is

A BANKRUPT MONKEY!

I pity the person who in every nerve and muscle and bone and mental faculty and spiritual experience does not realize that he is higher in origin and has had a grander ancestry than the beasts which perish. However degraded men and women may be, and though they may have foundered on the rocks of crime and sin, and though we shudder as we pass them, nevertheless, there is something within us that tells us they belong to the same great brotherhood and sisterhood of our race, and our sympathies are aroused in regard to them. But gazing upon the swiftest gazelle, or upon the tropical bird of most flamboyant wing, or upon the curve of grandest courser's neck, we feel there is no consanguinity. The grandest, the highest, the noblest of them ten thousand fathoms below what we are conscious of being.

It is not that we are stronger than they, for the lion with one stroke of his paw could put us into the dust. It is not that we have better eyesight, for the eagle can descry a mole a mile away. It is not that we are fleeter of foot, for a roebuck in a flash is out of sight, just seeming to touch the earth as he goes. Many of the animal creation surpassing us in fleetness of foot and in keenness of nostril and in strength of limb; but notwithstanding all that, there is something within us that tells us we are of celestial pedigree. Not of the mollusk, not of the rizipod, not of the primal germ, but of the living and omnipotent God. Lineage of the skies. Genealogy of Heaven.

I tell you plainly that if your father was a muskrat and your mother an oppossum, and your great aunt a kangaroo, and the toads and the snapping turtles were your illustrious predecessors, my father was God. I know it. I feel it. It thrills through me with an emphasis and an ecstasy which all your arguments drawn from anthropology and biology and zoology and morology and paleontology and all the other ologies can never shake.

Evolution is one great mystery. It hatches out fifty mysteries and the fifty hatch out a thousand, and the thousand hatch out a million. Why, my brother, not admit the one great mystery of God and have that settle all the other mysteries? I can more easily appreciate the fact that God by one stroke of His omnipotence could make man than I could realize how out of five millions of ages He could have evolved one, putting on a little here and a little there. It would have been just as great a miracle for God to have turned an orang-outang into a man as to make a man out and out—the one job just as big as the other.

It seems to me we had better let God have a little place in our world somewhere. It seems to me if we cannot have Him make all creatures we had better have Him make two or three. There ought to be some place where He could stay without interfering with the evolutionists. "No," says Darwin, and so for years he is trying to raise fan-tailed pigeons and to turn these fan-tail pigeons into some other kind of pigeon, or to have them go into something that is not a pigeon—turning them into quail, or barnyard fowl or brownthresher. But pigeon it is. And others have tried with the ox and the dog and the horse, but they stayed in their species. If they attempt to cross over it is a hybrid and a hybrid is always sterile and goes into extinction. There has been *only one successful attempt* to pass over from speechless animal to the articulation of man, and that was the attempt which Baalam witnessed in the beast that he rode; but an angel of the Lord, with drawn sword, soon stopped that long-eared evolutionist.

THE EVOLUTION OF THE HORSE.

But says some one, "if we cannot have God make a man let us have Him make a horse." "Oh, no!" says Huxley, in his great lectures in New York several years ago. No, he does not want any God around the premises. God did not make the horse. The horse came of the pliohip-

pus, and the pliohippus came from the protohippus, and the protohippus came from the mio-hippus, and the mio-hippus came from the meshohippus, and the meshohippus came from the orohippus, and so away back, all the living creatures, we trace it in a line until we get to the moneron, and no evidence of divine intermeddling with the creation until you get to the moneron and that, Huxley says, is of so low a form of life that the probability is it just made itself or was the result of spontaneous generation. What a narrow escape from the necessity of having a God.

As near as I can tell these evolutionists seem to think that God at the start had not made up His mind as to exactly what He would make, and having made up His mind partially, He has been changing it all through the ages. I believe that God made the world as He wanted to have it, and that the happiness of all the species will depend upon their staying in the species where they were created.

Once upon a time, there was in a natural amphitheatre of the forest

A CONVENTION OF ANIMALS,

and a gorilla from western Africa came in with his club and pounded "Order"! Then he sat down in a chair of twisted forest root. The delegation of birds came in and took their position in the galleries of the hills and the tree tops. And a delegation of reptiles came in, and they took their position in the pit of the valley. And the tiers of rocks were occupied by the delegation of intermediate animals, and there was a great aquarium and a canal leading into it through which came the monsters of the deep to join the great convention. And on one table of rock there were four or five primal germs under a glass case, and in a cup on another table of rock there was a quantity of protoplasm.

Then this gorilla of the African forest with his club pounded again: "order, order!" and then he cried out. "Oh, you great throng of beasts and birds and reptiles and insects, I have called you together to *propose that we move up* into the human race and be beasts no longer; too long already have we been hunted and caged and harnessed; we shall stand it no longer." At that speech the whole convention broke out in roars of enthusiasm like as though there were many menageries being fed by their keepers, and it did seem as if the whole convention would march right up and take possession of the earth and the human race.

But *an old lion* arose, his mane white with many years, and he uttered his voice, and when that old lion uttered his voice all the other beasts of the forest were still, and he said: "Peace, brothers and sisters of the forest. I think we have been placed in the spheres for which we were intended; I think our Creator knew the place that was good for us."

He could proceed no further, for the whole convention broke out in an uproar like the House of Commons when the Irish question comes up, or the American Congress the night of adjournment, and the reptiles hissed with indignation at the leonine Gambetta, and the frogs croaked their contempt, and the bears growled their contempt, and the panthers snarled their disgust, and the insects buzzed and buzzed with excitement, and though the gorilla of the African forest with his club pounded, "order, order!" there was no order; and there was a thrusting out of adderine sting, and a swinging of elephantine tusk, and a stroke of beak and a swing of claw until it seemed as if the convention would be massacred.

Just at that moment, at the door of this natural amphitheatre of the forest, the curtain of the leaves lifted, and the bolts and bars of the tree branches were shoved back, and there appeared Agassiz and Audubon, and Silliman, and Moses. And Agassiz cried out, "Oh, you beasts of the forests, I have studied your ancestral records and found you always have been beasts, you always will be beasts; be contented to be beasts."

And Audubon aimed his gun at a bald-headed eagle which dropped from the gallery, and as it dropped struck a serpent that was winding around one of the pillars to get up higher. And Silliman threw a rock of the tertiary formation at the mammals, and Moses thundered, "Every beast after its kind, every bird after its kind, every fish after its kind." And lo! *the parliament of wild beasts was prorogued* and went home to their constituents and the bat flew out into the night, and the lizard slunk under the rocks, and the gorilla went back to the jungle, and a hungry wolf passing out ate up the primal germs, and a clumsy buffalo upset the protoplasm, and the lion went to his lair, and the eagle went to his eyrie, and the whale went to his palace of crystal and coral, and there was peace—peace in the air, peace in the waters, peace in the fields. Man in his place; the beasts of the earth in their places.

EVOLUTION BRUTALIZING.

But, my friends, evolution is not only infidel and atheistic and absurd; it is *brutalizing in its tendencies*. If there is anything in the world that will make a man bestial in his habits it is the idea that he was descended from the beast. Why, according to the idea of these evolutionists, we are only a superior kind of cattle, a sort of alderney among other herds. To be sure, we browse on better pasture, and we have better stall and better accommodations, but then we are only Southdowns among the great flocks of sheep. Born of a beast, to die like a beast; for the evolutionists have no idea of a future world. They say the mind is only a superior part of the body. They say our thoughts are only molecular formation. They say when the body dies, the whole nature dies. The slab of the sepulchre is not a milestone on a journey upward, but a wall shutting us into eternal nothingness. We all die alike—the cow, the horse, the sheep, the man, the reptile. Annihilation is

THE HEAVEN OF THE EVOLUTIONIST.

From such a stenchful and damnable doctrine turn away. Compare that idea of your origin—an idea filled with the chatter of apes and the hiss of serpents and the croak of frogs—to an idea in one or two stanzas which I shall read to you from an old book of more than Demosthenic, or Homeric, or Dantesque power: "What is man, that thou art mindful of him? and the son of man, that thou visitest him? Thou hast made him a little lower than the angels, and hast crowned him with glory and honor. Thou madest him to have dominion over the works of thy hand; thou hast put all things under his feet. All sheep and oxen, yea, and the beasts of the field; the fowl of the air, and the fish of the sea, and whatsoever passeth through the paths of the seas. Oh Lord, our Lord, how excellent is Thy name in all the earth."

DESTINY ABOVE ORIGIN.

How do you like that origin? The lion the monarch of the field, the eagle the monarch of the air, behemoth the monarch of the deep, but man monarch of all. Ah! my friends, I have to say to you that I am not so anxious to know what was my origin as to know what will be my destiny. I do not care so much where I came from as where I am going to. I am not so interested in who was my ancestry ten million years ago as I am to know where I will be ten million years from now. I am not so much interested in the preface to my cradle as I am interested in the appendix to my grave. I do not care so much about protoplasm as I do about eternasm. The "was" is overwhelmed with the "to be." And here comes in

THE EVOLUTION I BELIEVE IN:

not natural evolution, but gracious and divine and heavenly evolution—evolution out of sin into holiness, out of grief into gladness, out of mortality into immortality, out of earth into heaven! That is the evolution I believe in.

Evolution from *evolvere* unrolling! Unrolling of attributes, unrolling of rewards, unrolling of experience, unrolling of angelic companionship, unrolling of divine glory, unrolling of providential obscurities, unrolling of doxologies, unrolling of rainbow to canopy the throne, unrolling of a new heaven and a new earth in which to dwell righteousness. Oh, the thought overwhelms me. I have not the physical endurance to consider it.

Monarchs on earth of all lower orders of creation, and then lifted to be hierarchs in Heaven. Masterpiece of God's wisdom and goodness, our humanity; masterpiece of divine grace, our enthronement. I put one foot on Darwin's "Origin of the Species," and I put the other foot on Spencer's "Biology," and then holding in one hand the book of Moses I see our Genesis, and holding in the other hand the book Revelation, I see our celestial arrival. For all wars I prescribe the Bethlehem chant of the angels. For all sepulchres I prescribe the archangel's trumpet. For all the earthly griefs I prescribe the hand that wipes away all tears from all eyes. Not an evolution from beast to man, but an *evolution from contestant to conqueror*, and from the struggle with wild beasts in the arena of the amphitheatre to a soft, high, blissful seat in the King's galleries.

A Converted Chinaman, named Chang Kum Sing, is about to return to China as a missionary. He was baptized from the Chinese class of the Trinity Baptist Sunday-school, of New York, over a year ago, and entered Dr. Samson's class in the Fifty-third Street Bible College, supporting himself as sexton of the Fifty-third Street church, in connection with Ah Gee, whom he led to Christ, and who has been studying in the same class. Chang Kum Sing gathered a large Chinese class in the Sunday-school, averaging fifteen during the last year. Feeling it his duty to go home as a missionary, he has been very faithful, patient and earnest in his preparation for this work, and won the hearts of all who knew him. The Chinese Bible Classes of the city have raised $150 to pay his expenses home.

Mr. Joseph Cook who has Returned from his tour around the world, lectured in Brooklyn on Saturday, before the Young Men's Christian Association. In reference to the Civil Service Reform question he said: "I rejoice in the passage of the Civil Service Reform bill by Congress; but we must remember that politicians are famous for contempt of court, and we must expect it to be opposed by all honest and dishonest methods. We once had a Civil Service Commission appointed, but, in spite of our high hopes, Congress starved it to death. It is high time for a note of alarm to be sounded. The Representatives at Washington did not care to declare themselves opposed to the will of the people, but I do not believe they were converted. In Washington the most pertinent question considered is: 'Am I likely to be re-elected?' There will yet be huge opposition, and the people must continue to thunder forth their injunction that the good work must proceed, for since the resumption of specie payments no more auspicious event has happened than the passage of this bill."

A Spoiled Dress and a Husband Won are Incidents in the history of a Philadelphia family, recently published. A lady and gentleman, both young, met for the first time at a dinner party in the Quaker city. The lady was attired in excellent taste, wearing a delicately-tinted dress beautifully made. It was not the dress, however, that won the gentleman's admiration, though it was indirectly the cause of their union. At the very commencement of the dinner a waiter upset the contents of a plate of soup into the lady's lap. The waiter was overwhelmed with sorrow, and expected that a scene would have followed which would have cost him his place. The lady, too, was obviously vexed, for the silk could not be matched; but she did not scream, nor cry, nor abuse the waiter, but made a witty remark and quietly resumed her dinner, postponing the tears of regret until she was alone. The gentleman saw the incident and concluded that a lady who could control herself in circumstances so trying to the female mind, must be a remarkable woman. Further acquaintance confirmed the opinion, and they were ultimately married, and were very happy. It was not until many years afterward that the lady learned that it was in losing her dress she won her husband. Then she counted her dress well lost. If Christians who in a grave trouble maintain their equanimity but dishonor their Master by their petulance and hasty words in the smaller trials of life, would but remember the assurance of the apostle, they too might be undisturbed by the smaller as by the graver accidents of life (Rom. 8: 28).

ANECDOTES RELATED AT MOODY AND SANKEY'S MEETINGS IN SCOTLAND.

A Heavy Load Taken Off.—At a Meeting in the Queen's Rooms for deepening spiritual life, Mr. Bowker said: "For a long time after my conversion I feared that if I left myself entirely to Christ, He would try me with more than I could bear. I shrank with dread from committing myself to God. I know better now, and will tell you a little incident which happened to me lately. I cannot keep it to myself. A few weeks ago a letter came to me which contained information of a certain thing, which if it came to pass would crush me. I tell you this to show that the more you trust the more you are tried. I laid the letter before the Lord. It was only an overruling Providence that could save me. I then went to my usual avocations. I attended several committee meetings and addressed a meeting of constables, and went through it all with such calmness that no one could judge what a burden really lay upon my heart. That night I was compelled to cry to the Lord that the burden must be removed, for I could not bear it. That night passed in the quietness of faith, and next morning the postman brought a letter which told me that the burden was removed."

A Chalk Mark on His Back.—The same speaker related that "A young Christian was much annoyed by his shopmates because of his zeal for Christ. One day, during the dinner-hour, they threw him on the floor, and with a bit of chalk wrote 'Ranter' on his back. In the evening he told a doleful story of his persecutions to an aged Christian, who said, 'Never mind, brother, what they write on your back; Christ has written His own dear name of love on your heart. Count it an honor to suffer for His sake.'"

A Deliverer's Tombstone.—Mr. Maughan said: "I remember well when I was out some years ago in India, I stood before the tomb of a man who had saved a vast empire for his country. The gorgeous though fleeting sunset covered the cemetery in which I stood with a beauty never seen in this country The tomb was that of Sir Henry Havelock, who saved Lucknow, and by it all India to Great Britain. One would say if any one could rest on his own merits it was this man, but when I read the inscription it said he was 'resting on the merits of a crucified Saviour.'"

Knocked Down Again by the Drink.—Mr. Jack said: "On Saturday night I was in Grennock, where the work commenced by Mr. Scroggie is still successfully going on. I was conversing with a young man there, whose case, I am afraid, is typical of thousands among us. No sooner had he made a profession of trust in a crucified Christ for salvation, and was apparently free, than the drink had him down again, and filled him with a sense of helpless, hopeless misery. I believe that he is now enabled fully and without reserve to cast himself *and* his sin on Jesus. Let us pray that he may be kept firm in the faith!"

A Popular Vocalist Saved.—"Another most deplorable instance of the fascinating power and damning curse of drink came under my notice. The victim in this case was also a young man whose marked ability as a solo singer made him popular and in great request, and so he was peculiarly liable to great and ofttimes victorious temptations. The look upon his face went straight to my heart. His confession was pitiable in the extreme. He thought nothing could save him; but, thanks be to God, he was led to accept Jesus Christ as his Saviour, and to-day he is full of a holy peace which no speech can define."

How the Debt was Paid.—Mr. J. C. White said: "One night not long ago I was speaking to a man at the Christian Institute about his soul's salvation, and telling him that he was to accept Christ's offer, and he said to me, 'How am I to accept the offer?' I took out my pencil and a bit of paper; I said to him, 'What is your name?' He told me. I said, 'Supposing you were owing somebody a hundred pounds, and you got a message that unless it was paid by to-morrow morning, you would be apprehended, and I wrote down this, "If you will tell me of the money you are owing, I undertake to pay it for you." Now what would you say? Mind, you cannot pay the debt yourself.' I left him to think of the answer he would give, and when I returned he dictated to me this, and I wrote it down, 'Dear Sir: I have received your kind offer, I thankfully accept it, and I shall look to you to pay the debt as you offer.' He said, 'Will that settle the matter?' and by way of reply I took him to Isaiah 45: 22, 'Look unto me and be ye saved, all the ends of the earth; for I am God and there is none else.' The Saviour has come down to pay your debt. You look to Him, and then the responsibility is His."

Snowed Up but Happy.—Mr. Jack said: "I spent about a fortnight lately with a minister of Christ in Dumfriesshire. He took me to see an aged believer, whose wife had lately gone to heaven, and he was left on earth a lonely old man. The minister told me that one very stormy day he visited him, and found that the snow had blocked up the window and door. Kicking away the snow from the door, he entered and saw his friend sitting before the fire-place reading the Bible by candle-light. Notwithstanding the intense cold, he had allowed the fire to go out, being so engrossed with reading God's Word—but his face was fairly beaming with the more than seraphic joy which filled his heart, and gave him a foretaste of glory."

A Train in the Tunnel.—Mr. Marsh said: "I shall never forget a simple illustration which a little child once gave me of trusting faith. A train dashed into a tunnel with a warning whistle. The whistle and darkness startled a child in his mother's arms, and caused him to scream with fear; but directly the mother's voice was heard, and he felt the soothing hand upon his face, all fear vanished. Yet the child knew not why the train went through the darkness, but immediately the parent's voice reached him, he trusted. When we go through any dark or laborious way, let us also trust our Father in heaven, and nothing will harm us. 'The darkness and the light, O Lord! are both alike to Thee.'"

"A Thousand a Year!"—"When I was at Eyemouth, last April, an evangelist was speaking to a man who said in reply, 'I don't think I am a great sinner.' 'What! How many sins do you commit daily?' 'I don't know.' 'Say you only commit three sins of thought, word, or deed; that makes at least *one thousand a year!* How old are you?' 'A little over forty.' 'Then, that is over forty thousand sins you have to account for; yet you are not a very great sinner! Why, man, one single sin is enough to sink you to hell! Christ is our only hope.' It is to be hoped the misguided man's understanding was enlightened by the Holy Spirit, and that by this time he knows, not only that he is a great sinner, but that Christ is a great and Almighty Saviour."

Four Paisley Weavers Saved.—Mr. Dunn said: "We have been hearing to-day that God is able to convert Chinese, Japanese, Indians, and Jews. Now I have to tell you that He is even able to convert Paisley weavers. We have had glorious work in Paisley lately. I was called in to see a girl who was dying. When I entered the room it was evident that the Spirit of the Lord was there. The girl was most happy. I asked, 'Where were you converted?' 'In the big tent on Glasgow Green, four years ago,' she said. I then asked the sister the same question, and got the same reply; and the father and mother said the same thing in answer to my inquiry. This family of weavers have all accepted Christ. They were brought in at the same time and place."

A Consumptive's Dream.—The Same Speaker also said: "A young lady was dying of galloping consumption, who had lived for the world and herself. A servant of God had previously warned her that shortly it might be too late for repentance. Gradually she became oppressively conscious of the fact that she was to die very soon, and that she needed a Saviour. Although the devil had often suggested to her the fatal thought, 'There's plenty of time,' he now said, 'It's too late.' One day the minister called, but for some time no one came to the door. After repeatedly knocking, the young lady herself at last opened the door, and said, 'I must apologize for not opening the door sooner, but I had fallen asleep, and dreamed that I was in heaven, where on every side I saw angels, and I heard them singing, but could not learn the words or the tune. When I was asked, "Why don't you sing?" my answer was always the same, "I don't know the words or the tune."' At last I came to a place where I saw the face of Jesus, and soon He asked me, "Why don't you sing?" "I don't know the words or the tune," I answered. Then I thought that the door of heaven opened, and *I found myself in hell!*' As she said the last word she dropped down dead at the minister's feet. This happened only twelve months ago in Warwickshire, and the minister himself told me of it."

Sticking to the Wreck.—Mr. Marsh related that "There was a shipwreck on the coast of Cornwall. The lifeboat got all the crew off the wreck but one man, who had a large treasure on board. In reply to the entreaties of the boatmen and his shipmates, he said: 'She'll weather it yet.' Time was passing, and the lifeboat itself was in great danger, but a final appeal was made to him to escape for his life. In a rage he exclaimed, 'I'll stick to the ship, though I go to hell!' The rescuers sorrowfully left him. Shortly afterward the ship went to pieces and the man was lost. There are hundreds who, like this man, say daily, 'I'll not become a Christian; I'll chance it,' and so on, till they are wrecked on the breakers of death, and then drop into a hell of endless torment."

ENGLAND'S MISSION IN EGYPT.

By Rev. M. Baxter.

God's Use of Nations—Means for the Accomplishment of His Purposes—England's Mission—I. Viewed Nationally—Egypt's Geographical Position—The Railway from Alexandria to Suez—English Capital—The Suez Canal Undertaking—Money and Diplomacy—Nominal Support of France—Recent Action of the National Party—II. Religiously: Mahommedanism—A Dark Outlook for the Followers of Mahomet—III. Prophetically: The Ten-Kingdomed Confederacy in Course of Formation—Egypt's Position in the Near Future—The Attitude of Russia in Reference to the East—England as the Divine Rod—Egypt, Assyria, and Israel.

GOD, in His infinite wisdom, makes use of nations as well as individuals for the accomplishment of His purposes. The motives that influence the "powers that be" in their various movements, though not directly of God, are made subservient to the working out of the great problems of His Divine Government. He who can tell "the number of the stars," who can call them "by their names," and cause them to move in their appointed spheres and orbits, takes a lively interest in the affairs of our favored planet. Though to Him the nations are but as a "drop of a bucket," yet He sets up kings and kingdoms, and destroys them at His pleasure; and makes them a blessing or a scourge to each other. He maketh "the wrath of man to praise Him, and the remainder of wrath He restrains."

In these remarks on England's Mission in Egypt, we shall divide them in the following manner—viz., *nationally*, *religiously*, and *prophetically*. We hope to be able to show under each of the above headings that the hand of God can be traced in what has taken place in Egypt of late years, as well as in what is transpiring at the present time. The child of God can see a Father's hand in war as well as in peace; in adversity as well as in prosperity; and in affliction as well as in health. Under this impression we will proceed to notice briefly England's mission in Egypt—

NATIONALLY.

This may be said to have commenced at the beginning of the present century, when England frustrated the designs of Napoleon Bonaparte in Egypt. He had succeeded in overturning the Mameluke Dynasty, and when he had done this his work was accomplished. The mission of France was to destroy, that of England is to reconstruct. The former work is easy compared with the latter, and England has her share of both to perform before the internal affairs of Egypt can be placed upon a satisfactory footing. Her pecuniary interest in the land of the Pharaohs is, how-

ever, so great, that she is bound to undertake the difficult and delicate task.

EGYPT'S GEOGRAPHICAL POSITION.

At this stage it may be as well to glance at *the causes* which have led England, France, and other powers to take such a lively interest in Egypt and its affairs. The *primary cause* is the geographical position it occupies as the great highway to the East; and to facilitate traffic a railway was planned many years ago from Alexandria to Suez. The Egyptians were not slow in making the discovery that this mode of transit was vastly superior to the "ship of the desert" which they have been familiar with for so many centuries. Though they might admire the new mode of conveyance, they were aware that it was an expensive luxury, and they were not favored with an overflowing treasury. To enable them to adopt to some extent Western ideas of progress, English capitalists advanced them large sums of money on loan, secured by bonds, for the construction of railways and other public works. These loans were not unmixed boons to the Egyptians, as they necessitated the keeping of public accounts and the payment of interest when due.

During the expenditure of the loans there was of course a season of prosperity, and many of the nobles or notables came in for a share of the spoil, which enabled them to live in ease and luxury; but it was not to gratify their native proclivities the money was advanced. English capitalists, finding that the Egyptians did not or could not keep satisfactory accounts, sought the intervention of their own government; and England being desirous of increasing her prestige and extending her influence in Egypt, sent out commissioners to see how matters really stood, and rectify abuses. Meanwhile, the Sultan looked on with an envious and jealous eye at the increasing influence of England and France in Egypt, and the tendency manifested by the Khédive now and again to set his suzerainty at defiance. As both the countries named were his allies, however, he could not afford, with the Northern Bear at his back, to give unnecessary offence to either of them.

THE SUEZ CANAL UNDERTAKING.

We must next notice the Suez Canal, which though in the first instance designed and carried to a successful issue by an eminent French engineer (M. de Lesseps), was destined to give England a far greater interest in Egypt than she had previously obtained. The canal was the means of opening up greater facilities for England to extend her commercial operations in India, China, and Australia; and she was not slow to avail herself of them. Money and diplomacy conjoined can do great things; and when the late Earl Beaconsfield saw a favorable opportunity, he surprised the nations by securing nearly one half the shares in the new canal. This bold step gave England a preponderating interest in the great highway to the East, and the immense advantage it was to her was seen in a large number of her steamers passing to and fro. Her newly-acquired pecuniary stake in the canal itself, and the necessity that had arisen for protecting it within and without, led her to exercise great watchfulness over the ruling Powers in Egypt; and with the *nominal* support of France, she became somewhat more than a bondholder and shareholder.

With the express understanding that she was not seeking an acquisition of territory, England set her foot on Egyptian soil for the purpose of upholding the Khédive, who had been virtually set aside by Arabi Bey, the leader of the national party. In the crisis that had arisen she felt that she could not occupy a neutral position or the attitude of a mere onlooker. To countenance the pretensions of Arabi Bey would presumably give offence to the Sultan, and at the same time sanction an open act of rebellion; she therefore decided to uphold the Khédive as the representative of properly-constituted authority. In pursuing this straightforward course she was no match for the unprincipled persons in power with whom she had to deal; still she felt she had a duty to perform, and would do it.

When the crisis came, her consort France deserted her, for obvious reasons. Germany was coquetting with the Sultan, and this was sufficient to lead France to stand aloof, as the latter Power is well aware of the work prepared for her sooner or later with her next-door neighbor. Besides, France is a military and not a regenerating power; and Egypt is to be raised to some extent commercially, socially, and religiously. England is the only Power that is likely to exercise any influence in the last-named direction, and therefore we shall now briefly glance at England's mission in Egypt—

RELIGIOUSLY.

The commission given by the Lord Jesus Christ to His ambassadors is of world-wide extent, as He said, "Go ye into all the world, and preach the Gospel to every creature." "He that believeth and is baptized shall be saved; but he that believeth not shall be damned." During the present century missionary zeal has carried the glad tidings of salvation into the greater part of the habitable world; and the teeming millions of India, China, Japan, and other countries have heard that there is a Saviour who can save them from their sins. Popery and Mahommedanism have been great barriers to the introduction of Christianity; but they are both destined to be removed to the extent of allowing a free Gospel to be preached before they finally embrace the great anti-Christian system that is looming up in the not far-distant future.

A few zealous and devoted missionaries have been laboring in Egypt under peculiar difficulties and disadvantages; and the results hitherto have not been very encouraging. The Crescent has so far maintained its ascendency over the Cross; and with the strong prejudices of the followers of Mahomet very little progress has been made with the adult portion of the population; but by means of schools some of the rising generation have been taught the religion of Jesus. During the recent outbreak in Alexandria and other places in Egypt, it is to be feared that some of those engaged in missionary work were massacred; and though it is sad to think that valuable lives have been thus sacrificed to Moslem fanaticism, there is little doubt the loss will result in ultimate gain to European laborers in the Gospel and to the Egyptians themselves.

Before England withdraws her troops from Egypt, she will doubtless demand such reforms in the country as will afford security to European residents for the future; and with such a guarantee, missionary work will be carried on securely, if not successfully. It is not to be supposed that any great number of Mahommedans will become Christians, as it is not at all suitable soil for the growth of Christianity; but it appears to be God's purpose that all nations, however dark, shall be blessed with the light of the Gospel before the night of almost universal formality and infidelity sets in. When men as a general rule see through the errors of popery, and give it up in disgust, they too frequently abandon themselves to infidelity.

This is notably the case with Italy, the cradle in which the system was nursed, and in which it flourished for several centuries. A Roman Catholic writer asserts that the Italians are now "a nation of infidels;" and, if so, it may well be asked, "Who made them such?" Under whose teaching have they been for such a long period? If their Christianity, such as it was, depended for its maintenance on the temporal power of the pope, it certainly had not much vitality or spirituality inherently; and there can be no doubt that it is far more earthly than heavenly. As it has been with popery, so in all probability it will be with Mahommedanism. When the Moslems discover that their supposed only "true prophet" is really a false one, they will be disgusted with the deception that has been practised upon them, and will readily fall into the great gulf of infidelity.

We shall now venture upon a few suggestions relative to England's mission in Egypt

PROPHETICALLY.

The Antichrist or the "Beast" of Daniel and Revelation is to reign over ten kingdoms, occupying territory at one time under the rule of Rome, the fourth great empire. Seven of these kingdoms—namely, Britain, France, Spain, Italy, Austria, Turkey, and Greece—have partially assumed their political position, and are endeavoring to gain possession of the territory that geographically belongs to them. Greece is a remarkable instance of the correctness of this hypothesis; and other examples could be given, if necessary, but here they would be out of place. Within the last few years a movement has been made by England, France, and America along the southern shores of the Mediterranean, which has had the effect of disturbing the stand-still condition of the countries occupying territory in those parts. France has been at work in Algeria, Tunis, and the lower end; England and France in Egypt, and England and America in Syria. Out of the countries at present agitated by Western civilization and progress, the formation of three kingdoms may be expected, which will be ready at the appointed time to place themselves, with seven other kingdoms, under the headship of Satan's king.

EGYPT'S POSITION IN THE NEAR FUTURE.

Egypt may be expected to become one of the three kingdoms at present in embryo; and if so she must governmentally be separated from Turkey. The relationship between the Porte and the Pasha (or the Khédive, as the chief ruler of Egypt is now termed) has never been of a very cordial character, and the national movement that has recently developed itself clearly shows that the suzerainty of the Sultan is little more than nominal. England, with her usual respect for properly-constituted authority, has determined to uphold the Khédive—in fact, she could not do otherwise without risking a war with Turkey. Before the affairs of Egypt are placed on anything like a satisfactory footing, however, the independence of Egypt will have to be recognized by England, if not actually established by her.

As an independent Power, England will be in a better position to exercise her influence in Egypt than when she has to take Turkey into the account; and then Russia or any European Power will not be able to make a catspaw of the Sultan. For two or three cogent reasons, Russia is jealous of the stand taken by England in the affairs of Egypt, as it is calculated to checkmate her long-cherished designs in the East. India is generally supposed to be the coveted prize, but she would rather possess Syria or Palestine than the country indicated. Nothing less than the Holy Sepulchre will satisfy her, and this she is not likely to get or to keep. England's mission in Egypt, and probably in Syria, will be to keep back Russia from gaining possession of the land of Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob. To England will probably be accorded the honor of assisting God's ancient people to return to their own land.

ENGLAND AS THE DIVINE ROD.

There is a remarkable prophecy with reference to Egypt in Isaiah 19: 22, where it is said, "And the Lord shall smite Egypt; He shall smite and heal it; and they shall return even to the Lord, and He shall be intreated of them, and shall heal them." The Lord is now using England as His rod, as He did the Assyrians of old; and after she has been smitten, the same Power that smote her may be made the instrument to heal her *nationally*, and give her strength to stand upon her feet. In verse 20 of this chapter it is said that God will send Egypt "a saviour, and a great one, and he shall deliver them."

After their final deliverance, it appears that the Egyptians shall be honored, with the Assyrians, as the immediate neighbors of Israel, with peculiar privileges and blessings. When this happy period arrives Israel will be the most favored nation under heaven; and those two countries—Egypt and Assyria—in which the Israelites were kept so long in bondage and were taken into captivity, shall forget the part they took in the past, and dwell as peaceful neighbors. In verse 24 it is said, "In that day Israel shall be the third with Egypt and with Assyria, even a blessing in the midst of the land: whom the Lord of Hosts shall bless, saying, Blessed be Egypt, My people, and Assyria the work of My hands, and Israel Mine inheritance." Blessed indeed is "the nation whose God is the Lord, and the people whom He hath chosen for His own inheritance."

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CURRENT EVENTS.

An Effort is Being Made in the House to prevent the possibility of a repetition of the Star Route frauds. The House Committee on Post Offices and Post Roads proposes a change in the methods of paying for expedition on star routes. The bill provides that existing laws, governing the pay for expedition or faster service between terminal points, shall be repealed, and that hereafter, when it becomes necessary to increase the speed on any route, *the route shall be re-advertised*, so that new bids may be submitted by any person for the changed service. The existing law provides that no extra allowance shall be made for any increase of expedition in carrying the mail, unless thereby the employment of additional stock and carriers is made necessary, and then only in proportion to the extra force employed.

The Tariff Question was Under Consideration on January 19th at a caucus of Republican members of the House. The Washington despatches state that, while there was perfect harmony in the caucus and a generally expressed desire to pass the bill, and so effect a revision of the tariff, several members expressed their intention to amend it, and there was an evident disposition to have it understood that there would be demands for modifications from Republicans when the bill gets under way. The estimates given in explanation of the effect of the bill put the total reduction of revenues from customs receipts at $25,000,000; the reduction on sugar alone at $12,000,000, and the reduction on wool at $2,000,000. The estimated specific reduction is put at an average of 12 per cent. It becomes increasingly clear that on the manner in which this question is dealt with and that of civil service reform hangs the fate of parties.

The Senate Passed the Bill Providing for the reduction of letter postage from three to two cents on Saturday morning. The amendment of the committee changing the date when the reduction should go into effect from January 1st, 1884, as proposed by the House, to July 1st, 1883, was also agreed to. The most conspicuous opponent of the measure was Senator Sherman, who thought the time was not ripe for it. The impression prevailed, however, that considerable progress had been made in that direction since the detection of the Star Route frauds, which were in full swing when Mr. Sherman was in the Cabinet. Senator Edmunds, during the discussion, raised the question of including the telegraphs in the Post Office system as is done in England. He expressed his conviction that "what the United States needed now more than anything else was the construction of the postal telegraph at first between the great cities and intermediate points, and extended gradually until every post-office in the country should have, or be within immediate reach of, a postal telegraph. This ought to be done, and it would be done within a very few years, and he hoped to move in the matter at the next session of Congress, if no one else did sooner."

Mr. Robeson has had to Endure a Fresh humiliation during the past week. The Appropriations Committee of the House decided to reduce the item for monitors to $450,000 with the proviso that the money shall be expended only for machinery for one monitor, and for that one the cost of the machinery for which will not exceed the amount appropriated. All the old monitor contracts made by Secretary Robeson are *virtually repudiated*, and the Secretary of the Navy is directed to take possession of the unfinished iron-clads and place them in the navy yards. He is also to ascertain and report to Congress what amount is equitably due the contractors, in whose shipyards the vessels have been stored and cared for during the last six years, for which period work upon them has been suspended. The contracts for machinery for the one monitor are to be made by the Secretary of the Navy, upon the recommendation of the Naval Advisory Board. The ex-secretary may wisely ponder on this decision in the retirement to which he is relegated, and from which it may be hoped he will not soon emerge.

The Senatorial Elections, so Far as they have been effected, give general satisfaction through the country. Ex-Governor Colquitt's election, in Georgia, is a tribute to that gentleman's character and abilities which is endorsed by all who know him. Mr. Beck is re-elected in Kentucky, and will commence in March his fifteenth year of service at Washington, including the eight years in which he sat in the House. Mr. Lamar from Mississippi, Mr. Morgan from Alabama, Mr. Garland from Arkansas, and Mr. Butler from South Carolina, are all men whose election for six years is hailed with pleasure by Republicans as well as Democrats. On the other side, Mr. Hoar has been re-elected after a stubborn fight in Massachusetts, Mr. Frye, of Maine, and Mr. Antony, of Rhode Island, have also been re-elected. Mr. Windom's seat in Minnesota, and Mr. Ferry's in Michigan, at the close of last week still hung in the balance. Present indications are that the Senate will be composed of 38 Republicans, 36 Democrats, and the two Virginia Senators, Messrs. Mahone and Riddleberger.

At the Great Temperance Convention held at Topeka, Kansas, on January 9th and 10th, there was abundant evidence that the friends of temperance had not been dispirited by their recent defeat. Ex-Governor St. John, who presided, said in opening the proceedings: "My friends, I am very glad to find so many representatives of the various parts of the State present, as we see here to-night. It seems to me that it furnishes a refutation of the oft-repeated statement that the temperance movement in Kansas is a mere tidal wave that has come and gone never to be seen again. Thank God, the temperance men and women are actuated by principle, and from it they will never be moved. These reverses that we have met with only teach us to be ever vigilant. I have faith in God, and in His own time He will free every household in this Union from the accursed slavery of rum." As Governor St. John purposes devoting some time to a general temperance campaign in other states, he has resigned the Presidency of the Kansas society. The following resolution on the subject was unanimously passed by the convention: "*Whereas*, Governor John P. St. John has been for six years President of the Kansas State Temperance Union, and now to our regret and at his own earnest request, retires from that position to enter upon a wider field, therefore: *Resolved*, That our hearts go with him wherever he may go to plead our cause, and while we regret that necessity which takes him from us as our President, we believe that the cause of temperance throughout the United States, needs the services of our gallant leader, and we consent for this reason only to his retirement from the chief office of our organization."

The Prohibitory Amendment in Iowa has been declared invalid by the Supreme Court. The judgment was pronounced in a case heard on appeal from the lower court. The plaintiffs, a firm of brewers, sued for the amount of a bill due them for beer, to which the defendant pleaded that the sale of beer being illegal under the amendment, he was entitled to exemption from the debt. In reply it was contended that the amendment was not in force, the record of the House of the Eighteenth Assembly failing to show that it had passed, and that the House measure differed from the amendment as passed by the Senate; further, that subsequent action in the Nineteenth Assembly did not and could not correct the carelessness of the Eighteenth Assembly. The lower court gave a verdict for the plaintiff for the amount claimed, and declared the amendment not in operation. The Supreme Court on January 18th confirmed the decision.

The Final List of Fatalities in the Hotel fire at Milwaukee now gives the total as 75. Of 177 people, said to be in the hotel at the time of the fire, 176 are accounted for, as follows: Identified, 28; non-identified, 46; saved, 102. There is still one person missing, making the total loss of life 75. George Scheller, proprietor of the bar in the hotel, was arrested on Tuesday, January 16th, on a warrant charging him with having set the fire which destroyed the Newhall House. The prisoner was immediately transferred to the county jail. It is reported that Scheller was arrested principally on the statement of two employés, who claim that they saw Scheller in the wood room, where the fire originated, and that he was there after three o'clock in the morning. The district-attorney refused to let any one see Scheller, as he was afraid an attempt would be made to lynch him. Evidence is said to be in existence that he removed a large part of his stock from the burned building shortly before the fire.

A Disastrous Railroad Accident in California is added to the list of horrors, which have marked the early days of the year. On Saturday last about one o'clock in the morning the overland express on the Southern Pacific, which started from San Francisco at 9.20 on Friday, stopped near Tehichipa Station to leave an extra engine, which was taken on at Sumner to assist in pulling the train up the Tehichipa grade. While making the change, the train, by some means yet unknown, got away and started back northward down a grade of 120 feet to the mile. It consisted of two engines, express, mail and baggage cars, two sleeping cars, one coach and a smoking car. *It went down the grade at a frightful speed* for about four miles, when the last sleeping car jumped the track and went over an embankment fifteen feet high, carrying with it the other sleeping car and the mail, baggage and express cars, which were piled in a shattered heap, took fire and were consumed. It is certain that eighteen passengers and two sleeping-car porters lost their lives, and that ten or twelve persons were badly injured. Seventeen bodies were recovered from the wreck, many of which were burned beyond recognition. One of them is believed to be that of Mrs. Downey, wife of ex-Governor Downey.

The John C. Green Fund Controlled by the American Sunday-School Union is still producing fruit. The managers report that beside supporting four missionaries it has covered the expenses of the following enterprises: 370 new schools organized with 1686 teachers and 14,403 scholars; 430 schools visited and aided, having over 13,500 members; 2624 Bibles and Testaments distributed; 671 sermons delivered; 992 conversions; and 32 churches organized out of these schools.

A Crash on the Rails at East Syracuse on January 19th, in which, providentially, no lives were lost, teaches a lesson to the railroad companies and others. It appears that a freight train stood on the main track of the New York Central, waiting to run into a yard. The switch tender, *being asleep*, failed to set any signal to indicate that the track was encumbered. Then the Cincinnati express train came along at forty miles an hour, and, of course, plunged into the freight train. The two brakemen were injured, but not fatally. The passengers were unhurt. When it is remembered how many hours the employés of the companies are required to reman on duty, the fact that one has fallen asleep at his post occasions but little surprise. The man in this case narrowly escaped responsibility for a wholesale slaughter, and the company a heavy expenditure for compensation. There are many indications in the religious world, just now, that we are near a metaphorical switch at which thousands of people, especially young people, are likely to be involved in ruin through the negligence of the teachers they have trusted. It becomes Christian ministers—the watchmen of the Lord—to be especially on the alert lest the eternal future of their charge be wrecked for lack of warning (Ezek. 33 : 1–9)

A Parrot's Performances Interfered with the usefulness of the telephone in an Indianapolis household, recently. The *Times* of that city says that Mr. Kregelo, a business man there, has a telephone which is in pretty frequent use. He has also a parrot which, being an unusually smart bird and good talker, has picked up the telephone language. Whenever there is a call the parrot immediately begins at the top of his voice, "Hello, hello! Yes, this is Kregelo's; what do you want? This is Kregelo's; hello, hello, hello!" The other day some lady friend of Mrs. Kregelo's called her up on a personal matter. As soon as the bell rang the parrot commenced as usual: "Yes, this is Kregelo's; hello, hello, hello," etc. The lady, supposing that she was in conversation with Mrs. Kregelo, stated her request, but the bird's stock of language was exhausted, and it kept screaming, "This is Kregelo's! this is Kregelo's! what do you want? Hello, hello!" The lady could hardly get in a word, and the bird was evidently elated at leading in the conversation, and it had to be removed before business could be done. There is a class of people who are very much like the parrot. They pick up a few stock phrases which they use for the purposes of honor or gain to convey the impression that the are godly people, when, in reality, they have never experienced regeneration. Their exposure and punishment is certain, though it may not come in this world (Ezek. 33 : 31).

A Desperate Encounter with a Bear is Described in the Watertown *Times* of January 15th. A farmer named Walton, who lives in Hamilton County, was in the wood loading his sled with bark, when his horses became uneasy, and looking around to ascertain the cause, he saw a huge black bear approaching. On seeing the farmer the bear stopped and rose on his haunches. Walton stepped to the rear of his load and grasped his gun. Hastily slipping in a cartridge he took deliberate aim at the breast of the bear and fired. The ball took effect, but not as the marksman intended. Bruin was wounded, but not seriously. The bullet struck him squarely on the nose and plowed a furrow to the back of his head. The animal, enraged with pain, dropped down upon all fours and made for his assailant. Walton dodged around his load and succeeded in firing all the five cartridges he had with him, hitting, but not killing the brute. As a last resort Walton threw down his rifle, and seizing his axe, aimed a vigorous blow at Bruin, who was now at close quarters and had raised upon his hind feet preparatory to embracing him. The bear was too quick for him, however. One cuff from his huge paw and the axe was sent whirling into the bushes, several rods distant. The farmer now thought his days were numbered. After a brief struggle everything seemed to grow dark and he became unconscious. When he opened his eyes again his enemy lay dead by his side. It seemed that the bear had expired from the effect of his wounds just as the farmer became unconscious. This combat recalls the fight of Christian and Appolyon in Bunyan's immortal allegory. It is often with the Christian as with the farmer in his fight, that deliverance comes in the moment when all is given up for lost (Micah 7 : 8).

Wrecked through Imperfect Charts was the fate of two vessels, the crews of which arrived in New York last week. The wrecked crews belonged respectively to the German bark Amelia and the Norwegian bark Dacapo, both of which vessels were wrecked in the West Indies. The Amelia was bound from Rio Janeiro for Cayes Avalo, which is on the southern coast of Cuba, near Cienfuegos. Captain Klindtworth claims that the chart was imperfect, for on September 29th, during fine weather, the bark struck on a reef about nine miles from the coast. There was no reef within twelve miles from this point, according to the chart. Captain A. Olsen, of the Dacapo, says that he was bound from Europe for St. Thomas. On December 10th, during fine weather, the bark struck on a group of rocks near an island, which lies about six miles from the harbor of St. Thomas. Captain Olsen claims that his chart was imperfect, for these rocks were not marked on it. Those who make the word of God *their chart of life* will have no cause to raise such a complaint. There can be no wreck then (Prov. 3 : 1).

Shooting an Uninvited Visitor is an Extreme method of intimating to him that he is unwelcome, but that course was adopted at a house on the outskirts of Cleveland, O., on January 14th. A despatch from that city to the New York press states that a Polish family was holding a reception to celebrate the christening of a child. Among the persons present an American citizen was noticed, and on inquiry being made, it was found that no one had given him an invitation. The American was, in fact, an intruder. The family holding the reception did not practise temperance, and in the course of the evening's festivity, stimulants had been dispensed freely. The young American's presence, therefore, was resented with a vigor in part originating in the liquor consumed. Possibly a courteous request to withdraw might have been complied with, but the manner in which the young man was ordered away provoked him to resist, upon which one of the party drew his revolver and shot the unbidden guest, wounding him fatally. The incident reminds us of that parable in which our Saviour pictured the doom of those who, trusting in their own righteousness, insult the King and His Son (Matt. 22 : 11–13).

Danger in Popular Ornaments is the Subject of a warning published in a scientific journal. Celluloid is now made up into so many forms at low prices that it is extensively worn. The dangers to which those who wear it are exposed, it appears, are numerous. The journal says: The explosion of a celluloid comb, by which a baby was severely burned in Abington, Mass., is only an example of the dangerous nature of this substance, which, after the usual fashion, we are learning by experience. It is composed of such material as to readily ignite and explode, owing to its imprisoned and explosive gases by *contact with fire*, and a series of accidents has commenced from ignorance of this fact rather than from carelessness. There should be a warning of the dangerous properties of the substance, without requiring that the knowledge should be obtained by the accidents of the blowing off of bracelets, beads, and such like personal ornaments at the touch of a match or gas jet." After this warning, probably, there will be greater care exercised by those who wear the explosive material, which appears to be harmless enough except when exposed to heat. This characteristic is analogous to certain spiritual states. The Church has often had cause to lament the fall of prominent members, whose character was supposed to be without reproach. The fire of temptation has come suddenly in the shape of intoxicating liquor, a pack of cards, dishonest gain, or in some other way, and virtue that had resisted all other temptations falls before that with which there was an inner ally. Watchfulness is ever necessary until the time when Jesus enables His followers to say, as He did "The prince of this world hath nothing in me" (John 14 : 30).

THE STAR.

A New Sermon by Pastor C. H. Spurgeon. Preached December 24th, 1882.

"When they had heard the king, they departed; and, lo, the star, which they saw in the East, went before them, till it came and stood over where the young child was. When they saw the star, they rejoiced with exceeding great joy."—MATTHEW II : 1, 2, 9, 10.

The Plenipotentiary of the Planets — Come to Jesus—I. Gather Light from the Star—What the Star Was—God Can Conduct Souls to Jesus by a Star—Star Preaching—All About Christ—All Lead to Him—Stops at Jesus — II. Gather Wisdom from the Wise Men—They Used the Star — Opera Glasses at the Tabernacle — They Persevered—Rejoiced Over the Re-appearance of the Star—They Entered In—They Worship — III. Act as Wise Men — Trade Questions—The Best Pursuit—Eyes that See —Not Empty Handed Adoration.

SEE, dear friends, the glory of our Lord Jesus Christ even in His state of humiliation! He is born of lowly parents, laid in a manger, and wrapped in swaddling bands; but, lo! the principalities and powers in the heavenly places are in commotion. First, one angel descends to proclaim the advent of the new-born King, and suddenly there is with Him a multitude of the heavenly host singing glory unto God. Nor was the commotion confined to the spirits above; for in the heavens which overhang this earth there is a stir.

A STAR IS DEPUTED

on behalf of all the stars, as if He were the envoy and plenipotentiary of all worlds to represent them before their King. This star is put in commission to wait upon the Lord, to be His herald to men afar off, His usher to conduct them to His presence, and His body-guard to sentinel His cradle.

Earth, too, is stirred. Shepherds have come to pay the homage of simple-minded ones; with all love and joy they bow before the mysterious child; and after them from afar come the choice and flower of their generation, the most studious minds of the age. Making a long and difficult journey, they too at last arrive, the representatives of the Gentiles. Lo! the kings of Seba and Sheba offer gifts—gold, frankincense, and myrrh. Wise men, the leaders of their peoples, bow down before Him, and pay homage to the Son of God.

Beloved friends, if wise men of old came to Jesus and worshipped, should not we come also? My intense desire this morning is that we all may pay homage to Him of whom we sing, "Unto us a child is born; unto us a son is given." Let those of us who have long worshipped worship anew with yet lowlier reverence and intenser love. And God grant—oh, that He would grant it — that some who are afar off from Him spiritually, as the Magi were far off locally, may come to-day and ask, "Where is He that is born King of the Jews? for we have come to worship Him." May feet that have been accustomed to broad roads, but unaccustomed to the narrow path, this day pursue that way till they see Jesus, and bow before Him with all their hearts, finding salvation in Him.

These wise men came naturally, traversing the desert; let us come spiritually, leaving our sins. These were guided by the sight of a star; let us be guided by faith in the divine Spirit, by the teaching of His Word and all those blessed lights which the Lord uses to conduct men to Himself. Only let us come to Jesus. It was well to come unto the babe Jesus, led by the feeble beams of a star; you shall find it still more blessed to come to Him now that He is exalted in the highest heavens, and by His own light reveals His own perfect glory. Delay not, for this day He cries, "Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest."

This morning let us try to do three things. First, let us *gather light from this star*; secondly, let us *gather wisdom from these wise men*; and thirdly, *let us act as wise men helped by our own particular star*.

I. First, then, let us gather

LIGHT FROM THIS STAR.

May the Spirit of the Lord enable us so to do.

I suppose you have each one his own imagination as to what this star was. It would seem to

have been altogether supernatural, and not a star, or a comet of the ordinary kind. It was not a constellation, nor a singular conjunction of planets; there is nothing in the Scriptures to support such a conjecture. In all probability it was *not a star* in the sense in which we now speak of stars; for we find that it moved before the wise men, then suddenly disappeared, and again shone forth to move before them. It could not have been a star in the upper spheres like others, for such movements would not have been possible. Some have supposed that the wise men went in the direction in which the star shone forth in the heavens, and followed the changes of its position; but it could not in that case have been said that it stood over the place where the young child was. If the star was at its zenith over Bethlehem, it would have been in its zenith over Jerusalem too; for the distance is so small that it would not have been possible to observe any difference in the position of the star in the two places. It must have been a star occupying quite another sphere from that in which the planets revolve.

We believe it to have been *a luminous appearance in mid-air;* probably akin to that which led the children of Israel through the wilderness, which was a cloud by day and a pillar of fire by night. Whether it was seen in the daylight or not we cannot tell. Chrysostom and the early fathers are wonderfully positive about many things which Scriptures leaves in doubt, but as these eminent divines drew upon their imagination for their facts, we are not under bonds to follow them. They aver that this star was so bright as to be visible all day long. If so, we can imagine the wise men travelling day and night; but if it could be seen only by night, the picture before us grows far more singular and weird-like as we see these easterns quietly pursuing their star-lit way, resting *perforce* when the sun was up, but noiselessly hurrying at night through slumbering lands. These questions are not of much importance to us, and therefore we will not dwell long upon them.

Only here is a first lesson: if it should ever be that men should fail to preach the Gospel, *God can conduct souls to His Son by a star.* Ah! say not only by a star, but by a stone, a bird, a blade of grass, a drop of dew.

"Remember that Omnipotence
Has servants everywhere."

Therefore, despond not when you hear that one minister has ceased to preach the Gospel, or that another is fighting against the vital truth of God. Their apostasy shall be to their own loss rather than to the hurt of Jesus and His church; and, sad though it be to see the

LAMPS OF THE SANCTUARY

put out, yet God is not dependent upon human lights, He is the Shekinah light of His own holy place. Mortal tongues, if they refuse to preach His word, shall have their places supplied by books in the running brooks and sermons in stones. The beam shall cry out of the wall, and the timber shall answer it. When chief priests and scribes have all gone out of the way, the Lord puts *stars into commission*, and once more in very deed the heavens are telling the glory of God, and the firmament is showing His handiwork.

Now, when the Lord does use a star to be His minister, what is the order of His ministry? We may learn by this inquiry what kind of ministry God would have ours to be if we are stars in His right hand. We also shine as lights in the world: let us see how to do it.

We notice, first, that star-preaching is *all about Christ.* We do not know what the color of the star was, nor the shape of the star, nor to what magnitude it had attained; these items are not recorded, but what is recorded is of much more importance; the wise men said—"We have seen *His* star." I wish that you and I, whatever our eccentricities or personalities may be, may never make so much of them as to attract men's attention to them. May people never dwell upon our attainments or our deficiencies, but may they always observe this one thing, that we are men of God, that we are ambassadors of Christ, that we are Christ's servants, and do not attempt to shine for ourselves, or to make ourselves conspicuous; but that we labor to shine for Him, that His way may be known upon earth, His saving health among all people.

THE ANONYMOUS STAR.

Brother, it is well for us to forget ourselves in our message, to sink ourselves in our Master. We know the names of several of the stars, yet they may each one envy that star which remains anonymous, but can never be forgotten because men who sought the King of Israel knew it as "*His* star." God will not lead men to Christ by us unless we are Christ's heartily, wholly, unreservedly. In His temple our Lord uses no borrowed vessels; every bowl before the altar must be His own. It is not consistent with the glory of God for Him to use borrowed vessels. He is not so poor as that comes to. This lesson is worthy of all acceptation. Are you in a hurry to preach, young man? Are you sure you are Christ's? You must be consecrated and concentrated if you hope to be used of the Lord. If you have one ray, or ten thousand rays, all must shine with the one design of guiding men to Jesus.

Note next that true star-preaching *leads to Christ.* The star was Christ's star itself, but it also led others to Christ. It did this very much because

IT MOVED

in that direction. It is a sad thing when a preacher is like a sign-post pointing the way but never following it on his own account. Such were those chief priests at Jerusalem; they could tell where Christ was born, but they never went to worship Him; they were indifferent altogether to Him and to His birth. The star in the east led wise men to Christ because it went that way itself; there is a wisdom in example which truly wise men are quick to perceive.

The star did not draw, "as it were with a cart rope," nor by any force, material and physical; yet it drew these wise men from the remote east right to the manger of the new-born child. And so, though we have no arm of the law to help us, nor patronage, nor pomp of eloquence, nor parade of learning, yet we have a spiritual power by which we draw to Jesus thousands who are our joy and crown. It is a small thing to shine, but it is a great thing to draw. Any cast-away may be brilliant; but only the real saint will be attractive for Jesus. I would not pray to be an orator, but I do pray to be a soul-winner. Do not aim, beloved brethren, at anything short of leading men to Jesus.

Once more, the star which God used in this case was a star that *stopped at Jesus;* it went before the wise men till it brought them to Jesus, and then it stood still over the place where the young child was. I admire the manner of this star. There are remarkable

STARS IN THE THEOLOGICAL SKY

at the present time; they have led men to Jesus, so they say, and now they lead them into regions beyond, of yet undeveloped thought. The Gospel of the Puritans is "old-fashioned"; these men have discovered that it is unsuitable for the enlarged intellects of the times; and so these stars would guide us further still. To this order of wandering stars I do not belong myself, and I trust I never shall. Progress beyond the Gospel I have no desire for. "God forbid that I should glory save in the cross of our Lord Jesus Christ."

When the star had come to the place where the young child was, it stood still; and so should the gracious mind become settled, fixed, immovable. Oh, you that have hitherto been diligent in leading souls to Christ, never indulge for a single moment the notion that you need a broader philosophy or a deeper spirituality than are to be found in Jesus. Abide in Him. Cry, "Oh, God, my heart is fixed. My heart is fixed." All that is beyond truth is a lie; anything beyond revelation is at best a minor matter, and most probably is an old wives' fable, even though he may be of the masculine gender who invented it. Stand you to your colors you who hope to be used of the Lord. Abide so that men shall find you in twenty years' time shining for Jesus and pointing to the place where the Saviour is to be found, even as you are doing now. Let Jesus Christ be *your ultimatum.* Your work is done when you bring souls to Jesus, and help to keep them there, by being yourself "steadfast, unmovable." Be not carried away from the hope of your calling; but hold fast even the form of sound words, for it may be that in letting go the form you may lose the substance also.

II. Now that we have somewhat rejoiced in the light of the star, let us see if we can gather

WISDOM FROM THE WISE MEN.

Perhaps you have heard the "much speaking" of tradition as to who they were, whence they came, and how they travelled. In the Greek church, I believe, they know their number, their names, the character of their retinue, and what kind of ornaments were on their dromedaries' necks. Details which are not found in the Word of God you may believe or not, at your pleasure, and you will be wise if your pleasure is not to believe too much. We only know that they were Magi, wise men from the East, possibly of the old Parsee religion—watchers if not worshippers of the stars. We will not speculate about them, but learn from them.

They did not content themselves with admiring the star and comparing it with other stars, and taking notes as to the exact date of its appearance, and how many times it twinkled, and when it moved, and all that; but *they practically used the teaching of the star.* Many are hearers and admirers of God's servants, but they are not wise enough to make fit and proper use of the preaching. They notice the peculiarity of the preacher's language, how much He is like one divine, how much he is unlike another; whether he coughs too often, or speaks too much in his throat; whether he is too loud or too low; whether he has not a provincial tone, whether there may not be about him a commonness of speech approaching to vulgarity; or, on the other hand, whether he may not be too florid in his diction.

Such fooleries as these are the constant observations of men for whose souls we labor. They are perishing, and yet toying with such small matters. With many it is all they go to the house of God for; to criticise in this paltry fashion. I have even seen them *come to this place with opera glasses*, as if they came hither to inspect an actor who lived and labored to amuse their leisure hours. Such is the sport of fools; but these were wise men, and therefore practical men. They did not become star-gazers, and stop at the point of admiring the remarkable star; but they said, "Where is He that is born King of the Jews? for we have seen His star in the east, and are come to worship Him." They set out at once to find the new-born King, of whose coming the star was the signal. Oh, my dear hearers, how I wish that you were all wise in this same manner!

Being wise men,

THEY PERSEVERED

in their search after Him. We cannot tell how far they journeyed. Travelling was extremely difficult in those times. There were hostile tribes to avoid, the broad rivers of the Tigris and the Euphrates to cross, and trackless deserts to penetrate; but they made nothing of difficulty or danger. They set out for Jerusalem, and to Jerusalem they came, seeking the King of the Jews. Were the Christ in the bowels of the earth, or in the heights of heaven we ought not to rest till we come at Him. Everything that was necessary for their expedition the wise men soon gathered together, regardless of expense; and off they went following the star that they might discover the Prince of the kings of the earth.

At length they came to Jerusalem, and here new trials awaited them. It must have been a great trouble to them when they asked, "Where is He that is born King of the Jews?" and the people shook their heads as if they thought the question an idle one. Neither rich nor poor in the metropolitan city knew anything of Israel's King. The ribald multitude replied, "Herod is king of the Jews. Mind how you speak of another king, or your head may have to answer for it. The tyrant brooks no rival." The wise men must have been more astonished still when they found that Herod was troubled. Thus there was a ferment in Jeru-

salem, beginning at the palace; but this did not deter the wise men from their search for the promised Prince. They did not pack up their bales and go back and say, "It is useless to try to discover this questionable personage who is unknown even in the country of which He is King, and who appears to be terribly unwelcome to those who are to be His subjects. We must leave to another day the solution of the question: 'Where is He that is born King of the Jews?'"

These earnest-minded seekers were

NOT DISPIRITED BY THE CLERGY

and the learned men when they came together. To the chief priests and scribes the question was put, and they answered the inquiry as to where Christ would be born, but not a mother's son among them would go with the wise men to find this new-born King. Strange apathy! Alas, how common! Those who should have been leaders were no leaders; they would not even be followers of that which is good, for they had no heart toward Christ. The wise men rose superior to this serious discouragement. If the clergy would not help them they would go to Jesus by themselves. The first Christians had to leave all the authorized teachers of the day behind, and to come out by themselves; it will be no strange thing if you should have to do the same. Happy will it be if you are determined to go through floods and flames to find Christ; for He will be found of you. Thus these men were wise because, having started on the search, they persevered in.

Notice that they were wise because, when they again saw the star, "*they rejoiced with exceeding great joy.*" While inquiring among the priests at Jerusalem they were perplexed, but when the star shone out again, they were at ease and full of joy; this joy they expressed, so that the evangelist recorded it. In these days very wise people think it necessary to repress all emotion, and appear like men of stone or ice. No matter what happens, they are stoical, and raised far above the enthusiasm of the vulgar. These wise men, with all their mystic learning, were not ashamed to rejoice because a little star lent them its beams to conduct them to Jesus. We unite with them in rejoicing over a clear Gospel ministry. For us all else is darkness, sorrow, and vexation of spirit; but that which leads us to our own glorious Lord is spirit, and light, and life. Better the sun should not shine than that a clear Gospel should not be preached. We reckon that a country flourishes or decays according as Gospel light is revealed or withdrawn.

Now follow these wise men a little further. They have come to the house where the young child is. What will they do? Will they stand looking at the star? No; *they enter in.* Oh, friends! how wise you will be if, when you have been led to Christ by any man, you do not rest in his leadership, but must see Christ for yourselves. How much I long that you may enter into the fellowship of the mystery, pass through the door, and come and behold the young child, and bow before him. Our woe is that so many are so unwise. We are only their guides, but they are apt to make us their end. We point the way, but they do not follow the road; they stand gazing upon us. The star is gone; it did its work, and passed away: Jesus remains, and the wise men live in Him. Will any of you be so foolish as to think only of the dying preacher, and forget the ever-living Saviour? Come, be wise, and hasten to your Lord at once.

These men were wise, last of all—and I commend their example to you—because when they saw the child

THEY WORSHIPPED.

Theirs was not curiosity gratified, but devotion exercised. We, too, must worship the Saviour, or we shall never be saved by Him. He has not come to put away our sins, and yet to leave us ungodly and self-willed. Oh, you that have never worshipped the Christ of God, may you be led to do so at once!

III. And now I turn to my third and last point, which is this:

LET US ACT AS WISE MEN

under the light of our star. We too have received light to lead us to the Saviour: I might say that for us many stars have shone to that blessed end. I will, however, on this point content myself with asking questions.

Do you not think that there is some light for you in *your particular vocation*, some call from God in your calling? Listen to me, and then listen to God. These men were watchers of the stars; therefore a star was used to call them. Certain other men soon after were fishermen, and by means of an amazing take of fish the Lord Jesus made them aware of His superior power, and then He called them to become fishers of men. For a star-gazer a star; for a fisherman a fish. The Master-Fisher hath a bait for each one of His elect, and oftentimes He selects a point in their own calling to be the barb of the hook.

Were you busy yesterday at your counter? Did you hear no voice saying, "Buy the truth and sell it not"? When you closed the shop last night did you not bethink yourself that soon you must close it for the last time? Do you make bread? and do you never ask yourself, "Has my soul eaten the bread of heaven?" Are you a farmer? do you till the soil? Has God never spoken to you by those furrowed fields and these changing seasons, and made you wish that your heart might be tilled and sown?

It did seem that a star was an unlikely thing to head a procession of eastern sages, and yet it was the best guide that could be found; and so it may seem that your trade is an unlikely thing to bring you to Jesus, and yet the Lord may so use it. There may be a message from the Lord to thee in many *a left-handed providence;* a voice for wisdom may come to thee from the mouth of an ass; a call to a holy life may startle thee from a bush, a warning may flash upon thee from a wall, or a vision may impress thee in the silence of night when deep sleep falleth upon men. Only be thou ready to hear and God will find a way of speaking to thee. Answer the question as the wise men would have answered it, and say, "Yes, in our calling there is a call to Christ."

Then, again, *what should you and I do better in this life than seek after Christ!* The wise men thought all

OTHER PURSUITS OF SMALL ACCOUNT

compared with this. "Who is going to attend to that observatory and watch the rest of the stars?" They shake their heads, and say they do not know; these things must wait; they have seen *His* star, and they are going to worship Him. But who will attend to their wives and families, and all beside, while they make this long journey? They reply that every lesser thing must be subordinate to the highest thing. Matters must be taken in proportion, and the search after the King of the Jews, who is the desire of all nations, is so out of all proportion great that all the rest must go. Are not you, also, wise enough to judge in this sensible fashion? There is not a step between you and everlasting destruction from the presence of God if you are as yet unregenerate; and your only hope is to find the Saviour, trust the Saviour, obey the Saviour. Wherefore, like these wise men, put everything on one side, and set out now upon an earnest, resolute, persevering endeavor to find Jesus. I was about to say—resolve to find Jesus, or to die; but I will change the words, and say—resolve to find Him, and live.

When we do come near to Jesus, let us ask ourselves this question, "*Do we see more in Jesus than other people do?*" for if we do, we are God's elect, taught of God, illuminated by His Spirit. We read in the Scriptures that when these wise men saw the young child they fell down and worshipped Him. Other people might have come in and seen the child, and said, "Many children are as interesting as this poor woman's babe." Ay, but as these men looked, they *saw:* all eyes are not so blessed. Have you discovered such glory in Christ? "Oh," says one, "you are always harping upon Christ and His glory. You are a man of one idea!" Precisely so. My one idea is that He is "altogether lovely," and that there is nothing out of heaven nor in heaven that can be compared with Him even in His lowest and weakest estate. Have you ever seen as much as that in Jesus? If so, you are the Lord's; go you, and rejoice in Him. If not, pray God to open your eyes until, like the wise men, you see and worship.

Lastly, learn from these wise men that when they worshipped they did not permit it to be a mere

EMPTY-HANDED ADORATION.

Ask yourself, "*What shall I render unto the Lord?*" Bowing before the young child, they offered "gold, frankincense and myrrh," the best of metals and the best of spices; an offering to the King of gold; an offering to the priest of frankincense; an offering to the child of myrrh. Wise men are liberal men. Brothers, you will never get into the heart of happiness till you become unselfish and generous; you have but chewed the husks of religion which are often bitter, you have never eaten of the sweet kernel until you have felt the love of God constraining you to make sacrifice. There is nothing in the true believer's power which he would not do for his Lord; nothing in our substance which we would not give to Him, nothing in ourselves which we would not devote to His service.

God give to you all grace to come to Jesus, even though it be by the starlight of this sermon, for His love's sake! Amen.

[The prayers of the readers of this Journal are requested for the blessing of God upon its Editors in America and England, and those whose sermons, articles, or labors for Christ are printed in it; and for its weekly circulation of more than 260,000 copies to be blessed by the Holy Spirit to the conversion of many sinners and the quickening of God's people. Mr. Spurgeon and Dr. Talmage especially request prayer every Sunday morning on behalf of their labors.]

PRAYING TO THE GOD OF THE KITCHEN.

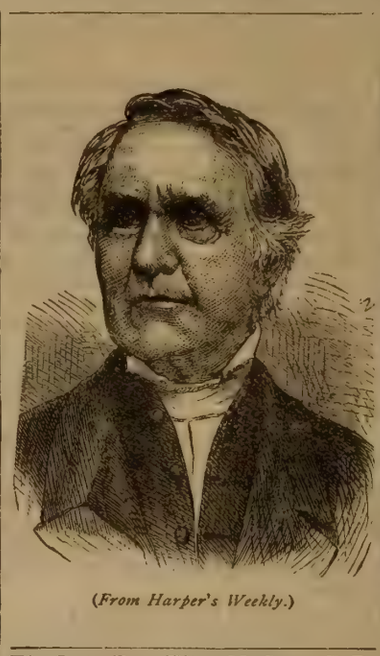
(*See Illustration on page 60.*)

THE illustration on the next page represents one of the many mummeries which characterize the religion of the Chinese. It is a species of incantation by which the Deity, supposed to control the domestic affairs of the home, is propitiated. A repast is placed before a slip of paper which represents the kitchen god, and while the candles are lighted the ignorant and superstitious devotee mutters prayers and praises.

Paul wept over the condition of those whose god was their belly, whose glory was their shame, and who minded earthly things. What we are thus told of the feelings of the great apostle may well arouse within us solicitude over the debasing idolatry of the teeming millions of China if we are living in the spirit of his Master and ours. We cannot think of such spectacles as that depicted in our illustration without deep thankfulness that various sections of the Church have been led to send out missionaries of the Cross to that benighted land, while the self-denying band of men and women, who are laboring there under the auspices of the China Inland Mission, are enjoying the blessing of God on their work. So long as scenes such as that depicted may be witnessed in any part of the world, the Christian who has inherited the commission given by the Master at the moment of His leaving the world: "Go ye into all the world, and preach the gospel to every creature," must feel that he has a work still to do. It may be that he cannot go forth as a missionary, but he can render aid to those who are so engaged. Such aid, the aid of money, is sorely needed and the missionary societies of all branches of the Christian Church will gladly accept it to enable them to extend their operations into lands yet unvisited, where the people sit in spiritual darkness.

Rev. E. Payson Hammond, the Evangelist, whose labors among children have been so signally blessed of God, has begun a series of services in the Warren Avenue Baptist Church, Boston, Mass., and much good is being done. It is expected that he will commence a series of special services in Dr. Talmage's church in March or April next.

Chinese Devotions to the God of the Kitchen.



(*From Harper's Weekly.*)

The Late Rev. Titus M. Coan, D.D.

Savage Brutality in Hawaii.

THE LATE REV. TITUS M. COAN, D.D.

IN 1873 Mr. Charles Nordhoff visited the Sandwich Islands, and thus writes of the famous missionary whose portrait appears on this page: "And in Hilo, when you go to visit the volcano, you will find Dr. Coan, the story of whose life in the remote island, whose apostle he was, is as wonderful and as touching as that of any of the earlier apostles, and shows what great works unyielding faith and love can do in redeeming a savage people.

"When Dr. and Mrs. Coan came to the Island of Hawaii, its shores and woods were populous, and through their labors thousands of men and women were instructed in the truths of Christianity, inducted into civilized habits of life, and finally brought into the church.

"As you sail along the green coast of Hawaii from its northern point to Hilo, you will be surprised at the number of *quaint little white churches* which mark the distances almost with the regularity of mile-stones; if, later, you ride through this district or the one south of Hilo, you will see native children reading and writing as well as our own at home, and you may hear them singing tunes familiar in our own Sunday-schools. And you must remember that when, less than forty years ago, Dr. and Mrs. Coan came to Hilo, the people were naked savages, with no church and but one school-house in the district, without printed books or the knowledge of reading. They flocked to hear the Gospel. Thousands removed from a distance to Hilo, where, in their rapid way, they built up a large town, and kept up surely *the strongest protracted meeting ever held;* and going back to their homes after many months, they took with them knowledge and zeal to build up Christian churches and schools of their own. Over these Dr. Coan has presided these many years, not only preaching regularly on Sundays and during the week in the large native church at Hilo, and in two or three neighboring churches, but visiting the more distant churches at intervals, to examine and instruct the members, and keep them all on the right track.

"He has seen a region very populous when he first came to it decrease, until it has now many more deserted and ruined house-places than inhabited dwellings; but also he has seen a great population turned from darkness to light, a great part of it following his own blameless and loving life as an example, and very many living to old age steadfast and zealous Christians."

Dr. Coan commenced his life work in the Sandwich Islands in 1835. From that year until his death in December 1882, he consecrated all his time and all his energies to the evangelization of Hawaii. He was thirty-four years of age when he settled down at Hilo, having been *born at Killingworth, Conn., in* 1801. From the date of his *conversion in* 1828, he had cherished the hope of becoming a missionary of the Gospel and had been enabled to do some good service in Patagonia. When, however, he visited Hawaii in 1834, he was moved to choose that as his field of labor. He received his commission at the end of that year, and immediately afterward commenced work. From that time until 1870—thirty-five years—he never once revisited his native land.

Dr. Coan's first proceeding on settling in Hawaii was to make a tour of the island, which he accomplished on foot. He thus gained a full and accurate knowledge of his sphere of labor, and selected Hilo as the most suitable place for a centre of Christian influence. A rich blessing followed Dr. Coan's first years of labor. In 1837 there was such an awakening in Hawaii as sent a thrill of astonishment throughout the Christian church. The natives thronged to hear Dr. Coan's preaching, and

IN ONE DAY

1705 made a public profession of faith. During that year Dr. Coan organized a church and received into it 5244 members, all of whom were baptized on declaring their faith in the Saviour. In all, during the long period of his ministry, Dr. Coan personally received into the church over *twelve thousand converts.*

The church at Hilo soon became a mother church, and the island was dotted over with branches, over which Dr. Coan presided as a kind of bishop, giving to each a general superintendence. Their ministers were in some cases native evangelists who owed their own enlightenment to the blessing of God on Dr. Coan's preaching; and in other cases they were Americans whom he had trained for the work. His indefatigable energy, ready tact and unfaltering faith in the ultimate success of the work God had committed to his hands, sustained him in the face of trial and many discouragements, and enabled him to maintain the fight until octogenarian snows sat on his head.

The discouragements were neither few nor small. The converts of 1837 were comparatively uneducated. At heart they were savages, and the exuberance of their joy, in the early days of their conversion, led them first into excesses and afterward into indifference. The condition of the church in 1840 would have broken the heart of any man whose faith in God was less firm and vigorous than that of Dr. Coan. He saw that education must have an important place in a work that should have permanent success, and he at once commenced that work with pati t spirit. The children and the young men and women were Dr. Coan's hope, and to them he gave his time and his best efforts, and experience has proved the wisdom of his plan and the ability of its execution.

One of the Christian workers at Hilo, writing of this branch of the work says: "There is to-day a group of Hawaiian young men, members of Father Coan's old church, and banded together as a Christian Association, whose exterior morality and interior piety, judged by even an Anglo-Saxon standard, would rightfully give them a place beside any similar group in the United States."

Forty-nine years did Dr. Coan labor in this work, and it was only when smitten with paralysis that he perforce relaxed his efforts. Then followed seventy-six days of patient sufferng, at the close of which he peacefully closed his eyes in death, and went to receive the reward of the Master he had served so long and so faithfully.

God permitted him to live long enough to see of the fruits of his labor. When he landed in Hawaii spectacles of savage brutality, such as that depicted in *the illustration on the right* of his portrait, were of constant occurrence; but when he died he knew that not only had thousands of the natives become Christians, but a public feeling had extended throughout the island rendering such scenes repugnant and, in fact, impossible in the light Christianity has shed over the land.

The Christian worker, previously quoted, thus summarizes Dr. Coan's life work: "Father Coan did *many* things and did them *well.* A Christian missionary—as witness his work in Hawaii taken as a whole: a missionary explorer and pioneer—as witness his wonderful sojourn in Patagonia, his foot-tours around Hawaii, and voyages to the Marquesas; an observer of natural phenomena—as witness his perilous inspections of the eruptions of Maunaloa; a revivalist—as witness the great Hawaiian awakening, wherein his influence and words were so potent under God; an organizer—as witness the admirable system of religious instrumentations for long years in operation throughout the one hundred square miles of his Hawaiian parish or diocese; and lastly, a man and a Christian—as witness the genuine grief with which the secular public, of Hawaii, mourns his loss, and the unalloyed gladness with which the Christian public beholds the singular completeness of his career, and the general Christ-likeness of his character."

TWO SCENES IN ONE NIGHT.

(*See Illustration.*)

WIDOW ANNISON had finished her day's work. She could not reproach herself with any neglected duty. Her cooking at the great house was over for that day; her own two poor rooms had been put

in scrupulous order since her return; everything was in its place and the widow, who was not easily satisfied either with herself or others, decided that she might retire to rest. Before she did so, however, she took down her Bible to read, as she had done every night for thirty years, a chapter from its sacred contents. She had no need for spectacles yet "thank goodness," she was wont to remark, and it was only at night and when she was very tired that reading was difficult. She moved the candle so that its light might fall on the page, and then she could read well enough.

Chapter after chapter she read for more than an hour, for her spirit was strangely perturbed; the words which have comforted the troubled through the centuries soothed her. At length, closing the book she knelt down and prayed very earnestly—not for herself, but for her son—her only boy then far away in the mining camps of the West. Her prayer was not for his success in the object with which he went away. He had left her two years ago full of hope of returning with a large fortune, and she often wondered how he was getting on But that night her prayer was as it had been many a time that Harry might find a richer blessing, that he might be led to seek and find the Pearl of greatprice. She wrestled long and earnestly for that blessing, and at last not knowing why she was impelled to pray so persistently that night, she rose from her knees and retired to rest.

In the Widow's Home.

It was nearly a year afterward before she heard of her son. Could her gaze have penetrated the distance that night as she knelt at prayer and have looked into the hut where her son lay, this is the scene she would have witnessed:

On a rough bed which friendly hands had made as comfortable as the rescources of the camp would permit, her boy lay tossing in a fever. A miner in rough clothes, but whose face sunburnt as it was, showed that a kind heart as well as an intelligent mind were within, sat by his side. He gently replaced the rough blanket that the sufferer had cast off, and spoke to him tenderly and soothingly. Harry's mind was wandering; he thought it was his mother.

"Mother, you won't forget. You won't forget, I say. I told you I would come back, and so I will."

"Where does your mother live, Harry? Shall I tell her you are ill?"

The question got no answer. The parched lips were rapidly moving. Jack Freeman stooped to catch the words: "I *must* go—*must* go home."

The young man by the bedside turned away to wipe his eyes, then raised the fever-stricken head that it might rest more easily. It seemed to revive him. He began to sing—his clear boyish tones sounding weird in that wild solitude—"Home, Sweet Home."

He could not get through with it, and thinking to please him, Jack took it up and finished it. Harry lay quite still, his blue eyes fixed upon the open door, then the eyelids dropped, and he fell into a troubled, restless doze, broken now and then by mutterings and moanings about going home, pitiful to hear.

With the cool of early dawn, consciousness returned, and Harry awoke to find himself still tended by his friend. "Jack," he said faintly, "am I dying? I dreamed last night that my mother was here, and that she read to me out of her old Bible and prayed for me. Jack, I wish you would read a bit to me. There's a Bible in my knapsack, my mother put it there, I have not read it much but I have not lost it."

His friend found the book and said, "What shall I read?"

"Prodigal! I am a prodigal," he gasped, and Jack who had been to Sunday-school when a boy found the place and read: "A certain man had two sons."

The familiar words seemed to stir the fading memory and quicken it into life. "And when he came to himself," went on Jack softly. "That's me," muttered his hearer, the tears oozing from beneath the closed lids. "He said, I will arise and go to my father."

The blue eyes opened and looked at Jack earnestly. "I want to see my mother," he said.

"Perhaps you will meet her in heaven."

"*She'll* go to heaven! She's all right. I'd like to be all right, too." The last few utterances were scarcely audible.

Jack brought his lips near to the ear of the dying youth and said distinctly, "When he was yet a great way off his father saw him and had compassion, and ran and fell on his neck and kissed him."

The pale lips began to move again. Jack could catch a few words: "I—will—arise—and—and—go—" a pause; then: "I have sinned—sinned."

The words had scarcely been spoken when he sprang up suddenly, and looking round as if he could see some one, shouted, "Mother! I will come. I will! I *will!*"

"Lie down," said Jack, "lie down," but he spoke to a deserted dwelling. Harry was gone.

A LADY'S ASTONISHMENT.

THE Gospel Temperance work in Cooper Union and the Annex Hall, New York, still continues growing in influence and blessing, and Mr. Sawyer is encouraged by many cases of rescue from ruin.

Of the class of people reached by his efforts, it is impossible to give an idea better than by relating an incident which occurred a few months ago, and which shows how the rich and the poor may some times be taught side by side at the feet of Jesus. After the congregation had been dismissed, a poor forlorn man remained weeping upon one of the seats just in front of the orchestra. Mr. Sawyer spoke kindly and earnestly to him, and passed on to another. The poor man remained evidently in deep anguish of mind. Just as Mr. Sawyer was about leaving the place, a lady whose dress and carriage bore unmistakable evidence of wealth and culture, accosted him. She said: "Oh, Mr. Sawyer, do please speak to that poor man; he is sobbing piteously." "I have done so, Madam," was the prompt reply. "I know it; but please speak to him again. I am sure you can comfort him." "I cannot, Madam." "Cannot? how is that? Don't you believe him to be in earnest?" "In dead earnest, Madam." "Then why, Mr. Sawyer—do tell me—why can't you speak to him?"

Mr. Sawyer then solemnly said: "That man is sick and hungry, and naked and friendless. The Thanksgiving week has exhausted my ability to assist him, so many drafts have been made upon me by those who have looked to me for aid; to approach himas Christ would have us do, one must go with food and shelter and raiment." Then casting a keen glance at the lady, he continued, "Madam, *you* are just the person to speak to him. *You* go."

An indescribable expression came over her features. "Me!" she exclaimed, and she gathered her garments about her, as if in fear of contamination. "Yes, madam," said Mr. Sawyer softly, "and let me tell you what the good man who stooped to rescue me, once said, addressing a company of ladies: 'It will no more harm the most delicate and cultivated of you, to go down among the fallen and the degraded on errands of mercy, than it soils the beautiful sun-ray which steals in to brighten the dark places of the earth.' My dear Madam, do *you* go."

DIED IN HARNESS.

A TRUE STORY OF IRISH LIFE.

By Miss M. M. Ross.

The Doctor's Visit.

IT was a delicious evening in July, the sun's fierce rays had gradually softened down, leaving the heavens resplendent with their golden glory. A light breeze springing up swept before it all remains of the sultry heat, and its balmy breath moving gently through the surrounding bushes, rustled a soft accompaniment to the robin's evening song.

On a mud ditch, near a small cabin, in the West of Ireland, stood a young woman apparently about five-and-twenty years of age. Her dress, though of the meanest materials, fitted well to the lithe figure; her feet, without shoes or stockings, were beautifully moulded, and her face, though bronzed by exposure to the weather, bore traces of great beauty.

At what is she gazing so intently? as, shading her eyes with her hand, she anxiously scans the distance. Is it at the glorious sunset, or the train of turf-cutters who are slowly toiling homeward? No; for having acknowledged their "God save ye kindly, ma'am," with a cheerful "Good evenin' te ye, an' God bless the work," she still continues to look in another direction, until at last, wearied, she descends from her post of observation.

Let us follow as she goes toward her home.

Her home—a mud cabin on the edge of a bog; the roof thatched with rushes, a hole at one side intended for the liberation of the smoke, but which generally chose to escape by the door, when left open to admit light to the miserable habitation.

The woman entered, disturbing as she did so the slumbers of a huge pig, which had ensconced himself across the threshold during her absence.

The interior of the cabin presented even a more miserable appearance. Furniture it had none, save an old dresser, ornamented with a few cracked plates and jugs, relics of former glory; two or three stools, some of them having lost more than one leg in rough service.

Seated on the only one which did not require great manœuvring, to prevent one turning a somersault occasionally, was a man in the prime of life, wrapped in the remains of an old blanket, and cowering over the smouldering embers of a turf fire, shivering as if from cold.

Beside him on the hob was placed a mug, from which occasionally he eagerly drank.

"Dan, darlint, what's the matther wid ye at all, at all?" said his wife, throwing her arms affectionately round him. "Yer shiverin' an' shakin', an' it's a July evenin'. I dunno what'll be done av the docthur doesn't cum afore night. I'm standin' beyant this half-hour an' more, watchin' down the crass-roads, an' I taught, mebbe, Mickey might have cum in te be in readiness te run av a message."

"The sorra a hurry the docthur'll be in te cum here," said her mother-in-law gruffly, who occupied the other side of the fireplace, and was engaged in the twofold occupation of smoking and rocking a cradle, in which lay fast asleep a lovely babe, scarcely a year old.

"The sorra a hurry the docthur'll be in te cum here, Biddy, never fear. He's houses enough to go te where he gets his gould guineas fur walkin' in an' out, musha. Mebbe, a blast av the pipe'd do you good, allanna," said she, refilling the one she had just used, and handing it to the patient ready lighted. "Take a blast, honey; sure, they say tebaccy an' spirits is able to dhrive away anything." The sick man turned from it with disgust.

"Oh, dear! oh, dear!" said his mother, swaying herself to and fro, groaning; "but he must be bad intirely whin he refuses the pipe. I niver knew him te do the like afore. Oh! honey jewel, rouse yersilf, an' spake te us."

"Whisht, mother," said her daughter-in-law, looking out on hearing the brisk trot of a horse. "Throw down that ould pipe, an' run yer apron over that stool. Here's the docthur, an' Mickey gallivantin' afther the horse's tail, niver fear."

"Good mornin', yer honor," said both women, dropping a courtesy as Dr. O'Neverdon entered. "We wor afeard ye couldn't cum te-night, so we wor. We're glad you've cum, docthur."

"Why did you not send for me earlier?" replied the doctor. "I passed quite near this two hours ago, and had just gone home to get some dinner when your message arrived."

"What's the matter, my poor man?" said he, advancing to the patient, and laying his hand kindly on his shoulder.

"Nothin'," said the man, stupidly, trying to rise as he spoke.

"Don't stir, like a good fellow. Your name is Daniel Carroll, I believe?"

"Yis, sur."

"Well now, Dan, I want one of your wrists for a minute." Dan gave his right hand.

"Give me the other; you have been leaning on that."

Watch in hand, Dr. O'Neverdon carefully counted each beat of the pulse; and Mrs. Carroll, junior, who scanned his countenance closely, saw it gradually assume a very serious expression, as he put question after question relative to her husband's symptoms.

"Have you any headache?" inquired the doctor of the man.

"No, sur," was his reply, mechanically made.

"None at all? You *must* have had with that tongue. You ought to know," said Dr. O'Neverdon, turning to the younger Mrs. Carroll.

"He had, very bad, sur; but we sent fur the priest, an' he did him more good than anything."

"What did he give him?"

"Nothin' at all, yer honor; only laid a relic on him," said the young woman, courtesying.

"It is a pity you did not send for him again," said the doctor.

"So we did, sur," was the artless reply; an' his riverence tould us te sind fur you."

"Indeed, that was very kind of him. I wish he had told you that at first. You ought to be in bed, my man; you are not fit to be up. You are very ill indeed."

Carroll gave a sickly smile as he glanced at the bundle of straw in one corner of the cabin, scarcely concealed by the tattered quilt; and then, returning the doctor's pitying gaze, said:

"I do lie down sometimes, sur; but I'm more comfortable like sittin' here."

"It is impossible you can lie there; you must go to hospital, where you will have all the necessaries your case requires, and be well taken care of besides. You will never get well here."

At the word "hospital," both the women clasped their hands in horror.

"Oh, docthur jewel!" exclaimed the younger, tears streaming from her eyes, "sure ye won't sind him te 'ospittle. Wouldn't I go on me bended knees te do anything that was necessary fur him; but, sur, it wud break me heart intirely av he's taken from me."

"Not wun av me family ever died in an 'ospittle," burst in his mother, fiercely, "an' it'ud be a queer thing av we wer to begin now."

"There is no reason why he should die if he goes to hospital," said the doctor, calmly, accustomed as he was to combat the scruples of the poor on this point. "But there is every reason why he should die if he remains in this place."

"Oh! docthur, I would not have him lave me," sobbed his wife. "Oh! sur, ye wouldn't have him die, an' not a friend near to close his eyes; it ud bread his heart, wouldn't it, Dan, darlint?" And she passionately covered his hand with kisses.

"I cannot force you to send him, my good woman, but I can tell you he has got fever of the most malignant type, and what will become of you and your baby shut up in this place, heaven only can foretell."

"Mebbe I'd better go," said the patient, roused by the voices of the women. "I think a great dale about the wife and little child, docthur."

"Dan," said his mother, coming close to him, her arms akimbo, and her eyes flashing with fire, "is the sickness taking the spirit out av ye? Hear what I'm sayin', that as long as I'm here te prevent it, an' it's well fur ye I am, ye'll niver be taken te an 'ospittle. De ye want te lower yersilf te the grade av a pauper?"

"I've neeyther father, mother, sisther, nor brother," sobbed Biddy, "only yerself and that weeshy little craythur, and ye want te go from me!"

"Lave me, Biddy, honey; lave me, allanna," said her husband, "an' take the child wid ye; I'll go where the docthur says; don't cry, Biddy, don't cry!"

"Lave ye, is it?" said his wife, throwing herself on her knees before him; "ay, I'll lave ye whin the sight laves the eyes that always looked te ye in throuble fur comfort. Lave ye whin the hearin' laves the ears that always listened te the words that fell like the murmurin' av the bruk beyant. Lave ye——"

"You are doing your husband, unwittingly, a great deal of harm," interrupted the doctor, catching her arm, "I am very sorry I cannot persuade you to do what is right. As you will persist in keeping your husband, we must do the best we can for him. Come to my house to-morrow; perhaps Mrs. O'Neverdon can make out a bed for you, at least we can give you a fresh bundle of straw. Have you any one that can go of a message?"

"Yes, sur, Mickey. Where is he, the scamp? Come out of that! What's that yer doin'?" as the boy, kneeling beside the sick man, peered silently into his face.

"Oh! murther, murther, what's that yer at?" said Dan's wife, dragging him roughly by the arm.

"Mickey wants te see the faver," said the boy in a whining tone, "an' I can see nothin', only Dan shuts his eyes an' won't spake te me."

"He's a poor innocent, the craythur," said Biddy, apologetically, "an' he's so fond of Dan an' the child that he is most always wid us; we niver miss the bit he ates."

"What will you do with your child? It is impossible you can mind it. You will have more than you can do to take care of your husband; and as you are determined to run the risk of infection yurself, save the child, at all events."

The doctor was mounting his horse as he spoke, and a few of the neighbors, anxious to know the result of his visit, pressed eagerly round, plying him with such questions as, "What's the matthur wid Dan, docthur?" "How long will he be sick?"

Is there no one among all your acquaintance, who seem so anxious about your husband's recovery, that will take charge of your child during his illness, and leave you free to devote yourself to him?" The doctor glanced round as he spoke. "Dan has got fever," continued he.

But those who had been the most eager in their inquiries shrank back, as if from a cannon's mouth, at the dreaded word "fever," all except one woman, distinguished from the rest by her fine bearing and tidy appearance, who coming close to the weeping Biddy, and laying her hand kindly on her shoulder, said:

"Don't cry, allanna, don't cry, I'll take yer child and mind it as carefully as if it was my own."

It was Mickey's mother who spoke. "I know Mickey has been in wid ye; fur ye didn't know it was the faver, or ye would have kep' him out, but there's a great God that watches over the poor innocent as well as them that has their sinsis, an' He'll take care av him, the craythur."

"She's a Prodestan," shouted the women, "are ye goin' te give yer child into the care av a heretic, Biddy?"

"Whisht," said her mother-in-law, "all of yee's sure the infant can't spake, an' what harm can she do? and, Prodestan or not, *not wun av yee's offered te de the likes*, an' she earnin' her bit as hard as any of us."

"God bless you, Nancy," said Dr. O'Neverdon, kindly, "good-by!"

Day after day brought Dr. O'Neverdon to the bedside of poor Daniel Carroll. A faithful follower of the Great Physician, his heart yearned over his poor fellow-countrymen, sunk in the heathen superstition and gross ignorance of popery; and often when called in to heal the body, did he endeavor also to pour in the "oil and wine," and apply the balm of the precious Gospel of Christ to the more diseased and imperilled soul.

No opportunity had as yet presented itself of speaking to poor Dan, who had remained almost in a state of unconsciousness from the day after his first visit; until one morning between three and four o'clock the doctor and his wife were aroused from their slumbers by a loud double knock. A moment and the doctor was out of bed and had thrown up the window to inquire, "What is the matter?"

"Dan Carroll is out and out bad, yur honor," was the response, "an' he's raving fur a sight av ye. His mother's run for the priest afore I cum."

"Wait; in a few minutes I will be with you," said the doctor, closing the window, and hastily dressing himself, he admitted the messenger, a tall, well-built "boy" of about forty or thereabouts. No one would say "he hadn't a rag to his back," for he was tattered from head to foot; his coat of a dark blue, adorned with a stray brass button or two, displayed in more places than one the color of his shirt beneath, and his corduroys well fringed round the instep, showed a pair of coarsely knit stockings surmounted by "brogues" fastened with apiece of twine. His hat was of straw, part of the broad rim torn from the crown hung dangling on his left shoulder, apparently not at all to the discomfort of the wearer.

"I will walk with you. It is not more than a mile," said the doctor, as he buttoned his overcoat. "My horse was out so late last night, I do not like riding him so soon again."

It was a lovely morning. The sun was just breaking through the gray clouds

"With new-born day to gladden mortal sight,
And gild the courts of Heaven with sacred light."

Their way lay chiefly through fields which sent up the perfume of newly-mown hay, mingled with that of the numerous wild flowers growing in the surrounding hedges, from whose dew-laden boughs the birds, awakened fresh from their night's repose, commenced their morning songs of praise.

A long lane led to Dan's cottage, down the centre of which ran a stream of water, winter and summer.

"Who is Carroll's landlord?" said the doctor to his companion, as he endeavored to pick his way without detriment to his boots; "surely he would do something for him if he was applied to; the place he lives in is enough to kill any one."

"An' sure he did do somethin' fur him, yer honor; he gev him that bit ov land. Dan's faathur had a purty little cottage there once upon a time. Some way or other he lost it. The prisint squire was only a chap at that time, an' mighty fond of fishin' an' shootin', an' the like. Dan, like many a young gossoon, was terrible fond av runnin' afthur him. The squire tuk a fancy to him, an' when he marrid he gev him that bit of land. This ould house was fur 'im, but poor Dan had a fire fur the gable end, an' mesef an' a few more boys helped him te knock up that cabin agin it. I'll be a biddin' ye a good mornin' now, yer honor. I won't go near the house. I have six little craythus av me own at home, God bless them, an' God help poor Mrs. Carroll. It's well for her now she was left but the wan."

(*To be continued.*)

THE PRINCE OF LIFE.

S. S. Lesson for Feb. 4, Acts 3:12-26. Golden Text, John 1:4. By Mrs. M. Baxter.

Peter's Disclaimer—Nothing to be Done Second-Hand — Healing Associated with Spiritual Blessing—The Essence of Healing Power—Its Double Application—The Way of Escape—What Repentance Is—The Coming Restitution—The Thread Through the Ages—The Education of the Bride—A Touching Appeal.

THE healing of the lame man caused a great excitement in Jerusalem. "As the lame man which was healed held Peter and John, all the people ran together unto them, in the porch that is called Solomon's, greatly wondering." Every eye was strained to see the well-known beggar, walking, and leaping, and praising God; curiosity and wonder were mingled with feelings of awe. Peter, who from the time of his calling to the apostleship, had learned from his Master the blessed connection between the work of Christ on the bodies and on the souls of men, when he saw the concourse of people said, "Ye men of Israel, why marvel ye at this? or why look ye so earnestly on us, as though by our own power or holiness we had made this man to walk?" Oh, how truly can such whom the Lord blesses to bring men in contact with Himself, for holiness of life and for bodily healing, echo these words of Peter's! Hundreds of people write to us at Bethshan, as though some power to heal were in us, although again and again we have solemnly disowned such power. What is the secret of this?

Many who are needing blessings from the Lord, find it more convenient to make use of the faith of another, than to exercise faith themselves. Oh, when will men learn that in dealing with God

NOTHING CAN BE DONE SECOND-HAND;

every man must transact his own business with God, must himself surrender himself, believe or he remains unblessed. But there are many who say, "You live nearer to God than I do, and so your prayers are more likely to be answered than mine." What then? are we heard in virtue of our own holiness and not in virtue of the name of Jesus? Oh, how such ideas as these deteriorate the conceptions of our relations with God!

Peter led the thoughts of the people up and away from himself to God, making use of the manifestation of His power to convict them of their sin. Only those who see the constant occurrence of healing by the power of God alone, can testify how blessedly it helps forward the work of conversion and sanctification in families, in meetings, and in localities. It is a proof to careless, indifferent men and women, that the living God is still among us, and it makes them remember that the same hand which is so mighty to save, is mighty also to execute judgment. In numerous instances, where one member of a family has been healed, contrary to all the pronounced opinion of clever, competent, and conscientious physicians, several members of the family have been also converted, sanctified, and healed. In several instances those so healed have themselves become evangelists, and they are spreading the good and glorious tidings of God's salvation around them.

Peter said, "The God of Abraham, and of Isaac, and of Jacob, the God of our fathers hath glorified His Son Jesus, whom ye delivered up, and denied Him in the presence of Pilate, when he was determined to let Him go. But ye denied the Holy One and the Just, and desired a murderer to be granted unto you; and killed *the Prince of life*, whom God hath raised from the dead; whereof we are witnesses." What was this? Could it be that the life power now working in the feet and ankle bones of the man so long lame, was actually communicated to him by that same Jesus whom they had crucified? Were they never to be rid of Jesus of Nazareth? Peter continued, "And His name, through faith in His name, hath made this man strong, whom ye see and know; yea, the faith which is by Him hath given him this perfect soundness in the presence of you all." Here is the essence of healing power; "His name

THROUGH FAITH IN HIS NAME."

On His part, the authority of His name, on the part of man, faith in that name. Paul tells us that "at (Gr. in) the name of Jesus every knee should bow of things in heaven, and things in earth, and things under the earth" (Phil. 2:10). "All power is given unto Me in heaven and in earth, go ye, therefore, and teach all nations" (Matt. 28:18, 19), said our blessed Lord. And yet again, In My name . . . they shall lay hands on the sick and they shall recover (Mark 16:17, 18). In the name of Jesus, who Himself has taken our infirmities and borne our sicknesses, lies all the power to heal. If He should make use of any words of prayer spoken by one of His feeble children, the power lies not in the prayer, but in the name of Jesus which gives it authority; should He allow one or more of His feeble children to lay hands on the sick, and to anoint them with oil, still it is "the name of the Lord" in which it is done, relied on by the sick one chiefly, but also by those praying over him, which has power to rebuke the disease, and make it loose its hold. "Faith, if it hath not works, is dead, being alone" (James 3:17). If a sick person is relying upon those who pray for him, instead of listening to the Spirit of God who may lead him to act faith, to make efforts which he has never made since his illness came upon him, that very reliance on man will hinder his healing, because the stretching out of the withered hand, the arising and walking which would be a proof of his faith, is lacking.

Peter, having in the power of the Holy Ghost, convicted his hearers of their sin, did what every God-taught winner of souls does, he made plain the way of escape. Instead of heaping reproaches upon them, he said,

"NOW, BRETHREN,"

thus speaking heart to heart with those who were made ashamed, "I wot that through ignorance ye did it as did also your rulers." Thus softening to them as much as possible the condemnation of their consciences. Then having shown them that God's purposes had nevertheless been fulfilled, he said, "Repent ye, therefore, and be converted, that your sins may be blotted out." There was nothing for it but a complete surrender, no half measures would suffice. "Repent!" turn right round, *i.e.*, be as much *for* Jesus as you have been *against* Him. Count that to be sin which was formerly your boast; this is repentance; the Episcopal Church Catechism has it, "Repentance, whereby we forsake sin."

There is no repentance so long as a man does not break definitely with sin. Sulking over sin, without a definite and final break, is sheer unreality; tears, sighs, moans, regrets, prayers over sin, are so much chaff, when sinners substitute them for a real parting from it. "Repent," this is God's voice; forsake sin, get right where you are wrong, and be converted, be changed; let God change you "That your sins may be blotted out when that (see Gr.) times of refreshing shall come from the presence of the Lord, and He shall send Jesus Christ, which before was preached unto you." God makes His own plans, but instrumentally they are brought about by man, and in order that the full "times of refreshing" prophesied by Joel be fulfilled, there must be a fuller, truer repentance, and turning to God, than we have yet seen, the Lord hasten it! *A prepared church will hasten the coming of Christ.* The marriage of the Lamb can only take place when "His wife hath made herself ready" (Rev. 19:7), and "the times of refreshing from the presence of the Lord" are waiting for "the manifestation of the sons of God" (Rom. 8:19), *i.e.*, the making ready of the Lamb's wife. Blessed be God in the midst of the confusion and defection which we see around us, there is a people, a "little flock," who are

READY TO GO ALL LENGTHS

for God and souls, who rejoice to be living sacrifices for Christ, whose whole life speaks a nature contrary to that of other men, whose aspirations, whose tastes, whose tendencies, all take after Jesus.

Peter said that the heavens must receive Jesus "until the times of the restitution of all things." What this implies is as yet hidden from us all. It leads our thoughts and hopes to a final and complete annihilation of all which is evil, but how, or when, whether according to preconceptions of ours, no man has a right to judge; this is among the secret things which belong unto the Lord our God (Deut. 29:29). But of these times of restitution, "God hath spoken by the mouth of all His holy prophets since the world began." There is a thread running through the ages which our near sight cannot trace, but which gives the clue to God's working in view of His restitution of all things. Satan may seem to have great power, but in the end we shall see that he has involuntarily been fulfilling the purpose of God all the time. The evil which exists in the church and in individuals is always working together as a refining fire for those who know the secret of fellowship with God; it is carrying on

THE EDUCATION OF THE BRIDE

of the Lamb, through whom other souls on earth are blessed, and thus God turns the curse into a blessing. And this is also His plan with regard to the dispensations; the evil is made to work together for good, and by-and-by the prepared Bride shall sit with Christ upon His throne and then will come the consummation.

Peter then alluded to the prophecy of the Lord Jesus through Moses, that a prophet should arise like unto him, and he laid strongly and solemnly upon his hearers that Him should they hear, or they should be destroyed from among the people; it was the old prophecy of Isaiah, "Hear and your soul shall live" (Isaiah 55:2). And then Peter made a touching, irresistible appeal to them, "Ye are the children of the prophets and of the covenant which God made with our fathers," as though to say, "Children of the prophets, children of the covenant, claim your rights," for God said to Abraham, "In thy seed shall all the kindreds of the earth be blessed."

UNTO YOU FIRST,

God, having raised up His Son Jesus, sent Him to bless you, in turning away every one of you from his iniquities. God's great blessing is to deliver and cleanse from sin, to separate between us and our sins, not only to rid us from the condemnation, but also from the power of sin, and from the presence of sin. Only the risen Jesus could do this. Having died Himself a sacrifice for sin, including us as part of Himself upon the cross, He, through death, destroyed "him that had the power of death, even the devil," and the power of the tempter gone, and we believing it is gone, we find in very deed he flies from us as we resist him.

FOREIGN TOPICS.

The Collision and Wreck of Another Ocean steamer is reported. A cable despatch received on Saturday last says: "The Hamburg-American line steamer Cimbria, which left Hamburg on the 17th inst. for New York, came into collision with the British steamer Sultan on Friday morning off Borkum and quickly sank. A boat which has arrived at Cuxhaven has landed thirty-nine persons. Six steamers have been sent out to search for the other boats of the Cimbria. The *Cimbria* was to have left Havre on Saturday for New York." The *Cimbria* had on board 385 passenger and a crew and officers numbering 110. The loss of life must have been appalling. The *Cimbria*, after being struck, heeled over on her side so that the boats only on one side the vessel could be lowered. The officers cut away the spars so that there might be as much driftwood as possible, but the plunge into the icy water must have killed many of the passengers before succor could reach them. The 39 persons landed at Cuxhaven and seventeen landed at the Weser lighthouse are, it is feared, all that have been saved of the 495 on board.

France has been Violently Agitated During the past week by a manifesto, issued on January 16th by Prince Napoleon, the cousin of the late Emperor. The manifesto appeared first in the columns of a newspaper, and in the course of the morning 100,000 copies, in the form of a poster, appeared on all the vacant walls of Paris. The document was couched in the usual Napoleonic style. In it Prince Napoleon reviews the situation of the Republic in the changed conditions resulting from the death of Gambetta, criticising the present policy of the government, and claiming the Napoleonic inheritance. The Prince dwells on the impotence and incapacity of the government, the disunion of Parliament, and the decadence of the army and of the finances. He declares that religion is attacked, and that the observance of the concordat can alone establish religious peace. The Prince rejects any compromises with Royalists. He also adverts to the plebiscites, by which the Empire was sanctioned. The Prince had few sympathizers even among Bonapartists, the majority of whom thought the publication of the manifesto ill-timed. *The Prince was arrested* by the government and sent to prison in the Concigerie, but was permitted to receive visits from his wife and son. A panic prevailed among the officials and members of the Chambers, one of whom immediately introduced a project of law prohibiting from the territory of France and her colonies all the members of the families that had reigned over France, and depriving them of their political rights. Public opinion in France is more disposed to treat Prince Napoleon's manifesto with ridicule than to advocate harsh measures against him, and the law proscribing the representatives of royal houses is regarded as an indication of weakness on the part of the government. The imprisoned Prince is the man in whom students of prophecy have thought they recognized characteristics which we have been taught to look for in the Antichrist of the last days.

Prince Krapotkine, the Russian Anarchist recently arrested in France, was tried at Lyons, and on Friday last was found guilty of inciting to anarchy and sentenced to five years' imprisonment and to pay a fine worth $400. The rest of the anarchists who were convicted—M. Emile Gautier, M. Bernard and M. Bordat, of the Lyons socialistic journal—received the same sentence. In addition the prisoners are subject to ten years' police supervision and to five years' deprivation of civil rights. Four of the accused were acquitted; the others were sentenced to various terms of imprisonment and to pay a proportionate fine.

Unusual Activity is Observed in the Ranks of the Royalists and the Radicals of France. These two sections are the extremes of French society. A general impression prevails that Gambetta was the soul of the Republic, and that his death involves the overthrow of the government. The practical issue of that conviction is to be in readiness for any emergency that may arise, and the adherents of each political party are organizing with that object. On January 19th, an American correspondent in Paris cabled: "Some of the Paris morning papers give details of the alleged organization of civil war in the west of France with the help of the Catholic workmen's clubs, and mention the discovery of a legitimist conspiracy called the "Catholic Alliance," forming a vast association which is directed by Baron de Charette. They declare that thirty-three legions have been formed in the west and centre. Several officers of the army are implicated in the conspiracy and depots of arms exist." It depends on the wisdom and prudence of M. Grèvy's administration whether the conflict between the section, is confined to politics or breaks out in civil war.

Important Revelations have been Made to the British Government by the men whose arrest in Dublin was mentioned last week, and who volunteered to become informers. They appear to have been members of an organized gang of murderers. Six of the twenty-one prisoners offered to confess. One of them named Farrell testified on January 20th. He acknowledged that he was a member of "the assassination committee" and had taken part in an abortive plot to kill Mr. Forster. He also stated that the committee received regular weekly payments from each member of the association for the purchase of revolvers, knives, etc. One of the prisoners is "a Fenian centre." The appearance of three of the men arraigned exactly corresponds with the description of the three murderers of Lord Frederick Cavendish and Mr. Burke. The police intend making five more arrests. Mullet, the alleged leader of the assassination committee, is a hunchback. The offer of the Government to afford special protection to informers has caused the detective department to be thronged with persons willing to give information.

A Speech the Marquis of Hartington Delivered on Friday last on the Irish question, does not afford much encouragement to the Irish agitators. He said the Irish problem could only be met by firm determination. He did not think the matter was hopeless, but he believed the law would have to be strengthened to meet the exceptional condition of the country. The government, he announced, meant to show that murder would meet its just reward. *Home rule could never be permitted in Ireland.* It had been suggested, he said, that the government should find funds to establish peasant proprietary in Ireland, but he strongly condemned the idea of paying out the hard-earned funds in the English exchequer for such a purpose unless it could be shown that the people were capable and willing to work. Although he could not say that crime had been eradicated, there were clearly good results from the exceptional legislation in regard to Ireland. The marquis said he had every reason to believe that the distress in Ireland could be met from local sources of relief without an appeal for help from the imperial funds. He believed that a little rest was necessary for Ireland.

Messrs. Moody and Sankey have Received a hearty reception in Ireland. At their opening meeting in Dublin the Metropolitan Hall was crowded to its utmost capacity, fully *five thousand persons* being present. One of those who witnessed it writes: "This was no ordinary meeting; numbers were present who for years had not come under the sound of the Gospel, but they were soon subdued and awed by the divine presence. Short Gospel addresses were given at intervals. It was really an impressive time." Mr. Moody's mission in London is expected to commence in October next and to continue a year. While passing through London, on his way to Dublin, Mr. Moody met the members of the London Evangelistic Committee, for consultation with respect to the projected campaign in London. Mr. Moody said his views as to the proposed campaign had been considerably modified by the experiences of recent months in the provincial towns. The Christians in most of these places had prepared the ground so effectually by united prayer and effort, that there was little left for him to do but go in and reap. He had thus been able to accomplish more in ten days than he could have done in a campaign of many weeks, if this preparatory work had been left undone. He was inclined to think that, instead of spending a year in London, if he and Mr. Sankey returned to England, more might be accomplished by brief visits to other country towns where they had not yet been able to go. He was, however, urged to carry out the project of a year's continuous work and it is expected that he will consent. It is proposed to divide London into districts, and hold *two hundred meetings* simultaneously each night.

Mr. Von Schluembach is Laboring in Berlin with success. A Berlin daily journal, the *Deutsches Tageblatt*, thus speaks of his work: "We attended yesterday a religious gathering at which Mr. Von Schluembach, from America, gave an address as riveting as it was solid, and with edifying effect. He sang a solo suitable to the subject he was handling, the audience joining in the chorus. We think it remarkable that no notice of these gatherings has been taken by the ecclesiastical newspapers of our town, although the meetings have been held for two months, five evenings a week, in the Nazareth Church. At first they were attended by about 200, and now by about 800 persons of every age, of good family and rank, but especially by workingmen from every part of the town. We are reminded of the words of Scripture, 'To the poor the Gospel is preached.'"

A Fatal Fire in a Circus Occurred in Russian Poland on January 13th. The scene of the disaster was a town called Berditscheff in the Government of Kieff. It has about 50,000 inhabitants, most of whom are Jews. The circus was held in a wooden structure, and toward the close of the performance, one of the performers, who was letting off fireworks, carelessly brought the light in contact with some scenery, and in a few minutes the whole building was in flames. The members of the orchestra were the first victims. The audience, numbering eight hundred persons, rushed to the front door, but it opened inward and as the crowd pressed forward it was rendered useless. A rush was then made to the *two side doors, both of which were nailed up*, thus compelling the people to take to the windows, from which many sprang into the street with their clothing a sheet of flame. The Fire Brigade arrived within half an hour, but it was impossible to extinguish the flames as the water in the tanks was frozen. The fire lasted two hours. Eye witnesses state that when the doors were finally opened *a mass of burning persons* were visible within. The horses and properties of the circus were all destroyed. Another account says that 400 persons were suffocated, crushed, or burned to death. Other accounts give the number of victims as 90 men, 120 women, and 60 children.

A Disastrous Explosion near Amsterdam on Friday last resulted in a serious loss of life. It occurred at a gunpowder manufactory at Muiden, a small village on the Zuyder Zee. A telegram from Amsterdam says: "Nearly all the houses in the village were unroofed by the concussion. The neighboring towns and villages are much damaged. The loss of life is unknown, but it is feared that *forty persons perished.* The explosion was heard in this city, which is eight miles distant from Muiden. Windows in the eastern suburb of Amsterdam were broken. Twelve bodies of victims of the explosion have been discovered.

An Illustrated Work on the Unfulfilled prophecies of the Bible, by the Rev. M. Baxter, entitled: "Forty Coming Wonders," may be had from the office of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, 63 Bible House, New York, by remitting one dollar. It is a book of 528 pages, is handsomely bound in cloth and contains fifty full-page pictures and diagrams representing the scenes described in the prophecies of Daniel and in the book of the Revelation. It also contains a resumé of the opinions of other expositors and extracts carefully collated from the works of all the most eminent writers on prophecy, from the earliest ages of the Christian era down to those of recent date. It thus forms the most useful and complete guide the student can have in entering on the study of that portion of the Word of God. The book may also be obtained for one dollar from any bookseller, who can procure it from the American News Company.

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SIR ISAAC NEWTON, THE CHRISTIAN PHILOSOPHER—SCENES IN HIS LIFE.

SIR ISAAC NEWTON.

The Christian Philosopher.

Born on December 25th, 1642—His Early ing—A Fight—Boyish Love of Experiments—Enters Cambridge University—Falls in Love—Graduates—Optical Discoveries—The Falling Apple—Sir Isaac's Private Life—His Absence of Mind—Newton as a Nurse—The Burning of Valuable Papers—Appointed Warden of the Mint—Knighted by Queen Anne—Religious Principles—Death and Burial.

THE tone of superiority adopted of late years by dabblers in science when speaking of Christianity and Christians, and the scarcely veiled contempt with which they treat men who rely on faith as superior reason, renders a study of the life and character of Sir Isaac Newton, at this time, particularly opportune. Men who desire to stand well in worldly esteem, and especially young men to whom a reputation for intelligence is of extreme importance, are often *ashamed to avow their faith* in the Bible. They know that in many circles they would have to endure a storm of ridicule and would be taunted with their easy credulity. It may do them some good and inspire them with some courage to know that as Christians they belong to a company which includes the philosopher "whose name is pronounced beyond the Ganges and the Mississippi with reverence, exceeding that which is paid to the memory of the greatest warriors and rulers." They may answer to the *supercillious sneers* of those who tell them that if they knew more of science they would believe less of revelation, that the man who was the very pioneer of science in his day, and whose name is one of those the Anglo-Saxon race counts among its most honored members, was a man who, above all his achievements in the scientific world, cherished his childlike faith in his God and Saviour. In the society of scientists the young Christian has no need to hang his head; while he has on his side a giant like Sir Isaac Newton, he can well afford to dispense with the pigmies of later days.

BIRTH AND EARLY LIFE.

The great philosopher, whose portrait appears this week on the first page of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, was born at Woolsthorpe, Lincolnshire, England, on December 25th, 1642. His father was a small farmer who died three months before Isaac Newton was born. Small, feeble beyond even the usual feebleness of infancy, and very delicate, the babe was not expected to live. But contrary to the prognostications of those who watched the fatherless child, he lived and grew in strength and stature. His mother married a second time, and the child of the first marriage was sent to board with his mother's relatives.

It may be some encouragement to boys whose constitutional dullness depresses them, and who begin to despair as they see the rolls of honor and the other prizes carried off by their more brilliant companions, to know that the great philosopher was in his youth most emphatically a dull boy. It seemed to him that he could not learn. Many a boy who in after years has achieved eminence has passed through a similar experience, suggesting the thought that a brain so mighty, required a longer period to reach maturity than ordinary brains, just as the oak is outstripped in the race by weaker trees. Newton's place in the school was *the bottom of the lowest form but one*, and he had the mortification of seeing younger boys far ahead of him in attainment.

Newton seemed to need some impetus to stir him out of his sluggish state. That impetus came at last, and it came in a rather singular manner. He was

AROUSED BY A KICK.

A boy above him in the school, one of those big hulking bullies of which, unhappily, almost every school contains one or more specimens, treated "dunce Newton" with offensive contempt. Newton bore it meekly for some time, until the lad mistook his victim's meekness for cowardice, and with the obtuseness boys and men of his class often display, concluded that Newton had no spirit. It was safe to kick him, the bully thought, and he made the experiment. Then at last Newton was aroused, and though inferior in size and strength to his tormentor, he turned upon him. Brute force failed then. Newton was braced with a nervous strength of which the other knew nothing, and the bully was soundly thrashed. Newton's victory in the playground encouraged him to try results in the intellectual arena, and his teachers were astounded by seeing the "hopeless dunce" suddenly set to work with industry and mental acumen of which before he had given no indication. It was not many months before Newton was at the head of his class.

YOUTHFUL INGENUITY.

Newton about this time began to withdraw from the ordinary games of the boys, and to give up his leisure time to the study of practical mechanics. A windmill, a water clock, and a carriage, to be moved by the person who sat in it, were among his chief achievements. The windmill (*a picture of which appears on the front page*) was a working model of one he saw in course of erection in the neighborhood. It "was frequently placed upon the top of the house in which he lived, and was put in motion by the action of the wind upon its sails. In calm weather, however, another mechanical agent was required, and for this purpose *a mouse* was put in requisition, which went by the name of the miller. It does not distinctly appear how the mouse was compelled to perform a function so foreign to its ordinary habits; but it was supposed to act upon something like a treadwheel when attempting to reach some corn placed above it." A *water clock* of his own making stood in his bed-room, and was often resorted to by the inmates of the house to ascertain the hour of the day. Somewhat later the motions of the heavenly bodies became the subject of his studies.

AT THE UNIVERSITY.

The experiment was made of putting Newton in training for the occupation of a farmer. It would not have been a congenial pursuit for him at any time, but after his aspirations after learning had been aroused, it was a vain attempt from the outset. The effort was quickly abandoned, and Newton persuaded his mother, who was by this time again a widow, to give him a university education.

The records of Cambridge University show that in June 1661, Newton was admitted a subsizar at Trinity College, Cambridge. He studied earnestly, and to so much purpose that after taking in succession the degrees of B.A. and M.A., he was elected a minor and major Fellow, and in 1680 was appointed to a professorship of mathematics. From that time to the end of his glorious life he was identified with that seat of learning, and the impetus he gave to the study of mathematics in the university is not yet spent after the lapse of two hundred years, for Cambridge occupies the first place in mathematical attainment, as Oxford does in classical proficiency.

A LOVE EPISODE.

Ambitious and industrious as Newton was in those days, he yet found time to fall in love. He became enamored of a Miss Storey, and appears to have entertained a very sincere and enduring affection for her. But he was a poor professor with a stipend far too small for the support of a wife, and he accordingly refrained from asking her to share his poverty. The lady married a wealthier suitor, and Newton continued his labors in bachelor loneliness. Years afterward when Miss Storey had twice changed her name, and was the second time a widow, she, having fallen into poverty, was indebted to her former lover for the means of subsistence.

THE FIRST REFLECTING TELESCOPE.

Newton became first known to fame in connection with *optics*. Having constructed a reflecting telescope, the fact became known to the Royal Society, and a request came from that body to have the instrument sent to it. This was done, and it was presented toward the close of 1671. It now lies—a most valued possession—in the library of the society, with the inscription, "The first Reflecting Telescope, invented by Sir Isaac Newton, and made with his own hands." In January of the following year he was elected a Fellow of the Royal Society.

He was first attracted to the study by the, to him unexplicable, results of an experiment understood now by schoolboys. Having placed a prism before an aperture in his shutters, Newton observed that the spectrum on the opposite wall, instead of being circular, as it should be, according to the laws of refraction then received, was five times longer than it was broad. Marvelling at this, he sought to ascertain whether it might not be produced by some imperfection in the glass. Then other conjectures followed; every cause which occurred to him was subjected to experiment in the most careful, painstaking manner; nothing was omitted, nothing taken for granted, or hastily passed over; all were taken up and thoroughly tested, till at length his important discovery was attained.

THE FALLING APPLE.

The crowning achievement of Newton's genius, and that which will carry his fame down to all ages, is his demonstration of the law of *gravitation*. In his studies of physics he had observed facts which could not be explained by any laws then known, and was for a long time on the verge of discovery. The circumstance which at last gave him the clue to the force has often been described. The well-known story of the falling apple (*as shown in the frontispiece*), dates as early as the autumn of 1665.

The College was then dismissed because of the plague at Cambridge. Newton was at Woolsthorpe, when, sitting alone in the garden, immersed in thought, the apple fell to the ground. He at once saw that no known law explained the fall of the apple, and he reflected that as the force that attracted it was not sensibly diminished at the greatest distance from the centre of the earth to which we can reach, neither at the summits of the loftiest spires, nor on the tops of the highest mountains, it might extend to the moon and retain her in her orbit, in the same manner as it bends into a curve a stone or a cannon-ball when projected in a straight line from the surface of the earth. If the moon was thus kept in her orbit by gravitation to the earth, or, in other words, its attraction, it was equally probable, he thought, that the planets were kept in their orbits by another application of the same law. An inaccurate measure of the distance between the earth and the moon produced such a discrepancy between Newton's theory and what seemed then to him the fact, that for a time he abandoned the subject.

The exact time at which he recommenced his investigations is not certain. By means of more accurate standards, he was enabled to correct his calculations and carry them to a successful issue. At length the great truth was demonstrated, "that the moon is kept in her orbit by the same power by which bodies fall on the earth's surface," and the demonstration is due to Newton alone.

THE SUPREME CONTROL.

The great fact discovered by Newton being fully established, the universe seemed to fall under the dominion of one subtle and invisible but ever-acting and all-pervading power. Phenomenon after phenomenon was expounded by its means. The quantity of matter in the sun was determined. The size and density of the planets was computed, and the great principle which explained the harmony in the universe was established. It was demonstrated that the Creator had left nothing to chance or intervention, but had established one grand force that held throughout creation.

SIR ISAAC'S PRIVATE LIFE.

The fame of the Cambridge professor's discoveries spread to the centres of learning in Germany and France. Travellers were questioned about him. One of them was gravely asked by the Marquis de l'Hopital if Professor Newton ate and drank and slept as other men, and the inquirer added in explanation of the strange question, "I represent him to myself as a celestial genius entirely disengaged from matter." Newton's abstraction did not amount to that severance, but the wants of the body were treated with scant attention. Dr. Humphrey Newton was the philosopher's amanuensis for five years, including the period in which the "Principia" was written. Two letters from him to Mr. Conduit are extant, and these, with a few anecdotes related by other friends, enable us to form a vivid picture of Newton's daily life.

Frequently, his bed-maker in the college found both dinner and supper almost untasted, and saw that he had not disturbed his bed, but had studied all night. Dr. Humphrey relates that he never saw Newton sit down to any meal when alone. He took a hasty snatch standing, and was quickly away to his work. Often he forgot to eat at all, till, long after the viands had been placed on the table, he was reminded that they were untouched. And on the other hand, a humorous friend could easily persuade him that he had dined, though no dinner had passed his lips. Dr. Stukely once ate up Newton's chicken, and replaced the cover over the picked bones, which the philosopher finding, concluded, to the amusement of his friend, that he must have dined, and forgotten it.

HIS ABSENCE OF MIND.

The oblivion of Newton as to outward circumstances placed him sometimes in very ludicrous positions. Going to Colsterworth on one occasion, he alighted to lead his horse part of the way: the animal slipped the bridle and set off; but his meditative master, all unconscious of the fact, quietly walked to his journey's end with the horseless bridle in his hand. Now and then the Lucasian professor found himself in the streets of Cambridge in attire anything but suitable for the public view, and was obliged to hasten back to his house quite ashamed. When he went to dine in the Hall, which was seldom, the chances were that he would appear "with shoes down at the heels, stockings untied, surplice on, and his hair scarcely combed."

Sometimes, though not often, he gave entertainments—and handsome ones—his guests being usually the heads of colleges. But, alas! for the hospitality of our sage. If he went to his study to fetch anything for his company, there was no certainty that he would not forget to return. Some intrusive idea might so occupy his mind that everything else vanished for the time from his memory. His toilette of a morning was often arrested in the same way. Absorbed in thought, he would sit down half dressed on his bedside, and there remain for hours. On one occasion he undertook to assist in preparing his own breakfast, so far as to boil an egg. Standing before the fire, watch in hand, waiting until the water boiled, he became absorbed in thought, and when the moment came for which he had waited, he was conscious that some action was required of him, but could not realize what action, and finally *he dropped the watch into the boiling water*, and for a few minutes continued to gaze upon the egg, until the subject in his mind being settled, he became conscious of his mistake. (*See picture on our front page.*)

NEWTON AS A NURSE.

But Newton could lay aside his studies when duty called. In 1689 his half-brother was seized with malignant fever. His mother went to nurse him, and was speedily taken ill of the same disease. Newton at once forsook his studies, and hastened to her beside. There he watched day and night, with the tenderness of a woman and the skill of a trained nurse. The medicines were given by his hand, the blisters prepared and dressed by him. All that the most devoted and self-denying affection could dictate was done, till death rendered further service impossible.

THE BURNING OF VALUABLE PAPERS.

As to the well-known story of the burning of the papers, Mr. Conduit furnishes the following account: "When Newton was in the warmest pursuit of his discoveries, he going out, left a candle upon his table among his papers; he went down into the bowling green, and meeting somebody who diverted him from returning as he intended, the candle set fire to his papers, and he could never recover them."

This burning has been commonly connected with a supposed dog of the sage's, named Diamond. "Sir Isaac," so the story runs, "being called out of his study to a contiguous room, a little dog called Diamond, the constant but incurious attendant on his master's researches, happened to be left among the papers, and by a fatality not to be retrieved, threw down a lighted candle, which consumed the almost finished labors of some years. Sir Isaac, returning too late, but to behold the dreadful wreck, rebuked the author of it with an exclamation, 'Oh Diamond! Diamond! thou little knowest the mischief thou hast done!' without adding a single stripe." It is a pretty anecdote, and we are sorry to part with it; but the stern light of Sir David Brewster's investigations leaves no loophole by which Diamond may be saved. (*Our frontispiece picture illustrates this apocryphal version of the story.*)

UNIVERSITY HONORS

fell thickly upon him. It was a troublous time, James II., the worst king of a bad line, sought to force the university to depart from its laws and the provisions of its charter, and it was necessary that a deputation should wait on the king to explain to him, that while the university was compelled to disobey the royal mandate, the disobedience did not spring from disloyalty. It was a difficult and delicate task, and among those sent to represent the university was Isaac Newton.

MEMBER OF PARLIAMENT.

Again, when James II. had fled from his kingdom, and the nation, agitated by traitors, and uncertain what course to take, was called upon to commit its destinies under God to the great Deliverer, William of Orange, or to call back the Stuart oppressor—in that supreme national crisis Newton was selected by the university as its representative in the House of Commons, and there he proved the unflinching friend of civil and religious liberty.

The greatest public service he rendered to the government, however, was in reference to

THE COINAGE.

It had become debased, and even the new coins issued were unsatisfactory. The silver was cut from the plate with shears, was pared by the hand, and then stamped with the hammer. The result was that however careful the workmen were, some coins were smaller than others and in this uncertainty, rogues all through the country did a little more clipping on their own account, and there being no government standard escaped detection. Disputes between seller and buyer were frequent, and every market in the country was the scene of disturbances. In this emergency Newton was consulted, and he gave his advice with so much wisdom that the the task of reorganizing the coinage was committed to his care. Soon new coins appeared cut and stamped by machinery with a milling and a legend round the edge, which rendered the clipper's practices easy of detection. Newton's work in his new post of governor of the mint was at that crisis of inestimable value to the people. In 1701 he was re-elected member of Parliament by the university.

KNIGHTED BY QUEEN ANNE.

The season of neglect for Newton had passed, and honor after honor was now showered upon him. In 1703, on the retirement of Lord Somers, he was elected President of the Royal Society, and re-elected each succeeding year of his life. Two years after he was knighted by Queen Anne when her Majesty visited Cambridge, the scene of his great triumphs.

NEWTON'S RELIGIOUS PRINCIPLES.

It is pleasing to find this great intellect acknowledge the primary importance of religion, and especially the claims of revealed religion and the paramount authority of God's Word. He was a diligent student of Scripture and occupied himself much with theological subjects during the whole of his life. An attempt has been made to date his religious writings after what his French biographer chooses to designate the "fatal epoch" of 1693, and to suggest a connection between the weakened intellect, which he ascribes to the later years of Newton, and the interest whch the philosopher took in matters connected with religion.

As if in anticipation of some such assertion, John Craig, an eminent mathematician thus writes in the year in which his friend Newton died: "To show how earnest he was in religion, he had written a long explication of remarkable parts of the Old and New Testaments, while his understanding was in its greatest perfection, lest the infidels might pretend that his applying himself to the study of religion was the effect of dotage." A Commentary on the Epistles of St. Paul to the Corinthians, observations on the Prophecies of Daniel, and the Apocalypse of St. John, with many other theological papers, remain to show the zeal with which he prosecuted such studies.

The great philosopher in his eager search into the works of nature, humbly worshipped with unfaltering faith the God of nature, and turned from the book of nature to that of Revelation, as the clearer light and the one key which could unlock the moral mysteries of this state. The great name of Newton stands out in stalwart opposition to the ranks of proud infidel philosophers.

HIS DEATH IN 1727.

On the 20th March, 1727, Sir Isaac Newton died. On the 2d of that month he had presided at a meeting of the Royal Society. For a considerable time previously, however, his health had been declining, and he had abstained in a great measure from intellectual labor. During this season of rest he read much; but "the book which was commonly lying before him, and which he read oftenest at last, was a

DUODECIMO BIBLE."

With distinguished honor the body of the philosopher was conveyed to its last resting-place, in Westminister Abbey. The Lord High Chancellor and several of England's greatest nobles acted as pall-bearers. The relatives who inherited the personal estate of Sir Isaac gave $2500 for the erection of a monument, which occupies a conspicuous place in the Abbey. A full-length statue in white marble was erected at Cambridge, and various other memorials of the great man remain to his country.

In personal appearance Sir Isaac was not above the middle size, and he was inclined to corpulency in his later years. At thirty years of age his hair had turned gray. Mr. Conduit describes his eyes as "very lively and piercing," his aspect as "comely and gracious."

We cannot close our sketch more appropriately than by quoting his own estimate of his labors as he looked back on them when his course was near a close. "I do not know," he says, "what I may appear to the world, but to myself I seem to have been only like a boy playing on the seashore, and diverting myself in now and then finding a smoother pebble or a prettier shell than ordinary, while the great ocean of truth lay all undiscovered before me."

An Excited Visitor Called upon Mr. Henry Varley recently. Mr. Varley relates that as he was leaving his house a hack drew up at the curb, and out sprang a gentleman, who, in an excited tone of voice, exclaimed, "Sir, God has sent me to you." "Indeed," I quietly replied. "Well, what is it you need?" "Why," he continued, "I heard you preach at Mr. Spurgeon's Tabernacle, and you said, 'That all power was given to Jesus Christ in heaven and on earth.'" "Yes," I answered, "I did say so, and that is the testimony of God's Word." "Well, then," said my excited visitor, "why doesn't He alter me?" "What do you mean?" I replied. "Why, just this; there is the fact. I have taken a house of business in Chelsea; the stock is all ready, everything is prepared for opening to-morrow morning, and this is the state I'm in." By this time I perceived the speaker was inflamed with drink, so I quietly and firmly replied, "Well, a very disgraceful state to be in. You had better come into the house." Leading the way, I entered and passed into the study, the door of which I locked. "I see what is the matter with you; it is your love of strong drink which is just cursing your whole life. Now, I propose that you shall not leave this house for one whole week. I'll see about this appetite for intoxicants." The man said, "Indeed, I'll have a tussle for it." "Friend," I replied, "don't alarm yourself; I am only showing you the absurdity of your own thought. You come and ask why God doesn't alter you, which, if it means anything, suggests prevention by power, and directly I suggest the remedy for one week only in relation to one sin, you rise up and are ready to fight. If you would only tussle with and fight your sin, seeking help from God, you would soon know freedom from the power of drink, and from every other sin also."

MENDING THE BIBLE.

Dr. Talmage's Sermon, Preached Last Sunday Morning, January 28, 1883.

"If any man shall take away from the words of the book of this prophecy, God shall take away his part out of the book of life, and out of the holy city."—REV. 22 : 19.

A Risky Business—A Pulpit Proposal to Expurgate the Bible—A Critique from the Pulpit—A Heinous Act—Mutiny in a Storm—Treachery in a Besieged Fortress—Reasons against Expurgation—I. The Bible as it is, Miraculously Preserved—Tischendorf at the Convent of Sinai—The World's Literary Losses—No Additions Made—II. Expurgation Means Annihilation—III. Good People Content with the Book—IV. The Expurgations Proposed have been Harmless—Expurgation of the Heart the Need—Illustrations Better than Doré's.

INSPIRATION foresaw that the time would come when there would be burglarious attempts to purloin portions of the Bible, and one man would break in here, and another man would break in there, and my text comes out with astounding emphasis and declares that the gates of heaven will clang shut against the entrance of all those who so maltreat the Bible. "God shall take away His part out of the book of life, and out of the holy city." You see it is *a very risky business*, this changing of the Holy Scriptures.

A pulpit in New York has recently set forth the idea that the Scriptures ought to be expurgated, that portions of them are unfit to be read, and the inspiration of much of the Bible has been denied. Among other striking statements are these :

A PULPIT CRITIQUE.

The Book of Genesis is a tradition of creation, a successive layer of traditions thought out centuries before. Moses' mistakes about creation were the mistakes of his age. That there are many systems of theology in the New Testament. That Paul had all the notions of the rabbinical schools of his time. That Job winds up his epilogue in genuine fairy-tale style. That Revelation is a long array of misshapen progeny in the apocalyptic writings, tracing themselves back to Daniel. That Revelation comes to a madman, or leaves him mad. That what he calls the abominable lewdness of some things in the Old Testament is not fit to be read. That it is an abominable misuse of the Bible to suppose the prophecies really foretell future events. That the Book of Daniel is not in the right place. That Solomon's Songs are not in the right place, and he seems to applaud the idea of some one who said that the Book of Solomon's Song ought not to be in any one's hands under thirty years of age. He intimates he does not believe that Samson slew a thousand men with the jawbone of an ass. That the whole Bible has been improperly chopped up into chapters and verses.

DISGUISED INFIDELITY.

He does not believe the beginning of the Bible, and he does not believe the close of it, nor anything between as fully inspired of God, and he thinks the Book ought to be expurgated, and there are those who re echo the same sentiment. In other words, it is Thomas Paine and Robert Ingersoll in gown and bands. But they have more excuse because they openly and above board declare their infidelity, while that man stands in a Christian pulpit assaulting the Bible—the pulpit of an honored denomination in which Bishop McIlvaine and Archbishop Leighton and the venerable Dr. Stephen H. Tyng were chief apostles.

Now, I believe in the largest liberty of discussion, and there are halls and opera houses and academies of music where the Bible and Christianity may be assaulted without any interruption ; but when a minister of the Gospel surrenders the faith of any denomination, his first plain, honest duty is to get out of it. What would you think of the clerk in a dry goods store, or a factory, or a banking house, who should go to criticising the books of the firm and denouncing the behavior of the firm, still taking the salary of that firm and the support of that firm, and doing all his denunciation of the books of the firm under its cover? Certainly, a minister of the Gospel ought to be as honest with his denomination as a drygoods clerk is honest with his employers.

The heinousness of finding fault with the Bible at this time by a Christian minister is most evident. In our day the Bible is assailed by scurrility, by misrepresentation, by infidel scientists, by all the vice of earth and all the venom of perdition, and at this particular time ministers of religion fall into line of criticism of the Word of God. Why, it makes me think of a ship in a September equinox, the waves dashing to the top of the smoke-stack, and the hatches fastened down, and many prophesying the foundering of the steamer, and at that time some of the crew with axes and saws go down into the hold of the ship, and they try to saw off some of the planks and pry out some of the timbers because the timber did not come from the right forest ! It does not seem to me a commendable business for the crew to be helping the winds and storms outside with their axes and saws inside.

Now, this old Gospel ship what, with the roaring of earth and hell around the stem and stern, and mutiny on deck, is having a very rough voyage, but I have noticed that not one of the timbers has started, and *the Captain says He will see it through.* And I have noticed that keelson and counter-timber knee are built out of Lebanon cedar, and she is going to weather the gale, but no credit to those who make mutiny on deck.

When I see ministers of religion in this particular day finding fault with the Scriptures, it makes me think of a fortress terrifically bombarded, and the men on the ramparts, instead of swabbing out and loading the guns and helping fetch up the ammunition from the magazine, are trying with crowbars to pry out from the wall certain blocks of stone, because they did not come from the right quarry. Oh, men on the ramparts, better fight back and fight down the common enemy, instead of trying to make breeches in the wall.

WHY EXPURGATION IS WRONG.

While I oppose this expurgation of the Scriptures, I shall give you my reasons for such opposition. "What !" say some of the theological evolutionists, whose brains have been addled by too long brooding over them by Darwin and Spencer, "you don't now really believe all the story of the Garden of Eden, do you ?" Yes, as much as I believe all the roses that were in my garden last summer. "But," say they, "you don't really believe that the sun and moon stood still ?" Yes, and if I had strength enough to create a sun and moon I could make them stand still, or cause the refraction of the sun's rays so it would appear to stand still. "But," they say, "you don't really believe that the whale swallowed Jonah ?" Yes, and if I were strong enough to make a whale I could have made very easy ingress for the refractory prophet, leaving to Evolution to eject him, if he were an unworthy tenant ! "But," say they, "you don't really believe that the water was turned into wine ?" Yes, just as easily as water now is often turned into wine with an admixture of strychnine and logwood ! "But," say they, "you don't really believe that Samson slew a thousand with *the jawbone of an ass?*" Yes, as I think that the man who in this day assaults the Bible is *wielding the same weapon !*

There is nothing in the Bible that staggers me. There are many things I do not understand. I do not pretend to understand, never shall in this world understand. But that would be a very poor God who could be fully understood by the human. That would be a very small Infinite that can be measured by the finite. You must not expect to weigh the thunderbolts of Omnipotence in an apothecary's balances. Starting with the idea that God can do anything, and that He was present at the beginning, and that He is present now, there is nothing in the Holy Scriptures to arouse scepticism in my heart. Here I stand, a fossil of the ages, dug up from the tertiary formation, fallen off the shelf of an antiquarian, a man in the latter part of the glorious nineteenth century believing in

A WHOLE BIBLE FROM LID TO LID !

I. I am opposed to the expurgation of the Scriptures in the first place, because the Bible in its present shape has been so *miraculously preserved.* Fifteen hundred years after Herodotus wrote his history, there was only one manuscript copy of it. Twelve hundred years after Plato wrote his book, there was only one manuscript copy of it. God was so careful to have us have the Bible in just the right shape that we have fifty manuscript copies of the New Testament a thousand years old, and many of them fifteen hundred years old. This Book handed down from the time of Christ, or just after the time of Christ, by the hand of such men as Origen in the second century and Tertullian in the third century—men of different ages who died for their principles. The three best copies of the New Testament in manuscript in the possession of three great churches—the Protestant Church of England, the Greek Church of St. Petersburg, and the Romish Church of Italy.

It is a plain matter of history that *Tischendorf* went to a convent in the peninsula of Sinai and was by ropes lifted over the wall into the convent, that being the only mode of admission, and that he saw there in the waste basket for kindling for the fires, a manuscript of the Holy Scriptures. That night he copied many of the passages of that Bible, but it was not until fifteen years had passed of earnest entreaty and prayer and coaxing and purchase on his part that that copy of the Holy Scriptures was put into the hands of the Emperor of Russia—that one copy so marvellously protected.

Do you not know that *the catalogue of the books* of the Old and New Testaments as we have it, is the same catalogue that has been coming on down through the ages? Thirty-nine books of the Old Testament thousands of years ago. Thirty-nine now. Twenty-seven books of the New Testament sixteen hundred years ago. Twenty-seven books of the New Testament now. Marcion, for wickedness, was turned out of the Church in the second century, and in his assault on the Bible and Christianity, he incidentally gives a catalogue of the books of the Bible—that catalogue corresponding exactly with ours—testimony given by the enemy of the Bible and the enemy of Christianity. The catalogue now just like the catalogue then. Assaulted and spit on and torn to pieces and burned, yet adhering. The book to-day, in three hundred languages, confronting four fifths of the human race in their own tongue. Three hundred million copies of it in existence. Does not that look as if this Book had been divinely protected, as if God had guarded it all through the centuries?

Is it not an argument plain enough to every honest man and every honest woman, that a book divinely protected and in this shape is in the very shape that God wants it? It pleases God and it ought to please us. The epidemics which have swept thousands of other books into the sepulchre of forgetfulness, have only brightened the fame of this. There is not one book out of a thousand that lives five years. Any publisher will tell you that. There will not be more than one book out of fifty thousand that will live a century. Yet, here is a Book, much of it sixteen hundred years old, and much of it four thousand years old, and with more rebound and resilience and strength in it than when the Book was first put upon parchment or papyrus. This Book was the cradle of all other books, and it will see their graves. Would you not think that an old book like this, some of it forty centuries old, would come along hobbling with age and on crutches? Instead of that, more potent than any other book of the time. More copies of it printed in the last ten years than of any other book—Walter Scott's Waverley Novels, Macaulay's "History of England," Disraeli's "Endymion," and all the popular books of the day having no such sale in the last ten years as this old worn-out Book. Do you know what a struggle a book has in order to get through one century or two centuries?

LOST LITERARY TREASURES.

Some old books, during a fire in a seraglio of Constantinople, were thrown into the street. A man without any education picked up one of those books, read it, and did not see the value of it. A scholar looked over his shoulder and saw it was the first and second decades of Livy, and he offered the man a large reward if he would bring the

books to his study; but in the excitement of the fire, the two parted, and the first and second decades of Livy were forever lost. Pliny wrote twenty books of history; all lost. The most of Meander's writings lost. Of one hundred and thirty comedies of Plautus, all gone but twenty. Euripides wrote a hundred dramas, all gone but nineteen. Eschylus wrote a hundred dramas, all gone but seven. Varro wrote the laborious biographies of seven hundred Romans, not a fragment left. Quintilian wrote his favorite book on the corruption of eloquence, all lost. Thirty books of Tacitus lost. Dion Cassius wrote eighty books, only twenty remain. Bevosius's history all lost.

Nearly all the old books are mummified and are lying in the tombs of old libraries, and perhaps once in twenty years some man comes along and picks up one of them and blows the dust off, and opens it and finds it the book he does not want. But this old Book, much of it forty centuries old, stands to-day more discussed than any other book, and it challenges the admiration of all the good and the spite and the venom and the animosity and the hypercriticism of earth and hell. I appeal to your common sense, if a book so divinely guarded and protected in its present shape, must not be in just the way that God wants it to come to us, and if it pleases God ought it not to please us?

NO ADDITIONS MADE.

Not only have all the attempts to detract from the Book failed, but all the attempts to add to it. Many attempts were made to add the apochryphal books to the Old Testament. The Council of Trent, the Synod of Jerusalem, the Bishops of Hippo, all decided that the apochryphal books must be added to the Old Testament. "They must stay in," said those learned men; but they stayed out. There is not an intelligent Christian man that to-day will put the Book of Maccabeus or the Book of Judith beside the Book of Isaiah or Romans. Then a great many said, "we must have books added to the New Testament," and there were epistles and Gospels and apocalypses written and added to the New Testament, but they have all fallen out. You cannot add anything. You cannot subtract anything. Divinely protected Book in the present shape. Let no man dare to lay his hands on it with the intention of detracting from the Book, or casting out any of these holy pages.

EXPURGATION MEANS ANNIHILATION.

II. Beside that, I am opposed to this expurgation of the Scriptures because if the attempt were successful, *it would be the annihilation of the Bible.* Infidel geologists would say, "out with the Book of Genesis;" infidel astronomers would say, "out with the Book of Joshua;" people who do not believe in the atoning sacrifice would say, "out with the Book of Leviticus;" people who do not believe in the miracles would say, "out with all those wonderful stories in the Old and New Testament;" and some would say, "out with the Book of Revelation;" and others would say, "out with the entire Pentateuch," and the work would go on until there would not be enough of the Bible left to be worth as much as last year's almanac. The expurgation of the Scriptures means their annihilation.

GOOD PEOPLE SATISFIED.

III. I am also opposed to this proposed expurgation of the Scriptures for the fact that in proportion as people became self-sacrificing and good and holy and consecrated, *they like the Book as it is.* I have yet to find a man or a woman distinguished for self-sacrifice, for consecration to God, for holiness of life, who wants the Bible changed. Many of us have inherited family Bibles. Those Bibles were in use twenty, forty, fifty, perhaps a hundred years in the generations. This afternoon, when you go home, take down those family Bibles, and find out if there are any chapters which have been erased by lead pencil or pen, and if in any margins you can find the words: "this chapter not fit to read." There has been plenty of opportunity during the last half century privately to expurgate the Bible. Do you know any case of such expurgation? Did not your grandfather give it to your father, and did not your father give it to you?

IV. Beside that, I am opposed to the expurgation of the Scriptures, because the so-called indelicacies and cruelties of the Bible have demonstrated *no evil result.* A cruel book will produce cruelty—an unclean book will produce uncleanness. Fetch me a victim. Out of all Christendom and out of all the ages, fetch me a victim whose heart has been hardened to cruelty, or whose life has been made impure by this Book. Show me one. One of the best-families I ever knew of, for thirty or forty years, morning and evening, had all the members gathered together, and the servants of the household, and the strangers that happened to be within the gates—twice a day, without leaving out a chapter or a verse, they read this holy Book, morning by morning, night by night. Not only the older children, but the little child who could just spell her way through the verse while her mother helped her. The father beginning and reading one verse, and then all the members of the family in turn reading a verse. The father maintained his integrity, the mother maintained her integrity, the sons grew up and entered professions and commercial life, adorning every sphere in the life in which they lived, and the daughters went into families where Christ was honored, and all that was good and pure and righteous reigned perpetually. For thirty years that family endured the Scriptures. Not one of them ruined by it.

Now, if you will tell me of a family where the Bible has been read twice a day for thirty years, and the children have been brought up in that habit, and the father went to ruin, and the mother went to ruin, and the sons and daughters were destroyed by it—if you will tell me of one such incident, I will throw away my Bible, or I will doubt your veracity. I tell you, if a man is shocked with what he calls the indelicacies of the Word of God, he is prurient in his taste and imagination. If a man cannot read the book Solomon's Song, without impure suggestion, he is either in his heart, or in his life, a libertine.

The Old Testament description of wickedness, uncleanness of all sorts, is purposely and righteously a disgusting account, instead of the Byronic and the Parisian vernacular which makes sin attractive instead of appalling. When those old prophets point you to a lazaretto, you understand it is a lazaretto. When a man having begun to do right falls back into wickedness, and gives up his integrity, the Bible does not say he was overcome by the fascinations of the festal board, or that he surrendered to convivialities, or that he became a little fast in his habits. I will tell you what the Bible says: "The dog is turned to his own vomit again, and the sow that was washed to her wallowing in the mire." No gilding of iniquity. No garlands on a death's head. No pounding away with a silver mallet at iniquity when it needs an iron sledge hammer.

I can easily understand how people, brooding over the description of uncleanness in the Bible, may get morbid in mind until they are as full of it as the wings and the beak and the nostril and the claw of a buzzard is full of the odors of a carcass; but what is wanted is not that the Bible be disinfected, but that you, the critic have your heart and mind washed with carbolic acid!

EXPURGATION OF THE HEART.

I tell you at this point in my discourse that a man who does not like this Book, and who is critical as to its contents, and who is shocked and outraged with its descriptions, has never been soundly converted. The laying on of the hands of Presbytery, or Episcopacy, does not always change a man's heart, and men sometimes get into the pulpit as well as into the pew, never having been changed radically by the sovereign grace of God. Get your heart right and the Bible will be right. The trouble is men's natures are not brought into harmony with the Word of God. Ah! my friends, *expurgation of the heart is what is wanted.*

You cannot make me believe that the Scriptures, which this moment lie on the table of the purest and the best men and women of the age, and which were the dying solace of your kindred passed into the skies, have in them a taint which the strongest microscope of honest criticism could make visible. If men are uncontrollable in their indignation when the integrity of wife or child is assailed, and judges and jurors as far as possible excuse violence under such provocation, what ought to be the overwhelming and long resounding thunders of condemnation for any man who will stand in a Christian pulpit and assail the more than virgin purity of inspiration, the well beloved daughter of God?

Expurgate the Bible! You might as well go to the old picture galleries in Dresden and in Venice and in Rome and expurgate the old paintings. Perhaps you could find a foot of Michael Angelo's "Last Judgment" that might be improved. Perhaps you could throw more expression into Raphael's "Madonna." Perhaps you could put more pathos into Rubens' "Descent from the Cross." Perhaps you could change the crests of the waves in Turner's "Slave Ship." Perhaps you might go into the old galleries of sculpture and change the forms and the posture of the statues of Phidias and Praxiteles. Such an iconoclast would very soon find himself in the penitentiary. But it is worse vandalism when a man proposes to re-fashion these masterpieces of inspiration and to remodel the moral giants of this gallery of God.

NO COMPROMISE.

Now, let us divide off. Let those people who do not believe the Bible and who are critical of this and that part of it, go clear over to the other side. Let them stand behind the devil's guns. There can be no compromise between infidelity and Christianity. Give us the out and out opposition of infidelity rather than the work of these hybrid theologians, these mongrel ecclesiastics, these half and half evoluted pulpiteers who believe the Bible and do not believe it, who accept the miracles and do not accept them, who believe in the inspiration of the Scriptures and do not believe in the inspiration of the Scriptures—trimming their belief on one side to suit the scepticism of the world, trimming their belief on the other side to suit the pride of their own heart, and feeling that in order to demonstrate their courage they must make the Bible a target and shoot at God.

There is one thing that encourages me very much, and that is, that the Lord made out to manage the universe before they were born, and will probably be able to make out to manage the universe a little while after they are dead. While I demand that the antagonists of the Bible, and the critics of the Bible go clear over where they belong, on the devil's side, I ask that all the friends of this good Book come out openly and above board in behalf of it. That Book, which was the best inheritance you ever received from your ancestry, and which will be the best legacy you will leave to your children when you bid them good-by as you cross the ferry to the golden city.

Young man do not be ashamed of your Bible. There is not a virtue but it commends, there is not a sorrow but it comforts, there is not a good law on the statute book of any country but it is founded on these Ten Commandments. There are no braver, grander people in all the earth than the heroes and the heroines which it biographizes.

BETTER ILLUSTRATION THAN DORÉ'S.

Last Tuesday noon, I was startled as I saw on the bulletin the announcement of *Gustave Doré's departure.* I said: "Is it possible that that hand has forgotten its cunning?" Of all the works of that great artist, there is nothing so impressive as Doré's illustrated Bible. What scene of Abrahamic faith, or Edenic beauty, of dominion Davidic or Solomonic, of miracle, or parable, of nativity, or of crucifixion, or of last judgment but the thought leaped from the great brain to the skilful pencil, and from the skilful pencil to the canvas immortal. The Louvre, the Luxembourg, the National Gallery of London compressed within two volumes of Doré's illustrated Bible. But the Bible will come to *better illustration* than that, my friends, when all the deserts have become gardens, and all the armories have become academies, and all the lakes have become Genesarets with Christ walking them, and all the cities have become Jerusalems with hovering Shekinah; and the two hemispheres shall be clapping cymbals of divine praise, and the round earth a footlight to Emanuel's throne—that, to all lands, and all ages, and all centuries, and all cycles will be the best specimen of Bible illustrated.

ANECDOTES RELATED AT MOODY AND SANKEY'S MEETINGS IN SCOTLAND.

An Influential Example.—At a Recent Meeting Mr. Morrison, an engine-driver, of Carlisle, said: "We can testify for Christ in our life as well as with our lips. A young lady I know was converted. She was acquainted with a young man, in whose company she often was, but she never spoke to him about his soul. He was, however, struck with the change in her walk and conduct, and watched her narrowly. What he saw led him to Christ and a knowledge of the truth."

God in the Business.—"Last Night a Worker said to me, 'Dr. White made a remark during his address to the effect that many Christians made fine plans for themselves without asking God about them until their minds were made up, then they asked God to guide them, and then wondered that their schemes went astray.' That worker is looking at me now. He had planned to extend his business and intended going to Dundee for that purpose, and although he asked God's blessing upon his plans he did not ask God to make the plans. This remark of Dr. White has changed his ideas entirely."

The Influence of a Rough-looking Youth.—At a recent meeting Major Colquhoun narrated the following incident: "Last night, just at the back there under the gallery, I asked a woman, 'Are you a Christian, sister?' She answered, 'I used to think I was till he' (pointing to a rough-looking youth standing beside her) 'three weeks ago came home, and told us that he was saved, and the change upon him is so great that I see he has something I have not got.' That woman has now taken the first step in the Christian life by giving herself to Christ, and next week her husband is coming to the meeting to seek the same Saviour."

Christ Among Sailors.—At one of the Prayer-meetings Mr. Jack said: "One night lately, I went to see the work among the sailors, and I was very much struck with it. I heard some wonderful testimonies illustrating the value of personal dealing with souls. Scarcely two had been converted in the same way. One young man told us that he was converted by hearing a word in the street. He was a careless, drunken young man, and a word he heard in the street brought him to the feet of Christ. Others, again, told how they had been brought to the Saviour in common lodging-houses. Daily there are cases occurring which illustrate the saying of the woman, 'The dogs eat of the crumbs that fall from the Master's table.'"

One of the Squad.—Mr. Balfour Spoke of his visit to Inverkiething during the great awakening there. The minister was preaching, and he had for his text, 'What shall I do then with Jesus, who is called Christ?' A very rough-swearing man was present, and afterward he could not get the text out of his head. The next morning, while going to his work, the text still ringing in his ears, *he fell down on his knees in the highway*, and said, 'I will no longer crucify you—I will no longer crucify this man that is called Christ, but I will follow Him, and I will love Him.' When he returned home in the evening, he went to a small company of praying men, and said, 'Lads, I want to join your squad, I am going to become one of you.'"

An Instance of Mental Distress.—At a Re-cent noonday meeting Mr. Jack said: "It is interesting to see how much trouble those men who have been converted this year take to bring their fellow-workmen to Christ. There is a man in Bessley whose wife has been a Christian for thirty years, and their son was lately convinced of sin, and of his need of Christ, but he was unable to see the way of salvation. On our way from the prayer-meeting last week we called upon him, and found *four men praying* with and for him. His anxiety of mind has made him very ill. He is now fevered and distressed in mind and body. I ask the prayers of God's people on his behalf, that he may speedily recover, and find the joy of his life in the service of Christ."

"The Song of the Drunkard."—At the Same meeting Mr. Dewar said: "The late Sir. Andrew Agnew advocated very earnestly the observance of the Sabbath among all classes. In his place in Parliament and in private he so vigorously protested against its desecration that in singing-saloons and bar-rooms his name became a by-word. One day he was sitting in his room much cast down, when a party of drunken men passed his house singing one of the songs in which his name was mentioned with contempt. Sick at heart, he knelt and asked God to send him comfort. He opened his Bible, and at once his eye fell upon the words in Psalm 69: 11, 12, 'I became a proverb to them,' 'I was the song of the drunkard.' This was God's message to him, and he was lightened of the gloom which was gathering over him."

Memory only for Jesus.—Mr. R. Hill Said: "An old woman of about eighty years of age came to die, and her memory so failed her that she could not even remember her own children. She had a large family, and one by one they passed before her, anxious to bid her a last farewell in this world. The eldest went by the dying woman's side, and said, 'Don't you know me?' She shook her head and said, 'No,' and it was so with the rest of the children; each asked the same question and got the same reply till it came to the youngest. She was a happy Christian, and instead of asking, 'Don't you know me?' she put this question, 'Don't you know Jesus?' The old woman joyfully responded, 'Yes; and I am so glad Jesus knows me.' Oh, knowledge of Christ makes up for everything in this dark world."

A Miraculous Change.—Rev. Dr. Elder Cum-ming said, speaking on the subject of the reclamation of drunken women, "Not long ago I saw a woman who had been a drunkard, and she told me that she was saved—that the Lord had delivered her; and then she went on to say, 'I have something more to tell you. My mother has been saved too. You don't know about her, but since I saw you last she has accepted Christ. She went home to the place where she lived, and where she had been known as a drunkard for forty years, she was the wife of a Free Church elder, and she broke his heart and brought him down to the grave by her conduct. When she told her husband's minister that she had become a teetotaller and a Christian, he remarked: 'I always said that nothing but a miracle could save that woman.' For months the woman in question has been able by God's grace to overcome her appetite."

A Young Convert.—Mr. J. R. Miller Said: "An afternoon meeting for children was started some time ago in one of the rooms attached to Mr. Scott's church, and one night I was asked to assist. Ten or twelve of the little folks told me that they had found Jesus. Some people say you cannot place much confidence in what a little boy or girl says upon this subject; but the other day I met in the street a boy about twelve years of age who regarded me very earnestly as if he knew me. I thought he was one of those to whom I had spoken in the meeting, and I asked him the question. He said, 'No, you did not speak to me.' Then I asked him, 'Are you a Christian?' and he replied, 'Yes.' I inquired, 'When were you brought to Christ?' He replied, 'At the first of the children's meetings;' and from the conversation I had with him I found that he had taken firm hold of Christ, and was a sincere Christian."

A Sceptic on his Knees.—Mr. McFarlane Re-lated the following anecdote: "I knew a man who was chairman of a debating society which met regularly to tear the Bible to pieces. His children who were in my Sabbath-school, were absent one day, so I called to see what detained them, and in this way I became acquainted with their father. He was a thorough sceptic, and well posted up in all matters relating to his ideas of religion. I was unable to cope with him in argument, and brought a friend who knew more about the arguments than I did, but he also was unable to convince the man. At last I asked him, 'Do you want to believe?' 'Most certainly I do; but it's against reason to do so,' he rejoined. 'If you are truly in earnest,' I said, 'promise me that you will kneel and ask God for Christ's sake to *make you believe*. Will you do so?' 'Yes,' he replied. When I went back to see him I saw that his face had a tender, softened look, which made me ask myself, 'Has this man kept his promise?' There were some people with me, so I was not able to ask him; but soon they left, and I put the question to him. He burst into tears, saying, 'I knelt down as I promised, and began to pray, and almost immediately remembered that it is twenty-five years since I did so the last time, and that was when I knelt at my mother's knees. When in my prayer I named the name of Jesus, the story of His life came to my mind so that I could no longer contain myself, but wept before the Lord.' Those tears washed away all the scepticism which had grown during the past twenty-five years."

THE CHARACTERISTICS AND CONTRASTS OF THE COMING KINGDOM.

By Rev. William Maude.

III—The Kingdom of Power.

Man's Original Charter—God's Vicegerent Upon Earth—The Divine Ideal of Man's Sovereignty—Man a Pensioner of Nature—Nature's Inexorable Aspects—Satan's Usurpation of Empire—His Malignant Agency—Physical Phenomena and Bodily Disease—Man a Discrowned Monarch—He is Yet to Reign over a Subjugated World—The Second Adam Crowned—The Climax of Coming Dignity—The Period of Its Attainment—Its Character and Extent—The Late Archbishop Trench's Exposition—The Meaning of Christ's Miracles—Four Groups of Miracles—Power over Nature, Bodily Disease and Death—The Reign of the Second Adam.

WE are told, in the primeval record of creation, that when God had created generic man, male and female, He blessed them, and said unto them, "Be fruitful and multiply, and replenish the earth, and subdue it: and have dominion over the fish of the sea, and over the fowl of the air, and over every living thing that moveth upon the earth." (Gen. 1: 28.) Here, then, we have the original charter of unfallen man's investiture with the sovereignty of this world. Whether that sovereignty was the first this earth had ever known; or whether, as some ancient rabbis taught and some modern writers on prophecy—notably the late Rev. G. S. Faber—have been disposed to believe, Satan had, previous to the chaotic condition of our planet described in Genesis 1: 2, been its mighty but unfaithful ruler, we cannot positively say.* But at all events when Adam was created and placed in the Gardens of Eden, he was constituted

GOD'S VICEGERENT UPON EARTH.

It was a noble inheritance; given to him and his seed for an everlasting possession—"The heaven, even the heavens are the Lord's; but the earth hath He given to the children of men," (Ps. 115: 16); and hence it was said to him, "Be fruitful and multiply, and replenish the earth." His control over its resources and forces was to be absolute.

He stood, as it were, in the laboratory of nature, and all the combinations of its elements were at his command; he was placed in the seat of power, and the mightiest physical forces of the universe were made subservient to his will; for his commission was, not only to replenish the earth, but to "subdue it." All animate nature, also, was in perfect and willing subjection to his rule; the beasts of the field, and the birds of the air, and the monsters of the deep, all paid him homage; for had not God said: "Have dominion over the fish of the sea, and over the fowl of the air, and over every living thing that moveth upon the earth?"

IDEAL OF MAN'S SOVEREIGNTY.

It is this original and ideal sovereignty which David celebrates in the ardent adoration of the eighth Psalm: "When I consider Thy heavens, the work of Thy fingers, the moon and the stars which Thou hast ordained; what is man, that

* Masudi tells us, that God having finished the earth, peopled it with genii or demons, one of which was Eblis (Satan) before He created Adam. They began to fight among themselves, and were driven to distant islands; while Eblis was made regent of the sky (the heaven of the world), but harbored pride in his breast, and refused to worship Adam when he was created, saying to God "I am thy vicar on earth, created of fire, with wings and a glory around my head—but this one is of clay." Then God cursed Eblis, and hurled him down from heaven, but gave him respite, until a fixed time—the day of Resurrection.—Quoted by Dr. S. C. Malan, "The Book of Adam and Eve."

Thou art mindful of him? and the Son of Man that Thou visitest him? For Thou hast made him a little lower than the angels, and has crowned him with glory and honor. Thou madest him to have dominion over the works of Thy hands; Thou hast put all things under his feet: all sheep and oxen, yea, and the beasts of the field; the fowl of the air, and the fish of the sea, and whatsoever passeth through the paths of the sea. O Lord, our Lord, how excellent is Thy name in all the earth!"

But while this was the divine ideal of man's relation to this lower world, that ideal has never hitherto been realized. Man, though created in honor, did not abide therein. When sin had entered into the world, and man had fallen "like a star from heaven," the sentence went forth, "Remove the mitre, and take off the crown," and henceforth man ceased to be the prince, and became

THE PENSIONER OF NATURE.

The lower animals no longer unreservedly acknowledged his supremacy, but either rose in rebellion against him or fled in terror at his approach. The prolific earth was cursed with unnatural barrenness, and brought forth thorns and thistles, so that only in the sweat of his face could man eat bread. The air became sown, as it were, with the germs of a thousand fell diseases, while death lay in wait on every side. The whirlwind and the waterflood swept him away to destruction like the autumn leaves; the lightning—in which his guilty conscience saw the wrath of heaven—struck him lifeless to the ground. Yea, the very earth itself, reeling beneath the earthquake shock, opened her mouth and swallowed him up, so that he went down alive into the pit. Oh, how hard and pitiless does nature often seem to poor humanity! Who can wonder if those who refuse the key to the mystery which Scripture supplies, should be left to doubt if there be indeed a God who created and governs the world; or if nature be not, rather, but a liveless power of

STERN INEXORABLE LAW,

which still pursues its resistless course, crushing relentlessly into death the groaning, tortured masses of man's miserable race, while their blood stains continually its high and dreadful wheels. Surely if man were not fallen and the earth was not under the curse, the conditions under which both at present exist would be a manifest and pitiless libel on God's righteousness and love.

But, alas! this is not all. Not only did the sceptre of universal empire fall from man's sinpalsied hands, but it has, in some measure, passed into those of

A HOSTILE AND MALIGNANT POWER.

Satan became "the prince of the power of the air"—"the world-ruler of this present darkness." (Eph. 2 : 2 ; 6 : 12.) Hence we find our Lord, in speaking to His seventy disciples, when they "returned with joy, saying, Lord, even the demons are subject unto us through Thy name," saying unto them, "I beheld (in anticipative vision) Satan fallen as lightning from heaven. (See Rev. 12 : 7-10.) Behold, I have given you authority to tread upon serpents and scorpions, and over all the power of the enemy; and nothing shall in any wise hurt you" (Luke 10 : 17-19); where the venomous nature of the reptiles named is clearly referred to as manifestations of "the power of the enemy."

Again; it was, we are told, through Satan's instigation and more active agency, that not only did the Sabeans kill Job's servants and the Chaldeans "lift" his oxen and camels, but that the fire fell from heaven and destroyed his remaining sheep and servants; and, more terrible still, the storm overthrew the house in which his ten children were assembled and buried them beneath its ruins. From which tragical narrative we may certainly learn that the popular superstitions which in all ages and many countries have associated destructive atmospheric phenomena with the agency of evil spirits, finds some foundation in the teaching of Scripture.

SATANIC AGENCY IN BODILY DISEASES.

It is, however, more especially in connection with the infliction of bodily disease that Satanic power seems to be recognized in Holy Writ. How deeply significant is the reference, in the Epistle to the Hebrews, to "him that had the power of death, (or, 'who holds the empire of death,') that is the devil." (Heb. 2 : 14.) To refer again to the case of Job: was it not Satan who "smote Job with boils from the sole of his foot unto his crown?" (Job 2 : 7.) Was it not by spiritual agency that when David numbered the people the pestilence destroyed seventy thousand Israelites? (1 Chron. 21: 14-15.) Throughout the Gospel narratives, again, do we not find in various instances bodily disease attributed by our Lord Himself to Satanic power? It was Satan who, for eighteen years, had bound the deformed woman whom Jesus healed on the Sabbath Day. (Luke 13 : 10-16.) It was an evil spirit who possessed the poor, shuddering epilpeptic of whom we read in Mark's Gospel more particularly. (Mark 9 : 17-29.) And when we are told that Jesus "rebuked a fever," as when we read that He "arose and rebuked the winds and waves" of the tempestuous sea (Luke 4 : 39 ; Matt. 8 : 26), it is surely most reasonable to suppose that the rebuke was addressed, not to the natural phenomena, but to the spiritual agency which He discerned behind them. It is, indeed, an interesting inquiry, whether *all* diseases may not be traceable to Satanic power, but into this we cannot now appropriately enter.

MAN IS A DISCROWNED MONARCH.

Such, then, is the present condition of man. He is a discrowned monarch, whose dominion has passed into an enemy's hand; and hence "the whole creation groaneth and travaileth in pain together until now. And not only they, but ourselves also, which have the firstfruits of the Spirit, even we ourselves groan within ourselves, waiting for the adoption, to wit, the redemption of our body." (Rom. 8 : 22, 23.) But, blessed be God, the end is not yet. Though the glowing picture of Psalm 8 has never yet been fully realized in the past, it awaits a glorious accomplishment in the future; for the prophetic character of this Psalm is placed beyond all question by the application of it made by the author of the Epistle to the Hebrews (2 : 5-9); when, in the course of his demonstration of the superiority of the Son of God to men and angels, he writes: "For unto the angels hath He not but in subjection the world to come, whereof we speak. But one in a certain place testified, saying, What is man, that Thou art mindful of him or the son of man that Thou visitest him? Thou madest him a little lower than (*marg.* a little while lower than) the angels. Thou crownedst him with glory and honor, and didst set him over the works of Thy hands; Thou hast set all things in subjection under his feet." And he adds, "For in that He put all in subjection under Him, He left nothing that is not put under Him. *But now we see not yet all things put under him*, but we see Jesus, who was made a little (while) lower than the angels for the suffering of death, crowned with glory and honor."

FUTURE SUBJECTION OF THE WORLD.

In the light of this inspired comment we see that the language of the Psalm is prophetic rather than historical, and describes the future subjection of the world as it shall be to the Second Adam, with little more than a retrospective glance at the original subjection of the primeval world to the first Adam. Fully accepting this interpretation of the Psalm, Dr. De Burgh thus expounds the latter part of it: "'Thou madest him a little while lower than the angels.' This, with the aid of the Apostle's comment already quoted, we know relates to the *humiliation* and *death* of Him who is named emphatically 'the Son of Man'—'We see Jesus,' he says, 'who was made a little while lower than the angels, *for the suffering of death*. . . . that He by the grace of God should taste death for every man.' (Heb. 2 : 9.) That is as 'the Son of God,' and even as the incarnate Son of God, He was superior to angels (as shown in the preceding part of this chapter, and chapter 1); but by a double act of condescension He submitted to be made lower than them; that He might suffer for sinful man; as this Apostle elsewhere states first 'being made in fashion as a man,' and then further 'humbling Himself and becoming obedient unto death, even the death of the cross,' (Phil. 2 : 8)—that out of this extremest weakness He might perfect strength—'that through death He might destroy him that had the power of death, that is, the devil.' (ver. 14.)

THE SECOND ADAM CROWNED.

"'And hast crowned Him with glory and honor.' This, by the same infallible interpreter, we are told relates to the Saviour's *ascension*: 'We see Jesus, who was made a little while lower than the angels for the suffering of death, *crowned with glory and honor*.' (Heb. 2 : 9.) '*We see*' this—already is this part of the prophecy fulfilled, as well as the preceding clause—in that when He had by Himself purged our sins, He sat down on the right hand of the Majesty on high. (Chap. 1 : 3.) To which even it has been suggested, reference had been before made in verse 1 (of the Psalm), in the words, 'Who hast set Thy glory above the heavens:' considering the Psalm as addressed to Christ. But Christ is throughout spoken of in the third person, as here 'Thou madest *Him* lower than the angels,'—'Thou crownest *Him* with glory and honor;' whence the address is rather to Jehovah respecting His purposes revealed in the Son.

THE CLIMAX OF DIGNITY.

"This, however, is not all. There is yet another step ascending before we reach the climax here chiefly celebrated—the stilling of the Enemy and Avenger, and the triumph of Redemption; for proceeds the Palmist: 'Thou madest Him have dominion over the works of Thy hands: Thou hast put all things under His feet.' This we might at first view suppose to be only an amplification of the foregoing clause, as further descriptive of the Redeemer's present glory, and also accomplished at the Ascension; and so it is often understood. But those who so explain it overlook the Apostle's comment, who thus expressly makes a distinction: 'For,' he says, after quoting these words, 'in that He put all in subjection under Him, He left nothing that is not put under Him. *But now we see not yet all things put under Him;* but we see Jesus (who was made a little while lower than the angels, for the suffering of death) crowned with glory and honor.'

"Most evident, indeed, is this when we look at the dominion here specified—not only the same originally bestowed on the first Adam, but far greater—and to the things to be subjected—not only 'the enemy,' yea, many enemies, whose power in the earth is still too obvious, but also all those subordinate ranks of creation that broke from man's rule at his fall and became involved in the general disorder that thence ensued. All these—yea, *all*—are already in purpose, and shall yet be in fact, put under the Redeemer's feet, in His character of 'The Second Adam' and 'Son of Man.'"

THE PERIOD OF ITS ATTAINMENT.

"This 'we see not yet.' If we ask when it shall be, we have the answer in another Psalm (110) where He is also prophesied of in His present Ascension glory, which says, 'The Lord (Jehovah) said unto my Lord, Sit Thou at My right hand, until I make Thine enemies Thy footstool.' That is, He now sits at the right hand of God 'from henceforth expecting till His enemies shall be made his footstool' (as the words are explained in a comment on them in another part of this same epistle, chap 10 : 13)—when the heavens shall no longer contain Him, but 'the day of His power'—His mediatorial power—having come, 'The Lord shall send the rod of His strength out of Zion, and He shall rule in the midst of His people.' Or, in the yet more strictly parallel New Testament prophecy, (Acts 3 : 21) 'Whom the heaven must receive until the times of the restitution of *all things*—the original word denotes the righting or reinstating of things that have been disturbed and disordered—'which God hath spoken of by the mouth of all His holy prophets since the world began,' and among them here by David. In a word, at His *Second Advent*, which is thus, together with His incarnation, death, resurrection, and ascension, foretold in this most remarkable prophecy, comprising in a few verses the whole mystery of redemption."

(To be concluded.)

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CURRENT EVENTS.

The Senate Devoted the Greater Part of last week to a discussion of the iron and steel items of the new Tariff Bill. The general result was a reduction in the rate but, to what extent it will operate, there was no definite information given. Senator Miller, from New York, was prominent in his endeavors to raise rates rather than to reduce them. In one case he tried to induce the Senate to double the existing duty. It is evident that at the present rate of progress the Senate cannot get through its work on the bill at this session. At the end of last week the committee of the whole had not discussed quite a quarter of the clauses, and after that ground has been covered there will yet remain the submission of the results to the vote in the Senate. An idea of the difficulties which hinder progress on this question, may be gained from the report of a scene which occurred at a caucus of Republican Senators on January 25th. At the caucus Senator Conger declared that he should not vote for the bill, if lumber remained on the free list. Senator Allison expressed regret to hear it. He said that the example was one which might provoke imitation, or perhaps retaliation, and that other Senators, the interests of whose constituents had been put in jeopardy to an equal or greater extent, might on that account with an equal right turn against the bill, the passage of which in some form all recognized as a necessity. To that remark Senator Logan replied in a sarcastic vein. The only result of the caucus was the expression of an opinion that under the circumstances Republican Senators, at least, should restrain their desire to debate, and that the Senate should remain in much later session than it has been in the habit of doing.

The House Commenced the Consideration of its own Tariff Bill on January 26th. Judge Kelley, in introducing it, claimed that it was "the best Tariff Bill ever presented to the American Congress." He said all the reductions did not receive the approval of his individual judgment, for he feared they would result in harm to American interests; nevertheless he was prepared to stand by the bill in all its parts, and would submit no amendments except such as might be authorized by his committee. He realized that all such legislation must necessarily be enacted in a spirit of compromise. When asked what would be the result on the tariff if the bill should pass in its present form, Chairman Kelley said he did not believe anybody could even make a guess as to that, but the Treasury experts estimated the total net reduction at $20,855,799; his own estimate would be much larger, and neither included the reduction on account of the abolition of packages, inland transportation commissions, etc., which amount to about 10 per cent of the duties. A prediction, which is said to be endorsed by shrewd politicians in Washington, was made last week by a Republican Senator who said that the Senate would probably adopt its own bill, which was lower than that framed by the Tariff Commission, and the House would undoubtedly adopt its own bill, which was higher than that of the Commission. The differences would probably be compared in a Conference Committee, and it was not improbable that the Tariff Commission Bill would be recommended as a compromise between the two Houses. A more general impression, however, is that no Tariff Bill will be passed by this Congress.

The Question of the Coinage of the Silver dollar, which the public returns to the Treasury almost as soon as they are issued, was again brought under the attention of Congress last week. The Secretary of the Treasury addressed a letter to the Speaker of the House of Representatives, inviting attention to the amount of silver coin in hand, and the limited facilities for its safe keeping in the Sub-Treasury offices. The Secretary finally says: "It is apparent that this Congress should either discontinue the coinage of the standard silver dollars, or make suitable appropriations for building additional vaults in the East, and for the transportation of silver coin from San Francisco, no further space being available for building another vault at that point." The recent fall in the price of silver makes the actual value of the standard dollar eighty-one cents.

The Most Remarkable Evidence yet Produced in the Star Route trials was given last week. A witness named Andrew W. Moore testified to the effect that he was engaged by Miner to render services on the Dorsey routes in the West, and that he was "directed to report at Senator Dorsey's house for instructions and funds." He did so report, as he testifies, to "*the head of the concern*," from whom he received some very significant "instructions," and subsequently "funds" for services rendered. This was while Mr. Dorsey was still in the Senate. Moore admitted on the stand that he knew he was joining "a conspiracy to rob the government," and stated that he was to get "*one fourth of the stealings*" as his share of the plunder.

The Decision Overthrowing the Prohibition amendment in Iowa will be considered at a State Convention of the friends of temperance, summoned for the 7th of February. The meeting will be for consultation as to the best course to be pursued in the present situation of the prohibition cause in the State. An Iowa journalist says: "If the temperance people bide their time patiently and attempt nothing rash, they will doubtless succeed in getting the amendment resubmitted to the people, and in carrying it again by as large a majority as it received last June. But any ill-considered movement, such as an attempt to force the Governor to call an extra session of the Legislature, may prove fatal to the cause."

The Christian Work Among the Female clerks in the stores of Chicago, recently commenced by "the Women's Bible Work," has received such encouragement as to suggest the organization of a similar effort in other cities. The plan adopted in Chicago is, at noon-time once or twice a week, and with the consent of their proprietors, to visit shops where any considerable number of girls are employed, to read the Bible to them, to sing with them, and, as far as is possible, to have prayer and personal religious conversation. At least four fifths of the proprietors of the establishments, thus far visited, have cordially welcomed the "Workers" and afforded them facilities for the prosecution of their work. The girls also are interested, and many who go home to their dinners remain in their shops the days appointed for these visits. Two girls have already given good evidence that they had become Christians as the results of the work.

Mormon Missionaries have Received an Unequivocal intimation that their presence is not desired in South Carolina. Two middle-aged men arrived in the town of Rockville, York County, on January 25th. They gave their names as Elders John M. Eaton and Angus McKay, of Salt Lake City, missionaries of the Church of Latter Day Saints, and announced their intention of entering at once upon the work of proselytism. A committee of the young men of the town waited on them the same evening, and warned them to leave the county within twenty-four hours on pain of being tarred and feathered and ridden on a rail. They went away the next morning.

The Thirtieth Anniversary of the New York Young Men's Christian Association was held on January 23d. Over a thousand friends of the association assembled on the occasion. President Noah Porter, of Yale College, delivered an earnest address, in the course of which he said: "The Young Men's Christian Association, has been in existence not quite a generation, and has come up to vigorous growth from a slender beginning. It grew out of a movement for benefitting young men in a general way, for providing them libraries and lectures and reading rooms. This recognition of young men as a class was a new thing in modern times, and seems to have grown out of a similar social movement some fifty or sixty years ago." President Porter dwelt on the benefits of such associations in forming the character and conduct of young men. He said: "Without character and conduct civilization cannot stand. The world has gone a long way in reaching this conclusion, but we welcome all who hold it. To-day character and conduct must be secured or society will sink under its acquisitions and fall to pieces under its enlightenment. If we have not them, whatever we gain, we are lost as a community by the very insight and reach of our intellectual advancement."

The Home of Industry in New York for the reclamation of criminals, established by Michael Dunn, himself a reformed criminal, celebrated its fourth anniversary last week at the mission room, 40 East Houston Street. Mr. Dunn in opening the proceedings said: "I thank God for what he has done for me; I was in prison five times before I was twelve years old, and have spent thirty-five years in eleven different prisons. When God converted me, I determined to help other criminals, and finally started this home. It has lasted four years now, and *one thousand and one men* have been received here and helped to an honest and Christian life." About twenty other persons spoke, all formerly criminals, but reformed through this institution. They spoke with the deepest gratitude of Michael Dunn's kindness. One said: "I am fifty-five years old, and have spent thirty-two of those years in prison. Have been in fifteen different prisons, in Paris and London and elsewhere. About six weeks ago, I chanced to come here and have been saved." A report was read, showing that nearly 600 men had been helped to get work. At the home there have been manufactured and sold brooms worth $12,000 last year, with a profit of $1100. The inmates were now making mats also. It is hoped ultimately to pay half the expenses of the Home in this way.

A Wife's Prayers Answered on her Deathbed.—The following incident was related last week at the Fulton Street Prayer Meeting: "I have just come from the dying-bed of a Christian woman," a speaker said. "She is a victim of her husband's dissipation. He has long been a slave of drink, and her anxiety and watching and earnest efforts to save him have brought on consumption. But the desire of her heart has at last been granted. For years she has prayed God for the salvation of her husband. Many times she has invited this meeting to unite in prayer with her. These prayers have been answered, and the husband is saved! God has broken the hard heart, and the dying wife feels that she can welcome death, now that her husband is saved."

A Lonely Little Traveller Passed through this State last week on her way West. Among the passengers on a train on the Erie Railway there was a little nine-year-old girl, entirely unattended, on her way to join relatives at Pontiac, Ill. The little girl informed an inquirer that she had come all alone via. Anchor Line steamer from Lexton, England; that her father and mother were both dead; that she had expected her uncle to meet her in New York; but that for some reason he had been unable to do so, and she was going on *across the continent alone.* She said her father used to be an officer in the British Army, and she had been to India with him before he died. She is described as a very bright and precocious child, and she won the friendship of the conductor and all the passengers who heard her story. We may hope that the little orphan completed her four thousand mile journey without mishap, and received a warm welcome. It was a trying experience for so youthful a traveller, and one which few children would have had the courage to undergo. Her faith in her relatives must have been far stronger than that men are disposed to place in God, when they quail before the trials a Christian must suffer in the journey of life, before he receives compensation in heaven (Heb. 11 : 25, 26).

A Mouse that Wore a Diamond Ring was captured in Boston recently. The Boston *Journal* states that a lady in Beacon Street, some months ago, missed a valuable diamond ring from her dressing table, where she had laid it on retiring to rest. As no one else had been in the room, the loss of the ring was incomprehensible, but though a thorough search was made, it could not be found. Latterly the same lady had some valuable lace mutilated by mice, and she procured a trap and set it in her bed-room. Three mice were caught, and to the lady's amazement she saw, sparkling on the body of one of them, her lost diamond ring. It is supposed that the mouse, in scampering across her dressing-table, had thrust its head through the ring, and in its efforts to get it off had only caused it to be more firmly fixed. It had evidently suffered great pain from its costly girdle. Precious as the gem was to its owner, the little thief must have regarded it as a burden. In time to come it is not unlikely that the value set upon such expensive articles of adornment, even by those who now delight in them, will approximate that of the mouse more nearly than that of the lady (II. Pet. 3 : 3 and 4).

An Undermined City in Pennsylvania is in peril. On Wednesday, January 24th, the inhabitants of Wilkesbarre, Pa., were alarmed early in the morning by subterranean rumblings resembling those of an earthquake, and by the rocking and trembling of the houses. Great alarm prevailed, and in a few moments the streets were crowded with men, women and children, all wild with fright. Shock speedily followed shock, and the crash of falling ceilings and the noise of rending wood were heard above the screams of the women and children. In a few minutes, however, some degree of quiet was restored, and the men, lighting lamps and lanterns, proceeded to investigate the cause of all the alarm. It was soon discovered that the surface had caved in, and that *the ground was covered with cracks and fissures.* A space of over forty acres, under which is an old mine, had sunk. In many places the earth sank more than a foot below the level. The front foundation walls of some houses are bulged out fully thirty inches. Great cracks are observed in the stone work, while the heavy timbers that support the balconies have been thrown out of place and hang nearly suspended from their original support. The houses look as though they would tumble forward at any minute. The foundations have been moved in some cases several feet out of place, and a great many other damages sustained. The walks are torn up as if by an explosion. The trouble is accounted for upon the theory that the props put in some time ago in the old mine to sustain the roof, have rotted or been burned away by a fire raging underneath. "Volunteer explorers, *having neither mothers, wives, nor sweethearts,*" are called for to descend into the mine. All the inhabitants who can leave the threatened neighborhood have done so. There is a general fear that the worst is yet to come, and the people are naturally anxious to be out of the reach of the disaster. Would that men displayed a similar anxiety to escape the destruction assuredly coming on the earth (2 Pet. 3 ; 10).

A Child's Prayer was Overheard by her mother recently in a town in New York State. It was very suggestive, and though not expressed in the language usually used in devotion, might in its spirit be offered with advantage by older people. The little one, who had been taught the efficacy of prayer, was accustomed to add, of her own accord, to the prayers she had been taught, a petition on her own account. She was aware that she had not been particularly good on a certain day, and her evening prayers were thus supplemented: "I pray the Lord to make Lily a good little girl, and if at first you don't succeed, try, try again." The work of sanctification which the Holy Spirit carries on in the soul, is often obstructed by our own wilfulness; it is then in sad consciousness of our sin that we have need to offer the child's prayer (Psa. 51 : 9-12).

A Lady's Life was Saved in a Remarkable way on the Elevated Railroad last week. She apparently failed to notice the station at which she wished to alight, when the train reached it, for she sat still in the car while a large number of passengers went out. The conductor gave the signal to start, and was closing the gates when she made a rush for the gate. It was not closed, and she stepped on the platform just as the train started. The platform of the station is smooth, and in getting off her foot slipped. She lost her presence of mind, and to save herself from falling, took hold of the iron stanchions of the car platform gate with one hand—her right—and as she fell on her knees and swung round she caught the stanchion with the other hand, and was so *dragged along the station platform* to what appeared to be certain destruction. Jumping on the station platform, the conductor seized the woman by the waist and wrenched her hands from the stanchion. They were within four feet of the guard rail at the end of the platform, when her hold was broken, and in a fraction more of time would have been maimed or killed. The lady was distracted by her fright, or she would have seen that her only hope was in releasing her hold of the moving train, and it was well for her that some one was at hand to force her to do so. May not it be that some of our sharp trials in life have a similar design. God, by His providence, forces us to give up our hold on the world and its pleasures that our souls may be drawn toward Him (Psa. 119 : 67).

A Lighthouse Keeper Proved his Devotion to duty under trying circumstances during the recent bitter weather. A despatch from Long Branch, N. J., states that Job Smith, the keeper of the twin lights in the lighthouse on the Highlands of Navesink, nearly lost his life during the late cold wave. One severe night last month the lard-oil which is used in the great lanterns, froze; it was necessary to apply heat to the pipes through which the oil passes from the tank below to the towers where the lights are situated. For this purpose Keeper Smith used an ordinary alcohol flambeau. Standing directly underneath the large lantern in the tower on the south end, the keeper held the flambeau above his head. From some cause not known the fluid, ignited and poured in a burning stream of fire down upon his head. Maddened with pain and blinded by the burning oil, Smith rushed from the building, enveloped in flames. By plunging himself into the deep snow, he succeeded in extinguishing the fire. Notwithstanding the unfortunate man's face and hands were shockingly burned, the brave fellow again entered the lighthouse building, warmed the oil, and lighted the great lanterns that warn the mariner from the treacherous beach. Despite his terrible wounds he watched the lights until daybreak, when he managed to signal assistance from the village below. The head keeper then took Smith's place, and the suffering man was carried to his home in the lowlands, and medical aid summoned. The Christian who sees around him many a spiritual craft drifting to wreck, and yet utters no warning, may well learn a lesson from this devotion (Phil. 2 ; 15).

THE USE OF THE BOW.

A New Sermon by Pastor C. H. Spurgeon.

"And David lamented with this lamentation over Saul and over Jonathan his son: (Also he bade them teach the children of Judah the use of the bow: behold, it is written in the book of Jasher.)"—2 Samuel 1 : 17, 18.

A Military Order—I. Activity a Solace for Sorrow—Of Bereavement—Of Disappointment—Alexander Cruden's Love-Trouble—New Work Especially Efficacious—A Rich Venetian's Rescue from Suicide—II. An Admirable Use of Disaster—Learn its Lessons—Find out the Weak Places—Something to be Learned from Satan—A Call to Action—III. A Noble Monument to a Friend—Go Where They Have Gone—The Best Memorial to Christ—IV. Use the Spiritual Bow—The Bow of Prayer—The Men that Save a Nation—Alarmed by an Answer to Prayer.

THE translators have acted very properly in inserting the words, "the use of," for that is what the passage means; but if you read it without those words the sense is still the same—"he bade them teach the children of Judah, the bow," that is to say, how to use the bow.

I accept the passage as our learned translators understood it: David bade them teach the children of Judah the bow. If any inquire, "What then is the connection? Why should David teach the people the use of the bow because Saul and Jonathan were slain? Why is the military order concerning the use of a certain instrument of war inserted here, when the passage is full of lamentation?" I answer—most fitly, as I shall have to show you. It was the best memorial of that skilful archer Jonathan, and of the other princes who had fallen by the arrows of the Philistines, that from the disastrous day of their slaughter David caused his own tribe over which he had chief power to be trained in the use of that special weapon of war.

ACTIVITY AS A SOLACE.

I. But now to our work. From my text I want to gather a few useful lessons. And the first is this: activity is a valuable solace for sorrow. The people were very grieved; for Saul and Jonathan, the king and the crown prince, were slain. David indulges their grief; he writes them a plaintive song which the daughters of Israel may sing. But to take off their minds from their distress he at the same time issues the order to teach the children of Judah the use of the bow, for activity is an effectual remedy in the time of sorrow. Certainly the opposite of it would tend toward blank despair. Are any of you in great grief? Have you suffered a supreme loss? Do not be tempted to brood over your affliction, and to think that you ought to be excused from further service. Do not shut yourself up alone to ruminate upon the great ill that has befallen you, so as to nurse your wrath against God: this can do you no good whatever. Rather *imitate David,* who, when his child was sick, fasted and prayed; but when it was dead, went into the house and ate bread, for he said, "Can I bring him back again? I shall go to him, but he shall not return to me." I beseech you do not fall under the temptation of Satan to cease from your daily activity, and especially from any holy service in which you are engaged for Christ.

It may be that your sorrow is not a bereavement, but disappointment in your work. You have not won those souls that you looked to win, and some that you thought were converted have gone back; and now Satan tempts you to do no more—never to cast the net again, for you have toiled all night and taken nothing—never to sow again, for you have wasted your seed by the highway, and birds have devoured it. This is

A SUGGESTION OF THE EVIL ONE.

It will lead you into deeper anguish. I would say to thee, O mourner, get thee up from the couch of ease! Shake thyself from the dust, O virgin daughter of Zion! Sit not down upon the dunghill in thy grief, but bestir thyself, lest thou sink into blacker woe, and thy bitterness become as wormwood and gall.

While inaction will lead into blank despair, I am certain that work distracts the mind from the sad point upon which it is apt to thrust itself. Noth

ing is more healthy than to have work to do. I have seen persons of leisure give way most terribly in the case of the loss of children; while I have known laboring people, who, I believe, have been as sensitive in heart, who have kept up bravely. Under God, I have attributed the difference to the fact that the poor woman must go to earn her daily bread, or must get about her domestic duties whatever happens, and the poor man must do his daily task, or else the family will be in need; thus toil has proved to be a blessed necessity by withdrawing the mind from the sorrow which would have engrossed it.

You have heard of *Alexander Cruden*. Perhaps you do not know that he was

CROSSED IN LOVE,

and had certain other trials which drove him nearly mad; and yet Alexander Cruden did not become insane, for he engaged upon the immense work of forming a concordance of sacred Scripture, which concordance has become the great instrument by which we search the Word of God. This work kept him from becoming altogether insane. If I had to prescribe to "a mind diseased," I would say, "Enter upon good work, and keep at it." Dear friends, if you are in trouble, and Satan tempts you to get alone, and to cease from the work of the Lord, resist the injurious suggestion.

God the Holy Spirit is most likely to comfort you, and to apply the precious promises of His word to your soul, if you pursue your Master's work with all your heart. Attend to His business, and He will attend to your business. Tell poor sinners about His wounds, and He will bind up yours. Forget your cross in His. Forget your griefs in the griefs of the sons of men who are perishing for lack of knowledge; and you shall find the readiest way to consolation.

A valuable solace for sorrow is activity, especially, I think, in reference to *new* work. It will help you much if a new trouble suggests to you new service. Old work does not always take off the mind from its vexations, for we are apt to do it mechanically, and as a matter of routine; but something altogether fresh will aid us to forget our trial. Oh, to strike out some new path! To invent new honors for Jesus, new enterprises for His kingdom, new attractions for His Gospel—this will help to charm away our griefs.

With many, the doing of any kind of service for Christ will be quite a novelty. I grieve to say it. These people are desponding. I am not so grieved at that, because if any man will not work, neither shall he eat; and if a Christian will not serve his Master, he shall not feast with the King's worthies. Oh, how much of joy many of you miss by not doing more for the poor, more for the ignorant, more for Christ! The poet Rogers tells us—and he throws the story into poetry which I forget—of

A RICH MAN IN VENICE

who was the subject of despair, and became such a hypochondriac that he went down to the canal to drown himself; but on the way he was met by a poor little boy who tugged at his skirts, and begged for bread. When the rich man called him an impostor, the boy besought him to come home with him, and see his father and mother who were dying of starvation. He went up into the room, and found the family literally perishing for lack of food. He laid out the money which he had in his pocket in making them all glad with a hearty meal, and then said to himself that there was something worth living for after all. He had found a novel enjoyment, which gave a fresh motive for living.

I would like to ask you who have suffered a great trouble whether the Lord may not be pressing you by this means into a new path of delight, directing you to a fresh method of glorifying God and doing good to your fellow-men. I will sing you a song if you will, as sorrowful as David's lament; but I would rather teach you the use of the bow. I believe that I shall minister better to your comfort if I enlist you as soldiers in Christ's army, and teach you to use His weapons, than if I should console you with the most plaintive minstrelsy of sadness.

Do I speak to any here present who endure great earthly afflictions, but know nothing of spiritual things? Is it not the case that God often brings His wandering children to Himself by distresses? The way in which you are to be comforted, dear friends, is not by going into the world again, and seeking further pleasures there. If God means to bless you, He may allow you to become so hungry that you may wish to fill your belly with the husks. You have spent your living riotously, and now you are ready to despair. Round by *that dark corner of despair* may be the way to your Father's house. To expel your present temporal grief you need a spiritual grief concerning sin. If you learn of Jesus at this hour to repent of sin, and to put your trust in Him, your soul will be roused to say, "I will arise, and go unto my Father," and then you will lose your hunger, and forget the swine-trough. Where? Why, amid the music and dancing of your Father's house, and in the joy of hearing Him say, 'Let us eat, and be merry; for this my son was dead, and is alive again; he was lost, and is found."

Yes, David was right. The way to raise the people out of their despondency was to teach them the use of the bow; their own arrows would slay their griefs; and the way to get you mourning ones out of your sorrow is to teach you those holy activities which lead a soul to trust in Christ, and to find salvation at His feet.

That is the first lesson which, I think, the text teaches.

II. A second lesson is that

AN ADMIRABLE USE OF DISASTER

is to learn its lessons. What was the disaster? Saul and Jonathan had been shot by archers. The Philistines were evidently strong in the use of the bow; but Saul's army was short of archers, and so they were not able to smite the Philistines at a distance. Before they came to close quarters, where Israel might have been a match for Philistia, the arrows of the Philistines had reached their king. Had they known how to use the bow, they might have been conquerors; and therefore David hastens to teach the men of Judah the use of the bow.

Beloved friends, I will suppose that you have met with failures: I refer to disasters peculiar to yourselves. What shall you do? Sit down and fret and trouble yourselves, and give up in despair? God forbid. As the men of Judah learned the use of the bow through their being beaten by the bow, so do you gather wisdom from that which has befallen you. Have you been made to fly before your adversary? Then

FIND OUT WHERE YOUR WEAKNESS IS.

Search and see. Is it a sin indulged? Is it some point where you ought to have been guarded, but where you have been unwatchful? Is it weakness in prayer? Is it neglect of the Word of God? Is it indifference to Divine truth? Is it coldness of heart? Or what is it? If you have been defeated, there is a cause for it. If you have been cast down and brought low, say unto God, "Show me wherefore Thou contendest with me." Has the Lord a controversy with you? Be not content till you have got to the bottom of it, and found out the root that bears this gall and wormwood.

Is not this the way of wisdom? May it not happen that the cause of the disaster is that God is not with you? What if nothing prospers with you? What if it is vain for you to rise up early, and sit up late, and eat the bread of carefulness, since the hand of God is against you? What if you are to have no pleasure in the things that once gave you satisfaction, because God has set you as a target for His arrows, and in wrath is shooting at you? It may be so. Or you may not be one of His children at all as yet, and He may be tossing you to and fro like a ball, that you may never find rest until you humbly come and cry to Christ, and seek mercy at His hands. Look and see whether it be so. It is of no use to worry about the disaster; search out the cause of it. Strive to learn the lesson which it is meant to teach you. Is there any secret sin with you?

Perhaps by looking at the defeat you may *learn the way to victory*. David judged that if they were defeated by the bow they might yet win by the bow. It is right to learn from our adversaries. There is

SOMETHING TO BE LEARNED FROM SATAN.

If he goes about, let us be diligent; if he seeks whom he may devour, let us seek whom we may save; and if he watches carefully to find out our weak points, let us watch those whom we would bless to find out how we may best reach their hearts. Many a man has grown rich through poverty, healthy through sickness, and holy by being made conscious of sin. When he has been struck down, then has he cried out to God, and God has lifted him up. Woe to that man who will not "hear the rod, and Him that hath appointed it."

I pray that you may diligently learn the lesson which every disaster would teach. May not a misfortune which happens to a church and to Christian people be to them *a call to action—to general action?* Saul had a little standing army, and did not drill all the nation for war; but David says, "I will teach all my own tribe the use of the bow." Now, whenever a church begins to get low, dull, stupid—and many churches go in that direction—when everybody seems to be asleep, and the minister's sermon is *a kind of sanctified snore*, and all the worship is steeped in slumber, why, what is to be done? Then is the time to teach the children of Judah the use of the bow, and to wake them all up to holy enterprise. Say to them, "You must not allow a few to be doing the work of Christ, but all must do it. You must all be taught the use of the bow." It was the glory of the Moravians that all their members were missionaries; and such ought to be the glory of every church; every man, woman, and child in the church should take part in the battle for Jesus. This, by God's grace, is the cure for spiritual decline; teach the people the use of the bow.

Let us learn lessons from defeat. Let us learn from the sin which has cast us down to cry unto God, the mighty One, to hold us up. If we are at this time under some great failure in life, let us learn greater care; if we have been permitted to err, let us

LEARN TO WATCH.

Do not sullenly confess, "I have done wrong:" but repent of it, and ask God for grace that you may be upheld in future, like Peter, who was stronger after his fall than before it, and was set to strengthen his brethren. What is done cannot be undone, but we may so learn from it by God's teaching that we may never do the like again. May God grant that this may be the case. If it were proper, I could sing to you to-night a song of mourning over the disasters of a soul, or of a church; but I believe that I should not do you half so much good as by stirring you up to learn the use of the bow, that is to say, to rectify your errors, and supply your defects.

III. Now, thirdly, another lesson.

A NOBLE MONUMENT TO A FRIEND

is to imitate his excellences. How does that come from the text? Why, thus. When Jonathan and David communed together they fixed the meeting by Jonathan's shooting certain arrows; it is evident that Jonathan was a man who greatly favored the use of the bow; and though his father did not largely introduce it into the army, yet Jonathan was well skilled therein. "Well then," says David, "in memory of Jonathan, instead of piling up a great monument, we will teach the children of Judah the use of the bow."

Come, brethren, let this be your memorial to your dear father—if he was a child of God, be like him. If you want to keep in memory your beloved mother, exhibit in yourselves the virtues that shone in her. That sweet child of yours has gone to heaven, and can never be forgotten, and her likeness hangs over the mantelpiece. I mean that dear little child who sang of Jesus when she died; if you want to remember her beyond all forgetfulness, then love her Saviour, and go where little Jane has gone. No memorial is more fit than imitation; be yourself the monument by exhibiting within yourself all that was good in the dear departed one.

How specially true is this in connection with our Divine Lord! I see the Romanist continually putting up crosses by the roadside, and sometimes on

these there are hideous representations of a person dying by crucifixion, and there are nails, and sponge, and spear, and I know not what. This arises out of a natural desire to perpetuate the memory of the crucified Redeemer; but you will do far better, dear brother, if you are yourself crucified with Christ, and if you exhibit in your own person that divine self-denial; that blessed love, that superlative holiness, which were found in Him.

THE BEST MEMORIAL.

Some will build a church, and lavish money upon architecture. I shall not condemn them, for their splendid generosity may savor of the spirit of that woman who broke the alabaster box, and poured the ointment upon the Saviour's feet; but I would suggest that to build up within one's self, by the power of God's Spirit, the Christ-like character is a better memorial than the best piece of architecture that can ever be put together. What if you should employ the greatest of statuaries, and he, with cunning hand, should mould the marble till it emulated life? Would not the monument mainly keep in mind the artist, and rather make men think of the costliness of the work than of anything else? Whereas, if you become yourself, not in marble, but in living flesh, the image of Christ, then men will take knowledge of you that you have been with Jesus, and have learned of Him, and this will keep Him best in memory.

If we do what Christ would have done under our circumstances, we shall be exhibiting a far better memorial of Him than wealth can possibly purchase. When David taught these people the use of the bow, every time they stringed an arrow they might remember Jonathan; and whenever a regiment of archers went through the streets to the butts they brought Jonathan before the public mind. David instituted this form of *royal artillery* on purpose that Jonathan might be kept in mind. And you, dear friends, every time you go forth to do the service of God, obediently and zealously, as Jesus did it, you put men in mind of Jesus, and they say, "God has set these men in the world to be witnesses for Christ, to keep His name alive in the earth. These men are a blessing because Jesus Himself has blessed them." I would thus stir you all up to endeavor all the days of your life so to live and serve God that the name of Jesus Christ shall be kept alive in this nation, and throughout the world.

THE SPIRITUAL BOW.

IV. Lastly, and but for a moment, I think that the form which this military order took, to teach the children of Judah the use of the bow, may be allegorically applied to-night to you, dear friends. It is a great advantage to believers to learn the use of the bow spiritually. First, there is *the bow of prayer*. Its use has not gone out of date; but I wish that all of us knew how to shoot the arrows of the Lord's deliverance much better than we do. Holy men of old would pick out an arrow, and when they had chosen it they knew how to use it. They knew what they wanted, and they prayed for it. They fitted their arrow on the string; that is to say, they took God's promise—the promise that answered to their desire, and fitting the one to the other, they took straight aim at heaven, and watched the flight of the arrowy petition. They knew to whom they were praying, as well as what they were praying for, and why they expected to be heard; and so they drew the bow of prayer with all their might.

When the man of God went up to the top of Carmel, and there took his bow and drew it, there was no fear of his missing the mark; or if, perchance, the arrow had not force enough, he would pull the bow a second time, and a third time, and a fourth time, and a seventh time, till at last the arrow struck the mark. He would not come down from his watch-tower till he knew that the arrow of his prayer was lodged in heaven. In all times of tribulation what is wanted is that the children of Judah should know the use of the bow of prayer.

NATIONAL SAVIOURS.

When we heard of those fearful assassinations in Ireland, the news reached the bulk of us on the Sabbath-day, and men of God went to their loop-holes of retreat, and shot up to heaven prayers for poor Ireland. It was the best thing that could be done. I have *more faith in prayer than in police* and prisons. In any time of national need the men that save a nation are the men of prayer. What, not the wise statesmen? Certainly, wise statesmen; but who makes them wise? God has power over all minds, and, in answer to the prayer from this pulpit, He can visit yonder mind in St. Stephen's. From a humble cottage in the western highlands there may go up to God a cry that shall come down upon the Prime Minister, and direct his thoughts.

Remember what Queen Mary used to say when she wanted to bring popery back to Scotland. She said that she was more *afraid of John Knox's prayers* than of all the armies that the Scottish lords could get together. She was right for once. When men overlook prayer they overlook the greatest factor in human affairs. The mystic rod of God is in the hand of many a Moses still among us—a rod which brings victory to Israel, and defeat to Amalek. The strength of the church lies not in the oratory of the pulpit, but in the oratory of the closet. That Church of God that shall do most for the world is the church that shall do most with God.

He can rule men for God who is ruled by God for men; he that giveth up his soul to God that God may write His will upon his life is the mighty man. The man who has had the will of God wrought in him by the Holy Ghost, and can work it out into fervent prayer is the man who, though princes and potentates know it not, sits nearer to the helm of affairs than they can reach. I could write you a plaintive hymn about the woes of Ireland and about the sins of men and the evils of the times; but I had far rather teach you the use of the bow of prayer; for then, if you could send your longings up to the Lord, full many a blessing would come upon the land, and the adversaries of the Lord would be discomforted, and peaceful and happy days would dawn.

ALARMED BY AN ANSWERED PRAYER.

Perhaps I speak to some here who do not know anything about praying. I dare say that the brother is here who listened to a sermon on Peckham Rye, which was rather a wild one, I am afraid. In that discourse the preacher said to all his congregation that if they would go home and ask God for anything the Lord would give it to them. I cannot endorse so wild a statement. However this man thought that the preacher having said it, it was true, and having never prayed before in all his life, he put the question to the test of a certain event; and that certain event fell out as he desired. Then he began to tremble, for he judged that assuredly there is a God.

Now, I do not say to you, dear hearers, that whatsoever all of you shall ask in prayer you shall receive. I would not say that to you ungodly ones. But I do say that if you will ask for mercy and salvation and eternal life, and anything that is promised to believing sinners, you shall have it. I wish you would try the experiment, for you would find that the Lord never breaks a promise. If you read a promise made to a sinner, it is made to you; go and plead it, and the Lord will grant it. I will be surety for Him that He will keep His word. Trust Him and try, and thus learn the use of the bow. God bless you for Christ's sake. Amen.

THE LATE M. LEON GAMBETTA.

THE death of the foremost Frenchman of the time, on the last day, and almost the last hour, of the past year was mentioned in a former number of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD in the department of Foreign Topics. This week with *a portrait of the brilliant statesman*, which is on the next page, we give a brief sketch of his eventful career.

Léon Michel Gambetta was born at Cahors, in France, on the 3d of April, 1838. Though a Frenchman by birth he was of Italian descent, and his temperament showed that Italian blood flowed in his veins. His father was a tradesman of some considerable station and wealth; his mother's maiden name was Massabie.

It was at first intended that Léon should follow his father's trade; but, as he was a boy very apt at learning and fond of books, the father was persuaded to educate him for a priest.

While Gambetta was at the seminary, his tutors foretold that he would make a great figure in life, "but never," they regretfully added, "as a Churchman." The boy began well, but he had evidently no vocation for the strict discipline of the Church; he was too disputatious, not meek enough about taking blows without returning them, and, in short, too headstrong. His clerical tutors at length abandoned the attempt to train him, and in handing him over to secular teachers, characterized him as "a turbulent rebellious spirit." Young Gambetta was accordingly sent to the *lycée*—that is, the lay public school—of Cahors, where insubordination was charged against him. Finally, aided clandestinely by his mother he ran away to Paris, and taking up his quarters in the student haunts he commenced

THE STUDY OF THE LAW.

After a time his father was induced to forgive his flight, and agreed to furnish him with money to prosecute his studies.

LOSES THE SIGHT OF AN EYE.

When he was in his sixteenth year, an accident, which destroyed his left eye, occasioned him much pain and grief, and from the exuberance of youthful hope and high spirits, he sank for a time into despondency. Finding, however, that his fears that he would lose the sight of his other eye were not realized, he recovered his spirits and renewed his studies.

In Paris Gambetta was known among the students as an ultra-Republican, and he quickly drew the attention of the imperial police upon himself by acting as ringleader in those demonstrations which the students of the Latin Quarter were accustomed to make in times of public excitement.

His influence in the student world was very great, and at the Café Racine, where he spent a couple of hours every evening, he became the leader of an informal literary and political association, whose members were recruited from among artists and the most brilliant pupils of the Schools of Law and Medicine. Gambetta was at this time a handsome man, with dark flowing hair, not curly, but thick and clustering; a somewhat Jewish face, dazzling teeth, and a powerful, melodious voice.

But Gambetta did not spend all his time at the café. By day he worked very busily as secretary to M. Adolphe Crémieux, a stanch Republican, a devoted patriot, and the leader of the Israelite Universelle, a society devoted to promoting the welfare of the Hebrew race, to which he belonged. Crémieux had been a member of the Provisional Government of 1848, and had a large practice at the Bar of Paris. Before entering M. Crémieux's office, Gambetta had served for awhile under M. Charles Lachaud, the most eloquent and popular counsel in criminal causes.

DEFENCE OF A REPUBLICAN EDITOR.

Gambetta was utterly unknown outside the little world of the students' cafés, until he at a bound leaped to the summit of popularity with the Republicans by a speech which he delivered on the 17th of November, 1868, before the notorious Judge Delesvaux (who has been called the Jeffreys of the Second Empire) in defence of Louis Charles Delescluze, editor of the *Réveil*. The *Réveil* had started a subscription for erecting a monument to the memory of M. Baudin, who was shot at the barricades on the terrible 2d December, 1851, when Napoleon III., in grasping supreme power, struck terror into the hearts of the Parisians by firing cannon down the crowded streets. Napoleon, recognizing in the movement to erect a monument to one of his dead victims an affront to himself and his government, unwisely instituted a prosecution against the editor. It was late in the afternoon when the case was called on after a number of others, but the chamber was crowded with journalists and barristers. Just before Gambetta rose, Delesvaux observed: "I suppose you have not much to say; so it will hardly be worth while to have the gas lighted." "Never mind the gas, sir, *I will throw light enough on this affair*," answered Gambetta, and it was amid the laughter produced by this joke that he began. His genius found vent that day, and he poured forth a torrent

The Late M. Leon Gambetta.

"They saw a ship approaching and signalled."

of scathing eloquence in which the Emperor and his creatures were mercilessly castigated.

When Gambetta left the court that night it was felt by all who had heard him that he was the coming man of the Republican party; and next day Opposition journals of every shade of opinion from one end of France to the other acclaimed him as a leader.

ELECTED TO THE LEGISLATURE.

When he made his great speech the General Election of 1869 was at hand; he was forthwith invited to stand for Paris and Marseilles, and elected in both constituencies. He chose Marseilles, and taking his seat, waged relentless war on the Emperor.

The Franco-Prussian War broke out in 1870. On the night of the 3d of September tidings of the Emperor's surrender at Sedan arrived at Paris. Before five o'clock the next day the Deputies for Paris, with the exception of M. Thiers, had constituted themselves into a government, which, at the suggestion of M. Rochefort, took the name of Government of the National Defence; and M. Gambetta received the appointment of *Minister of the Interior*.

THE SIEGE OF PARIS

brought M. Gambetta to the most romantic part of his career. The National Defence Government had delegated two of their members, MM. Cremieux and Glaiz-Bizoin, to go to Tours and govern the provinces; but being both elderly men of weak health they were not equal to their work; and early in October M. Gambetta was requested by his old friend, Cremieux, to join them. He had to leave Paris *in a balloon*, and in going over the German lines nearly met with misadventure through the balloon sinking till it came within range of some marksmen's rifles. He reached Tours in safety, however, and set to work at once with marvellous activity to organize resistance against the invasion. His efforts were vain, for the raw levies he raised, though inspired with ardor and brave to temerity, were no match for the trained troops of Prussia. Then came the capitulation, and Gambetta, heart-broken, retired to Spain, where he remained during the frightful excesses of the Commune.

He returned when the Republic was proclaimed, and took his seat in the Legislature. Neither Thiers nor MacMahon was a Republican at heart, and it was expected on all hands that the monarchy would be restored, either in the person of the Bourbon or the Orleanist house. But Gambetta led the forces in defence of Republican principles, and thwarted every attempt at treachery. He succeeded in forcing MacMahon to resign, and substituted M. Grevy, in his stead.

DEATH.

On November 27th, 1882, he met with a pistol accident at his residence, Ville d'Avray, near Sèvres, when he was wounded in the hand. From that time his condition became one of deepening anxiety, and for several days his death was known by his intimate friends to be inevitable. The moment an abscess was discovered in the iliac cavity, the dilemma was presented to the doctors of letting him die by re-absorption of pus, or performing a surgical operation which he was too weak to bear. He gradually sank and died of embolism on December 31st, 1882, at the age of 44.

Though M. Gambetta was a man of most brilliant talents, he appears to have been utterly destitute of religious principle. He was a materialist, if not an avowed atheist, and splendid as his career was, it is impossible to review it without a gloomy consciousness that in the light of eternity it was a failure.

A DOUBLE RESCUE.

(See Illustration.)

"A NIGHT and a day have I been in the deep," is the Apostle Paul's brief statement of an experience, the horrors of which can be fully realized only by those who have passed through it. (II. Cor. 11 : 25.) From the deck of some great ocean steamer in mid-Atlantic, the aspect of the heaving, restless water impresses one with its power and pitiless fury. Many an emigrant, crossing for the first time, and looking down into those rolling billows, has shuddered to think that but a few inches of timber are between him and that fathomless abyss.

But what must it be to be actually in the water, clinging for dear life to some floating spar and hoping against hope for rescue? Only a short time ago two men were picked up by a trans-Atlantic ship, after being for a day and two nights in that terrible condition. The story they told was one of the most thrilling any man lived to tell. Both were emigrants, and neither had ever been to sea before. They were aroused from their slumbers on the fourth night of their voyage by the cry of fire, and by a stifling smoke which filled the steerage. Looking up in the half-dazed state of men only half awake, they saw the flames within a few feet of the place where they lay. Leaping to their feet they ran upon deck to find a scene of undescribable confusion.

It required but a short time to convince every one that the fire had acquired too much headway to be extinguished. The cry was raised, "The boats! the boats!" The first boat was launched and manned, and as many women placed on board as it would hold. The second and third boats were also launched and then all the women on board were safely in the boats.

She could not float more than half an hour longer, and the captain having filled the last boat with the most feeble and infirm of the men, gave orders to cut away all the spars and pieces of wood that could be got at easily, so that there might be as much wreckage as possible for the rest to cling to. This was done and the men cast themselves into the deep.

It was pitch dark; not a star was visible; no light save that of the burning ship. During the next hour death reaped a harvest, for of the emigrants few could swim, and the sea was so high that only the most practised and vigorous swimmers could breast the waves. In the darkness and gloom of that night many a soul went to its long home.

In the gray light of dawn the two men who were roused from the steerage, were holding on to one of the spars. One was about middle age, and he had the appearance of a man whose life had been passed in scenes of dissipation. His companion was younger than he, and his frank, open countenance presented a striking contrast to the other.

Through the whole of that day they clung to the spar. It seemed as if every moment the waves would drag them off. The sun went down leaving them still there, hungry, thirsty, weak, yet holding to their one chance of life.

"I am afraid I can't hold on all night," said Jones, the elder of the two. "My arms and legs are getting numbed and stiff."

"Keep a good heart, man," said the other; "we may see a ship soon and be picked up."

"I shall never see to-morrow, Wilson. You may, for you are young and strong, but I shall go down to-night, I believe, and be drowned like a rat after all. They used to say in the old country that I should live to be hanged, but it does not seem like it. I have led a bad life, and this is no more than I deserve, but I thought if I could have got to America and broken with the old companions and associations I might have done better. It is very hard to die now. I wish I could think of a prayer to say, but it might not be of any use. It's a mean thing to pray in a strait like this, when one did not pray in the brighter times."

Wilson heard his companion's lament with a sad heart. His own case was hard, and he felt sorrowful at leaving life in his early manhood, but he had faith in God and was assured that, however this experience might end, he had through Jesus a place in heaven. For his companion he felt sincere compassion. He also felt a strong desire to help him, and asking him to come close to him on the spar, he talked and prayed with him. Surely, it was a strange place for Christian work. Every moment the waves beat upon them, and almost naked as they were they were in danger of losing their grip of the frail support. Very plainly and very earnestly was the story of the cross told in that night, for at any moment the soul, then hovering on the brink of eternity might lose the last opportunity. At last, Jones was convinced that he might be saved in spite of his past life, and was induced to pray for mercy through Jesus, and in a trembling way he felt his prayer, uttered from his heart, was heard.

Both men had been so abstracted in the all-important subject of conversation that they were surprised to notice in the east a faint light. The night had passed before they knew of it, and they watched the increasing light with renewed hope. It was not yet day, when to their inexpressible delight they saw the sight, for which their eager eyes had been strained so many hours. A ship was approaching them. Wilson tore off the handkerchief he had round his throat, and holding it aloft as high as he could waved it as a signal. In a few minutes the signal was answered, and in less than an hour the two weary, exhausted men were safe on board.

The acquaintance begun in this terrible experience neither of the two was disposed to lose. Wilson was anxious that the good work begun in the darkness and danger of that night should be nurtured and grow and bear fruit. Jones, with the newly-found joy in his heart of forgiven sin, clung to the man who, under God had been the means of guiding him to it. On their arrival in America they agreed to cast in their lot together, and they became warm friends. Drawn together by common suffering and a common love for their Saviour, they worked together and prospered.

A Moment of Peril in the Arctic.

AN ADVENTURE WITH A POLAR BEAR.

AMONG the members of a hunting party in the far northwest was a young Scotchman named Angas Scott, whose love of adventure had caused him to cross the Atlantic in the hope of seeing some sport of a more exciting nature than he could have near home. He was the only son of a widowed mother who almost worshipped her fine boy, now the only male representative of an ancient and influential family. He was the child of many prayers, and the widow watched with grave anxiety the development of his character.

There was a reason too why Mrs. Scott sometimes shed silent, bitter tears, as she commended her only child to God in prayer. Instead of showing any desire or inclination to follow the example of his parents, and become a Christian, as time wore on, she could not help observing that whenever religion was the topic of remark or conversation, he manifested the most marked repugnance, and availed himself of the earliest opportunity to leave the apartment. She had questioned him rather closely upon the subject more than once, but he had listened to her representations in silence, and no good apparently had resulted from her efforts.

This Canadian expedition, involving not a little danger, she had opposed, but Angas was so bent upon it that at length she gave a reluctant consent.

The party had not fairly reached their destination when an adventure occurred which came very near closing, in an untimely way the career of the young Scotchman. He had separated himself from his companions at the close of a day's march, and with his rifle upon his shoulder, he was making his way to the rendezvous along an arm of the sea tortuously winding its way inland, and narrowing as it proceeded. It was frozen over, and covered with multitudes of wild fowl, which made the air discordant with the wearisome monotony of their incessant cries. Suddenly on turning a sharp headland covered with newly-fallen snow, and iridescent with ice, he suddenly confronted a huge she-bear, and had barely an instant to avoid the suddenness and fury of its attack.

He fired. The ball struck her on the shoulder and ploughed a furrow along her back, but otherwise did no harm. He fired again, this time with more deliberation, and struck the creature in the breast. With a vicious growl it continued to approach him, and before he had time to reload and fire again, the brute was within a few feet of him. For once in his life, Angas felt afraid. As he gazed upon the angry eyes of the monster before him, he thought his hour had come, and involuntarily cried aloud, "O God! have mercy on me!" As the prayer left his whitening lips, he lifted his rifle, and swinging it over his shoulder, brought down its butt-end with terrific force upon the head of the bear. He fell forward with the force of the blow, and instantly the bear's paw was upon his shoulder. Then he gave himself up for lost and fainted. When he opened his eyes he could not for the moment realize where he was or what had occurred. But slowly his senses took in the situation. There by his side was the bear—dead from the ball he had fired in her breast. She had expired at the very moment when he had fallen helpless before her.

Still faint with the pain in his shoulder he managed to make his way to his companions, who returned to bring in the prey. Angas remained behind. In his dazed state he could scarcely realize that he was still alive. The escape was so marvellous and so unexpected that it seemed like a miracle. He dwelt upon it thoughtfully, and recollecting his prayer in the critical moment, he knelt down to thank God for the deliverance. That night he wrote home to his mother, closing his thrilling narration with the remark: "Ah, I was brought to my senses then, for the first time; for that was the first time I had met with anything worthy to be called danger. I felt my helplessness, and called upon God to aid me. He did so, and I have resolved in faith in His strength to love and serve Him for delivering me from a horrible and untimely death." A promise which he was enabled to keep.

DIED IN HARNESS.

A TRUE STORY OF IRISH LIFE.

By Miss M. M. Ross.

(*Continued from page 63.*)

The Doctor's Home.

As the doctor entered the cabin he found Dan's bed had been moved from its usual corner, and on inquiring the reason was told that the rain had come down so heavy through the roof in the night, "it's nearly swep them off the face av the flure," and that they had to keep moving the bed from place to place to prevent its getting wet.

The priest had been there, and believing Dan to be dying, administered extreme unction without delay. Consciousness was now restored, but a glance sufficed to show that life was ebbing fast. Doctor O'Neverdon applied some restoratives he had left the day before, after which the patient seemed to revive a little, and recognized the doctor's presence with a smile, making an effort at the same time to repeat something in so faint a tone as to be perfectly inaudible.

"Dan," said the doctor, pointing to the crucifix and pictures of saints which lay on the coverlet, "What atonement can *these* make for that sin which brought the Son of God to bleed and die? 'The blood of Jesus Christ His Son cleanses us from *all* sin.' Nothing else will do it, my man!"

The man tried to repeat the words after him.

"That kep' him quiet whin nothin' else could," said his wife, "ye said it te him afore whin he tuk

bad, an' he kep' me sayin' it over an' over till nothin' could git it out of his head."

"He is able also to save to the uttermost them that come unto God by Him," continued the doctor. "He made Him to be sin for us who knew no sin. Who His own self bare our sins on the tree, took them out of the way, nailing them to His cross."

"Them's beautiful words, at any rate," said the women, wiping their eyes. "They'd soothe a body's heart. An' Dan's quieted down like a lamb wid thim! Jist look at him, now!"

"Go on, more—*more*," murmured the patient.

"Come to Jesus, for you are weary and heavy-laden. Cast all your care upon Him, for He careth for you; on Him who loved you, and gave Himself for you. If you look to any one else but Him you are looking away from Him."

"And now, Dan," said the doctor solemnly, taking his hand, "life is ebbing fast from you, and I know not how soon I may follow; and as one dying man to another, I beseech you to trust to Christ alone for mercy; and 'who shall separate us from the love of God, which is in Christ Jesus our Lord.'" And the doctor's face shone with that peace which the world can neither give nor take away, as he raised his eyes in supplication to the throne of mercy for the poor dying sinner before him, and inwardly felt that his prayer was heard.

The violent grief of the women was awed into silence by his solemn tone and manner, and though still retaining the Papal rosaries in their hands, they ceased to utter those "vain repetitions" which they had kept up in an audible whisper almost the whole time of the doctor's visit.

The lips of the patient moved again, and as his wife bent her head to listen, she caught the words, "The blood of Jesus—cleanses from all—all sin."

And these were the last words the doctor breathed in his ear as he left the cabin.

Mrs. O'Neverdon had breakfast ready earlier than usual, and trotted briskly to and fro from the parlor to the kitchen, superintending the cooking of a little dainty of which she knew her husband was particularly fond.

Her eldest child, a fine boy of nine, was watching the postman at the window as he went from door to door, and seeing him at last stop at the gate, dashed down the gravel walk to meet him and carry the letters to the house, a thing he always delighted in doing.

"No letter for you to-day, mother; but see, there are two for papa," said he, as he entered the room, almost out of breath.

"I wonder what delays him so long," said his mother, anxiously, "he was so poorly yesterday. I think, children, I had better not keep you without your breakfast any longer. I am afraid you will be late for school. Kate and Annie, put by your books, dears, for the present; I hope you have your lessons prepared for Miss Whelan?"

"Yes, mother," said both the children, charming little girls of seven and eight summers, rising from a seat in a retired part of the room, where they had been holding a serious discussion for the last half hour on the proper pronunciation of certain French words, but now referred the final decision to their mother.

They had hardly commenced breakfast when Dr. O'Neverdon made his appearance, pale and weary-looking. He had made two or three calls on his return home from Carroll's, and that had detained him longer than he expected.

After kissing his wife and children, and asking God's blessing on their morning meal, he began his breakfast with little appetite, apparently, for the neatly-served dish his wife had so thoughtfully and carefully prepared.

His own graceful figure was slightly bent with an affection of the chest, and his face, worn though it was with overwork and anxiety, beamed with an expression of the truest benevolence. His manners were those of the most refined and highly cultivated gentleman, and won upon the hearts of even the most depressed by his soft sympathizing tones in addressing the suffering poor.

Though holding a dispensary in a retired country village, and having a wife and five children to support on his very limited salary, unprovided with many a luxury which in his delicate health was really a necessity, and unable to procure the means of supplying the cravings of his artistic and scientific tastes, he was never known to accept a fee when he thought the payment pressed, and often with thoughtful delicacy did he return the guinea to the child which the poor lady mother had just handed him.

Among the poor of the district he was never known to refuse responding promptly to a call, or turn away an applicant; and no one but He who estimates at its full value "the cup of cold water" can tell the number of those who received, in addition to his kind professional attendance, those necessaries of even greater value than medicines to the destitute poor.

His wife was a cheerful, hopeful little body, ever ready to assist him in any work of beneficence, denying herself many little comforts, and heroically slaving night and day to maintain a respectable appearance, and make both ends meet at the same time. Nobody knew who made all the caps and knickerbockers, and knit all the stockings her boys contrived to wear. Nobody knew how often she turned her own and her children's dresses, until no turning or twisting would make them look better; for Mrs. O'Neverdon was not fond of talking of her own or her neighbors' affairs. She had but few friends in the village, but to them she was devoted. As for mere acquaintances she had none. Her time was too precious to be wasted in the frivolous pastimes of "morning calls;" but did she hear of any one being ill, or in need of help which lay in her power to give, she was the first to offer it, and would willingly devote herself as night watcher by the sick couch, only there was always a baby on hands, who required constant attention at that time. And many a fine fowl and roll of butter that found its way to her larder showed how her services were appreciated.

The children having gone to school, the doctor, as was his invariable custom paused over his second cup of tea, balancing his spoon on the edge of the cup, and apparently buried in deep thought, when he was aroused by the sudden entrance of the maid, "Mr. Leet, sir, that's fallen down in a fit, an' the man says he's dyin', an' asks for the doctor to go as quick as he can."

"I am ready," said the doctor rising; "I have expected this for some time, Susan," and he left the room. A carriage being in waiting, half an hour brought him into the presence of his patient.

Mr. Leet was the chief man in the village; he owned a large property, on which he had built a beautiful mansion, without son or daughter to inherit it. His wife had been dead some years, and his two sisters, unmarried, elderly ladies, had lived with him ever since.

Three months before Dr. O'Neverdon had brought him through a perilous illness, and, apprehensive of his case ever since, the present attack did not take him by surprise.

Several hours he remained by Mr. Leet's bedside, watching the result of his remedies, nor did he leave until a slight abatement of the violent symptoms were perceptible. Promising the terrified sisters he would return as soon as his dispensary duties were over, as he had no one to fill his place, the doctor scribbled the following few lines on a scrap of paper to be taken to his wife: "Send me my dressing-gown and slippers; I have to remain all night."

Mrs. O'Neverdon sat alone in her little parlor that evening. It was nine o'clock. All the children were in bed and asleep long ago.

It had been slightly chilly, as even July evenings sometimes are, in our humid and changeable climate, and a small turf fire burned brightly in the grate, giving a cheerful look to the neat but plain little apartment.

Laying down her work after awhile, she knelt before a large bureau, and opening one of the drawers proceeded to examine its contents.

It was full of the mementos and toys of a little child she had lost but twelve months before, and as she took up one thing after another, many a tear followed the tender replacing of it.

"I am nearly as sad to-night as I was when I wrote those verses," she sighed, taking a sheet of paper from between the leaves of a child's picture book, and reading them for the twentieth time at least:

"I had a winsome little one
She was scarcely two years old,
With eyes of sparkling brightest blue,
And her hair of changing gold.

I thought I could always keep her,
That I could my treasure hide,
And when I was old and feeble,
I would have her at my side.

I have all her little wardrobe,
And her little treasures too,
The withered flower, the doll, the shell,
And the hat and tiny shoes.

I bowed my head in silence,
Low beneath the stroke that fell,
It was a father's hand that did it,
And He doeth all things well.

"I know it is very wrong of me to give way thus; it *was* a Father's hand that did it, and He *doeth* all things well." And as with a devout emphasis she repeated the last lines over again, she folded the paper, put it in its place, and locked the drawer, returning the key to her pocket.

Mrs. O'Neverdon was a thoroughly practical character; though possessed of the most acute feelings, she never allowed them to interfere with her duties; and so, turning to the table, on which lay a heap of work requiring mending, she seated herself and began stitching with busy fingers. While the needle flew in and out with a swiftness which only constant practice can acquire, her little head occupied itself with various plans relating to her household affairs.

"I am sure I hope those people will pay Robert *this* time, getting out of his sick bed as he did before, almost at the risk of his life. They seem to have forgotten *that* altogether. He wants a new coat dreadfully. I cannot make *this* look better, though I have sewn on new buttons and worked over the button-holes. I wish he had not bought me that new dress, but he is so unselfish that he would not even buy a pocket-handkerchief for himself if he could help it. To be sure I had to accept Mrs. Adams' invitation, and he did not like me to look shabby. Harry and Willie's boots wear out so fast, they run about so; and when baby comes to wearing them, five pairs of boots will make a large hole in our little income. It is time to take a peep at the children. I think I heard baby cry, poor child; he is teething," and folding her work carefully, Mrs. O'Neverdon ascended to the nursery.

The baby lay, tossing in his snowy cot, uttering fretful little cries at intervals. The nurse was downstairs, and Mrs. O'Neverdon, taking him in her arms wrapped him in a shawl, and walked up and down lulling him to rest again by the soothing tones of her gentle voice, and then laid him carefully in his little cot; she next turned to look at Katie and Annie, who were both fast asleep in the same bed. A stranger would easily mistake them for twins, so much alike were they. Their beautiful golden hair twined together in heavy curls, and their mother, drawing up the bedclothes which in the restlessness of their childhood they had disarranged, lightly kissed at the same time their clear rosy cheeks, on which rested the long dark eyelashes, and silently sought divine blessing for them.

Willie, younger than Annie, slept in an adjoining apartment with his elder brother. He had begged to be allowed to do so; and Mrs. O'Neverdon, shading the candle with her hand as she entered the room, gazed on her sleeping boys. Harry's dark manly beauty, his finely-formed head, surrounded by a mass of short brown curls, contrasted with Willie's transparent complexion and girlish beauty, as he lay with both his little arms thrown over the clothes. He clung with an undisguised admiration and affection at all times to his strong elder brother, who, though sometimes inclined to tease and call him a "girl," because his fair hair hung in curls nearly to his waist, yet could never resist yielding to the gentle little fellow when he stroked his cheeks caressingly with his babyish hands.

He was half awake as his mother bent over him, and "Mosser" softly fell from his lips as he turned over on his side. "Darling, what is it?" but he was asleep again; and his mother, imprinting a kiss on each of their fair young foreheads, left the room.

Descending the stairs, she heard the expostulating tones of a female voice, and standing in the centre of the hall was an old woman. Her dark blue cloak had fallen from her shoulders, and her long gray hair, escaping from the confinement of her cap, hung round her face in tangled masses. The expression of her countenance was one of fixed agony, and tear after tear coursed its way down her furrowed cheeks as she spoke.

"Mrs. O'Neverdon, ma'am," said she, as that lady entered the hall. "Me boy is dying, me only child; an' as yer a mother yersilf, an' can feel fur me this night, I know if I could get a sight av his honor, he' d run wid me on the minit."

"Ma'am," said Peggy, in a distressed tone, "I'm afther tellin' her that the masther will be out all night; bud the craythur is so bit up wid the grief she can't give heed te me; an' she d—"

"Ah! bud, Peggy, honey, maybe he's dead while I'm waitin' here, an' no wun in the house but a colleen. Misther Sharpe is out, too, the boy in the 'pothecary's tould me. I run there fust, as it was on me way."

(To be continued.)

NONE OTHER NAME.

S. S. Lesson for Feb. 11. Acts 4: 1-17. Golden Text, ver. 12. By Mrs M. Baxter.

The Work of Peter and the Apostles—Opposition of the Ecclesiastics—The Doctrine Taught—Lifeless Preaching—The Night in Prison—Peter's Declaration—His Sermon to the Priests—Power at Our Disposal—They had Been with Jesus—Visible Proof—Debate in the Council—A Difficult Question—An Empty Threat.

THE influence which Peter and John were gaining over the people who were met together in Solomon's porch, listening to their inspired words and gazing upon the newly-healed man, was such that the authorities began to take alarm. "The priests and the captain (or ruler) of the temple, and the Sadducees, came upon them, being grieved that they taught the people, and preached through Jesus the resurrection from the dead." Did they teach the people error? Oh no, but then they had never passed through college or been properly ordained, and this excitement bid fair to undermine the influence of the priests and to ruin their popularity. Beside, were not the scribes and Levites the recognized teachers? Why were not the people satisfied with the teachers provided for them? Was not this unhealthy excitement? No doubt such were the arguments put forth, for such are current to this day when God-sent men and women arise and go forth hither and thither on a God-given mission to bring men and women to the Saviour who died for them.

When God's covenant was with Levi, God testified "he walked with Me in peace and equity, and did turn many away from iniquity" (Mal. 2: 5, 6.) But the priests had not laid to heart the interests of their God, and He sent John the Baptist to "turn the hearts of the fathers to the children, and the disobedient to the wisdom of the just,' and now it was the poor despised followers of the lately crucified Jesus of Nazareth who were teaching the people, and that with a power which was almost irresistible.

Their doctrine offended the priests, for they "preached through Jesus the resurrection from the dead." But did not the priests teach the doctrine? Surely yes; but in lifeless words. Peter and John preached about a Man, Jesus of Nazareth, who had but some weeks past arisen by His own power from the dead; and they appealed to many present witnesses to attest the fact. But this was fatal to the priests. By their condemnation, this man had been given over to death; all the ecclesiastical reputation of Jerusalem hung on the proof that Jesus of Nazareth was an impostor. What were they to do? Stop the preaching at all costs; this they did and put the offending disciples in prison over the night. But they

COULD NOT IMPRISON THE HOLY GHOST

who had spoken through them, and who was working among the people. God can condescend to make use of human instruments, but He is not dependent upon them, and hearts melted like snow under the power of God which was among them, "many of them which heard the word believed; and the number of the men was about five thousand."

We are not told what kind of night Peter and John passed in the prison; one thing we know, that God did not leave them alone, for when on the morrow their enemies had mustered in force, and thought themselves no doubt very strong, they were, nevertheless, quite overpowered by these two men who were temples of the Holy Ghost. The priests must have been up most of the night in order to get together the company they convoked; "their rulers, and elders, and scribes, and Ananias, the high priest, and Caiaphas, and John, and Alexander, and as many as were of the kindred of the high priest." No doubt Peter and John rested like little children in their Father's arms.

When they had set their prisoners in the midst this august council asked the two disciples, "By what power, or by what name, have ye done this?" They knew of the temporal power of the Jewish church, but the manifest power of God they knew not. "Then Peter, filled with the Holy Ghost, said unto them, Ye rulers of the people, and elders of Israel, if we this day be examined of the *good* deed done to the impotent man, by what means he is made whole; be it known unto you all, and to all the people of Israel, that

BY THE NAME OF JESUS

Christ of Nazareth, whom ye crucified, whom God raised from the dead, even by Him doth this man stand here before you whole."

The Apostle Peter would not for an instant allow that the priests had ground for condemnation against them; it was *a "good deed"* which had been done. Who could say that making a man walk, who had been lame from his birth was a bad deed! Yet, strange to say, not only in those days, but in the very days in which we are living, while people regard it only as a common thing when medical students say they have "spoiled a hatful of eyes" in learning to perform successful operations for cataract, and this is not condemned as though there were anything wrong about it; but when the hand of God works blessedly in healing those who have been pronounced incurable, numbers of people begin to whisper, and judge, and criticise, and stand aloof, as though God were quite dead and only some power of darkness could bring about such things in our days.

But while Peter would not call it other than a good deed, he would not take the smallest degree of credit to himself. He plainly stated, "By the name of Jesus Christ of Nazareth, doth this man stand here before you whole." The man had the opportunity of denying this, had it been false, and every one knew that Peter had not seen him a moment in private, and therefore he could not have given him instructions to be silent. There was proof positive that Peter spoke the truth, and all the array of priests could not deny it. They were obliged to listen to the bold outspoken words of Peter when he said, "Jesus of Nazareth, whom ye crucified, whom God raised from the dead." This was galling to their pride, they had been found to fight against God; but God had proved the stronger, and they were being found out, and exposed before all the people.

Peter went on *preaching a sermon to the priests*, an address to the clergy of that day. "This is the stone which was set at naught of you builders, which is become the head of the corner. Neither is there salvation in any other, for there is none other name under heaven given among men, whereby we must be saved." Blessed be God, we are coming to know more and more the power of the name of Jesus, but how little we know of it yet. God has joined together

SALVATION AND THE NAME OF JESUS,

let not man put them asunder. God's salvation is an all-inclusive one, embracing present, past, future, spirit, soul and body; yes more, family, occupation, circumstances; we need a salvation which includes all. The authority of the whole universe is given to Jesus, "All power is given unto Me in heaven and in earth" (Matt. 28: 18). And He places this illimitable

POWER AT OUR DISPOSAL,

as we renounce our own power, and forsake our own name, becoming nothing for His sake. There is no second Jesus, there is salvation in none other, and those who seek for it through the prayers of others, or through their own, through good deeds, or through the membership of churches; through coming of godly parents, or through a religious training, will find that none of these things, good as they are, are a substitute for the name of Jesus.

When this assembly of learned divines "saw the boldness of Peter and John, and perceived that they were unlearned and ignorant men, they marvelled." An unlearned and ignorant man, when he first speaks before learned and honorable men, feels confused, apologizes for his want of grammar, makes attempts as he goes on to appear less ignorant than he is, and appears altogether very ill at ease. Why is this? He is self-conscious, is occupied with what people are thinking of him. But Peter and John were self-empty and filled with their message itself; and the priests very probably felt that they could not have spoken with the same disregard of persons, "they marvelled, they took knowledge of them, that they had *been with Jesus*," this was the secret. Jesus thought not of Himself, He yielded Himself up as a channel between His Father and the men whom He came to save. And the same spirit animated those two disciples, "they had been with Jesus." Oh, that it could be said of every Christian man and woman when anything uncommon is remarked in them, "they have been with Jesus, they are so like Him, they bring His presence with them wherever they come." Occupied with Him; not simply *for* Him, but *with* Him, we "with open face beholding as in a glass the glory of the Lord, are changed into the same image from glory to glory, even as by the Spirit of the Lord" (2 Cor. 3: 18).

These priests were thoroughly worsted; "beholding the man which was healed standing with them, they could say nothing against it." The man's

PRESENCE WAS PROOF

of that which had been done upon him, he was there to answer any question. The living witnesses which we have around us, are God's proof of the reality of conversion; some few witnesses there are, who are genuine specimens of God's power to cleanse, and the witnesses to His healing power and presence are increasing constantly in numbers. When the priests had commanded the two disciples "to go aside out of the council, they conferred among themseves, saying, What shall we do to these men?"

A DIFFICULT QUESTION

indeed, as they found later on. These men were on a mission from God, nothing could by any means hurt them, backed up by God wherever they went, fear did not belong to them, and their judges felt that they were dealing with their superiors in power and holy dignity. "What shall we do to these men? For that indeed a notable miracle hath been done by them is manifest to all them that dwell in Jerusalem; and we cannot deny it." What then? Would they acknowledge it? No, that would have been at too great a cost to their reputation; they would sacrifice anything rather than that. So they took counsel, "But that it spread no further among the people, let us straitly threaten them, that they speak henceforth to no man in this name."

They had yet to learn that "the Word of God is not bound" (2 Tim. 2: 9), and that the men they had to deal with were taking orders from a higher Source. They were soon to learn that God made the cause of these disciples His own. Oh, how foolish, oh, how futile it is to fight against God! Men going out in the authority of the name of Jesus, filled with the Holy Ghost, are a match for all the resistance of an ungodly world; in the name of Jesus they can withstand "things in heaven and things in earth, and things under the earth" (Phil. 2: 10).

FOREIGN TOPICS.

The Disaster to the Cimbria has not Diminished in its appalling characteristics as the details have become known. The loss of life was over 400. The breach made by the collision was so great that the Cimbria immediately lay right over with a portion of her deck under water. Upon an attempt being made to lower the boats, one of them capsized immediately. The time elapsing between the crash and the final sinking of the Cimbria was only a quarter of an hour. Several persons clung to the shrouds, after the vessel had gone down, they being above the water. Among them one man begged his neighbors to push him into the sea, he being too much chilled to move himself. They refused to do so, when he let himself fall headlong into the waves. *An elderly woman, holding her Bible in her cramped hands*, was washed away from the deck. The Sultan is detained pending the official investigation. The captain is charged with negligence in causing the collision with the Cimbria, and with inhumanity in failing to send boats to rescue the drowning people. The Sultan suffered severely in the collision. She has a smashed bow and holes in both sides, and her keel for twelve or fifteen feet was completely split; but the damage was temporarily repaired by the crew. According to the testimony of competent seafaring people, the crew of the Sultan displayed marvellous cleverness and rapidity in stopping the leak, and it is scarcely conceivable how the vessel ever succeeded in reaching Hamburg. The captain asserts that he was going slowly, due east, and that after the collision he remained near the spot until dawn the next morning. All the three statements are contradicted by the survivors of the Cimbria. The other portions of his account they confirm.

Prince Carl, the only Surviving Brother of the Emperor of Germany, died January 21st, in his eighty-second year. He was the father of the Prince Frederick Charles, better known as the Red Prince, whose brilliant services in the Franco-German War were reported. The deceased Prince was the chief of the whole Prussian artillery force. He was a Prussian Field Marshal and Grand Master of the Order of St. John. In 1881 he celebrated a jubilee service on the occasion of *the seventieth anniversary* of his appointment as an officer of the Prussian Army. Not long ago he met with a severe accident, from the effects of which he never quite recovered. He left Berlin for Wiesbaden, having determined to break his journey at Cassel, where arrangements had been made for his dining and sleeping accommodations. His foot slipped while he was rising from table after dinner, and he fell heavily, fracturing his left thigh. It was not until the day before his death that serious apprehensions as to his health were entertained. His symptoms, which assumed an aggravated character toward evening, abated somewhat in the morning, but after noon he sank rapidly until shortly before two o'clock, when he expired. The last words of Prince Charles were, "Long live the Emperor!"

The Health of Mr. Gladstone, the British Premier, has rapidly improved during his sojourn at Cannes, France. He represents himself as perfectly recovered and ready to resume his labors when Parliament meets. An effort, however, is being made to induce him to prolong his stay abroad. It is made by his physicians and personal friends who do not believe his strength is sufficiently restored to sustain the strain of the late hours and exciting debates of the House of Commons. Mr. Gladstone is notoriously disposed to overwork himself, and moreover to do unnecessary work. Throughout the whole of his career as Prime Minister he has insisted on taking the personal responsibility of the departments, and making speeches on special and technical questions, a duty which his predecessors have always left to be performed by the Secretaries, who in England have seats in the house. The members of the Cabinet are also anxious that Mr. Gladstone shall not return at the commencement of the session. His permanent illness or death would involve the disruption of the party, which now includes in its ranks men whose political principles differ more widely from those of each other than they do from the principles of the Conservatives. The Marquis of Hartington is regarded as Mr. Gladstone's legitimate successor, but the radical wing of the party, which is the most powerful and energetic, look upon Mr. Chamberlain and Sir Charles Dilke as the true leaders. In the event of Mr. Gladstone yielding to the advice of his friends, the question of succession would probably be settled during the ensuing session.

A Cabinet Crisis, Continuing the Whole of last week, arose in France out of the proposed legislation against pretenders to the throne. A panic prevailed on the Bourse, and a military guard was set on the public buildings. During the excitement Prince Napoleon, whose manifesto had caused the trouble, was apparently overlooked. The difficulty in the Cabinet, and between the majority of the Cabinet and the Chambers, refers to the Orleans Princes, now on active service in the army. The Radicals demand that they shall be cashiered while the more moderate Republicans desire that they shall be placed on the retired list. The London *Times* remarks that, "the most remarkable feature of the crisis is the rapidity with which Frenchmen of all conditions have begun to despair of the Republic. The discouragement does not yet show itself in the newspaper press, but it is too apparent in private conversation. It would be rash to suppose that because the republicans are disheartened, therefore the Republic is doomed. It is on trial, but it has strength to survive many mistakes." On Sunday the Premier and his colleagues resigned.

The ex-Empress Eugenie Travelled to Paris on hearing of Prince Napoleon's arrest. She did not attempt to see him, and returned to England after an interview with Prince Napoleon's wife. Her journey was made the subject of an attack upon her by one of the London radical papers, to which she has caused a reply to be published. In this official announcement the ex-Empress of the French says that her sole desire in visiting Paris was to bring about a perfect reconciliation in the Bonaparte family. Prince Napoleon, she says, was a thorn in the side of the empire, but she forgave that, and went to Paris to show her sympathy for the head of the house of Bonaparte. She declares that she has no future in France, and will never leave the country which contains the ashes of her husband and her only son, and concludes her most imperial and womanly letter thus: "That tranquillity may be restored to France, under whatever government she may choose to maintain, is the prayer of one to whom all earthly ambitions are forever forbidden."

The Crowds Attracted to the Funeral of M. Gambetta, presented an opportunity for good which Miss De Broen, the evangelist, was enabled to use. She prepared a paper, headed, "Souvenir of the Funeral of Mons. Gambetta," addressed to the "Citizens of Paris, and of all France, Freethinkers, Catholics, or Protestants," containing reflections appropriate to the occasion, and adding words of consolation from the Scriptures, suitable for a time of bereavement, and in conclusion proclaimed God's offer of pardon through Jesus, and urged the acceptance of it. The addresses of the Bible Societies were added, with an intimation that there copies of the Word of God might be obtained. An invitation was also given to those who might wish to converse on the truths spoken of in the paper, to come for the purpose to the Iron-room.

The Revelations of the Irish Informers have been continued, and show that a thoroughly organized conspiracy existed to murder the officials of the Government in Ireland. The evidence already given fixes the guilt of murder on the prisoners. The officials say that certain men who are now under arrest are deeply implicated in many of the most notorious crimes. They believe that at least one of them was personally concerned in *the murder of Lord Frederick Cavendish*. Farrell's testimony itself furnishes accurate and capable confirmation of all important points. The charges made againstDavitt, Healy, and Quinn have resulted in the issue of an order requiring them to find bail for their good behavior before February 3d, under penalty of being committed to jail. The three men have refused to find bail. If they persist they are not to be allowed to enter prison as "first-class misdemenants," but will be condemned to hard labor. It is regarded as a significant indication that no progress has been made toward the pacification of Ireland, that Mr. O'Brien, the editor of *United Ireland*, was elected Member of Parliament for Mallow last week. He polled nearly double the number of votes recorded for the government candidate.

The Scheme Formulated by Lord Dufferin for the future government of Egypt is of a somewhat elaborate and intricate character. The London *Times* states that its leading provisions are that the Khédive of Egypt shall have a council of twelve responsible ministers, and that a legislative council of fourteen members shall be formed, half of whom shall be nominated by the Khédive and half chosen by the system of double election, such as that for which abundant precedents exist in the American constitution and others. An elective assembly of forty-four members is also proposed to be convened to occasionally discuss special subjects. The latter will not participate in legislation, but will assist legislation by giving voice to the classes hitherto inarticulate. The initiative of legislation rests wholly with the Council of Ministers, but its projects must be submitted to the Legislative Council before becoming law. In the event of irreconcilable differences between these two bodies the decision will probably be left to the Khédive. Travellers famliar with the character of the Egyptian people say that the scheme will be neither understood nor appreciated by a people so unused to self government even in its simplest form as are the Egyptians.

A Veritable Palace of Ice has been Erected in Montreal. The structure is nearly one hundred feet square in the interior, with *towers thirty feet high* and fifteen feet square at each angle. The walls are twenty-five feet high. From the centre rises a massive tower, thirty-two feet square, to an altitude of 120 feet. The blocks of ice used in the construction are cut on the St. Lawrence, and are as transparent as crystal. They are piled on each other by means of derricks, and water is thrown upon them from the city mains, which instantly congeals under the influence of the frosty temperature, leaving a solid mass apparently as strong and durable as marble. On January 24th, the ice palace was formally opened. The unique building was illuminated with electric lights, and in its transparent glitter shone out like a mass of brilliants. The scene was greatly enhanced when members of the snow-shue clubs, to the number of about 1500, equipped in grotesque costumes, appeared with torches in their hands. It was admitted by every one that such a picturesque sight had never been witnessed there.

Messrs. Moody and Sankey Terminated their evangelistic work in Dublin on January 15th. From the opening meeting until the conclusion, the spacious hall of the Christian Union Buildings was filled long before the hours of the meetings, and the churches in the neighborhood were thronged with anxious inquirers. The hotels were nearly all filled by visitors from the country, many of whom returned without hearing Mr. Moody, so great was the throng and the struggle for admission to the hall. Mr. Bliss, who joined in the work, delivered some very heart-stirring addresses, and his singing of sacred songs proved a great attraction. On Sunday, at an early hour in the morning, crowds of business men were to be seen hurrying into the city from their suburban residences. The *Freeman's Journal*, a Roman Catholic paper, very hostile to Protestantism, reported Mr. Moody's addresses, and while it sneered at his mode of conducting the prayers and singing, it was faithful in reporting him. The meeting on January 12th was for soldiers of the garrison, who attended in large numbers, nearly 4000 people being present. Mr. Moody's address had a visible effect on the soldiers, and when he called upon those who desired to be prayed for, to stand up, nearly 300 in uniform rose, and afterward attended an inquiry meeting. Preparations are already being made in Belfast for the visit of the evangelists on February 9th.

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD AND SIGNS OF OUR TIMES.

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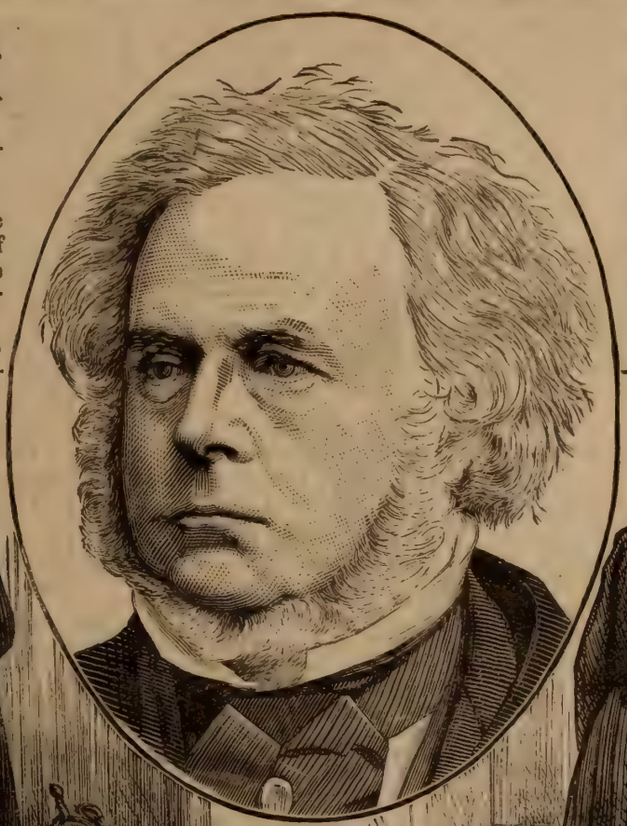

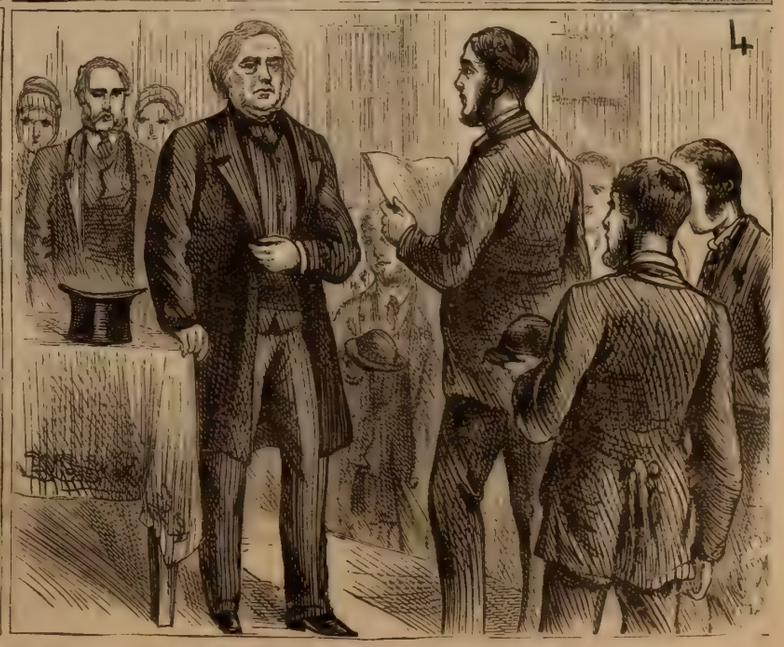

Rt. Hon. JOHN BRIGHT, THE CHRISTIAN STATESMAN—SCENES IN HIS LIFE.

THE RIGHT HON. JOHN BRIGHT.

Parentage and Birth—Character of His Mother—The Orphan Boy in John Bright's Clothes—Speeches on Temperance—A Noteworthy Visit—Speaks for the Bible Society — Advancing Culture—First Meeting with Cobden—A Memorable Crisis in His History—First Election Contest—Corn Law Agitation—Mr. Bright and the Crimean War—Defence of the Queen—His Introduction at Court—Mr. Bright and America—Marriage of His Daughter—Celebration of His Seventieth Birthday—Resignation on the Egyptian Question.

THE prominence of the tariff in the political questions now under the consideration of Congress, and the certainty that the people will at no distant time be required to decide by their votes what the future policy of the country shall be on this subject, give a special interest to the character and career of the distinguished statesman whose portrait appears this week on the first page of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD. He has been identified all his life with that question, and was mainly instrumental in bringing about the change in the English tariff which *for that country* was vitally necessary to its commercial prosperity. He has beside that been distinguished throughout his career as an earnest and consistent Christian, and has never hesitated when his convictions and Christian principles were involved, to sacrifice place and power and his seat in Parliament, rather than cast a vote for a policy which was opposed to those principles. Such a man should be known and honored; the study of his character cannot fail to have a beneficial influence on all who study it, especially young men interested in politics.

The Right Honorable John Bright *was born* on the 16th of November, 1811, at Rochdale, England. His father, the late Mr. Jacob Bright, a respected member of the Society of Friends, by dint of honesty and business ability succeeded, notwithstanding many disadvantages, in making himself master of a cotton mill at Rochdale. He was thrice married, and had eleven chidren, all of whom were the offspring of his second wife, who was Miss Martha Wood, daughter of a tradesman of good repute at Bolton-le-Moors. She was a woman of no common order, having a clear, well-furnished and gifted mind, and a tender, loving Christian heart.

AN ORPHAN BOY IN JOHN'S CLOTHES.

An instance of her thoughtful regard for the wants of others which occurred during John's childhood, made an impression on him he has never forgotten. One day when he was toddling by his mother's side in a new suit of clothes, they were met by a poor widow and a ragged little boy about the same age as John. On hearing the sad story told by the widow, Mrs. Bright took them to her house and the brand new raiment was taken off her son and given to the ragged boy. Doubtless Mrs. Bright helped the orphan in this particular way in order to impress the more deeply upon the mind of her son the duty of personal care for the welfare of the poor.

The little orphan still lives. He has made a fortune as a tradesman, and though now a member of the Town Council, is proud to state that he wore in his boyhood a suit intended for the illustrious orator and statesman. No wonder, that with such a mother, John Bright should have become in after life the friend of the friendless.

As a youth Mr. Bright was not without practice in public speaking. Before he was out of his teens he was known to possess parts of considerable promise.

At the age of nineteen, Mr. Bright became a warm supporter of the temperance cause. It is stated that, in conjunction with some like-minded gentlemen, he was the first to introduce the subject of organized temperance to his native town in 1830. Meetings for the advocacy of temperance followed in neighboring villages, and it was at one of those meetings that Mr. Bright delivered his

FIRST PUBLIC ADDRESS.

On the way to that meeting, we are told that "he and his friend Mr. Oliver Ormerod recited to each other their prepared speeches, and it was arranged between them that they were to prompt each other if there was any likelihood of a breakdown. The room was crowded, and Mr. Bright, in beginning his address, was very nervous, but gained confidence as he proceeded, and delivered his speech with effect and was warmly applauded."

It further appears that the second time Mr. Bright spoke in public was at Lower Place, in the old Wesleyan Chapel. It got noised abroad in the town that a number of "unfledged speakers" were going to "spout" on temperance, and the place was crowded long before the time for commencing the meeting, and the people were not disappointed, for Mr. Bright and his friends acquitted themselves creditably. In his third speech he attempted a loftier strain and broke down. It was his intention to introduce the Upas tree in the course of his speech, to illustrate the deadly effects of intoxicating drink. But when he came to that part where he intended to introduce the figure, he forgot the name of the tree, and, after beating about the bush, he was compelled to turn round to his friend, Mr. Ormerod, to ask "*What is next, Oliver?*" The audience, as may be supposed, roared with laughter.

TEMPERANCE BELL RINGING.

On one occasion, it is said, Mr. Bright accompanied a temperance deputation to Rawtenstall, a Lancashire village, when the future statesman provided himself with a large bell to arouse the attention of the villagers to the fact that a temperance meeting was about to be held. The principal speaker, being a young man of little experience, broke down in his address, and the meeting might have reached a premature close, had not John Bright been prepared to stand forward as an advocate of the cause. The speech which Mr. Bright delivered on that occasion is known to have so touched and convinced one of the drunken profligates of Rawtenstall that he thereupon gave up his dissipated habits, and henceforth led a sober and praiseworthy life.

THE BIBLE SOCIETY.

Among the most noteworthy of the early addresses of Mr. Bright was one delivered at Rochdale, at a meeting of the Bible Society. The Rev. John Aldis, an honored and distinguished Baptist minister, was staying at a friend's house when John Bright arrived to accompany him to the meeting, which was to be held in the Friends' Meeting House. "Soon," says Mr. Aldis, "a slender, modest young gentleman came, who surprised me by his intelligence and thoughtfulness. I took his arm on the way to the meeting, and I thought he seemed nervous. I think it was his first public speech, at all events in such connection. It was very eloquent and powerful, and carried away the meeting, but it was elaborate and had evidently been memorized.

"On our way back, as I congratulated him, he said that such efforts cost him too dear, and asked me how I spoke so easily. I then took the full advantage of my seniority to set forth my notions, which I need not repeat here except this, that, in his case, as in most, I thought it would be best not to burden the memory too much; but having carefully prepared and committed any portions when special effect was desired, merely to put down other things in the desired order, leaving the wording of them to the moment. Years rolled away. I had entirely forgotten the name of the young friend, when the Free Trade Bazaar was held in London. One of those engaged in it, Mr. Baker, of Stockport, calling on me, asked if I had called on Mr. Bright. I said I had not been able to attend the meetings and did not, personally, know him at all. He replied, 'You must, for I heard him say that you gave him his first lesson in public speaking.' I went to a subsequent meeting and recognized the young friend of 1832."

HIS ADVANCING CULTURE.

Already he had decided literary tastes. He revelled in the biographies of illustrious men and in works of history. But, above all, the great poets delighted him. Their far-reaching vistas of thought, their mastery of expression, their sense of the sublime and beautiful, their loftiness and tenderness, their sweetness and light, their glow and perennial freshness, passed into his very soul and became part of his inmost being. The vulgar notion that sympathy with poetry is a mark of a dreamy, unpractical turn of mind found no quarter with John Bright. His clear eye for a *fact*, his vigorous common sense, his marked aptitude for business, were in no wise impaired but rather improved and strengthened by the studies which thus gave tone and expansion to his whole mind. Amid all his other interests, whether of business, literature or politics, John Bright never neglected his Bible, and the loftiest eloquence he has ever attained has been inspired by the high moral and spiritual convictions created and fostered by the study of the Book of books.

FIRST MEETING WITH COBDEN

who afterward became his most intimate and respected friend, was in connection with the cause of education. Unveiling the statue of Mr. Cobden at Bradford, many years after, Mr. Bright thus described that meeting: "I went over to Manchester to ask him if he would be kind enough to come to Rochdale and to speak at an education meeting which was about to be held in the schoolroom of the Baptist chapel in West Street of that town. I found him in his office in Mosley Street. I introduced myself to him. I told him what I wanted. His countenance lit up with pleasure to find that there were others who were working in this question, and he, without hesitation agreed to come. He came and he spoke; and although he was then so young as a speaker, yet the qualities of his speech were such as remained with him as long as he was able to speak at all—clearness, logic, a conversational eloquence, a persuasiveness which, when conjoined with the absolute truth there was in his eye and in his countenance, it was almost impossible to resist."

The friendship thus commenced lasted unbroken and undisturbed by a single jar of any kind, during the long period of twenty-five years. The two friends came to be known in fact as the Jonathan and David of the League.

A MEMORABLE CRISIS IN HIS HISTORY.

Mr. Bright had in 1839 married Miss Elizabeth Priestman, daughter of Mr. Jonathan Priestman, of Newcastle-upon-Tyne, a lady for whom he cherished a strong and deep attachment. Her removal by death in 1841 moved him profoundly, and it was while smitten with the great grief of this bereavement that Mr. Cobden called upon him, and *the interview depicted in scene* 1 *of our frontispiece took place.* That interview had important bearings on national and historical events of the first magnitude. It is described as follows by Mr. Bright: "At that time I was at Leamington, and on the day when Mr. Cobden called on me—for he happened to be there at the same time on a visit to some relations—I was in the depth of grief, I might almost say of despair, for the light and sunshine of my house had been extinguished. All that was left on earth of my young wife, except the memory of a sainted life and of a too brief happiness, was lying still and cold in the chamber above us.

"Mr. Cobden called on me, as my friend, and addressed me, as you might suppose, with words of condolence. After a time he looked up and said, 'There are thousands of homes in England at this moment where wives, mothers, and children are dying of hunger. Now, when the first paroxysm of your grief is past, I would advise you to come with me, *and we will never rest till the Corn Laws are repealed.*'"

Few pages of English history are more interesting or momentous than those which record how the compact thus solemnly proposed was carried out by the two friends. The calm wisdom and intellectual circumspection of Mr. Cobden, when conjoined with the thrilling eloquence and indomitable courage of Mr. Bright, were simply irresistible. Their speeches, and those of William Johnson Fox, probably did more than all the other efforts of the Anti-Corn Law League to bring about the object for which that organization had been called into existence. They succeeded at last in so reducing the duty on foreign wheat as to practically free it, and the poor of England were able to get American wheat at a low price, and the English farmers could no longer force them to pay the high prices.

hill. There was, among others, a father who called upon me, and told me with great delight that several of his children had been brought to a clear decision for Christ at the meetings of last week. They had been long and carefully trained, and it was a great joy to his heart to see his children brought to such a clear decision in regard to receiving the Lord Jesus. 'But,' he said, 'I cannot see how my children should be so assured about their salvation, and I myself be somewhat in doubt; and I have come to you expressly to ask how I may get into the light, and be satisfied of my own personal interest in the Lord. I had the great pleasure of leading him to Jesus and His Word, and leaving him there."

A Pleasant Surprise.—Mr. McFarlane said: "I will tell you an incident in the life of a worker whom I knew, but who is now gone to his rest. My friend was engaged in teaching a class of rather wild lads in a Sabbath-school. He thought that he was not qualified to make any impression upon them, and got much discouraged. By the inducements of his fellow-teachers and superintendent he was prevailed upon to keep at the work for years, till at last he absolutely refused to continue it longer. Many years afterward an eminent missionary wrote home: 'Is that gentleman who taught in the Market Street Sabbath-school still living? If he is, please let him know that there is at least one living who dates his conversion to Christ from the lessons received in his class.' So you see that, although the teacher gave up his work because he saw no fruit, yet the seed sown was not lost; one soul, if not more, was saved, and used as God's means for saving many others."

Fourteen Sailors Converted in a Storm.—Mr. Mabon, the city missionary, said: "An old man, who at one time was a sea captain, told me that on one voyage all the crew were unconverted men. During a fearful storm, in which they all gave themselves up for lost, the crew went below, so that they might be drowned while insensible with drink. The captain alone remained on deck, and while the ship reeled and staggered like a drunken man, he calmly looked to heaven for aid. As he stood with uplifted eyes, the water dashing about and over him, one of the crew came on deck and saw him. He exclaimed, 'I wish I was like you, captain! I would die happy.' He then went below and told the rest of the crew about the captain. They all rushed on deck to see him, and were so struck by the grand spectacle that they acknowledged God was with him. These fourteen men are now rejoicing in Christ as their Saviour. Not only so, but rescued from their perilous position, they afterward went preaching the Gospel at every port they entered."

The Farmer's Parrot.—At a recent meeting in Cowcaddens, Glasgow, Mr. Marsh, pointing out the evil of Christians associating with ungodly companions, related that "A farmer down in the country had a favorite parrot, which one day was missing. Close search was made for it, but without result. The children grieved over the loss and often wondered what had come of 'Poor Polly.' One morning a great noise was heard among the crows, and the farmer took his gun to have a shot at them. At his first discharge a bird fell, and he went to pick it up, and saw it was the long-lost 'Polly' shot through the wing. Addressing the parrot, he said, 'Ah, Polly, Polly, this is the result of keeping bad company.' Putting it into his coat pocket he went home. His daughter saw him coming and ran to meet him, asking, 'What have you shot, father?' 'Poor Polly; I have shot poor Polly.' 'O father, how did Polly get shot?' Polly popped out her head from the pocket, and said, 'Bad company! bad company!' And that is how many Christians get shot at and wounded by the devil."

Converted in a Theatre.—"There was a man and his wife, said Mr. Marsh, walking past Astley's Theatre one night. The devil was giving them their wages for their faithful service in his cause in the shape of cold and hunger. A young man stepped up and said, 'We shall be pleased to see you in the meeting inside.' 'We are too poor.' 'No, you are not; seats are free, there is no collection.' 'Wife, that's the place for us, then; come along.' During the address the wife was convinced of sin, but the man remained indifferent till the last prayer, in which the words, 'Where will you spend eternity?' occurred. These words arrested him, and he stayed to be spoken to. The way of salvation was pointed out to him, but the man said, 'Ah, that is not for me; I have been a prize fighter, a thief, and almost everything that is bad.' Having read John 3: 16, the worker said, 'Have you never seen, when in the country, a board fastened to a post in a turnip field, on which was painted—Whosoever trespasses on this field will be prosecuted?' It so happened that on the previous day the man passed a turnip field where such a notice was erected, and being hungry had stolen a turnip, and he remembered well the feeling which came over him when he read the threat, as he knew that the word *whosoever* meant himself. The illustration was therefore so appropriate that he grasped the truth at once, and left the building a happy man. He is now a most useful and successful evangelist."

Cards and Dancing Before Christ.—Mr. Marsh, in closing, said: "While an evangelist was conducting some services in America, a young lady attended with the rest of the family all the meetings, and was the only one of the family still unsaved when the last meeting took place. The young lady felt that she was a sinner, and had need of a Saviour, but struggled hard against the promptings of the Holy Spirit. Before the final meeting was dismissed, she hurriedly left, and a voice seemed to say to the evangelist, 'Follow her!' Obeying it, he found the young lady standing on the top of the steps leading to the hall, praying aloud, and this was the substance of her prayer, 'O God! I know Thou art willing to save all; I know Thou art willing to save me; but Thou knowest *I do so love cards, dancing, and other pleasures which I cannot give up.* I choose the world, although I lose my soul.' Appalled with horror, the evangelist was rooted to the spot speechless, and saw the lady hurry away to her home. In a fortnight she lay dying, and when her friends urged her to flee from the wrath to come, she said, 'God has taken me at my word; my heart is hardened, I am lost.'"

COLONIZATION PROSPECTS IN PALESTINE.

(*From the Jewish World.*)

The Return from the Captivity has Commenced—The Vanguard of the Return—A Second Jewish Colony in Palestine—The Number of Societies Existing for Colonizing Palestine.

WHATEVER opinions may be held as to the wisdom and desirability, under existing conditions, of encouraging the settlement of Jewish agriculturists in the Holy Land, there can be no gainsaying the fact that a serious and evidently well-considered movement in that direction has been inaugurated under very promising auspices, and that the colonization of Palestine by our co-religionists is on the road to becoming *un fait accompli.* Already, those who cling to the older traditions of our race can assert that

THE RETURN FROM THE CAPTIVITY HAS COMMENCED.

The *diaspora*, after eighteen centuries, has at length been broken; and Israel is beginning, "little by little," to repossess her own. Strange as this may read to us "Children of the West"—Beni Malaraba, as in Talmudic phrase we may not inaptly call ourselves—it is nevertheless true; and though we are far from disposed to exaggerate the importance of the movement to which we refer, *there can be no reasonable doubt that, on a small scale, colonization has commenced.* Its permanence has yet to be proved; and the possibility of its success remains to be tested by the sternest of all tests, actual experience. The hard realities of a commonplace occupation, undertaken under abnormal conditions in face of modern life, will sufficiently try both the vigor and enthusiasm of the promoters and colonists.

Consistently opposed as we have been throughout to the ambitious and fanciful schemes propounded from time to time by well-meaning but impracticable people, who would like to see—what they call—"prophecy fulfilled," we can watch with interest of no ordinary kind *the movement now inaugurated*, which is of a description altogether different from the absurd and senseless projects which aim at the purchase of the fee-simple of Palestine, and a return, in imposing procession, to the Land of Promise.

THE VANGUARD OF THE RETURN.

The first colony—the vanguard of the return—was that known as the Kehilath Yaacob, a Congregation of Jacob. Its formation was scarcely noted until, but a few weeks ago, it was announced that *a whole village* and the land pertaining to it, between Zareah and Eshtael, capable of furnishing farms for 200 families, had been purchased on the 17th of Sivah, 1882—a date that may yet become historic in the annals of a rejuvenated Hebrew nationality. The example of the "Congregation of Jacob," consisting mainly of Russian Jews—refugees of last year—was speedily followed by their *Roumanian brethren*, whose existence also has been made intolerable to them by the wire-pullers and Jew-baiters of the ex-Principality.

On *Shemini Azereth* a telegram was received at Bucharest, from the agents of the Roumanian Committee for Colonizing Palestine, Herren Abeles and Pineles, stating that they had concluded *the purchase of the entire village of Samarin*, close to Khaifa, and five additional tracts of land, for the sum of £1840. Within a few days of purchase the emigrants were selected, and the establishment of

A SECOND JEWISH COLONY

in the Holy Land was already a thing of the past.

Since October 4th, 1882, when this took place, the Roumanian journals contain nothing but *long lists, recording the names and numbers of those emigrating to the Holy Land*, and those who have joined the local committees formed in almost every town and village to facilitate *the colonization of Palestine* by the descendants of its rightful possessors. Day after day announcements are made of parties—sometimes 180 strong, at others consisting of a few families—starting for Palestine. One day an important town like Braila sends 1200f. to the central fund; the next, two insignificant villages like Iresti and Busanaia 600f. each.

MORE THAN FIFTY "VEREINE"—SOCIETIES—FOR COLONIZING PALESTINE

have been formed in central districts, each of which is gathering money for colonization purposes, the members being the intending emigrants, who are thus saving out of their own scant resources the money required for the purchase of land and implements, and for sustenance until the settlements become self-supporting. This has now been going on *for months*; and at the present moment negotiations are proceeding for the acquisition of *another extensive tract of land* in Palestine, which is to form the *locale* of the third colony of those who return. Such facts as the above cannot, of course, be ignored. They certainly do point to the conclusion that *a determined effort is being made to colonize Palestine with Jews*, and after the only fashion in which colonies are likely to be successful—that is, by settling Jews in small batches, in suitable districts, at proper intervals of time, so that mistakes made by the first comers may be avoided by those who follow them, and in order that advantage may be taken of the experience gained in localizing, organizing, and administering farming communities of this kind. The difficulties are great, it must be admitted, even under such an arrangement; but they are mostly difficulties that money can overcome; and the judicious way in which the Roumanian societies are organizing themselves speaks well for their appreciation of this fact. Their recognition, too, of the principle of "helping themselves," as they are doing, shows in a favorable light the spirit which animates them in their undertaking.

From what we may venture to call the sentimental point of view, one might enlarge considerably on this colonization, which is inaugurating, after a fashion, *a return to Palestine.* But our doubts as to the fitness of the Jews themselves for colonization remain strong as ever.

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CURRENT EVENTS.

The Reduction in the Public Debt During the month of January attained the large figure of $13,500,000. This sum makes an aggregate of $95,000,000 which has been paid off during the first seven months of the fiscal year. The Secretary of the Treasury estimated the available surplus of the year at $120,000,000, but the figures quoted, show that it may be over $160,000,000. This is in part due to the decrease of expenses, chiefly in the pension bureau, in which the disbursements have been unusually light during January and December. The total receipts of the government from all sources have been greater than those of the corresponding seven months of last year by nearly four million dollars, and the disbursements less by more than twelve millions. Thus the surplus as compared with last year is better by about sixteen millions. The taxpayer groaning under his heavy burdens is not cheered by this prosperous statement. He has learned by experience that Congress has little sympathy for him, and prefers accumulating a surplus to be put "where it will do good," to making any change that will afford him relief.

The Senate and the House Both Devoted the whole of last week to the subject of the tariff. During the early part of the week hopes were entertained that a bill of some kind would pass this session. That it would be a measure satisfactory to low tariff men could not be expected, but prominent members of both branches of the Legislature confidently predicted that a compromise between the Senate and the House would be effected that would remove some of the most glaring anomalies of our system. The slow progress made during the week, however, renders the prospect anything but encouraging. This Congress has but a comparatively short time to live, and several appropriation bills have to be considered beside other work that must be done. It is clear, therefore, that unless a change of an unexpected character is made in the rate of progress, there is no hope of a tariff bill. The lengthy speeches made on the subject, and which take up the time, appear to be delivered with the object of setting the speakers right with their districts, rather than of advancing the measure. On one side, the speakers hope to convince the workingmen that opposition to a reduction is prompted by a desire to prevent the laborer being reduced to the condition of his class in Europe. On the other side, the speakers want the country to understand that their advocacy of a reduction in the tariff is based on the conviction that it will reduce the cost of living. Meanwhile as there are a considerable number of men desiring to fully explain their attitude, the prospects of any bill passing are very slight.

The Protracted Contest over Mr. Windom's seat in the Senate has ended in the defeat of the ex-Secretary. Mr. D. M. Sabin, of Stillwater, was elected on February 1st United States Senator from Minnesota. Mr. Windom's friends voted for him to the last, but when the break occurred in the deadlock, the Democrats voted with the friends of three other candidates for Mr. Sabin, and he thus secured 81 out of the 135 votes cast. Mr. Sabin is 39 years of age, having been born in Connecticut in 1844. He commenced business as a contractor in Minnesota on the death of his father in 1868. He subsequently became Managing Director of the Northwestern Car Company, the most important corporation in the State. Mr. Sabin is a shrewd political manager, and though a popular man in his State is not noted as an orator.

Another Defalcation by a State Treasurer startled society last week. Mr. Isaac H. Vincent, the Treasurer of Alabama, was declared a defaulter on January 31st. In a message sent to the Legislature, Governor O'Neal stated that a letter had been received by the chief clerk of the Treasurer's Department from Mr. Vincent, in which the Treasurer said he was short in his accounts, and had gone to New York to raise money to straighten the matter. The Legislature had already commenced an investigation of Mr. Vincent's Department when he left Montgomery. A cursory examination of the books showed that at least $200,000 were missing. It is stated that Mr. Vincent had used the funds of the State in stock speculations, and that a loss of $100,000 could be traced in one speculation on cotton futures. Mr. Vincent could not be found in New York, and the General Assembly of Alabama has authorized the Governor to offer a reward of $5000 for his apprehension. Mrs. Vincent handed to the Treasury after her husband's departure a package containing $15,000. Considerable sympathy is manifested for the defaulter in Montgomery, and an impression prevails that he has been made a victim by designing men. The State is said to be fully protected, though Mr. Vincent's bond has been abstracted from the Treasury.

Among the Many Disasters of the New Year the burning of the New York pier of the Inman Steamship Company on February 1st, is one of the most costly, though, happily, no lives were lost. The fire broke out soon after midnight, and was at first supposed to be of insignificant character. The men on duty attempted to extinguish it with some hose on the pier, but becoming alarmed by its rapid progress, sent out a fire alarm. It was then too late to save the pier, which was completely destroyed, with the large stores of valuable merchandise upon it. The steamship Egypt, of the National Line, which had been chartered by the Inman Company lay alongside the pier, and was saved with difficulty. The ice had collected around her, and it was not until tugboats came to her assistance that she could leave the burning pier. Her sails and rigging were burnt, and but for her masts and spars being of iron she would have been destroyed. The pier was the finest in the city; it was built in 1880 at a cost of $70,000. The total loss is estimated at $800,000.

The Veteran Missionary, Rev. William G. Schauffler, D.D., LL.D., died in New York on January 26th, at the age of eighty-five. He was a native of Stuttgart, Germany, but most of his early days were spent at Odessa, where his father held a municipal office. He was converted at the age of 22, and immediately commenced study with the view of fitting himself for the work of a missionary. By the advice of Dr. Joseph Wolff, the Jewish missionary, Mr. Schauffler went to Constantinople. There he met Rev. Jonas King, the American missionary, who urged him to come to this country to obtain an education. He landed in Boston with *only one dollar in his pocket;* but he made his way to Andover, where he was cordially received. He worked earnestly, often devoting sixteen consecutive hours to study. In 1831 he was ordained as a missionary under the American Board. He immediately proceeded to Turkey, where in conjunction with the American missionaries there he labored unceasingly and successfully for Christ for eighteen years. Subsequently he labored in Austria, Hungary, and for a time with his son, also a missionary in Moravia. He returned to America in 1877, and has devoted his last years to translations and other literary work for the cause he loved. Dr. Schauffler was an accomplished linguist. He could speak fluently in more than twenty languages.

The Christian Work Among the Jews of New York city, conducted by Rev. Jacob Freshman, is making progress. The difficulties in Mr. Freshman's way do not consist so much in the tenacity with which the Jews cling to their ancient faith, as in the fact that they have, in many cases, abandoned all faith and are practically infidels. The results of the past year's work are such as to encourage the evangelist to continue. Several converted Israelites have been baptized, and on one occasion an entire family. The present membership, under the charge of Rev. Mr. Freshman, is twenty. The Sunday-school, held over a Jewish synagogue, is increasingly attended by Hebrew children. Every Saturday afternoon Mrs. Freshman meets a class of about twenty for religious instruction, and conducts also a sewing-school for girls. They are held at her residence, No. 25 Seventh St., New York.

The Sunday-School Festival of the Bethany School at Philadelphia, conducted by Mr. John Wanamaker, was a reversal of the ordinary methods. It is thus described by a contemporary: "Instead of giving presents to the children, the children brought presents to give to others. These presents were as miscellaneous a lot as were ever collected on a Sunday-school platform. Nearly every one of the two thousand children in the Sunday-school brought some gift. The parents and friends also bestowed liberally, some of the articles presented being of considerable value. There were all manner of toys for little children, and garments for those of every size. There were bags and barrels of flour and immense quantities of vegetables. There were whole carcasses of sheep and hogs, which were not the less acceptable because novel. Many of the gifts were given out to the poor and needy of the neighborhood. The rest were sent to some of the orphans' homes and other benevolent institutions of the city. A procession of wagons waited for them outside the Sunday-school hall during the services.

A Cordial Welcome has been Given by the pastors of New York to the young English clergyman who has accepted the pastorate of St. George's Church, of which Dr. Stephen H. Tyng, Sr., was formerly minister. A New York journal gives the following sketch of the young clergyman: "Rev. W. T. Rainsford is a native of Dublin, Ireland, but comes of English parentage. *His father is Rev. Marcus Rainsford*, Rector of St. John's Protestant Episcopal Church, in Belgrade Square, London. He went to Quebec in 1868, and assisted in settling 700 emigrants in Canada. He is a graduate of St. John's College, Cambridge, and was ordained for the ministry in 1874. Declining a rectorship in England, he accepted the position of curate in the Church of St. Giles, in Norwich. Here he labored successfully until the summer of 1876, when he came here to assist in Lent services, and since then has labored in Baltimore, Louisville, and Canada as an evangelist.

Fifty Dollars were Received Last Week by THE CHRISTIAN HERALD from a subscriber who desired that the journal might be sent to persons whose names and addresses he supplied. He requested that his name should not be disclosed, but there is no reason why his attempt to do good by introducing into the families of his friends sound religious teaching should not be mentioned. We may hope that God's blessing will attend this effort to do good, and that the example thus set may encourage others to similar liberality.

The Danger of Neglecting an Opportunity is illustrated by an incident related in the New York *Witness*. At a Gospel Temperance meeting, held in Hyde & Behmann's Theatre, Brooklyn, a few weeks since, a street preacher pleaded with a man to give up drinking. He evidently felt the effects of the argument used, for he trembled, and said to the missionary, "I could cut off my right arm if I could give up drinking." But he went out of that meeting and took more liquor. To-day that victim of strong drink is *on trial for his life*.

The Strange Inconsistency of a Physician was the subject of remark lately in an Ohio criminal court. He was sent to the work-house for thirty days for cruelty to his family. The testimony showed that the particular offence for which he was arraigned was not an isolated one, but had been repeated on numerous occasions, and the judge in sentencing him said it seemed strange that a man of his intelligence and standing in the community, who often had been noted in that very court as one of the most persevering witnesses *against those who were cruel to animals*, should be brought there for cruelty to women. This was an extreme instance of a fault only too common in the church and the world. Men who are among the most censorious and unmerciful as to the sins of others are often themselves guilty of other sins. It becomes us all to pray for deliverance from the sins to which we are constitutionally liable (Heb. 12 : 1).

A Floor Sinking Under a Dancing Party caused some alarm in Brooklyn last week. In the course of an entertainment given in Lincoln Hall in which about five hundred persons participated, there was an ominous creaking of the floor, which at the same time settled in the centre nearly a foot. There was a cry, "The floor is giving way," and all those present were instantly upon their feet. "Keep your seats," cried one of the managers, "there is no immediate danger," and his presence of mind and that of others prevented the panic. Then, without any rush, and as quietly as possible, every one left the hall. In speaking of the matter, the manager said: "I felt pretty faint myself when I heard that creaking of the floor, but at the same time I knew that had there been a rush for the door the floor would certainly have given away. Fortunately there was presence of mind enough in the guests, though appreciating the danger, to keep still, and there is no question but to that fact we all owe our lives." Upon examination afterward it was found that the floor beams were broken. The day is coming when all worldly merriment will be as suddenly checked. In that day presence of mind will not avail. Only those who are in Christ will be delivered (Luke 17 : 26, 27).

Two Bears Caused a Panic in a Philadelphia boarding house on January 20th. Some itinerant musicians who arrived in the city on that day were admitted as boarders at the house of Mrs. Luccarina, and their bears which assisted them in their exhibitions were accommodated in a shed in the rear of the premises. The musicians started outthe next morning for a jaunt through the city, leaving their charges carelessly tied. The appetites of the shaggy denizens of the thickets became considerably sharpened, and when Mrs. Luccarina, forgetting that the bears were there, went out into the shed to get some coal they suddenly grasped her about the body much to her alarm. She yelled lustily, and a number of the boarders went to her assistance and dragged her from the grasp of the bears into the house. The animals, however, had become loosened and pursued the party in-doors. The human occupants precipitately fled through the front door, leaving the intruders in possession. The bears instantly cleared the supper table and demolished nearly all the chinaware, beside breaking several chairs. The owners arrived upon the scene when the excitement was at its height, and easily captured the animals. The boarding-house keeper will doubtless exercise more care in future as to the inmates she receives, and those identical animals are not likely to find accommodation on the premises of any one who has heard of her experience. In these matters people learn by experience, of their own and of others, but in spiritual matters there is more carelessness. In the souls which ought to be the temple of the Holy Ghost, passions and appetites are harbored far more dangerous than the bears proved (Mark 7 : 21, 22).

A Capital Gradually Diminishing Led to a suicide at Niagara on January 22d. A gentleman staying at one of the hotels at the Falls, quietly paid his hotel bill on that day, and driving to Goat Island, cast himself into the watery abyss. His friends could assign no cause for his desperate act until a communication found among his effects was forwarded to them. Then it appeared that he had been living for years upon his capital, and that being a man of expensive tastes, and finding poverty staring him in the face, he preferred to seek relief in the icy cataract. In one of his letters he said, "For years I have been eating myself up, always hoping against hope for a better business. When I saw you last I had already made up my mind to end an existence I have not the means to continue." The miseries of poverty must have been grossly overestimated by the suicide before they could have appeared worse than the doom he sought. The believer has, at all events, the satisfaction of knowing that in using his spiritual riches, he is not expending his capital. That is inexhaustible, and God gives fresh supplies every day and hour (2 Cor. 9 : 8).

A Reunion after Thirty-three Years' Separation caused great joy in a family residing at Machias, Me., on January 9th. The Machias *Union* states that on that day Levi Farnsworth, of Jonesboro, who left Machias November 4th, 1849, in the brig Agate, for the Pacific coast, arrived at the home of his son, Mr. J. E. Farnsworth, where his wife and children assembled in less than two hours after his arrival. There were twenty friends at tea—his wife, children, and some of his grandchildren, and they had a very pleasant meeting. The old gentleman said: "This is the happiest hour of my life." Mr. Farnsworth had during his long absence resided in Vancouver, Washington Territory, Ellisburg, and many other towns on the Pacific coast, and is respected wherever known. He has held many prominent positions in Vancouver; has been Mayor of the city; also Sheriff several years. He was elected several times member of the Territorial Legislature. He is seventy-eight years of age. When Mr. Farnsworth left home he parted with wife and six children. On his return from his long journey of 5000 miles all were alive to greet him but one daughter, who died about twenty years ago. The changes wrought during his absence in his own appearance and in that of his wife and children rendered the meeting a very remarkable one. The thought was irresistibly suggested of the joyful reunion in heaven of families whom death has dispersed (Eph. 3 : 15).

A Curious Exposure of a Plagiarist Occurred recently at Newburyport, Mass. A local journal reports that at a Bible reading in one of the churches, a young man was present whose pithy remarks and beautiful illustrations had on previous meetings rendered him a very popular speaker. The subject on this occasion was the book of Ruth. The young man's turn to speak came, and he said: "Brethren and sisters, the subject this evening is the book of Ruth. And do you know that I never turn to the book of Ruth without a thought coming to my mind that there it lies, like a beautiful jewel, between the ermine of the Judges and the purple of the Kings." Such an exquisite thought did not fail to have its effect upon his admiring hearers. Later in the evening an elderly clergyman came in, and, after listening to the remarks for some time, arose and said: "My friends, whenever I turn to the book of Ruth, I am always reminded of *that beautiful thought of Jeremy Taylor*, that it lies, like a lovely jewel, between the ermine of the Judges and the purple of the Kings." The clergyman sat down puzzled by the general amusement his quotation had caused, and did not learn until afterward that he had unconsciously ruined a growing reputation. The incident shows how powerful in some minds is the love of adulation when, even in dealing with sacred things the common principles of honesty are outraged (11 Cor. 4 : 2).

A MONUMENT FOR THE DEAD, AND A VOICE TO THE LIVING.

A New Sermon, by Pastor C. H. Spurgeon.

"For Moses describeth the righteousness which is of the law, That the man which doeth those things shall live by them. But the righteousness which is of faith speaketh on this wise; . . . . that if thou shalt confess with thy mouth the Lord Jesus, and shalt believe in thine heart that God hath raised him from the dead, thou shalt be saved."—Romans 10 : 5, 9.

John Ploughman's Brother—A Huckster's Creed—Not for Perfectionists—I. What Moses Said—The Fractured Vase—An Inaccessible Path—II. What the Gospel Says—Clear as Moses—Forbids Questions of Despair—Answers Them—Nearness of the Word of Life—Confession Necessary—III. What the Scripture Says—A Cardinal's Admission—No Man Forbidden to Believe—Strength of Saving Faith—IV. What Experience Says—The Grandest Way of Living—Little Perfection Boats—A Christian's Death—A Testimony from Mentone.

YOU see by this mourning that our church has been bereaved. I have lost a friend tender and true to me, and my heart is too full for utterance.* I scarcely knew what to preach from this morning; but at last I settled in my mind that I would raise a memorial to my departed friend by preaching a sermon which should be connected with himself. Therefore I cast about me, and I considered what subject he would wish me to preach from if he were sitting behind me this morning as he was last Lord's day. I had no difficulty in answering that question. His life and death pointed in one direction. He was a man of rare common sense, straightforward and downright in his aims, and most pithy in his speech, with such a mixture of mother-wit that he might have been taken for John Ploughman's brother, as indeed he was. He cared nothing for oratory, which I have heard him call "a flash in the pan;" he delighted in the plain, solid Gospel of Jesus Christ.

I know that he would have said to me—Give them Christ crucified, and salvation by grace through faith, as plainly as ever you can; for when he was sore sick and in the very agony of death, he repeated as his dying creed—

"Nothing in my hand I bring:
Simply to thy cross I cling."

and in his own quaint way he added, "They may talk as much as ever they like, but the whole of it lies in Jack the Huckster's verse—

"'"I'm a poor sinner, and nothing at all;
But Jesus Christ is my all in all."'"

In Park Street early in my ministry I told the story, and it did my friend good, and helped to rest his soul all those years ago, so that he remembered it and repeated it at the last. For his sake let me tell it again.

This Huckster Jack was a poor, wicked fellow, who had gone about from village to village, swearing, drinking, huckstering, and perhaps pilfering. Some thought him half-witted, but the story would show his mind to be sound enough. He heard a poor woman sing somewhere—

"I'm a poor sinner, and nothing at all;
But Jesus Christ is my all in all."

He remembered the words, and what was better, he felt their sense; and he kept on humming them to himself till God's good Spirit engraved them on his heart. There they were recorded, and Jack was a new man and a saved man. So he essayed to join himself unto the church, but the brethren looked suspiciously at him and inquired, "What is your experience?" He said he had no experience but this—

"I'm a poor sinner, and nothing at all;
But Jesus Christ is my all in all."

Well, they must take him into the church; they could not well refuse a man with such a confession of faith; and when he was in the church, walking with the brethren, he was happier than the rest of them, at which they greatly marvelled, and one said to him, "Brother Jack, don't you sometimes feel

* William Higgs, Esq., for many years a beloved deacon of the church in the Metropolitan Tabernacle, fell on sleep January 3d, 1883, in his fifty-ninth year.

doubts and fears?" "Doubts," he said, "what do you mean? I never doubt that

"'I'm a poor sinner, and nothing at all;'

for I have daily proofs of it, and why should I doubt that

"'Jesus Christ is my all in all?'

for He says He is, and I must believe Him." "Ah, well," said one, "sometimes I enjoy good frames and feelings, and feel very happy, and then I lose them, and sink in spirit." Jack answered, "I never get lower than I am, for I am down at the bottom—

"'A poor sinner, and nothing at all.'

I cannot get lower than that, can I? But I am also at the top, for

"'Jesus Christ is my all in all,'

and I cannot get higher than that, can I?" They tried him many ways with their blessed experience, of which you and I have got cartloads, perhaps wagonloads; but he could not be drawn out of his one firm position. They tried him with their various attainments, depressions, anxieties, quibbles, and questions; but still the huckster would not budge. He had bought the truth and would not sell it, and so he stuck to—

"I'm a poor sinner, and nothing at all;
But Jesus Christ is my all in all."

The conies are a feeble folk, yet have they their habitations among the rocks; they are safe, but they keep to their hiding place.

Of course our new perfection brethren,

SPICK AND SPAN SAINTS

as they are, are not like Jack, they are not "poor sinners, and nothing at all," and I am afraid lest some of them should find out that Jesus Christ is not their all in all. But if you and I are as he was, "poor sinners, and nothing at all," we may, with firm and resolute grip, lay hold upon the other line, "But Jesus Christ is my all in all." Christ's fulness is meant for our emptiness; Christ's righteousness is meant for our sin, salvation is for the lost. *When you and I are no longer sinners,* Christ is no longer our Saviour; when you and I no more need Him, then we shall not have Him.

I now plunge into my text. Notice, first, *what Moses said.* Moses said, "That the man which doeth those things shall live by them." Next, *what the Gospel says:* "But the righteousness which is of faith speaketh on this wise," and so on. Thirdly, we shall consider *what the Scripture saith:* "Whosoever believeth on Him shall not be ashamed." Then, fourthly, we will hear *what experience saith:* for we may bring in the experience of believers to back up the declarations of God.

I. I invite your earnest attention to the first point—

WHAT MOSES SAID.

"Moses describeth the righteousness which is of the law, That the man which doeth those things shall live by them." This is a clear statement. There is no mystery or obscurity about it. You need not go to the universities and earn a degree of D.D. in order to understand this declaration; it is as plain as words can make it. If you wish to be saved by the law you must do its commands and you shall live. The law is written in the ten commandments; you know them; and if you desire to live by them you must keep them. It will not suffice for you to learn those commands by heart, or to write them up in your churches, or to read them over and say, "Lord, have mercy upon us, and incline our hearts to keep this law;" all that may be well enough, but it is not to the point. If you are to be saved by the commandments you must do them; that is clear.

Mark you, Moses does not tone down the law to suit our fallen state, or talk of our doing our best and God's being satisfied with our imperfect obedience. No, he says only, "He that doeth those things shall live by them." He demands perfect and entire obedience, if life is to come of it. He does not say that if you have broken the law you may still live by some other means. No; clear, straight, cutting like a sharp razor, he puts before us the single sentence, "He that doeth those things shall live by them."

Judge ye whether any one of us has fulfilled the whole law. To my mind this word of Moses is conclusive that none of us can possibly live by the works of the law. We cannot keep the law now, for we have already broken it; *the vase is fractured,* and to talk of keeping it entire is nonsense. But even if it were not already broken, should we get through to-morrow with its temptations, bearing such a heart as we have within us, without breaking that perfect and spotless law? I am sure we should not. You that hope to be saved by your works are indulging a forlorn hope; whatever you may do or be in the future, the past has already ruined you. The way to heaven up the steep sides of Sinai is inaccessible to trembling feet like ours.

Clear, then, as possible it must be to every man among us who will think, that if the only way of salvation by the works of the law is by the keeping of the law in its entirety, then *that road is closed* against us, and the sooner we have done with it the better; for then we shall turn our thoughts in the right direction, and travel on the way which the Lord in great mercy has prepared for us. This is what Moses saith: hear it and be humbled.

II. Now I ask you to listen to

WHAT THE GOSPEL SAYS.

"The righteousness which is of faith, or believing, "speaketh on this wise, Say not in thy heart, Who shall ascend into heaven? (that is to bring Christ down from above:) or, Who shall descend into the deep? (that is, to bring up Christ again from the dead.) But what saith it? The word is nigh thee, even in thy mouth, and in thy heart; that is, the word of faith, which we preach; that if thou shalt confess with thy mouth the Lord Jesus, and shalt believe in thine heart that God hath raised Him from the dead, thou shalt be saved."

Now observe, first, that *the Gospel claims to be like the law in its clearness.* Moses claimed for the law which God had given to the people through him that it was clear, and within the range of their knowledge and understanding. I will read his exact words to you. Turn to Deuteronomy 30: 11: "For this commandment which I command thee this day, it is not hidden from thee, neither is it far off. It is not in heaven, that thou shouldest say, Who shall go up for us to heaven, and bring it unto us, that we may hear it, and do it? Neither is it beyond the sea, that thou shouldest say, Who shall go over the sea for us, and bring it unto us, that we may hear it, and do it? But the word is very nigh unto thee, in thy mouth, and in thy heart, that thou mayest do it."

Now Paul here very adroitly takes these words out of the mouth of Moses, alters them somewhat, and as good as says, "It was the boast of the law that it was clear, known, and accessible to the people; but much more is this the glory of the Gospel." Did not I show you just now that when Moses spoke he did not mystify the matter; but put it plainly, "The man that doeth those things shall live by them." So also the Gospel by no means involves itself in obscurity, but says, "*Believe and live,*" quite as distinctly as Moses said, "*Do and live.*" Here you have it, "Believe in the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved."

Let us go a little further. What saith the Gospel? Why, next, *it forbids the questions of despair.* "The righteousness which is of faith speaketh on this wise, Say not in thine heart, Who shall ascend into heaven? or, Who shall descend into the deep?" When a man is at length awakened to a sense of sin he cries, "I long to be saved! All that I have and all that I am I would give to escape from the righteous wrath of God. Sirs, what must I do to be saved? Surely it would need that I mount to heaven to own my sin, or dive to hell to bear its punishment. I want a righteousness which would need as much labor to produce as a climb to heaven would need; and I require an expiation for sin as great as though a man were plunged into the abyss itself, and there were made to suffer the divine anger. How is it possible that I can be saved?"

This wail of despair takes many forms; one man puts it thus: "What doings can I perform by which I can be saved?

"'Could my zeal no respite know,
Could my tears for ever flow,
All for sin could not atone.'"

Another, despairing of deliverance by his doings, runs upon his feelings, and cries, "If I am to be saved, surely I shall *need to experience joys* like those which are felt by spirits before the throne. If I had a sense of sin as deep as that of lost souls in hell, I could hope that I should be saved." Thus the second man looks to excitements and feelings just as the first looked to works and self-denials. Now, the Gospel forbids us to dream in this fashion. Do not suppose that anything is wanted as to doings or feelings in order to complete the righteousness which is wrought out by the Lord Jesus, and imputed by God to the believer.

"Ah, well," says one, "I know I must undergo a singular experience—either I must be carried right away to heaven with delirious delight, or be plunged into the waves of hell in frightful despair." No, my dear friend, do not say that even in your thought. The righteousness of faith lies not in dreams and visions, delusions or depressions; it lies only in reliance upon the work of Jesus finished for you. Go not to the loom to weave a righteousness.

THE GARMENT IS WOVEN

already; put it on; Christ gives it to you. Dig not into the bowels of the earth to find the gold of salvation. Christ holds it out to you; take it freely, and be rich forever. So one of the first works of the Gospel is silencing the questions of our unbelief.

Listen to it, lost ones; you need not climb to heaven; Christ has come down from heaven to you; and if you lie among the spiritually dead to-day, or think you do, He has come down to you, and you need not inquire how you can go up to Him. No prayers or tears are wanted to bring Him down; He has already come and is near at hand. You asked, "Who shall descend into the deep?" Now listen. Here is your answer. You need not "bring up Christ again from the dead," for the Lord has risen indeed. Now, your hope lies wholly in what this Son of God did in His descent and ascent. God has brought Him again from the dead and exalted Him at His own right hand, and this is not for Himself, but for all those who trust in Him. His death is instead of the death of our souls; His life is the life of our spirits.

Now, soul, thou hast nothing to do with asking vain questions; thou hast to accept the result of the Saviour's actual performances. The saving work is done, done by Him who was anointed of the Lord to do it. Look to Him and salvation is thine. Thy salvation rests in Jesus, rest thou in Jesus. Throw thyself upon Him now; even as a babe casts itself upon its mother's breast. Have done with every other confidence. What canst thou need more than to rely upon the Anointed of the Lord?

Now, Paul declares, or rather the Gospel speaking for itself declares, this word of life by faith in the risen Christ to be near us, that is, to be

ACCESSIBLE TO US.

As your next door neighbor's house is not hard to get at, so neither is salvation by the Gospel. It is nigh you; it is night you *now:* it will never be nigher than it is at this moment. You may now believe in Christ and live eternally. Difficulty there is none; only believe and thou art saved. It is not a mystical, obscure thing; it is near and familiar. Believe in Christ as you would believe in your friend; believe that He died for sinners, and trust in Him for salvation. If God has made you feel yourself a sinner, then Christ is such a Saviour as you need and you may have Him at once; the only difficulty lies in the way being so easy that you can hardly think it can be so. Have done with doings, and feelings, and trust yourself with Christ. "The word is nigh thee."

Just as I lean all my weight upon this rail, so do I lean my soul wholly upon Christ. If what Christ has done will not save a sinner I am damned; for I have nothing else to depend upon; but if it will save, and sure I am that it

will, I am saved as surely as Christ has risen from the dead. This is the substance of the matter—Christ saves, and we trust. This is what that word of faith says, even the Gospel which we preach.

Yet note, that *Paul opens this up into two things.* He says, "If thou shalt confess with thy mouth the Lord Jesus, and shalt believe in thine heart that God hath raised Him from the dead, thou shalt be saved." So *there must be confession* with the mouth. Do not leave that out. Do not suppose that you can be a believer and conceal your faith. As I said the other day, Do not behave like a rat behind the wainscot, only daring to come out in the dark. That is not Christ's way. If you trust in Him with your heart, trust Him openly, and confess Him with your mouth, owning that He is your Lord, and your Saviour. He has put the two things together—"He that believeth and is baptized shall be saved." The believing and the confession of that beliving in God's own way are never to be separated, for "With the heart man believeth unto righteousness, and with the mouth confession is made unto salvation.' See ye well to this.

III. Thirdly, let us consider,

WHAT THE SCRIPTURE SAYS:

"*Whosoever believeth on Him shall not be ashamed.*" "Whosoever." Whatever man in all the world, throughout all the ages, shall come and trust himself on Christ shall never be ashamed of having done so. You know what Cardinal Bellarmine said; he was a great antagonist of Luther, and thought that we might trust in our works; but, looking it all over, he admitted that inasmuch as no man could be quite sure that he had done enough good works, it was perhaps best on the whole and safest to trust altogether to the blood and merits of Jesus Christ. I have always felt obliged to the Cardinal for that admission; because the best is good enough for me, and since trusting in Jesus is the safest, I intend to stick to it even to the end.

What else does the Scripture say? It says that *no man is forbidden to believe;* "for there is no difference between the Jew and the Greek; for the same Lord over all is rich unto all that call upon Him." There never was a sinner yet to whom God said, "You must not trust My Son;" on the contrary, it is written, "Him that cometh to Me I will in no wise cast out." *What about the doctrine of election?* I need not speak about it this morning; I believe it, and rejoice in it; but it is not at all contrary to this precious truth. Read this verse, "All that the Father giveth Me shall come to Me; and him that cometh to Me I will in no wise cast out." Whoever will in the whole world believe in Christ may do so; he is neither too old or too young, or too rich, or too poor, or too wicked, or too moral; if he will but trust Christ he shall be saved, and he is fully allowed and permitted, yea, commanded to believe and live.

Once, again, *though your faith should only be strong enough to lead you to pray, yet it shall save you,* for "Whosoever shall call on the name of the Lord shall be saved." Suppose your faith cannot work miracles; never mind about miracles. Suppose you cannot walk on the sea, like Peter; never mind; you are not called to do it. Can your faith pray? Can it cry? Then call upon the Lord, and you shall be saved. Poor dear heart, if you can but trust Christ, even though the feeblest possible manifestation of it should be the only thing visible, namely, your calling upon God in prayer, it must and shall save you.

IV. Now, I hope I have put it plainly. I have tried my best; and so I close by bidding you hear

WHAT EXPERIENCE SAYS.

What does experience say about believing in Christ? Experience says, and we are some of us here to say it, that *it is the grandest way of living in the world.* I assure you that I daily find the value of living by faith. In hours of dire distress and great heaviness of spirit, of which I know enough, I prove the power of faith in Jesus. Ah, my Lord, what should I do then if I could not as "a poor sinner, and nothing at all" find Christ to be my "all in all."

Fair-weather sailors, who go out in their *little painted perfection boats,* are people who have had small temptation and little soul-trouble. They are generally gentlemen in good health, with regular incomes and sweet tempers, and so they soon reach their imaginary sinlessness—vain creatures that they are; but you never get any of that among the poor, suffering, tried people of God. In stormy weather our beauty and glory soon turn pale; when the devil meets us face to face, he cracks up *our tinsel perfection* with a blow. He laughs at all our comeliness, he knows that it is a hollow cheat, a vile sham. In the moments when the soul is in the lowest depths, faith is the only way to live. That mode of living which will do for the depths is safe for the heights.

Now as to *the test of death.* Does this sort of faith enable men to

FACE DEATH WITH COURAGE?

I have had almost thirty years among you, and God has been very gracious to us, so that we have lost very few comparatively by death; but now many are going home, and, according to the course of nature, many of our honored brethren and sisters will soon follow. As to those who have been called home, how have they died? I have the deep satisfaction of saying that when our dear brethren and sisters fall asleep they reflect honor upon the Gospel which we have preached. Ask those who have seen them die. These dear ones at this hour look back upon me and say, "Go on; preach the same Gospel to others; for we found it blessed truth to die upon."

Look at our dear, departed brother, Mr. Higgs, the last who has crossed the stream. His sons and daughters will tell you that his death was sad to them, but not to him. He suffered agonizing pain, but his peace was as deep as the sea. He had no uncertainty; he was as sure of his safety as if it had been a matter of calculation by the rules of arithmetic. He knew whom he had believed, and knew what the Lord had done for him, and he could not see a weak point in it all. He spent the whole night in trying to cheer and comfort others; he had no trembling thought.

He did not say, "Have pity upon me, have pity upon me, O my friends, for the hand of the Lord hath touched me." No; he knew that Christ was the Resurrection and the Life, and he was ready to depart. He wished his beloved ones to go to their beds; and since they would stop with him, he desired them to sing." "What shall we sing?" "Sing," said he—

"Forever with the Lord,
Amen, so let it be."

It is hard singing when your father is dying, but it was not hard to him. He bade them read that chapter, "Let not your hearts be troubled," and, as they read it, he did not take the verses, and apply them to himself. No, he directed the comfort to his dear wife, for she had greater need of it than he had; his faith was firm. It was for her he cared, and for those about him; as for himself, all was rest. One said somewhat roughly to him a fortnight before, "Don't be down-hearted; you may get better yet." "Stop a minute," said he. "What do you mean? I have never been down-hearted at anything in my life; certainly not at the thought of dying. If it was the Lord's will that I should die in the street at this moment, I would cheerfully go." He never said a word more than he felt; yet that was the style of man. God send us more like him—men to whom religion is for home consumption. Not a pretty toy for Sundays, but food to live upon; a common-sense hope; a blunt man's religion that he can carry into business.

One reported to me the other day a word which cheered me much. An Italian gentleman, who has known me since I have been at Mentone, was asked, "Are you a Catholic?" "No, I am not." "Are you a Protestant?" "I am not sure, for I know little about it." "What are you?" "I am of *Mr. Spurgeon's religion,* which makes people happy themselves, and causes them to do good to others." I thank God he could say that of my religion; it did this for my dear friend—it made him a happy man, whose pleasure it was to please others; and now he has passed away in full sunlight into a still brighter noon. Amen, so let it be.

THE TOP AND BOTTOM OF THE MATTER

is, "Believe in the Lord Jesus Christ." Be nothing; be nobody; and trust HIM. Do not believe in yourself, but believe in Jesus. Have as many good works as you can cram into your life, but never tell anybody about them, or think anything of them. The best of them are but filthy rags; stow them all away in the coal-hole, and look to the merits of your Lord for salvation. Go to Jesus for everything. He says, "I counsel thee to buy of Me gold tried in the fire, that thou mayest be rich; and white raiment, that thou mayest be clothed." Take His counsel. As he whom we sorrow for to day could die peacefully, and even merrily, so shall you and I if we rely on the same Saviour. When our time comes to depart, we shall just step aside and say, "Good-by, dear friends, awhile; we will meet again in the home of the blessed." I hear *him* say so at this moment; and I answer him, "Dear brother, we will be with you speedily."

[The prayers of the readers of this Journal are requested for the blessing of God upon its Editors in America and England, and those whose sermons, articles, or labors for Christ are printed in it; and for its weekly circulation of more than 260,000 copies to be blessed by the Holy Spirit to the conversion of many sinners and the quickening of God's people. Mr. Spurgeon and Dr. Talmage especially request prayer every Sunday morning on behalf of their labors.]

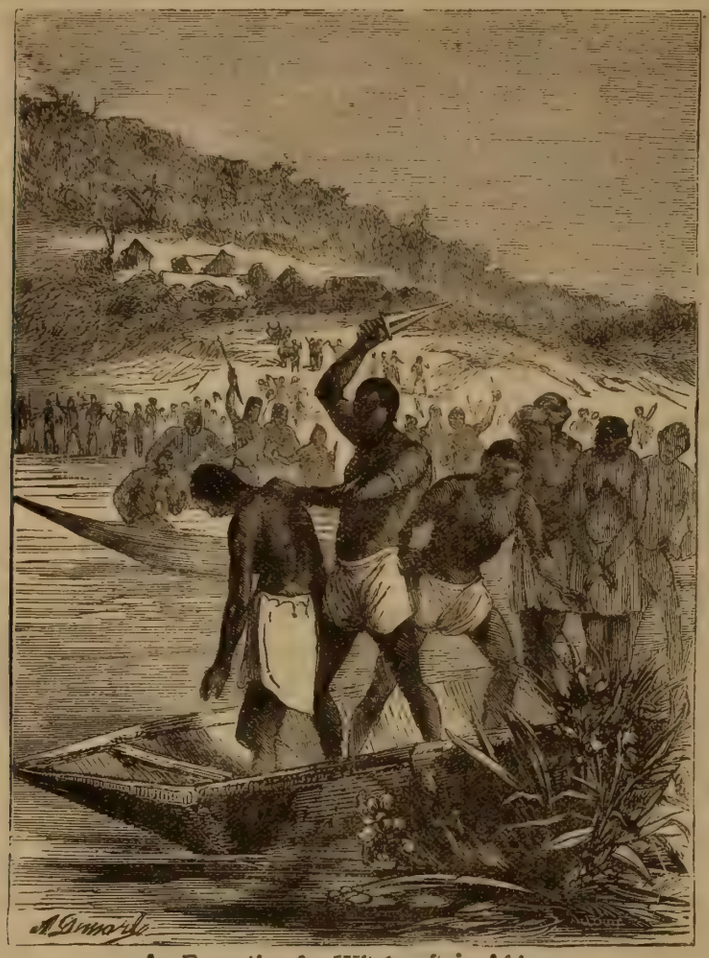
WITCHCRAFT IN AFRICA.

(*See Illustration on page 92.*)

THE paganism of Africa bears little or no resemblance to the complicated and elaborate systems which are found in some other heathen countries. It is a strange and foolish combination of unmeaning superstitions, rites, and ceremonies. It seems to recognize the existence of a superior spiritual power, but knows nothing of the character and claims of the true and living God. It requires divine homage to be paid to the spirits of departed chiefs and heroes, and to images, stocks, stones, mountains, rivers, beasts, birds, and reptiles, under the impression that they become animated or inspired by supernatural powers on certain occasions. They also worship and offer sacrifices to the devil himself, under the conviction that he alone has power to injure them, and that it is prudent to cultivate friendship with him that he may do them no harm.

Our picture on page 92 represents *an execution for witchcraft* in Africa. In many parts of "The Dark Continent," especially in the region of the Congo and in the South, all misfortunes, diseases, and deaths among men and cattle, are attributed to the influence of witchcraft. When any untoward event occurs to persons of rank, the first question asked is, "Who is the witch?" And as the person implicated is always liable to have his property confiscated, the wily "witch doctor" employed on the occasion is sure to fix upon some one possessed of wealth. At the command of the chief, a summons is issued to the suspected parties. A grand meeting is convened, and various foolish ceremonies are performed, with a view to "smell out" the culprit.

When the declaration is made by the "witch-doctor" implicating some one present, the unhappy victim is at once seized and subjected to the most revolting cruelty, to make him or her confess the crime and divulge all the particulars as to where the bewitching matter has been concealed, etc. Sometimes the suspected witch is bound with cords, besmeared with grease, and placed upon an ant-hill to be tormented by the noisome insects; at other times burning-hot stones are applied to the feet and other sensitive parts of the body, producing the most excruciating pain; and thousands of innocent persons have been put to death by spearing or decapitation (*as shown in our picture*), and by burning, strangulation, and in various other ways under this appalling system of superstition. So true is it that "the dark parts of the earth are full of the habitations of cruelty."



An Execution for Witchcraft in Africa.

Ta-Ren, the Chinese Barrow-man.

TA-REN, THE CHINESE BARROW-MAN.

(*See Illustration.*)

OUR picture on this page represents a Chinese barrow-man, pursuing his primitive, but arduous vocation. The barrow is the cheapest of all conveyances in China, both for the locomotion of passengers and the carrying of goods. For a marvellously small sum the coolie will patiently trundle his fare, or run with the goods, for any distance through the busy streets, or into the most remote country place. The missionaries sometimes use the conveyance when they wish to go from one place to another, not too far apart, and they distribute the Word of Life as they pass long.

A missionary relates that Ta-ren was led to Christ during one of these journeys. His astonishment was amazing as he listened to the story of Jesus and His love. It seemed really too great for him to receive all at once. By-and-by he comprehended the idea that Christ should wish to save a great, guilty, unhappy world, and that He Himself should die to give effect to His generous wish. He could also understand why He should desire to save great and wealthy men like the mandarins, and holy men like the priests, but he could not for a long time be got to understand that Christ had an equal love for all sinners, big and little, rich and poor, and that He loved, and would save as gladly, Ta-ren, the sinful, needy barrow-man, as anybody else.

At last, the Holy Spirit opened his eyes and he saw that Christ was a Saviour for him. His joy from this time forth was unbounded, and his love for One who had done such great things for him led him to seek opportunities for telling people about Him. Wherever he went he was a happy herald of salvation, and even the children cried out, as he passed along, "Here is the Jesus man again!" Already he has been exceedingly useful, and it is hoped that his life may be long spared to do greater good still.

One of the first to whom he spoke about the great salvation was his own brother, a desperately wicked character, and a notorious gambler and opium smoker. His vices threatened to speedily ruin him, and most certainly would have done so, had he not been influenced by Ta-ren, and the glad tidings of deliverance and joy which he proclaimed, so that he became a Christian, and, like his brother, is trying to win others to the knowledge and love of the same Saviour.

REMARKABLE FAITH CURES.

A MINISTER'S EXPERIENCE.

A communication is published by Miss Carrie F. Judd in her "Triumphs of Faith," from Rev. John Walton, a minister in Dakota, in the course of which he says: "I have seen two wonderful displays of God's power to answer prayer, since I came home. I went to the camp-meeting (Red Rock, Minn.) with my health greatly broken down, but when I received the baptism of power, *God healed my left lung*, and the pain around my heart was removed, so that from that time until now I have had no pain, and I am stronger than I have been for years. You would be surprised to

"When I came home I found one of my officials very sick from *congestion of the lungs*. His friends had given up all hope, and were in great trouble. I went to see him and offered prayer. God gave me faith to believe he would recover. I told them so; they did not believe it; but he is now fast recovering, and they are amazed.

"A woman who had lost her babe, when five weeks old, was sinking in rapid decline; her friends told me there was no hope. I went to see her and found her very happy. Her soul had been sanctified through her sickness and the death of her babe, and she was so joyous she could not keep from singing. I asked her if she wished me to pray for her recovery. 'Oh, yes, I do.' I read the promises bearing upon the subject of healing (James 5: 13-18), then we prayed. God powerfully blessed us, and we both believed for her healing. I saw at once there was a change; her pulse went down rapidly, the fever left her; she asked for food, her voice grew stronger, and there was such a wonderful change that when her husband came in from the field he was amazed, as she had been so weak and feverish the day before, and now was singing and praising God. I have strong faith for her complete recovery."

AT BETHSHAN.

A *woman* stood up with a child in her arms, and said: "Dear friends, you will remember me coming here on the first of November for the healing of my child here, who was suffering from *consumption* and *bronchitis*. I had, I may say, given up the doctors, and on getting home I found that the bronchitis had entirely gone. The consumption, however, had not gone, and I thought that it was for some sin that the Lord had witheld His healing power. But one night I heard a voice saying plainly to me, 'Your baby will be healed at five o'clock to-morrow morning.' But I said to myself, 'I may be asleep at that time, and how do I know that my child will be cured at five o'clock?' At a quarter to five I awoke, and so also did my child at ten minutes past five. For three days before she had never had anything, but immediately on awaking, she pointed to the dressing-table, where stood some milk, and she never stopped till she had drank it all. I have also to thank the Lord for the *conversion* of my husband."

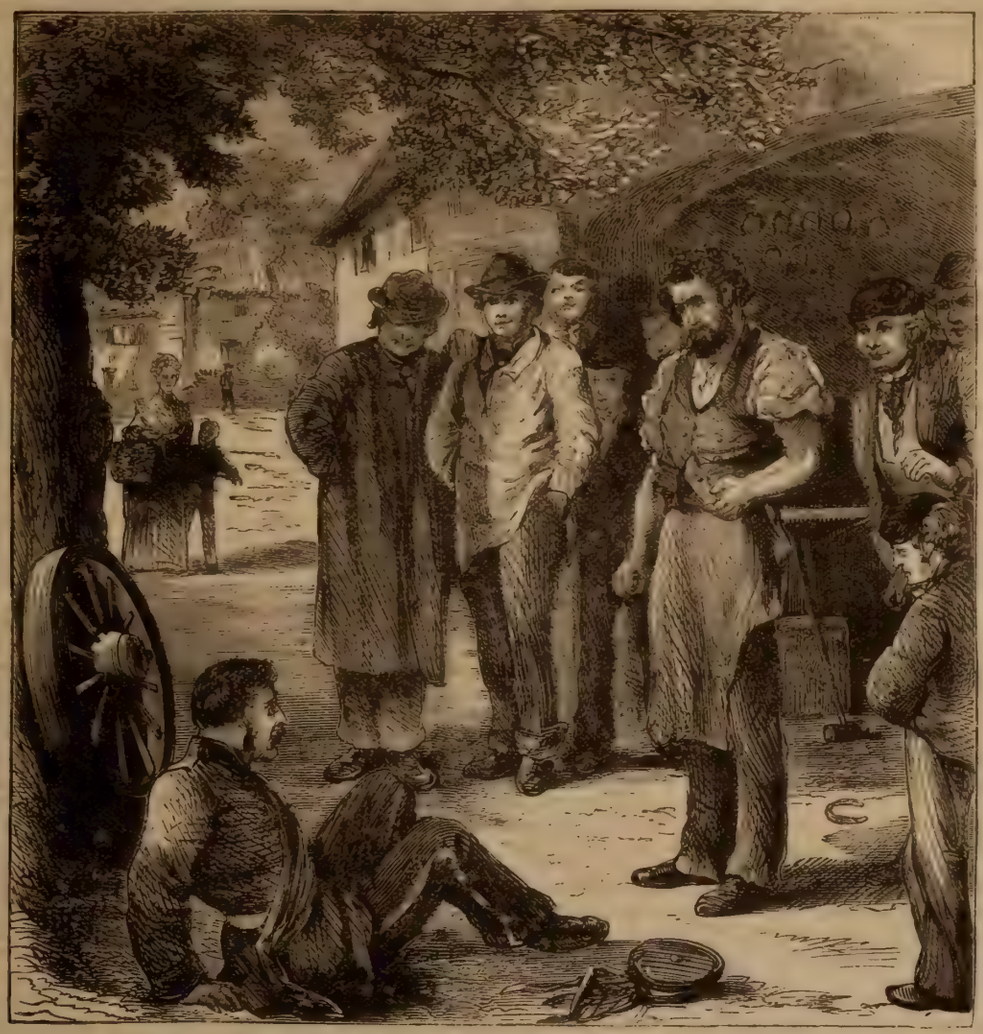
THE BLACKSMITH'S ANTAGONIST.

A LITTLE group of farm-workers stood gossipping in a blacksmith's shop in a small village one summer morning. Farmer Jones's new team, the reclaiming of a bit of waste land for allotments, and similar subjects were the topics of conversation. Joshua Brown, the blacksmith, was busy about his work, but heard what was being said, and put in a word at intervals when standing at the fire he watched the heating of the piece of iron he held in the glowing embers by his tongs.

Joshua's opinions were held in some respect in the village. He was a shrewd, observant man, knew a good deal about horseflesh, a little of farm-

ing, a little of politics, and a little (not so much as he supposed) of science. He knew a great deal too about the quality of beer and spirits, and had in his time experimented in his own person on the effects of those fluids. That time was gone by now. Joshua was a strong temperance man, and the farmers who sent their horses to the smithy to be shod knew that the work would be done at once, an assurance they did not have in the days when Joshua used to have drinking spells that would continue two or three days at a time.

With his temperance reformation Joshua "got religion." He had a sonorous bass voice, and the news that some splendid singing was going on at revival meetings being held in the village chapel attracted Joshua to the little wooden building at the end of the village street. He caught one or two of the tunes quickly, and joined in the singing with a good deal of pleasure and heartiness. That was to be expected, but no one in the village expected what did occur. Joshua was seen one night in conversation with the minister, and was afterward observed kneeling down with him in prayer. The news spread through the village the next morning that the blacksmith was converted. It was not believed at first, for Joshua was looked upon as an infidel, and would on occasion explain on scientific grounds why certain miracles mentioned in Scripture could not have taken place. But the news was confirmed, Joshua was publicly received into the Church on Sunday, and regularly thereafter took his seat in the choir.



The Swearing Soldier's Expulsion from the Smithy.

An intimation of the change in Joshua's character appeared in his shop. On the wall hung a card on which the smith with infinite pains had inscribed in large letters, "No swearing allowed around here." That was a startling change. Heretofore the conversation in the smithy had been plentifully garnished with oaths, and the smith himself used pretty strong expletives at times. But Joshua was master inside the shop, and the general verdict on the law he had enacted was that it was a consistent thing to do, and that Joshua had a right to do it in his own place. Such a man was the smith, and such was the state of affairs on that particular morning, which was about six months after the smith's conversion.

Work and conversation were going on as described, when the minister unexpectedly entered the shop, and nodding to the men around went over to Joshua. There was a little talk between them, and then the minister and the smith went together outside and stood chatting under the big tree.

"Don't get into a passion, Joshua," said the minister; "you must be on your guard against that. That is why I came to see you this morning. I heard that Tom Atkins had come home, and last night in the ale-house the talk was about you, and Tom Atkins is set upon annoying you in some way."

"I knew Tom, sir, before he went for a soldier, and I ain't afraid of him," said the smith.

"I know that," said the minister, "but I am afraid of your being irritated by him and doing something desperate. Tom has been made a sergeant, and he has a showy new uniform, and is very proud of it and himself. If he comes here showing off and acting as he acted at the ale-house, I am afraid you'll be tempted—"

"To take him down a bit," said the smith, as the minister hesitated for a word. "Yes, so I should, but I guess he won't try me so far. He knows something of my muscle of old, and if he thinks a bit he'll be aware that his line of life has made him weaker and mine has made me stronger since then. He won't interfere with me, sir, you may be sure."

"I hope not, Joshua; but have a care of your temper. Remember who it was that was reviled and spat upon and bore that treatment patiently." And the minister shook hands cordially and went his way.

Less than an hour afterward Tom Atkins sauntered into the shop and greeted his old acquaintance. Joshua received him cordially, and for a few minutes all went well. Then a few of the men who had heard the soldier's talk in the ale-house dropped in too, to witness anything that might happen. The soldier had evidently been to the ale-house again that morning, and the audience gathered around encouraged him to chaff the converted blacksmith. Joshua bore the chaff very well, and having some wit of his own, the laugh went against the soldier more than once, and Atkins lost his temper. A volley of guard-room oaths burst from his lips.

"Swearing not allowed," said Joshua, pointing to the notice to that effect on the smithy wall.

"You need not swear yourself, my man," said Atkins, "but you are not going to command me. My tongue's my own, and I shall not be hindered in using it. These men can take your orders if they like, but when I want to swear I shall swear," and he gave another specimen of his powers in that bad line.

Joshua laid down his hammer, and confronting the soldier ordered him out of his shop. Atkins refused to stir, and intimated that there would be a fight if the smith touched him. The smith obviously intended to enforce his order, and Atkins seeing that he did, struck at him viciously. Instead of parrying the blow as the soldier expected he would, the smith stepped backward, and Atkins, who was not particularly steady on his feet, was almost overbalanced by the force he had expended on empty air. Before he had recovered himself, his arms were pinioned to his sides, and the smith was pushing him backward to the door of the shop. The soldier made an effort to free himself there, but it was of no use; he was lifted bodily by the smith, whose strength seemed at that moment the strength of a giant, and he was hurled out of the shop on the turf outside, where he lay for a moment stunned and helpless on his back.

"You had better keep yourself on the outside of my place for the future," said the smith, as Atkins raised himself to a sitting posture and glared savagely at his mighty antagonist. "I am not a fighting man, but I mean to stop swearing in my place, and you see I can do it in your case. Now let me help you up, and then you go home and get sober." So saying the smith good-naturedly raised the discomfited man to his feet, and saw him slouch off with abashed face toward his home. He then quietly returned to his work, congratulating himself on having administered a lesson to his tormentor he would not soon forget.

The minister heard of what had occurred in a short time, and before the day closed he thought he would see Atkins, and he called on him and had a long conversation with him. The next day the smith was astonished to see the soldier enter his shop again. He expected there was to be another trial for his temper, but to his amazement Atkins came right up to him, and putting out his hand he blurted out an apology. Joshua shook it cordially, and told him he was glad there was to be no ill-will between them. Before the soldier left the village he had signed the pledge, and had been seen in the choir by Joshua's side.

DIED IN HARNESS.

A TRUE STORY OF IRISH LIFE.

By Miss M. M. Ross.

(*Continued from page 79.*)

God's Promise Fulfilled.

"WHAT is the matter with your son, my good woman?" said Mrs. O'Neverdon, compassionately. "I hope your fears have exaggerated his case."

"Bad, ma'am; they batthered an' bruk his head. Batthered it," continued she, wringing her hands. "He an' another 'boy' was talkin' te the same little girl, an' she tuk te me 'boy,' an' small blame te her fur that; fur he was the cleverest an' clanest limbed 'boy' ye'd meet wid anywhere,

T'other feller fell to on' fought an account av that, an' that was the way it come about. But I must go."

"I think the best thing you can do," said Mrs. O'Neverdon, "is to set a person to watch for Mr. Sharpe. I know my husband cannot leave his patient to-night. If there was anything I could do—"

"Av there was anything ye could do! Didn't ye give me the feelin' av yer heart an' a tear from yer eye, and that'll help to sweeten the bittherest cup that falls to the lot av a poor widdy woman. May God bless ye fur it; an' may the time niver come whin ye'll see the pride av yer eyes an' the staff av yer ould age swep' from yer arms by the could blast av death."

"Who was that knocked at the door a little time ago?" said Dr. O'Neverdon to his wife, as he lay confined to the sofa with a severe headache, the blinds being down to exclude the light.

"It was Mr. Jeet's man," said his wife, drawing her hand out of the stocking she was darning, and refilling her needle with fresh cotton as she answered, "I told him you were quite unable to leave the house to-day, and to go for Mr. Sharpe."

"He can't bear Sharpe. He was going on very well—did the man say his master was worse?" said her husband, anxiously sitting up with difficulty to watch his wife's face as she answered; for he well knew when his health was concerned how skilfully she would parry his questions.

"No, dear, and I am quite sure he is not; you know they are rather fussy people. Let me put this pillow under your head, dear; you will find that table so hard," as, unable to keep his head up unsupported, he rested it on a little table beside him.

"No, love; just push me my large Bible; it is the 'Book of rest,'" and as he clasped his hands reverently on it, he said, half aloud:

"Oh, the love of Christ! It passeth knowledge. He loved us in our ruin; while we were His enemies; while we hated Him; while there was nothing lovely is us; and by this amazing love draws us to Himself. It is unspeakable; it can be *felt* by a renewed heart, but it cannot be uttered; and it can only be fully realized when we see the King in His beauty, when our lips shall move with ceaseless praises, 'Worthy the Lamb!'"

He had just fallen into a light slumber when he was aroused again by another loud knock at the hall door.

"I must see Dr. O'Neverdon," was repeated in rather an irritated tone by a man's voice as the door was quickly opened. "Miss Leet thinks she has got brankuytas, and Miss Lavinia is in istericks."

"No matther who has got bronkuytas or astericks ayther, I'll not disturb the poor man; an' he so sick, he niver put a bit into his head since this time yestherday," replied faithful Peggy.

"It's not *my* fault," answered the man, sulkily; "but it's as much as my place is worth to go back without—"

"An' what d'ye think *his life* is worth?" interrupted the woman, in an indignant tone. "D'ye think he's a black injy slave intirely? It's what I think ye do, all av yees. Ye may say that Peggy Callan wouldn't disturb her masther, an' he's lyin' bad on the sophy; if I was te be put out an' kilt this minnit, I won't do it!"

Every word of this argument was distinctly heard in the parlor, which was off the hall, and completely roused the poor doctor.

"I suppose I had better go," he groaned, as he tried to rise, but immediately fell back helplessly in a faint.

As Mrs. O'Neverdon feared, Dr. Sharpe pronounced her husband's case to be one of fever. He had tried to struggle against the feeling of illness for some days, until at last, mastered by the disease, he sank down in harness.

Several days elapsed, and no bad symptoms appeared; but Dr. Sharpe's intensest and most gloomy apprehensions were in the *want of symptoms*. At this advanced stage they should be more palpable, better defined, he thought. "We have no ground to stand upon," was his answer to all inquiries. "There was great want of tone, the system was unable to develop the fever in the usual time, and yet there was extreme exhaustion."

Finding the case becoming more serious, and the difficulty in the treatment increasing, he urged the necessity of having another physician in daily attendance; and Dr. Nixon, a man of great professional ability, was accordingly telegraphed for. He followed up the treatment of the other physician, and on his first visit gave rather a favorable prognosis.

Poor Mrs. O'Neverdon, night and day devoted herself wholly to her husband. She had sent the three elder children to her mother, and some kind friends in the village insisted on taking the younger ones. Ceaseless were the inquiries and untiring the sympathy that flowed in to her; all the nourishment used by her husband his grateful patients supplied, and though provided with an excellent nurse, she herself performed nearly every possible duty about the patient.

Day by day the faithful watchers saw the gradually declining strength, and the awful truth dawned upon Mrs. O'Neverdon, that but a few hours now remained to him who was her dearest earthly treasure. So intense was the agony that her very life seemed ebbing with his. But, blessed be God, not only the pasture, but the rod and staff comfort, and He seldom gives us so sweet a foretaste of future rest as in days of deep affliction and suffering, so that when at last sweetly and calmly the weary, worn spirit fled to the Father's bosom, she was led as it were to the backside of the desert to hear the still small voice, and to feel the shadow of a Great Rock in a weary land. Oh, there is a "needs-be," for every stroke, and it is a Father's hand that applies the rod.

It was some months after her husband's death. Summer was passed away, and the last leaves of autumn had fallen, when the sad reality pressed upon Mrs. O'Neverdon that she must leave her home. But *whither* she could go, she knew not.

"There is no help for it, my child," said she, trying to look brightly at the eldest boy who had spent the morning with her in his father's study, trying to select what books they were to reserve from the sale, which was to take place in a few days. "There is no help for it, it is hard to part with *any*, but we could not possibly keep *all*."

"Mother! there is a very large double knock at the door," said little Willie at that moment, coming into the room, with his arms full of broken toys, "Betty says it's a gentleman, p'raps he's coming 'bout the house."

"Tell Betty to show him in here, my child; the other rooms are in such confusion."

"I'll open door 'self," said the independent little fellow, and hastily dropping his treasures in the midst of the floor, he eagerly ushered the visitor into the little study.

"I am sorry you have found us in such confusion," said Mrs. O'Neverdon, bowing gracefully, as the gentleman entered the room; while Willie, seized with a sudden fit of shyness, carefully hid himself behind her dress.

"This must be my introduction," said the stranger, handing Mrs. O'Neverdon a small and well-worn copy of the New Testament. Opening it she read on the title-page, "Ralph O'Neverdon, on his eighth birthday, from his affectionate father, Lewis O'Neverdon, June 12th, 1836."

"Yes; this was my husband's book," said Mrs. O'Neverdon, "it was accidentally given away."

"Pardon me, madam, I can never believe it was an accident," said the gentleman, taking the offered chair; "it was a most providential thing."

"How did you get it, pray?" asked the lady.

Without answering her he drew from his pocket a carefully-folded tartan muffler.

"You remember the occasion on which your husband gave *this* away?"

Mrs. O'Neverdon looked with a puzzled expression from the muffler to the handsome face of the speaker, and looked still more surprised.

"Yes, madam; I am Percival St. Cloud, and it was with feelings of deep regret I learned this morning in the village the sad news your dress confirms to me, that I should see the face of him no more on earth, whose memory has been for the last few years as my guardian angel. Perhaps you have heard my story, madam? I will repeat it.

"I had made my way, now more than five years ago, from the north of Ireland to the county of T——, on foot. Having squandered a noble patrimony left me by my father, I knew no one who would help or pity me, and as I sank on the road, sick, exhausted, footsore, and hungry, I was almost tempted to put an end to a life which had become a burden to myself Just then a gentleman on a car drove by, and something in his face arrested my attention. I raised one arm feebly, and immediately he was at my side. With the assistance of his man he lifted me on his car and brought me to a neighboring farm-house, got me food, and, hearing I was anxious to proceed to A——, where a relative resided who, I thought, would help me to obtain some employment, he took out his purse and gave me ten shillings. I objected taking so much, as I saw very few coins remained, but he smilingly said, '*The Lord is my banker; He will give me good interest.*'

"When he was leaving, seeing I was thinly clad for the time of year, he took from his pocket this muffler, and in doing so the little Testament fell to the ground. I clutched it eagerly, it was so long since I had seen one. Dr. O'Neverdon said, 'I value that little book very much, but perhaps the Lord means you should have it, and may He bless it to you!'

"After many kind words of counsel from him we parted. I made my way to A——, was assisted to emigrate to one of the Western States of America, and have now more than regained my former position. I have come back purposely to pay with interest the sum your husband lent me.

"That little book has been my constant companion for the last five years, and the means of eternal blessing to my soul. The day before I left America I went to New York to transact some business in the office of a respectable broker there. Having some time to wait before seeing him, I took out my little friend to read, laying it on the desk. At his entrance he mechanically took it up, and on opening it I saw him turn ashy pale as he read the names written inside. 'Where did you get this?' said he, quickly. I told him the story I have just told you, and we both knelt down to return thanks for the wonderful way in which we had been led.

"The gentleman is your husband's uncle. Over and over again he has made ineffectual attempts to find out if any of his sister's family were living, and, too old to take a long journey himself to pay you a visit, he has deputed me to be the bearer of his message."

"I often heard my dear husband speak of his uncle, Mr. Moon. He remembered his kindness when a child, but he always thought he was lost at sea. We have considered him as dead."

"No, madam, he is a prosperous man, has no living children, and his wife having died within the last year, makes him all the more anxious to have you with him."

After some further conversation, Mr. St. Cloud took leave, and Mrs. O'Neverdon sat down to think and ponder on that truth of inspiration, "I have been young and now am old, yet have I not seen the righteous forsaken, nor his seed begging bread."

As our readers will have guessed, the letter Mrs. O'Neverdon received from her uncle contained more than mere words—a handsome sum of money accompanied a pressing and loving invitation that the whole family should, as soon as possible, take up their abode with the lonely old man; and, as the letter was, of course, addressed to her husband, many were the tears that fell, but no drop of bitterness was in her cup, for He that said, "Leave thy fatherless children, I will preserve them alive, and let thy widows trust in Me," had caused the widow's heart to sing for joy.

A bank-note for fifty pounds had been left by Mr. St. Cloud in an envelope with a few touching lines, and Mrs. O'Neverdon had now enough and to spare for all her wants.

* * * * * * *

It was a bright morning as Mrs. O'Neverdon, early astir on the day of her departure from her vil-

lage home, drew aside the curtains to look out. It was a fair day in R——, and already the country people were fast flocking in with their various articles for sale. Women with scarlet handkerchiefs tied over their jet-black hair carrying carefully-covered baskets of butter and eggs; tall, stalwart men vainly trying to guide the straggling steps of wilful "boneens" by means of a straw rope tied to their hinder legs; here and there a sturdy old dame in her dark blue cloak and short petticoats, with a long switch in her hand, drove before her a huge mother pig followed by her litter. Down each side of the street men were busily engaged in erecting tents for the safe display of more perishable articles; and on snow-white tables gaudy crockery and bright tin ware tempted the eyes of country housewives.

A large stand of old clothes held the most prominent place under the supervision of "Cheap John," and, to judge from the admiring glances which were already cast at some of his wonderful store, his efforts to reduce his stock during the day would prove a decided success.

All these scenes Mrs. O'Neverdon took in at a glance, and for a moment sad memories took possession of her, but with a struggle she flung them away, for much had to be done and thought of still.

After breakfast the children visited all their loved haunts, and carefully treasured a bunch of daisies from the paddock.

Mrs. O'Neverdon *alone* paid her last visit to her husband's grave. It was in a retired nook of the quaint old churchyard, beneath a spreading laurel, unmarked as yet by stone or slab.

As she finished planting some favorite flowers on the sacred spot, her eye caught the figure of a woman, wrapped in a gray cloak, kneeling beside a grave in the part of the ground reserved for the Roman Catholics. Her sobs could every now and then be heard distinctly, and moved by the sight of her grief, Mrs. O'Neverdon gently touched her shoulder. She started to her feet—it was poor Dan Carroli's widow.

A short and prosperous voyage in the *Syren*, and Mrs. O'Neverdon and her family were safely landed at New York. An old man with snowy hair was anxiously waiting their arrival as they steamed up the River Hudson, and a hearty welcome to his handsome and luxuriantly-furnished house soon made the weary traveller feel at home.

CHRISTIAN COURAGE.

S.S. Lesson for Feb. 18. Acts 4: 18-33. Golden Text, ver. 19. By Mrs. M. Baxter.

Useless Threats—Orders from Headquarters—Distinct Direction May be Had—Constrained to Speak—An Unendowed Priesthood—Springtime in the Church—Christian Communism—The Normal State of the Church—The Result—Power and Grace—Full Surrender and Full Trust.

THE assembly which sat in council as to the method of dealing with Peter and John, had come to the determination to threaten these disciples "that they speak henceforth to no man in this name." But they were unacquainted with the power, authority, and weight, which God had given to the name of Jesus. "They called them and commanded them not to speak at all nor teach in the name of Jesus." But the men they threatened were standing at that very time in the presence of God; God the Holy Ghost was dwelling in them, Jesus was with them always, and especially so now in the time of their need. They took *orders from headquarters*, and so real was God to them that they were overtaken with no timidity or fear of man, but they brought even their judges face to face with God

Until now Peter had been the chief spokesman, but now it seems John spoke with equal boldness. They said, "Whether it be right in the sight of God to hearken unto you more than unto God, judge ye. For we cannot but speak the things which we have seen and heard." "Ye are bought with a price, be ye not the servants of men" said Paul (1 Cor. 7 : 23). Servile consideration for the opinion, the prejudices, the position of men, brings the servants of God into bondage. While we are called to submit to every ordinance of men for the Lord's sake, we are equally bound to act under the authority of God when He commands us to follow any course of action, which men forbid without so much as inquiring whether God has called us to it or not.

Every really consecrated child of God may have distinct and clear direction from God about all things. There is no imagination, there need be no delusion when a heart is thoroughly upright and an eye thoroughly single toward God. When once a course is clear, we can speak with God's authority about it, though all men should be against us. There are some who would subvert all ecclesiastical authority and uproot all existing churches; but this spirit is most surely not of God; rather remain as God's light and God's salt. But when men attempt to hinder the work of the Spirit of God who calls men, women or children to win souls, then bring in God's authority, for He has called every converted soul to be a witness for Him, and a winner of other souls. And to such as would hinder them, we have one answer and that is the answer of Peter and John. It is the instinct of every truly converted soul to testify of what God has done for him; he cannot help it, it flows out unbidden.

"WE CANNOT BUT SPEAK

the things which we have seen and heard."

The rulers "further threatened them," but they could do no more; the mass of the people glorified God for that which was done, and thus they could not punish them. The people had no personal interests at stake, the priests had a great deal; it had never been known that one of their number had made a man to walk who had been born lame and had continued so for forty years, and if such manifestations continued, the people would all discover that the power of God was with Christ's disciples and not with the priests. This would be fatal to their authority, so at any cost they must put it down. This is the way in which many unspiritual ministers and elders of churches argue. But why do they not come to God to be endued with the same power? Alas! this would be too great a blow to their pride, they would rather pass for what they are not, and would rather cast discredit upon the work of the Holy Ghost, than come down to the position of learners.

Peter and John left the council, and related to their own company all which the chief priests and elders had said unto them. How would men filled with the Holy Ghost act under such circumstances? Would they talk it over, reflect upon the want of spirituality among the priests, and take advantage of the occasion to magnify themselves at their expense? This would be the way of the world; but these were not of the world even as Christ was not of the world. No, "they lifted up their voice to God with one accord" and strengthened themselves in God. They prayed as though themselves were not concerned; practically denying or

IGNORING THEMSELVES,

they saw the people rising up against, "*Thy* holy child Jesus, whom *Thou* hast anointed . . . for to do whatsoever Thy hand and Thy counsel determined before to be done." Oh, glorious independence of man! Oh, glorious freedom from circumstances which comes of taking all things from God and seeing His hand in all! Reader, recognize God, and turn your eye from yourself and all men, then all will come right.

Then the disciples said, "And now, Lord, behold their threatenings, and grant Thy servants, that with all boldness they may speak Thy Word, by stretching forth Thine hand to heal, and that signs and wonders may be done by the name of Thy holy child Jesus." Here is a specimen of a Holy Ghost-made prayer. They do not pray, "Behold their threatenings, and keep *us* in safety;" themselves were lost and forgotten, they lived but for the commission which had been given them. Seeing how this healing had been used in awakening hundreds, they thirsted for boldness in speaking of Jesus, which should be warranted, as their Lord had promised, by "signs following" them that believe. Teach us, our Lord, thus to pray, and thus to receive answer. "When they had prayed, the place was shaken where they were assembled together; and they were all filled with the Holy Ghost, and they spake the Word of God with boldness.". There was no cowardice, no shrinking from that which had brought them into trouble; no, it was springtide in the Church then, self seemed to be non-existent, all was seen in the light of God, and souls, in

THE LIGHT OF ETERNITY.

"And the multitude of them that believed were of one heart and of one soul; neither said any of them that aught of the things which he possessed was his own; but they had all things common." The last yearning prayer of our beloved Lord was receiving its answer, "That they all may be one, as Thou Father art in Me, and I in Thee, that they also may be one in us, that the world may believe that Thou hast sent Me" (John 17 : 21). O reader, this is life, the life of God—shall it be repeated and realized in you and me? Shall we have but one heart and one soul, the heart and soul of Jesus? Shall "I" and "me," "yours" and "mine," cease to be named among us? Shall all be *His* and all be *ours?* Shall self be laid down and Himself take its place, so that nothing personal shall touch us any more, and the only person recognized among us shall be the Person of Christ?

Many may say "these are Utopian ideas." But this state of things

HAS EXISTED

and can exist again. Let us have done with looking at this picture of the primitive Church as though it were some fable or fairy story, it is but the normal state of a truly healthy church. Lord, it is Thine own standard, bring us up to it! It is the want of this state of things which lies at the root of all our weakness, all our death, all our powerlessness, all our unspirituality. It is the want of this which creates infidels and gives them occasion for their boast that Christianity is a failure. It is the want of this which brings disunion in churches, which hinders the healing of disease, the casting out of devils, the conversion of thousands among the heathen, it is this probably which delays the coming of our Lord, for His wife hath *not yet* "made herself ready" (Rev. 19 : 7).

What was the result of this state of things in the early church? "With great power gave the apostles witness of the resurrection of the Lord Jesus, and great grace was upon them all." No wonder the Word was with power; the hearers looked from the message to the messengers, and saw before them men whom no personal or earthly motive could move, they feared neither shame, suffering, temporal loss, reproach, nor death, they were vulnerable nowhere; covered with the whole armor of God, the fierce darts of the enemy glanced back from off them, and men felt an irresistible power in the message which they spoke.

Why should it not be so among us? Brethren, *are we willing to pay the price?* Are we willing to lay down our own life, our own interests, and by renouncing self, to put ourselves out at interest for God, reserving nothing for ourselves? Hundreds of millions of heathens, millions of so-called but unconverted Christians, thousands of possessed ones and thousands of sick ones are waiting for deliverance; and the miserable state of Christianity is such that but a few crumbs here and there are thrown to the perishing multitudes. God is calling for a holy church, separate from the world, separate from self, through which He can work as in these early days. Every individual man who surrenders all, really all for God, and renounces all self, life, power, interests in God's favor, is throwing in his little share to that mighty cause of God which cries out to us for a whole hearted, thorough life of godliness in these last days. Full surrender and then full trust; moment by moment rejoicing in God's will in all the little crosses of daily life, and letting Him take possession, letting Him try us and use us as He will; this is really helping forward the kingdom of God in a measure which only eternity will show us. And this, though it may be in the humblest life in a cottage home, or that of a young servant girl. Lord, awaken Thy people to a life worthy of Thee and of the vocation wherewith Thou hast called them.

FOREIGN TOPICS.

The Charge of Being Concerned in the Murder of Lord Frederick Cavendish and Mr. Burke was made on Saturday against eight of the twenty prisoners recently captured in Ireland. Among them was Carey, the town councillor of Dublin. The prisoners on being arraigned conducted themselves with gross indecorum. They shook hands with each other, laughed boisterously, and nodded to friends in the court. They are said to have become more serious as the evidence against them proceeded. *Carey, the town councillor*, was the owner of the premises on which the knives were found that are supposed to have been used in the murder. Testimony was given by the occupier of the building, showing that Carey often visited the place where they were concealed. The knives were found hidden among rubbish between the roof and the slates. They are sharp dissecting knives nine inches long. A surgeon testified that only knives of such a length and shape could have inflicted the wounds on the victims. Brady, another prisoner, was *identified by five witnesses* as being near the scene of the murder when it was committed. The park ranger swore that he saw him on the car which contained the men believed to have committed the murder. A man and his wife saw him near the spot shortly after the crime, and separately singled him out from his fellow prisoners, and two other witnesses swore that they saw him lurking under the trees before the murder. Two other prisoners, O'Brien and McCaffrey were each identified by two witnesses. Considerable excitement has been caused by the trial, but it is evident that unless the government has the evidence of accomplices to offer there can be no conviction. The testimony given on the first day of the trial furnishes ground for suspicion, but does not supply the actual proof necessary for conviction on so grave a charge. The police believe that twenty men took part in the crime as watchers and in other capacities, beside the actual perpetrators.

Reports of Severe Distress are Sent from Ireland. In some cases the people are reported to be living on seaweed as their staple food, supplemented by occasional gifts from charitable persons. An account published in the New York *Herald*, states that the measures passed by the liberal government for the relief of the people have unhappily aggravated the evil. When the Arrears act was passed it was a tempting bait to the tenant farmers. The parish priests explained to them its provisions, told them that if they would pay an additional year's rent the government would contribute an equal sum, and they would be free. Since this was known they have made extraordinary exertions to gather the necessary amount. They have sold their sheep, their cattle, even their pigs. Those who had looked on rent-paying as an obsolete practice have been stinting themselves in the hope of having a share in the new boon. The landlords have pocketed the instalment with avidity and, when the pinch of famine comes, the tenants are penniless.

The Floods in Germany have Caused Intense misery. A graphic description of the scene at Hofhein is furnished to the Worms *Zeitung* by an eye-witness. He says: "With much difficulty our boat was pushed through masses of wood, straw, garden railings, which the water had heaped together in the streets. The water reached up to the upper part of the windows, through which the flood rushed in and out, swimming away furniture and all that could pass out of the opening. The upper story of the Rathaus was crowded with men, women and children, who stretched out their hands to receive the provisions brought to them in the boats. We were about to return, having distributed all our stock of provisions, when we were *asked to take food and bedding to the church*. The entrance was crowded with men, and we had some difficulty in getting inside. Candles were lighted on the altar as if for divine service, and spread a magical light through the gloomy space. Before the altar, on the elevated portion, stood a number of horses, while on the floor of the church cattle stood packed like herring, side by side. Among them the men moved with difficulty. In the gallery women occupied the lay benches. They held little children in their arms, while older ones sat on the floor beside them. There was scarcely a word spoken. All seemed to be overcome with terror and weariness." It is stated that an inquiry has been commenced by the German Government with a view to devising measures for the prevention of a recurrence of the calamity.

The New Cabinet in France is Regarded as a provisional arrangement to tide over the present difficulty. President Grévy invited M. Jules Ferry, a prominent republican leader to become Premier, but he declined. M. Fallières was then requested to form a cabinet; which he did, several members of the late Cabinet consenting to serve under him. M. Fallières is a young man not yet forty-two years of age. He is very popular in the department of Lot-et-Garonne where he resides; but is little known in the social or political world of Paris. On the first day of his appearing in the Legislature as Prime Minister, M. Fallières was seized with illness and the sitting was suspended. M. Fabre has introduced a bill to take the place of the one proscribing the French Princes. The first clause prohibits the Princes from filling any civil or military post, the second empowers the President to decree their expulsion, and the third enacts a penalty of from one to five years' imprisonment for a violation of such a decree. The bill was passed by the Chamber of Deputies and sent to the Senate.

The Czar of Russia has Overcome his Fears of assassination sufficiently to participate in a state ball. A cable from St. Petersburg states that on Wednesday, January 31st, he gave a ball at the Winter Palace which was the most brilliant affair of the kind seen for many years. Invitations were issued to the number of 2500, and tickets of entry to the Palace were distributed as a precaution against the intrusion of persons having evil intentions. At the supper the Emperor walked around the tables and paid attentions to his guests. It is stated in Berlin that the Czar has ordered his coronation manifesto to be ready for his signature on the 26th of February.

A Welcome Change in the Postal Arrangements of the British Government is said to be under consideration. Merchants and others having correspondence with England, have during the past six or seven years been subjected to considerable inconvenience by the conservative policy of the government. Four mails leave this country for England every week, while only three leave England for America. The English Government too, have persisted in sending the mails by the slowest steamers, even when fast steamers start from the same port on the same day. Thus the Alaska, which usually makes the voyage in seven days, left Liverpool on January 20th, the same day as the Catalonia which usually takes ten or twelve days, and on this occasion had not accomplished the voyage in fifteen days; but the British mail was put on board the Catalonia. Mr. Fawcett, the English Postmaster-General, now proposes to send the mails by the quicker of two vessels starting on the same day.

An Improvement of the Suez Canal is Projected. M. de Lesseps and the Works Committee of the Suez Canal have accepted the scheme of the Board of Directors for the improvement of the Canal, and intend to set about carrying it out at once. The suggestions, seven in number, include the construction of a new dock at Port Said and the widening of the Canal near Suez. The total cost of the changes is to be twenty-three millions of francs, and it is expected that a year or two will be required to accomplish them.

The Mission to the Jews in Jerusalem has recently received an accession to its staff in the person of Mr. William Greene, who lately left England for the Holy City. He thus writes of the condition and prospects of the mission: "The Jews are rapidly returning here, not only from Russia, but from other quarters, and their numbers may be estimated safely at some 20,000, and the total population of Jerusalem at 40,000. These figures I got from the best sources. The town is extending so rapidly outside the walls that in a little time the outside portion will be the most important, as it is already by far the most agreeable, and house-property is lowering in the old town. One principal object I had in view in coming was to find out the possibilty of placing the afflicted families in the land of their fathers; I am glad to say that this object is perfectly attainable, and already *three good proposals* have been made that will make the great problem of the beginning of the colonization of Palestine no longer a vision or a chimera, but a fact. I feel that all the friends in England require is a practical, tangible scheme that they can see their way to be a success, and the money to carry it out will be forthcoming. This information I hope to give on my return."

The Friends of Mr. B. Aitken, Formerly of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, will be glad to learn of his safe arrival in India, where he hopes to labor for Christ. Writing to the Editor, Mr. Aitken describes his journey as one to which American travellers would object. During the two weeks preceding the date of his letter he had "walked thirty miles in nine hours over an uphill road, covered with broken and jagged stones as thick as they could lie; ridden eighty miles in two days upon a donkey (a humiliating and wearisome exercise); performed indefinite distances on horseback; travelled a long journey in a mule cart without springs over a road like the rocks on a seashore; and gone sixty miles in a small native boat with no company except five boatmen, not one word of whose language I understood. I have been pelted and hailed as '*Yangkweitz*' (foreign devil), by innumerable Chinamen in the hostile city of Winchango, but am now once more in the midst of old Indian associations and practices at the end of my journey."

An Encounter with a Chinese Junk.—The Rev. Dr. Wenyon, the distinguished Methodist medical missionary at Fatshan, China, has just had a narrow escape. While he was on a visiting-tour among the stations in the circuit, he was fired at twice at Shin Han, by a Chinese junk, anchored about five hundred yards away, while he was sitting on the grassy bank of the river, close to his own boat. The first ball flew past his head, and, standing up at once to look round, wondering whence the shot proceeded, he saw in a moment or two on the side of the junk the flash of a second shot; instinctively he threw himself flat upon the ground close to the water's edge, and in an instant he heard the bullet whiz over him into the bank. It was evidently thought by the would-be-assassin on the junk, from seeing him fall, that he was struck, and no more shots were fired. He applied to the Mandarins for protection, but they refused to do anything whatever for him. Dr. Wenyon says: "I stayed that day at Shin Han to dispense medicines to the sick, went on to San-tu and did my work there, and four days afterward reached Fatshan. I do *not* consider this a case of religious persecution, it was not opposition to mission work, nor dislike to Christianity which prompted the act, for the man could not well know what my work was. The motive, no doubt, was simply the inveterate hate of the foreigner which is everywhere apparent in this part of China, and which is, I think, perhaps the morst formidable obstacle to our work."

The Prophetic News and Israel's Watchman (London), for January, may be obtained at the office of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, price six cents, postage paid.

An Illustrated Work on the Unfulfilled prophecies of the Bible, by the Rev. M. Baxter, entitled: "Forty Coming Wonders," may be had from the office of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, 63 Bible House, New York, by remitting one dollar. It is a book of 528 pages, is handsomely bound in cloth and contains fifty full-page pictures and diagrams representing the scenes described in the prophecies of Daniel and in the book of the Revelation. It also contains a resumé of the opinions of other expositors and extracts carefully collated from the works of all the most eminent writers on prophecy, from the earliest ages of the Christian era down to those of recent date. It thus forms the most useful and complete guide the student can have in entering on the study of that portion of the Word of God. The book may also be obtained for one dollar from any bookseller, who can procure it from the American News Company.

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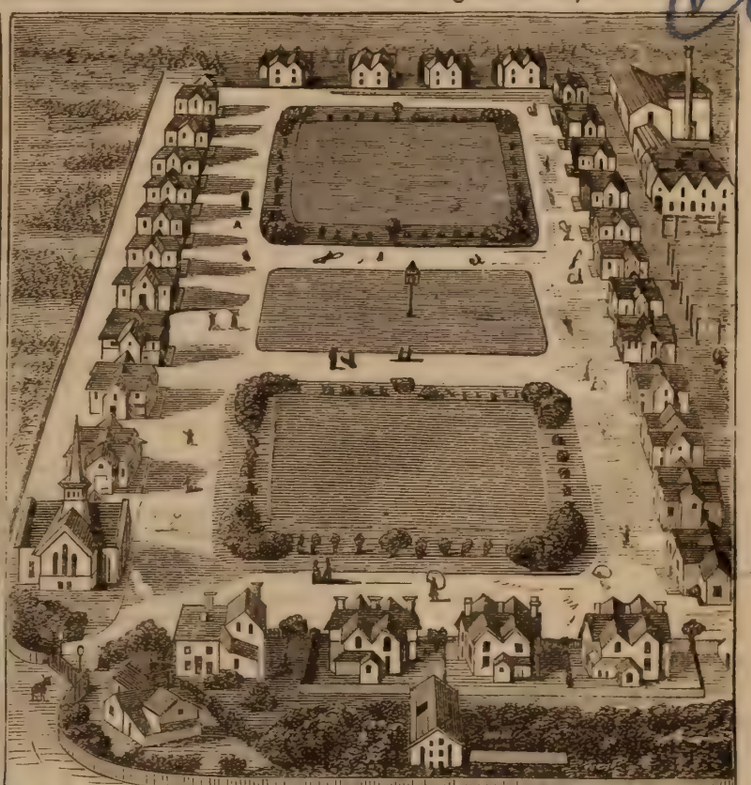

DR. T. J. BARNARDO, His Village Homes for the Homeless—Two Scenes in His Work.

DR. T. J. BARNARDO:

The Benefactor of Homeless Children.

Born at Dublin in 1845—Enters London Hospital in 1866—Introduction to His Great Life-Work—Memorable Visit to An East-End Lodging-House—The First Waif Rescued—Nightly Explorations—Dr. Barnardo's Existing Institutions—The Boys' Home—Medical Mission—General Evangelistic Work—Visit to a Lodging-House—Rescue of "Nancy"—The Story of "Gentleman Jack"—"His Reverence" "Annie" and Her Father—Eloquent Figures.

FREQUENT reference has been made in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD to the work Dr. T. J. Barnardo is doing among the homeless boys of London. This week, with a portrait of the philanthropist, a picture of the homes he has established, and two characteristic sketches of his work, which appear on the first page, we give a more detailed account of his labors. Briefly stated, Dr. Barnardo does a work which the government of his own and other countries has left undone, that of prevention of crime. In all the great cities of the world there are to be seen boys who have no home; some who have not even a shelter, and many others who have a place they call home, but which has none of the associations about it which give to the word its meaning and true import. Such boys soon become criminals. Their necessities, their associations, their companionships, all tend in that direction. But in London Dr. Barnardo has been led to interpose so far as his strength and means would allow. As the result of his efforts many a young man is now earning a livelihood by his honest labor, who a few years ago was just commencing in sheer desperation a life of crime. The methods Dr. Barnardo employs, and the origin and progress of the work form a very interesting and suggestive narrative.

Dr. Barnardo is an Irishman. He was *born* in Dublin in 1845, and is now in the thirty-eighth year of his age. When he was about nineteen years old, he was brought to a knowledge of Christ as his Saviour, and after prayerful deliberation he resolved to devote himself to the Lord's service as a medical missionary in China, and removed to London for the purpose of preparing himself for the self-sacrificing vocation he had chosen.

AT LONDON HOSPITAL.

Accordingly, in 1866, he entered the London Hospital as a student of medicine. It was at this time that he became acquainted with the necessitous condition of the children of the London streets, and utterly oblivious of all apprehension that the work of helping and rescuing these unfortunate ones would prove an obstacle in the way of realizing his early hopes, he magnanimously devoted the whole of his leisure to an attempt to effect their reclamation.

INDICATIONS OF DIVINE LEADING.

The finger of God soon indicated with unmistakable clearness that his life and energies were to be occupied and expended in the interests of the hapless youth, whose destitute and perilous condition he so deeply commiserated, and, as time wore on, the conviction that *this* was the pathway of duty and service which his Heavenly Father would have him adopt, at length led him to unreservedly give himself to the colossal task before him, and in which he has been blessed in a remarkable manner.

In 1876 he obtained the diploma of the Royal College of Surgeons, Edinboro', and subsequently proceeded to the fellowship. But although a properly-qualified medical man, and always taking a keen interest in professional matters, he has for more than sixteen years been almost wholly absorbed in his present large and growing work

GRATUITOUS SERVICE.

It is a noteworthy fact that Dr. Barnardo has given his life to the work without any hope of worldly remuneration. He commenced it in faith, and though large sums of money have been given him to enable him to carry it on, he has not used any of it for his own support, but has given it all to the work. It has now grown to vast proportions, but still he has accepted neither fee nor reward for all he has done (Heb. 11 : 26).

Referring to this fact, not generally known,

LORD CAIRNS, THE PRESIDENT

of the institution, at the annual meeting in Exeter Hall, in June, 1878, when calling upon Dr. Barnardo to address the meeting, made the following statement:

"I will ask Dr. Barnardo—Dr. Barnardo who has been the origin, the framer, and the worker of this great organization—Dr. Barnardo who has brought to it an energy and ability, and constant care which no money could have purchased, and no money could pay for—who has done all this *without money and without price*—I will call upon him to read the statement of the work of the past year."

A MEMORABLE VISIT.

Seventeen and a half years ago, while Dr. Barnardo was preparing to qualify himself for the honorable profession to which he belongs, he happened to visit a miserable lodging-house of the lowest type, in one of the densely crowded thoroughfares of the East End of London. The apartment was a horrible den, and it was filled with men and women whom in many instances destitution had made criminals, and who now seemed to be beyond the possibility of amelioration, and to whom the approach of death and the sheltering darkness of the grave might prove the greatest of blessings.

In this lodging-house, Dr. Bardnardo found a boy in the very extremity of sickness, and whose only hope of recovery lay in immediate removal to a neighboring hospital. The owner, or lessee of the lodging-house, a very virago of a woman, in the most peremptory manner intimated her determination to prohibit the departure of the lad until he had paid his arrears of rent, and at once seized upon his tattered clothing as a security for the liquidation of the debt. The young medical student, however, was quite equal to the emergency, and taking off his great-coat, snatched up the lad from the filthy pallet on which he was helplessly lying, and wrapping him in it, speedily carried him in his arms to the nearest hospital, and had the satisfaction there of seeing him gradually gather strength and finally recover.

NIGHTLY EXPLORATIONS.

Having thus commenced the Christlike work of "rescuing the perishing," he continued his labor of love, and every night after his hours of study were over, instead of visiting the theatres or spending the evening in dissipation, Dr. Barnardo started off on a tour of exploration in the abodes of the poor, looking for sick people to whom his skill might be of service.

Once, on a moonless night, in the very depth of midwinter, he saw no fewer than seventy-three children lying one upon another, packed like sardines, the small fellows above, and the bigger below, under a tarpaulin by a wharf, on the north bank of the river Thames. He heard of thousands of

"CITY ARABS"

whose hand even in youth was against every man and every man's hand against them, and with the determination of his naturally resolute character, made more intense by his prayerful waiting upon God, he resolved that whatever of ease, strength, or money it might cost, a home should be found for these destitute ones, for whom no man seemed to have the least solicitude.

Notorious lodging-houses and haunts of vice were visited with nightly regularity. Sometimes the genial visitor was made the target of scorn, and at other times he might be seen confronting peril from those who had every reason to fear the invasion of their immoral lairs. But, at last, having secured a dilapidated house in Stepney Causeway, which has since developed, under his administrative ability and persistent purpose, into the present

HOME FOR DESTITUTE LADS,

he deliberately, and with true nobility of character, resolved that henceforth it should be the work of his life to save, both temporally and spiritually, the crowds of half-famished, half-naked children who were to be found prowling about the narrow alleys, and railway arches, fruit-markets, and the river foreshore, graduating in vice, becoming adepts in criminality, and constituting an increasing danger in the midst of a somnolent and apathetic community.

THE INSTITUTIONS.

The work of Dr. Barnardo's entire mission, as originally designed, and as it has grown until today, is threefold, the leading departments of which may be thus described:

The *first*, or *Preventive Department*, for the rescue and reclamation of orphan, destitute, or neglected children, includes the Boys' Home, which was founded in 1870; the Girls' Village Home (*a picture of which appears on the front page*), which was opened in 1873; the Little Boys' Home; the Infirmary for Sick Children of the destitute class, founded in 1876; the Labor House for Destitute Youths, opened in 1882 (*as shown on page* 108), and Leopold House Orphan Home for Little Boys, about to be occupied.

The *second*, or *Industrial and Educational Section*, for the instruction and employment of boys and girls not absolutely helpless, comprises the various brigades of boys who are employed out of doors, Shoeblack Brigade, City Messengers, etc.; the Ragged and Day School work; Factory Girls' Mission; the Free Dinner Table to Children; and the Young Workmen's Hotel, which is one of the latest and likely to prove not the least valuable additions.

The *third*, or the *Adult Mission Section*, embraces the Mission Halls and Coffee Palaces, like the "Edinburgh Castle," "Dublin Castle," Burdett Hall, etc., Deaconess House, Medical Mission, and all the network of beneficent agencies—Evangelistic, Temperance, and Medical—at work among the laboring poor.

The oldest and most important of all is the Boys' Home, at Stepney Causeway, now occupying the site where six old houses once stood. It is the chief centre of the mission, and has at present about *three hundred and eighty* inmates. The following illustration, taken from the Annual Report for 1880–81, will show with sufficient distinctness the kind of boys received, and

THE WORK DONE BY THE HOME.

J. L. (12) is the son of criminals, his mother having undergone several terms of imprisonment, varying from six months to seven years. She is now on ticket-of-leave. His father is dead. The person with whom his mother has since cohabited has also been convicted of felony. The boy J. L. is thin, and small for his age, and bears the appearance of great neglect. Careful investigation proved that the boy had not a relative in the world except his mother, and that he was on the way to become a thief.

X., Y., Z., three boys (11, 9, and 7 years), were discovered at night on the racecourse at Epsom, huddled together for shelter underneath a barrel, fast asleep. When roused, it was found that they had tramped down from London the previous day, and had not since had a morsel of bread to eat. They shivered with cold, and looked indescribably wretched. They had never known a father; their mother, a woman of evil fame, had driven them out daily to beg and steal, beating them cruelly if unsuccessful. When found, they were clad in rags, covered with vermin and filth, and apparently existing upon garbage. After close inquiry, which confirmed the statement of the children, they were admitted.

THE HOME FOR LITTLE BOYS,

at Gorey, in the Island of Jersey was opened in July, 1879. It had long been felt that, however desirable public school life was for *big* boys, and however suitable large institutions were for their training, *girls* and *younger boys* ought always to be reared in a more homely fashion and in smaller numbers. Moreover, it had long been Dr. Barnardo's desire to obtain a distinct institution where *little* boys, not far removed from infancy, might be reared under climacteric and other conditions more favorable than a London Home presents. With very great pleasure, therefore, an offer from a gentleman (since deceased) was received and accepted, by which a house and land, favorably situated at Gorey, were transferred to trustees under Dr. Barnardo's superintendence on terms which form a lasting memorial of the giver's liber-

William, to see you read your Bible; will you let me join you?' Then we two anxious souls read together day after day, but we were not cured till nearly at the West Indies. One Sunday, Bill was cured, and the shot extracted between 8 and 12 o'clock, and the same day during the dog watch between 6 and 8 o'clock at night the captain knelt and prayed wth me, and I also was cured. Now for thirty-eight years I have been speaking and witnessing for Jesus the Physician who cured me."

A Good Chance Thrown Away.—"In a little village near Berwick a man was suddenly seized with a severe illness. The doctors gave him up, but he said 'I am determined not to die just now.' His friends prayed for him, and he vowed for himself that if God gave him another chance he would pray, read the Bible, and go to church and prayer-meetings. Well, God heard his vow, and his friends' prayers, and raised him up. For a little time he fulfilled his vow; by-and-by he dropped reading the Bible, then prayer, then the weekly meeting, then the church, and soon he was deeper in evil than before. One night, three months after he was raised from his sick bed, as he was crossing the threshold of his house, half drunk, *he fell down dead* without a minute to gasp out 'God be merciful to me a sinner!' He, like thousands of others, got his chance and threw it away."

REMARKABLE FAITH CURES.

SPINAL DISEASE.

In a letter to Miss C. F. Judd, Ella Cleveland, of Pawlet, Vt., writes: "How can I better tell what the Lord has done for me than by quoting Psa. 30: 2, 3. For fourteen years I have not known a day that I was free from pain, and for four years I have been confined to my bed. Two years ago last winter, my friends thought I might get help at the Woman's Hospital in New York City. So I was conveyed to the depot on my bed, and thence to New York by rail. After remaining in the institution three and one half months, and receiving the best medical treatment, I returned home weaker than when I went. Human help was of no avail. I had yet to learn that our blessed Saviour was just as ready to heal the body as the soul.

"From that time, up to the 22d of June, my bodily sufferings were terrible. Kind friends with loving hands ministered to me, but they could not ease the pain. My spine became badly diseased, and my nerves were in a terrible condition.

"In March I received a letter from my aunt, Mrs. Hattie Buswell, of Glen's Falls, N. Y., saying that she believed it was my privilege to be healed by the Divine Healer, and soon after, I received a letter from Miss Alice Churchill of the same place, giving an account of her wonderful healing in answer to prayer. About the 18th of June, my mother presented my case to you by letter, and you replied that you would pray for my recovery, in your faith meeting.

"The battle raged in my soul until I was enable to consecrate myself fully and to *believe*, and I was healed. I felt the *warm, healing, thrilling* influence of the touch of the Great Physician. I arose from my bed, and walked across the room to a chair; sat up a few moments, then went to bed and rested well till morning; what I had not done before in years. I had been utterly unable to rise from my bed, or stand on my feet. I have been gaining ever since, and am now able to do a great deal."

A CHRONIC DISEASE.

A believer, writing from Indianapolis, Ind., says: "Several years ago my vital energies were so impaired by suffering, that my work was often performed with great weariness and pain. There still lingered in my system a tendency to disease of the mucous membrane, which settled into *a chronic disease of the bowels*. This I was able, by certain remedies, to keep in check.

"Last fall I took a heavy cold which settled on my lungs. As I was teaching little children, I could not save my voice much, and I coughed all winter. I was very miserable when school dismissed, and would have been prostrated if I had not gone to the country. I grew stronger, but my lungs and throat no better. My sister had gone in this manner, and it looked as if there were no hope of recovery for me.

"But I went to the Lord and He healed me. I took off my lung plaster and put away my medicines. That was Friday. On Saturday morning I went to Matoon, Ill. Was not one bit sick on the cars (I always was before). I spoke in a Gospel meeting that night, and four times the next day, and talked much of the time out of meeting, and my throat was not even tired at night. Now, mind you, I could hardly talk in ordinary conversation the day before I was healed.

"And thus it has been ever since, victory after victory. Sometimes Satan brings up dreadful symptoms. Then I start on my work as though nothing had happened, and the pain leaves immediately. If I do not *act faith*, it does not leave so quickly. I am pale no longer, and have gained about nine pounds in three weeks, while I gained nothing in the country.

"But best of all, the greatest spiritual blessing of my life came with the healing. I thought I was near God when I first tasted the bliss of the life of faith, but this is being held on *the very bosom of our Lord*, and feeling the warm beats of His great loving heart."

THE NAPOLEONIC MANIFESTO AND ITS AUTHOR.

By Rev. M. Baxter.

THAT the quiet elderly gentleman, sixty years of age, who has been living in comparative retirement in Paris for the last ten years, should suddenly proceed to run an extraordinary political and military career during the next ten years, eclipsing even the career of the First Napoleon, may seem more like a fable of the Arabian Nights' Entertainment than a reasonable probability. Yet there are very strong reasons for believing, from Daniel and Revelation, that *some* Napoleon will achieve such a career during the next few years, as being the closing years of this dispensation, and we do not see any Napoleon more likely to fulfil this destiny than Prince Jerome Napoleon.

In the pamphlet called "*The Coming Napoleon*," which we published ten years ago (in 1873), we stated that the Rev. R. A. Purdon and others had predicted in 1854 that one of the two cousins, Louis Napoleon and Jerome Napoleon, would become eventually the Antichrist, and we see no reason, even now, to deviate from that belief.

The Antichrist is to become King of Syria; then in two or three years' time afterward to be raised to be Emperor of the ten kings of the ten kingdoms, and then to be the Great Antichrist for three and a half years. Time will soon show whether Prince Jerome Napoleon is to fulfil this *rôle*.

The fact that the Antichrist is to be a *vile person* or reviled and ridiculed (Dan. 11: 21), so far agrees with Prince Jerome Napoleon's ridiculousness in the eyes of France, although he is confessedly a clever man.

Commenting upon Prince Napoleon's arrest, because of the issue of his manifesto in Paris, which has made him the hero of the hour, the *Daily News* of January 18th, says:

"Prince Napoleon's manifesto has excited

MORE HILARITY THAN ANGER

in Paris. The newspaper squibs which it has suggested are endless. The *Evenement* has a column filled with facetious Bonapartist advertisements, each of which begin with the words 'Plon-Plon.' M. Camille Pelletan, applying humorously to the event of yesterday a maxim of M. Thiers, says that it would be ridiculous to take this Pretender 'au tragique,' and that do what he can, he is unable to take him 'au serieux.' M. de Cassagnac's opinion is that the manifesto is beneath contempt, and he descrbes it as 'incolore et inodore.' The peculiar force of the latter epithet only Parisians can understand. Though a Bonapartist, M. Janvier de la Motte spoke yesterday of Prince Napoleon's act of treason as a *coup d'état à la colle*. There was more paste, he said, in it than powder.

"The *République Française* attributes Prince Napoleon's *silly* manifesto to the blindness and emasculation caused by hope deferred. It notices the particular *impudence* of his signing in large capitals 'Napoleon' without the prefix Jerome, which hitherto distinguished him. There would have been no great harm if

THIS SANCHO PANZA OF IMPERIALISM

had been left to the vengeance of *ridicule*.

"The *Voltaire* says: 'Plon-Plon is not dangerous—only profoundly *ridiculous*.' The *Evenement* says: 'Never did a vulgar ambition fail amid more universal *laughter* than Plon-Plon.' The *Pays* strongly condemns the manifesto of Prince Napoleon, as an act of *stupidity*, and burlesque incident."

The London *Daily Telegraph* says: "The New Year promised to open with a few months of political quiet. Lovers of peace predicted a long lease of life to the Cabinet which came into power last August. But a few yellow bills posted on the walls of Paris, and the arrest of Prince Jerome Napoleon, at whom only a week ago all good Republicans affected to sneer as incapable of drawing a single policeman from his beat, have all altered this. The Chamber of Deputies has so far lost its equanimity as to give a semi-sanction to one of the most arbitrary measures ever placed before it. The Cabinet is divided against itself. The organization of

A WIDESPREAD CONSPIRACY

was fast approaching completion when the timely Bonapartist manœuvre unexpectedly caused delay.

"The ex-Pontificial Zouaves, Royalists to a man, had received confidential instructions to congregate in uniform at a given spot on a preconcerted signal and were only awaiting the 'mot d'ordre' to take to arms 'for God and the King.' Thirty-three thousand men are said to be already brigaded in legions of 1000 each in the Western, Central, and Eastern provinces, and their organization is due to the 'Catholic Alliance,' the badge of which is a small cross attached to the button-hole. Funds are not wanting, for the association possesses a well-stocked treasury, safely deposited abroad. Nor is there any scarcity of arms, which are freely purchased through third parties at the Government sales of chassepots and other disused weapons. Infantry would be provided by simply arming and secretly drilling the peasants. Cavalry the Alliance hopes to acquire in two ways. Firstly, by providing horses for the men who know how to ride, and, secondly, by endeavoring to gain over to the Legitimist cause certain cavalry regiments of the regular army.

"This latter manœuvre is reckoned upon with some degree of confidence, owing to the number of young noblemen and members of Royalist families serving in the mounted forces. Dinners, banquets, and shooting parties given by the local 'squires' are not wanting in the neighborhood of cavalry stations. To these festivities young officers of the bourgeois class are freely invited by their aristocratic comrades. As to the command of this irregular force little is known, but it is affirmed that the coming leader of the Royalist troops is not the voluble old general whose name appears so prominently at all the Legitimist banquets in town and country. Still less is known about the proposed plans for utilizing the 33,000 men said to be ready to assemble under the White Flag with the golden lilies. That things were fast approaching a head when the manifesto of Prince Napoleon fell like a bombshell on Royalists and Republicans alike is beyond a doubt. The authorities are fully alive to the movements of the Royalist plotters, and any insurrectionary attempt will be promptly suppressed."

Temperance Progress in the South Moves by the route of local option. Three States have adopted it—Kentucky, Mississippi, and South Carolina. In the former State a number of counties have passed prohibitory acts. The right to sell liquor has also been refused in the neighborhood of some colleges and churches. In Mississippi, about fifty different localities have forbidden the sale of intoxicants, while a less number have taken the same course in South Carolina. There has been less agitation of prohibition in the Southern than in the Northern States, but the former appear, to be making progress in dealing with the subject.

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CURRENT EVENTS.

The Rival Tariff Bills Occupied the Attention of both Senate and the House last week without making such progress as justifies the hope that this Congress will succeed in settling the question. The most remarkable feature of the proceedings was a speech by Senator Lamar, of Mississippi, which attracted a full attendance of the Senate and to which many members of the House listened attentively. The Senator dealt with the subject in its broader features rather than with details. He argued the discussion of the Senate bill had shown plainly that it is impossible to effect a very considerable reduction of taxation, and at the same time maintain the system of protection. The public demand for reduction of taxation had put a delicate task on the party in power. If the only question had been the relation of taxation to revenue, its problem would have been easily solved, but they chose to consider with that the other question of *a bounty to certain industries*, and here began their troubles. This, he said, was probably the only country in the world whose people were *severely and superfluously taxed* for a series of years only because their rulers were unable to devise a mode of reduction.

Some Surprise has been Caused by the Publication of the statistics of insanity, idiocy, blindness, pauperism and crime by the census bureau. Mr. Frederick H. Wines, who has charge of that department, says: "It is startling to know that of 50,000,000 of inhabitants over 400,000 are either insane, idiots, deaf-mutes, or blind, or are inmates of prisons, reformatories, or poor-houses. If to these we add the outdoor poor and the inmates of private charitable institutions, the number will swell to nearly or quite 500,000, or 1 per cent of the total population. We cannot begin too soon or prosecute too vigorously the inquiry into the causes of the prevalence of these evils, which are like a canker at the heart of all our prosperity." The facts published are rendered still more remarkable when the figures are compared with those of previous censuses. The number of insane persons, idiots, blind persons, and deaf-mutes, was 50,994 in 1850; 68,451 in 1860; 98,484 in 1870; and 251,698 in 1880. In other words, although the population has a little more than doubled in 30 years, the number of defective persons returned is apparently nearly five times as great as it was 30 years ago. The increase of population between 1870 and 1880 was only 30 per cent, while the apparent increase of these defective classes was 155 per cent. While there were only 2554 defective persons in each million in 1870, there were 5018 in each million in 1880. Mr. Wines is perfectly right in advocating an inquiry into the cause of the increase, but that is not sufficient. An inquiry should be followed by practical results. It is well known that one of the principal causes is the use of intoxicants, but the knowledge of that fact does not insure the triumph of prohibition.

The Action of the Secretary of the Treasury on the coinage of the silver dollars has failed to elicit from Congress the response expected. The House Committee on Coinage, Weights and Measures has adopted resolutions to the effect that it is inexpedient to discontinue the coinage of silver under existing laws; that all coin now in the Treasury, excepting an amount exceeding 25 per cent of the outstanding greenback circulation as a redemption fund, and also excepting all sums held for the redemption of outstanding gold and silver certificates, should be at once used in payment of outstanding interest-bearing obligations of the Government which are subject to call and payment. It also recommended an appropriation for providing the additional vaults for storing the coins as the public do not want them, and foreign nations will not take them. It also suggested that the new vaults should be located in the Mississippi Valley.

A Plan for Reorganizing the Customs Service was sent to the House last week by Secretary Folger. It is in brief a system of consolidating districts, so that where there are now several small or comparatively unimportant districts having each a custom house organization, there will be *one large district, with only one set of custom house officers*, each subordinate office being in charge of a deputy, instead of a collector or surveyor as now. The scheme appears to have grown out of an examination by the Secretary of the Customs Districts which was rendered necessary by the form in which last year's appropriations were passed. The examination showed in the 140 customs districts 4255 employes with salaries amounting to $5,404,000, and the miscellaneous expenses $1,144,000—a total of $6,548,000. The estimates of the commissions, instead of showing a reduction, called for 4262 employes, with $5,419,000 for salaries and $1,160,000 for miscellaneous expenses—making an appreciable increase on the present cost of collecting the revenue. As Mr. Folger's plan involves a curtailment of patronage its chances of adoption are but slight.

Petitions in Favor of a Prohibitory Amendment in Ohio have been put in circulation by the Women's Christian Temperance Union. The petitions, though issued only a few weeks, received the names of 70,000 voters and 90,000 women. With this long list of petitioners the officers of the association and many prominent ladies intend holding meetings in Columbus and other cities, with a view of impressing upon the Legislature the importance of submitting to the people such an amendment. The interest taken by the ladies of the State in the question, and their zeal in circulating the petition are hopeful signs for the success of the movement.

The Death of the Hon. William E. Dodge at his home in New York on Friday, February 9th, removes from the world one of the most active, earnest, and benevolent workers in the cause of Christian philanthropy. Mr. Dodge was in his seventy-eighth year, but he was distinguished to the last by his efforts to advance the interests of religion and temperance. On February 1st, Mr. Dodge presided with his friend, Peter Cooper, at the Tariff meeting at Cooper Union, and it was remarked that his voice had lost none of its power nor his step any of its elasticity. Beside Peter Cooper he seemed, comparatively, a young man. On Saturday, February 3d, he went with Mrs. Dodge to inspect the New Home for Intemperate Women in Fifty-seventh Street, an institution inaugurated mainly through his efforts and those of Mrs. Dodge. While there he was seized with severe pain, and on returning home his physician was summoned. Mr. Dodge experienced relief from the remedies prescribed, and though unable to go out he received numerous callers. On the morning of Friday, February 9th, he was dressing when Mrs. Dodge, hearing a noise in his room entered, and saw him lie gasping on the floor. She raised his head, but he almost instantly expired. Mr. Dodge was President of the National Temperance Society from its inauguration to the time of his death. He gave $20,000 toward its capital, and his contributions to other institutions were exceedingly liberal.

The Newhall House Disaster at Milwaukee, Wis., has been under the consideration of a coroner's jury which has now delivered its verdict. It declares the proprietor of the house guilty of culpable negligence in not employing a sufficient number of watchmen to guard the house against fire and to awaken the inmates in time to save all the lives possible. They found the Newhall House easy of egress and devoid of intricate passages, with two outside escapes, ladders, etc. Nevertheless, they found the owner of the house guilty of negligence in not having provided more escapes in case of fire, and also found fault with the network of telegraph wires surrounding the hotel. The last clause of the verdict refers to a matter demanding legislative interference. In all the recent serious fires the telegraph wires have seriously impeded the work of the firemen. At the fire at the Moffat Building in New York on January 31st, they prevented the water tower being raised. Until the wealthy corporations are forced by the Legislature to put their wires in an underground tube, this serious evil will not be abated.

Ex-Governor Marshall Jewell is Dead. A telegram from his home at Hartford, Conn., announces that he died of pneumonia on Saturday night, after only a few days' suffering. He was fifty-eight years of age, and since 1869, when he was elected Governor of Connecticut, he has been one of the most prominent members of the Republican party. He was re-elected in 1871 and in 1872. In 1873 he was appointed Minister to Russia, but in 1874 he returned to become Postmaster-General in President Grant's administration. He was chairman of the National Republican Committee in the last presidential election, and his exertions contributed in no small degree to the success of the candidate of his party. It is stated that he was *a member of the Congregational Church* at Hartford, and during his residence in St. Petersburg surprised the leaders of Russian society by his regular attendance at the little Protestant Church in that city, when the custom was to spend the Sabbath in gaming, the theatre or amusements. He found, too, that Americans visiting St. Petersburg had no place where they would be likely to meet each other, and access to the American Minister was not so easy as desirable. So he established a free reading room at the legation, supplied with American and other newspapers, where American visitors could freely meet each other, and had his own office there, where he could readily be found by his countrymen.

Disastrous Floods in Pennsylvania, Ohio, and Indiana during the past two weeks have caused much loss of property. Fremont and Defiance in Ohio, Allegheny City and Pittsburg in Pennsylvania, and several cities in Indiana along the line of the White and Wabash Rivers have been flooded. It is feared that many lives have been lost, and in the Scioto Valley alone the damage is estimated at over a million dollars. A telegram from Parkersburg, W. Va., says there has been immense destruction of manufacturing, milling and lumber properties. Fully three hundred families are homeless. The water was the highest since 1860. The news from adjoining towns is very distressing, but the river must fall before one half the misery occasioned will be known. It is believed that the inhabitants of many of the towns will be in need of relief.

A Fortune was Found in a Grave near New York last week. A stranger in the city stayed here a few days on his way to California, there to join his brother. But he was taken ill soon after his arrival and died. Having no friends in New York, and no money being found among his effects, his body was interred in the pauper's burying-ground at Weehawken. When the dead man's brother was informed of his death he sent back word that his brother had a considerable amount of money in his possession. Search was made for it a second time, but it could not be found in either of his three trunks. It was then decided to exhume the body, which was done. Three undershirts were upon the body, and at the back of the inner one was found a pocket containing $2091 in greenbacks. The money was taken possession of by the authorities, and will be held to await the order of the deceased's brother. It is probable that in his sudden sickness the approach of death drove out of the man's mind all thought of the money on his person, or he would have had it put in some safe place. He doubtless never intended that it should be taken to the grave with him. No one in these days is foolish enough to suppose that money is of any use there; though the avarice of men on the verge of the grave is often so strong as to suggest that as the only consistent explanation of their conduct (Psa. 49 : 17–19).

Steering by Guess Work is not an Arrange-men tending to insure the safety of steamboat passengers, but the pilot of a river boat recently informed a reporter that it was often done. During the prevalence of a dense fog, the reporter of *The Register* of Mobile, Ala., asked the pilot how he could steer when it was not possible to see the boat's length ahead. He replied, "We go by guess—plain guess. We move slow and have one hand on the engineer's bell all the time. We nose up into the bushes once in a while, and back out and turn around. Why, I recall once I was on the Alice Vivian going up at the foot of the island, following Captain Peoples, of the Johnson, in a fog, listening to her escape-pipes and steering well in to the point. I thought everything was going all right, when the Johnson came steaming back, and I learned that Captain Peoples had been up the Tensas River and was going right through to the Atlantic Ocean when he heard a dog bark. Knowing there was *no dog put down on his chart*, he turned back, and came down where I was. Well, we run by any indication we can get, but for the most part piloting in a fog is pure guess work." Some recent pulpit utterances, much commented upon in the press, lead us to think that some ministers, who occupy a position metaphorically analogous to the pilot, are also steering by guess. But in their case there is no excuse. The fog is their own production, they are criticising their chart instead of running by it, and they do not seem clear as to their destination (1 Tim. 5 : 5–7).

A Petition for a Beacon has been Sent to Con-gress by the representatives of the steamship firms and companies whose vessels ply between New York and domestic and foreign ports. Soon after the wrecking of the steamer Nankin on the Romer shoals at the entrance to the lower Bay of New York, the representatives of these same companies united in a petition to the Lighthouse Board for some sort of protective light at this point. The request was granted, and a gas-lighted buoy was placed near the wreck of the Nankin. This proved of the greatest assistance, especially during thick and foggy weather, and furnished the temporary relief required. As is the case with all can buoys, this was removed when the approach of winter set the ice to running in this harbor, and now when such a light would be especially serviceable the ship-master meets with no such assistance. An incoming vessel sights the Sandy Hook lights and in thick weather has no chance to proceed further toward the city without great risk. If there were a light at Romer Shoals this might be easily made, and then the range lights, as they are called, could be sighted, and an entrance into the Upper Bay, and thence to the docks, be easily effected. It may be hoped that Congress will grant the request. The records of social wrecks which may be read every day in the newspapers, show that there are shoals in the city on which, for the sake of young people, it would also be good to place a beacon. Many souls have been wrecked in places the dangerous character of which is not outwardly visible (Prov. 7 : 24–27).

The Prompt Decision of the Judge of an In-diana court, caused surprise to the parties and lawyers in the case. It was a suit for divorce brought by the wife of a man of intemperate habits. When the case came on a witness was called to testify to the habits of the respondent, but before he had given his testimony the judge asked him if the respondent was the same man as one of that name who was in Company K of a certain Indiana regiment during the war? "The same man, Judge," was the answer. "You need go no further," said the Judge to the plaintiff's lawyer, "the divorce is granted," and judgment was entered accordingly for the plaintiff. After court adjourned the Judge was joked about the hasty entry of the judgment, referring to the fact that no evidence had been introduced into the case. "Why, gentlemen," said his Honor, "I know that fellow. He was in my company during the war, and I never will let a woman live with him if she asks me for a divorce. *I know him better than any witness* who can be brought here." What defence the man intended making was not disclosed, but whatever it might have been, it must have broken down before the personal knowledge of the judge. In the last judgment there will be no possibility of mistake for the judge is omniscient (Psa. 96 : 13).

A Disastrous Snow Slide Occurred in the Rocky Mountain region on January 31st. Thirty men employed near Crested Butte, Col., at an anthracite coal mine were startled from their sleep by an ominous rumbling noise, and almost instantly the avalanche was upon them. The building in which they were sleeping was crushed to atoms and its occupants were hurled down the mountain side. A rescuing party started out from Crested Butte as soon as the news was received there, and after several hours of indefatigable labor the men were all uncovered. Seven of the men were dead and eighteen others were injured, several fatally. All of the company's expensive machinery was destroyed. On the same day a passenger train, when within six miles of Crested Butte, was divided, the engine going ahead to clear the track. When about four miles from where it had left the coaches the engine was struck by a snow-slide and ditched, and lay under about twenty feet of snow. A wrecking engine, sent to their relief, could not get nearer than within two miles of the cars, and returned for provisions for the starving passengers. It is terrible to think of the fate of those upon whom those enormous masses fell, yet we are assured that even such an end would be welcomed by the impenitent in the day of the wrath of the Lamb (Rev. 6 : 16).

A Valid Defence to a Suit was Made in the New York Marine Court recently. A young man was sued by the proprietor of a flat house in the city for the rent of a flat for one month. He leased the apartments for a year agreeing to pay $135 a month. Soon after taking possession he and his wife became sick and had a severe illness. The doctors pronounced the disease one that is produced by sewer gas, and said the apartments were filled with it, arising from bad plumbing, and that the sick persons were suffering from malaria produced by breathing impure air. The Board of Health inquired into the condition of the premises, and ordered the owner to repair the plumbing within five days. The necessary repairs not having been made within the five days, the sick man and his wife moved from the apartments, taking their furniture with them. He refused to pay rent for them after his removal, and the suit was begun against him. The fact of the defective plumbing was fully proved, and a verdict was given against the proprietor of the house. It was considered very natural and proper that the young man and his wife should remove out of the foul air. It would be a good thing if Christians displayed the same promptitude in quitting a poiluted moral atmosphere in which they often remain for the sake of gain, until their own souls are tainted by their surroundings (Psa. 106 : 35, 36).

ON LAYING FOUNDATIONS.

A New Sermon, by Pastor C. H. Spurgeon.

"And why call ye me, Lord, Lord, and do not the things which I say? Whosoever cometh to me, and heareth my sayings, and doeth them, I will shew you to whom he is like," &c.—Luke 6 : 46–49.

Men Who Build no House—All Hearers are Builders—I. A Common Temptation—Scamping the Foundation—The Fault of Inexperience—John Bunyan's Photography—A Saving of Trouble—Boasters of Perfection—Many Help in the Mistake—Saved Twelve Times—Bad Influence of Worldly Professors—Often Undetected—II. A Wise Precaution—Be Sincere—Be Thorough—Practise Self-Renunciation—Have Solid Principle—Adhere to It Firmly—The Man Who Built Badly—The Church of the Bigoted—Hard Shells Wanted—III. Arguments for Care about the Foundation—Leads to Care Throughout—The Situation Requires it—A French Hotel Undermined—The Unshaken Faith.

THESE parables describe two classes of hearers; but they say nothing of those who are not hearers. Their position and prospects we must infer from what is said of hearers. Our Lord Jesus Christ has come into the world to tell us of the Father's love, and never man spake as He spake, and yet there are many who refuse to hear Him. I do not mean those who are far away, to whom the name of Jesus is well-nigh unknown, but I mean persons in this land, and especially in this great and highly favored city, who wilfully refuse to hear Him whom God has anointed to bring tidings of salvation. Our Lord Jesus is proclaimed, I was about to say, upon the house-tops in this city; for even in their *music-halls and theatres* Christ is preached to the multitude, and at the corners of our streets His banner is lifted up; and yet there are tens of thousands to whom the preaching of the Gospel is as music in the ears of a corpse. They shut their ears and will not hear, though the testimony be concerning God's own Son, and life eternal, and the way to escape from everlasting wrath.

To their own best interests, to their eternal benefit, men are dead; nothing will secure their attention to their God. To what, then, are these men like? They may fitly be compared to the man who built

NO HOUSE WHATEVER,

and remained homeless by day and shelterless by night. When worldly trouble comes like a storm those persons who will not hear the words of Jesus have no consolation to cheer them; when sickness comes they have no joy of heart to sustain them under its pains; and when death, that most terrible of storms, beats upon them they feel its full fury, but they cannot find a hiding place. They neglect the housing of their souls, and when the hurricane of almighty wrath shall break forth in the world to come they will have no place of refuge. In vain will they call upon the rocks to fall upon them, and the mountains to cover them. They shall be in that day without a shelter from the righteous wrath of the Most High. Alas, that any being who wears the image of man should be found in such a plight!

Our earnest attention will now be given to those who are hearers of the Word, and are somewhat affected by it.

ALL HEARERS ARE BUILDERS

of houses for their souls; they are each one doing something to set up a spiritual habitation. Some of these go a considerable distance in this house-building, and even crown the structure by publicly confessing Christ. They say unto Him, "Lord, Lord": they meet with His followers, and join with them in reverence to the Master's name; but they do not obey the Lord; they hear Him, but they fail to do the things which He says. Hence they are *mistaken builders*, who fail in the foundation, and make nothing sure except that their house will come down about their ears. Others there are, and we trust they will be found to be many among us, who are building rightly, building for eternity; constructing a dwelling-place with basis of rock, and walls of well-built stone, of which the Lord Christ is both foundation and corner-stone.

I am anxious to speak at this time to those who

are just beginning to build for eternity. I am indeed happy to know that there are many such among us. May the Holy Spirit bless this sermon to them.

I. Our first subject will be

A COMMON TEMPTATION

with spiritual builders. A common temptation with hearers of the Word, according to the two parables before us, is *to neglect foundation work*, to get hurriedly over the first part of the business, and run up the building quickly. They are tempted to assume that all is done which is said to be done; to take it for granted that all is right which is hoped to be right; and then to go on piling up the walls as rapidly as possible. The great temptation, I say, with young beginners in religious life, is

TO SCAMP THE FOUNDATION,

and treat those things lightly which are of the first importance. The same temptation comes to us throughout the whole of life, but to young beginners it is especially perilous; Satan would have them neglect the fundamental principles upon which their future hope and character are to rest, so that in a future trying hour, from want of a solid foundation, they may yield to evil, and lose the whole of their life-building.

This temptation is all the more dangerous, first, because *these young beginners have no experience.* Even the most experienced child of God is often deceived; how much more the pilgrim who has but just entered the wicket-gate! Like children at play upon the beach, the anxious heap up their *sand-castles*, and please themselves therewith, for they are ignorant of Satan's devices. I am for this cause doubly anxious to save my beloved young friends from the deceiver. The common temptation is, instead of really repenting, to *talk about* repentance; instead of heartily believing, to *say*, "I believe," without believing; instead of truly loving, to talk of love, without loving; instead of coming to Christ, to speak about coming to Christ, and profess to come to Christ, and yet not to come at all.

The character of Talkative in Pilgrim's Progress is ably drawn. I have met the gentleman many times, and can bear witness that John Bunyan was a photographer before photography was invented. Christian said of him "He talketh of prayer, of repentance, of faith, and of the new birth; but he knows but only to *talk* of them. I have been in his family, and his house is as empty of religion as the white of an egg is of savor." We have too many such persons around us who are, as to what they say, everything that is to be desired, and yet, by what they are proven to be, mere shams. As tradesmen place dummies in their shops, papered and labelled to look like goods, while yet they are nothing of the sort, so are these men marked and labelled as Christians, but the grace of God is not in them. Oh, that you young beginners may be on the alert, that you be not content with the form of godliness, but are made to feel the power of it.

TO SAVE TROUBLE.

There is this to help the temptation too, that *this plan for the present saves a great deal of trouble.* Your mind is distressed, and you want comfort; well, it will comfort you to say, "Lord, Lord," though you do not the things that Christ says. If you admit the claims of Jesus to be Lord, even though you do not believe on Him for salvation, and so neglect the main thing which He commands, yet you will find some ease in the admission. The crown of eternal glory is not won without fighting, nor the prize of our high calling received without running; yet by just making a holy profession, and by practising an outward form, a man imagines that the same result is produced as by seeking the Lord with his whole heart, and believing in the Lord Jesus. If it were so, there would be a fine broad road to heaven, and *Satan himself would turn pilgrim.* Believe me, dear hearers, this saving of trouble will turn out to be a making of trouble, and, before matters end, the hardest way will turn out to be the easiest way.

This kind of building without foundation has this advantage to back up the temptation, *it enables a man to run up a religion very quickly.* He makes splendid progress. While the anxious heart is searching after truth in the inward parts, and begging to be renewed by grace, his exulting friend is as happy as he can be in a peace which he has suddenly obtained without question or examination. See how fast he goes! The fog is dense, but he steams through it, heedless of danger! He has joined the church; he has commenced work for God; he is boasting of his own attainments; *he hints that he is perfect.* But is this

MUSHROOM BUILDING

safe? Will it pass muster in the last great survey? Will it stand should a tempest happen? The chimney-shaft is tall, but is it safe? Ay, there's the rub. This is the question which makes anend of much of the boasting which is all around us.

How common, how deceptive is this temptation! For the young beginner, the man who is just aroused to seek the Lord, will find *a great many to help him in his mistake*, should he neglect the foundation. Kind, good, Christian friends often, without a thought of doing so, help to mislead seeking souls. "Yes," they say, "you are converted," and so perhaps the person would be if all he said was true; but then it is said without feeling; it comes from the lip only, and does not come from the heart; and therefore it is ruinous to encourage him. A kindly assurance from a Christian friend may breed false confidence, if that assurance was mistakenly given.

I have heard of one who had been into the inquiry room a dozen times, and when on another occasion she was invited to go there she said, "I really do not know why I should go, for I have been told that I was

SAVED TWELVE TIMES ALREADY,

and I am not a bit better than before they told me so." It would be better to send some home weeping rather than rejoicing. Many a wound needs the lancet more than the plaster. You may be comforted by well-meant assurances of tender friends, and yet that comfort may be all a lie. I therefore warn you against any peace except that which comes from doing that which Jesus commands, or in other words, against any confidence except that which rests in Jesus only, and is attended with repentance, faith, and a life of obedience to your Lord.

No doubt many are encouraged in slight building by the fact that *so many professors are making a fair show, and yet their building is without foundation.* We cannot shut our eyes to the fact that in all churches there are persons who have no depth of spiritual root, and we are afraid no real spiritual life. We cannot root them up, though we fear that they are tares, for we are assured that we should unavoidably root up the wheat with them, and this our Master forbids.

Young people are apt to think, "So-and-so is a member of the church, and he is never very precise. If a lukewarm profession satisfies him, why should it not satisfy me!" Ah, my dear friends, but you would not say so in business. If you knew a man was trading without capital and likely to come to bankruptcy, you would not say, "I may do the same." If you saw a man venturing into deep water who could not swim, and you felt sure that he would ultimately sink, you would not follow his example and be drowned too. No, no; let these frothy professors be beacons to you. Get away from Mr. Talkative, lest he make you as hollow a drum as himself. Beware of loose professors, who are as wreckers' lights that lure men upon the rocks. Make sure work for eternity, and bid triflers begone.

Again, there is always at the back of all this an inducement to build without a foundation because it will not be known, and possibly may not be found out for years. *Foundation-work is quite out of sight*, and the house can be got up and be very useful in a great many ways, and it may stand a good while without the underground work; for houses without foundations do not tumble down at once; they will stand for years; nobody knows how long they may keep up; perhaps they may even be inhabited with comfort till the last great flood. Death alone will discover some impostures. Hence, because the ill-founded house will do for the present, and can be used, and may bring immediate comfort, many people consider it economical to leave out the foundation as a needless superfluity. We would have you build that which will not need to be pulled down again, work that will stand when the waters are out and the stream beats vehemently upon it. I dread that any man should perish without religion, but I dread far more that any man should perish with it, finding his faith to have been false after all.

II. So I advance to the second step, and there we will consider

A WISE PRECAUTION

which safe builders never forget. They dig deep, and never rest till they get a good substantial foundation; they are glad to get to the bottom of all the loose earth and to build on the rock. Let me commend this wise precaution to all of you.

Follow the text and learn to see to your *sincerity.* The Lord Jesus says "Why call ye me, Lord, Lord, and do not the things which I say?" May the Holy Ghost make you true to the core. Be afraid to say a word more than you feel. Never permit yourself to speak as if you had an experience of which you have only read. Let not your outward worship go a step beyond the inward emotion of your soul. If Christ be truly your Lord you will obey Him; if He be not your Lord do not call Him so. It is an awful thing to make a high profession of sanctity, and yet live in the indulgence of secret vice. Be true! Be true! If truth will carry you no further than despair, better that you stop in despair than gain a hope by a lie. Do not live on fiction, profession, presumption.

The next thing is *thoroughness.* For observe, according to our Lord, the wise builder digged deep. You cannot do a right thing too well. Dig deep if you do dig a foundation. If it be repentance, let it be an intensely earnest repentance, including a vehement hatred of every form of sin. If you make confession before God, confess with your very soul, and not with your lips only; lay bare your spirit before the glance of Deity. If it be faith that you talk of, believe right up to the hilt. Do not go in for that kind of sceptical believing which is so common nowadays. If thou believest, believe; if thou repentest, repent. Sincerity and thoroughness are fine building-materials.

Next to that add *self-renunciation;* for that is in the parable. When a man digs a deep foundation he has much earth to throw out. So he that builds for eternity has a great deal to get rid of. Self-trust must go at the beginning; love of sin must follow; worldliness, pride, self-seeking, all sorts of iniquity—these must be cast aside. There is very much rubbish, and the rubbish must go. You cannot make sure work for eternity without clearing away much which flesh and blood would like to retain. See ye to this, and count the cost.

Then must come *solid principle.* The man who is determined that if he does build he will build securely, digs down to the rock. He says, "I believe in God, He is my helper. I believe in Christ Jesus, and on His atoning sacrifice and living intercession I build my eternal hopes. I also build on the doctrine of grace, for the Lord hath said it, By grace are ye saved, through faith. I build on Scripture; nothing but the warrant of the Word will do for me."

These truthful principles must be *firmly adhered to.* Bind your building to the rock. A house will not stand merely because it is *on* the rock; you must get its foundation into the rock. The house must take a grip of the rock, and the rock must grasp the house. The more you can get the house to be a bit of the rock, and the rock, as it were, to grow up into the house, the more secure you are. It is of no use saying, "Yes, I confide in Christ, in grace, in revelation," unless your very life enters into these things, and they enter into you.

The man in the second parable did not build as he should; what may I say of him? I will say three words. First, he was a man who had

NOTHING OUT OF SIGHT:

you could see all his house when you looked at it. If you can see all a man's religion at a glance he has no religion worth having. Godliness lies most

in secret prayer, private devotion, and inward grace. The wise builder had the most costly part of his house buried in the ground; but the other man showed all that he had above ground. He is a poor tradesman who has no stock but that which he puts into the window. He will not last long who has no capital. He cannot long stand who has no backbone within. Beware of a religion of show.

Next, this man had *nothing to hold to.* He built a house, but it stood upon the loose soil; he easily dug into that, and stuck up his house; but his walls had no holdfast. Beware of a religion without holdfasts. But if I get a grip upon a doctrine they call me a bigot. Let them do so. Bigotry is a hateful thing, and yet that which is now abused as bigotry is a great virtue, and greatly needed in these frivolous times. I have been inclined lately to start a new denomination, and call it

"THE CHURCH OF THE BIGOTED."

Everybody is getting to be so oily, so plastic, so untrue, that we need *a race of hard-shells* to teach us how to believe. Those old-fashioned people who in former ages believed something, and thought the opposite of it to be false, were truer folk than the present time-servers.

I should like to ask *the divines of the broad school* whether any doctrine is worth a man's dying for it. They would have to reply, "Well, of course, if a man had to go to the stake, or change his opinions, the proper way would be to state them with much diffidence, and to be extremely respectful to the opposite school." But suppose he is required to deny the truth? "Well, there is much to be said on each side, and probably the negative may have a measure of truth in it as well as the positive. At any rate, it cannot be a prudent thing to incur *the odium of being burned*, and so it might be preferable to leave the matter an open question for the time being." Yes, and as these gentlemen always find it unpleasant to be unpopular, they soften down the hard threatenings of Scripture as to the world to come, and put a color upon every doctrine to which worldly-wise men object. The teachers of doubt are very doubtful teachers. You must have something to hold to; but the builder in the parable had not, and so he perished.

III. Thirdly, we will now gather from our text

A SET OF ARGUMENTS,

urging us to take care of the foundation. I will glance over these arguments, wishing much that I had time to enforce them. The first is this. We ought to build with a good foundation at the beginning, because otherwise we shall not build well in any other part of the house. Bad work in the foundation influences all the rest of the courses. In the Revised Version at the end of the forty-eighth verse instead of, "For it was founded upon a rock," we read, "Because it had been well builded." The house was built well at the bottom, and that led the workman to put in good work all the way up, so that all through "it had been well builded." The other man built badly underground, and did the same up to the roof.

When a great Grecian artist was fashioning an image for the temple he was diligently carving the back part of the goddess, and one said to him, "You need not finish that part of the statue, because it is to be built into the wall." He replied, "The gods can see in the wall." He had a right idea of what is due to God. That part of my religion which no man can see should be as perfect as if it were to be observed by all. The day shall declare it. When Christ shall come everything shall be made known, and published before the universe. Therefore see to it that it be fit to be thus made known.

A FRENCH HOTEL IN PERIL.

See, again, that we ought to have good foundations when we *look at the situation whereon the house is to be built.* It is clear from this parable that both these houses were built in places not far from a river, or where streams might be expected to come. Certain parts of the South of France are marvellously like Palestine, and perhaps at the present moment they are more like what the Holy Land was in Christ's day than the Holy Land now is. When I reached Cannes last year I found that there had been a flood in the town. This flood did not come by reason of a river being swollen, but through a deluge of rain. A waterspout seems to have burst upon the hill-side tearing up earth, and rocks, and stones, and then hurrying down to the sea. It rushed across the railway station and poured down the street which led to it, drowning several persons in its progress.

When I was there a large hotel—I should think five stories high—was shored up with timber, and was evidently doomed; for when this stream rushed down the narrow street it undermined the lower courses of the building, and as there were no foundations at all able to bear such a test the whole erection was rendered unsafe. The Saviour had some such case in his mind's eye. A torrent of water would come tearing down the side of the mountain, and if a house was built on the mere earth, it would be carried away directly, but if it were fastened into the rock so that it became part and parcel of it, then the flood might rush all around it, but it would not shake the walls.

Beloved builder of a house for your soul, your house is so situated that one of these days there must come great pressure upon it. "How do you know?" Well, I know that the house wherein my soul lives is pitched just where winds blow, and waves rise, and storms beat. Where is yours? Do you live in a snug corner? Yes, but one of these times you will find that the snug corner will be no more shielded than the open riverside; for God so orders providence that every man has his test sooner or later. It may be that you think yourself past temptation, but the idea is a delusion, as time will show. Perhaps from the very fact that you seem quite out of the way, a peculiar temptation may befall you. Therefore, I do pray you, because of the exposed condition of your life's building, build upon a good foundation.

The next argument is, build deep,

BECAUSE OF THE RUIN

which will result from a bad foundation. The foolish builder's house was without a foundation. Notice that word, "*without a foundation.*" Write down the expression, and see whether they apply to you or not. What happened to this house without a foundation? The stream beat vehemently on it. The river's bed had long been dry, but suddenly it was flooded, and the torrent rolled with tremendous power. Perhaps it was persecution, perhaps it was prosperity, perhaps it was trouble, perhaps it was temptation, perhaps it was prevalent scepticism, perhaps it was death; but, anyhow, the flood beat vehemently upon that house; "And *immediately it fell.*" It did not stand a prolonged assault, it was captured at once.

What! in a minute, all that fair profession gone? "Immediately it fell." Why, that is the man I shook hands with the other Sunday, and called him "Brother," and he has been seen drunk! or he has been in the frivolous assembly, using unhallowed language! or he has become an utter doubter all on a sudden! It is sorrowful work burying our friends, but it is much more sorrowful work to lose them in this fashion; and yet so they vanish.

For lastly, and perhaps this will be the best argument, *observe the effect of this good, sure building*, this deep building. We read that when the flood beat upon the wise man's house "*it could not shake it.*" That is very beautiful. Not only could it not carry it away, but "it could not shake it." I see the man; he lost his money and became poor, but he did not give up his faith: "It could not shake it." He was ridiculed and slandered, and many of his former friends gave him the cold shoulder; but "It could not shake it." He went to Jesus under his great trial and he was sustained: "It could not shake it." He was very sick and his spirit was depressed within him, but still he held his confidence in Christ: "It could not shake it." He was near to die; he knew that he must soon depart out of this world, but all the pains of death and the certainty of dissolution could not shake him. He died as he lived, firm as a rock, rejoicing as much as ever, nay, rejoicing more, because he was nearer to the kingdom and to the fruition of all his hopes. "It could not shake it."

It is a grand thing to have

A FAITH WHICH CANNOT BE SHAKEN.

I saw one day a number of beech trees which had formed a wood; they had all fallen to the ground through a storm. The fact was *they leaned upon one another* to a great extent, and the thickness of the wood prevented each tree from getting a firm hold of the soil. They kept each other up and also constrained each other to grow up tall and thin, to the neglect of root-growth. When the tempest forced down the first few trees the others readily followed one after the other. Close to that same spot I saw another tree in the open, bravely defying the blast, in solitary strength. The hurricane had beaten upon it, but it had endured all its force unsheltered. That lone, brave tree seemed to be better rooted than before the storm. I thought, "Is it not so with professors?" They often hold together, and help each other to grow up, but if they have not firm personal roothold, when a storm arises they fall in rows. A minister dies, or certain leaders are taken away, and over go the members by departure from the faith and from holiness.

I would have you be self-contained, growing each man into Christ for himself, rooted and grounded in love and faith and every holy grace. Then when the worst storm that ever blew on mortal man shall come, it will be said of your faith, "It could not shake it." I beseech you who are now seeking Christ to take care that you build well, that you may stand long in our Zion, steadfast and unmovable. God grant it for Christ's sake. Amen.

[The prayers of the readers of this Journal are requested for the blessing of God upon its Editors in America and England, and those whose sermons, articles, or labors for Christ are printed in it; and for its weekly circulation of more than 260,000 copies to be blessed by the Holy Spirit to the conversion of many sinners and the quickening of God's people. Mr. Spurgeon and Dr. Talmage especially request prayer every Sunday morning on behalf of their labors.]

DR. T. J. BARNARDO.

(*Continued from page* 99)

"I once saw Jack selling mouse-traps in the street, and several military men, struck by his appearance, stopped to speak to him. Their exclamation, 'An old soldier!' was followed by a quick salute from him, and this gained him their interest at once, and I paused to hear the story he told of his past history. One perfectly new, which even I had never heard before, somewhat amazed me, for by this time I was thoroughly familiar with Jack, having only about three nights before this incident occurred had a long talk with him in a lodging-house near Bethnal Green. On this occasion 'Gentleman Jack' looked as if he had never seen me before in his life. With a perfectly oblivious air his glance fell upon me as I was included in the general salute he made his auditors, some of whom, in their benevolence, gave him money as they moved away. I was in too great a hurry to wait; had I done so I should doubtless have seen 'Gentleman Jack' move on also, but it could only have been to a public-house, where the money obtained from the credulity of the passers-by would be spent in gin."

"HIS REVERENCE."

"Another occasional lodger in the same house was a perfect contrast to 'Gentleman Jack.' He was low-sized in stature, rather squarely built; but what attracted most attention was his face and head. He had a grand head—massive, well-shaped, and large, with quantities of white hair which hung down on either side, and gave him a truly benevolent appearance, an impression which was increased from the fact that his face was closely shaven, and he always wore something about his neck that looked in the distance like a white cravat. 'His Reverence' was the *sobriquet* by which he was known in the lodging-house.

"His chief art lay in writing begging-letters. I have now in my possession two or three epistles received from him of the most plausible and, I had almost written, touching kind. The curious part

Dr. Barnardo's House for Destitute Youths.

Service at Dr. Barnardo's Medical Mission.

of the matter is that each letter tells a different tale, *all* of which *could not* be true ; but when he wrote them he did not know that they would both come under my eye. ' His Reverence ' was utterly incorrigible.

" As I entered, ' Gentleman Jack ' *was about to cook his supper at the large fire which blazed at the further end of the room*, and ' His Reverence ' was sitting in the ingle corner, while others were scattered about the room. The looks of these men excited my sympathy, and I would certainly have endeavored to assist them in some way, but some of the company who knew me well, and supposed I was as familiar as they with the two celebrities of the house, gave the latter a sign that I was no stranger, and they accordingly conversed before me, not as they would have done and as I have since heard them do to the uninitiated, but with that dreadful mixture of profanity and slang which stamped them at once as utterly abandoned.

ANNIE AND HER FATHER.

" That very night, and in that dreadful house, I found two or three men who, with their children, were worthy of a better fate than associationship with such company. Among others, a little girl, the companion of a middle-aged man whom she called father, was then recommended to my notice. Father and child were only stopping in the kitchen until the hour came for closing, when they must turn out, not merely because the house was for men only, and therefore could afford no lodging for the girl, but chiefly because they were without the few pence which would secure them beds in any lodging-house. Hearing from the ' Deputy ' the facts of the case, I beckoned them both out into the street, and when at a sufficient distance to avoid observance, gave them a card which, by arrangement previously made, procured them a decent lodging not very far from where we stood.

THE RESULTS OF A MOTHER'S SIN.

" My offers of permanent assistance for the girl were gladly accepted ; and two days after that she presented herself at the Home with her father. It was a dark story they had to tell, but not very different from those with which I had already been made so sadly familiar from other lips. A poor country home broken up through a mother's sin, and then a journey to the Metropolis in the vain hope of doing better there—a hope entirely dispelled, and yet as often renewed, until their clothing was worn to rags, and the respectable appearance first possessed was gone. The father and the girl—the latter twelve years of age—wandered from day to day about the streets, sometimes picking up enough through the pity of passers-by to secure the shelter of a roof for at least one night. But this was not always so ; and many a night had been passed in the parks or in the open streets, or lying down in some dark corner where they could remain unobserved, only to awake next morning stiff and cold, footsore and weary, to begin the sad tramp of life over again.

" Our Home for Girls was then entering upon its second year's existence. I gladly made room for Annie, who was gratefully surrendered to my care by her poor heart-broken father. Fortunately she was his only child, and when she was gone he was able, with greater energy and less anxiety, to seek work for himself. A few years ago I heard he had been sent to one of the colonies by an Emigration Society, but I have not since had tidings of him." (*The right-hand section of the lower portion of our frontispiece picture represents " Gentleman Jack " in the act of cooking his supper.*)

In the Girls' Home at Ilford there are 590 orphan and destitute girls being trained for domestic service. In the Boys' Home at Stepney there are 380 vagrant boys. In these and the several other homes under Dr. Barnardo's directorship, more than 4000 boys and girls have been received since their foundation in 1870, and there are now 1200 in residence, fed, clothed, and receiving an industrial and Christian education. The cost of all this work is defrayed by voluntary contributions, which hitherto have flowed in as they have been needed. It requires *five hundred dollars a day* to pay the entire expenses, and though at times the funds have been almost exhausted, God has inclined some servant of His to replenish the empty exchequer in time to prevent a collapse.

A NIGHT'S WORK IN A LIFE BOAT.

The citizens of Beachhaven were gathered one bitter winter afternoon on the cliffs overlooking the Atlantic. A storm almost unprecedented in fury on that coast was raging. The sky where the sun was setting was of an angry copper color. The waves lashed by the wind raised their crested heads high above the confused sea, and where the billows struck the rock-bound coast the surface was covered with foam. In the distance a vessel was laboring heavily. Every eye in the crowd was turned in that direction, and many a heart beat quickly as she sank in the trough of the sea and mounted again on the waves. Not one there of those gazing intently from the cliff at the ship knew what vessel it was, or who were on board of her. The anxiety displayed about her fate was the product of that sympathy of man with man, which is always aroused by the spectacle of human life in peril.

Among the group of anxious watchers was a middle-aged man in sailor's dress. His frame was sturdy and well knit, a powerful man whose bronzed face and keen, watchful eye proclaimed him an experienced sailor. This was Charles Spencer, the mate of a vessel then in dock for repairs.

He was spending the brief holiday thus afforded him with his family in his own little cottage about a mile from Beachhaven. That afternoon a strange restlessness came over him, and seizing his telescope and wrapping himself up in his pilot coat he hurried away to the cliff which commanded a view of the open sea. The men who were watching the ship gathered around him and tacitly left the direction of affairs in his hands. His experienced eye soon detected an ominous fact no one else had noticed. " She has lost her rudder," he said, not removing his eye from his telescope. " There will be work for us to do tonight."

They all knew what he meant. The life-boat would be needed, and they were thankful that a vacant place in the crew would be filled by a man in whom they had so much confidence, as all had in Charles Spencer. It was gradually growing dark, and the vessel they were watching was being borne swiftly and surely toward the fatal rocks. Her destruction was inevitable, but it might be that she would be cast on the shore where all on board could be easily rescued. In her course, however, and a full mile from the beach, were a number of treacherous jagged rocks well known to every sailor and easily avoided under ordinary circumstances, but in such a sea and without a rudder she was almost certain to strike them. Charles Spencer saw this, and suggested that the life-boat should be launched and everything prepared to go to her assistance. It was quickly done, and every man stood ready at his post, while the mate stood on the summit of the cliff still following through his telescope the movements of the doomed craft.

It was evident that the crew were aware of their danger for they could be seen busily engaged in running up a sail that in default of the rudder might alter the ship's course. But it was too

late; she struck the rocks heavily, crushing in her bows and the next wave lifted her bodily and left her there fixed on the rocks a hopeless wreck. Spencer closed his telescope, and bidding the villagers around him light a fire on the cliff that might serve as a beacon, he hurried down the steep descent to the point where the life-boat was moored. The daring men were soon seated and pulling hard for the wreck. It was a service of danger so imminent that hearts less gallant than theirs would have quailed before it. Their boat, fleet and strongly built as she was, needed skilful management, or she would more than once have been engulfed in that boisterous sea. It was nearly an hour before they were alongside the wreck, and Spencer standing up in the boat, gave a great shout scarcely audible above the roaring of wind and waves to those on board. It was heard, and a rope was quickly passed connecting the ship with the boat.

"Save the women and children first," was the word of command. The boat soon had as many on board as it was safe to carry, and with a promise of speedy return the boat was speeding toward the shore. All night long, guided by the beacon on the cliff and the lights on the vessel, the devoted men went to and fro carrying the shipwrecked people to the beach, where they were cared for by the hospitable villagers. The sun was just rising, as weary and exhausted the life-boat's crew made their last trip, bearing the last of the crew of the vessel.

Charles Spencer's Return from the Lifeboat Service.

No words could express the gratitude of the rescued people. They well knew that they owed the preservation of their lives to the brave men who had toiled all night at the peril of their lives to save them. The vessel was fast breaking to pieces, and but a glance was needed to show what must have been the fate of all on board, had there been no one to carry succor to them.

Having seen that all the rescued people were bestowed in places were they would be cared for and their wants supplied, Charles Spencer, whose skill and unwearied exertion had been mainly instrumental in saving so many lives, set out for home.

The man was physically exhausted, but in his heart there were glowing the warm words of gratitude which had been poured in his ears. He stepped briskly along the circuitous path that led around the base of the cliff, his weakness and weariness forgotten in the joy of a good deed done and a service rendered in the cause of humanity. He looked across the bay toward the little headland where his cottage was built, and wondered at the calm which had fallen on the sea. The storm, which the night before had lashed the sea into fury, had blown itself out, and the sea lay smooth as a mirror reflecting the rays of the sun.

As he looked he was surprised to see several people around his door, and for a moment was alarmed, dreading that some untoward event had occurred in his absence. Then it suddenly crossed his mind that to his loved ones at home his absence the whole night through was unexplained. They must have wondered what had become of him, and why he had gone out in the storm and had not returned. But now he was seen; some one had carried the news of his coming to the anxious hearts within his dwelling, for there at the gate was his wife with their children at her side waiting to give him welcome.

The next day was Sunday, and it was a day long remembered in the village. The whole of the crew and passengers of the shipwrecked vessel attended at the village church to offer thanks to God for their deliverance. It was a sight not easily forgotten. Those who but a few hours before were face to face with death now in humble thankfulness praised God for renewed life. Nor did the preacher miss the opportunity of showing them how a greater deliverance still was wrought for them through Jesus, the Captain of salvation. Perilous as their situation had been, it was but a slight peril compared with that of the world when Jesus gave His life to ransom it. With tender and earnest words this truth was impressed upon them, and they were urged to accept the offered rescue as they had gladly availed themselves of that of the life-boat. To many there that day was the beginning of a new life which would never end.

TRUE, THOUGH TRIED.

A Tale of the Seventeenth Century.

By Marie Hall.

THE WHITE ROSE.

[NO period in the comparatively modern history of the world is more deeply interesting to the Christian student than that of the seventeenth century. It was then that *the Mayflower* with its freight of Godly men and women despairing of religious liberty in the old world, set out to seek it in the new. While they were enduring sickness, suffering and hardship here their friends across the sea whom they had left behind were passing through a bitter experience. It seemed as if the powers of darkness had gained fresh energy and strength, and that pure and undefiled religion would be persecuted out of existence. In England especially the conflict was waged with bitter malignity. James II., a Roman Catholic king, of a narrow mind, obstinate, wicked, and contemptible in all his ways, sat upon the throne. He was surrounded by men of his own faith who led him as they would. The great offices of state were confided in defiance of law to apostates and men who, having no religion, were eager to purchase the king's favor by professing Romanism, while to be a Christian and a Protestant was a certain way to provoke the remorseless hatred of king and court. It is to the events of that time this story relates.]

THE church clock in the little town of Deerham had just struck five, when a door in a narrow street opened, and a cloaked and hooded figure stepped out into the afternoon sunshine. The wearer of the cloak and hood looked cautiously up and down the street, then, apparently reassured, the hood was pushed back, and a maiden's face was exposed to view. The day had been very sultry; not a leaf stirred on the chestnut trees that grew down one side of the road, under whose shade the maiden seemed glad to retreat. She soon turned into a wide open square, with a market cross in the centre; and while she traverses the square, and stops to talk to that old woman in a white muslin cap, we will introduce her to the reader.

The maiden's name was Margaret Desborough, or, as the townfolk called her, "*The White Rose of Deerham*," from the fairness of her hair and complexion. She was an orphan, and lived with her uncle and aunt, Sir Gilbert and Dame Evans, who were childless; but she was not a favorite with them for, before she became an inmate of their home, she had been brought up strictly as a Puritan; and Margaret did not change her religion when necessity drove her to her uncle's house. This adherence to an obnoxious faith was a constant source of annoyance to Sir Gilbert and his wife. He was all but a Catholic himself; his loyalty was such that he would have thought it right to imitate his sovereign, even if that personage had been pleased to revive the worship of the sun and moon.

No doubt, if Margaret had meekly laid aside her Puritanical notions and dress, she would have been the pride of Sir Gilbert's house, for although he was stern, there were soft places in his heart; but he could not brook opposition, especially from a younger member of his house, and one dependent on him. Margaret had respectfully yet firmly refused to adopt the gay style of dress then in fashion, and no argument could convince her that the sect to which she belonged were only fit for the madhouse or the pillory.

Being naturally of a serious cast of mind, these domestic disputes deepened the gravity and pensiveness of Margaret's character. The times were troublous, too; some of the dearest friends of her

childhood had suffered, and were then suffering persecution and imprisonment for the faith they loved. Charles the Second's licentious reign had been a time of sorrow and sad forbodings to all thoughtful and religious people; and now James's administration did not promise the restoration of peace, purity, or order.

A little band of Puritans met together secretly in Deerham, often with trembling, lest they should be interrupted in their illegal devotions, and the chief among them arrested. It was from one of these small gatherings that Margaret had just returned, on the sunny afternoon to which we have referred.

By this time she has crossed the square, and passed into the principal street of the town. A few steps further she met a middle-aged man, whose gaudy dress suggested the idea that the wearer had more money than taste. Some might have called him handsome, at the first glance; but a further study of his features left an unpleasant impression on the mind, and only those who valued wealth cared for the acquaintance of Captain Butler. This man made a movement as if he intended to stop and speak; but Margaret drew her hood hastily over her face, and hurried by, with a haughty courtesy. She walked on so quickly, that on turning the corner of the street she ran against some one, and looking up to apologize, she stopped and held out her hand. The young man with whom she had come in collision took her hand, and smiled at the maiden's confusion, as she exclaimed:

"I really ask your pardon, Master Pelham."

"Nay, I think the apology should be mutual," said he. "Have you been to the meeting?"

"Yes," replied Margaret. "But when did you return from London? I did not expect to see you back so soon."

"Oh, I only got here this noon; my business was soon settled. There are strange things reported, and I fear ill times are at hand," said the young man, shaking his head.

The color that had come into Margaret's cheek faded, not from any personal fear—to that the little Puritan was a stranger, but some she loved would be in danger, and for them her heart sank and trembled. However, she hopefully answered:

"The storm may pass over without breaking; should it come, I pray that our faith fail not."

"Amen," responded Master Pelham; and with a reverential adieu, he took his way toward the market, and Margaret continued her walk until the outskirts of the town were reached. Sir Gilbert lived in a red-brick house, built in the Elizabethan style, of which we still see well-preserved specimens. It was a handsome dwelling, surrounded by extensive gardens, somewhat stiff and prim, but the admiration of all Deerham.

Down the broad walk, shaded by fine old trees, the baronet and his lady slowly paced on the evening of this same sultry day, and thither the cool breezes tempted Margaret. She did not join her relatives, but lingered about, looking at the flowers, and gathering a moss-rosebud to put in the bosom of her sober but becoming gown.

"Hey, Margaret!" cried Sir Gilbert, espying his niece; "come here—I want to say a word to you."

"Bless me!" said her aunt, looking at the maiden, as she joined them; "if you only knew how much a few ornaments improved a young woman, you would not despise them as you do."

"I never did despise flowers, aunt," said Margaret, quietly.

"Well, well, they are cheap and plentiful enough here," said Sir Gilbert, impatiently. "But I wanted to tell you that Captain Butler has been here this afternoon, and complains of your haughty behavior to him. Now this I will not allow toward any guest of mine, much less to a man of Captain Butler's position and wealth. Besides, I have reasons why I wish you to treat him with especial courtesy."

"May I ask what those reasons are, sir?" said Margaret, half guessing what the answer would be.

"Well, I decline to state my reasons at present; only I must request that you will alter your behavior to that gentleman," said the baronet, pompously.

"But, uncle, I do not like Captain Butler; his manners are exceedingly disagreeable and presumptuous," persisted his niece, in a firm but gentle tone.

"Presumptuous, indeed! And, pray, my girl, who are you, that you should scorn Captain Butler?"

"I am Sir Gilbert Evans's niece, sir."

"Ah, true, true," said he. She had touched his family pride. "Still, he is not a man to be held in disdain; he is very wealthy, and he has a preference for you, Margaret."

"But he is vulgar and ignorant, uncle," said the girl. "However, as long as he treats me with respect, I shall be civil to him; but if he forgets his position and mine, I cannot promise to sweeten my words. You cannot expect me to do otherwise, I am sure, sir."

Sir Gilbert did not reply; in his secret heart he admired his niece's spirit. She had spoken as he would have wished a daughter of his own to speak, but yet he was irritated; his prejudices would not let him attribute any other than ill motives to Margaret for her present independent behavior.

"If you have no more to say to your niece, Gilbert," said the dame, after a pause, while they paced up and down the broad walk, "she had better go in to her embroidery; there is still an hour of daylight left."

Margaret was glad to quit their company, and be alone; and seated at her delicate work, she recalled the conversation. It was very plain to her what the drift of it all meant, and she foresaw further trouble and vexation. Again she longed to be free, even to earn her own subsistence, and earn but a scanty meal in quietness. Often had she expressed a wish to support herself, but her uncle would not listen to such a thing; while he continually reminded her of her obligations, and called the slightest opposition to his will the sign of an ungrateful heart. And now this fresh source of annoyance had arisen by the ill-bred, coarse-minded captain taking a violent fancy to the strict little Puritan.

Sir Gilbert was rather discomposed by the high tone with which his niece had met his remonstrance; nevertheless, he had not the remotest idea of giving up the object in view; in fact, he had already promised Captain Butler that, sooner or later, his niece should give her consent to a union with him. He only required time, he said, to bring the refractory spirit to submission; but of the final result he had not a single doubt. After this evening's experience, he laid himself out for a rather long siege.

"You know she must yield in the end, wife; so it is no use her putting on such airs. But all women make a fuss at first," said Sir Gilbert, adding:

"Captain Butler asked me to-day if I would let him have that miniature picture which lies in my cabinet; he caught sight of it in some way. He thought it was a likeness of Margaret herself. I told him it was her mother, and that I did not like to part with it. She was my only sister, dame, after all, although she did fall into some strange errors; but that was all Desborough's fault. Well, I told the captain he could not have it. Then he asked if I would get a large picture taken of her, for which, of course, he would pay, and from it he could have a miniature copied. I know Margaret would not consent, if she knew, but I shall not tell her anything more than is necessary to secure a likeness. He is a foolish fellow to spend so much money for a trifle, but his heart is set upon her, and if we can only manage it, she may turn out a sensible matron yet. Butler will have none of her meetings and praying folks. He can forbid what he likes, and I shall be free from my promise."

Next morning, Margaret was astonished at hearing it announced that her portrait was to be taken, and that that very day arrangements were to be made for an artist from a neighboring town to take up his residence at Sir Gilbert's. She puzzled over the strange news all the day, but could find no solution of the riddle. In the gallery of Deerham Hall hung the portraits of her ancestors for many generations back. Lately, Sir Gilbert and his wife had been added to the collection, and now Margaret was to take her place among them.

Myers, the painter, arrived, and arranged his easel at the end of the gallery. He was slightly deformed, but his fine head and intellectual features partly atoned for the ill-shape of his body; and it was soon evident that he knew and loved his profession.

In due time the painting was finished and taken away (ostensibly) to be framed; but before it was sent back to Deerham Hall two copies of it had been taken. The weeks rolled on heavily, each one bringing fresh troubles to the maiden, whose greatest trial was the prosecuting attentions of the captain. One evening he found her in the long walk, and was by her side before she had time to escape. There was a triumphant gleam in the soldier's eye, and an especial insolence in his manner, that roused Margaret's pride.

"I have something to show you," said he, producing a handsome leather case, of foreign workmanship, but keeping it still closed. "I have something to show you; it is the miniature of the fairest woman in England, and my ambition will only be satisfied when I possess the original."

Margaret's heart gave a leap. Perhaps he had seen the uselessness of his suit, and was now trying to pique her, by bestowing his favors on another. But her relief was of short duration. Her tormentor opened the case deliberately, furtively watching her face the while; and there, set in a rim of gold, lay an admirable portrait of herself! Words cannot describe the astonishment and indignation depicted on the maiden's face at the sight; nor can what followed be repeated, save that, when the soldier left her presence he felt that he was utterly and hopelessly defeated. Even his vanity could not deceive him, by suggesting the faintest chance of a different reception from the lady at another time; his former liking changed into hatred; and his ungenerous spirit longed for revenge—for some means of humbling her pride.

Sir Gilbert heard, next day, from the discomfited suitor, the result of his enterprise. In vain the baronet urged that Margaret was young, and might change her mind, or be brought to reason. The captain was sullen, and said:

"I am not going to make a fool of myself again," adding some maledictions on women in general.

Returning home, Sir Gilbert told his wife of the failure of their plans. Margaret was summoned; and as the captain himself had retired from the field, persuasion was exchanged for reproaches. The poor girl left their presence with a clear conscience, but a heavy heart; and gladly hailed the hour that called her to join the little company who met for prayer and instruction in God's Word. The week-day service was held from three to five o'clock. What a haven of rest seemed that quiet room to Margaret! It was not very large, having formerly been a dining-hall; but the present residents of the house had set apart this room for worship, and the utmost secrecy was observed in their gatherings.

The service had not yet begun. One by one the little congregation dropped in, until Master Pelham, the pastor, whom we have met before, took his place at a desk at the upper end of the room, and offered up a prayer. The maiden's head and heart were bowed, and her tears flowed afresh, as she followed the minister's petition which concluded thus:

"There is none else under heaven who can comfort us, but Thou, only, O Lord our God, the heavenly Physician of souls, who strikest and healest. We long after the joy of peace. If Thou give peace, if Thou pour into our hearts holy joy, the souls of Thy servants shall be full of melody, and shall become devout in Thy praise."

Lifted up by the good man's closing words, Margaret rose from her knees, calmed, and reconciled to her lot, ready to listen with undistracted mind to the short, simple sermon that followed, on the words, "In the world ye shall have tribu-

lation." The pastor had observant eyes for his little flock. He marked the traces of tears, and the hunted look of the most timid, and his instructions were mingled with many words of tenderest sympathy and encouragement.

The service over, Margaret hurried home. Guests were expected that afternoon, coming straight from London. Perhaps they might bring news; perhaps the names of some she loved might be mentioned.

The entrance gate was open, and a lumbering old vehicle, covered with dust, and followed by two or three outriders equally travel-stained, was passing up the avenue, when the maiden reached Sir Gilbert's little park; and in the bustle of this arrival she made her way to her own chamber, unobserved. Rebecca, the waiting-maid, quickly answered her mistress's summons.

"Be as nimble as you can, my girl. I would see this company soon, and hear the first tidings from the city."

(To be continued.)

ANANIAS AND SAPPHIRA.

S.S. Lesson for Feb. 25. Acts 6: 11-16. Golden Text, Prov. 12: 22. By Mrs. M. Baxter.

No Poverty in the Early Church—A Test of Consecration—All on the Altar—No Criticism of Methods—The Believer as God's Steward—The Enemy in the Church—Ananias Providing for a Time of Need—Not An Uncommon Case—A Foreign Element—Ananias Desiring to Appear Other Than He Was—The Revelation to Peter—Sapphira's Participation in Sin and Punishment—The Effect on the Church—Healing and Revival Simultaneous.

THERE was no poverty in the primitive church. We read, "Neither was there any among them that lacked; for as many as were possessors of lands or houses, sold them, and brought the prices of the things that were sold, and laid them at the apostles' feet; and distribution was made to every man according as he had need." This was a practical renunciation of all that they had, this was no mere doctrine, no empty profession. Those things which were given to the Lord were turned into money, and distributed to the needy members of their community.

Many children of God deceive themselves and fancy that they count all they have to be the Lord's, who would be most unwilling to part with their carriage, their family jewels, the house of their ancestors, the furniture which was their father's before them, the business which they have got together by years of toil, they would be unwilling to sell up all and go out to India or China as missionaries. Now it is not true that we have given up all, if we are unwilling to part with any or with the whole of our possessions to extend the kingdom of God. What use are our houses except

TO SERVE GOD'S PURPOSE

in the salvation of men? What use is our money except it is put out at interest for God in the support of His cause? It is an untrue thing to pretend that *all is on the altar*, so long as we are keeping back anything because of what men expect of us for anything, position, comfort, convenience, or aught else.

We cannot judge one another as to the way in which all we have may be used for God, whether it shall be sold and the money given to the Lord, or whether God may continue to retain us as His stewards of it. If we are

GOD'S STEWARDS

and He permits us to suffer loss, then the fact that all is the Lord's puts it out of our power to complain; shall He not do what He will with His own? There is something most painful in the idea of a rich man of God being master of his possessions, and patronizing the work of God by giving his hundreds or thousands. If he takes his right place, he will not feel that he can dispose of a cent; he will be like the Lord's cashier, a simple servant who shrinks from any imputation of generosity, just as a man full of the Holy Ghost shrinks involuntarily from any imputation to him of power or wisdom, and says, "It was the Lord."

Among the first who sold land and gave all the proceeds to the Lord was Barnabas (the son of consolation) afterward so blessed a witness for the Master, and many followed his example, so that it became the ordinary thing for members of the church to cease to be proprietors. They took the position of the Levites of old, "Wherefore Levi hath no part nor inheritance with his brethren, the Lord is his inheritance, according as the Lord thy God promised him" (Deut. 10: 9).

But even in this blessed company of early Christians where the air of heaven was so pure, and where Jesus only seemed to reign, the enemy of souls crept in. There was one man who

WANTED TO HAVE THE CREDIT

of living up to the glorious standard of Christian life which obtained then in the church, and who yet was not prepared to make a complete sacrifice. He wanted to have *something to fall back upon* in case he came to need; he did not entirely trust his case with God. So "Ananias with Sapphira his wife, sold a possession, and kept back part of the price, his wife also being privy to it and brought a certain part, and laid it at the apostles' feet." Would that this were an uncommon case! it was so then, when the tone of Christianity was so high, when every believer was filled with the Holy Ghost, when self could not raise its head, and all the members of the body of Christ worked together as parts of one whole; when jealousy and self-seeking were unknown and impossible in such an atmosphere. These men were in the fullest sense seeking first the kingdom of heaven, knowing of a truth that all things should be called unto them (Matt. 6: 33); they took the Lord for their Shepherd, and they knew that they should not want (Psalm 23: 1). Thus the duplicity and unbelief, not to speak of the self-seeking of Ananias, brought in *a new and foreign element*. Alas! in our day the Ananias element predominates. Men and women sing, "My body, soul and spirit, Jesus I give to Thee," and yet we see them living to themselves; they sing, "Were the whole realm of nature mine, that were a present far too small," and yet the offering which they make to God is the merest fraction of their possessions.

Reader, how much do you give to the Lord? Have you ever taken the position of being the Lord's property yourself, and therefore all that you have? Then how much is it consistent for you to appropriate to the Lord? Is your business the Lord's? do you conduct it for Him or for the making of a name and a position for yourself? Do you train your children for the Lord, and care that their education shall be such as shall most serve the purpose of your God? Are your household arrangements such that they are elastic when the work of God calls for a change of meal times, etc.? Is God first in the house? Is He considered above all others? Is your position in society the Lord's to be used or neglected just as it serves God's purpose? Do you make a practice of being faithful to those in your own position in life, letting them clearly see that God is first with you, caring nothing for the contempt in which they hold you? Is your money the Lord's, so that you practise the strictest economy in board, lodging, clothing, and travelling, that you may have all the rest for Jesus? If not, are you not keeping back "part of the price"?

The fearful sin of Ananias lay in his attempt to take the place of one who had been moved by the Holy Ghost to renounce all that he had, and who had responded to the call, he wanted it to be believed by the apostles and believers in general that he was possessed by a devotion which consumed him, when all the time he was making plans to help himself. And God would be

NO PARTY TO SUCH A TRANSACTION.

No sooner did Ananias bring his offering, and lay it at the apostle's feet, than Peter seeing with the eyes of God, read his heart, and said, "Ananias, why hath Satan filled thine heart to lie to the Holy Ghost, and to keep back part of the price of the land? Whiles it remained, was it not thine own? and after it was sold, was it not in thine own power"? God had not forced him either to sell it or to give it, it was his own act, he might have withheld it, owning that he had not faith enough to follow in the track of others. But he wanted to serve himself and get the credit for serving God. "Why hast thou conceived this thing in thine heart? thou hast not lied unto men, but unto God." Little did Ananias think that the Searcher of hearts had communicated his secret to Peter. But the Holy Ghost is not to be trifled with, and so mighty was the power in His words by Peter that the physical life of Ananias gave way before them, and he fell dead at the apostle's feet. "And the young men arose, covered him up, and carried him out and buried him."

Only three hours elapsed when Sapphira, not knowing what was done, came in, and Peter put the question to her, "Tell me whether ye sold the land for so much"? Her answer was quick and ready, "Yea, for so much." Oh, had she known that which had just occurred, how different would have been her answer! Poor sinful woman, she was all unprepared for the awful words which followed, "How is it that ye have agreed together to tempt the Spirit of the Lord? Behold the feet of them which have buried thy husband are at the door, and shall carry thee out." Not a moment for repentance, not an instant for getting right when she was wrong. God hates lying at all times and in all circumstances. "Lying lips are," at all times,

"AN ABOMINATION

unto the Lord." But in the special circumstances in which this spoken and acted lie took place, when these two, man and wife, had to run counter to the whole tone of the church, while assuming to be one with them, such sin became doubly heinous. In measure as God gives us light upon holiness of heart and life, sin, and especially anything in the form of untruth, becomes impossible. The instinct of the life of God is openness and thoroughness. When we read the description of the new Jerusalem we find that "there shall enter into it nothing that defileth, neither anything that worketh abomination or maketh a lie" (Rev. 21: 27).

THE EFFECT

of this sudden and awful judgment was most blessed and salutary upon the church. "Great fear came upon the church and upon as many as heard these things." Man learned that the God of truth tolerated neither lies nor liars. The prayer of the apostles that such wonders may be done in the name of the holy child Jesus, was manifestly answered, "by the hands of the apostles were many signs and wonders wrought among the people." In addition to this, half-hearted believers were kept at a distance; we read, "And of the rest durst no man join himself to them; but the people magnified them." Would that it were so now! Would that the tone of the children of God stood so high that false professors and unconsecrated believers would fear to join a church where Holy Ghost discipline was so strict! But this did not hinder the work from going on. This uncompromising stand against sin brought forward those honest and good hearts who longed to escape sin; there was a great revival. Believers were the more added to the Lord, multitudes both of men and women. And as always has been and always will be the case when the Holy Ghost has His way, and where the unbelief of Christians does not hinder, the work of healing went on simultaneously, "Insomuch that they brought forth the sick into the streets, and laid them on beds and couches, that at the least the shadow of Peter passing by might overshadow some of them. There came also a multitude out of the cities round about unto Jerusalem, bringing sick folks, and them which were vexed with unclean spirits; and they were healed, every one."

Why should not such times return? God is unchanged, the Holy Ghost is the same; God make Christians the same! Oh, that the Ananias spirit may die out of the church! Oh, that the one heart and one soul spirit, the true spirit of Jesus Christ, may revive among and inspire us. That we may be powerful we must be holy, we must be true, we must be like God. "The Lord is at hand" waiting for a prepared Bride, hundreds of thousands of souls go down continually into perdition, not because the Gospel is unpreached, but because it has not the power of a Christ life in its votaries to back up the preaching. O God, at any cost make us holy, strip us of all that, we may be like Thee, and serve Thy purpose in our day and generation!

FOREIGN TOPICS.

The Date of the Coronation of the Czar of Russia is fixed for May 27th. The announcement is made by the Czar in a manifesto addressed to all Russian subjects. A ukase orders the attendance at Moscow, on the occasion of the coronation, of all the marshals, the nobility, the prefects of the provincial capitals, except those of Siberia, whose attendance is excused on account of distance, and the presidents of the rural and urban administrations. The Minister of the Household assisted by a commission is charged with the duty of making the necessary preparations. A newspaper correspondent telegraphs a summary of the preparations for the ceremony. He states that tailors are busy making up uniforms, and the Court jewelers have been overwhelmed with orders for crosses and stars to be distributed to the Czar's loyal subjects. The throne is being built in sections in St. Petersburg and Moscow, under the direction of General Filimonoff. The framework consists of dark oak, elaborately carved in antique Slavonic patterns, and the hangings are of crimson velvet, embroidered and fringed with gold. The dais, on which will be placed the chairs of the Emperor and Empress, is approached by three steps and is surmounted by a canopy supported by four columns about ten feet in height. The canopy bears the imperial eagle, and is ornamented with a kind of scroll work exhibiting the fifty-six coats of arms of the governments of Russia. Meantime the Nihilists are not idle. A despatch from Vienna to the London *Telegraph* says: "*A solemn warning, printed on fine vellum*, has reached the Czar and the members of the Russian Cabinet claiming universal suffrage, the right of the people to own land, freedom of conscience, of the press, and of public meeting. If these demands are not granted before the coronation of the Czar the Revolutionary Committee sending the warning threaten to revert to intimidation."

Prince Napoleon has been Released from prison. The tribunal before which he was arraigned quashed the indictment against him, and the Prince returned to his residence. He was in prison for three weeks and now for the first time in his life enjoys the sweets of a semi-popularity. Certain classes in Paris sympathize with him as a man who has suffered because he had the courage to tell the French Government and people some wholesome truths. It is stated that he will shortly visit England to confer with the Empress Eugenie. The Government evidently expected the decision of the Court in regard to Prince Napoleon, as it introduced an additional clause of the Press bill, making the issuing of placards inciting to the overthrow of the Republic punishable.

The French Government Appears to be Completely demoralized. M. Fallières, the Premier of a week, has expressed his intention to resign. His health is shattered, and it is evident that he has no influential following in the Legislature. M. Freycinet, the ex-Premier, has been invited by President Grèvy to form a cabinet, but has declined, being conscious that he does not possess the confidence of a majority in either chamber. In the emergency, M. Jules Ferry was then intrusted with the duty of constructing an administration, but he is believed to have refused the duty. M. Ferry is regarded with fear by the property owning classes, his political principles and affiliations being of the extreme type. Should he be induced to take office, there are likely to be sweeping changes inaugurated which will exasperate both the army and the priesthood, and may precipitate France into a revolution ending either in the restoration of the Bourbons or the re-establishment of the Empire.

The Carman who Drove the Assassins of Lord Frederick Cavendish and Mr. Burke to the spot in Phœnix Park, where the murder was committed, gave evidence on Saturday against the men charged with the commission of the crime. He was at first in the dock with the other prisoners, and while there he was positively identified by a little girl who saw him and spoke to him on the fatal night. When admitted to the witness-box as an informer, he acknowledged his share in the crime. He said that he was a member of the Assassination Society, and when he was admitted he had taken an oath to drive anywhere when required. He was ordered on May 6th to drive four men, of whom two are among the prisoners on trial, to Phœnix Park. There they met a cab in which were four other persons, of whom the witness identified two and the driver of the car, among the prisoners, and he testified that being instructed to be in readiness to drive away, he was close to the waiting group when the two victims approached; he saw them both fall, and afterward, the men he had driven jumped on his car and he drove away. Several witnesses were called who corroborated details in his evidence. The case against the accused is rendered very strong by the carman's evidence, and its gravity is evidently appreciated by the prisoners. That levity and carelessness they displayed at their previous examination left them when the carman took the witness-stand.

The Inquiry into the Cimbria Disaster has commenced in Hamburg. The captain of the Sultan being examined contradicted his former statement that he saw the port lights of the Cimbria first. The President of the Court cautioned him to read his sworn declaration. Captain Cuttill replied that if he had ever made such a statement it must have been through misapprehension of the question which elicited it. He said that by the violence of the collision the Sultan was turned head to westward. He dared not turn around again until he had repaired her damage, as the bulkhead, if her head was put to sea, would have been unable to stand the strain. Other officers of the Sultan stated that after the collision they heard the screams of women, but the fog was so dense that they saw nothing.

A Letter from Prince Bismarck to the American contributors to the fund for the relief of the sufferers by the recent floods has been received by the German consuls here. In it the Prince, in the name of the Emperor, thanks the contributors and says: "The Emperor has learned with keen interest from your report how general was the sympathy awakened among the German citizens in America for the sufferings of the residents of the inundated districts. He is much gratified to learn of the feeling of kinship which citizens of the German race abroad entertain for their countrymen in their old home, which corresponds with the friendly relations existing between Germany and America."

The Resignation of General Charles P. Stone or Stone Pacha, as he is called in Egypt, has caused general regret among the Egyptian people. The American general was entertained before leaving the Khedive's service at a banquet given by the members of the Egyptian Geographical Society, of which he was president. Two ex-Prime Ministers—Nubar and Riaz Pachas—were present, as well as over fifty other pachas, beys and officials of lesser magnitude. In accepting General Stone's resignation both the Khedive and the Premier—Cherif Pacha—addressed to him letters written in exceptionally complimentary terms. The real reason of General Stone's resignation is that he is convinced that Egypt—in spite of all England's protestations to the contrary—has become virtually a British province, and that all hope has now vanished of ever building up an independent Egypt under a successor of Mehemet Ali. General Stone during the recent troubles was faithful to the Khedive and gave no aid to Arabi.

The Cause of the False Prophet in Egypt Appears to have undergone reverses of a severe character. A letter published in the New York *Herald* from a pacha opposed to Es Senoussi, the prophet, says: "The situation in Kordofan is at present as follows: After the False Prophet attacked the city of Obeyad, where he was repulsed with a loss of over fifteen thousand men, he returned and laid siege to it. (Obeyad is the capital of Kordofan, is situated 250 miles south-west of Khartoum and 150 miles west of the White Nile.) As there were plenty of provisions in Obeyad to enable the garrison to hold out for several months Said Pacha, the governor of the city, did not deem it wise to risk an attack on the Mehdi and awaited the arrival of reinforcements from Khartoum. Reinforcements were sent, but they had very severe fighting on their way and lost a good number of men. These reinforcements finally reached Bara (a town thirty miles north of Obeyad), where they remained awaiting orders from Obeyad how to act in conjunction with the Obeyad garrison. And what since has been done is unknown to us. The last news that we have—although it remains to be officially confirmed—is that the False Prophet has given up the blockade of Obeyad and has gone to Birkeh, three days' march south of Obeyad, where he is awaiting reinforcements from the Bahr-el-Gazal and Darfour, and is in the mean time reorganizing his troops." The pacha describes the statements published in America from Dr. Schweinfurth as exaggerations.

The Barbarous Amusement of Pigeon Shooting matches has become unfashionable in England. The Princess of Wales, with the true womanliness that has made her the best beloved lady in the country, has for some time used her influence in opposition to the movement. She has now caused it to be made known in fashionable circles that she will attend no parties at which pigeon shooting forms an item in the programme. Several other ladies of eminence in society have followed her example. It will be a good thing if the cruel sport is banished in consequence from the entertainments of the aristocracy.

Messrs. Moody and Sankey having Concluded a brilliant and successful campaign at Dublin, where they were the means of leading a multitude of sinners to accept Christ as their Saviour, and devote themselves to His service, commenced labor in Birmingham on January 18th. Their meetings were held in Bingley Hall, which has a seating capacity of 9000, but notwithstanding its vast proportions it was continually filled to its utmost limits, and a considerable number of meetings in different districts of the town were held in furtherance of the general movement. Reports of good effected are published in the English journals. A remarkable feature of the movement was the cordiality with which ministers of all denominations joined in work and prayer for the success of the mission. Dr. R. W. Dale, the leading minister of the town, attended the meetings and testified in his own pulpit to the evident depth and sincerity of the results of the mission.

The Socialists of London are Preparing a Demonstration in favor of Mr. Bradlaugh, the atheist member of the British Parliament. It is stated that he intends going to the House of Commons accompanied by thousands of his sympathizers, and there offering to take the oath or affirm. The London *News* expresses the belief that the Ministry will introduce in the House of Commons a bill legalizing an affirmation by members who desire to affirm instead of taking the Parliamentary oath.

Dr. Benson, the New Archbishop of Canterbury, is of a Methodist stock. His grandfather was the late Rev. Joseph Benson, author of a commentary on the Bible, which still holds its place on old-fashioned Methodist bookshelves, and which testifies to the learning as well as to the piety of its author. Joseph Benson was one of those fine old Methodist preachers who sixty years ago, or thereabouts, commanded admiration and affection on account of their simple dignity of character and demeanor, their masculine force of intellect, and their extraordinary impressiveness as preachers of the Gospel.

An Illustrated Work on the Unfulfilled prophecies of the Bible, by the Rev. M. Baxter, entitled: "Forty Coming Wonders," may be had from the office of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, 63 Bible House, New York, by remitting one dollar. It is a book of 528 pages, is handsomely bound in cloth and contains fifty full-page pictures and diagrams representing the scenes described in the prophecies of Daniel and in the book of the Revelation. It also contains a resumé of the opinions of other expositors and extracts carefully collated from the works of all the most eminent writers on prophecy, from the earliest ages of the Christian era down to those of recent date. It thus forms the most useful and complete guide the student can have in entering on the study of that portion of the Word of God. The book may also be obtained for one dollar from any bookseller, who can procure it from the American News Company.

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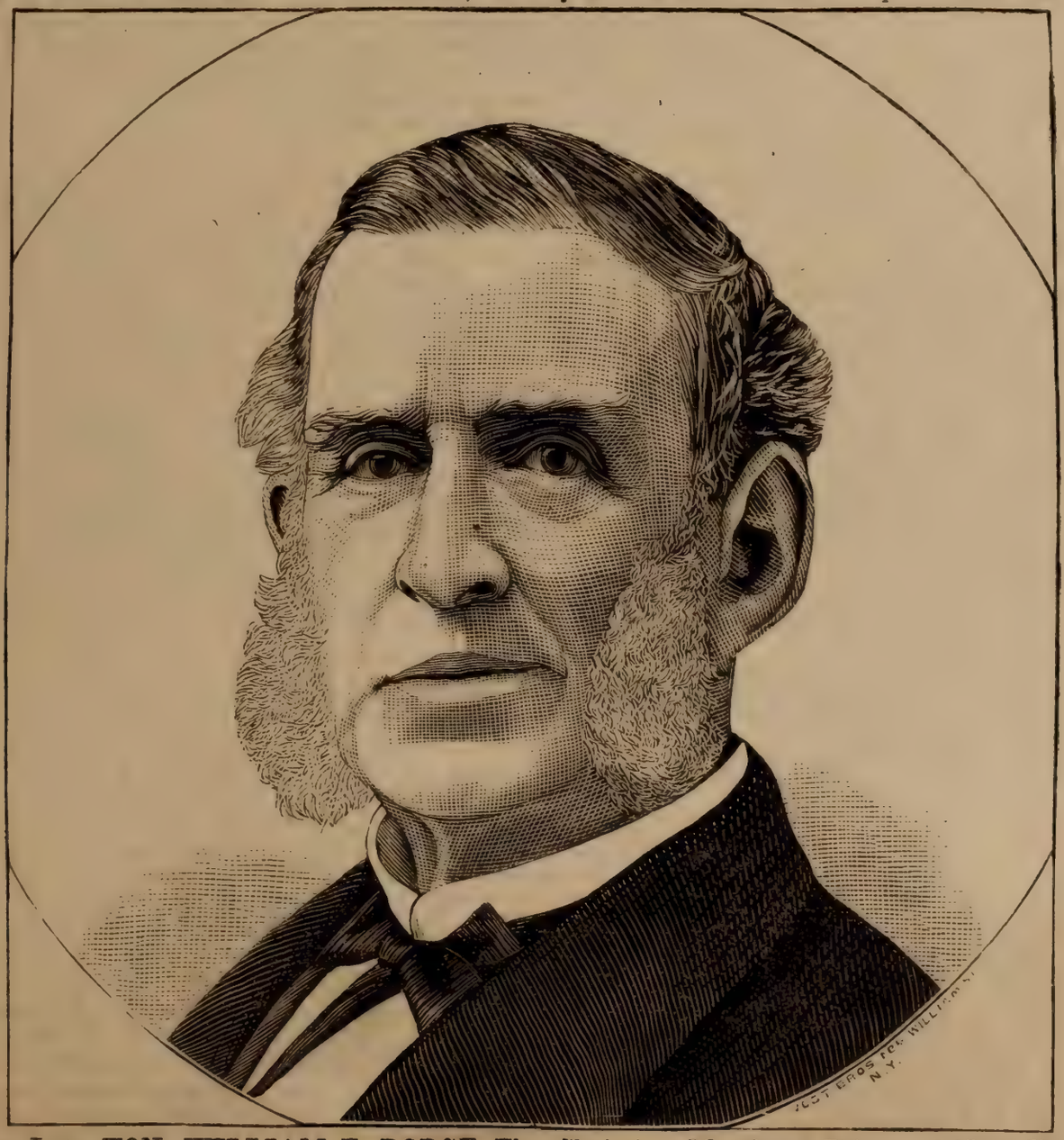

The Late HON. WILLIAM E. DODGE, The Christian Merchant Prince of New York.

HON. WM. E. DODGE.

Notable Obsequies—A Prince Fallen—A Little Book of Devotion—Christian Courage—Ancestry—Early Life—Errand-boy in a Store—Business in a Small Way—Three Peddlers—City Missionary Labors—From Dry Goods to Metals—Railroad Operations—Opposes Sunday Trains—Saved from a Huge Loss—Public Offices—Temperance Work—Large Gifts—English Recognition—Death.

A STRANGER to the city of New York who, on Monday, February 11th, saw the great concourse of its most eminent citizens gathered in the Church of the Covenant must have wondered what stirring cause could have drawn together so many men widely differing in politics, profession, social status, and religious denomination. To almost every citizen in New York the cause of the gathering was well known. Scarcely any one among them being asked what it was, but would have answered in effect, if not in words, "Know ye not that there is a prince and a great man fallen this day in Israel?"

As a leader among men, a veritable prince in the true nobility of nature, princely in his mental gifts, in his sterling integrity, in his conscientious conduct and his unlimited benevolence, William E. Dodge has left behind him a name and fame that will never be forgotten by this generation of his fellow-countrymen. It was a grand testimony to the worth of the Christian merchant that on the day of his funeral clergymen of all denominations, judges, professors, lawyers, editors and millionnaire merchants assembled, desiring to express by their presence their regard and esteem for the dead Christian.

Beside those who attended in their personal capacity, there were a large number of deputations representing institutions and corporations who held in high honor the name of William E. Dodge. Among these were: the officers and many members of the Chamber of Commerce; a deputation from each of the following railroad companies: The Delaware, Lackawanna and Western, the New York, Lackawanna and Western, the Morris and Essex, the Oswego and Syracuse, the Utica, Chenango and Susquehanna Valley, the Cayuga and Susquehanna and the Syracuse, Binghamton and New York; the Lackawanna Iron and Coal Company, the Atlantic Mutual Marine and the Mutual Life Insurance Companies, the United States Trust Company, the Iron and Metal Exchange, the Delaware and Hudson Canal Company, the American Exchange National Bank, the Union Theological Seminary, Lafayette and Williams Colleges, the Union League, Lotos and Union Clubs, the Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions, the American Bible Society, the Young Men's Christian Association, the Presbyterian Board of Foreign Missions, the Sabbath Committee, the American Tract Society, the American Branch of the Evangelical Alliance, the National Temperance Society, the Phelps, Water Street and Cremorne Missions, the Christian Homes for Intemperate Men and Women, the New York Post Office Temperance Society, and the Ansonia Brass and Copper Company.

In that distinguished assemblage a solemn hush prevailed as Dr. S. Irenæus Prime rose, and after reading a brief portion of Scripture, held up

A LITTLE BOOK OF DEVOTIONS

which Mr. Dodge had been accustomed to use for several years. It contained some Biblical readings for every day in the year, and it was Mr. Dodge's custom every morning before going down to prayers, to read those selected for that day. The verses selected for the 9th of February, the day of his death, were as follows, and had doubtless been read by Mr. Dodge a moment before his death: "And I heard a voice from heaven saying unto me, Write, Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord from henceforth: yea, saith the Spirit, that they may rest from their labors and their works do follow them." "Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might; for there is no work, nor device, nor knowledge, nor wisdom, in the grave, whither thou goest." "For I am now ready to be offered, and the time of my departure is at hand." "I have fought a good fight; I have finished my course; I have kept the faith: Henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness, which the Lord, the righteous Judge, shall give me at that day." "Those words," said Dr. Prime, "may be said to epitomize the life of our dead brother: he was full of fight for the right, and faith in his God."

Dr. Roswell Hitchcock, President Hopkins and Dr. Theodore Cuyler, who were all deeply affected, afterward addressed those present, dwelling on the characteristics which had made the man whom all mourned so eminent in the community. Prominent among them each speaker dwelt on the undaunted courage of the man. This courage we have all admired. It was a courage which enabled Mr. Dodge to stand up in opposition to the bulk of the people when his conscience prompted him, on the temperance question, the question of the observance of Lord's Day, and on other subjects on which he believed his principles as a Christian and a philanthropist were at stake. Foremost among merchants, four times elected President of the Chamber of Commerce, prominent among railroad magnates and a director of many companies, mixing day by day with all classes and conditions of men, he yet maintained untarnished his Christian character, was known as a Christian, and respected as such by those whose lives and principles differed most radically from his, he has gone to his grave honored by the whole community. All men, and especially all young men should study well the lessons of such a life.

HIS ANCESTRY

was English; as Dr. Hitchcock observed, "He was of gentle blood, refined and tempered through generations of outward comfort and of inward culture. The blood was English unmixed, Puritan English. The original American ancestor of the family was William Dodge, of Dorsetshire, in England, who came over to Salem in 1629, and was one of the founders of the Massachusetts Colony. William Earle Dodge was in the seventh generation of this descent. His father, David Low Dodge, who had been a successful merchant in Hartford, Conn., where William Earle *was born September 4th*, 1805, came that same year to New York, and established the firm of Higginson & Dodge. They had houses in Boston, New York, Baltimore, and New Orleans, and were the leading importers and jobbers of those days. The firm were large ship-owners, and lost heavily by the embargo, the action of Napoleon, and the war of 1812. Withdrawing from the firm, Mr. David Low Dodge retired for a time to Norwich, Conn., where he built one of the first cotton mills in New England.

"In 1818 he returned to New York, established the new firm of Ludlow & Dodge, and, in 1827, finally retired from business, devoting the rest of his life to literary and religious work, publishing several valuable books, and keeping himself well up in the theological controversies of the day. He was an elder in the old Wall Street Church, and, with Mr. Robert Lennox, father of the late James Lennox, formed the Building Committee of the new edifice in Wall Street. He was also connected with the Brick Church, and, on his recommendation, the Rev. Gardiner Spring, then a very young man, was called to be its first pastor. His wife, the mother of William Earle, was the daughter of the Rev. Aaron Cleveland, a learned minister, and the ancestor of many distinguished and leading men. Our friend was always grateful for his erudite and saintly parentage, and always honored it by word and deed."

When the Dodge family came to New York William was thirteen years old. He was at once placed as

BOY-OF-ALL-WORK

in a wholesale dry-goods store at No. 304 Pearl Street, near Peck Slip. Very recently the editor of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD traversed in his company the neighborhood in which those early years were spent, and listened with interest to his description of the scene as it was when, as a boy, he trod those streets sixty-five years ago.

His father lived at No. 98 William Street, where now it intersects Platt Street. It was part of his work as errand-boy to carry bundles up Broadway to Greenwich Village, which embraced what is now bounded by Seventh and Eighth Avenues and Fourth and Tenth Streets. The dry-goods district was confined almost entirely to Pearl Street, from Coenties to Peck Slip; the retail dry-goods shops were in upper Pearl and Chatham Streets, and Broad, Water and Front Streets contained the wholesale grocery houses. The population of the city was less than 120,000; the houses within the limits did not extend much beyond Canal Street, and John, Fulton, Beekman, Gold and Cliff Streets, where now the great printing houses, warehouses and factories stand, were then filled with private dwellings.

Mr. Dodge continued at work in various capacities, developing great energy, aptitude and skill as a salesman, and winning a large number of friends by qualities of good-nature and geniality, until he was twenty-one years old. Then, in May, 1827, he entered into

BUSINESS IN A SMALL WAY

as a dry-goods merchant at No. 213 Pearl Street. The firm name was Huntington & Dodge, his partner being a young man who had just been graduated from Yale College. This young man's father had been an employer of Mr. Dodge during most of the time the latter had worked in a subordinate capacity. He agreed to furnish a large share of the capital required for the undertaking, and promised to indorse the paper of the new firm to a reasonable extent. Thus fitted out the young men began business.

Mr. Dodge in after years thus related an incident which occurred at this period of his career. "A few weeks after we started, and when our stock of goods was small, three young men stepped into the store, each having two large tin trunks which he carried in his hands, aided by a large strap over the shoulders. I saw at once they were *Connecticut peddlers*, for I had often dealt with such when a clerk. They were attracted by some article in the window. After giving them its price, and while they set down their loads to rest and talk, I said pleasantly: 'I see you are, like myself, just starting in business. Now let me make you a proposition: There is plenty of room in our store; each of you take one of these pigeon-holes under the shelves, put your trunks there in place of carrying them around while you are picking up your goods, and just order all you buy to be sent here. We will take charge of your purchases, pack and ship them, and you can come here and examine your bills, write letters, and do as you like, *whether you buy a dollar of us or not.*' They were pleased with the offer, accepted it at once, and left in search of such things as they wanted.

"My young partner waited till they got out, and then with considerable excitement and wounded pride, said, 'Well, are those what you call customers?' I said, 'Yes; you know that tall oaks from little acorns grow. We shall see by and by what they will make.' Suffice it to say that for the six years I remained in the dry-goods business they were among my most attached customers. They were all respectable young men, not afraid of work, nor ashamed of small beginnings. They are all living. One has been *president of a New England Bank* for more than twenty years; his brother, years after, moved to one of the large towns of Ohio, went into business, and has grown to be the man of the place, associated with the railroads and public improvements of the State; the other, who was from a manufacturing town in Connecticut, has long been connected with the large mills of the place, a man unusually respected. These are examples of hundreds of our most successful and honored citizens, who have begun with little or nothing, but by industry, economy, and prudence have risen to the highest positions."

dicted events, "Take heed that no man deceive you," is of paramount importance. The current events of the day are bringing this particular question prominently to the notice of those students of prophecy who are endeavoring to discern the signs of the times in the light of Scripture; and in proportion to the greatness of the proof afforded that the attention thus given to the subject is promoting the glory of God, will the subtle devices of Satan be in operation, in order to draw away the mind of the inquirer from the brightness of God's truth, and delude it into the vain pursuit of the *ignis fatuus* emanating from the swamps of error.

Happily he has no power or influence over true faith, and he can only lead astray the sceptic and the unwary. The Holy Spirit of God, whose special work is to guide the children of God "into all truth" (John 16 : 13) will, when unresisted and not grieved, lead to a perfect harmony of interpretation. It is evident, therefore, that the lamentable divergence of opinion which so extensively prevails, as well in the outlines as in some of the details of unfulfilled prophecy, must necessarily be

THE RESULT OF SATANIC TACTICS

acting upon the natural disposition of mankind, either to rely upon human intellect, or when dissatisfied with the results of that, to submit to the wavering and uncertain conclusions of tradition or the despotic propagandism of Church authority. When the mind of the child of God is perfectly free from the influences of education and example, and from the prejudices thereby imbibed, and manifests a childlike willingness to receive, as on a *tabula rasa*, the promised teaching of the Holy Spirit, it will be found that the marvellous change which will eventually be witnessed and participated in by all the dwellers upon earth, will culminate in the assumption of visible power and authority over the kingdoms of the world by our Lord Jesus Christ, on the re-established throne of David. (Compare Acts 15 : 13–18; Luke 1 : 32; Psalm 2 : 8; and Isaiah 9 : 7.)

THE ORDERLY PROCESSION OF EVENTS.

The progressive events leading to this will occur in systematic and perfect order, as revealed by the Holy Ghost in the Word of God, and it is the privilege as well as the duty of the believer to investigate them. The Scriptural position of the Church during this long-protracted period, in which the events are being accomplished, and which will terminate in the "times of restitution of all things," according to the combined testimony of all the holy prophets, must be ascertained and duly appreciated; and the distinction drawn between the Church and the restored nations of Judah and Israel, as well as between the position they hold toward each other previous to their reunion. These several points are all clearly defined in Scripture. It will be seen that when the Messiah came to "restore again the kingdom to Israel" (Acts 1 : 6), He was interrupted in His purpose, and prevented from accomplishing it by His rejection and crucifixion.

THE FORMATION OF THE CHURCH.

This truth may be gathered from the solemn and the pathetic exclamation of the Lord Jesus Christ, "O Jerusalem, Jerusalem, which killest the prophets, and stonest them that are sent unto thee, how often would I have gathered thy children together, even as a hen gathereth her chickens under her wings, and ye would not. Behold your house is left unto you desolate." During the period of this desolation, comprising as it does the greater portion of the "times of the Gentiles," the formation of the Church takes place. This formation on the first superficial impression has somewhat the appearance of an *arrière pensée*, but a deeper view of it reveals the astonishing fact that the Church was formed in the mind of God before the foundation of the world.

It will also be seen that in this formation of the Church, the distinction between Jew and Gentile, called the "middle wall of partition," is broken down, but this great truth, termed the "hidden mystery," was not revealed till after the descent of the Holy Ghost upon the Church, and was not put into actual practice till some time after that descent, when it was proclaimed to the jealous Jews by the apostle Paul, after his celebrated sermon at Antioch, when he said, "Lo, we turn to the Gentiles." (Acts 13 : 46.)

Ever since then the formation of the Church has been gradually going on amid the opposition of open hostility and persecution, as well as of the deceitful imitations of truth, in the propagation of what is declared to be "another Gospel which is not another," and also the unscriptural combinations of multifarious human arrangements, which are known (and in some instances acknowledged) as sects, and which are suited more or less to the worldly mind, but unwarranted by the Word of God, and are in glaring contrast to the Christianity inculcated and practised by Christ and His Apostles.

THE TRUE SEPARATION OF THE CHURCH.

The full appreciation of this eclectic and exclusive standing of the Church, this real "coming out and being separate," will materially assist the members of Christ's Church in dissecting the numerous errors that are abroad, and in bringing every pretentious doctrine "to the law and to the testimony." Among other errors may be mentioned a strange doctrine that the beautiful figurative description of the Church as the "Bride of the Lamb," applies exclusively to the restored Jewish nation, on account of the typical expressions of betrothal which had been addressed to them by the prophets, especially by Hosea to Israel. But if this be a correct interpretation, the personality of the Church, with all her varied attainments, will be completely lost, and by an imaginary metempsychosis, her identity and idiosyncrasy will be merged into that of her Lord and Master, by a misinterpretation of the statement of her oneness with Christ.

HER ONLY TRUE AND SAFE POSITION.

With regard to the order of events ushering in the establishment of the predicted kingdom, the Church was warned against any undue interference with them, when the Lord corrected Peter's anxiety about John, and said, "Follow thou Me." (John 21 : 22.) The only true and safe position of the Church, therefore, is to follow Christ, and testify of Him irrespective of events, and "Wait for His coming from heaven," (1 Thess. 1 : 10); at the same time everything that is revealed in God's Word is open to the investigation of the members of Christ's Church, and although they may not be personally mixed up in many of these coming events, still it is not unreasonable to suppose that they will take a special interest in them, now that they have been admitted into the family of God, by the exercise of imparted faith (Eph. 2 : 8), corrected by chastenings, strengthened by victorious conflicts, changed and translated to heaven, and brought into a state of glory.

APPEARANCE OF FALSE CHRISTS.

We are told how desirous the angels in heaven are of looking into the things relating to Christ that are being enacted upon earth, (1 Peter 1 : 12.) The warning given against the appearance of false Christs at the time of the end, is significantly brought into remembrance by the remarkable expectation now prevailing among the Mohammedan population of the near approach of their Mahdy, or imaginary Messiah, who may probably appear in the form of one of Satan's Antichrists; and, in fact, it would seem that there is existing throughout the nations of the world an undefined expectation of some unprecedented and universal change being near at hand. While the Jews are "seeking after signs and the Greeks wisdom," the obedient believer follows "Jesus Christ and Him crucified," and while duly prepared for His summons, he may observe with interest the buddings and leafing of the prophetical fig-tree, and confidently rejoice that they are indications of the completion of his redemption.

WARS, EARTHQUAKES, ETC.

Some of the foretold events of the last days, such as wars and rumors of wars, and earthquakes, have occurred more or less frequently and intensely throughout the dispensation, but other events are clearly predicted to occur immediately before the "end comes," and with regard to these, both Jew and Christian are in danger of being deceived. Thus the Jew may suppose that the terrible judgments denounced against Jerusalem all took place at the siege of Titus; and the Christian may be led into the belief that there will be no further manifestation of a personal Antichrist, because some of his characteristics were indicated in the Popes of Rome. Such words are on a par with those of old who declared that the resurrection was passed already.

TURKEY AND THE JEWS.

Two very striking penultimate events are now in active progress—viz., the diminution of the power and influence of Turkey, and the return of the Jews to Palestine. The former is figuratively pointed out as the "drying up of the river Euphrates," (Rev. 16 : 12), and as the termination of the "second woe." (Rev. 11 : 14.) The recent war in Egypt will in all probability be overruled for weakening Turkey. When Turkish power is clean done away with, or held in harmless abeyance, the way will be cleared for the Jewish occupation of Palestine. It is very important to bear in mind that the return of Israel, or the Ten Tribes, will be a distinct event; and this clearly enunciated fact (see Isaiah 66 : 19, 20) sets at rest the eccentric doctrine, taken up by many, in the restless vagaries in which a section of society is indulging, that the British nation is identical with lost Israel. This separate return of Israel is in accordance with the fact that Israel, as a nation, is not implicated in the crucifixion of Christ, and consequently will not, in the righteous judgments of God, be partakers of the retributive punishment that will be inflicted on the Jews, on whom still rests the blood of Christ by hereditary imprecation. (Matt. 27.)

REBUILDING OF JERUSALEM.

After Judah is gathered, which will be in unbelief, Jerusalem with its temple will be rebuilt, and the position of the Jews among the other nations of the world will become of such political importance, that all nations, and notably Russia, will be gathered against them. (Zech. 14 : 2; Ezek. 39.) The covenant made with the infidel Antichrist will be broken, and terrible events will occur, constituting the last great tribulation, or time of Jacob's trouble. Contemporaneously with these events will be the abstraction from the Gentiles of the misused power divinely given, first to Nebuchadnezzar (Dan. 2 : 37), and afterward to Cyrus (2 Chron. 36 : 23), which is figuratively foretold in the famous dream of Nebuchadnezzar, interpreted by Daniel, in which is described the dashing to pieces of the composite image by the stone cut out without hands, and then filling the whole earth.

THE TEN KINGDOMS.

But in order that this prophecy shall be completely fulfilled, it will be necessary that the ten kingdoms, typified by the ten toes of the image in Daniel, should re-appear distinctly upon the scene, and this we know *is in process of development*. The concentration of these imminent judgments will be at Jerusalem. The Lord Jesus Christ, attended by His risen and translated Church, will "make His enemies His footstool" (Psalm 110 : 1), and the parabolic "wicked husbandmen" will be miserably destroyed. By the infliction of these judgments Judah will be miraculously delivered from her assailants, and will, like unbelieving Thomas, look upon Him whom they have pierced, and will then repent and believe. After these events, Israel will be gathered from her protracted banishment, and as the two staves "Beauty and Bands" were broken, (Zech. 11 : 14), and afterward joined together, (Ezek. 37 : 20, 21), so Judah and Israel will be united and become the chief nation on the earth. Then the promise to Peter shall be fulfilled: "In the regeneration, when the Son of Man shall sit in the throne of His glory, ye also shall sit upon twelve thrones, judging the twelve tribes of Israel."

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CURRENT EVENTS.

The Discussion of the Tariff Bills Occupied the attention of our legislators in both Houses of Congress again last week. There was conspicuous in both a spirit which the people will not fail to notice, and practically deal with at the proper time. That is the spirit of unmitigated selfishness and subservience to the great monopolies. There is no well-grounded assurance that either of the bills before Congress would afford relief to the heavily taxed people. No one is able to understand the probable result of the changes made, and even experts are divided in opinion as to whether those changes will make the law more or less onerous than at present. Such pitiful schemes are beneath contempt, and the most intelligent and patriotic citizens freely express their hope that neither bill will pass. There has been no broad enlightened effort made to relieve the nation of its burden. Statistics show that last year *every man, woman and child in the United States was forced to pay on an average seven dollars* under the tariff and internal revenue laws. This too, be it remembered, not to meet the necessities of the government, not to defray extraordinary expenses, but to provide a gigantic surplus for Congressmen to use in such ways as the River and Harbor Bill. The promise of the chairman of the Committee of Ways and Means that a bill should be introduced which would reduce the revenue by seventy-five million dollars has not been kept; and contempt has been shown to the President's recommendation that all the internal taxes except those on distilled spirits should be repealed, and large reductions made from the customs revenue, so as to equalize the public burden among all classes and occupations, and bring it into closer harmony with the present needs of industry, and a simplification effected of the complex and inconsistent schedule of duties upon certain manufactures, particularly those of cotton, iron and steel, and a substantial reduction of duties upon those articles and upon sugar, molasses, silk, wool and woollen goods. The people have taken care that many members of the Forty-seventh Congress shall not sit in the Forty-eighth, and an opinion is becoming increasingly prevalent that not only was that step wise, but that it will have to be repeated before the grievances of the people are recognized and removed.

The Return of the Japanese Indemnity has at length been sanctioned by Congress. The Senate, on February 16th, agreed to the Conference Report. Mr. Morrill referring to the question of interest, made a speech in justification of the amendments to the House bill, adopted on his motion, and attempted to refute the charge that the United States obtained a large sum of money from Japan through false pretences. After reviewing in detail the outrages committed on Americans in Japan, Mr. Morrill said he had come to the conclusion that Japan was not entitled to a return of the original sum of the indemnity, unless we, in a spirit of forgiveness, choose to offer it. Japan having no satisfactory title even to the principle, all questions of interest must at once and forever vanish. Having once voted with the majority of the Senate to return to Japan $785,000, he would do so again, because by the agitation of the subject we had given Japan some reason to expect it from our abounding means and more abounding liberality, and not as a legal or moral right; but he would not vote for any larger sum. Though we have had the use of the money for twenty years, it was decided to return only the original sum.

The Rise of the Ohio River has Involved during the past week suffering that has no parallel in the recent history of the country. In Cincinnati the water on Thursday reached the unprecedented height of *sixty-six feet*, and the city was in a deplorable condition. Railroad communication was cut off; the gas and water companies were compelled to suspend work; eight square miles of the city were under water, and fifty thousand people homeless or living in the upper stories of their houses without food or fuel. Several lives were lost by the sinking of a freight depot, owing to the ground on which it rested having melted. It is feared too that the rise in the river was so sudden that many persons were drowned in their houses and in the streets before they could escape. From Louisville, Ky., from New Albany, Lafayette, Evansville, and Lawrenceburg, Ind., similar distress is reported. At New Albany alone 1200 houses were washed away. Large sums of money are being sent from all quarters to relieve the wants of the destitute, but the demand is necessarily enormous, and for a long time thousands of dollars will be needed daily to sustain life. The presidents of the exchanges in New York have opened subscription-lists for the relief fund, and the New York *Herald* has commenced a list of its own, with a contribution of five thousand dollars.

A Sensation in the Star Route Trials was produced on Thursday last by the surrender of Rerdell, the secretary of ex-Senator Dorsey. He was convicted, it will be remembered, by the jury at the previous trial, but as he was evidently the least culpable of the gang, his conviction was quashed by the judge. He has now withdrawn his plea of "not guilty," and pleading guilty threw himself on the mercy of the court. The evidence he gave rendered the case of the government important service. He stated that he had been sent out West by Dorsey, nearly a year before the latter left the Senate, instructed to build stations, houses and stables along the Bismarck and Tongue River route, with the understanding that only every other one was to be used before expedition was ordered. This was soon after the beginning of the contract term, showing apparently that there was a prior understanding with Brady that there should be expedition. On this trip he got petitions for increases under directions from Dorsey. When Rerdell took charge of Dorsey's correspondence, he found among the papers a number of *affidavits in blank* signed by J. W. Dorsey, the Senator's brother, and J. M. Peck. The parts left blank were those on which the allowances by the Department would be made, statements as to the number of men and horses used on a route, etc. Subsequently Dorsey wanted more affidavits. Rerdell wrote them and sent them to Peck, who lived in New Mexico, and J. W. Dorsey, who lived in Vermont, and they were returned signed. Rerdell told of one petition which was signed by the sub-contractor in blank and filled out by Senator Dorsey himself. Brady was conferred with respecting the ways and means of expediting this route. A paper in Dorsey's writing was produced, in which the name of William Smith was debited with considerable sums of money. William Smith, the witness said, was intended for Brady.

Ex-Governor Edwin D. Morgan's Death on Wednesday, February 14th, closes a very remarkable career. Commencing his life amid scenes of poverty, he worked his way by business sagacity, tact, and industry, to a position of wealth and influence. He was twice elected Governor of the State of New York, and represented the State for one term in the United States Senate. President Arthur invited him to succeed Mr. Windom as Secretary of the Treasury, and though his nomination was unanimously confirmed by the Senate, Mr. Morgan felt it his duty to decline the appointment. Among the public services rendered by the ex-Governor was the effort he made in 1849, when an assistant Alderman of New York, to battle with the epidemic of cholera which ravaged the city. Most of the prominent officials fled in alarm, but Mr. Morgan by his prudence and activity did much to check the spread of the plague. Mr. Morgan was a prominent member of the Brick Presbyterian Church, and his liberality in connection with that denomination was well known. He also gave generously to other institutions. He recently gave $100,000 toward building a library for the Union Theological Seminary. At his funeral on February 16th, the President and General Grant were among the pall bearers, and a large company of our most distinguished citizens attended to do honor to his memory. Ex-Governor Morgan was seventy-two years of age, having been born at Washington, Mass., on February 8th, 1811.

A Terrible Mining Disaster is Reported from Illinois. At the little town of Diamond near Braidwood is one of the Wilmington Coal Company's mines. On February 16th, while three hundred men were at work in the mine there was a great land-slide caused by the floods and the recent thaw. The land around the mine has been transformed into a large lake from one to three feet deep, and when the earth gave way the mine was almost instantly filled. Only the men in the upper workings succeeded in making their escape, and they only by wading through water up to their necks. Seventy-seven men are known to have been drowned, and the whole village is turned into a place of mourning.

An Attempt to Obtain a New Trial in the case on which the Prohibition Amendment was declared invalid is to be made. A despatch from Council Bluffs states that the prohibition amendment, supposed to have been settled some weeks ago by a decision of the Supreme Court adverse to its validity, has been opened by the filing of a petition for rehearing, to be had at a session of that court on March 19th.

A Rehearsal in Full Dress of the Passion Play was to have been held by M. Salmi Morse in New York on Saturday last. Mr. Morse since his failure to induce either Mayor Grace or Mayor Edson to grant a license has instituted legal proceedings to compel the latter official to allow the play to be performed. He is so confident of success that he has continued rehearsing his company, and last week issued a large number of invitations to the public to witness a full-dress rehearsal. About two hours before the time appointed he was served with a notice from police headquarters that the rehearsal would not be allowed to take place. Mr. Morse then announced the postponement of the rehearsal until he has obtained an injunction restraining the police. It may be hoped that he will fail to obtain such an instrument. Even a rehearsal of the piece would be an outrage.

The Use of Tobacco by the Boys in our Public schools has attained startling proportions. Mr. William Stephens, the Principal of a school in Philadelphia, has called the attention of the Board of Education to the subject, in which he says that, of the 50,000 pupils in the public schools of the city, a large proportion use tobacco in various forms, and that the habit has increased to an alarming extent since the cigarette was instituted. Mr. Stephens has prepared and had printed a short statement of the physical and mental disorders produced in children by tobacco, and has *pasted it on the inside of the cover of every text-book* used in his school.

A New Disinfectant is Recommended by an eminent sanitary authority. It is sulphate of copper or blue vitriol. It was used in a case in which the stoppage of a soil-pipe had caused an overflow, and a consequent saturation of floor-boards, that in time would probably have developed danger by nourishing and developing the germs of bacteria, bacilli, etc., which abound in the air, and are ready to increase and multiply wherever their unsavory food abounds. By simply mopping the floor with a solution of these blue crystals, and allowing it to soak well into the pores of the wood, they (the pores) cease to become a habitat for such microscopic abominations. The copper salt poisons the poisoners. This discovery is very valuable, and may prevent many deaths from typhoid. It is likely to be in much request, for most people understand the dangerous effects of an atmosphere loaded with these deadly germs, and will take prompt measures to prevent it. Would that they were as earnest in endeavoring to purify the moral atmosphere in which they and their children live (Jer. 51 : 9).

A Belated Wedding Fee was Received Recently by a clergyman at Brazil, Indiana. The Rev. T. C. Stewart's mail one morning lately included a letter from an unknown correspondent, who stated that many years before he had been married by Mr. Stewart. At the time the ceremony was solemnized, he was too poor to pay the customary fee to the clergyman, but the marriage had turned out an exceedingly happy one and the man, having prospered abundantly, now sent the clergyman a hundred-dollar bill as an acknowledgment of his services. The writer left it to be inferred that if the marriage had not been happy the clergyman would have received nothing. It would be a curious speculation how much money ministers would receive for celebrating the marriage service, if their remuneration was delayed a few years, and made contingent on the result of the union. There can, however, be no speculation about the result of the union between Christ and the soul—the spiritual bride. That is certain happiness, none ever regretted that union and no gift would be too costly as an expression of gratitude to the instrument employed in bringing it about (Philemon 19).

A Family Pet in a Philadelphia Home has developed into a scourge to the astonishment of those concerned. It appears that a little bull-dog had been brought home by one of the men, and had grown up harmlessly, until it was a very powerful animal, without showing any vicious propensity. On February 14th, however, the sister-in-law of the owner of the bull-dog went into the back-yard, and was shaking a towel when the animal jumped at her and seized her wrist. The woman strove to get free and screamed for assistance, but her cries seemed to excite the brute, who sprang upon her again and threw her to the ground and fought with all the ferocity of a tiger. It was not until a gentleman passing by heard the screams of the woman and struck the dog over the head with a heavy instrument, that he desisted. Then the woman was carried to the house and her wounds, which were very terrible, were dressed. As soon as the owner of the dog came home he had the brute killed, though it did not seem to be mad. The injured woman thinks he attempted to catch the towel and became excited by her screams and by her attempt to shake him off. It is not likely that in that family any more dangerous animals will be received and petted. The incident will also put others on their guard, but it is surprising that with regard to another enemy of domestic life, intoxicating liquor, the ravages it makes in one family do not operate as a warning to others (Prov. 23 : 32).

Training a Young Lady on the Principles of the stable is an experiment that has been tried in Washington. A young lady who retains her vivacity in spite of her regular attendance at receptions, dinners, germans, etc., was recently asked how it was done. She said, "Mamma is a fanatic on that subject. She is bound I shall not look passé at the end of this my second winter. Every night when I get home, no matter how tired I am, a warm bath is given me, after which I drink a bowl of bouillon, and am put to bed in the guest chamber, which is more quiet than my own. In the morning I am not called, but arise when I awake, which is not often before lunch time. It grows monotonous, I assure you, but if I go, I have to submit. I tell mamma she treats me as if I was a race-horse or a prize fighter." It does not need a close acquaintance with fashionable belles to be convinced that some such treatment is necessary to insure the desired result. But if the mothers consulted the highest interest of their daughters, they would withdraw them altogether from the fatiguing pleasures. In the service of God they would find that there is no need for any such restoratives. In that service they would renew their strength (Isa. 40 : 31).

Two Guests of the Same Name at a Hotel in Columbus, O., last week became involved in a dispute about their correspondence. H. G. Chamberlain registered at the hotel as being from Chicago. A short time after H. G. Chamberlain registered there again, this time from Dayton. Then the Chicago man called for the mail addressed to his name, and received four letters. Presently the Dayton man came up and wanted the mail for that name. The clerk began to think a trick was being played, and brought the two gentlemen face to face. The one who had received the correspondence was in perplexity, as two of the letters were totally unintelligible to him, being intended for the other man. It was discovered that both are travelling agents, neither had ever heard of the other, and both happened to arrive at Columbus and in the same hotel at the same time. The incident recalls the remark of an eminent Christian who, dwelling on the blessedness of the word "whosoever" in Rev. 22 : 17, said he was more thankful for the word than if his own name had been put there ; because he felt himself so great a sinner that he would have thought the offer was not for him, but for some other man of the same name. About the word "whosoever" there could be no mistake.

A Ten-Pin Alley was Destroyed in Answer to prayer some time ago, according to a statement recently made in *The National Union*, of Montgomery, Ala. That journal, in the course of an article, says : "The first stationed Methodist minister in Troy, Ala., was the Rev. Mr. Kelley, who had charge of the church there in 1857. There was in the town a ten-pin alley, which was a great nuisance to the religious and moral portion of the community, and the Rev. Mr. Kelley desired very much to have it abated. He was a very earnest man in prayer—so, one Sabbath morning, he prayed most fervently and devoutly that the Lord would send a wind and blow the ten-pin alley down. Wednesday afternoon following, a wind came and did blow down the house which contained the alley, and immediately ceased, doing no other damage. There has not been a ten-pin alley in the place since then. This is an actual fact, which came under the observation of the writer, and which will be verified by any of the citizens of the place who resided there then and still survive." The circumstance is regarded as very wonderful, but the rarity of such cases is due to the rarity of strong faith, which we are assured is honored by God now as in the former days (Matt. 17 : 20.)

GLADNESS FOR SADNESS.

A New Sermon, by Pastor C. H. Spurgeon.

"Make us glad according to the days wherein thou hast afflicted us, and the years wherein we have seen evil, etc."—Psalm 90 : 15-17.

The Black Bordered Psalm—Trouble as a Shepherd's Dog—The Psalmist's Petition—I. For Proportionate Gladness—Of the Same Origin—The Law of Equilibrium—The Thane's Parable—Troubles Carrying Silver Trumpets—Sorrow a Preparation for Joy—The Husk of Joy—II. For Peculiar Gladness—Fourfold—At the Sight of God's Work—At the Revelation of God—The Children—At Beauty Bestowed—At Work Established—The Wounded Chaplain at Gettysburg—Successful Work—Lasting Work.

To understand this psalm you must observe its black border. Remember the sorrows of Moses, the man of God, who saw a whole generation die in the wilderness, and was himself denied admission to the promised land. The man Moses was greatly afflicted ; I might almost call him, as far as his life in the wilderness was concerned, "A man of sorrows, and acquainted with grief." He digged the desert till it became a cemetery, for he lived amid forty years of funerals. This Ninetieth Psalm is saturated with the griefs of

A SENTENCED GENERATION,

by whom it could be truly said, "We are consumed by thine anger, and by thy wrath are we troubled."

We have in our own case as a church and people *a double black border* to surround our text this morning ; for death has despoiled us a second time. We were last Wednesday burying our honored deacon, William Higgs, and at the moment of our meeting for that solemn purpose another greatly esteemed deacon, William Mills,* was on a sudden stricken down with paralysis, to linger for a few hours and then to breathe out his soul unto God. I shall not trust myself to speak about him, for this double loss has to a great extent unnerved me ; but this I must say, that he was an experienced and mature Christian, and withal a quiet, diligent, loving, gracious servant of our common Master, whose care was the poor of the church, to whom he distributed our alms with discretion and tenderness.

It was pleasant to hear from him the story of his Christian experience. His was a calm and lowly walk. Of late, being weakly, he was much at home, and there the Psalms of David, and the Morning and Evening Portions were his comfort. He was always a source of strength to his pastor and his brethren, always of great service to the church, far more so than the mass of our people will ever know ; but of late he ripened and mellowed into an unusual sweetness and spirituality. My last interview with him gave me a high idea of his thorough composure, and his perfect preparedness to commune with the glorified host above. He is gone—gone happily and safely home. He had no pain or struggle, but gradually melted into life eternal.

To us who remain one sorrow has succeeded to another, to keep our wound bleeding and smarting. How well did Moses pray, "Return, O Lord, how long? and let it repent thee concerning thy servants." Oh, that our God would no more put His hand into

THE BITTER BOX

as Herbert calls it, but now change His dispensation and revive the spirit of His contrite ones. On our part, as we are made to sympathize with the man of God in this psalm, so let us imitate his example. Like him in multiplied bereavements, let us be like him in grace and faith.

Observe, that the first word of this painful psalm is, "Lord, thou hast been our dwelling place" ; as if, touched by the rod, the sufferer remembered his Father. Will the hypocrite always call upon God? Nay, but when God dealeth roughly with him he will kick against the pricks. But the child of God when he is

* William Mills, Esq., for many years a beloved deacon of the church in the Metropolitan Tabernacle, was taken to his rest January 12th, 1883, at the age of sixty-two.

smitten turns to the hand that smote him, and cries, "Show me wherefore Thou contendest with me?" If foxes and wolves are prowling about, and

THE SHEPHERD'S DOG

appears, they fly hither and thither as far away as they can; but when the dog is sent after the sheep he fetches them back to the shepherd. Trouble drives away the carnal man from his pretended religion; but it gathers the true sheep together, and, being aroused and alarmed, they seek the Good Shepherd. The more of grief we feel the more of grace we need, and the nearer to our Comforter we come. Closer to God! is the cry of the troubled saint.

"Nearer, my God, to thee!
Nearer to thee!
E'en though it be a cross
That raiseth me;
Still all my cry shall be,
Nearer, my God, to thee!
Nearer to thee!"

Obseve also that this psalm is "a prayer of Moses;" the comfort of a child of God in the darkness is prayer. Adversity, blessed of the Holy Spirit, calls our attention to the promise; the promise quickens our faith; faith betakes itself to prayer; God hears and answers our cry. This is the chain of a tried soul's experience. Brethren, as we suffer the tribulation, as we know the promise, let us immediately exercise faith, and turn in prayer to God; for surely never did a man turn to God but the Lord also turned to him. If we are set a-praying we may depend upon it the Lord is set on blessing. Blessings are on the way from heaven—their shadow falls upon us even now. I desire at this time to stir you up to a joyful expectancy. These clouds mean rich, refreshing showers. These sharp frosts foretell heavy sheaves. The Lord by the divine Spirit make the words of our text to be our prayer this morning! May the Lord Jesus present our supplication to the Father.

The petition seems to me to be, first, for *proportionate gladness:* "Make us glad according to the days wherein thou hast afflicted us, and the years wherein we have seen evil." And, secondly, our prayer is for *peculiar gladness*, a gladness which is described in the sixteenth and seventeenth verses: "Let thy work appear unto thy servants, and thy glory unto their children. And let the beauty of the Lord our God be upon us: and establish thou the work of our hands upon us; yea, the work of our hands establish thou it."

I. First, then, beloved friends, our prayer this morning as a church and people should be for

PROPORTIONATE GLADNESS;

that our God who has filled one scale with grief would fill the other scale with grace till they balance each other. Inasmuch as He has poured out of His vial certain drops of wormwood, we pray Him to measure out the like quantity of the consolation of love, whereby our hearts shall be comforted. May our covenant God, who has chastened us heavily, now revive us graciously.

We begin here by noticing that evidently the prayer desires *a gladness of the same origin as the sadness.* The psalm plainly ascribes the sadness to the Lord: "*Thou* turnest man to destruction; and sayest, Return, ye children of men." "We are consumed by *thine* anger, and by *thy* wrath are we troubled." God is seen in bereavements; death comes distinctly at His command; second causes are left behind. Since we have a distinct idea that the sadness comes from God, our text expresses an equally distinct desire that the gladness may come from God.

The prayer is full of buoyant hope; for it does not merely say, "Comfort us; bear us up; keep our heads above water; prevent us from sinking in despair:" no; but "Make us glad." Reverse our state; lift us up from the depths to the heights. "Make us glad!" I hear the music of hope drowning the discord of fear; the songs of a joyous faith rising above the mournful dirges of grief.

The appeal is to the Lord alone. Moses entreats Jehovah Himself to kindle the lamps of joy within the tabernacles of Israel. It is healthy sadness which the Lord sends, and it is equally safe gladness which God gives. If we make ourselves merry we may be mere mimics of mirth; if outward goods make us merry we may be no better than the rich fool in the parable; but if our God makes us glad we may take our fill of delight, and fear no ill consequences. The wine of the Kingdom cheers, but never intoxicates; the bread of God strengthens, but never surfeits.

But now notice that a *proportion is insisted upon:* "Make us glad according to the days wherein thou hast afflicted us, and the years wherein we have seen evil." This is an original prayer, full of thought and hope. Truly also it is a philosophical prayer; one which is in accordance with the harmonies of nature, and consonant with all the ways of God. I have been told on the Scotch lakes that the depth of the lake is almost always the same as the height of the surrounding hills; and I think I have heard that the same is true of the great ocean; so that the greatest depth is probably the same as the greatest height. Doubtless,

THE LAW OF EQUILIBRIUM

is manifest in a thousand ways. Take an instance in the adjustment of days and nights. A long night reigns over the north of Norway; in these wintry months they do not even see the sun; but mark and admire their summer; then the day banishes the night altogether, and you may read your Bible by the light of the midnight sun. Long wintry nights find compensation in a perpetual summer day. There is a balance about the conditions of the peoples of differing lands; each country has its drawbacks and its advantages. I believe it is so with the life of God's people; therein also the Lord maintains a balance.

The good Lord measures out the dark and the light in due proportions, and the result is life sad enough to be safe, and glad enough to be desirable. I do not believe that our mortal life is fitly set forth by

THE THANE'S PARABLE,

when he said to the Saxon king, "Hast thou marked, O king, when thou art sitting in thy hall, and the fires are lit, and the lamps are burning, how the sparrow comes flying out of the thick darkness, passes through the window, glides into the bright and cheerful light, and then flits out again into the darkness? Such is our life—an interval of light amid a long darkness." It is not so. If a believer flits out of the light he glides into the light again; if we traverse a stretch of darkness we may expect an equal breadth of brightness. If to-day we sail a stormy main we may hope to-morrow that the sea will be as glass. We have our changes, but the preponderance of life is not to misery. Rainy days are many, and yet in the long run they are outnumbered by the seasons of fair weather. God makes us glad according to the days wherein He has afflicted us, and the years wherein we have seen evil.

Now, if it be so, that our gladness and our sadness are balanced, let us accept them by turns with gratitude. Let us notice, further, that *sorrow is the herald of joy.* Did I not tell you but a few Sabbath-days ago how I sat in health and strength and joy in the olive-gardens, and said to my friend:

"We should expect some danger nigh
When we perceive too much delight."

The apprehension was soon justified, as it has often been; but let us not forget the other side of this truth—we may expect some mercy nigh when we are bowed with heaviest grief. Among the ashes of sorrow we shall find live coals of joy. Grief is *God's usher of the black rod*, sent to intimate that in the majesty of His grace the Lord is drawing near to us. Troubles come clothed in black; but to the eye of faith *they carry silver trumpets*, and they proclaim the approach of great mercies. God is hastening in the richness of His favor to bless His children; sorrow is the outrider of joy.

A step further, and we have it thus,

SORROW PREPARES FOR JOY.

It might not be safe, dear brother, that you should enjoy worldly prosperity at the outset of life. Your adversities in business are meant to teach you the worthlessness of earthly things, so that when you have them you may not be tempted to make idols of them. I am persuaded that many men have been *ruined by rising suddenly* to fame and power; had they at first been abused and trodden down like mire in the streets, their spirits might have been hardened to endure that sharpest of all tests, namely, human honor; for "as the fining pot for silver, and the furnace for gold; so is a man to his praise." You are not ready yet, dear brethren, to bear the weight of an elevated superstructure; you must be dug out first, and a deep foundation must be laid to bear a lofty building. In the spiritual life God does not run us up with glittering virtues all of a sudden; but deep prostration of spirit and thorough humiliation prepare the under-courses; and then, afterward, stone upon stone, as with rows of jewels, we are built up to be a palace for the indwelling of God.

Once again, let me say to you, dear friends, there is such a connection between sorrow and joy that *no saint ever has a sorrow but what it has a joy wrapped up in it.* It is a rough oyster, but a pearl lies within those shells if you will but look for it. Do not think I mock at grief by saying that it is

THE HUSK OF JOY;

far from it, I would console grief by asserting solemnly that within the black envelope of affliction there is a precious love-token from God; be sure of that. We find the treasure of communion with Christ in the earthen vessel of sorrow. We ask to have fellowship with Jesus in His sufferings; and we cannot do so except we suffer. It is a joy to remember in our woe that by these things we are made like unto our Lord, and conformed unto His image. If there were only this comfort it might suffice to sweeten every suffering.

Once more, *the day will come when all the sorrows of God's sending will be looked upon as joys.* Hear ye this! By some strange alchemy, known only to "the King eternal, immortal, invisible," our sorrows shall be turned into joys. Ye see this in your own homes—I quote it because it is the Lord's own metaphor—a woman when she is in travail hath sorrow because her hour is come; but soon she remembereth no more her travail, for joy that a man is born into the world. Our troubles and travails are sharp, but they will all be forgotten in the joy that will come of them. Before we enter heaven we shall thank God for most of our sorrow; and when we are once in glory we shall thank Him for it all.

II. Bear with me while I come to the second part of my subject, which I desire to make eminently practical. The gladness desired is

PECULIAR GLADNESS.

The Psalmist wishes for a fourfold gladness: the first is *gladness at the sight of God's work.*

Notice: "*thy work.*" There is always something cheering in God's work. Have you never felt it so? I think you must have done so. When Mungo Park was cheered by that little bit of moss which he picked up in the wilderness, he was but comforted as many of us have been. The flowers of the garden, the wild beauties of the wood, the chance tufts by the roadside, are all God's work, and, therefore, breathe consolation to God's servants. A certain Persian nobleman found himself surrounded by soldiers, who sought to take him prisoner; he drew his sword and fought right valiantly, and might have escaped had not one of the company said, "The king has sent us to convey you to himself." He sheathed his sword at once. Yes, we can contend against what we call a misfortune; but when we learn that the Lord hath done it, our contest is ended, for we joy and rejoice in what the Lord doeth; or, if we cannot get the length of rejoicing in it, we acquiesce in His will. This is our song:

"I would not contend with thy will,
Whatever that will may decree;
But oh, may each trial I feel
Unite me more fondly to thee."

The next consolation is also a very rich one—*gladness at the revelation of God to our children*; "and thy glory unto their children." If our God will but make His glory to be seen by our children, what more can we ask? "I have no greater joy than this, that my children walk in the truth." No better comfort can be found for bereaved mothers than to see their sons and daughters converted. There is a sorrow for those who have departed; but I could almost say, "Weep not for the dead, neither bewail them," for there is a sharper grief by far, and that is our anxiety for those who survive, and yet are dead unto God.

Did you ever see *a chain-gang of convicts* marching to their labor? I could wish never to see the sad scene again. Suppose that among those convicts there was a boy of yours! Ah me! Ah me! it were better for you that he had never been born. But think of those who are prisoners in the chains of sin. Is there a boy or girl of yours in such bonds? Oh, then, I am sure you will pray the Lord to rescue you from so sharp a trial, and to set your sons and daughters free from the fetters of iniquity. Pray ye each one fervently, "O Lord, let thy glory as their emancipator appear to my children, and then do what Thou wilt."

Did you ever visit a condemned cell? To peep through the gate and to see a man sitting there condemned to die is enough to make one faint. Suppose it were your boy! Suppose it were your husband! Suppose it were your brother! But listen: "He that believeth not is condemned already." Pardon us, dear unconverted relatives, if we say that we feel more sorrow for you living than we do for our gracious ones who are dead; for yours is a terrible plight, to be even now sitting in the condemned cell, doomed to be taken out to execution before long, unless infinite mercy shall grant a free pardon.

Did you hear of

THE HOTEL IN FLAMES,

wherein there were many guests, and they were in the upper story, and the flames had grasped the whole edifice, so that numbers perished? It must be dreadful to see persons at the upper windows of a burning house, and to be powerless to rescue them. But if your child were there, your boy, your girl, or if your husband or your wife were there, or even if any one you knew were there, your grief would have a double sting about it, and you would cry, "Lord, do what thou wilt with me, but do save those precious lives." Remember, then, that your ungodly friends are in a like condition, and what greater mercy can God bestow upon you than for Him to make His glory to be seen by your children in their eternal salvation?

Therefore I turn your thoughts to that prayer. May you breathe it now, and may the Lord, for Christ's sake, answer it right speedily—"Let thy glory appear unto our children."

The third consolation which Moses here describes is *gladness at beauty bestowed*—"Let the beauty of the Lord our God be upon us." Sorrow mars the countenance and clothes the body with sackcloth; but if the Lord will come to us and adorn us with His beauty, then the stains of mourning will speedily disappear. Brethren, what a beauty is this which the Lord giveth—"the beauty of the Lord our God!" This comeliness is the beauty of His grace; for our covenant God is the God of all grace. If the Lord makes us to know that we are His our faces shine. If He fills us with His life and love, then brightness flashes from the eyes, and there is a grace about every movement.

The last comfort that Moses speaks of is *gladness at our own work being established*—"Establish thou the work of our hands upon us; yea, the work of our hands establish thou it." Do you notice the wonderful blending in the fifteenth and seventeenth verses; there it is, "Let *thy* work appear unto thy servant;" here it is "Let *our* work be established." Alas, I have heard divines rightly say that salvation is God's work, and then they have harshly added that, in our preaching of the Gosepl, we make it out to be our own work. Thus they speak hard things against us, and their speech is not after the Lord's mind. Others, again, make out this work to be so much man's work that God is forgotten. Neither of these is correct; we must blend the two; to build up the church and win souls for Jesus is first of all God's work, and then our work.

Our work is often a very effectual means of comfort to us.

ON THE BATTLE-FIELD OF GETTYSBURG

there had been a terrible fight, and among the wounded lay a certain chaplain of the name of Eastman, who had been seriously injured in the back by his horse falling upon him. The dark and dreary night came on, and as he lay there in intense pain, unable to rise, he heard a voice at a little distance cry, "O God!" His interest was excited, and he rolled himself over and over through pools of blood, and among the slain, till he reached the side of the dying man, and there lay, talking of Jesus and His free salvation. The man expired in hope, and just then two soldiers came and told Eastman that *a captain was dying* a little further down the field, and they must carry him there; so he was borne in anguish upon the work of mercy, and while the night wore on he spoke of Jesus to many dying men. Could he have had a surer relief from his pain? I think not. Why, it seems to me that to lie there on his back with nothing to do but moan and groan would have been horrible; but in all his pain and anguish to be carried about to proclaim mercy to dying men made the anguish of an injured back endurable! So is it when you miss a friend, or have lost property, or are heavy in spirit, you shall find your surest comfort in serving God with all your might.

The text prays for our work *that it may succeed*: "Establish thou the work of our hands." Oh, if God will but prosper us in our work for Him how happy we shall be! One day this week I had a great lift up out of deep distress when I was informed that a captain was here last Sunday morning, and was so impressed that he found the Saviour, and made the fact known at one of the noonday prayer-meetings, asking for himself that he might be kept faithful to his God. This is good. We do not always see our seed grow so quickly as that. It is wet weather just now, the damp of sorrow is on all things, and so the seed sown in tears is speedily reaped in joy. Is not this something to comfort us? Let us pray God to send us more of it, that by conversions our work may prosper.

Then we pray that our *work may be lasting*—that is the chief point. I look forward to the future of this church with prayerful, hopeful anxiety! I am not old, not very old at any rate; but I am not all that I was in my earlier days, and mistrust whispers that soon things will decline. The other day a certain great preacher said that after a preacher had been for a while in a place all the heroism, all the earnestness, all the fervor which characterizes new efforts would be gone, and the best thing would be to disband the church, and let them begin again under a new leader. That may look like a practical idea; but I do not quite see it; nor does it commend itself to me as sound and true. If a church is man's work it is dependent upon a man, and when he is gone the best thing we can do with it is to let it dissolve; but I desire to see built up on this spot, by God's hand, a church which will endure till the coming of the Lord.

I long that the truth which I have preached may be established in the earth. They say that Calvinism is at a great discount now; perhaps it is. Yet to me it seems that its free grace spirit is far more spread than ever, and is quietly saturating all true evangelical preaching. If it be so, that the doctrines of grace are now despised, we still hope that we shall live to see them brought to the front again, or, if not, we shall leave behind us such a testimony that in years to come the Gospel of the grace of God will be read by thousands.

God will comfort Zion, He will comfort all her waste places; but we must each one take pleasure in her stones, and favor the dust thereof. Close up your ranks. Leave no empty spaces. Let every man stand closer to his fellow; and then "*Forward!*" Forward to a fuller consecration and a braver faith in God. Forward to more grace and higher holiness; so shall we wipe away our tears, and praise the name of the Lord; and He will remember us, and by a plenitude of blessing make up to us all that we have lost. A blessing is coming! Be ready for it! Amen.

[The prayers of the readers of this Journal are requested for the blessing of God upon its Editors in America and England, and those whose sermons, articles, or labors for Christ are printed in it; and for its weekly circulation of more than 260,000 copies to be blessed by the Holy Spirit to the conversion of many sinners and the quickening of God's people. Mr. Spurgeon and Dr. Talmage especially request prayer every Sunday morning on behalf of their labors.]

THREE LADY MISSIONARIES TO CHINA.

(*See Portraits on page 124.*)

THE three ladies whose portraits appear on page 124 have gone to China to labor for Christ under the auspices of the China Inland Mission. The origin of this Mission and details of its work, which is carried on without any regular source of income, and in sole dependence for its support on the care of God, have been described in a previous number of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD (January 26th, 1882).

In explaining the need existing in China for female agency, the secretary of the Mission said at a meeting held to bid farewell to the three lady missionaries: "What about *the women* of China? In three of the western provinces there are seven ladies in connection with this mission now engaged in Christian work. They are the only foreign ladies in that part of China, the Chinese in that region having probably never seen a woman of any other nationality than their own. These three provinces contain a population of thirty-six millions, so that there are probably eighteen millions of women and girls, to whom these seven ladies have gone to tell of the love of God, in the gift of His Son—to 'tell it out among the heathen that the Lord is King.'

"Two of these ladies have been able to travel in safety to a distant station with only a Chinese escort, and they are now working happily. Our Mission has now stations in eleven provinces, and it is hoped that stations will be opened in other provinces this year. There are *seventy-three* missionaries in connection with this Mission, beside the three who are now going out. More than 1000 Chinese have been baptized, and many have passed away having received the Gospel message.

"The Mission is undenominational in the best sense of the word, and therefore it welcomes any one who is called to the work and is qualified for it, from whatever section of the Church they may come. *How has the work been sustained?* Simply by faith, for the missionaries go out without any promise of income, trusting in God for the supplies, which have, however, come through this society. God has honored this trust, and supplied their need."

MISS SOUTHALL

then rose and said: "Just before our blessed Saviour left this earth, He said to His disciples, and herefore to us: 'Ye shall be witnesses unto Me, both in Jerusalem and in all Judea, and in Samaria, *and unto the uttermost parts of the earth.*' He did not confine His witnesses to Jerusalem, but He says: 'Ye shall be My witnesses . . . to the uttermost parts of the earth.' We have heard this message from our Saviour, and we are about to respond to His command. We receive the commission from our God alone, although we are sent by this

Miss Southall.

Miss Jones.

Miss Gardner.

Mission. We would not go to China unless we felt the Lord needed us there. The people there are bowing down to idols—are giving idols their confidence, their thoughts, and their attention ; they are taking the place that our blessed Saviour ought to occupy, and it behoves all who love the Lord Jesus to witness against idolatry in every form and shape.

"But *what are we to witness?* 'That which we have seen and heard,' that we testify in Jesus Christ. Six years ago I was brought to a saving knowledge of Jesus Christ as my Saviour. It may interest you a little to know what led to that blessed knowledge. I was one day invited to attend a Wesleyan chapel, as there was a new minister to preach there. It was during that service that my heart was touched. Before that I do not remember having any serious thoughts at all, but then I thought, 'How far *I* am from God! what a distance I feel from Him! how shall I get near?' I do not remember anything that was said ; but my heart was touched ; my conscience was awakened ; I was alarmed and aroused, nor did I find rest till I found it in Jesus Christ.

"I have never had a shadow of doubt since that time. The sunshine of God's countenance has always been with me. It has not been darkness ; it has always been light in the Lord. I gave myself wholly to the Lord ; *I could not do otherwise.* The love of Christ constrained me to do this, and I feel His service to be one of unspeakable joy. With this spirit in my heart I am going to China—not in doubt, not in fear, not in trembling, although conscious of my own weakness ; I know on whom I have to lean, and am persuaded that He is able to keep me and all that I have committed unto Him."

MISS GARDNER

said : "Dear friends, to-night I thank God for all the loving and merciful way He has led me. It is *four years* since God called me to the saving knowledge of His truth. Previous to that for many years I had been a communicant in the Episcopal Church, and a Sunday-school teacher ; but I had been seeking to establish my own righteousness, thinking to be saved by works as well as faith. But I bless God that He led me gently on, and I can thank Him to-night that these words of His came home in power to my soul, 'The blood of Jesus Christ His Son cleanseth us'—cleanseth me—'from all sin.'

"When I was about fourteen years of age, I attended several missionary meetings in connection with the Episcopal Church, and my interest was aroused then. I can remember especially one time being touched by hearing of the persecutions of the Christians under the Queen of Madagascar, and prayed that some day God would send me out. I was then unconverted. Years went on, and the teaching in which I was engaged I thought to be my life work ; but God has not forgotten my prayers, and He was gently and in His own way preparing the way for my going out ; and now to-night I do thank Him with all my heart that He has called me, though so unworthy and so weak, to take this knowledge of Himself to the millions of China.

"And, dear friends, while you pray for us, while you uphold us in your prayers that we may be great blessings in China, will you not remember that every month *a million die in that land who have never heard of Jesus.* The women of China, so down-trodden, leading such unhappy lives, with no bright prospect in the future to cheer them, no thought of a bright home, a loving Father, and a kind Saviour—are not your hearts touched with pity?"

MISS JONES

said : "Dear Christian friends, as I stand here to-night, I can say most truly that the Lord's goodness and mercy have followed me all the days of my life. I do not know where nor how I can look back, because I can feel the truth of that precious word, 'I have loved thee with an everlasting love ;' therefore I cannot begin and tell you, as it were, where and when the hour of my decision for Christ began. He first of all gave me a good father and mother—parents who loved Him, and tried to do their best to bring up their children to love and to honor Jesus.

"When I was thirteen years old I heard *Mr. Griffith John* speak of China, and the Chinese lay very heavy upon my heart. However, I felt rather afraid of going to China, because I thought the Lord would want those better educated than I was, and in every way more qualified for the missionary work, so that I hardly thought of having the privilege of ever going to China.

"Since that time I have had a great many strong desires to go as a missionary for Jesus Christ to the heathen, but I could not see my way clear, because I thought I was not worthy to have such a work given me ; but it has pleased God to call the weak things of this world to do His work, so that He alone may be glorified. About three years ago I heard a sermon on these words in Ezekiel, 'I will make them and the places round about My hill a blessing, and I will cause the shower to come down in his season ; there shall be showers of blessing,' and I could not but yield myself entirely to the guiding hand of God. If it were His will that I should go as a missionary I felt I was ready to go. My way was blocked up many times, and I thought it almost useless to think of it ; but I could not give up when I thought of the millions dying without the knowledge of the truth as it is in Jesus, and thinking also of how Jesus Christ had commanded His disciples to go and preach His Word among all nations, Himself promising to be with them. When I remembered also that, though I was unfit for so high a calling, He was willing to give strength to those who work for Him, and that He was giving His Spirit also without measure, I could not but apply to the China Inland Mission.

"The Lord has now very kindly opened the way for me to go and tell among the millions of my sisters in China of how God loves them, and what manner of love the Father has bestowed on them and us in the gift of His only, His well-beloved Son. We are here to-night, dear friends, to ask you to remember us in your prayers—that we may be faithful servants of the Cross, and preach nothing among the Chinese but Christ and Him crucified, and tell it among the Chinese that 'the Lord is King.'"

WIDOW SELKIRK'S GUEST.

WIDOW SELKIRK sat in her trim little parlor knitting. Her work for the day was all "done up" an hour ago. The cottage was as clean and tidy as hands could make it, and she intended to have spent the summer afternoon and evening in her garden, but it began to rain heavily and she went into the parlor and sat down to knit. Her family Bible, out of which the good deacon, her husband, now lying in the village graveyard, used to read morning and evening, was propped up open before her on the table, and she read as she worked.

"I have been young and now am old, yet have I never seen the righteous forsaken nor his seed begging bread. He is ever merciful, and lendeth ; and his seed is blessed." That was the passage the widow was reading, and she could add her testimony to that of the Psalmist. Years ago it seemed as if she would have to beg her bread ; but God had cared for her, she was able to earn her bread, and her two sons were both good boys, growing up to manhood, and regularly sent her a portion of their wages from the city that she might enjoy the little luxuries she had been accustomed to in the deacon's lifetime. Then too she sometimes received a boarder, and so was able to add a little in that way to the store laid aside against a rainy day, and to give to others poorer than she. The boarders' parlor was empty just now, but it was never empty long, for her little cottage was a favorite resort for invalids who

desired a quiet and cleanly retreat.

As the widow sat reading, she heard a step on the gravel, and then a knock at the door. She rose and opened it and, standing there in the rain, she saw a young stranger without umbrella and almost wet through. Pointing to the little card hanging in the window with which the widow used to advertise her vacant room, he said he would like to engage it.

The widow hesitated. It was not her habit to admit strangers under her roof. She was unprotected, and she liked to know something of the people who came to her for board, lest any evil-disposed man should take advantage of her hospitality and do her mischief. As she stood drawing her apron slowly through her fingers, an attitude those who knew her were aware indicated an inward debate, she passed in review the circumstances. The stranger looked sick and he was very wet, and he looked respectable, yet—

"I should be very glad," he said, "to find a shelter in your cottage. I need quiet badly, and this pitiless rain is soaking my clothes. I cannot give you references as no one knows me in these parts, but I will pay you the rent for two weeks in advance, and you will find me a very quiet tenant."

Widow Selkirk's heart melted before his importunity, and she accepted him as her tenant. He had no luggage, not even a parcel, and the widow urged him to go to bed while his clothes were dried. He accepted her advice thankfully, and was soon at rest in the little bed-room, and lay watching the rain as it beat against the window until he fell asleep. Two hours later he awoke refreshed, and found his clothes dried and lying beside his bed. He arose and dressed and descended to find a tea-table temptingly set out in the little room below.

"Is that a Bible you are reading?" he said later in the evening, as the widow sat at a table opposite him, where a shaded lamp was placed.a

"Yes," said the widow, "I always read chapter or two at night before I go to bed. It comforts me, and in my time I have had need of comfort."

"So have I," said the stranger, "and I have found it in the same place. Will you read a little to me? and we will pray together afterward."

The widow consented willingly enough, and rejoiced that the stranger she had admitted could appreciate the things of God which had sustained her in her affliction. It was evident from his prayer that he was a Christian, and one whose experience of the world had been hard.

The next morning when the stranger descended, the widow was struck by his emaciated countenance which she had not noticed the previous evening. The man was ill; that was clear, and she asked him if he did not feel sick. But he made light of it, said it was "only a cold resulting from his yesterday's exposure," "A little rest would make all right."

The Widow Hesitated to Receive a Stranger.

But the prophecy did not come true, and before night he consented to receive a visit from the village surgeon. That worthy pronounced the disease pneumonia, and said the patient would have a bad time. The stranger was not distressed by the news, but calling the widow to him after the doctor was gone, he placed in her hands his pocket-book, and told her to use its contents, about two hundred dollars, to pay all expenses.

He grew worse that night, and the next day, and on the following day the doctor said there was no hope of his life. Then the widow besought him to allow her to send for his friends.

"You are very good," he said, in a voice broken by gasps, "but I have no friends who could come. I am alone in the world. I should like to die and be buried in this peaceful place."

There was a tone of sadness and weariness in the words that went to the widow's heart. Without consulting him she sent for the clergyman who promptly responded to the call. After learning all she knew, the good man entered the sick room and introduced himself to the sufferer.

There was no need for religious consolation. The dying man was willing and ready to die. But the clergyman endeavored to learn something of his history, and that was difficult. The young man said briefly that he was too weak for that. He had no name, no father, no mother. A deserted infant, he had been cared for at a charitable institution, and had grown up in ignorance of his origin. His life for many years had been sinful, but God had in mercy visited him, and he had learned the way of salvation. Since then in poverty he had trusted in God, and after a time had prospered. But thrown out of work by a fire, and weak from over-exertion, he was making his way on foot to another city, when he passed through the village and found a refuge in Widow Selkirk's cottage. That was all he would tell, and then he would talk no more, save of the heaven to which he was going. To him the change would be a very happy one. "I am going home," he said. "I have never had a home. I shall see my Father in heaven. I have never known a father on earth. God has been very kind to me all my life. He has given me all I needed, and when the time came for me to die, He directed my steps to a peaceful spot where I may die with kind Christian hearts around me. Yes, when I was forsaken He took me up. It is all for the best. I am glad to go."

The next day he died rejoicing, eager to enter the abode his faith saw before him. By his direction the place in the village cemetery in which his body was laid is marked by a stone, on which was inscribed a stranger's testimony to God's faithfulness to His promise. "When my father and my mother forsake me, then the Lord will take me up" (Psa. 27 : 10).

TRUE, THOUGH TRIED.

A Tale of the Seventeenth Century.

By Marie Hall.

(*Continued from page* 110.)

The Picture in the Chapel.

REBECCA was devotedly attached to her mistress, but this day it seemed as if the maid had lost her usual dexterity, and was engrossed with her own thoughts. She lingered over her mistress's toilet until Margaret grew impatient.

"Are you sick, or is anything troubling you?" she asked, in a kindly tone.

"Oh, no, my lady; I am well enough; but I heard something to-day that I think I ought to tell you."

But Margaret was now ready to descend, and telling her maid that she would hear her news another time, she soon joined her uncle's guests, and the subject passed from her mind.

It was late when she retired to rest, and it is probable she would not have thought again of the girl's strange behavior, had not Rebecca's unusual silence recalled the circumstance. Always ready to sympathize, Margaret kindly asked what had happened. The maid hesitated.

"I don't know that it will do any good to mention it; but still I thought you had best know."

"Why? Is it anything that concerns me, Rebecca?" asked Margaret, with a sinking heart.

"After all, it may be a mistake; but I don't think it can be. You know, Mistress Margaret,

that Phœbe, the dairy-maid, is a Catholic, and goes to Lyndhurst every Sabbath afternoon, to see her priest, and say prayers to the Virgin. Well, this morning, as I was gathering some herbs for the cook, Phœbe was standing by the door of the kitchen garden, talking to Reuben, and said :

" 'What think you, Reuben? They have gotten a new altar-piece in the chapel of our blessed lady, and 'tis as like the picture of our young mistress that hangs in the gallery yonder as two peas.' "

" Is that the end of your story?" asked Margaret ; thinking that of course, the dairy-maid was under some mistake, but nevertheless disturbed in mind.

With divided attention, Sir Gilbert's niece assisted in doing the honors of the house during the following week, each day seeming longer than the last to the restless young entertainer. At length the company departed, and that very evening Margaret put her resolution into practice. Telling her aunt that she was going for a long walk, the maiden set off, to ascertain for herself how Phœbe had come to make such a statement. Lyndhurst was a village some three miles from Deerham, the property of a high family, who had lately become violent Catholics. This day chanced to be a special feast-day in honor of the Virgin ; and a large number of people, rich and poor, from the neighborhood around had gathered there for vespers. It was seven o'clock, and the bell was still tolling, when Margaret entered the park at Lyndhurst.

Margaret was by no means insensible to the power of beauty, whether of sight or sound ; but a feeling of intense sadness oppressed her as she followed the throng up the steps and across the marble floor into the little chapel of the Virgin. With her hood drawn over her face, the maiden stood in the shadow of a pillar, and thought herself unseen and unobserved ; but a pair of evil eyes recognized her in the park, followed her stealthily and wonderingly into the building, and were now watching her every movement.

The service began. A Latin hymn was sung, and then prayers, also in the Latin tongue, were said by a priest in gorgeous and cumbrous garments. The atmosphere grew heavy with the fumes of incense, as an acolyte swung the censer to and fro. The strangeness of her position, the fear of discovery, and the novelty of the scene, had driven from the simple Puritan's mind the real and only reason for her presence there. A deep sigh startled her : and bending forward, she saw a middle-aged woman on her knees. She seemed absorbed in devotion ; her hands were clasped, her head thrown back, and her eyes were fixed in worshipful adoration upon some object above the altar. Margaret's eyes involuntarily followed the direction of the woman's gaze, and there, now lit up by innumerable tapers, was a picture of herself.

With difficulty she suppressed a cry of indignation. There was no mistaking it. She rapidly glanced over every detail. One addition had been made, and Margaret's cheeks tingled as she noted it ; there was a circlet of glory round the head, that distinguished it from the portrait hanging in Sir Gilbert's gallery. She turned again to the woman ; and as that enraptured look again met her view, she sank on the ground beside the pillar in an agony of shame, horror, and self-abasement. Large, hot tears burst from her closed eyelids, and rolled down her cheeks, burning with holy indignation. Presently there was a rustle and movement among the little congregation ; a prayer was being offered to the Virgin, and priest and people were prostrating themselves before the altar. The prayer ended, and from a little band of singers a triumphant song of praise burst ; the censer was swung until the spicy vapors arose in misty clouds to the vaulted roof of the place. Margaret shuddered, and covering her ears, murmured :

" Let me not hear such blasphemy ! Father, forgive me for being a witness of this idolatry. Oh, pardon these poor misguided souls, and enlighten their darkness !" So prayed the Puritan girl, and for a moment she hated and loathed her own fair face. If she had been cursed and mocked openly, in her own person, she might have borne it ; but for *her* image to take the place of her crucified Redeemer's—under the name of the Virgin—it pierced her heart.

Again she lifted her head ; the service seemed over ; the priest was crossing himself before the altar ; and as the people slowly retired, one by one they also turned and bowed themselves. A sudden resolve made Margaret start from the ground. Yes, it *must* be done, come what would.

In the shadow of the pillar she stood, until the place seemed deserted by all. Glancing round, she did not, however, see a figure standing within the confessional. Trembling in every limb, but with steadfast face and unwavering determination, the maiden crossed the chapel to the foot of the altar. Most of the tapers had been extinguished ; but two or three wax lights, and the lamp that was kept perpetually burning, faintly lit up the scene. Beautiful wreaths of freshly gathered flowers lay there, and Margaret felt as if the innocent blossoms had been degraded. But there must be no delay—some one might return ; so, seizing a stool near at hand, she lightly stepped upon the altar, with one of the lighted tapers in her hand. Again she paused : but there, to dissipate any doubts, was Myers' name in full, and a very recent date. Margaret thought of the miniature Captain Butler had shown her, and the remembrance animated her courage.

The deed was soon done ; in a few seconds the altar-piece was ruined. Singed and defaced, no one could have guessed what had been painted there. The maiden regained the floor ; taper and stool were both replaced ; and two or three moments afterward she was once more in the free air, and walked on quickly, until she regained the highway. Then she leaned against the gate, exhausted with many contending emotions. Still she must not give way now, nor must she linger, for the sun was sinking fast ; and on she went, longing for the solitude of her own chamber, where she might calmly think over what she had done.

The figure of a man emerged from the door of the confessional. It was none other than Captain Butler himself, the man whose love she had rejected, and whose vanity she had wounded to the quick ; and now she was in his power, though as yet she did not know it.

Muttering oaths and execrations, the captain had sense and cunning enough to escape Margaret's notice, and to become a witness of her pious wrath.

" So that is what you crept in here for, my scornful lady. I shall have sweet revenge, yet. Ha ! ha !" and he chuckled as he examined the destruction effected. " You thought you were not seen. You should look into the corners, Margaret Desborough, before you destroy church property. We shall see how your pride will sustain you when the authorities know how ill you have treated their Virgin."

With a wicked leer on his face, Captain Butler went his way, undecided as to the next step he should take. But Margaret retired to her home to commit her way unto the Lord.

Alone in her chamber she sat anxious and perplexed. It was not fear of discovery that was haunting her, although a possibility of the deed being traced to herself had been already considered ; but it was the fear of doing wrong, and offending the Saviour she loved. When dangers threatened, her courage always rose high, but this dread blanched her cheek and laid her in the dust. Had she the right to destroy the property of another, under any circumstances? Would her act effect any good?

Finally, she resolved to go and tell her minister the whole matter, and hear what was his opinion. Then she knelt down to pray—and prayer with her was no mere form. Trials wring from us something more than vain repetitions, and Margaret's life had seen many dark days. To-night the shadows of coming evil weighed upon her, and she wrestled long and earnestly ; now in whispered pleadings, now with sobs more eloquent than words, and now with groans too deep for words or tears ; and at break of day the blessing came. Peace was distilled like dew into her heart, and Margaret slept.

But while the maiden slept, an enemy was awake and busy. Captain Butler, at first, was uncertain what use he should make of the secret he held. He thought of going to Margaret, telling her what he had witnessed, and promise silence on his part if she would consent to his terms ; for, notwithstanding his hatred, he still felt a desire to marry the maiden. Again, he considered that perhaps his plan might fail, and then no chance remained. It would be better to inform the magistrate of what had been done, bind him down to silence with regard to his informant, and reserve his own part for the time when he might figure in a more favorable light in Margaret's eyes.

Pleased with this scheme, the captain bent his steps toward Lyndhurst Hall, and in the library of this mansion found the priest who had officiated that evening at vespers. He was writing, and lifted a pair of cold, expressionless eyes to the captain as he entered. The soldier moved restlessly from one window to the other. He was always ill at ease in the presence of his priest, because of a peculiar air of mystery the confessor carried in his manners and countenance.

" Father," said the soldier, at length, playing with the hilt of his sword, "I want your ear for a little while."

The cold eyes looked up again, and the pen was laid aside. " Do you want to confess, my son?"

" Not my own sin," said the captain, half smiling ; " and you can hear me as well in this room as elsewhere, although I must ask you to go with me to the chapel afterward."

" Well, I am at your service, my son," said the priest ; and the captain clumsily detailed the events of that evening, going back, in the midst of his recital, to speak of his former acquaintance with the Puritan girl, not withholding blame and reproach from either her or Sir Gilbert. The priest listened patiently to the rambling account. When the soldier spoke of Margaret stepping on the altar, a gleam of fire shot up into his eyes, but it was gone instantaneously, and was unobserved by the narrator.

" And what are your wishes now?" asked the priest, when the captain had finished. The wily father would not commit himself until he knew all that was in his visitor's mind.

" Come to the chapel first, and see how the little heretic has treated your Virgin," said the soldier, annoyed at the father's calmness, when he anticipated a display of wrath and indignation.

To the chapel they went ; and if the priest did not storm with anger, and pour out anathemas upon the maiden's head, he did something more satisfactory ; and as the pair left the building both felt that they had done the best they could for their own cause—the priest for his church, and the captain for his own selfish ends.

The justice had an early visit next day, and his visitor's purse was considerably lighter when he left ; so the captain's revenge seemed in a fair way of being gratified.

With the same peace in her heart with which she had sunk into slumber, rose Margaret Desborough the following morning, and threw back her casement to let in the sunshine, the smell of the new-mown hay, and the fragrance of the flowers in the garden beneath. There was a cloudless sky ; songs of birds mingled with the voices of the mowers in the meadow beside the house ; and for long days afterward did these sights and sounds live in Margaret's memory.

She was startled by the voice of Rebecca, who appeared at the door of the courtyard, looking excited, and rather frightened.

" Master wants to speak to you, this very moment, Miss Margaret. Please go directly," she added, as Margaret looked at her, without moving.

"What is the matter, Rebecca?" asked she, shaking off the pigeons she had been feeding, and scattering the seed remaining in her basket on the ground.

"I cannot tell, but master was speaking to some men, and they told me to fetch you this instant."

(To be continued.)

PERSECUTION RENEWED.

S. S. Lesson for March 4, Acts 5 : 17–32. Golden Text, Matt. 5 : 10. By Mrs. M. Baxter.

Persecution as a Right and a Privilege—Its Absence a Cause for Alarm—The Apostles in Prison—Their Offence a Benefaction—Their Deliverance—The Rulers Leagued against Them—Peter's Answer to the Council—God was Responsible—Jesus to Rule as well as Save—Gamaliel's Wise Counsel.

"BLESSED are they which are persecuted for righteousness' sake, for their's is the kingdom of heaven." These are our Lord's own words, yet how many there are who take persecution from man through whom it comes instrumentally, instead of from God who permits it; and therefore esteem it rather as a wrong than as a blessed right belonging to the child of God and a high privilege. Few understand the words of Paul to the Philippians, "Unto you it is *given* in the behalf of Christ, not only to believe on Him, but also to suffer for His sake" (Phil. 1 : 29). And few understand his words to Timothy, "All that will live *godly* in Christ Jesus shall suffer persecution" (2 Tim. 3 : 12). Believers who have never lived near enough to God to provoke persecution, attribute the necessity for these words to the state of things in the times of the apostles, instead of taking home the solemn, searching lesson that all who are not living near enough to God, and far enough from the world to provoke persecution, are manifestly not living

"GODLY IN CHRIST JESUS."

It was just as soon as the tide of life and power rose high in the primitive church, just when "multitudes" were added to the Lord, and all the sick who were brought to the disciples were healed, that the powers that be took alarm. "The high priest rose up, and all they that were with him, (which is the sect of the Sadducees), and were filled with indignation, and laid their hands on the apostles, and put them in the common prison." What had they done? Only preached and healed. Had sin increased? Could they prove that those who were "added to the Lord" were the worse for it? Was it a sin to bring sick people in contact with their Lord by faith, so that He delivered them from their pains and from their uselessness? Had the conversions been effected by the priests, would they not have gloried in them? Had the healings been wrought through the instrumentality of some physician of those days, would he not have been looked upon as a benefactor of mankind? Yes, anything by which *man* can obtain praise is believed in and welcomed, but men are suspicious of any

RECOGNITION OF GOD.

How often do we hear men say that cases of healing by the Lord are pure imagination, and when facts are so strong that there can be no doubt that the diseased lungs have become sound, that the leg condemned to be amputated has become a healthy member, that the cancer has disappeared, that the helpless, suffering spine has become again the support, instead of the source of weakness and pain to the body—then they impute the power by which such works are wrought to mesmerism or anything else rather than speak as honestly as the magicians in Egypt and say, "This is the finger of God" (Ex. 8 : 19). Oh, how inconsistent is the world! If it be a sin to heal the sick, why then are not all successful doctors put into prison?

The apostles' term of imprisonment was not long. "The angel of the Lord by night opened the prison doors, and brought them forth, and said, Go, stand and speak in the temple to the people all the words of this life." But so doing would they not act in open defiance of the authorities? Bless God! He was responsible. The authorities were acting in defiance of God. The apostles had made no resistance to them when they cast them into prison; their cause was the cause of God, and they could safely "commit the keeping of their souls" (Gr. "lives") "to Him in well-doing, as unto a faithful Creator" (1 Pet. 4 : 19). Praise God! no prison locks can retain His children a moment longer than He permits; Jesus had guaranteed to His followers, "Nothing shall by any means hurt you" (Luke 10 : 19); how could those who believed His words have a moment's anxiety? They left the prison, passing as they went the keepers who knew not that God has a private latch-key to every door, and has sedatives of His own for any prison-keeper. The men of God lost no time, but went early in the morning into the temple and taught. Those who know what it is to win souls, to see them pass "from darkness to light and from the power of Satan to God," can well conceive with what joy the liberated disciples bore again their testimony for Jesus.

Others were at work as well as they, but on a far different mission. "The high-priest came, and they that were with him, and called the council together, and all the senate of the children of Israel:" church and state, rulers ecclesiastical and secular, combining against Jesus. Too often in our Protestant lands this thing has been repeated, all the world, including the worldly church in all denominations, rising up against any manifestation of the life of God. And these rulers thought that their combined authority and wisdom would easily dispose of the weak little company with which they had to deal. But they little knew the odds which were against them in estimating the opposition; they had

NOT TAKEN GOD INTO ACCOUNT.

They sent to the prison summoning the accused parties to appear before them. The officers, the police of those days, returned with an inexplicable story; "The prison truly found we shut with all safety, and the keepers standing without before the doors: but when we had opened, we found no man within." What was this? Was there a traitor in their own camp?

Before they had recovered from their surprise, the report reached them that their prisoners were not only at liberty, but absolutely

PREACHING THE GOSPEL AGAIN,

and that not hidden away in some obscure place, but openly in the temple. They lost no time, but sent immediately to call them, not with violence, for they feared an uprising of the people in their defence, and that the officers should have been stoned. The apostles made no resistance, but stood unabashed before the council, "and the high priest asked them, saying, Did not we strictly command you that ye should not teach in this name? and, behold, ye have filled Jerusalem with your doctrine, and intend to bring this man's blood upon us." Alas! alas! the whole people of the Jews had already pronounced the fearful words, "His blood be on us, and on our children" (Matt. 27 : 25).

PETER'S RULE OF LIFE.

Peter and the other apostles, just filled with fresh confidence, fresh praise, fresh experience of the mighty power of God's delivering hand, were not likely to be awed by any company of men however august, standing as they did before God whose hand was stretched out in their behalf, these rulers looked so small and insignificant, they could not be mentioned or thought of in comparison with the present living God. They replied, "We ought to obey God rather than men." Oh, that believers understood how to obey, and how to stand in the right relation to God and to man; how to obey those placed in authority in every respect, except when their command is in distinct opposition to the written Word of God. Many there are who disobey husband, parent, master, minister, or teacher, whenever a command interferes with their own will, who yet make obedience to them an excuse for disobeying God, when obedience to Him would entail disobedience to them. "We ought to obey God rather than men," *i.e.*, whenever it is a question between the authority of God and that of man, let God be obeyed at any cost. "The God of our fathers raised up Jesus, whom ye slew and hanged on a tree. Him hath God exalted with His right hand, to be

A PRINCE AND A SAVIOUR,

for to give repentance to Israel, and forgiveness of sins." Was it not rather imprudent to go thus in the face of the senate? When men are charged with a message from God, and are filled with the Holy Ghost for the delivery of it, prudence can have no voice; *God is responsible* for all which He commands. They had been forbidden to say anything about the resurrection, but the very truth which alone could save the senators and priests of Israel from eternal ruin, was bound up with the resurrection of Christ. "If Christ be not raised, your faith is vain; ye are yet in your sins" (1 Cor. 15 : 17). Reader, are you in every detail of life obeying God rather than men? In your family and social life, in your business, in your leisure time, and in your dress, in your friendships, and in your habits, do you set aside all influence of man, until you have fully discovered the will of God? Oh, if God convicts you that there is a fault in you, that fear of man has driven you from the straight line, from having the glory of your God as your one object, then take this message: the risen Jesus is "a Prince and a Saviour," *let Him rule* as well as save you, He gives repentance and forgiveness of sins.

The apostles did not merely make a statement of doctrine, they gave personal testimony, and so must every one do who would have power with others; it may rouse their anger or it may convict them, whenever it is real it will not be without effect. These rulers were "cut to the heart," but pride would not allow them to yield. Brought up to such a point, men must either yield or become persecutors, these men chose the latter, and in their mad rage "took counsel to slay them." But one man was there, Paul's tutor (Acts 22 : 3), "a Pharisee named Gamaliel, a doctor of the law, had in reputation among all the people, and commanded to put the apostles forth a little space." All had seemed to be against them, humanly speaking their cause was lost; but He who had opened the prison doors was still the Almighty God, His resources remained inexhaustible, and He so ordered that one of this very council who was planning to destroy the apostles' lives, should become of his own free will the counsel for their defence. And it was

A NOBLE DEFENCE.

"Ye men of Israel, take heed to yourselves what ye intend to do as touching these men;" and then after referring to two impostors who had come to nought, he continued, "And now I say unto you, Refrain from these men, and let them alone: for if this counsel or this work be of men, it will come to nought: but if it be of God, ye cannot overthrow it; lest haply ye be found even to fight against God." Surely Gamaliel was *not far from the kingdom of God;* it is not a usual thing for an unconverted man to place things thus in the light of God and to recognize His hand in them. The council agreed to him, but did not let the apostles go until they had beaten them, and repeated their command "that they should not speak in the name of Jesus."

"And they departed from the presence of the council," not with complaints that they had been hardly dealt with, not with trembling and fear for the future, they had counted the cost and accepted persecution as their precious privilege. They departed "rejoicing that they were *counted worthy to suffer* shame for His name;" they knew how to "glory in tribulations" (Rom. 5 : 3), and to "count it all joy when ye fall into divers temptations" (James 1 : 2). This was Christianity in its normal state. "And daily in the temple, and in every house (they preached and visited from house to house), they ceased not to teach and preach Jesus Christ." Lord, restore primitive Christianity!

FOREIGN TOPICS.

The Speech of Queen Victoria was Read at the opening of the British Parliament on Thursday last. The only paragraphs of general interest relate to the affairs of Egypt and Ireland. The speech states that in the former country tranquillity has been restored, and that the "withdrawal of the British troops is proceeding as expeditiously as a prudent consideration of the circumstances admits. The reconstitution of the government of Egypt and the reorganization of its affairs under the Khedive have partly been accomplished." As to the future, the speech says, England's efforts will be directed "to secure full provision for the exigencies of order, for a just representation of the wants and wishes of the population, and for the observances of international obligations." With *reference to Ireland* the speech states that the improvement in its condition continues. "Agrarian crime has sensibly diminished, and law has been everywhere upheld." This roseate view of the state of Ireland will be met by a counter statement from Mr. Parnell, who promptly announced that he should oppose its endorsement by Parliament. The speech also intimated that a proposal to establish a court of Criminal Appeal which does not exist in Great Britain will be introduced during the session.

The President of the French Republic has again urged upon M. Freycinet the duty of forming a Cabinet. That statesman has endeavored to execute the task, but at the close of last week no announcement had been made of his success. Meanwhile the Legislature has debated the Expulsion Bill, dealing with the representatives of the families which have reigned over France. The Senate passed the bill in a modified form, suggested by M. Waddington. It provided that any prince found guilty of furthering pretensions endangering the State shall be banished, his trial to take place before a court of assizes or before the Senate sitting as a high court. That bill was, however, summarily rejected by the lower House, which adopted in its place a compromise suggested during the debate in the Senate by M. Barbey, rendering the princes liable to expulsion by the decree of the President of the Republic. That was rejected by the Senate, and a deadlock ensued. Some idea of the difficulties surrounding the Republic and the irreconcilable doctrines of the factions may be gained from the following set of resolutions passed unanimously at a public meeting in Paris: "1. The government is called upon to decree the immediate surrender to the nation of all the property, real and personal, now possessed by the thirty-three members of the Orleans family. 2. This act of preservation and justice is to be extended to the Bonaparte and Bourbon families. 3. The expropriation for the benefit of the nation of all the real and personal property of the Rothschild family."

The Trial of the Men Charged with Conspiracy to murder Irish officials was continued last week. To the surprise of the other prisoners James Carey, the Town Councillor of Dublin, one of the accused, volunteered to testify against his companions in the dock. His evidence was accepted by the government, and proved to be conclusive against the assassins of Lord Frederick Cavendish and Mr. Burke. The utmost indignation was manifested against Carey by the prisoners, who were exasperated at his shameless effort to clear himself at the expense of his colleagues. Carey described in detail the organization and proceedings of the Assassination Society, which was called "The Invincibles." The Dublin branch consisted of fifty picked men. They were under the command of a man whose name Carey professed he did not know, but who was called by his subordinates "Number One." That man had abundance of money at command, which Carey believed was *supplied by the Land League to pay murderers*. It was decided to "remove," Earl Cowper who was then Viceroy, Mr. Forster and Mr. Burke. Carey assisted in selecting men to commit the crimes. Plans were laid six times for the murder of Mr. Forster, and armed men lay in wait to kill him, but each time some apparently trivial circumstance thwarted them. Carey admitted that on the night of May 6th, 1882, he *waved a white handkerchief* as a signal for the attack on Lord F. Cavendish and Mr. Burke, and that it was at his suggestion that knives were used. He saw the stabbing done, and pointed out the men in the dock who actually perpetrated the deed. Carey was one of the four leaders of "The Invincibles," and had control of the funds and directed the operations of the society. One of the most important features of the miscreant's evidence is that so prominent a leader as he appears to have been should admit that the Land League supplied the Assassination Society with funds.

The Demonstration in Mr. Bradlaugh's Interest on the occasion of the opening of Parliament is ridiculed by the British press. About seven thousand men and boys, chiefly the latter, assembled in one of the London squares and protested against the exclusion of Mr. Bradlaugh from the House of Commons. Mr. Bradlaugh made a speech to the throng, and announced that if nothing was mentioned in the House of Commons by four o'clock in the afternoon about the bill allowing members to make affirmation who desired to do so, instead of taking the usual Parliamentary oath, he should then take his seat in the House. There was a large crowd outside of the Houses of Parliament, the gates of which were well guaded. The proceedings at the meeting occupied half an hour, and terminated with perfect order. When the House of Commons assembled a member of Mr. Gladstone's Cabinet stated that he would on an early day propose that members might take their seats by affirming instead of taking the oath. The proposal will be opposed by the Conservatives as before.

The Preparations for the Coronation of the Czar are described by a correspondent in Europe of *The Sun*. He states that Moscow is occupied by busy workmen, native and foreign, engaged in completing the arrangements for the ceremony. They are on a fabulous scale of magnificence. Eleven miles of tables are being constructed for the banquet on the plain, and eighty-five circular counters for the distribution to the moujiks of 900,000 pies. Rubinstein is to write a march and direct an orchestra of 1000 musicians and 8000 choristers. Sixteen enormous vats, to hold the free beer, are being built in the public places, and an English company is covering the Kremlin with electric lights. Meanwhile the anxiety about the Nihilists grows apace, and the latest report is that the German police have got possession of some of Hartmann's communications to Nihilists, giving instructions on the subject of the coronation.

Prince Jerome Napoleon has been Formally recognized by the ex-Empress of the French as the head of the Bonaparte family. The London *Times* publishes an authoritative statement regarding an interview which took place on February 13th between the ex-Empress Eugénie and Prince Jérôme Napoléon, which, it says, has cleared up some private misunderstandings existing between the ex-Empress and the Prince. The ex-Empress was not called upon to express any opinion of her kinsman's general policy, and could not, consistently with the line of policy adopted by her while sojourning in Great Britain, do more than assure her cousin of her best wishes for any constitutional action he may take toward bringing about a plebiscite.

The Progress of Jesuitism in England is Described by a correspondent of the London *Record*, in a lucid and interesting article, dated from Rome. He makes the following statements: "Those who are in a position to know the truth do not hesitate to say that the development of advanced Ritualism in England is the work of the Jesuits; that ever since the year 1841 they have insidiously but steadily worked to advance their cause, and with that subtle cleverness which has so distinguished them since the foundation of the Order, they have known how to choose the ground and the agents best adapted for their work. Their aim and end for years has been not only to make proselytes, but so to corrupt the Episcopal Church as to cause if not her absolute ruin, at least such schism as to weaken and shake her very foundations."

Messrs. Moody and Sankey's Mission in Birmingham, England, has been abundantly blessed. A local secular journal says: "Only a powerful attraction would serve to induce nearly 2000 people to leave the comfort of the fireside in order to attend a public gathering in such weather as prevailed. That such a number should have assembled at Messrs. Moody and Sankey's meetings in Bingley Hall, and that when less discomforting conditions prevailed, the audience should have numbered nearly 10,000, affords ample proof that, either in themselves or their methods, the American evangelists are the subject of widespread popular interest." It appears that on the occasion of Messrs. Moody and Sankey's former visit to Birmingham a list was compiled of those persons who connected their conversion with the mission then held, and their names were handed to the ministers of the various churches with which the converts elected to be associated. A large proportion are said to be still in fellowship with these churches, and it is therefore not surprising that Mr. Moody has among his supporters not a few clergymen of the Episcopal Church, and practically all the ministers of what are called the "Evangelical Nonconformist denominations."

In the German Reichstag an Account of the fund for the relief of the sufferers by the inundations was given on February 16th, by the President, who mentioned the amounts received from America and elsewhere. Herr Bernuth asked that the House express its thanks for these large donations. The request was greeted with loud applause, which the President said he regarded as an expression of the thanks of the House. The sum received from the United States was 588,100 marks ($140,026).

The Spezia Mission in Italy, a Picture of which appeared in a former number of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, has for some years had an evangelical station in the city of Pistoja (the ancient Pistoria), where the labors of Signor Tofani and his devoted family have not been in vain. The most remarkable known result in this work was the conversion of Signor Galassi, now the zealous young preacher at Spezia and Lerice. Signor Galassi has had occasion to visit his native Pistoja, and has conducted there, as at Prato, a series of Gospel services, which have been very largely attended. The Gospel has appeared a reality to many who have listened to the young preacher, remembering that a few years ago he cared for none of these things.

Volume V. of the Christian Herald and Signs of our Times is now ready, bound in cloth, containing all the numbers for 1882 with complete index. Price $3 including postage. Ten per cent less to ministers and the trade.

The Prophetic News and Israel's Watchman (London), for February, may be obtained at the office of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, price six cents, postage paid.

An Illustrated Work on the Unfulfilled prophecies of the Bible, by the Rev. M. Baxter, entitled: "Forty Coming Wonders," may be had from the office of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, 63 Bible House, New York, by remitting one dollar. It is a book of 528 pages, is handsomely bound in cloth and contains fifty full-page pictures and diagrams representing the scenes described in the prophecies of Daniel and in the book of the Revelation. It also contains a resumé of the opinions of other expositors, and extracts carefully collated from the works of all the most eminent writers on prophecy, from the earliest ages of the Christian era down to those of recent date. It thus forms the most useful and complete guide the student can have in entering on the study of that portion of the Word of God. The book may also be obtained for one dollar from any bookseller, who can procure it from the American News Company.

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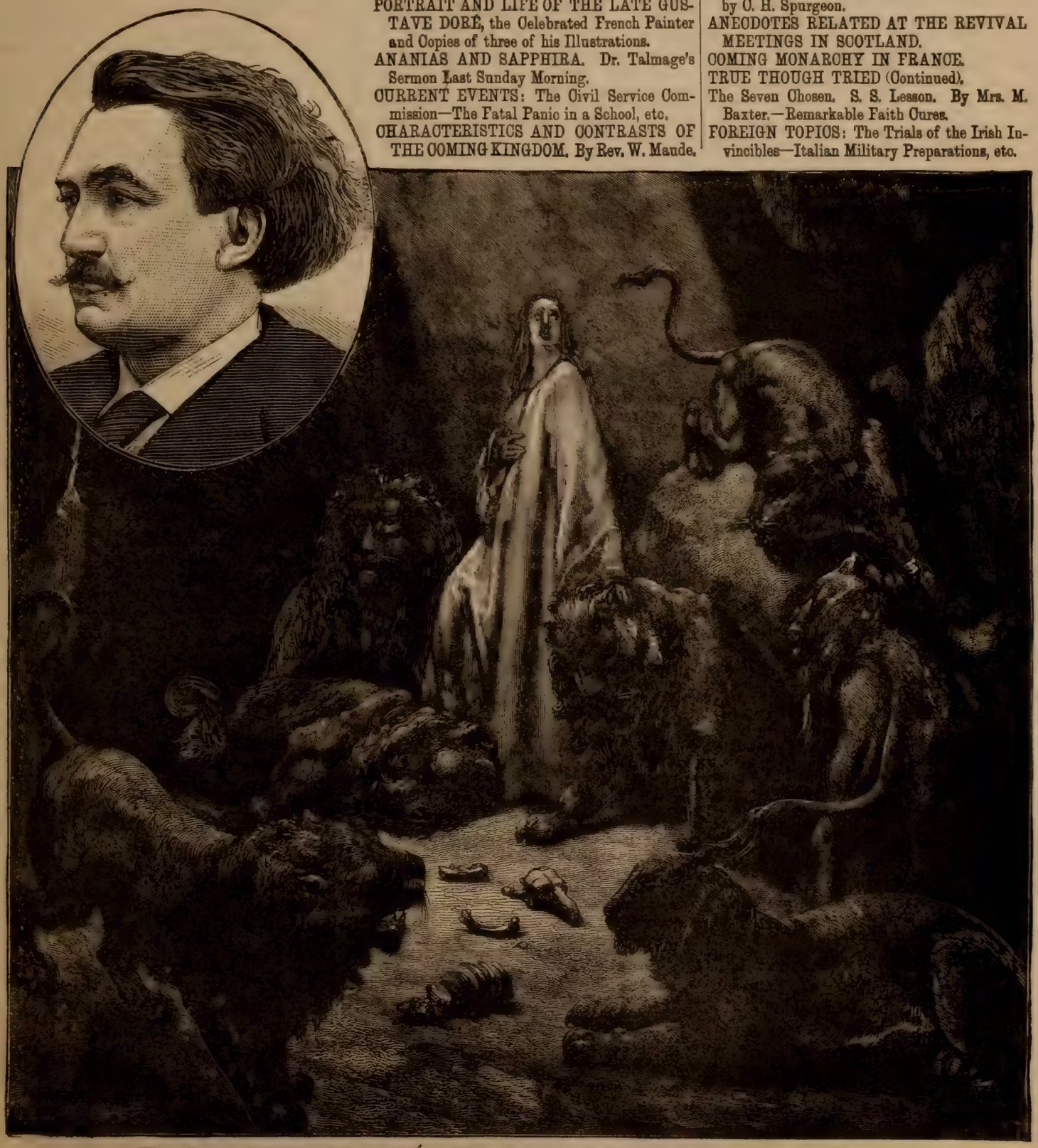

The Late GUSTAVE DORÉ—His Picture of Daniel in the Den of Lions.

GUSTAVE DORÉ.

THE FRENCH ILLUSTRATOR OF THE BIBLE, ETC.

His Universal Popularity—Birth and Early Life—Youthful Productions—An Artist at Seventeen Earning His Bread—Love for His Mother—Untiring Industry—An American Visitor on Doré's Home—His most Prominent Works—Illness and Death—"What Then?"—The Portrait of a Drunkard—Our Illustrations from His Works.

Gustave Doré's death on January 23d last, deprived the world of its most popular living artist. That he was the greatest artist connoisseurs deny, but the works of no other painter were so widely distributed, so popular with the masses as his. In every land his name is known, and in palace and cottage his pictures are treasured. Possibly, had he painted a small number of pictures, he might have attained a higher rank in his profession, but his productions could never have given greater pleasure to his unprofessional admirers. We have read time after time the wonderful narratives of the Bible, but before the canvases of Doré we realize, as we never did before, the depth of meaning they contain. It is the same with Milton's "Paradise Lost," with Dante's "Inferno" and other works that he illustrated. He had a strange, weird power of depicting the unseen and unearthly scenes, so that the meaning of the writers took visible shape and form under his hands. Many a reader of Milton has laid down the book to endeavor to conceive the wondrous scenes the poet describes, and has failed. Doré read, and his mind saw the scene in every detail, and his practised hand transferred it to canvas for the benefit of others less gifted.

Gustave Doré *was born at Strasburg, on January 6th*, 1832. He was thus only fifty-one years of age when he died, yet in that comparatively brief space of time he produced

OVER FIFTY THOUSAND PICTURES,

many of them of colossal size. He spent his childhood among the mountains of the Vosges, and the critics who trace the talent and characteristics that make up an artist to natural influences of race or residence, were always finding in certain weird effects of mountain scenery in Doré's works, and in his habitual use of sombre effects of forest and foliage, the result of his early life.

Until the age of fifteen his education was pursued at the College of Bourg, where the precocious boy did very little studying but a great deal of drawing, seeing, however, very little of contemporaneous art except in the shape of caricatures and illustrated periodicals. In the first he had a good master—Grandville—who, startled by the boy's precocious genius, urged his father to make an artist of him, and predicted his splendid success. His father, however, at first opposed the project, but in 1847, having to visit Paris, he took the boy with him. Gustave immediately on his arrival with a collection of his drawings as his only introduction, sought, with the confidence of youth, Phillipon, a noted art dealer and patron of artists. Phillipon was so struck by the untutored efforts of the boy that he strongly advised him to devote himself to art, a pursuit for which nature so evidently had intended him. As a proof that it was no idle flattery, Phillipon offered to purchase all the drawings that Doré might produce, and this unexpected kindness decided the boy's career in life. Even his family withdrew their opposition, and it was arranged that Doré should enter the Lycée Charlemagne for two years before devoting himself wholly to art. Under these conditions his father consented to his remaining in Paris. But his time at the Lycée was chiefly devoted to filling the margins of his histories with sketches and covering his exercise books with strange, weird drawings of angels and demons.

Phillipon was at that time commencing the publication of his satirical *Journal pour Rire*, and he encouraged Doré to draw for it. The boy was willing enough, and during the following three years so great was his industry that he made some three thousand drawings, mostly for the *Journal pour Rire*. The fame of the journal spread throughout France, the wit and satire of the sketches became the subject of conversation everywhere. The vices and follies of society, even the blunders of the government felt the lash of his genius and smarted under his ridicule. Doré was sought after, commissions were offered him freely on his own terms, and probably for the first time in the history of art the spectacle was witnessed of

AN ARTIST OF SEVENTEEN

earning his bread. After leaving the Lycée, Doré added to the labors of this regular engagement the miscellaneous work of a young artist, illustrating ephemeral "albums" and exhibiting in 1848 some striking pen-and-ink sketches at the Salon. Not long afterward he turned his attention to oil-painting. He exhibited almost from the start—landscapes at first inspired by his early studies in the Vosges, or by his journey to the Alps. But they met with less favor than his sketches. Fresh, original, with brilliant handling of light and shade, and a wonderfully effective treatment of his material, certain radical defects, as a hardness of outline and a theatrical use of his atmospheric effects, were still strong enough to overbalance his evident merits.

Doré, however, worked on with all-absorbing industry. He had his mother come to Paris, and with her he lived. He loved her devotedly, and she returned his affection with all a mother's pride in her son's popularity added. Doré was often joked about his love for his mother by his Paris friends, who only too easily shook off the restraints of home. "*Why do you not marry?*" they asked him, to which he would reply, "What would you have? I am already twice married" (referring to his mother and his art). "Must a man be a Turk to prove that he is of a domestic turn?" He was faithful to that love to the last, and Mme. Doré on her side watched over him and his work tenderly for many years. Visitors, even with letters of introduction, had to pass the concierge, a maid-servant, and Mme. Doré, and satisfied the inquiries of all three, before they were allowed to see M. Doré himself.

Wealth flowed in upon him, but he never altered his style of life or abated his untiring industry. He was constantly to be seen on the boulevards of Paris dressed in the ordinary blouse worn by the working classes. Nor was this the result of any affectation, but the result of the honesty and simplicity of his life.

AN AMERICAN VISITOR

to his home thus describes him and his haunt: "Like his life his studio was simple and workman-like. It was a square room of large dimensions, lighted by a skylight and sufficiently lofty to accommodate the gigantic canvases whereon the artist worked out his vast conceptions. A movable platform adapted to be raised or lowered at pleasure occupied the centre of the room. On this Doré was wont to stand when at work on the colossal pictures that seemed to spring into being so readily beneath his skilful and rapid brush. A table laden with brushes of all dimensions, from the most delicate pencil to a huge, overgrown mushroom of hair. Another, strewed with books, papers, letters, visiting cards, and scraps of drawing, a few chairs and a sofa, made up the furniture. There were visible no bits of bric-à-brac, no pieces of old armor or antique furniture, no lay figures or lengths of colored drapery, the usual picturesque litter of an artist's studio; huge green curtains, intended to hide unfinished works hung from the walls; all else was bare and severe.

"This is his large studio in the Rue Bayard. It was, however, in the Rue St. Dominique Saint Germain that he was at home, and at his mother's. When you got to know him, he was very attractive, and though somewhat disposed to melancholy, liked to talk about his treasures, for the apartment was filled with all sorts of artistic objects and mementos. To these and to several small dogs he was much attached. He loved music and played on the piano, flute and guitar, as well as on the violin, and often had musical evenings which were very enjoyable, and where attractive and talented men of all classes were to be met. He was a handsome man, with a far-off, dreamy look in his eye; flowing hair, a mustache, and rather Germanic in type, as some have thought his art to be. One of his pronounced dislikes, however, was for the Germans, and his pathetic Salon picture, 'Alsace,' was his protest to the annexation. Work was his enjoyment and he was at it incessantly, whether on his trips to England and Scotland or in the quiet of his Paris studios. He was often at work at six and after nightfall."

The period of the Crimean War gave a new bent to his work and turned him to the peculiar class of illustration in which he has won his most extended reputation. He accompanied the French troops to the scene of action, his sketches appearing in the *Musée Anglo-Français*, issued by his boyhood's friend, Phillipon. An art connoisseur, writing in the New York *World*, gives the following chronological list of Doré's

SUBSEQUENT WORKS:

"He exhibited in 1855 the 'Battle of the Alma,' and two years later the 'Battle of Inkermann,' two enormously large battle-pieces, the latter of which gained a mention. In the first year of the war he published his first illustrated work—'Rabelais.' 'The Wandering Jew,' a folio of a dozen large plates, large even for this artist, followed, and has been placed by most critics at the head of his works. Balzac's 'Contes Drolatiques' and the 'Contes de Perrault,' which have had but little attention outside of France, came next. A tour through Spain in company with Hippolyte Taine produced their 'Voyage aux Pyrenees,' and later Doré's 'Don Quixote.' To his illustrations of Cervantes's work, Doré gave a local coloring which no previous interpreter had even faintly attempted, and their popularity has fixed once for all the conventional type of the hero. A Latin himself, Doré gave the immortal tale an altogether different interpretation from that of most English readers or draughtsmen, and on the whole a truer one. In delicacy and refinement of drawing the illustrations to this work stand alone, and some Hispano-Mauresque interiors are marvels of the skill with which this fine draughtsman could seize architectural details with the accuracy of a photograph.

"In 1861 Doré exhibited four paintings from subjects drawn from Dante's 'Inferno,' giving to the world at the same time his folio volume of illustrations of the same work, his interpretation of the 'Divine Comedy' being completed in 1868, with the publication of 'Purgatory' and 'Paradise.' During these seven intervening years Doré exhibited, with other pictures, 'Le Neophyte,' which with 'La Famille du Saltimbanque,' Hamerton regards as his best performance. In 1865-6 was published his illustrated Bible, in 1867 the 'Fables' of La Fontaine and in 1868 Tennyson's 'Idyls of the King.'

"The later works of Doré have been described so often and so minutely that a mere mention of the most notable among them will suffice. Of paintings may be named 'The Christian Martyrs,' 1874; 'Dante and Virgil Visiting the Seventh Circle,' and the 'House of Caiaphas,' 1875; 'Jesus Condemned,' 1876; 'The Entry of Christ into Jerusalem,' 1877; 'Ecce Homo,' and 'Moses before Pharaoh,' 1878; 'The Death of Orpheus,' 1879, etc., while among the illustrated works should be enumerated his 'Paradise Lost' and 'Rime of the Ancient Mariner,' the 'London,' for which Douglas Jerrold furnished the letter-press, a fine 'Orlando Furioso' and the illustrations for Baron Davillier's book on Spain. *His 'Shakespeare' is left unfinished.*

"Doré had also produced several works of sculpture, among them 'Death and Love' and 'Glory Stifling a Young Warrior,' with a colossal vase in bronze, on which was depicted the triumph of Bacchus, which was one of the sensations of the last International Exposition at Paris. He had recently undertaken the statue of Dumas père, in which the Muse of Reading sits rapt at the feet of the great story-teller. In

1861 Doré received the cross of the Legion of Honor, being promoted to the grade of officer in 1879. He had made a great fortune, and purchased not long ago a site for a splendid residence in the Parc Monceau, one of the most attractive spots in Paris."

In person, Doré was of medium stature, stoutly built, and with a fine head. He dressed carelessly and delighted, to use his own phrase, in "living the life of an Arab." His unresting mind and his frank temper made him a foe to all idle ceremonies or conventionalities. While a welcome guest at the great receptions, Dore was not fond of society, for the reason that it interfered with his art, preferring a quiet evening at home, conversation with his friends and music, to all fashionable gatherings.

ILLNESS AND DEATH.

Doré worked too hard, and continued his labors with too little relaxation to live long. His weary physical frame and his exhausted mind left him but little stamina to support the strain of illness. He was smitten and succumbed almost without a struggle. On Friday, January 19th, he attended a soiree, and in returning to his residence he caught cold. The next day inflammation of the throat set in and made rapid progress. The most eminent physicians in Paris were summoned to his bedside, but were unable to relieve his sufferings. He died on Tuesday, January 23d, at the age of fifty-one years.

WHAT THEN?

Who can answer! It is not for us to say what were the scenes into which that gifted soul entered when it left the body. Unhappily, there is no evidence that he experienced that change of heart which can alone fit the soul for entrance into heaven. It may be that there was such a change, but there is sad reason to fear otherwise.

The question has been asked, "What became of *Noah's carpenters?*" That he had assistance in building the ark is certain, but the Bible record shows that the men who labored year after year on the structure must have neglected to use it when the time of trouble came. So it may have been that this magnificent artist, whose genius was devoted to rendering more vivid and realistic the scenes and events of the Bible, and whose mind grasped so powerfully the sacred narratives, failed to apply them to his own safety. If so, the lot of the humblest, most obscure believer is preferable to that of the celebrated painter with all his wealth and fame. It is the most stupendous disaster of life to gain the whole world and lose the soul.

Among Doré's most remarkable illustrations is that of the

PORTRAIT OF A DRUNKARD.

Doré had an artist's eye, even for those terribly repulsive creatures, the victims of drink, who are but too plentiful in our streets, and at sight of whom ordinary men shudder. One evening when in London, he was roaming near the Farringdon Market, when an appalling object, one mass of rags on a gaunt frame of bones, rose up before him, croaking, "I am a gentleman; I am a clergyman!" Doré was so much struck with the man's appearance, that he put him into a cab and took him to his hotel, where the hall-porter, as was only natural, evinced some surprise.

As Doré was fond of harmless fun, he said coolly, "Give your arm to this gentleman up the stairs, please; he is my uncle;" and when he had got his "uncle" up-stairs he drew a ghastly sketch of him preaching from a pulpit to a congregation of other drunkards. The picture might have served admirably as a companion to that of Cruikshank on "Drink."

DANIEL IN THE LIONS' DEN,

a copy of which is by special permission of the publishers reproduced on our front page, is another of his sublime conceptions. Our readers are well acquainted with the thrilling narrative in the sixth chapter of Daniel. The artist depicts the scene when the king came to the den, and "cried with a lamentable voice unto Daniel: and said, O Daniel, servant of the living God, is thy God, whom thou servest continually, able to deliver thee from the lions? Then said Daniel unto the king, O king, live forever. My God hath sent his angel, and hath shut the lions' mouths, that they have not hurt me: forasmuch as before him innocency was found in me; and also before thee, O king, have I done no hurt. Then was the king exceedingly glad for him, and commanded that they should take Daniel up out of the den. So Daniel was taken up out of the den, and no manner of hurt was found upon him, because he believed in his God."

THE LAST SUPPER

was another subject illustrated by Doré. A copy of this picture *appears on page* 140. It will be noticed with what rare skill the artist has succeeded in overcoming the difficulties of the subject, and has grouped the figures so that the spectator is able to note the contrast between the countenances of the apostles. The moment chosen was that surpassing in pathos and solemnity all other scenes in the history of the Son of man when "He took the cup, and gave thanks, and said, take this, and divide it among yourselves: For I say unto you, I will not drink of the fruit of the vine, until the kingdom of God shall come. And he took bread and gave thanks, and brake it and gave unto them, saying, This is my body which is given for you: this do in remembrance of me. Likewise also the cup after supper, saying, This cup is the new testament in my blood, which is shed for you. But, behold, the hand of him that betrayeth me is with me on the table. And truly the son of man goeth, as it was determined: but woe unto that man by whom he is betrayed!"

In the Doré Bible is another illustration of wonderful power and beauty. It is that of Christ's reproof to the Pharisees when they brought to him

THE WOMAN TAKEN IN ADULTERY.

A copy of that picture appears on page 141. That incident has carried the balm of comfort for near two thousand years into the broken heart of many a poor penitent. The Pharisees, like the Pharisees of our day boasting of their higher life, their holiness, and the impossibility of their falling under the power of sin were very bitter against any who fall before fierce temptation. The woman's grievous, flagrant sin shocked the souls of those who prayed publicly in the streets, and who, when they committed sin, did it secretly. They were like the *two people now lying in jail* in a city near New York who attended a holiness meeting, and reproved a woman for wearing some ornament on her dress, and afterward went home and committed such sins as appalled the community by their fiendish cruelty.

But we remember how the pure and holy Saviour dealt with the sinner and her accusers; not excusing or palliating her crime, but rebuking the hypocrites who denounced her. The narrative is in the eighth chapter of John. The artist seizes the moment when, after Jesus had written on the ground as though He had not heard the terrible charge, when they continued asking Him—the self-satisfied attitude of one man and the vindictive face and outstretched hand of another, are very expressive—Jesus "said unto them; He that is without sin among you, let him first cast a stone at her. And they which heard it being convicted by their own consciences went out one by one." They had the grace to obey their consciences, which their followers of our day have not. The day, however, is coming when those who have so worn the cloak of hypocrisy, and caused religion to be evil spoken of, will be confronted with the same glorious Being who, reading their hearts will not be deceived.

MR. SPURGEON AND GUSTAVE DORÉ.

In the course of his sermon on a recent Sunday morning, Mr. Spurgeon, alluding to the death of Gustave Doré said that he had made the acquaintance of the artist, and had *frequently suggested subjects* to him. If the gifted painter had survived, and he had another opportunity of conversing with him, he would have asked him to paint a picture representing what *the model Christian* should be. In the background of the picture there would have been the lion which Samson had previously slain with his own hands, and from whose carcass he had just taken the honey, while in the forefront would be Samson himself distributing honey to those round him, and thus presenting in a striking form the grand truth so often forgotten, that the Christian who is saved from death, should begin to feed the perishing around him, with the food which has satisfied his own soul.

Missionaries are Needed for China. An urgent and pressing *appeal for missionaries*, signed by seventy-seven missionaries, connected with the China Inland Mission has been issued. After referring to the famine which recently swept over North China, the writers say: "A more widespread and awful *famine of the bread of life* now exists to-day in every province in China. Souls on every hand are perishing for lack of knowledge; more than a thousand every hour are passing away into death and darkness. We, and many others, have been sent by God and by the churches to minister the bread of life to these perishing ones; but our number collectively is utterly inadequate to the crying needs around us. Provinces in China compare in area with kingdoms in Europe, and average between ten to twenty millions in population. One province has no missionary; one has only one; in each of two other provinces there are only one missionary and his wife resident; and none are sufficiently supplied with laborers. Can we leave matters thus without incurring the sin of blood-guiltiness?" A twofold appeal closes the letter: first, for earnest prayer; secondly, for fresh laborers. Forty-two additional men and twenty-eight women are urgently required, and could be advantageously stationed.

The Salvation Army in Switzerland is Making progress and attracting considerable attention. An Englishman thus writes of a meeting he attended at Geneva: "The meeting took place in the Salle de la Reformation, which holds some 4000 people. Miss Booth, after speaking, asked those who were desirous of pardon to stand up. A large number did so. One after another went forward and gave up all to God. I nearly jumped off my seat when I saw *one of my fellow-students* get up, go forward, fall on his knees, and pray for salvation. How I did pray for him; he was the last to find peace, but what glory when he found it! How glad we were; we even kissed each other. That young fellow thought before going there that he was really saved; it was when he found himself sifted by the Holy Ghost that he found out his position. Glory be to God that the Army has come to Switzerland."

A Revival in Several Colleges has Followed the Day of Prayer. The President of Maryville College, Tennessee, writes: "On the Day of Prayer for Colleges, some of our young men asked Christians to pray for them. A good work is going on, and we hope many more will consecrate themselves to Christ and His service. Students are coming to us in great numbers. We cannot accommodate more young men. We must have more room. Our chapel is now too small." The Secretary of Lincoln College, Oxford, Pa., says: "There is profound religious interest and inquiry among the students in the Lincoln University. It began early in the college year, and has continued unabated as well as its precious fruits. The pious students are more consistent, earnest, and active in their religious life. A daily prayer-meeting which was begun in the first week of the college year, is still held every evening. This meeting is large and full, attended by recent converts and inquirers as well as by the pious students who seek to bring in the few who still continue unmoved. Though conducted entirely by themselves, nothing occurs that would be regarded by us as unseemly or unprofitable."

ANANIAS AND SAPPHIRA.

Dr. Talmage's Sermon, Preached Last Sunday Morning, February 25, 1883.

"A certain man named Ananias, with Sapphira his wife, sold a possession . . . . and the young men came in, and found her dead, and carrying her forth, buried her by her husband."—ACTS 5 : 1–10.

A Well-matched Pair—Varieties of Lying—I. Agricultural Lies—Natural Integrity—The Wholesome Tendency of Agricultural Life—Dishonesty in the Country—The Quiet of Country Life—II. Commercial Lies—Fortunes God Smiles upon—Fortunes Defiled with the Blood of the Poor—Dishonesties on both Sides the Counter—III. Mechanical Falsehoods—Men who "Nurse their Jobs"—IV. Social Lies—A Dying Friend Deceived—Lies About Pictures—Deception in Income—Vulgar Laughter—V. Ecclesiastical Lies—What each Sect Believes—A Venerable Slander—No Small Sins—Life Not a Balmasque—Lights Out.

A WELL-MATCHED pair, alike in ambition and in falsehood, Ananias and Sapphira. They wanted a reputation for great beneficence and they sold all their property, pretending to put the entire proceeds in the charity fund while they put much of it in their own pocket. There was no necessity that they give all their property away, but they wanted the reputation of so doing. Ananias first lied about it and dropped down dead. Then Sapphira lied about it and she dropped down dead. The two fatalities a warning to all ages of the danger of sacrificing the truth.

There are thousands of

WAYS OF TELLING A LIE.

A man's whole life may be a falsehood and yet never with his lips may he falsify once. There is a way of uttering falsehood by look, by manner as well as by lip. There are persons who are guilty of dishonesty of speech and then afterward say "may be"; call it a white lie, when no lie is that color. The whitest lie ever told was as black as perdition. There are those so given to dishonesty of speech that they do not know when they are lying.

With some it is an acquired sin, and with others it is a natural infirmity. There are those whom you will recognize as born liars. Their whole life, from cradle to grave, is filled up with vice of speech. Misrepresentation and prevarication are as natural to them as the infantile diseases, and are a sort of *moral croup or spiritual scarlatina*. Then there are those who in after life have opportunities of developing this evil, and they go from deception to deception, and from class to class, until they are regularly graduated liars.

At times the air in our cities is filled with falsehood, and lies cluster around the mechanic's hammer, blossom on the merchant's yardstick, and sometimes sit in the door of churches. They are called by some, fabrication, and they are called by some, fiction. You might call them subterfuge or deceit, or romance, or fable, or misrepresentation, or delusion; but as I know nothing to be gained by covering up a God-defying sin with a lexicographer's blanket, I shall call them in plainest vernacular, lies. They may be divided into agricultural, commercial, mechanical, social and ecclesiastical.

I. First of all, I speak of

AGRICULTURAL FALSEHOODS.

There is something in the presence of natural objects that has a tendency to make one pure. The trees never issue false stock. The wheat fields are always honest. Rye and oats never move out in the night, not paying for the place they occupy. Corn shocks never make false assignment. Mountain brooks are always current. The gold of the wheat fields is never counterfeit. But while the tendency of agricultural life is to make one honest, honesty is not the characteristic of all who come to the city markets from the country districts. You hear the creaking of the dishonest farm-wagon in almost every street of our great cities, a farm wagon in which there is not one honest spoke or one truthful rivet from tongue to tail-board. Again and again has domestic economy in our great cities foundered on the farmer's firkin. When New York and Brooklyn and Cincinnati and Boston sit down and weep over their sins, Westchester and Long Island counties and all the country districts ought to sit down and weep over theirs.

The tendency in all rural districts is to suppose that sins and transgressions cluster in our great cities; but citizens and merchants long ago learned that it is not safe to calculate from the character of the apples on the top of the farmer's barrel what is the character of the apples all the way down toward the bottom. Many of our citizens and merchants have learned that it is always safe to see the farmer measure the barrel of beets. Milk cans are not always honest. There are those who in country life seem to think they have a right to overreach grain-dealers, merchants of all styles. They think it is more honorable to raise corn than to deal in corn.

The producer sometimes practically says to the merchant: "you get your money easily, anyhow." Does he get it easy? While the farmer sleeps, and

HE MAY GO TO SLEEP

conscious of the fact that his corn and rye are all the time progressing and adding to his fortune or his livelihood, the merchant tries to sleep while conscious of the fact that at that moment the ship may be driving on the rock, or a wave sweeping over the hurricane deck spoiling his goods, or the speculators may be plotting a monetary revolution, or the burglars may be at that moment at his money safe, or the fire may have kindled on the very block where his store stands.

Easy is it? Let those who get their living in the quiet farm and barn take the place of one of our city merchants and see whether it is so easy. It is hard enough to have the hands blistered with out-door work, but it is harder with mental anxieties to have the brain consumed. *God help the merchants.* And do not let those who live in country life come to the conclusion that all the dishonesties belong to city life.

II. I pass on to consider

COMMERCIAL LIES.

There are those who apologize for deviations from the right and for practical deception by saying it is commercial custom. In other words, a lie by multiplication becomes a virtue.

There are large fortunes gathered in which there is not one drop of the sweat of unrequited toil, and not one spark of bad temper flashes from the bronze bracket, and there is not one drop of needlewoman's heart's blood on the crimson plush; while there are other fortunes about which it may be said that on every door-knob and on every figure of the carpet, and on every wall there is *the mark of dishonor*. What if the hand wrung by toil and blistered until the skin comes off should be placed on the exquisite wall paper, leaving its mark of blood—four fingers and a thumb? or, if in the night the man should be aroused from his slumber again and again by his own conscience, getting himself up on elbow and crying out into the darkness, "Who is there?"

There are large fortunes upon which God's favor comes down, and it is just as honest and just as Christian to be affluent as it is to be poor. In many a house there is a blessing on every pictured wall and on every scroll, and on every traceried window, and the joy that flashes in the lights, and that showers in the music, and that dances in the quick feet of the children pattering through the hall has in it the favor of God and the approval of man. And there are thousands and tens of thousands of merchants who from the first day they sold a yard of cloth, or a firkin of butter, have maintained their integrity. They were born honest, they will live honest, and they will die honest.

But you and I know that there are in commercial life those who are guilty of great dishonesties of speech. A merchant says: "I am selling these goods at less than cost." Is he getting for those goods a price inferior to that which he paid for them? Then he has spoken the truth. Is he getting more? Then he lies. A merchant says: "I paid $25 for this article." Is that the price he paid for it? All right. But suppose he paid for it $23 instead of $25? Then he lies.

BOTH SIDES THE COUNTER.

But there are just as many falsehoods before the counter as there are behind the counter. A customer comes in and asks: "How much is this article?" "It is five dollars." "I can get that for four somewhere else." Can he get it for four somewhere else, or did he say that just for the purpose of getting it cheap by depreciating the value of the goods? If so, he lied. There are just as many falsehoods before the counter as there are behind the counter.

A man unrolls upon the counter a bale of handkerchiefs. The customer says: "Are these all silk?" "Yes." "No cotton in them?" "No cotton in them." Are those handkerchiefs all silk? Then the merchant told the truth. Is there any cotton in them? Then he lied. Moreover, he defrauds himself, for this customer coming in from Hempstead, or Yonkers, or Newark, will after a while find out that he has been defrauded, and the next time he comes to town and goes shopping, he will look up at that sign and say: "No, I won't go there; that's the place where I got those handkerchiefs." First, the merchant insulted God, and secondly, he picked his own pocket.

Who would take the responsibility of saying how many falsehoods were yesterday told by hardware men, and clothiers, and lumbermen, and tobacconists, and jewellers, and importers, and shippers, and dealers in furniture, and dealers in coal, and dealers in groceries? Lies about buckles, about saddles, about harness, about shoes, about hats, about coats, about shovels, about tongs, about forks, about chairs, about sofas, about horses, about lands, about everything. I arraign commercial falsehood as one of the crying sins of our time.

III. I pass on to speak of

MECHANICAL FALSEHOODS.

Among the artisans are those upon whom we are dependent for the houses in which we live, the garments we wear, the cars in which we ride. The vast majority of them are, so far as I know them, men who speak the truth, and they are upright, and many of them are foremost in great philanthropies and in churches; but that they all do not belong to that class every one knows.

In times when there is a great demand for labor, it is not so easy for such men to keep their obligations, because they may miscalculate in regard to the weather, or they may not be able to get the help they anticipated in their enterprise. I am speaking now of those who promise to do that which they know they will not be able to do. They say they will come on Monday; they do not come until Wednesday. They say they will come Wednesday; they do not come until Saturday. They say they will have the job done in ten days; they do not get it done before thirty. And then when a man becomes irritated and will not stand it any longer, then they go and work for him a day or two and keep the job along; and then some one else gets irritated and outraged and they go and work for that man and get him pacified, and then they go somewhere else. I believe they call that

"NURSING THE JOB!"

Ah, my friends, how much dishonor such men would save their souls if they would promise to do only that which they know they can do. "Oh," they say, "it's of no importance; everybody expects to be deceived and disappointed." There is a voice of thunder sounding among the saws and the hammers and the shears saying: "All liars shall have their place in the lake that burns with fire and brimstone." So in all styles of work there are those who are not worthy of their work.

IV. I pass on to speak of

SOCIAL LIES.

How much of society is insincere. You hardly

know what to believe. They send their regards; you do not exactly know whether it is an expression of the heart, or an external civility. They ask you to come to their house; you hardly know whether they really want you to come. We are all accustomed to take a discount off of what we hear.

"Not at home" very often means too lazy to dress. I was reading this morning of a lady who said she had told *her last fashionable lie*. There was a knock at her door and she sent word down, "Not at home." That night her husband said to her: "Mrs. So-and-so is dead." "Is it possible?" she said. "Yes, and she died in great anguish of mind; she wanted to see you so very much; she had *something very important to disclose* to you in her last hour, and she sent three times to-day, but found you absent every time." Then this woman bethought herself that she had had a bargain with her neighbor that when the long-protracted sickness was about to come to an end, she would appear at her bedside and take the secret that was to be disclosed. And she had said she was "Not at home."

Social life is struck through with insincerity. They apologize for the fact that the furnace is out; they have not had any fire in it all winter. They apologize for the fare on their table; they never live any better. They decry their most luxuriant entertainment to win a shower of approval from you. They point at a picture on the walk as a work of one of the old masters. They say it is an heirloom in the family. It hung on the wall of a castle. A duke gave it to their grandfather! People that will lie about nothing else will lie about a picture. On small income we want the world to believe we are affluent, and society to-day is struck through with cheat and counterfeit and sham.

HOW FEW PEOPLE ARE NATURAL!

Frigidity sails around, iceberg grinding against iceberg. You must not laugh outright; that is vulgar. You must smile. You must not dash quickly across the room; that is vulgar. You must glide. Society is a round of bows and grins and grimaces and oh's and ah's and he, he, he's and simperings and namby pambyism, a whole world of which is not worth one good honest round of laughter. From such a hollow scene the tortured guest retires at the close of the evening, assuring the host that he has enjoyed himself. Society is become so contorted and deformed in this respect that a mountain cabin where the rustics gather at a quilting or an apple-paring has in it more good cheer than all the frescoed refrigerators of the metropolis.

V. I pass on to speak of

ECCLESIASTICAL LIES,

those which are told for the advancement or retarding of a church or sect. It is hardly worth your while to ask an extreme Calvinist what an Arminian believes. He will tell you an Arminian believes that man can save himself. An Arminian believes no such thing. It is hardly worth your while to ask an extreme Arminian what a Calvinist believes. He will tell you that a Calvinist believes that God made some men just to damn them. A Calvinist believes no such thing.

It is hardly worth your while to ask a Pedo-Baptist what a Baptist believes. He will tell you a Baptist believes that immersion is necessary for salvation. A Baptist does not believe any such thing. It is hardly worth your while to ask a man, who very much hates Presbyterians, what a Presbyterian believes. He will tell you that a Presbyterian believes that there are infants in hell a span long, and that very phraseology has come down from generation to generation in the Christian Church. There never was a Presbyterian who believed that. "Oh," you say, "I heard some Presbyterian minister twenty years ago say so." You did not. There never was a man who believed that, there never will be a man who will believe that. And yet from boyhood I have heard that particular slander against a Christian Church going down through the community.

Then how often it is that there are misrepresentations on the part of individual churches in regard to other churches—especially if a church comes to great prosperity. As long as a church is in poverty, and the singing is poor and all the surroundings are decrepit, and the congregation are so hardly bestead in life that their pastor goes with elbows out, then there will always be Christian people in churches who say, "what a pity, what a pity!" But let the day of prosperity come to a Christian Church, and let the music be triumphant, and let there be vast assemblages, and then there will be even ministers of the Gospel critical and denunciatory and full of misrepresentation and falsification, giving the impression to the outside world that they do not like the corn because it is not ground in their mill. Oh, my friends, let us in all departments of life stand back from deception.

"Oh," says some one, "the deception that I practice is so small it don't amount to anything." Ah, my friends, it does amount to a great deal. You say, "when I deceive it is only about a case of needles, or a box of buttons, or a row of pins." But the article may be so small you can put it in your vest pocket, but the sin is as big as the pyramids, and the echo of your dishonor will reverberate through the mountains of eternity. There is *no such thing as a small sin*. They are all vast and stupendous, because they will all have to come under inspection in the Day of Judgment.

You may boast yourself of having made a fine bargain, a sharp bargain. You may carry out what the Bible says in regard to that man who went in to make a purchase and depreciated the value of the goods, and then after he had got away boasted of the splendid bargain he had made. "It is naught, it is naught, saith the buyer; but when he is gone his way, then he boasteth." It may seem to the world a sharp bargain, but the recording angel wrote down in the ponderous tomes of eternity: "Mr. So-and-so, doing business on Fulton Street, or Atlantic Street, or Broadway, or Chestnut Street, or State Street, or Mrs. So-and-so, keeping house on the Heights, or on the Hill, or on Beacon Street, or on Rittenhouse Square, told *one lie*."

May God extirpate from society all the ecclesiastical lies, and all the social lies, and all the mechanical lies, and all the commercial lies, and all the agricultural lies, and make every man to speak the truth of his neighbor. My friends, let us make our life correspond to what we are. Let us banish all deception from our behavior. Let us remember that the time comes when God will demonstrate before an assembled universe just what we are. The secret will come out. We may hide it while we live, but we cannot hide it when we die.

To many life is

A MASQUERADE BALL.

As at such entertainment gentlemen and ladies appear in garb of kings or queens or mountain bandits, or clowns, and then at the close of the dance put off their disguise, so many all through life are in mask. The masquerade ball goes on, and gemmed hand clasps gemmed hand, and dancing feet respond to dancing feet, and gleaming brow bends to gleaming brow, and the masquerade ball goes on.

But after a while the languor comes to the feet and blurs the sight. Lights lower. Floor hollow with selpulchural echo. Music saddens into a wail. Lights lower. Now the masquerade is hardly seen. The fragrance is exchanged for the sickening odor of garlands that have lain a long while in the damp of sepulchres. Lights lower. Mists fill the room. The scarf drops from the shoulder of beauty, a shroud. Lights lower. Torn leaves and withered garlands now hardly cover up the ulcered feet. Stench of lamp wicks almost quenched. Choking dampness. Chilliness. Feet still. Hands folded. Eyes shut. Voice hushed. LIGHTS OUT!

[The sermons of Dr. Talmage are published in pamphlet form by George A. Sparks, No. 48 Bible House, New York. A number containing 26 sermons is issued every three months. Price, 30 cents, $1 per annum.]

REV. C. H. SPURGEON ON AMERICA.

MR. SPURGEON presided on Tuesday, February 6th, at a meeting held in the Metropolitan Tabernacle, London, to hear a lecture by Mr. C. Spurgeon, the son of the pastor, who recently visited this country. In the course of his address, introducing his son, Mr. Spurgeon said, the friends had come together to listen to an account of a visit to the United States. Speaking for himself, he had never been to America, and he did not suppose he ever should visit that land. He read some time since in one of the newspapers that the reason why he did not go to the United States was because he was *afraid of the sea*. That, however, happened to be altogether incorrect, for he never had the least fear of the sea, and always enjoyed to be upon it.

He would tell them the reason why he did not pay America a visit, and it was simply because he could not leave his people. Whenever he did go away it was for the benefit of his health, his aim being to prepare himself by rest for future work. He could not go away to work, and he was sure, after the experience of his son, that any minister of the Gospel who went to America must work night and day, speaking to crowds as long as he had any speech. And he could not afford to do that, for he found it as much as one poor body could do to fill the Tabernacle and keep on from week to week preaching Christ.

At the same time, he had many kind frinds in the United States, and hundreds of Americans visited the Tabernacle during the summer months; not a few popping into the vestry to shake him by the hand, and in this way *he came to know the best Christian people of America*, just as he also knew the best Christian people of Great Britain. His prayer was that God might abundantly bless the United States. America must be *a wonderful country* to take in such a quantity of rascaldom as it does without being spoiled. It was a country any young man should go to who was not getting on well in England. In the United States a man could get a freehold farm for what he would have to pay as one year's rental for a similar plot on this side of the Atlantic. There could hardly be a wiser action for a young man than to go away from the crowded country to turn up the wilderness and make it blossom as the rose.

All Christian friends must take a deep interest in America. He thought there were some two million Baptist church members on the west side of the Atlantic; in fact, he believed they were the largest denomination in that land of big churches. The missionary operations of the American Baptists were carried out upon a grand scale, and, what was most important, Baptist ministers remained faithful to the old-fashioned Gospel. Mr. Spurgeon having brought his introductory remarks to a close, offered a fervent prayer for a blessing upon "the multitudes of America who speak the mother tongue;" and pleaded that the only contention between the two countries might be which should do most for the Master.

Prayers for the Success of Christian Work in the Indian school at Carlisle, Pa., are asked by Mrs. E. G. Platt. She states that last year after the Week of Prayer, seventy-five among the 289 pupils were reported as hopefully Christian. Seventy of the pupils have left during the year and gone to their homes, and in their places there are 168 new arrivals. Many of these have need to be instructed in the first principles of the gospel. Among the pupils returned to their homes are several of those who have been converted. Some of them are married and are trying to establish Christian homes among their pagan people, others teaching, and others working with their hands as ensamples to the idlers around them. But these are only a few among the thousands of their different tribes, and Mrs. Platt begs that Christians will pray that the good work may go on and prosper.

REMARKABLE FAITH CURES.

AT the usual weekly meeting, held at Bethshan, London, on Wednesday, January 31st, after singing and prayer,

Mrs. Baxter said it was important to be quite clear about God's will in any matter, if we would pray in faith. She then read and commented on Matt. 8 : 1–17, and said, "The leper seems to have been the only one of all the sick who came to Jesus for healing who had any doubts as to His willingness; the rest appear to have taken it for granted. The ready response to him as well as to the servant who was at a distance was 'I will.' The day's work is summed up in verses 16, 17: 'He healed *all* that were sick *that* it might be fulfilled;' 'Himself took our infirmities and bare our sicknesses,' that the redemption work might be accomplished. When we see further, that the blood of Jesus not only atones for, but cleanses us from all sin, by His taking possession of us and living out His life in us, and we have yielded ourselves to be cleansed, then we can bid all doubts the enemy brings up against us, depart; we *know* it *is* His will to cleanse. It is just as true that 'He bare our sicknesses,' that we might not bear them. Our healing is dependent on His glorious finished work, not on our worthiness, or our prayers. Can He fail us? Does He fail us? Then *why are not all sick people healed?* Just for the same reason that so many souls are unsaved, and so many believers are unsanctified. The work is complete for all, but all do not *put in their claim.*"

A CRIPPLED WOMAN HEALED.

Mrs. Baxter said: "I was in Grimsby last Sunday, and a large, stout woman came into my meeting on crutches, and got with difficulty into her seat; she had needed four persons to help her up the steps. At the close of the meeting she came forward for anointing, and afterward knelt down, the first time for eleven and a half years, to give thanks. We helped her up, and when offered her crutches, she said, 'I don't want these any more, I'm trusting Jesus,' and walked down the long hall alone without any support."

An elderly woman said: "I have known the Lord for twenty-eight years, but I knew there was something I had not reached. I knew God's love to me, but I wanted to have a Saviour *always.* I was suffering *very acute pain in my knee*, injured when I was thrown out of a gig many years ago, and the doctor said I should never use it again. I went one day to the old Bethshan to return thanks for my daughters, and said to myself, 'Shall I rise and ask prayer? O Jesus, say to my heart, "Believest thou that I am able?" and I will say "Yes." ' I knew I was healed, though I still felt pain, but I walked away with a firm step; and now I am quite healed. But this was not all; I wanted to praise Him as a perfect Healer. It might be said that what I had suffered from for years was only weakness; for sixteen years I have never enjoyed such good health as now, walking eight or nine miles on the leg they said I should never use again. One evening I fell down-stairs, and laid very ill all night, unable to think of my Healer. I was to be taken to the hospital in the morning, and then remembering my knee, I said 'Lord, I believe.' I got up with much suffering, knelt down on one knee, the other was too much injured, but I said,

'LORD, I MUST KNEEL ON BOTH KNEES,'

and I did so, and rose and did the hardest day's work I ever did in my life, preparing for lodgers coming in, instead of going to the hospital. But the gladness that filled my soul I cannot possibly describe, and I never knew before."

Miss Green said: "A woman at Ressingland, given up by the doctor, came to my meeting, was anointed, and as she went home she was healed, and so filled with the spirit of God that she testified in the chapel. Many were blessed, and her husband was converted."

An elderly man said: "This case has come under my own observation. A neighbor of mine, Mrs. Keeble, was very ill. Healing by faith was brought before her, and I advised her, 'If you can get to Bethshan, go, that's your place.' She came and stayed one week, and is quite healed. Her husband says she is much better than when she left Bethshan."

SPINAL COMPLAINT CURED.

The landlord of some houses at Dalston said: "I collect my rents once a quarter. One of my houses is occupied by a widow with two sons and two daughters. One of those young women I always found lying on a sofa from *spinal complaint.* But I found her one day walking about the room, and asked, 'How is this?' She said, 'I thank God that He has healed me.' She had long wondered if it were right to make bodily ailments the subject of prayer; resolved to study her Bible, and concluded it was right. So she prayed to God if it were His will, to restore her, and immediately after she was cured, and has been able to walk about ever since."

LORD RADSTOCK'S TESTIMONY.

Lord Radstock said: "A lady who had been under fifteen doctors asked me to pray for her. We knelt but I could not, and said to her, 'I can't pray for you. Is there any hindrance? Is it all right between you and God's children? Is all bright between you and God?' 'There is a little mist between.' 'Let us see what it is.' We continued in prayer, and after a little time she said, 'I see, I have been charging others with bitterness, while I have felt bitter myself.' She became occupied with God's purifying her from this, and forgot about her body; but at the end of a week she was perfectly healed. Another case I know illustrates the same principle. A lady well-known in Christian work was condemned by two doctors as incurable from *internal tumor.* She sent for me and another Christian to pray over her, but she did not send for the Christians of the place. Again I felt no liberty in prayer. In the evening I went to a prayer-meeting, held by the Christians of the place, and requested prayer to be made for her, and this time we had liberty. She said, 'While you were down-stairs I grew better.' Now she is quite well."

ANECDOTES RELATED AT THE MOODY AND SANKEY MEETINGS IN EUROPE.

The Best Binding for a Bible.—At a Recent meeting Mr. Duncan related the two following anecdotes: "A good woman was shown a gorgeously-bound Bible. It was finished in the finest and richest manner. Smiling, she said, 'My Bible is far better bound than that.' 'What; you, a poor woman, have got a better finished Bible than this!' 'Yes,' she answered, 'for mine is bound up in the innermost folds of my heart.' "

A Tippler's Prayer.—"I Remember a Poor victim of drink telling a Christian woman how he had been struggling against the desire for it, and had prayed to God with the tears streaming down his face. The good woman turned round on him, saying, 'I'll tell you how it was your prayer was not answered.' 'How was it?' 'Because the desire for grace was not so strong as the craving for drink. If you really *renounce* the cup, your prayer will be heard.' There is a good truth here—safe and wholesome. What should we think of a man who deliberately thrust his head into the lion's mouth, or his hand into a den of rattlesnakes, and then pray God to keep him from being harmed! Prayer is a duty, undoubtedly, so also is the admonition to 'Flee from evil and pass by it.' "

A Hallelujah Meeting on a Troop ship.—Mr. Mathers, who acted as a Scripture-reader to the troops in Egypt, said: "We had a grand meeting on board the troop ship France at Ismailia. We commenced singing, and in a few minutes several hundred men gathered round us and we preached the Gospel of Christ for about an hour. We then thought the service was all over, but a soldier called out to me, 'Jamie, let's have a hallelujah meeting! it's perhaps the last time we shall have one together!' 'Amen,' I said. Then eight or nine men stood up and told us what the Lord had done for them. It is something very different standing up among a lot of soldiers, most of whom do not sympathize with and speak for the Master, from standing up in a meeting, where all are professed lovers of Christ. Sure enough, it *was* the last time we all met together, for many who were strong and healthy that day were soon laid beneath the sands of the pitiless desert."

A March with the Artillery.—"During the whole night previous to the assault on Tel-el-Kebir, we marched with the artillery. It was not the fatigue which told on the men, but the suspense. When we reached the trenches that the 'Black Watch' crossed, they seemed full of dying and dead men. There lay Sergeant Major McNeil, dying, and I had the privilege of giving him the last drop of water which he ever drank in this world. Just on the outside a dear man who belonged to Aberdeen was dying, with six dead men lying near him. After giving him a drop of water, I said in his ear, 'God loves you,' and the whispered reply was 'Yes—it—is—only—Jesus—can—do—me—any—good—now. Then his spirit fled from the mangled body to God, who, in His own good time will raise the body destroyed by the devilry of war, and make it a partaker of resurrection glory."

An Aged Sinner's Dying Cry.—Major Colquhoun said: "Last night a young man came to the church and requested that a worker might be sent to speak to a dying man. Two workers went, although it was very late. The message of salvation, through Christ, was faithfully delivered, and as an example of Christ's power to love, even at the last moment, the instance of the thief on the cross was given. With deep, deep emotion the old man cried out, 'Lord, remember me a sinner.' We *do* trust that God heard the cry from that penitent man and gave him peace, even though upon the very threshold of eternity. What an awful risk for any man to run!"

Converted Near the Jail.—The Rev. James Scott said: "At a recent meeting of our open-air workers in James Morrison Street Hall, one of the members of the band said, 'If encouragement is wanted, I will tell you the history of my conversion. One night when you were singing in Jail Square, I was passing by, and heard the hymn, "Have you been to Jesus for the cleansing power?" The brother who is conducting this meeting exclaimed at the finish, "Have *you* been to Jesus?" Some way or other these words fascinated me, and I followed you up to the Hall, and entered. I did not know what I was doing, or what I wanted, I got so confused; but that brother' (pointing to another worker) 'got me on a seat and pointed me to Christ. Since then, I have been working steadily for the Master.' "

A Tramp that Stole the Bedding.—Mr. Drys- dale said: "Some time ago an instance occurred which shows the overruling care of God in all His children's affairs. A farmer and his wife on the hills of Ayrshire were in the habit of providing a supper and a bed in the barn for any tramp who asked for it, until a number of dishonest people heard of their hospitality, and, not content with getting refreshment and shelter, actually stole the blankets and sheets. One morning the worthy couple decided that no more tramps should obtain shelter from them. The day was stormy outside, and inside, the farmer and his wife were as miserable as the day. Their kind hearts were oppressed with the hard decision they made in the morning. Night drew on, dark, cold, and stormy. As they sat at the fireside, a knock was heard at the door. The good man opened it and saw a poor being, drenched with rain and shivering with cold. Tremblingly he asked for a night's shelter. The farmer could not turn the man away, but he said to the tramp, 'We have never yet refused a bite and sup to any who asked for it, but we have been robbed of our bed-clothing till we have very little left. What guarantee have we that you won't rob us like the rest?' 'The Lord will be my guarantee,' said the man. 'You cannot have a better; come in.' They gave him a good

supper, changed his wet rags for a suit of the farmer's, and made up a bed for him in the barn. Long before dawn their guest had flown with his bedding and the farmer's suit. He had not gone far when a heavy mist settled down on the hills and bewildered him, so that he wandered aimlessly about all day, until night, when he saw a light quite near. It put new vigor into his frame, and he hurried toward it. When he reached the door and knocked, *it was opened by his host of the previous night*, who saluted him with, 'Come in; I knew your guarrantor would send you back.'"

THE CHARACTERISTICS AND CONTRASTS OF THE COMING KINGDOM.

By Rev. William Maude.

IV.—THE KINGDOM OF LIGHT.

A Night of Darkness—The Knowledge Promised to Glorified Christians—Not Omniscience—A Suggestive Illustration—The Light of the Coming Kingdom—I. Physically—Isaiah's Emphatic Prophecy—Opinions of the Late Mr. Lister—1. The Purification of the Atmospheric Heaven—The Light of the Planet Mercury—2. A New Source of Light—Promises Referring to it—3. Additional Facilities—Production of Artificial Light — II. Intellectually — Present Knowledge to be Far Transcended—Dr. Watts's Suggestion—Professors in the Universities of the Coming Kingdom—III. Spiritually — The Earth Flooded with Light—The Contrast.

IN a former paper of this series I ventured to enumerate the four great wants of our sinning and sorrowing world as being respectively—peace, righteousness, power, and light. *How* and *when* the first three are to be met has already been set forth; and it only remains for me, in this the concluding article, to adduce the Scriptural proof that the kingdom of the heavens, which the multiplying and converging signs of the times so fully warrant us in believing is even now at hand, will also meet the fourth of the world's great wants as being emphatically *The Kingdom of Light*.

It is the habit of the Scriptures to speak of the whole period of the world's history, from the fall of man to the Second Advent of the Lord Jesus Christ, as one of night or darkness. The night fell, to speak metaphorically, when Adam and Eve were driven out of Paradise; and from that hour to the present it may, with saddest truth, be said, that "darkness has covered the earth, and gross darkness the people." A gracious lifting of this world-darkness took place, indeed, when Christ came into the world, so that the Apostle John could say to the Christians of his day, "The darkness is passing away, and the true light already shineth." (1 John 2:8, R. V.) But still, more widely and generally speaking, the darkness has continued to reign. Satan is still, with his infernal coadjutors, world-ruler of this present darkness (Eph. 6:12); believers are "delivered from the power of darkness, and translated into the kingdom of God's dear Son." (Col. 1:13.) What a commentary on the condition of the heathen world, even at this moment, are the words of the Psalmist! "The dark places of the earth are full of the habitations of cruelty" (Ps. 74:20); though to the waiting saint are addressed the cheering, awakening words, "The night is far spent, the day is at hand; let us therefore cast off the works of darkness, and let us put on the armor of light."

THE INTELLECTUAL EQUIVALENT OF LIGHT

is, of course, *knowledge;* hence we find the Apostle Paul, in that sublime eulogium of love, which, apart from its inspiration, stands almost alone amid the master-pieces of human eloquence, writing thus: "Now we *see* in a mirror, darkly; but then face to face; now I *know* in part; but then shall I know even as also I have been known." (1 Cor. 13:12, R. V.) Here, observe, we have the faculties of sight and knowledge regarded as equivalents; to see dimly, as we do now, is the same thing as understanding partially; and so, on the other hand, to see clearly, or face to face, is the same thing as having a complete and comprehensive knowledge. The apostle's language, while deeply instructive, is somewhat difficult of interpretation. In endeavoring to ascertain and express his actual meaning, I may safely begin by observing that at least one thing is plain; the apostle cannot possibly mean that even the glorified saint in heaven is hereafter to become possessed of that attribute of omniscience which is the exclusive prerogative of God—the Infinite One. What, then, does Paul design to teach us when he so distinctly says, "Then shall I know fully (so the Greek) even as I have been known fully"?

I think his meaning may best be understood by the aid of an illustration, which should, however, be a diagram. If we conceive of any object of sense, or subject of thought, as a circle drawn on a flat surface, and ourselves as intelligent eyes drawn on the same surface, beyond the circle but looking toward it; it is obvious that each of these eyes respectively will be able to see, not the entire circle, but only that segment thereof which is immediately opposite to it. Thus our present knowledge is always partial; we never see, so to speak, all round a thing. But let the eye be elevated *above* the circle, so as to look down upon it instead of sideways, and the whole circle will become visible; we shall see a thing—know a thing—fully, all round, even as God knows it; though between His range of vision and ours there may be more difference than there is between the circumference of the smallest coin and that of the sidereal heavens, and more intensity than there is in the noon-day sun as compared with its image reflected in a morning dew-drop.

THE LIGHT OF THE COMING KINGDOM.

In such wise then, at least as far as the inhabitants of the New Jerusalem are concerned, will the Coming Kingdom, for which we are taught continually to pray, saying, "Our Father, who art in heaven, Thy kingdom come," be the "Kingdom of Light." And think for a moment how much that is most blessed and consolatory is involved in this thought. Is not the partial, fragmentary character of all our knowledge not only one great cause of the thousand ills and hardships which mar our earthly life and hasten its termination, but also the bitter root whence, in a large measure, spring our manifold controversies even regarding spiritual things? So that even among those who love Him, His seamless robe of truth—the truth as it is revealed in Jesus—is rent asunder by angry hands, each party claiming that the fragment which they possess, and that alone, represents the whole. But in the Coming Kingdom it shall not be so; for then the "light" which is even now "sown for the righteous," shall attain its meridian splendor, and the glorious promise will be abundantly fulfilled, "In Thy light shall we see light."

But leaving this higher plane, and proceeding to consider this characteristic of the Coming Kingdom more widely and generally—for the light possessed by the glorified saints as the dwellers in the New Jerusalem will be one thing and that possessed by the saved nations still living in the flesh upon the earth quite another, at least, in measure; it may be said that it will be the Kingdom of Light in the three following respects: *First*, Physically; *second*, intellectually; *third*, spiritually.

I. Strange as it may at the first suggestion appear, it is nevertheless clearly revealed that one of the characteristics of Christ's Millennial kingdom will be *a vast*

INCREASE OF PHYSICAL LIGHT.

This we learn from Isaiah 30:26: "Moreover the light of the moon shall be as the light of the sun, and the light of the sun shall be sevenfold, as the light of seven days, in the day that the Lord bindeth up the breach of His people, and healeth the stroke of their wound." Of course it may be, and in point of fact is, said that "this is only figurative language, Oriental poetry," but on this point I am disposed to agree with the late Mr. Lister when he says, in his valuable *Physico-Prophetical Essays*, "I confess, I see no other alternative than to take these words literally. It is customary, we know, to regard the whole passage as 'an emblematical prediction of spiritual blessings'; and numbers are satisfied with that use of the expression, without considering how far it really meets the case, and without attending to the grave and formidable objections which are ready to present themselves against such a mode of treating the passage. What, for instance, are we to understand by the 'moon,' and what by the 'sun'? Of what are they symbols? It is necessary, if symbols, to give a distinct and separate meaning to each, or the passage is made ridiculous; yet none of our figurative interpreters, that I am acquainted with, attempt this, but content themselves in this, as in other similar cases, with culling one general idea from the verse, leaving its particular expressions unattended to, as if it were quite unnecessary to suppose that they were designed to have any specific meaning. But anything more derogatory to the Word of God cannot be conceived than such a course. No more fatal blow could be directed against its Divine authority and plenary inspiration.

"It is, indeed, customary among those who favor the figurative principle of prophetic interpretation to regard the *Sun* as an emblem of the Church, or the ecclesiastical power, and the *Moon* of the civil power; but even supposing this be correct as a rule (which I altogether doubt), or to hold true in some cases (which I also question), yet it can scarcely be made to apply here; for on this supposition, or theory, What is that 'light,' enjoyed at present by the civil power, symbolized by the moon, which is hereafter to be increased until it reaches the amount at present enjoyed by the Church?

"I feel that nothing approaching to a satisfactory answer can be given to this question; and I cannot but regard such a mode of treating the subject as highly objectionable. I hold, therefore, that we are compelled to take this passage literally. *And why should we not do so?* What is there involved in such a conclusion that should make us hesitate in adopting it? It is clear that, as in a multitude of other cases, so, in this, we are deterred from taking the obviously right course through imaginary difficulties, conjured up by our present limited experience, and consequently contracted views. I confess that it seems to be our obvious duty in the present case to take the prediction in a literal sense. Let this be done, and there is no difficulty in understanding it. It plainly declares that the amount of physical light hereafter will be vastly increased beyond what prevails at present."

Why, indeed, as Mr. Lister asks, should we not believe this as a literal fact of the future; especially when three sufficient causes of the predicted phenomenon readily suggest themselves, without involving the supposition of any arbitrary and special exercise of miraculous power? The three causes referred to are the following:

1. THE PURIFICATION OF THE ATMOSPHERIC HEAVEN

consequent on the expulsion of Satan and of his demoniac host as revealed in Rev. 12:7-12. For it is freely admitted by modern scientists that were the electrical and aqueous conditions of our atmosphere somewhat changed, the amount of light received by the earth from the sun might be very nearly that which is now received by the planet Mercury. In reference to which planet Sir John Herschel says, remarkably enough, "His light is about *seven times* greater than that of the earth." Now, doubtless, when Satan and his angels are cast down, the air will not only be purified of those malefic germs and vapors which at present so injuriously affect both man and beast, but the electrical conditions upon which the diminution of light by reason of clouds and storms so largely depends, will be beneficially modified, and hence our heavens will be suffused with an intenser yet softer light, to the advantage both of vegetation and of human life.

(To be concluded next week.)

CHRISTIAN HERALD AND SIGNS OF OUR TIMES.

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CURRENT EVENTS.

The President's Nominations of Civil Service Commissioners were sent to the Senate on February 20th. The President nominated Mr. Dorman B. Eaton, of New York, Professor John M. Gregory, of Illinois, and Judge Leroy D. Thoman, of Ohio. The importance of the work to be intrusted to this commission has concentrated public attention on its composition, and there has been much speculation as to the names that would be sent in by President Arthur. The selections, as might be expected, do not give satisfaction in all quarters, but it is gratifying to notice that the most influential and persistent advocates of civil service reform approve the nominations. It is, however, evident that the work of the commission will be closely watched and criticised, and it will largely depend on the wisdom and prudence with which it acts whether the experiment now about to be tried in the lower ranks of the service will be extended to higher branches. *Mr. Dorman B. Eaton* is a native of Vermont, but settled in New York in 1850, when he commenced the practice of law in partnership with Judge Kent. He has taken considerable interest for many years in the reform of the civil service, and in 1877 visited England to study the methods employed there. His report was printed by order of Congress. *Rev. John M. Gregory*, the second nominee, is a native of New York. He is sixty-one years of age. He studied law for two years, but at the end of that time he decided to relinquish that pursuit, and studied for the ministry. He was chosen principal of a large school in Detroit, Mich., and in 1858 he was elected by the Republican party of Michigan State Superintendent of Public Instruction, and served in that office three terms. He also served three years as President of Kalamazoo College. For a long time he has been President of the Illinois State Industrial University, an institution which he organized, and which has grown to the first rank under his management. *Mr. Leroy D. Thoman*, the third nominee, is a Democrat. It is understood that the President invited Senator Pendleton, the originator of the bill, to suggest the name of a Democrat for the third place in the commission, and that it was on his recommendation that Judge Thoman was nominated. He is about thirty-two years of age, and is very popular in his State. Though a Democrat he carried a Republican county when nominated for the Probate judgeship, and several of his decisions in important cases have stood the test of the Supreme Court.

The Senate Passed its Tariff Bill on Tuesday, February 20th, by a vote of 42 to 19. Ten Democrats, among whom were Senators Bayard Brown, Davis (of West Virginia) and Mc Pherson, voted with the Republicans in favor of the bill. The first five sections of the bill deal with the Internal Revenue and repeal the taxes on capital and deposits of banks and bankers, the stamp tax on bank checks, drafts, orders, and vouchers, and the tax on matches, perfumery and patent medicines, and reduce the taxes on tobacco, cigars and cigarettes. One hundred and two pages of the act deal with the tariff, but it would be impossible to summarize their effects. The numerous changes made in the bill at the demand of the manufacturers first in committee of the whole, and afterward in the Senate, have left the question of its general results a problem even to experts, and have eliminated whatever semblance of consistency there was originally in the measure. English books were almost at the last moment taken out of the free list, and a duty of fifteen per cent imposed. Books in foreign languages the bill leaves on the free list. In its present condition there is no great anxiety either among Free Traders or Protectionists as to whether it passes the House or not.

A Fatal Panic in a School in New York resulted in the death of sixteen children last week. On Tuesday, February 20th, about three in the afternoon, some visitors called at a Roman Catholic school in Fourth Street, and the teacher who admitted them noticed that the passage was full of smoke. On opening the door of a closet to ascertain the cause of the smoke, flames burst forth, and the alarm of fire was instantly given. Seven hundred children were in the building, which had five floors, and its exits were narrow staircases on each side. When the alarm was given a panic ensued. The fire cut off escape from the set of staircases on the east side, and consequently a rush was made for those on the west. As the children poured out from the lower floors, those on the upper floors came rushing down upon them, and many were flung forward into the basement. Then a fierce struggle took place, in the midst of which the balustrade of the staircase gave way and the children fell headlong to the floor beneath. There they lay in a pile five feet high, those at the top but little hurt, but those underneath were fearfully crushed and mangled. The fire was easily extinguished. Had an orderly march out taken place, all might have escaped. Sixteen little girls, the youngest of whom was six, and the eldest twelve, died on the spot or during the day, and many others were seriously injured. The spectacle was heartrending.

Deplorable Accounts of Suffering Continue to arrive from the districts devastated by the floods. At Cincinnati the river continued to fall throughout the week, and on Friday the railroads resumed work. But the destruction the water has worked in public and private property cannot yet be estimated. People returning to their homes found their clothing and furniture spoiled, and there are many sad cases of utter destitution reported. Thousands of tons of coal and large supplies of provisions were distributed by the relief committees. From *Louisville, Ky.*, the reports say the damage done to property is immense, and the alarm as to the immediate future is not unfounded. Outside the city the situation is still more distressing. Farms are under water, houses and barns have been swept away, crops have been destroyed, and implements damaged. Unless assistance is rendered, the gravest suffering is inevitable. The water is now falling gradually. Great fears are occasioned by the rise of the Mississippi which at *Memphis, Tenn.*, had on Saturday marked thirty-four feet four inches, a rise of three inches during the previous twenty-four hours. A telegram from that city says: Below, everything remains intact. None of the newly-built levees have given signs of weakness, and there is every confidence felt in their being able to stand the test. Accounts from above are less hopeful. It is now a certainty that all that country to the west of the Mississippi River from New Madrid, Mo., to Helena, Ark., an area of 225 miles in length, having a width of an average of forty miles, will be completely inundated, and the damage will be as serious to that section of country as was the great flood of last year. Large sums are being raised for the sufferers, and sent for distribution to the relief committees.

The Arrest of Mr. Salmi Morse, the Projector of the Passion Play, took place on Saturday last. Mr. Morse attempted to hold a full dress rehearsal of his play in spite of the notification he received from the police the previous week that in the absence of a license it could not take place. A large audience assembled by invitation in the hall he has hired to witness the rehearsal, but the police were present in force, and when the curtain was rung up, and the first words of the play were uttered, Mr. Morse was arrested. He was conveyed to the police station and charged with a violation of the Theatrical Act. Speeches were made in the hall in protest against the arrest, but there was no performance.

Rev. Paul A. Chadbourne, D.D., LL.D., the President of the Massachusetts Agricultural College, died on Friday, February 23d. He was on his way to attend the funeral of his friend, ex-Governor Morgan, when he was suddenly seized with severe pain. He was taken to the house of his brother-in-law in New York where he lay for several days, enduring great agony, from which he succumbed on Friday morning. Dr. Chadbourne was sixty years of age. He graduated at Williams College, at which he subsequently held the Professorship of Chemistry and Natural History. In 1866 he accepted the Presidency of Wisconsin University, but his health failing he accepted the offer of the Presidency of Bowdoin, and afterward that of Williams. He remained there ten years, at the close of which—in 1880—he accepted the Presidency of the Massachusetts Agricultural College. Dr. Chadbourne was an intimate friend of President Garfield, whose acquaintance he formed while the latter was a student at Williams.

The Will of the Late Hon. William E. Dodge contains a number of bequests for charitable objects. Mr. Dodge maintained for many years a fund for the education of young men for the ministry, and that fund is continued, $50,000 being set apart for it. To the already long list of subscriptions for foreign missions is added a gift to the American Board of Commissioners of $50,000. The same amount is also given to the Presbyterian Board of Foreign Missions. A number of other societies are legatees; among them the Presbyterian Board of Home Missions, the National Temperance Society and Publication House, of which Mr. Dodge was President for seventeen years; the Syrian Protestant College at Beirut, whose corner-stone Mr. Dodge laid in 1872, the Young Men's Christian Association, the American Tract Society, the Metropolitan Museum of Art, and the Museum of Natural History in Central Park. The remaining bequests go to Southern institutions. Lincoln University, the Hampton and Carlisle Institutes, and the University at Atlanta, Ga., will get considerable amounts. The entire sum given for benevolent objects is about $350,000.

The Hospital Saturday and Sunday Collections realized in 1882 a smaller amount than the previous year. The accounts have now been closed, and the amount reported by the Treasurer as received is $32,262.72. To this should be added about $1600, which was collected in one of the city churches, but through some informality has not been turned over to the general treasurer, making the total collection about $33,862.72, as against $42,535.45 for 1881, $44,371.97 for 1880, and $26,455.07 for 1879. The deficiency is the result of several exceptional causes operating together.

A Remarkable Story in Connection with the death of ex-Governor Jewell is related by the *Times* of Hartford, Conn. It is stated that on the Friday before his death Mr. Jewell awoke from a sleep and inquired what was the matter at the residence of the Hon. William E. Dodge. (Mr. Jewell's daughter had married one of Mr. Dodge's sons, and the two gentlemen were on intimate terms.) Mr. Jewell's family had just received a telegram announcing the sudden and unlooked-for death of Mr. Dodge; but it was deemed best not to let him know that any such thing had happened, and his question was therefore evaded. But he continued to insist that something serious had happened, and would not rest until a telegram was sent making inquiries. The telegram was sent, but knowing that the truth would agitate the sick man, the sender so framed it as to elicit an answer which would keep up the deception. The reply came and was handed to the ex-Governor, but it failed to satisfy him. He continued firm in his conviction that some calamity had occurred, and remained until the hour of his death, twenty-four hours later, as firm in that belief as if he had witnessed the death of his friend. It would seem that in his case, as in that of other dying men, the mental powers instead of sharing in the weakness and collapse of the body, received additional strength and vigor. The apostle Paul's beautiful description of death would lead us to expect such a phenomenon (2 Cor. 5 : 1–9).

A Search for a Lady in the Mountains is described in a California journal. She left her home to look for some cattle belonging to her husband which were but a short distance away. It was a cold, freezing day, raining and snowing alternately. The woman was slightly near-sighted, and the stormy weather assisted in confusing her, and she became bewildered, and instead of going home, as she thought, she took the opposite direction and soon was *hopelessly lost*. About noon her husband became alarmed at her prolonged absence and went in search of her, and at night, not getting any trace of her, aroused the neighbors, and soon a dozen sturdy mountaineers were searching the rough mountain sides and deep gorges of Mount Day. The party searched faithfully till late in the afternoon, when one after another dropped off and returned home. But there was one man in that crowd—an old mountaineer—who determined not to quit the search while a ray of hope remained of finding her alive, and he was successful. He followed her for five miles from home. When found she was just sinking into an insensible sleep, which would have known no waking. The old man took off his shoes and covered her feet, from which her own shoes had worn away, built a fire, and warmed and rubbed her into semi-consciousness, and carried her to her home. So the Great Shepherd searches for His lost sheep on the mountains of sin and unbelief, and brings them home rejoicing (Matt. 18 : 12–14).

A Thrilling Narrative is Told by a Party of sailors who arrived in New York on Saturday last in the Republic of the White Star Line. On Friday, February 16th, the captain of the Republic took them off the steamer Glamorgan, which left Liverpool for Boston eight days before. The rescued men state that the Glamorgan was struck by a heavy sea on February 14th. It came over in a solid body, piled many feet above the deck and swept aft. The foremast went by the board, with a crash, and dropped into the sea on the lee side, carrying shrouds and all with it. The hatches were torn off, and tons of water poured into the hold. Every boat was swept from the davits, and all the rail followed. Reaching the house amidships, the sea broke in the bulkeads, and swept overboard the cabin and all of the rooms on the port side. On the starboard side all the rooms forward were destroyed. The engine room was flooded and the fires put out. The waves swept the captain, one of his officers and several of the crew overboard, and they were all drowned. During the next two days the remainder of the crew managed to keep the steamer afloat, but the next day she commenced filling again, and was sinking when the Republic came to their rescue. The violence of the storm was so great that one of the rescuing party was drowned, and three of the Republic's boats were stove in, in the attempt to deliver the men from a watery grave. The spectacle of the sinking ship, with its battered hull and broken masts, its boats swept away, and its captain drowned, might serve as a type of this ruined world which Christ left Heaven to save. But there was no man on the Glamorgan that neglected the chance of escape (Heb. 2 : 3).

A Montana Stage Driver's Device Saved the life of a passenger recently. A local journal states that a woman was the only passenger in the stage except her baby, whom she wrapped in her fur cloak, leaving herself unprotected from the zero temperature. The driver saw that she was benumbed and would freeze to death unless roused to violent exercise. He dragged her from the coach and left her by the roadside. "Oh, my baby!" she cried. The driver cracked his whip. The stage flew over the snow with the woman running after. The race was kept up for nearly two miles, when the driver took the mother in again and wrapped his coat around her. He had warmed her blood and saved her life. When she felt herself dragged from the coach and separated from her child, she doubtless thought the stage driver very cruel; but now she knows that his apparent cruelty was the truest kindness. So, when our eyes are opened, shall we look back at certain dealings of Providence we are apt now to speak of as inscrutable (Romans 8 : 28).

A Revolver Produced at a Revival Service gave evidence of the faithfulness of the preacher, on the evening of February 23d, at Wytheville, Va. It appears that at one of the meetings held in connection with a revival near that city the minister expounded the Parable of "the Prodigal Son." When he began to preach about the evils of dissipation, a young man rose and said: "I will not stand those reflections on me," and, drawing a revolver, he declared that if the minister did not stop he would shoot him. A magistrate shouted "Order!" and several stalwart farmers started toward the young man, who made a desperate resistance and escaped. He was dissipated, and thought that the clergyman was alluding to him. If the young man had been sick and a physician had diagnosed his physcial disease as exactly as the preacher appears to have done his spiritual complaint, he would not have been angry, but would have been eager to accept the remedy prescribed. But it is now, as it was in the days of Christ, men will not come to Him that they might have life (Matt. 23 : 37).

The Fidelity of a Convict's Dogs Appears likely to gain their owner's release from prison. A Southern journal says that at Plymouth, N. C., there is in jail a man who, previous to his incarceration, devoted much of his time to hunting, and owned two dogs which were so strongly devoted to their master that they never left him, even during his trial, except when driven away. When the prisoner was finally locked up in his cell for his term, his two dogs took their position on the outside of the prison building, and have remained there day after day unmolested. This faithful devotion of the dogs has attracted such admiration from the people of Plymouth that a kennel has been built for them. At night they wander away for something to eat, but the coming day finds them at their post. An effort is being made to induce the Governor of the State to pardon the man, and it will probably be successful. We have heard of convicts being pardoned for the sake of their families, but this is probably the first time that the affection of animals has been used as a plea. Nevertheless, if the story of this touching fidelity melted the Governor's heart it would surprise no one, not even those who profess themselves unable to believe the doctrine of the Atonement. Yet what an infinitely better plea for forgiveness the Christian presents (Eph. 4 ; 32).

HANDS FULL OF HONEY.

A New Sermon, by Pastor C. H. Spurgeon.

"And Samson turned aside to see the carcass of the lion: and, behold, there was a swarm of bees and honey in the carcass of the lion. And he took thereof in his hands, and went on eating, and came to his father and mother, and he gave them, and they did eat: but he told not them that he had taken the honey out of the carcass of the lion."—JUDGES 14 : 8, 9.

A Remarkable Story—Samson Himself a Riddle—A Subject for a Painter—A Type of Jesus—I. The Believer's Life Has its Conflicts—They Begin Early—Are Often Terrible—Find Him Unprepared—The Victory Won by the Spirit—II. The Believer's Life Has its Sweets—Often Found on the Scene of Conflict—III. Led to Communicate the Sweets—Immediately—To Those Nearest Him—As Best He Could—With Modesty—An American Sunday School Address—Riddles Ending in Fighting.

IT was a singular circumstance that a man unarmed should have slain a lion in the prime of its vigor; and yet more strange that a swarm of bees should have taken possession of the dried carcass, and have filled it with their honey. In that country, what with beasts, birds, and insects, and the dry heat, a dead body is soon cleansed from all corruption, and the bones are clean and white; still the killing of the lion, and the finding of the honey, make up *a remarkable story*. These singular circumstances became afterward the subject of a riddle; but with that riddle we have no concern at this time. Samson himself is a riddle. He was not only a riddle-maker; but he was himself an enigma very difficult to explain; with his personal character I have at this time little or nothing to do.

We are not to-day resting at the house of "Gaius, mine host," where the pilgrims amused themselves with a dish of nuts after dinner; but we are on the march, and must attend to the more important matter of refreshing and inspiriting those who are in our company. Neither are we going to discuss difficulties; but as Samson took the honey without being stung, so would we gain instruction without debate. We have in these days so much to do, that we must make practical use of every incident that comes before us in the Word of God. My one design is to cheer the desponding and stir up all God's people to greater diligence in His service. I conceive that the text may legitimately be employed for this purpose. By the help of the Divine Spirit, even after this lapse of time, we may find honey in the lion.

The particular part of the incident which is recorded in these two verses appears to have been passed over by those who have written upon Samson's life; I suppose it appeared to be too inconsiderable. They are taken up with his festive riddle, but they omit the far more natural and commendable fact of his bringing forth the honey in his hands and presenting it to his father and mother. This is the little scene to which I direct your glances. It seems to me that the Israelitish hero with a slain lion in the background, standing out in the open road with his hands laden with masses of honeycomb and dripping with honey, which he holds out to his parents, makes a fine picture, worthy of the greatest artist.

A TYPE OF JESUS.

And what a type we have here of our Divine Lord and Master, Jesus, the conqueror of death and hell. He has destroyed the lion that roared upon us and upon Him. He has shouted "victory" over all our foes. "It is finished" was His note of triumph; and now He stands in the midst of His church with His hands full of sweetness and consolation, presenting them to those of whom He says, "these are my brother, and sister, and mother."

But, beloved, it is written, "As he is, so are we also in this world." All that are true Christians are, in a measure, like the Christ whose name they bear, and it is to His image that we are finally to be conformed. When He shall appear we shall be like Him, for we shall see Him as He is; and meanwhile, in proportion as we see Him now, "we are changed into the same

image, from glory to glory, even as by the Spirit of the Lord." The Samson type may well serve as the symbol of every Christian in the world. The believer has been helped by divine grace in his spiritual conflicts, and he has known "the victory which overcometh the world, even our faith." He has thus been made more than a conqueror through Him that loved us, and now he stands in the midst of his fellow-men inviting them to Jesus.

With the honey in his hands, which he continues still to feast upon, he displays the heavenly sweetness to all that are round about him, saying, "Oh, taste and see that the Lord is good; blessed is the man that trusteth in him." I have before now met with *that popular artist, Gustave Doré, and suggested subjects to him.* Had he survived among us, and had another opportunity occurred, I would have pressed him to execute a statue of Samson handing out the honey; strength distributing sweetness; and it might have served as a perpetual reminder of what a Christian should be—a Conqueror and a Comforter, slaying lions and distributing honey. The faithful servant of God wrestles with the powers of evil; but with far greater delight he speaks to his friends and companions, saying, "Eat ye that which is good, and let your souls delight themselves in sweetness." Set the statue before your mind's eye, and now let me speak about it.

Three touches may suffice. First, *the believer's life has its conflicts;* secondly, *the believer's life has its sweets;* and, thirdly, *the believer's life leads him to communicate of those sweets to others.* Here is room for profitable meditation.

I. First, then, the believer's

LIFE HAS ITS CONFLICTS.

To become a Christian is to enlist for a soldier. To become a believer is to enter upon a pilgrimage, and the road is often rough; the hills are steep, the valleys are dark, giants block the way, and robbers lurk in corners. The man who reckons that he can glide into heaven without a struggle has made a great mistake. No cross no crown; no sweat no sweet; no conflict no conquest. These conflicts, if we take the case of Samson as our symbol, *begin early* in the life of the believer. While Samson was a child, the Spirit of the Lord moved him in the camps of Dan—see the last verse of the thirteenth chapter; and as soon as he was on the verge of manhood, he must match himself with a lion.

Yes, and the young believer, who as yet has not wrestled with the powers of darkness, will not be long before he hears the roar of the lion, and finds himself in the presence of the great Adversary. Very soon we learn the value of the prayer, "Deliver us from the evil one!" Most of the Lord's servants have been men of war from their youth up. Without are fightings even when within there are no fears. This early combat with the savage beast was intended by God to let him know his strength when under the influence of the Spirit, and to train him for his future combats with Israel's enemies.

These conflicts, dear friends, may often be

VERY TERRIBLE.

By a young lion is not meant a whelp, but a lion in the fulness of its early strength; not yet slackened in its pace, or curbed in its fury by growing years. Fresh and furious, a young lion is the worst kind of beast that a man can meet with. Let us expect as followers of Christ to meet with strong temptations, fierce persecutions, and severe trials, which will lead to stern conflicts. A young believer will, on a sudden, have a doubt suggested to him of which he never heard before; and it will roar upon him like a young lion; neither will he see all at once how to dispose of it. Or he may be placed in singular circumstances where his duty seems to run counter to the tenderest instincts of his nature; here, too, the young lion will roar upon him. Or, one for whom he has an intense respect may treat him ill because he is a follower of Christ, and the affection and respect which he feels for this person may make his opposition the more grievous; in this also it is with him as when a lion roareth. Or, he may suffer a painful bereavement, or sustain a severe loss; or he may have a disease upon him, with consequent pains and depressions, and these may cast the shadow of death upon his spirit; so that again a young lion roars upon him.

These conflicts come early, and they are very terrible; and, moreover, they happen to us

WHEN WE ARE LEAST PREPARED

for them. Samson was not hunting for wild beasts; he was engaged on a much more tender business. He was walking in the vineyards of Timnath, thinking of anything but lions, and "behold," says the Scripture, "a young lion roared against him." It was a remarkable and startling occurrence. He had left his father and mother and was quite alone; no one was within call to aid him in meeting his furious assailant. Human sympathy is exceedingly precious, but there are points in our spiritual conflict in which we cannot expect to receive it. To each man there are *passages in life too narrow for walking two abreast.* Upon certain crags we must stand alone.

As our constitutions differ, so our trials, which are suited to our constitutions, must differ also. Each individual has a secret with which no friend can intermeddle; for every life has its mystery and its hid treasure. Do not be ashamed, young Christian, if you meet with temptations which appear to you to be quite singular; we have each one thought the same of his trials. You imagine that no one suffers as you do, whereas no temptation hath happened unto you but such as is common to man, and God will with the temptation make a way of escape that you may be able to bear it. Yet for the time being you may have to enter into fellowship with your Lord when He trod the winepress alone, and of the people there was none with Him.

Is not this for your good? Is not this the way to strength? What kind of piety is that which is dependent upon the friendship of man? What sort of religion is that which cannot stand alone? Beloved, you will have to die alone, and you need therefore grace to cheer you in solitude. The dear wife can attend you weeping to the river's brink, but into the chill stream she cannot go with you; and if you have not a religion which will sustain you in the solitudes of life, of what avail will it be to you in the grim lonesomeness of death? Thus I reckon it to be a happy circumstance that you are called to solitary conflict that you may test your faith, and see of what stuff your hope is made.

Now, go one step further, for time forbids our lingering here. I invite you to remember that *it was by the Spirit of God that*

THE VICTORY WAS WON.

We read, "And the Spirit of the Lord came mightily upon him, and he rent him as he would have rent a kid." Let the Holy Spirit help us in our trouble and we need neither company nor weapon; but without Him what can we do? Good Bishop Hall says, "If that roaring lion, that goes about continually seeking whom he may devour, find us alone among the vineyards of the Philistines, where is our hope? Not in our heels, he is swifter than we; not in our weapons, we are naturally unarmed; not in our hands, which are weak and languishing; but in the Spirit of God, by whom we can do all things. If God fight in us, who can resist us? There is a stronger lion in us than that against us."

Sometimes our conflict is with past sin. We doubtfully inquire, "How can it be forgiven?" The temptation vanishes before a sight of the dying Redeemer. Then inbred lust roars against us, and we overcome it through the blood of the Lamb, for "the blood of Jesus Christ His Son cleanseth us from all sin." Sometimes a raging corruption, or a strong habit, wars upon us, and then we conquer by the might of the sanctifying Spirit of God, who is with us and shall be in us evermore. Or else it is the world which tempts, and our feet have almost gone; but we overcome the world through the victory of faith: and if Satan raises against us the lust of the flesh, the lust of the eye, and the pride of life, all at once we are still delivered, for the Lord is a wall of fire round about us. Wherefore, with a lion-like spirit, meet lions which seek to devour you.

II. Now, then, we come to our second head, which is: the believer's

LIFE HAS ITS SWEETS.

We are not always killing lions, we are sometimes eating honey. Certain of us do both at a time; we kill lions and yet cease not to eat honey; and truly it has become so sweet a thing to enter into conflict for Christ's sake, that it is a joy to contend earnestly for the faith once delivered to the saints. The same Lord who hath bidden us "quit yourselves like men; be strong," has also said, "Rejoice, in the Lord alway; and again I say, rejoice."

Of these joys *there is plenty;* for Samson found, as it were, a living spring of honey, since he discovered a swarm of bees. So abundant was the honey that he could take huge masses of the comb and carry it in his hands, and go away with it, bearing it to others. In the love of Christ, in pardoned sin, in acceptance in the Beloved, in resting in God, in perfectly acquiescing in His will, in the hope of heaven, there is such joy that none can measure it. We have such a living swarm of bees to make honey for us in the precious promises of God, that there is more delight in store than any of us can possibly realize. There is infinitely more of Christ beyond our comprehension than we have as yet been able to comprehend.

Dear friends, if you want to know what are the elements of our joy, I have already hinted at them, but I will for a moment enlarge thereon. *Our joys are often found in the former places of our conflicts.* We gather our honey out of the lions which have been slain for us or by us.

There is, first, our sin.

A HORRIBLE LION

that! But it is a dead lion, for grace has much more abounded over abounding sin. O brothers, I have never heard of any dainty in all the catalogue of human joys that could match a sense of pardoned sin. Full forgiveness! Free forgiveness! Eternal forgiveness! See, it sparkles like dew of heaven. To know that God has blotted out my sin is knowledge rich with unutterable bliss. My soul has begun to hear the songs of seraphim when it has heard that note, "I have blotted out thy sins like a cloud, and as a thick cloud thine iniquities." Here is choice honey for you!

The next dead lion is conquered desire. When a wish has arisen in the heart contrary to the mind of God, and you have said—"Down with you! I will pray you down. You used to master me; I fell into a habit and I was soon overcome by you; but I will not again yield to you. By God's grace I will conquer you"; I say, when at last you have obtained the victory such a sweet contentment perfumes your heart that you are filled with joy unspeakable; and you are devoutly grateful to have been helped of the Spirit of God to master your own spirit." Thus you have again eaten spiritual honey.

When you are able to feel in your own soul that you have overcome a strong temptation, the fiercer it was and the more terrible it was the louder has been your song and the more joyful your thanksgiving. To go to Mr. Bunyan: When Christian had passed through the Valley of the Shadow of Death during the night, and when he had come entirely out of it and the sun rose, you remember he looked back. He was long in taking that look, I warrant you. What thoughts he had while looking back. He could just discern that narrow track with the quagmire on one side and the deep ditch on the other; and he could see the shades out of which the hobgoblins hooted and the fiery eyes glanced forth. He looked back by sunlight and thought within himself, "Ah me! What goodness has been with me! I have gone through all that, and yet I am unharmed!" What a happy survey it was to him!

We find honey again from

ANOTHER SLAIN LION:

namely, our troubles after we have been enabled to endure them. This is the metal of which our joy-bells are cast. Out of the brass of our trials we make the trumpets of our triumph. He is not the happy man who has seen no trouble; but "blessed is he that endureth temptation, for when he is tried he shall receive a crown of life that fadeth not away."

Death, too. Oh, the honey that is found in *dead death*. Death is indeed dead. We triumph over him, and are no more afraid of him than little children are of a dead lion. We pluck him by the beard, and say to him, "O death, where is thy sting? O grave, where is thy victory?" We even look forward to the time of our departure with delight, when we shall leave this heavy clay and on spirit wings ascend unto our Father and our God. You see there is rich store of honey for God's people; and we do not hesitate to eat it. Let others say as they will, we are a happy people, happy in Christ, happy in the Holy Spirit, happy in God our Father. So that believers have their sweets.

III. But the third is the point I want to dwell upon: the believer's life leads him to

COMMUNICATE THESE SWEETS.

As soon as we have tasted the honey of forgiven sin and perceived the bliss that God has laid up for His people in Christ Jesus, we feel it to be both our duty and our privilege to communicate the good news to others. Here let my ideal statue stand in our midst; the strong man, conqueror of the lion, holding forth his hands full of honey to his parents. We are to be modelled according to this fashion.

And, first, we do this *immediately*. The moment a man is converted, if he would let himself alone, his instincts would lead him to tell his fellows. I know that the moment I came out of that little chapel wherein I found the Saviour, I wanted to pour out my tale of joy. I could have cried with Cennick:

> "Now will I tell to sinners round;
> What a dear Saviour I have found;
> I'll point to thy redeeming blood,
> And say, 'Behold the way to God!'"

I longed to tell how happy my soul was, and what a deliverance I had obtained from the crushing burden of sin. I longed to see all others come and trust my Lord and live! I did not preach a sermon, but I think I could have told out all the Gospel at that first hour. Did not you, my friend, feel much the same? Did not your tongue long to be telling of what the Lord had done for you? Perhaps you are one of those proper and retiring people who are greatly gifted at holding their tongues; and therefore you left the feet of Jesus in silence, silence which angels wondered at. Is that why you have held your tongue ever since? Perhaps if you had begun to speak then you would have continued your testimony to this day.

I repeat my assertion that it is the instinct of every newborn soul to communicate the glad tidings which grace has proclaimed in his heart. Just as Samson had no sooner tasted of the honey than he carried a portion of it to his father and mother, so do we hasten to invite our neighbors to Christ. My dear young friend, as soon as ever you know the joy of the Lord, open your mouth in a quiet, humble way, and never allow yourself to be numbered with the deaf and dumb. Let no one stop you from unburdening your heart. Do not follow the bad example of those who have become dumb dogs because of their cowardice at the beginning.

The believer will do this *first*

TO THOSE WHO ARE NEAREST

to him. Samson took the honey to his father and mother who were not far away. With each of us the most natural action would be to tell a brother or a sister or a fellow-workman, or a bosom friend. It will be a great joy to see them eating the honey which is so pleasant to our own palate. It is most natural in a parent at once to wish to tell his children of divine love—have you all done so?

The believer will do this as best he can. Samson, you see, brought the honey to his father and mother in a rough and ready style, going on eating it as he brought it. Perhaps you think, "If I am to speak to any person upon true religion, I should like to do it in poetry." Better do it in prose, for perhaps they will take more notice of your verse than of your subject. Give them the honey *in your hands*, and if there is no dish they cannot take notice of the dish.

But then Samson did another thing, and every true believer should do it too; he did not merely tell his parents about the honey, but *he took them some of it*. I do not read, "And he told his father and mother of the honey," but I read, "and he took thereof in his hands." Nothing is so powerful as an exhibition of grace itself to others. Do not talk about it, but carry it in your hands. "I cannot do that," says one. Yes, you can, by your life, your temper, your spirit, your whole bearing. If your hands serve God, if your heart serves God, if your face beams with joy in the service of God, you will carry grace wherever you go, and those who see you will perceive it. Let our lives be full of Christ and we shall preach Christ. A holy life is the best of sermons.

Take note, also, that Samson *did this*

WITH GREAT MODESTY.

We have plenty of people about nowadays who could not kill a mouse without publishing it in the Gospel Gazette; but Samson killed a lion and said nothing about it. He holds the honey in his hand for his father and mother—he shows them *that;* but we are specially informed that he told not his father or his mother that he had taken it out of the carcass of the lion. The Holy Spirit finds modesty so rare that He takes care to record it. In telling your own experience be wisely cautious. Say much of what the Lord has done for you, but say little of what you have done for the Lord. You need not make much effort to be brief on that point, for I am afraid that there is not much of it, if all were told. Do not utter a self-glorifying sentence. Let us put Christ to the front, and the joy and blessedness that comes of faith in Him; and as for ourselves, we need not speak a word except to lament our sins and shortcomings.

The sum of what I have to say is this—if we have tasted any joy in Christ, if we have known any consolation of the Spirit, if faith has been to us a real power, and if it has wrought in us peace and rest, let us communicate this blessed discovery to others. If you do not do so, mark you, you will have missed the very object for which God has blessed you. I heard the other day of

A SUNDAY-SCHOOL ADDRESS IN AMERICA

which pleased me much. The teacher, speaking to the boys, said, "Boys, here's a watch, what is it for?" The children answered, "To tell the time." "Well," he said, "suppose my watch does not tell the time, what is it good for?" "Good for nothing, sir." Then he took out a pencil. "What is this pencil for?" "It is to write with, sir." "Suppose this pencil won't make a mark, what is it good for?" "Good for nothing, sir." Then he took out his pocket-knife. "Boys, what is this for?" They were American boys, and so they shouted, "to whittle with," that is to experiment on any substance that came in their way by cutting a notch in it. "But," said he, "suppose it will not cut, what is the knife good for?" "Good for nothing, sir." Then the teacher asked, "What is the chief end of man?" and they replied, "To glorify God." "But suppose a man does not glorify God, what is he good for?" "Good for nothing, sir."

That brings out my point most clearly; there are many professors of whom *I* will not say that they are good for nothing, but methinks if they do not soon stir themselves up to glorify God by proclaiming the sweetness of God's love it will go hard with them. Remember how Jesus said of the savorless salt "henceforth it is good for nothing." What were you converted for? What were you forgiven for? What were you renewed for? What have you been preserved on earth for but to tell to others the glad tidings of salvation and so to glorify God? Do, then, go out with your hands full of the honey of divine love and hold it out to others.

It will be much better for you to tell of the sweets of godliness than it will be to make riddles about the doctrine of it. Samson afterward made a riddle about his lion and the honey; and that riddle ended in fighting and bloodshed. We have known certain Christians spend their lives in making riddles about the honey and the lion, by asking *tough doctrinal questions* which even angels cannot answer:

"RIDDLE ME THIS,"

They say, and then it has ended in a fight, and brotherly love has been murdered in the fray. It is much better to bring your hands full of honey to those who are needy, and present it to them that they may eat of it, than it is to cavil and discuss.

By doing this you will be blessing men far more than Samson could bless his parents, for our honey is honey unto eternity, our sweets are sweets that last to heaven, and are best enjoyed there. Call upon others to taste and see that the Lord is good, and you shall have therein much joy. You shall increase your own pleasure by seeing the pleasure of the Lord prospering in your hand. What bliss awaits useful Christians when they enter into heaven, for they shall be met there by many who have gone before them whom they were the means of turning to Christ.

I do often inwardly sing when I perceive that I can scarce go into any town or village but what somebody hunts me up to say to me, "Under God I owe my salvation to your sermons or to your books." What will be the felicities of heaven when we shall meet those who were turned to righteousness by our holding forth the word of life! Our heaven will be seven heavens as we see them there. If you have done nothing but exhibit in your lives the precious results of grace you will have done well. If you have presented to your companions truths that were sweetness itself to you, and tried to say in broken accents "Oh, that you knew this peace!" it shall give you joy unspeakable to meet those in glory who were attracted to Christ by such a simple means.

COMING MONARCHY IN FRANCE.

By Rev. M. Baxter.

DANIEL'S prediction in chapter 7 : 24 that *ten kings* will be reigning over the Ten Kingdoms of Britain, France, Spain, Austria, Italy, etc., about eight or nine years before the End of this age, leads us to expect that a *monarchical* government will soon be established over France, and it is remarkable that politicians even now begin to see the probability of the present French *Republic* soon being succeeded by a *monarchy*.

The London *Telegraph* of January 24th says: "France is threatened with a grave crisis. There are signs of evil omen throwing a deep shadow over its immediate future. Gambetta died, just as the New Year chimes were sounding, some three weeks ago, and left a void which could not be filled by any contemporary Frenchman. Upon the tombstone of Gambetta, as it were, Prince Napoleon pasted up his inflated manifesto. The placards of Prince Napoleon, insignificant in themselves, have set political passions aflame again. The arrest of the Napoleonic bill-sticker has proved the signal for a wild and angry motion from the Radical Left to *expel all the representatives of dynastic families from France*. This motion has been not so much opposed as emulated by a proposition of the Government of a scarcely less stringent kind; so that the country is plunged into a frenzy of panic and rancor, amid which it is impossible to foresee what fatal steps may not be taken, unworthy of the free principles of the Republic and dangerous to its peaceful continuance.

"Thus a sudden trouble surprises France at a time when she most of all needed repose in order to combat the intestine evils which threat-

The Late Gustave Doré's Picture of the Lord's Supper (see page 131).

en her. Liberty is always being conspired against by license in that restless land. At Marseilles the Socialists are not even French enough to be polite to the ex-Empress, who has offered them a park and a palace. At Lyons the Red Republicans propose to restore the silk trade by returning Communists who recommended anarchy in place of Government, and propose by way of helping society to abolish the Deity. At Paris the Municipal Councillors urge on the Deputies to rash devices, and Radical clubs control the Councillors. They propose not only to expel the Princes, but fierce cries are heard denouncing not only the clericals, the officials, and all titled people, but calling for *the expulsion of bankers and financialists*. M. Clémenceau's Radical newspaper, by way of joining in the stupid and furious clamor for proscription, assails the house of Rothschild. 'We have not abolished the Bonapartes and the Bourbons,' it says, 'to sink under the control of great banks. The Rothschilds are powerful—too powerful, but they will be wise to wield their gold with much future caution.' All these mad exclamations react upon the financial and commercial situation, which if not serious is at least deranged, and the Exchange in Paris trembles and falls like the barometer, sensitive to a coming storm.

"If a Napoleonic restoration were so much as conceivable, it would have almost to commence with preparations for a ruinous war of revenge. Orleanists and Legitimists again, could pursue no other course than to promise no long-deferred struggle against Germany for Alsace and Lorraine. Yet there cannot be a doubt that the majority of Frenchmen detest and dread any such prospect of war. But the actual Government has not got the country properly in hand, and therefore lets itself drift too much along the current of sectional passion. Prince Napoleon has obtained already the sinister triumph of having forced the Government to propose an alteration of the law to fit his case. In his prison, he must, indeed, be heartily astonished at the success of his evil manifesto.

"It is difficult to foresee what may or may not arrive as the issue of these unexpected troubles. Nothing could be worse for France than a Ministerial crisis brought about in a moment of such turmoil both in Paris and the provinces, and amid the noise of such wild and foolish doctrines in the great cities. If the French Government should be defeated because its proposals do not appear sufficiently sweeping, the President of the Republic would have, it appears, to call to his councils Socialists such as Clémenceau and Floquet, and France under such a combination would suddenly assume the aspect of an alarming Power to more than one European Court. The apprehensions which have arisen among quiet and propertied people would then be intensified, and the Socialists would make demands upon the new Ministry more and more disquieting to all that is religious and orderly in the land. In this way *there might really be created a strong Monarchical and Clerical reaction*, just as already the strong steps taken by the Ministry have revived Bonapartism."

VINCENT VOSPER'S VALENTINE.

By the Rev. J. Grant Mills, M.A.

Vincent Vosper was a ship's chandler. His business brought him into daily contact with the captains and mates, and sailors of the merchant navy. Those who know anything about seaports know that a business of this kind has many and great temptations to drinking from early morning till late night. If the ship be boarded by the chandler, a part of the welcome he receives on board takes the form of spirits; or if the captain visits the chandler, then the latter must, no, not *must*, but *does* produce the drink which is dearest to the skipper's heart; or if they meet in the streets, there is something so very peculiar about the meeting, that it is considered necessary to signalize it by "*a nip*" at a neighboring bar. They feel it to be an absolute necessity to have what is called "a liquor up." It never occurs to them to have "a meat up," "a mutton chop up," or "a beef steak up." Oh, no, "a liquor up," nothing else.

Vincent Vosper was not worse than his fellows in this respect. Perhaps a comparison would have been very much in his favor. However, he did as others did. It was the custom. It was *the way to get business*. He wanted to get on, and he could not afford to be peculiar, to be different from others.

Vincent Vosper was single. He felt lonely. Vincent Vosper wanted a wife. Vincent Vosper was eligible. A good-looking young fellow with a good business was not to be despised. Fond mothers did not shut their doors in his face. No confidence is betrayed when it is told that there were not a few among his female friends who would have been very pleased indeed to have been addressed as Mrs. Vincent Vosper. The only obstacle in the way was Vincent Vosper himself, for of those who would have gladly become Mrs. Vincent Vosper he would not have one; while the one person that he would gladly have made his wife would not have him.

But that was not his fault, you say? Oh, yes, it was. If he would give up his drinking habits, then Mary Davies would very gladly go on toward the end of the alphabet for the initial of a new name. It is needless to say that Vincent Vosper was miserable. Only those who have gone through the same kind of thing

"He that is without sin among you, let him first cast a stone at her" (*see page 131.*)

can form any idea how miserable he was. And yet all the time he knew that Mary was right in all she had told him about the drink. He would give it up. He began to believe that in the end, as Mary had urged over and over again, he would not be the worse off in this world's goods.

"For," said she, "once establish your reputation as a sober, respectable, straightforward tradesman and then people will trust you. Many will like you; of course, some will dislike you; but *all will respect you.* And then as regards your pocket, your health, and your religion, why, they'll all be the better for the change."

"But look here, Mary," said Vincent Vosper; "I wonder you're not afraid to trust me if I gave the promise or took the pledge; for suppose, after I had promised and you had consented to marry me, and then suppose we actually were married, and then, ah, then I took to drinking again, as you call it?"

"Now, my dear Vincent, what a very low opinion you must have both of me and yourself. Do you think that if I thought such a thing possible, I would have another word to say to you? No! a thousand times, no! I believe that happiness would be ours if once you made up your mind. For, I believe that with God's help you would remain firm."

Still our chandler did not immediately take the step. And why? He was *afraid of being laughed at* and of losing custom. Satan has a most poweful instrument in chaff. What was Vosper to say, and how uncommonly foolish he would look, when Captain A., and Captain B., and Captain C., with their loud, hoarse laughs opened a battery, a full broadside of chaff upon him.

"Ah me! how many a man possesses physical, but lacks moral courage; respecter of men more than of God; careful about temporal more than spiritual things; thinking much of time and little of eternity." Into some such train of thought as this had Vincent Vosper allowed himself to drift, when his eye was caught by a poster on a wall announcing a temperance meeting.

Vincent Vosper went to the meeting, and was so impressed with all the speakers said that he called the next day on the vicar of the parish.

"I did not like to come forward last night," he said, "but I am determined to join in this work."

He signed the pledge, which was inscribed on a large card containing an ornamental heading and very prettily and daintily finished. His signature was witnessed by the vicar, who expressed a hope on parting with him that he would be brave and not lacking in moral courage.

Now on his way home his eye was again attracted, not this time by a poster, but by a stationer's window, in which there was a display of valentines. A sudden though struck him.

"Yes, I will," he said, "what fun! how pleased she will be! Yes, I'll send Mary such a valentine as was never received by anyone before. Ha! Ha! Ha!"

He entered and purchased a large, square envelope. Several times before he reached home he found himself laughing at the originality of his idea.

Next morning, February 14th, Valentine's Day, Mary Davies received the large, square envelope purchased by Vincent Vosper the day before. Quickly breaking the seal she drew out the valentine. Have you guessed what it was? It was his pledge card. And the vow of constancy to temperance which there was made he kept faithfully. Mounted by Mary Davies, now the happy Mrs. Vincent Vosper, it is hung in her bedroom, and in illuminated letters are recorded the words,

VINCENT VOSPER'S VALENTINE.

THE MISSION ON THE CONGO.

LETTERS recently received from Central Africa give an interesting account of the progress of the Livingstone Inland Mission.

Mr. Banks writes from his new station of Mukimvika, on the southern shore of the Congo estuary, where he has been residing alone for some months, and gives a survey of the "towns," or, as we should call them, villages, in "King Plenty's" dominions. There are nine or ten such within easy reach of his station, and many more at a little distance within a radius of a day or two. Mr. Banks made a little census of the population in these villages, which vary considerably in size, some being little hamlets of forty or fifty houses, others containing four or five hundred.

He has now proclaimed the glad tidings in all the towns and villages about this place; nor do his words seem to have been without effect. In several of the villages the people have *promised to burn their idols,* and send their children to school, and Mr. Banks says, "I feel convinced that before long a mighty change will take place among these people.

Dr. Sims is making good progress with the language, and says, "You would like to see the work here now in Banana; it would please you and our friends; the evening services are well attended by our own people and strangers. The preaching in the Palaballa dialect seems to attract them better than English, which, of course, they imperfectly understand. We are greatly encouraged by the attention given. The boys in the school can repeat some hymns and some tables and read and write a little."

We may thankfully realize now, dear friends, that at all the six stations of the mission, scattered at intervals through over 200 miles of the country, in a line from the coast toward the interior, real missionary work, preaching and teaching the Lord Jesus, is going on daily. You will, we trust, join us in the earnest prayer that during the year on which we have just entered saving results of such work may be apparent, and that at each station some, at any rate, may believe the things that are spoken, and be quickened to eternal life by the Spirit of God.

TRUE, THOUGH TRIED.

A Tale of the Seventeenth Century.

By Marie Hall

(*Continued from page 127.*)

In the Prisoner's Dock.

MARGARET'S heart beat faster as she hurried in, in obedience to her uncle's message. There in the hall was her uncle, striding up and down in the greatest excitement, his dame looking toward him, the picture of bewilderment; and near the door stood two coarse, hard-featured men, one of whom was saying something, and referring to a paper he held in his hand, but he ceased speaking as his eye fell upon Margaret. Her face was peaceful and grave, as if nothing could ruffle its serenity; her open brow and fearless eyes seeming to refute beforehand any accusation of evil. Sir Gilbert himself calmed down as she confronted him, and stopped in his walk.

"How like her mother the girl grows!" he muttered.

"Did you want me, uncle?" asked Margaret.

"Yes, yes; I sent for you," he said, recalled to his former thoughts. "What is this that is charged against a kinswoman of mine? Of course it is altogether a mistake; nevertheless, a most annoying one, and has vexed me not a little;" and Sir Gilbert looked angry, and his color rose again.

"What is it?" asked Margaret, drawing nearer to the hall door. A prayer shot up from her heart for help and direction.

The man who held the paper, for once in his life, felt slightly ashamed of his office; he returned her steady look with a sidelong glance, and shuffled his feet.

"Well, my lady, 'tain't a pleasant business, noways, to haul folks away from their grand places, and nought but a bit of paper like that to show against 'em; but some one have got to do the king's business."

"Certainly, we all have unwelcome duties to

do sometimes. But will you tell me—" She stopped; something rose in her throat.

"The paper don't give any particulars; it is only a warrant for the arrest of Margaret Desborough, charged with wilfully destroying the altar-piece in Lyndhurst Chapel. You will soon get righted, mistress, for the judge sits next week, and you could get bail till then."

"Of course, of course," said Sir Gilbert, emphatically. "Still I say it is very annoying, and there will be expenses to pay; a great waste of money for some one's foolish blunder."

Margaret was thinking. "Suppose my innocence cannot be proved, uncle?" she suggested.

"Nonsense!" he exclaimed, angrily. "You can prove that you never were at Lyndhurst; least of all in the chapel. For once your unorthodox religion may be of use to you."

"But it never can be proved," said Margaret, steadily; "for I *have* been at Lyndhurst. I was there last evening; and—and, I *did* destroy the altar-piece. I should have been a heathen, or something worse, if I had not done it."

Sir Gilbert was silent, quite sure that his niece had gone clean out of her mind; and his dame whispered:

"I always thought Margaret was not right in her head."

"I am quite in my senses, uncle," the maiden said, catching the meaning of her aunt's words.

"Senses! Why what in heaven or on earth could induce you to do such a wicked thing? And how came you at Lyndhurst, at all?" cried the baronet, his passion rising.

"I heard that a portrait of myself—an exact copy of the one hanging in the gallery here—was in the Virgin's Chapel at Lyndhurst, and that people were bowing down before it. I determined to see for myself." Margaret's indignation kindled at the remembrance. "And I *did* see; I *hate* myself when I think of it. It was wicked, blasphemous! Come what would, I dare not leave the picture there; so when the service was over I destroyed it. Perhaps I am worthy of punishment; but I think I should do it again to-morrow, if I saw the same sight that I did last evening."

"You should have asked for the picture to be removed," said her uncle, "and not have outraged the feelings of good Catholics in that manner. You have dragged me into a pretty position. I cannot offend the king by pretending to justify such a deed. No end of trouble will be sure to follow. You are already suspected of holding illegal opinions, and how is any poor interest of mine to get a release for you?"

"I do not ask you to defend me, uncle. I should be very sorry to injure you or any one. I must pay the penalty of my own act," said Margaret, gently.

"But the *disgrace*, that will fall on my house; and I may be suspected too. I little thought what I was bringing on myself when I promised your mother to take charge of her daughter."

"I can't stay no longer; the lady must come right away with me, anyhow," said the man, losing his shamefacedness.

Margaret sent Rebecca for her cloak and hood, and turned to wish her uncle good-by.

His heart was not altogether hard, selfish and worldly though he was. As he kissed his niece, his eye was dim and his voice was husky, as he made some indistinct promises to do something in her favor.

On the outskirts of Deerham, at the other extremity of the town, were the remains of a castle, very much fallen into decay, except the centre fortress—the keep; that was strong and spacious, and had been used by the Deerham authorities as a prison since its abandonment by the soldiery. A shiver passed over Margaret as she crossed the old drawbridge, and passed under a massive archway, with dilapidated walls on either hand, and the keep dark and frowning before her. The man who carried the paper knocked loudly at an iron door, which, after a little delay, opened with much creaking.

The turnkey stopped on a narrow landing, before a little low door; unlocked it, and motioned for the prisoner to enter. A moment more, and Margaret heard the key turned upon her, and realized her position truly *as a prisoner*.

She was but human, but a tender woman, and what wonder that her heart sunk within her then? Yet she did not long yield to weakness. Was not the Lord with her? Could He not deliver her shortly? And even if her captivity was lengthened, who was she that the enemy should refrain from smiting, when some whom the Lord loved, and who had grown old in His service, were pining in prisons darker and damper than this?

"Yes," exclaimed Margaret aloud, "I have confessed my Lord; and not even in my most secret thoughts must I distrust Him by refusing my cross or doubting His goodness."

The news of Margaret's imprisonment soon spread. It had come to the knowledge of the Puritan minister, and with a pale, sorrow-stricken face he now stood before his people. Long did he pray; and his voice was almost inarticulate when he asked the Lord to send consolation and perfect submission to their captive sister; and even while they prayed the Lord heard, and an answer of peace was sent to the tiny chamber in the castle. Long did the pastor discourse of that fellowship in Christ's sufferings which every true disciple must have. The word came with such power, that many who entered the room with weak hearts, shrinking from the idea of trial and persecution, went away, saying within themselves, "Yea, I count all things but loss, that I may win Christ."

It was the third day since Margaret had stood in Sir Gilbert's sunny courtyard, and the pigeons had fluttered to her shoulders and eaten from her hand. *Three days!* They seemed long to Margaret, with nothing to do but watch the little bar of sunlight as it crept up her wall; or, standing on her chair, watch the soft white clouds floating along past her window, for sky only was to be seen from where she stood. Yet she was not unhappy. Hope would whisper promises of speedy release, and faith carried her on still safer pinions to the rest and freedom that lay beyond the touch of human bonds and earthly judgments.

Rebecca and good Master Pelham had both tried to see her, but the turnkey had proved implacable. But the third day brought another visitor, and at the first glance at a slip of paper he held out to the turnkey, he was admitted with some show of respect and alacrity.

"Lead on," said this individual, who was dressed in a most costly style; "lead on. How is the little sinner? Does she make any ado?"

"No, no," said the man. She is a frail bit of a thing to look at, but she is that sort of womankind it ain't possible to break in; they ain't never outrageous, making a hue and cry about things they can't help; they just take things quietly, as if they hadn't a wish of their own. I know 'em; I've had several of that sort mewed up in this place, and they were all of 'em belonging to the Puritan stock. I take it this young woman has got a touch of the same disease, she keeps so uncommon still and meek."

"Whew!" said Captain Butler, panting (for it was no other than he); "you keep this bird in a very high cage, man."

The "cage" door was opened by the turnkey; the visitor entered, and it was instantly closed behind him. Supposing it was only the usual midday meal, Margaret did not turn round; she was busy tracing a passage of Scripture on the stone wall with the point of her scissors. She sadly missed her Bible, and had to draw solely on memory for spiritual comfort—to memory and that blessed Spirit that "bringeth all things to our remembrance."

"Margaret!" exclaimed the captain; and with a low, startled cry, Margaret dropped the scissors, and faced the intruder. She spoke not a word, for the scene in the garden rose up before her; and certainly he was the last person she would have desired to meet, in hall or highway, much less in that narrow chamber, with no way of escape. The soldier was enraged to observe the unmistakable aversion with which she regarded him; but he choked down his rage, and assumed a bland smile.

"I am afraid I startled you; you must have grown quite nervous up here, all alone, with no one to speak to but that gruff old turnkey. But I hope you will forget the little difference we had the last time I saw you. I am quite willing to overlook all the uncivil things you said. So I could not rest till I had made every effort in your favor, and now I have it in my power to set you at liberty."

Margaret had not changed her position, nor moved her eye from the captain, who had seated himself on the only chair, and was delivering himself pompously and patronizingly. The maiden took a deep breath at the mention of freedom; still she waited in an attitude of mingled grace and dignity, and perhaps never had Margaret looked so attractive as she did now—and her visitor thought so too; yet she waited and spoke not. The greatest amount of charity could not delude her into a belief of the soldier's disinterested motives and intentions. He continued, with still greater confidence:

"In this case it is only fair that I should make some terms. In exchange for this order of release (drawing a strip of parchment from his doublet) I ask you again to plight your troth to me. I cannot ask less, eh, Margaret?"

"I gave you my answer to that question long ago, Captain Butler. I thank you for any kindness thought or done for me, but my feelings on this subject are unchanged."

"Nonsense, Margaret. Then you were free, and could toss your head at any suitor that did not hit your fancy. Now you are a prisoner, sure to be condemned, if you take your trial; and I come and offer you perfect freedom, and the protection of my name. Do you want me to play the lover, and kneel at your feet, that you are so coy in saying a simple yes?"

"No, Captain Butler; I only wish you distinctly to understand, that much as I love my liberty, I would forfeit it forever rather than purchase it at such a price. An *unsanctified union* would be worse than iron chains or stone walls to Margaret Desborough."

The captain did not quite understand the allusion to an "unsanctified union," but he comprehended that he was again rejected, and now, when he felt so *sure* of success. His bribes, his cleverly-laid schemes, had all been worse than useless, and his fiery nature could stand no more.

"You are a fool, girl!" he cried, crumpling the parchment in his hand; "and if you like your quarters so well, you shall keep them. Whatever the 'gentle Jeffries' awards, don't think I shall interfere again. You shall yet rue the day that you made Richard Butler your mortal enemy. Perhaps it may interest you to know that a foreign nobleman has offered to purchase your miniature for a good sum, to place in his oratory, and I think now I shall let him have it."

With this last poisoned arrow, he flung himself out of the cell, to Margaret's infinite relief.

Even sanctified human nature found such words hard to bear. The blood was trickling from the maiden's lips with the effort she had made to retain silence. Wiping away the drops, she picked up the scissors, and finished the sentence on the wall, to calm her spirit. "The servant is not greater than his Lord."

"Better utter solitude than such society as his," she murmurd, thinking over what had been said. "Perhaps the story about the miniature is not wholly true—only said to vex me; so I will not fret about that. But my poor friend, and Master Pelham"—and her thoughts wandered into another channel, until the captain and his visit were forgotten.

The day of trial came at length, and Margaret was conducted once more into the bright outer world; and very beautiful did all nature seem, after even so short an absence. The "White Rose of Deerham" was whiter and fairer than ever, as she took her appointed place at the bar.

Timidly her eyes sought for some friendly face among the crowd. She sought in vain, until in the farthest corner she espied Rebecca, and a few poor but loving-hearted members of the little community. Margaret recognized them with a smile that caused Captain Butler to frown still darker. That personage was seated near the judge, and in close conference with a Catholic priest.

The trial began. We shall not repeat the coarse abuse of the wretched Jeffries, who always made tender, delicate women the special subjects of vulgar taunts and profane sarcasms; and he made no exception in Margaret's favor. Nor shall we record the confused evidence of the priest, who professed to have witnessed the whole scene of destruction—too paralyzed with horror to interfere. Through all this, which occupied some hours, the prisoner had stood calm and still as any statue.

(To be continued.)

THE SEVEN CHOSEN.

S. S. Lesson for March 11. Acts 6 : 1-15. Golden Text, Rom. 12 : 11. By Mrs. M. Baxter.

The First Cloud—Satan's Change of Tactics—Sowing Disunion—Overruled by God—The First Deacons Appointed—Men of Honest Report—The Effect of Division of Labor—More Preaching—More Effects—Stephen's Enemies—Futility of Argument—Treachery Employed—The Light in Stephen's Face.

In our lesson for to-day we have to record the declension which brought the first cloud upon the glorious horizon of the primitive church. At first we detect among the disciples none of the workings of self, Jesus and the Resurrection seemed to absorb every thought; even when Ananias sinned, the instant and awful judgment which followed only tended to deepen the thoroughness, and increase the great grace which was upon them all. They had no fear of man; prison doors and guards of soldiers had been found powerless to hold them in, the council of Jerusalem had been at a loss how to condemn them; the truth was spreading mightily and constantly, and the work of healing confirmed "the Word with signs following" (Mark 16 : 20). Among themselves all had been love and harmony, they were "of one heart and one soul," joy and rejoicing were found in the dwellings of the righteous, and it seemed as though they would carry all before them. But, alas! in those days, when the number of the disciples was multiplied,

THERE AROSE A MURMURING.

"A murmuring"? How could this arise? Satan had done his best to overpower the disciples by bringing upon them the anger of the rulers, but he had been overthrown, he had stirred up persecution against them, but they had only rejoiced that they were counted worthy to suffer shame for Christ's name. Now he tried other tactics, he began to sow disunion among themselves, and at once the power of the church declined.

"There arose a murmuring of the Grecians against the Hebrews, because their widows were neglected in the daily ministration." Oh, how simple it would have been had they carried their cause to God, and entreated Him to set the wrong things right! how easily then might they have pointed out the mistake, and how lovingly it might have been rectified! But self had crept in; they were injured, they must complain, they must blame those who had wronged them, they must prove they had been wronged. Man had done them harm, man must be blamed for it. How often the work of God in a church, in a town, in a family, has been hindered, or altogether stopped, by this very thing! "There arose a murmuring," against the preacher or against the workers, the eye of the people has been diverted from God to man. When the eye rests on God, when the heart is satisfied with God, murmuring becomes impossible.

But we see the loving hand of God overruling this matter. Until this time everything had lain upon the twelve apostles; the preaching, the distribution of alms, had been done by them alone. Without doubt this murmuring drove them to God for wisdom. Anyway, we find "they called the multitude of the disciples unto them, and said, It is not reason that we should leave the Word of God and serve tables. Wherefore, brethren, look ye out among you seven men of honest report, full of the Holy Ghost and wisdom, whom we may appoint over this business. But we will give ourselves continually to prayer and to the ministry of the Word." Oh, how much Christian workers need to learn the lesson that God would have them associate others with them in the work! Every worker ought also to be a trainer of others, and if the work itself lies nearer his heart than his own part in it, he will be so.

But what kind of men were they who were first chosen by the early church to take part in the work? "Men of honest report." Our hearts have been grieved and pained on hearing of Christian workers, and even such, as by profession, take a high stand, and yet whose lives will not bear investigation, men who speak of holiness on the platform, and yet whose lightness of conduct at home has been a scandal; men whose integrity about money matters is sadly faulty, and whose character for truth is not above suspicion; men and women too who will speak well, but whose lives belie their preaching, the Lord root them out from His work in our churches and in our missions. Rather let us have men and women of honest report and full of the Holy Ghost, than gifted false witnesses of Christ; we want no rottenness, let the world have it all.

"MEN OF HONEST REPORT"

is the first qualification for workers, those full of the Holy Ghost and of wisdom, the Holy Ghost first, the motive power, the steam, and then wisdom, the machinery.

"But we will give ourselves continually to prayer, and to the ministry of the Word." "Give ourselves to prayer." How unlike this is to that working one's self up into prayer which is the experience of believers who know not the power of the Holy Ghost! Whenever prayer ceases to flow as an uninterrupted stream through the heart and life of a child of God, there is something wrong about him. Those who have the most responsibility in any work of God are they who most need close and continuous communion with God. The matter for prayer when we live with God is always present, and never gets exhausted. The proposition of the twelve "pleased the whole multitude," and they were not long in making their choice. Stephen, full of faith and of the Holy Ghost was the first chosen; Philip, the instrument, in the Lord's hands, a short time afterward, of bringing the city of Samaria to the feet of Jesus; blessed men, only a short time converted, but thoroughly yielded up to God, withholding nothing from Him; these with five others of a like spirit were set before the apostles "and when they had prayed, they laid hands on them."

What was the effect of this division of labor and strengthening of the apostles' hands? "The Word of God increased," *i.e.*, there was much more preaching, the men chosen to do the secular work being full of the Spirit of God could not but testify to Jesus, and tell the glad news of His great salvation; so that the number of preachers was augmented, there was not enough self among them to produce fear of man; they were practically not their own, but bought with a price, and they gave themselves up to glorify God in their body, and their spirit which were His (1 Cor. 6 : 19, 20). But not only was the preaching increased, but the results of it also; the number of the disciples multiplied in Jerusalem greatly. Holy Ghost preaching produces Holy Ghost results; wherever God is with a preacher, He is also with the congregation. He declares, "If thou take forth the precious from the vile, thou shalt be as My mouth" (Jer. 15 : 19). He says of the false prophets, "But if they had stood in My counsel, and had caused my people to hear My words, then they should have turned them from their evil way, and from the evil of their doings" (Jer. 23 : 22). Again God says of His Word that goeth forth out of His mouth, "It shall not return unto Me void; but it shall accomplish that which I please, and it shall prosper in the thing where to I sent it" (Isaiah 55 : 11). A glorious triumph was given to those poor preachers of the Gospel, "a great company of the priests were obedient unto the faith."

One of the seven deacons who had been chosen, Stephen, was one of the foremost agents in this great revival, he, "full of faith and power, did great wonders and miracles among the people."

"FULL OF FAITH,"

i.e., never looking to himself or at himself; occupied with God. This man, more conscious of God's presence than his own, only saw possibility or impossibility in relation to God, never in relation to himself; he was nothing and sought not to be anything, thus God could use him; and continually fresh manifestations of the present intervention and power of the living God were occurring. This stirred up the anger of a certain class, the Libertines, and Cyrenians, and Alexandrians, men who could not endure that God Himself should be recognized as actively interfering in the affairs of man, men who would reduce all religion to an abstract idea, so that it should neither touch heart or conscience, soul or body.

Oh, how many in our own day are put out of temper when they hear of an answer to prayer, and are ready to persecute those whose diseases have been healed by the Lord alone. These men disputed with Stephen. But they met in him something for which they were totally unprepared. In their very presence, all unknown to them, he was receiving from his God every word which he should speak; God was fulfilling to his faith the promise of his Lord, "It shall be given you in that same hour what ye shall speak. For it is not ye that speak, but the Spirit of your Father which speaketh in you" (Matt. 10 : 19, 20). No wonder "they were not able to resist the wisdom and the Spirit by which he spake," for the unseen God was speaking through him, and they were fighting against God. In our work we are continually meeting with opponents who employ the cleverest reasoning against us. Let us never seek to oppose them. If God gives us a word, that word will be irresistible, but it is utter loss of time to attempt to argue with such as cannot receive or know the things of the Spirit of God, because they are spiritually discerned (1 Cor. 2 : 14).

Powerless to overcome Stephen by reasoning, his enemies sought to destroy him by

TREACHERY.

By unrighteous means, probably bribery, they obtained men who were willing to perjure themselves, and who testified, "We have heard him speak blasphemous words against Moses, and against God." They succeeded in making a stir; the people, *i.e.*, those who had not been converted, and the elders, and the scribes, "came upon him and caught him, and brought him to the council, and set up false witnesses, which said, This man ceaseth not to speak blasphemous words against this holy place and the law; for we have heard him say, that this Jesus of Nazareth shall destroy this place, and shall change the customs which Moses delivered us." So far for the accusers. What about the accused?

Every eye was turned on him, but there was neither confusion, nor shame nor anger. He stood in a greater presence than that of the assembled council; while they looked on him, he looked on God, and God looked back upon him and his face, strong in his conscious innocence, untouched by one hard thought against his enemies, reflecting the light of the God in whose presence he stood, was "as it had been the face of an angel." It is one thing for a man to assert his innocence, what about his face? When he is under accusation is it as the face of an angel? Does God shine out from it? The Lord so dwell in us who are His children, that our very faces may shine Jesus out to a lost world.

FOREIGN TOPICS.

The Prisoners Accused of the Murder of Lord Frederick Cavendish and Mr. Burke are twenty-one in number. They were last week formally committed for trial. It is expected that they will be arraigned before a special commission of three judges. The police are making energetic efforts to discover the man whom the informer Carey called "Number one," but whose proper name he swore he did not know. That man was the chief of the conspiracy, and the government are anxious that he should take his place in the dock with the men who were his instruments. The utmost malignity is manifested by the prisoners toward the informer, Carey, who has betrayed their secrets. On Monday, February 19th, as he passed the dock on his way to the witness stand, one of the prisoners aimed a savage blow at him, just grazing his head. Mrs. Carey has been completely "boycotted" since her husband turned informer. Not one tenant has paid rent, and notices have been chalked on the doorsteps of her Denzelle Street property, warning persons not to pay rent to "an informer." A number of marines are employed in guarding her house. There have been some confirmations of Carey's evidence, but some glaring inconsistencies in it have been exposed by the Irish and London press.

The Connection Between the Land League and the Irish Invincibles disclosed by Carey has been the leading topic of debate in the British House of Commons, and the country during the past week. Mr. Forster was warmly congratulated by his friends on his six escapes from assassination. On Thursday last Mr. Forster made an attack on Mr. Parnell. He directly charged Mr. Parnell with heading an organization which had started an agitation that promoted outrages and incited to murder. Mr. Parnell, he said, had reaped advantages from the agitation. *He did not plan the outrages, but connived at their commission.* Mr. Forster quoted from Mr. Parnell's speeches, in which he had said that murder was unnecessary. He said the wretches who committed the Phœnix Park assassinations had not acted on the letter, but according to the spirit of these speeches. Until Mr. Parnell expressed regret and repentance he could not communicate with him. It was expected that Mr. Parnell would indignantly deny that he had connived at the murderous plots of "the Invincibles," and that the Land League had supplied them with funds. But he sat silent, and when he did speak on the following night, he practically left Mr. Forster's charges unanswered. He made no defence, but excused himself on the ground that Mr. Forster had no right to put such questions and make such charges. His conduct under a charge so grave amazed his friends, and from all the English press there is one outburst of indignant condemnation of the leader who deliberately refuses to disown the outrages and to disavow any possible connection between the murderous societies and the Land League. Mr. Parnell evidently does not know how much information the government have obtained from the informers. There is a general impression that under the circumstances, and in view of disclosures that may yet be made, his policy of silence may be a wise and prudent course for him.

The French Crisis has Terminated in the acceptance of the Premiership by M. Jules Ferry, who commands the confidence of the more radical section of the Republican party. In defining the policy of the new administration, M. Ferry said, it proposes to facilitate the execution of public works and to introduce measures looking to the organization of a protectorate in Tunis, and the reduction of the expenses of the occupation of that country. The foreign policy of the government, M. Ferry said, will be peaceful, but not necessarily one of inaction. "Whenever our interests and honor are engaged we must maintain France in the rank to which she is entitled." Respecting the subject which precipitated the crisis, the expulsion of the Princes, M. Ferry said the government's first care would be to satisfy the wish of the Chamber by applying the law of 1834, under which the princes would be deprived of their military posts. The government thought that nothing more was necessary for the present. It is understood that only the Duc de Chartres, the Duc d'Aumale and the Duc d'Alençon will be affected by the enforcement of the law.

An Uneasy Feeling is Prevalent in France, notwithstanding the termination of the present crisis. The Paris Correspondent of the New York *Herald* states that a statesman who formerly held high office under the Republic recently said: "I consider the present crisis a terribly grave one, and it will surprise me much if the madness of the Chamber does not lead us to a revolution. The Chamber will not stop at the proscription of the princes. It may be clamoring ere long for the exile of the bankers who have charge of their money. Next will come the turn of the princes' friends, and next—who knows what may not come next? Insurrection, I very much fear, and a dictatorship."

The Extensive Military Movements Italy is now pushing forward have produced a feeling of uneasiness in Europe which indicates the general consciousness that a small conflagration might lead to very serious results. An English journal, describing the Italian preparations says: "Italy is quietly increasing her armaments and consolidating her military strength. This is calculated to awaken a feeling of distrust as to the probable future of the Continent. In the course of this present year no less than twenty batteries of field artillery, four regiments of siege artillery, each consisting of fifteen companies, two regiments of sappers, four companies of railway troops, and six companies of military train, will be organized. In 1884 there will be men and material enough for the creation of two new army corps, which will make a total of twelve instead of ten. The War Department possesses at present 700,000 rifles, amply sufficient for the standing army and reserves. Further supplies of firearms are in course of fabrication. The fortifications of Spezzia are being actively completed. Those of Rome are nearly finished, and already partly armed, while fortified works are being constructed at Vado, Gaeta, and Messina, and new fortifications are being erected at Venice and Elba."

England's Arrangements in Egypt are the subject of a protest from the Turkish Government which takes exception to the British Note. The Sultan opposes the neutralization of the Suez Canal, though he does not object to the cessation of the financial control. It is expected that he will ask for another European Conference. The fact that all the European Powers, except France, have accepted the British proposals will not be without its influence upon the Sultan and his advisers. And, in addition to this, he has plenty of cause for anxiety on his hands in other directions. The state of Armenia is rapidly growing worse, and the condition of other parts of the Turkish Empire is unsatisfactory. The "sick man" is growing more sickly, and his opposition to the proposed mode of settlement of the Egyptian question will not be likely to receive serious attention from the European Powers. The Euphrates is visibly drying up (Rev. 16 : 12).

The French Protectorate in Madagascar Appears to be an established fact. In a recent number of this journal the details of the difficulty were given. It is now announced in despatches from Madagascar that the French flag is flying on the north-west coast. Owing to the fact that the natives are very much irritated, the Prime Minister has begged the foreign residents of Tamatave not to venture into the interior. Warlike preparations are proceeding.

Cetewayo and Zululand.—Cetewayo was Reinstated at Ulundi as King of Zululand, on January 31st; 5000 Zulus were present at the ceremony. Sir Theophilus Shepstone, the representative of the British Government, read to Cetewayo the conditions of his restoration. Many chiefs expressed great dissatisfaction with the conditions. The Durban correspondent of the London *Times*, telegraphing, said: "It is now admitted on all hands that his restoration was not desired by the people. The same party of Zulus is brought forward daily to produce a fictitious effect of numbers. The King himself now recognizes the fact that his sceptre has departed, and his influence is lost. The question is now asked—'How is the King to maintain his power after the British troops leave, if he be opposed?' But the Zulus are so inscrutable, that possibly after the installation of Cetewayo their attitude may change."

A Letter from the Pope to Cardinal McCabe of Dublin, apparently intended to aid the British Government in pacifying Ireland, has been published. In it the Pope congratulates the bishops of Ireland on the zeal with which they have devoted themselves to calming the disturbances of their country, and recommends that young and inexperienced priests should not be allowed to attend public political assemblies. He further expresses his grief that "the adherents of evil societies do not cease to put their trust in deeds of crime." The letter is very cautiously worded, and even if well intended will have very little effect on such men as those who form the "Inner Circle" assassination committees.

Messrs. Moody and Sankey have Brought their evangelistic labors in Birmingham to a close. The crowds seeking admission on the last days of the services were so great that Mr. Moody held two meetings daily—one exclusively for women and the other for men. From Birmingham Mr. Moody went to Glasgow, and gave his farewell address in Scotland. The following day he crossed over to Belfast, to remain a few days, passing thence to Leicester for a three days' campaign. Active preparations are being made for the visit of the evangelists to Liverpool in April. A meeting of gentlemen was held in Manchester last week to arrange for the visit of Messrs. Moody and Sankey to that city on the 1st of March. At Mr. Moody's request the Free Trade Hall and the Circus were engaged for the meetings, and the committee of the Young Men's Christian Association placed their hall at the disposal of the Moody and Sankey Committee.

The Canadian Customs Authorities have Refused to allow atheistical works to pass the frontier. A Boston publisher recently sent to a bookseller in Montreal two complete sets of the works of Voltaire and Tom Paine, but the collectors seized Tom Paine's "Age of Reason" and Voltaire's "Philosophical Works" from the sets. They refuse to return them to the Boston publisher, and when asked what they were going to do with them Collector Ryan replied: "I suppose I ought to make a bonfire of them."

Volume V. of the Christian Herald and Signs of our Times is now ready, bound in cloth, containing all the numbers for 1882 with complete index. Price $3 including postage. Ten per cent less to ministers and the trade.

The Prophetic News and Israel's Watchman (London), for February, may be obtained at the office of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, price six cents, postage paid.

An Illustrated Work on the Unfulfilled prophecies of the Bible, by the Rev. M. Baxter, entitled: "Forty Coming Wonders," may be had from the office of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, 63 Bible House, New York, by remitting one dollar. It is a book of 528 pages, is handsomely bound in cloth and contains fifty full-page pictures and diagrams representing the scenes described in the prophecies of Daniel and in the book of the Revelation. It also contains a resumé of the opinions of other expositors, and extracts carefully collated from the works of all the most eminent writers on prophecy, from the earliest ages of the Christian era down to those of recent date. It thus forms the most useful and complete guide the student can have in entering on the study of that portion of the Word of God. The book may also be obtained for one dollar from any bookseller, who can procure it from the American News Company.

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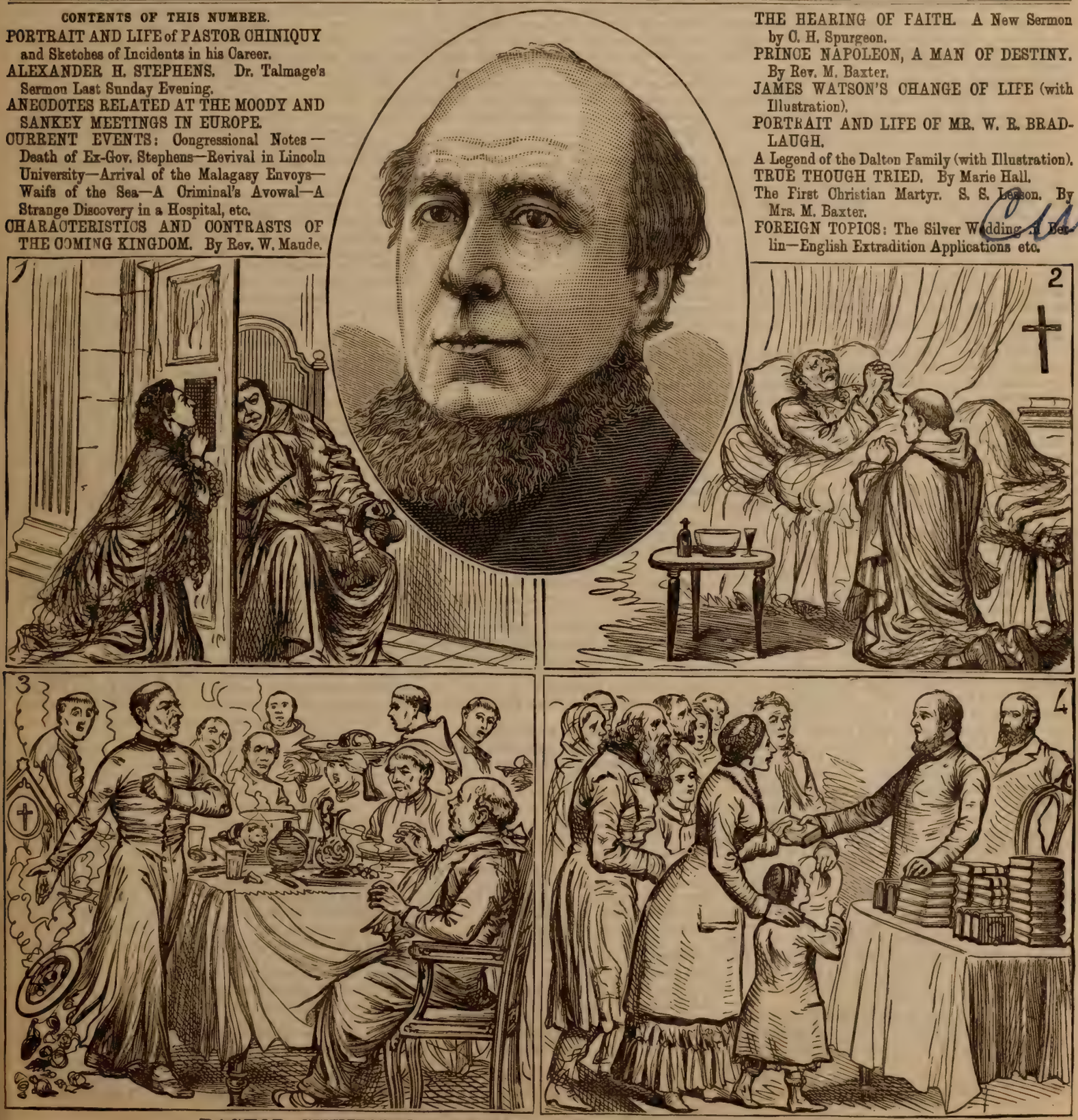

PASTOR CHINIQUY, the Canadian Evangelist—Scenes in his Life.

THE REV. PASTOR CHINIQUY,

For 25 Years a Romish Priest.

Born in Canada in 1809—His Father—His First Lesson Book—Recites a Parable in the Churchyard—College Life and Ordination in 1833—Temperance Work—Forms a New Colony—Conversion—Collision with the Bishop of Chicago—Dismissed from the Priesthood—Sympathy of His Congregation—Immorality of the Confessional—A Young Lady's Death—A Priest's Shocking Confession—Chiniquy Breaks up a Dinner Party—Sufferings and Services for Christ.

CHARLES CHINIQUY, *whose portrait appears this week on the frontispiece of* THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, was *born* at Kamouraska, Canada, on July 30th, 1809, and is therefore in the seventy-fourth year of his age. His father and mother were natives of Quebec.

It is stated that his father, Charles Chiniquy, had gone through a long course of study in the Seminary of Quebec, in order to qualify himself to become a Roman Catholic priest, but within two days of his contemplated ordination he saw something among the superior clergy which excited his indignation, and caused him to abandon the project. Leaving the college, therefore, he became a legal notary, and established himself at Murray Bay, which at that time was an entirely new settlement.

FIRST LESSON BOOK.

As there was no school in the locality, the boy's mother became his teacher. A Bible, which the superior of the seminary had presented to his father when he was leaving, in token of kindly feeling, was the first book he was taught to read.

Being gifted with a marvellously retentive memory, he was able, when about nine years old, to recite large portions of the Old and New Testaments. In bad weather, when the roads were impassable, the farmers used to go to Mr. Chiniquy's house on the Sunday, and the boy's father would place him on the table, where he would recite to them some of the chapters in the Word of God.

RECITES A PARABLE IN THE CHURCHYARD.

One Sunday the lad had gone with his mother to church, and was waiting at the door of the edifice before the service began. An old farmer seeing him, put him into his buggy, and called to the people to come and listen to the boy, who would recite a chapter from the Bible. He chose the parable of the Prodigal Son. Many of the poor people had never heard it before; the touching story was new to them, and they listened with rapt attention.

ANGER OF THE PARISH PRIEST.

On the following day one of the audience gave the priest particulars of what had occurred at the church door the day before. The priest angrily demanded to know who dared to read the Bible in his parish, and the man, of course, stated that it was Mr. Chiniquy and his son. The next day, in a rage, the curate called upon Mr. Chiniquy, and peremptorily inquired, "Monsieur Chiniquy, is it true that you and your boy read the Bible?"

Mr. Chiniquy said, "Yes; not only does he read it, but he learns it by heart, and if you like, he will give you some chapters of it." The priest indignantly answered, "I don't come here for that! Don't you know that it is forbidden in the Church of Rome to read the Bible in the vernacular tongue?" Mr. Chiniquy rejoined with warmth, "I do not see any sin in it; the Bible was given to me by the superior of a seminary, who surely knew what he was doing when he conferred the gift." The priest replied, "You know better, Monsieur Chiniquy; you know it is forbidden, and it is my painful duty to take the book from you and burn it."

Mr. Chiniquy was a quick-tempered man, and when he heard the priest's startling demand and the nature of his intention, he began to pace up and down the room, his anger becoming more intense at every step. The priest began to tremble; and after a few moments' most awkward and oppressive silence, the recalcitrant parishioner suddenly turned to the priest and said, "Is that all you have to say?" The priest, in an agitated manner, answered, "Yes; that is all!" "Then," rejoined Mr. Chiniquy, "you know the door by which you came; go!" And the priest thought it advisable to make his exit as quickly as possible.

About a year after this event, in 1821, Mr. Chiniquy died, and the Bible mysteriously disappeared from the house, and it was believed that the priest, through some of his friends, carried it off. But, happily, the fatherless boy retained in his memory many of its life-giving passages.

COLLEGE LIFE AND ORDINATION.

A rich uncle named Amable Dionne, a member of the Upper House of Parliament in Canada, took the boy in charge, and sent him to the College of St. Nicholet, with which he was connected from 1822 to 1833, attaining high honors as a linguist and a mathematician. His moral conduct was so exemplary that his fellow-students humorously called him St. Louis Gonzaque de Nicholet.

In the year 1833, when he was twenty-two, Mr. Chiniquy was *ordained* a priest, in the Quebec Cathedral, and immediately afterward commenced his ministry in the parish of St. Charles, on the river Berger, Canada. He subsequently became Chaplain to the Marine Hospital, and there his eyes were opened by Dr. Douglas to the pernicious effects of alcohol on the human system. He became convinced that it was poisonous. He thereupon wrote to Father Mathew, of Ireland, and in a short time inaugurated a temperance crusade among the Roman Catholics of Canada.

TEMPERANCE WORK.

He commenced this splendid and triumphant work at Beauport, where he was parish priest at the time. There were then seven taverns or hotels, but no school. In two years, so successful had been his efforts, that he had seven schools, and there was not a single tavern in the parish. A temperance column was erected in that town to commemorate his achievements in the good work. His abilities and successes attracting attention, he was soon transferred to the larger parish of Kamouraska; but in a little time he relinquished parish duties altogether, and removed to Montreal, in order to devote his whole time and energy to the cause of temperance. As one tangible result of his enterprise, between the years 1846 and 1851, all the distilleries but two were closed in the province.

In appreciation of his services the Canadian Parliament voted him an address and $2500 as a public token of the gratitude of a whole people. His fame also as a temperance reformer reached the Pope, who sent him his blessing. He likewise obtained, unsolicited, a letter of unqualified commendation from the Bishop of Montreal.

FORMS A NEW COLONY.

His high position was now universally acknowledged, and he was chosen by the dignitaries of the Church of Rome to lead a new and important movement. It was to found a colony in the Valley of the Mississippi. He accepted the offer, and very soon there was settled in the colony a first contingent of five thousand emigrants, all zealous devotees and emissaries of the Papal Church. He took up his quarters in St. Anne, Kankakee, Illinois, in 1851; all this time a change was working in his heart which five years later, in 1856, led to his separation from the Church of Rome.

HABIT OF BIBLE READING.

When Chiniquy was ordained a priest, he was seized with a most enthusiastic determination to extend the power of the Church over all America. His was the true missionary spirit, and he nurtured it by constant study of the Word of God. It was this study which led him first to question the authority of the Romish Church.

COLLISION WITH THE BISHOP OF CHICAGO.

When he was stationed by his ecclesiastical superiors in 1851 in Illinois, he came into collision with his bishop. About this time the Bishop of Chicago committed a great sin, and Chiniquy and his colonists felt compelled to protest publicly against it. The protest appeared in the press. For a whole year a discussion was carried on, and at the end of this time Father Chiniquy sent all the documents, written by both sides, to the Pope of Rome and the Emperor of the French, for arbitration. The consequence was that the bishop was found guilty, and transferred to Ireland, where two years afterward he died.

The rumor had got afloat that Chiniquy was now more of a Protestant than a Catholic; and when the next bishop was appointed, he was recommended to make his submission in the usual form. The priest accordingly called upon his bishop, and handed him the necessary document, in which, however, Chiniquy had interpolated the qualifying words: "I submit myself to the bishop *according to the Word of God as we find it in the Gospel of Christ.*" The dignitary's delight on receiving the submission, which at the time he did not carefully read, was unbounded, and he gave Chiniquy a letter saying, "he is a good priest, and everything is right between him and me."

Only ten days afterward he was unexpectedly summoned again into the presence of the bishop, who asked Chiniquy to show him the letter he had given him a few days before. Chiniquy at once handed it to him, and it was immediately thrown into the fire. The bishop said, "I have brought you here because you are an impostor. You deceived me the other day, in giving me a note of submission, which is not one." Turning to the bishop, Father Chiniquy said, "What do you mean by saying I have deceived you?"

The bishop then pointed out to the priest the limitation of his submission, and added, "You are a good priest, I hope, and if so, you must know that you have only to submit, without any condition, to your superiors. You must submit wholly to my authority, and promise to do anything I may tell you." Then Father Chiniquy rose to his feet, and said, "My lord, what you require of me is not submission, it is adoration. I refuse it; I will never adore you." He replied, "If so, you cannot be a Roman Catholic priest any longer."

DISMISSED FRON THE PRIESTHOOD.

Father Chiniquy left the bishop, who was trembling and surprised at his determination, and engaging a room in an hotel, entered and locked the door. He then fell on his knees, and exclaimed, "My God! my God! the Church of Rome is *not* Thy Church; but where *is* Thy Church? Where must I go to be saved? O God! speak to me!" By giving up the Church of Rome he had given up everything that was dear to him, and though he did not regret the step he had taken, a dark cloud came down upon his soul, and he began to weep convulsively.

After crying for more than an hour, he felt that a battle to the death had begun between the Church of Rome and himself. He says: "I saw that the priests would attack me in their press, in their pulpits, in their confessional. I saw a struggle would begin, which would end only with my life; and I looked around to see if I had any friends left to help me. Not one remained. In the Church of Rome even my dear brothers were bound to curse me—to look upon me as an infamous impostor. Among the Protestants there were none, as I had spoken against them all my life. I saw that I was left alone to fight the battle against the giant power of Rome. It was too much for me, and if God had not stopped this guilty hand, *I would have cut my throat* in that dark hour. I preferred a thousand times to die! But, thanks be to God, He stopped my hand when I was about to commit the horrible crime of self-murder. Great drops of sweat fell from me, my heart was fainting, and every moment I expected to fall a corpse. I cried, 'O my God! I die; I am lost; have mercy upon me! Tell me where I must go to be saved.'"

Then the thought flashed through his mind

tioned, 'Can it be true! Is it possible!' She saw the bright gold ring which the bridegroom had placed upon her finger, and answered her own query, 'This is the witness.' Then she opened the certificate signed by the official of the church, and said, 'This also is a witness.' In like manner Christ has married Himself to us. We have a witness in His written Word that Christ is ours; here are our marriage lines. We have also the wedding-ring in the witness of the Holy Spirit in our hearts. He assures us that we are Christ's, our Heavenly Bridegroom's, forevermore."

THE CHARACTERISTICS AND CONTRASTS OF THE COMING KINGDOM.

By Rev. William Maude.

(*Continued from page* 135.)

THE KINGDOM OF LIGHT.

2. SCRIPTURE reveals the wonderful fact that during the Millennial Kingdom the earth will possess

A NEW SOURCE OF LIGHT

in the heavenly Jerusalem; which will, it would clearly appear, be suspended in mid-air over the earthly Jerusalem, constituting in point of fact a new satellite. For concerning this New Jerusalem which cometh down from God out of heaven, it is expressly said that it has the "glory" of God, that is, the Shekinah, the glory-cloud, which ever attends the Divine Presence;* the effulgence of which is "like unto a stone most precious, even like a jasper-stone (or diamond) clear as crystal." (Rev. 21:11.). Nor will this glory shine only upon the inhabitants of the heavenly city; for, speaking of the earthly Jerusalem, Isaiah says (I quote the passage in a revised form): "The Lord will create upon (or 'over') the whole place of mount Zion, and upon all her assemblies, a cloud and smoke by day, and the shining of a flaming fire by night; for above all *the glory shall be a covering*." (Isaiah 4:5.) And in the 24th verse of the chapter of the Revelation just quoted, we read further, "And *the nations shall walk amid the light thereof*: and the kings of the earth do bring their glory into it."

3. Lastly, the complete control of all the forces of nature which man will then possess, as I showed in the last paper, will assuredly give him marvellous facilities for the easy and abundant

PRODUCTION OF ARTIFICIAL LIGHT.

If even with our present very partial and imperfect knowledge of nature's resources, science can astonish the world by the discovery of the electric light, by the aid of which the streets of our great cities, and the interior of the largest buildings, are illuminated with a brilliance which almost rivals the light of day, what may we fairly expect when the whole arcana of nature will be open to human knowledge, and her most potent forces wholly beneath man's control? Need we wonder, then, when three such sufficient explanations of the predicted fact can at once be suggested, that the Coming Kingdom shall be even *physically* the Kingdom of Light? But to pass on.

II. In the second place, the Coming Kingdom will be

THE KINGDOM OF LIGHT INTELLECTUAL;

for, as I have already observed, the intellectual equivalent of light is knowledge. Now man's power over nature must necessarily be in exact proportion to his knowledge of nature; since, therefore, the former is to be absolute, the latter must be in a sense complete. Present knowledge is to be far transcended. When Paul says, "If there be knowledge, it shall vanish away," he certainly does not mean that either in "the habitable earth to come," or in heaven itself, all man's laboriously-acquired knowledge is to be swept away as if it were rubbish; but rather that the knowledge then possessed, even by men in the flesh, will be so immensely greater, that our present knowledge will practically be swallowed up, as is the light of a taper by the mid-day sun.

The celebrated Dr. Isaac Watts has somewhere in his voluminous writings, suggested the probability of the Lord Jesus Christ in heaven delivering science lectures to the redeemed! The conception is certainly sufficiently crass and incongruous; but, nevertheless, it is a glorious truth that "in Christ are hid all the treasures of wisdom and knowledge" (Col. 2:3), and that of His fulness in this respect mankind shall abundantly receive. Truly does the apostle say, regarding "the wisdom of this age," "the Lord knoweth the thoughts of the wise, that they are vain." (1 Cor. 3:19, 20.)

In the light of the fuller and truer knowledge of the coming age, how many rival systems of philosophy will be seen to be equally foolish; how will many of our most bitter and painful controversies be at once and forever settled. We shall then know beyond the possibility of contradiction or of cavil whether man is the result of special creation or natural evolution; whether immortality is universal or conditional; whether the Bible is God's book or man's book. Now we can know these things only by faith, for it is "by faith we understand that the worlds were framed by the Word of God, so that things which are seen were not made of things which do appear." (Heb. 11:3.) But then we shall know them even as God knows them, for in His light shall we see light. The accomplished professors in the

UNIVERSITIES IN THE KINGDOM OF LIGHT—

the authorized instructors of mankind—will, we believe, be the risen and glorified saints; those, that is to say, who see Christ face to face, who "know even as they are known." While for every man there will be the final appeal open to that seat of Infallible Authority in all matters of natural as well as religious knowledge, which will constitute the glorious reality answering to the absurd and antedated claim of the Pope of Rome.

III. Above all, however, the crowning glory of the Coming Kingdom, in this its fourth aspect, will consist in the fact that it is

THE KINGDOM OF SPIRITUAL LIGHT.

Of this we have immutable assurance; for He of whom it is written, "It is impossible for God to lie," has sworn by Himself, saying, "As truly as I live, all the earth shall be filled with the glory of the Lord." (Numb. 14:21.) And this "glory" will consist in the saving knowledge of Himself—His glorious character and righteous commands—for David, when celebrating the glories of Christ's millennial reign in that magnificent seventy-second Psalm—David's "swan song," as an old writer calls it—says: "He (*i.e.*, Messiah) shall live, and to Him shall be given of the gold of Sheba; prayer also shall be made for Him continually, and daily shall he be praised. . . . His name shall endure forever: His name shall increase itself (see Hebrew) as long as the sun, and men shall be blessed in Him; *all nations shall call Him blessed*" (ver. 15-17). Again, in another Psalm he sings: "God be merciful unto us and bless us; and cause His face to shine upon us. That Thy way may be known upon earth, *Thy saving health among all nations*. Let the peoples praise Thee, O God; let *all the peoples praise Thee*." (Ps. 67:1-3.)

Indeed, on this note the prophetic harp loves to linger; and here, in a most distinct manner, the vision of the inspired seers seems to attain to its brightest glory. Is Israel the subject? What diviner word of promise have they than this: "This shall be the covenant that I will make with the house of Israel after those days, saith the Lord. I will put My law (*lit.* 'teaching') in their inward parts, and write it in their hearts; and will be their God, and they shall be My people. And they shall no more teach every man his neighbor, and every man his brother, saying, Know the Lord: for they shall all know Me, from the least of them unto the greatest of them, saith the Lord, for I will forgive their iniquity, and I will remember their sin no more." (Jer. 31:33, 34.) And so Isaiah says, "Thy people shall be all righteous; they shall inherit the land forever, the branch of My planting, the work of My hands, that I may be glorified." (Isa. 60:21.) Nor shall

THIS FLOOD OF SPIRITUAL LIGHT

be confined to Israel; on the contrary, the prophet declares that "*the earth* shall be full of the knowledge of the Lord, as the waters cover the sea," (Isa. 11:9); while in almost identical words, Habakkuk says, "*The earth* shall be filled with the knowledge of the glory of the Lord, as the waters cover the sea." (Hab. 2:14.) O blessed Kingdom of Light! No longer shall rival sects, by the unseemly contentions in which they engage, bring dishonor on their common Lord. No longer shall men say, "I am of Calvin," and "I of Wesley," and "I of Augustine," and "I of Socinus." No longer shall missions to the heathen be needed and rewarded with so small a measure of success. In that day, over all the earth, "there shall be one Lord, and His name one;" the "idols shall be utterly abolished," and the truth concerning God's will, and revelation, and purposes infallibly known.

"Kingdoms wide that sit in darkness,
Then shall see the glorious light:
And from eastern coast to western,
Shall the morning chase the night:
And redemption
Long expected, win the day."

But once again

THE SOLEMN CONTRAST

presents itself. Between us and that bright and blessed day the deepest, darkest, night still intervenes. It is ever so; the last hour of the night is ever that of the intensest gloom; and if the words of the prophet that "darkness shall cover the earth, and gross darkness the peoples," have been characteristic hitherto, more or less, of the whole course of human history, from the fall of man in Eden to the present hour, it is nevertheless at the very close of the present dispensation that they will receive their last and plenary fulfilment. It is very remarkable, moreover, that there are clear intimations in Scripture that this contrast will be even physically exact. Are we told that in the Coming Kingdom, "the light of the moon shall be as the light of the sun, and the light of the sun shall be sevenfold, as the light of seven days"? On the other hand, the Prophet Joel declares "that the sun shall be turned into darkness, and the moon into blood, before the great and notable day of the Lord come." (Acts 2:20.) And so our Lord Himself prophesies, "Immediately after the tribulation of those days shall the sun be darkened, and the moon shall not give her light, and the stars shall fall from heaven, and the powers of the heavens shall be shaken." (Matt. 24:29.)

THE GLOOM OF ANTICHRIST'S REGIME.

Still more terrible, however, will be the spiritual darkness of that coming hour of judgment, when, because men do not choose to retain God in their knowledge, they shall be given over to believe the lie of Antichrist, when he shall appear with all power and signs and wonders of lying, even denying the Father and the Son, and sitting in the temple of God, showing Himself that He is God. Nevertheless, to the faithful and watchful saints, the Apostle's words remain true, "But ye, brethren, are not in darkness, that that day should overtake you as a thief. Ye are all the children of light, and the children of the day; we are not of the night, nor of darkness. Therefore let us not sleep, as do others, but let us watch and be sober. For they that sleep, sleep in the night, and they that be drunken, are drunken in the night. But let us, who are of the day, be sober, putting on the breastplate of faith and love; and for a helmet, the hope of salvation." (1 Thess. 5:4-8.)

"Think not of rest; though dreams be sweet,
Start up, and ply your heavenward feet.
Is not God's vow upon your head,
Ne'er to sink back on slothful bed,
Never again your loins untie,
Nor let your torches waste and die,
Till, *when the shadows thickest fall*,
Ye hear your Master's midnight call?"

* *See* Numbers 9:15-23; 1 Kings 8:10, 11; John 12:41; Acts 26:13; Isaiah 24:23; chapter 22:5.

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CURRENT EVENTS.

Senator Edmunds, of Vermont, was Elected President pro tem. of the Senate on Saturday. Senator David Davis gave notice early in the week of his intention to resign the office before the close of the session, in order that a new President pro tem. should be elected. The importance of the office being filled consists in the fact that under present circumstances its holder stands next in succession to the Presidency. It was understood that Senator Anthony, of Rhode Island, would have been elected to the office, but for the fact that, technically, he was not a Senator after March 4th. His term ended on that day, and his new term would not commence until the meeting of the Forty-eighth Congress. There are rumors that Senator Edmunds will voluntarily retire from the chair in December in order to render more effective service to his party on the floor.

The Tariff Bill, Passed by the Senate, was referred by the House to a Commitee of Conference, and after undergoing important changes in the interest of the monopolies, finally passed the Senate by a majority of one, and the House by a majority of thirty seven. There is no reason to congratulate the country on this result. It will afford no appreciable relief to the people, while the monopolies, already too powerful for the public good, are benefited by the new legislation. As an evidence of the kind of work performed upon the bill after it left the Senate, it may be mentioned that the duty on books was increased from fifteen to twenty-five per cent. The last acts of the Forty-seventh Congress were consistent with its course throughout its existence, and it is a relief to know that it can do no further mischief. It has persistently disregarded the interests of the people, and by what it has done and what it has left undone it has earned an unenviable place in the history of the nation.

The Coinage of Silver Dollars is Still to be continued at the rate of two million dollars per month, until December, Congress having refused to suspend the law in spite of the large accumulation of the coins. It is estimated that at the end of the ten months there will be at least $120,000,000 of this kind in the Treasury. As the silver is for the most part paid for in gold, a scarcity of that metal is apprehended, and many banks in New York and other large cities are preparing for the crisis. Business men having large transactions have been advised to stamp all the paper that passes through their hands with the word "gold" to avoid losses that may be serious.

The Reduction in the Rate of Postage Takes effect on October 1st. The House fixed the date at January 1st, 1884, and the Senate advanced it to July 1st of the present year. It was felt that this would create too large a deficiency. The two Houses have met each other half way, leaving three months of the next fiscal year under three-cent postage. The estimates made by the Department, taking into account a probable increase of business due to the reduction of postage, show that the reduction from October 1st will not cause a deficiency much over $1,000,000 for the next fiscal year.

The Envoys from the Queen of Madagascar arrived in this country on March 3d. The party consists of nine persons. These were Ravoninahitriniarivo and Ramaniraka, the two ambassadors; the United States Consul, Colonel W. W. Robinson, at Tamatave; Mr. W. C. Pickersgill, of the London Missionary Society, who was for nine years a missionary in Madagascar and accompanies the ambassadors at their request; Anthony Tacchi, the English translator, and the secretaries and servants of the envoys. The object of the journey is to ratify a treaty between the Government and the Queen of Madagascar, which was arranged two years ago, but has only recently been approved by the Senate. It is understood that the treaty secures to the United States important commercial advantages. Our trade with Madagascar now amounts to over a million dollars a year, and the concessions now granted will tend to its further development.

The Death of Alexander H. Stephens, Governor of Georgia, early on Sunday morning, closes a busy and brilliant career. He had lain unconscious for several days, and his illness was from the first of a character which convinced his physicians that his recovery was hopeless. Mr. Stephens was seventy-one years of age, having been born in Talliafero County, Ga., on February 11th, 1812. His father died when Alexander was fourteen, but his friends offered to defray the cost of his education. The youth accepted their offer as a loan, which he promptly repaid from his first earnings as a school teacher. He studied law, and from the time of his admission to the bar his eloquence secured him a prominent place there. When only twenty-four years of age he was elected to the State Legislature, and was re-elected for several consecutive terms until 1842, when he entered the State Senate. In 1843 he was elected to the House of Representatives and served until the close of the Thirty-fifth Congress. It was in 1848 that the terrible attack was made upon him in which he nearly lost his life and which left him an invalid until his death. When the Confederate Government was formed, Mr. Stephens was elected Vice-President of the Southern States, and at the close of the war he was imprisoned, but was released after five months' imprisonment. He was elected a member of the Forty-third Congress, and last year was chosen to succeed Governor Colquitt as Governor of Georgia.

The Annual Convention of the Young Men's Christian Associations of New York State was held at Newburg, N. Y., on February 22–25th. The report states that there are in New York State 91 associations and 66 general Secretaries; 14 association buildings valued at $841,000, and building funds amounting to over $73,000. There are 14 railroad branch associations in successful operation. Much good work is being done among the German-speaking young men at New York, Albany, Syracuse, Rochester, and Buffalo. The association at Watertown, through the bequest of Mr. Sherman, has a block of buildings valued at $60,000. The Buffalo Association has nearly completed a building costing $70,000, $60,000 of which is secured. The Troy Railroad Association has a building costing $18,000, with a debt of only $4000. The Newburg Association has nearly completed a building costing $20,000. At Rome, one costing $16,000 is in use and half paid for. Dr. Sylvester Willard, of Auburn, has subscribed $10,000 for a building there, provided $15,000 additional can be raised, which latter amount is nearly all pledged. The total value of property acquired by the associations in this State this year was $176,000. The total amount expended by the Executive Committee to carry on their work during the past year was $3300. The report urges all the associations to become incorporated according to State law, that they may be able to hold property. It also suggests the importance of distinctive work for German-speaking young men, and urges that special efforts be made for the Chinese in cities and towns.

The Revival in Lincoln University, Oxford, Pa., of which mention has already been made in these columns, is still making progress. In a letter to the *Witness* from the financial secretary, the following details are given: There have been three conversions in the Senior College Class, so that now all the twenty young men composing it are converted. The Junior Class, containing twenty-five, with two exceptions, is all for Christ, and both of these are anxiously inquiring for the way. The Sophomore Class numbers thirty-seven, all but three of whom are professors of religion, and of these two are inquirers. Of the forty-nine members of the Freshman Class, eight only are not firmly fixed on Christ, though seven of the eight have publicly expressed their purpose to seek the Saviour. The Preparatory Class numbers sixty-one, thirteen of whom are not decided believers. There are six inquirers in this class." From this statement it would appear that twenty-seven young men, of the thirty-three who were unconverted at the beginning of the year, have been awakened, and have publicly confessed their interest in personal religion and their earnest desire to secure it. Nine only of the two hundred and fourteen students in the university remain unmoved.

The Late Hon. Edwin D. Morgan's Will bequeathes $795,000 to charities, of which $200,000 were given to the Union Theological Seminary, $100,000 each to the Presbyterian Home and Foreign Boards and Williams College, $50,000 each to Home Missionaries, Presbyterian Hospital, and Manhattan Eye and Ear Hospital, and $25,000 each to the City Mission and three other city institutions.

The Revival Services at Decatur, Ill., Conducted by Rev. Thomas Harrison, "the boy preacher," have in ten weeks resulted in the profession of faith of over 1200 persons. The services have been held in the Methodist Church, but Mr. Harrison has received the assistance of pastors of churches of other denominations. Many of the converts reside at a distance from Decatur who went there to attend the services. At the daily morning prayer-meetings which are held at six o'clock the attendance is large. It is stated that on some occasions 600 persons were present.

A Prodigal's Return in Answer to Prayer was described in a letter read at the Fulton Street Prayer-Meeting last week from the pastor of a Congregational church. A few years ago the pastor asked the meeting to pray that his son might return home. The son had left father, mother, and home because he did not like the restrictions there, and where he was no one could tell. But prayer was offered and he was soon heard from. God had put His hand upon the young man. He was suddenly brought to a stand. Sick in a hospital, he resolved that when he could arise he would go to his father; and he did. Still he did not become a Christian. There were times when he appeared seriously impressed, but the impression soon passed away. Not many weeks ago, however, he avowed himself upon the Lord's side. He rejoiced in the assurance that Christ was his Saviour.

A Novel Hunting Companion is Employed by a man in California. One of the journals of that State describes his method. It appears that when going out to shoot wild geese he is accompanied by a cow instead of the usual dog. He has trained the animal to walk slowly out into the field where a flock of geese has settled on the grain. She browses meanwhile, and he walks alongside on the side away from the geese. When within shooting distance he gently pats her on the shoulder, and the obedient bovine lies down. He rests his fowling-piece over her back and fires both barrels at once, generally killing thirty or forty of the geese. This is the same system of tactics that the great enemy of souls employs. It is behind an apparently innocent and inoffensive occupation or amusement that he conceals his most successful plots (2 Cor. 2 : 11).

Two Little Immigrants Arrived in New York recently by the Transatlantic Steamer Lake Nepigon from Liverpool. They were aged five and three years respectively. Their father and mother came to this country about six months ago, leaving the two children in a charitable institution in Liverpool. The father found employment, and saved money enough to pay for the passage of the little ones to this city. They were *alone in the steamship* during the passage. Their fellow-passengers say that the little ones behaved themselves remarkably well. They were delivered to their parents at Castle Garden. The mutual joy of parents and children on meeting after the voyage was very touching. The tiny little travellers appeared to find in the reunion compensation for all they had endured during the long journey. Christ's words to His disciples near the close of His career indicate that the believer may hope for such a meeting when death has ended his earthly journey (John 14 : 2, 3).

An Attempt to Rescue a Drowning Boy had a sad ending on February 20th, at Pleasant Lake, near Morrisville, N. J. A man named Foster was working near the lake when he heard the cries of a boy, who, while skating, had broken through the ice. Without a moment's hesitation Foster ran to the boy's rescue, but had not gone far before he sank into an air-hole. The boy managed to extricate himself, crawled over the ice to the nearest bank and summoned help, but Foster had gone down and he was drowned. It is very sad that the heroic effort should have cost the brave man his life, especially as it turned out that the boy was able to save himself. As the believer meditates on the sacrifice on the cross he sees a great contrast between that wondrous scene and such an event as the death of the hero on the ice. When Jesus gave His life to save the race He knew the inevitable cost of His undertaking, and He knew too that without Him no man could be saved (Ps. 49 : 7 and Rom. 5 : 6).

Five South Sea Islanders were Landed in San Francisco recently by the City of Tokio. The captain of that vessel stated that they had been found adrift, out of sight of land, in an open boat, and he had taken them on board his ship. Originally there were ten persons in the boat, but five of the party had died from starvation. There was one woman among the survivors. They proved to be natives of the Gilbert group. They were so emaciated and looked so wretched, especially the woman, that at first their recovery was believed to be impossible. However, they received all possible care, and all recovered. Their story was that in attempting to cross from one island to another a storm overtook them and drove them to sea and out of sight of land. They had nothing to eat, and managed to get only such sustenance as a little rain water was able to give. As soon as they can bear the voyage they will be sent back to the Gilbert Islands by way of Australia. The poor voyagers had no idea when they left their homes of the distance they would travel before they returned, or they would have made provision for the journey. In such matters all men exercise foresight, but how many thousands set out on the voyage of life knowing that it will end in the ocean of eternity, yet are satisfied if they are provided with money and education, useful for this life only, while they are wholly unprepared for eternity (Jer. 12 : 5).

The Deliberate Avowal of a Criminal in jail in Philadelphia is very significant. His manners and conversation show that he has had a good education and moved in respectable society. It is even rumored that his father was a Baptist minister. The prisoner served in the army during the war, and attained the rank of lieutenant, but, on being honorably discharged he fell into dishonest ways and became a regular thief. He has spent most of his time since in prisons. Lately an attempt was made to get him pardoned, and it was essential that he should show contrition. "I have no desire to go back into respectable society," he coldly said; "having been a criminal and associate of criminals so many years, I prefer to end my days among them." Such candor is rare among men of his class, but the prisoner doubtless spoke the truth. Sinners who are postponing to a dying hour their reconciliation with God, and those who are hoping that after death there may be another period of probation, appear to have forgotten the principle that underlies the confession of this Philadelphian criminal (Rev. 22 : 11, 12).

A Strange Discovery was Made in a Hospital at Troy, N. Y., recently. A man was brought there for treatment who complained of acute rheumatism in his arms, which rendered them both useless, and had for several days prevented his doing any work. The surgeons were called to examine the patient, who was suffering excruciating pain. The result of their examination was the discovery that his arms *were both broken near the shoulder*. The broken bones were set, and the patient was relieved. It was learned that he first complained of what he supposed to be rheumatic pains after using a heavy sledge in his work, and it is supposed the right arm was broken from the shock while striking a beam. The other arm was broken while he was being moved in bed. One of the physicians explains that the man's bones are of unusual brittleness, and that either of the causes mentioned would be sufficient to produce the injuries. What that man's sufferings would have been if the discovery had not been made, it is not easy to imagine. The hopelessness of his condition while being treated for rheumatism when he needed a surgical operation, was complete. Certain philosophers and preachers are acting on a similar principle in attempting to cure spiritual disease. The only effectual cure is the radical one of a change of heart (Ezek. 36 : 26, 27).

A Pearl Diver's Struggle with an Octopus is described in the *Youth's Companion*. He was diving for pearls off the Mexican and Panama coasts, and carrying a basket on his arm he was lowered from a vessel anchored over the fishery. "I went," he said, "down sixty feet with a rush, and landing on the edge of a big branch of coral, swung off into a kind of basin. The basket went ahead of me, and as I swung off to reach the bottom something seemed to spring up all around me, and I was *in the arms of some kind of a monster* that coiled about my body, arms and legs. I tried to scream, forgetting that I was in the water, and lost my wind. I gave the signal as soon as I could, and they hauled me into the boat when I reached the surface, and pulled the main part of the animal from me. It was about three feet across, and its five arms seemed to divide into thousands of others. It was an octopus, and I afterward saw the body of one that was washed ashore on the isthmus that must have had a spread of thirty-five feet." The diver might have lost his life but for his connection with the vessel above him, which saved him from the grasp of the monster. The time is coming when watchful Christians, who live in close connection with their Father in heaven, will also be delivered from their great enemy here, and taken up to meet their Lord in the air (1 Thess. 4 : 17).

THE HEARING OF FAITH.

A New Sermon by Pastor C. H. Spurgeon.

"This only would I learn of you, Received ye the Spirit by the works of the law, or by the hearing of faith?"—GALATIANS 3 : 2.

Cavillers at the Way of Salvation—The Holy Spirit Received by Faith—I. An Argument of Experience—The Early Church—Modern Experience—In Conversion—In Sanctification—In Backsliding—A Trans-Atlantic Voyage—II. An Argument from Observation—Seekers' Failures—Personal Hearing—A Remarkable Dream—Attentive Hearing—What it is—Points in the Gospel.

A GREAT delusion is upon the heart of man as to his salvation. His ways are perverse. He does not love the law of God; nay, his mind is opposed to it, and yet he sets up to be its advocate. When he understands the spirituality and severity of the law he reckons it to be a sore burden; and yet, when the Gospel is preached, and set forth as the gift of sovereign grace, and he is bidden simply to accept it by an act of faith in Christ Jesus, the man professes great concern about the law, lest it should be made void by the freeness of grace. He takes the broken pieces of the two tables of the law and hurls them at the cross. It is not that man loves the law of God, but that he does not love the God of the law: hence he will resort to any pretence to oppose that way of salvation which God has appointed.

One would have thought that the moment we preached salvation by faith every sinner would have leaped up and accepted it. It is so simple, so easy, that surely every man would wish in this way to be forgiven and justified; instead of which, all the reasoning, all the thoughtfulness, ay, all the cunning of unregenerate human nature is stirred up to fight against the method of deliverance by faith in Christ Jesus. "It is too good to be true," says one. Another cries, "If this be preached it will lead men to think little of moral excellence." A third finds in the doctrine of grace an inducement to inaction; and so on, without end. These

CAVILLINGS

take hundreds of shapes; but after all they come to this: proud sinners must dictate to their offended Lord, and be forgiven on their own terms.

The reason of this contention lies in the fact that man is not only poor, but proud; not only guilty, but conceited; so that he will not humble himself to be saved upon terms of divine charity. He will not consent to believe God; he prefers to believe in the proud falsehoods of his own heart, which delude him into the flattering hope that he may merit eternal life. Against this wicked spirit our text enters the lists; let us see how it conducts the combat. The argument of the text is a very plain and powerful one. Paul puts it thus: "The Holy Spirit has been received by you Galatians. How did you receive the Holy Spirit—by the works of the law or by the hearing of faith?" They were bound to admit, each one for himself, that they received the Holy Spirit by faith, and by no other means.

Now, the Holy Spirit is the choicest of all the gifts of God which are received into the soul, and it is by the Spirit the work of the Lord Jesus is known and received. The Holy Spirit is Himself the seal of divine favor, and the token that we are at peace with God. I might almost say that the reception of the Holy Spirit is salvation; for when He enters into us we are saved from death in sin, from the love of sin, from the power of sin, and from the terror of sin. When He reigns in the heart, all the graces of a perfect character attend upon Him as courtiers upon a king. He becomes the source of life, light, love, and liberty to our souls, and even our bodies He sanctifies. Know ye not that your bodies are the temples of God when the Holy Spirit comes to dwell in them? To whom, then, the Holy Spirit is given salvation is given in the highest sense. But how is that Holy Spirit received? The question is soon answered. He is

not received by the works of the law, but by the hearing of faith.

I am going to handle this fact, first, as *an argument of experience for all the people of God*, and, secondly, as *an argument at least of observation for those who are seeking after Christ.* May the Holy Spirit graciously aid us in our discourse.

I. First, then, here is

AN ARGUMENT OF EXPERIENCE

for the people of God.

Before I dwell upon the personal experience of believers who are here present, I would remind you of *the experience of the Church of God as it is recorded in the Acts of the Apostles.* The book of the Acts of the Apostles is a confirmation of the correct answer to my text. The disciples were met together after our Lord's ascension, and the Holy Spirit descended upon them; but in what way? Simply by their obeying the command of the Lord Jesus, "who commanded them that they should not depart from Jerusalem, but wait for the promise of the Father, which, saith He, ye have heard of Me." The gift was received by the hearing of faith, which led them to united prayer and waiting. They performed no ceremonies, and entered upon no labors; the watchword was, "Tarry ye till ye be endowed with power from on high." The power came that they might work, and not because they had worked. The gift of the Spirit came according to promise, and not according to works.

Very speedily the Spirit of God fell upon the people outside, and three thousand of them were converted and baptized. How came the Spirit of God upon Parthians, Medes, and Elamites, and the dwellers in Mesopotamia, and so forth? Was it by the works of the law? No, beloved; but Peter thus preached (Acts 2: 38): "Repent, and be baptized every one of you in the name of Jesus Christ for the remission of sins, and ye shall receive the gift of the Holy Ghost." When the thousands believed in Christ Jesus, and confessed their faith by baptism, the Holy Spirit was given them. Was it not the same when Paul went out and preached among the Gentiles? It was indeed so startlingly so, that the news came to the Hebrew Christians who were at Jerusalem, and no small dissension and disputation was the consequence. Here had been no circumcision, no proselyting to Judaism, no observation of any part of the Mosaic ritual, and yet they heard that the Holy Ghost had fallen upon the Gentiles, who had not even known the law, much less fulfilled it. It needed all Peter's influence to stem the flood. Hear how he puts it: "God made choice among us, that the Gentiles by my mouth should hear the word of the Gospel, and believe. And God, which knoweth the hearts, bare them witness, giving them the Holy Ghost, even as He did unto us." The Holy Ghost was received by believing Gentiles in every place where Paul had preached; and hence he could refer to these Galatians and use their experience to correct their errors. The fact that the Holy Ghost is given to the hearing of faith, and not as a reward of works, runs *like a silver thread* through the whole of the Acts of the Apostles; why, then, should men look to the works of the law for that which was never given except to faith? What an infatuation to look to the mirage when a real well is open at their feet!

Now I come to

YOUR OWN EXPERIENCE.

You, beloved friends, if you are indeed in Christ Jesus have received the Holy Ghost. But how? Let us go over the list of His operations upon your minds. You received enlightenment by His means, by which you were led to understand the way of salvation, and to behold the glory of God in the face of Jesus Christ. Did you attain to that enlightenment by the works of the law? Was it so in any one case? It has been my privilege to know many of you, and to remember your confession of faith; you told me that when you were seeking salvation by your own works you were blind, and saw not the light; the more you strove and the more you struggled the more intense the midnight grew about you, until you well-nigh despaired. Light came by a look at the Crucified; it came only by "the hearing of faith."

Since that, you have received the Holy Ghost to help you in your sanctification; but you have obtained no sanctification apart from believing. If you have reached after sanctification by your own efforts, made in unbelief, you have never succeeded. Unbelief works toward sin, and never toward sanctification. Our good works are fruits of sanctification, not causes of it; and if we put the fruit where the root should be we greatly err. If you have gone out to fight against a temptation in your own strength, have you ever returned a conqueror? It has been written of all other believers, "They overcame through the blood of the Lamb;" and this is true of you also. Sanctification does not come to us from self-reliance but as a work of the Spirit received by faith in Christ. Believing in Him, He is "made of God unto us wisdom, righteousness, sanctification, and redemption."

Every Christian here must confess, "it is even so: we have received everything by faith, and nothing by merit." Well, then, the inference is this: do not pump a dry well. If there be a fountain that is ever-flowing and overflowing, keep to it. Do not commit the double evil of forsaking the fountain of living water, and hewing out to yourselves broken cisterns. Wait you at that door at which you have received everything as yet, and do not go where you have received nothing except it be conviction and condemnation. Look not to Moses to bring you into Canaan; that can only be done by Joshua Jesus.

Now, mark this inference: let every child of God ponder it—*keep you to "the hearing of faith."* When you are under a sense of

BACKSLIDING,

when you feel unworthy to be called God's son, when you have erred and strayed from His ways like a lost sheep, do not rush like a madman to the law, for that would be to leap into the fire; but still say, "Lord, I believe in Thee. As a sinner I trust the sinner's Substitute." Whether you did truly come to Christ at the first or not, is a point which you need not discuss; but begin again. Take with you words and come by faith to Jesus, and say, "Heal my backslidings, receive me graciously, and love me freely." By faith we can be restored, but never by doubting and despairing.

We can only come to Christ by faith at first, and we can only return to Him in the same way. If you begin to doubt the mercy and love of God to you, you will backslide more and more. Your hope lies in holding on to this—"Be I what I may, yet God has not changed, and there is still forgiveness with Him, that He may be feared; therefore will I go with the language of the fifty-first psalm upon my tongue, and the penitence of David in my heart, and I will says, 'Create in me a clean heart, oh God, and renew a right spirit within me.'" Stick to your faith in Christ; do not think that the greatness of your sin exceeds His atoning merit; do not doubt but that He will still cleanse you and love you as aforetime.

Suppose you have not backslidden, but yet you are in the presence of a tremendous

INWARD CONFLICT.

I will suppose that you are led to question whether you are the children of God at all, and persuaded to doubt your sonship. Now, be resolved to hold on to your faith in your Heavenly Father. The devil is saying to you, "If thou be the son of God." Do not yield to his "if." This is the way in which he attacked your Saviour in the wilderness.

Do this, dear friends, with regard to the whole of your life's struggle. Some begin their religious life in the Spirit by faith, but they fancy that the rest of their spiritual life will have to be by works. They forget that the just shall live by faith. My hope of heaven lies in the belief that the Lord Jesus has redeemed me and will keep me. He will make me watchful and prayerful, and work in me by His Spirit all else that is essential to my safety. "I know whom I have believed," and I am not afraid to add, "I am persuaded that He is able to keep that which I have committed unto Him until that day." Brothers, it is by such faith that we receive the Spirit, and not by legal works and fears. My dear friend, if you look to yourself in any degree your foot is beginning to slip. Put the future where you put the past, namely, into the hands of Him that is able to keep you from falling. Believe in Jesus for a life as well as for an hour, and He will keep you with spotless garments to the end. Stand on the sure rock of the Lord's finished work, and not on the dubious ground of your own carefulness.

Brethren, let us keep in this condition when we are comparing ourselves with other saints of God. I sometimes read biographies which make me cover my face for shame because I fall so far short of the attainments of certain believers. This

HUMBLING IS GOOD

for us. What ought we to do when we feel it? To begin to doubt the Lord, and imagine that the Lord Jesus cannot or will not save *us?* Far from it. Faith should rise by observing what the Lord has done for other poor sinners like ourselves; for He is able to do the same for us. Remember that the safety of the weak and of the strong believer rests upon the same foundation. This may be seen in a figure.

On board one of the fine steamboats which flit between England and America I see a strong, hardy, vigorous man. Will he get to America safely? Yes, if the ship does. But see, yonder is a little child which cannot walk, and has to be carried in its mother's arms. Will it reach America safely? Yes, if the ship does. Both the robust man and the puling infant, all being well, will reach their journey's end—if the ship does. Their safety lies in the same place. Their condition does not affect their transit. But is there no difference between the child and the man? Assuredly, a great deal of difference as to many things; but there is no difference about the fact that their passage across the ocean depends upon the steamboat rather than upon themselves. The strong man could not walk across the Atlantic any more than the child could; they are alike incompetent for the passage if left alone, and alike capable of it if placed on board the same vessel. So, if you meet with a great saint, say to yourself, "My honored brother will get to heaven through Jesus Christ; and I, a poor babe in grace, shall get to heaven in the same way."

I want you children of God to feel this. Are you on board the Covenant transport? Does the blood-red flag fly at the masthead? Then, if the meanest believer is not safely carried into port, neither will the strongest child of God reach the fair havens. If that ship of free grace go down, Peter and Paul must sink as well as ourselves; for we are at sea in the same vessel. Our confidence is in no measure or sense in what we are, but altogether in what Christ is on our behalf; we depend on Jesus and rest in Jesus by a simple faith, and the brightest of martyrs and apostles has no surer ground to rest on.

This is the argument, then—you have obtained nothing except by the hearing of faith; therefore, keep to the way of faith even to your last hour, for wisdom teaches you so to do.

II. But now I want to throw all my strength into the second part of the sermon, which is this: I want to use this as

AN ARGUMENT FROM OBSERVATION

for the use of seekers. I say "observation," but in part it might be called an argument from experience, for at any rate on the negative side it is so.

Listen, dear hearer, you have not yet found rest, you are not yet saved; and so far you have obtained no advantage by the works of the law. By your own honesty, generosity, and righteousness, you have not been justified, nor have you received a new heart, or any other

gift of the Spirit. Why continue at this unprofitable business? Some try church-goings, chapel-goings, Bible-readings, sacraments, forms of prayer, and the like, but nothing comes of it. Hear how they repeat their Ave Marias, and their Pater Nosters; and not only Romanists, but so-called Protestants, are puffed up with the hope that by formal worship they will be saved. But they make no headway, and are still without salvation.

Let me ask you work-trusters, have you any rest? are you prepared to die? would you be willing to die at once? No. Your position is one of unrest, and fear, and dread. Why not abandon this vain method of building, for "except the Lord build the house they labor in vain that build it?" Instead of following out your own way of salvation by the works of the law, why not try the Lord's appointed way of the hearing of faith? Has He not said "Hear and your soul shall live?" Are you willing to hear me explain it?

The "hearing of faith;" this is the way by which the Spirit of God comes to men.

"WHAT KIND OF HEARING,"

says one, "is that?" Well, to begin with, it is personal hearing, listening to the Word for yourself. I have heard of one who had *a dream* in which he thought he stood at the gates of heaven, and his wife with him. She went in, but the porter shut him out, saying, "The other day you said to your wife, 'Mistress, you may go to church and pray for us both,' and now she shall go to heaven for you both, and you must stop outside." Is not that just? There must be a personal hearing. I pray you, do not absent yourselves from the hearing of the Word; for "faith cometh by hearing, and hearing by the Word of God."

That last sentence reminds me that the hearing *must be the hearing of the Gospel.* I wish people were more careful upon that point. You will not receive the Holy Ghost by merely hearing a man talk. He may be eloquent, he may be clever, and he may be pious; but mark you, if he does not preach the Gospel, saving faith cannot come of your hearing it. Too many people go to that place of worship which is nearest to their houses, and never mind what is preached so long as there is an attractive service. Oh, sirs, do not thus play the fool with yourselves. The faith that saves you cannot come to you by hearing anything which comes first; it only comes by hearing the testimony of the Spirit to the appointed Saviour.

The right kind of hearing is *an attentive hearing.* There is a great difference between hearing and hearing. If I were to say, "There is a ship going to sail next Tuesday for New Zealand," the most of you would hear it, and think no more of it. But suppose there should be a person here who is in great haste to reach New Zealand, he will catch at my words, and be round in the vestry to make further inquiries. This is the kind of hearing which the Gospel requires. Now, I am talking about the salvation of man from the power of sin, the salvation of man from the guilt of sin, the preparation of man for a holy life on earth and an eternal life of bliss in heaven; if you have the hearing of faith you will feel that this subject is one which concerns yourself, you will be anxious to know more about it, and you will give your mind to its consideration: this is the sort of hearing by which faith comes.

"WHAT IS THIS FAITH,"

says one, "the hearing of faith?" I will try to work out the idea. You begin with hearing the Gospel believing that it comes from God. Knowing the Gospel to be God's testimony we believe it *all.* That is the way in which to hear the Gospel. Say to yourself, "This is God's Gospel. It is wonderfully grand and good, but it is not therefore a matter of doubt. That I may be saved in one single minute by believing in Jesus; that every sin I have ever committed, however black, may all be washed away ere the clock ticks again—these are wonderful things; but I believe them because the Lord has said so. It is not mine to quibble, question, or cavil; if there are any difficulties in these great promises, those difficulties belong to God, and not to me. Let the Lord promise what He pleases, I am ready to believe it because He is able to perform His own word."

Then, "the hearing of faith" signifies, further, that we do venture our eternal interests upon the truth of what we hear. I use the word "venture" advisedly. I have heard critics object that it is no *venture,* but a certainty, when men trust in Christ. But I venture to assert that, when a man is in trouble of spirit, faith is a venture to him; it appears to him to be the greatest venture possible. He that saith, "This Gospel which I have heard is true, and I will venture my soul upon the truth of it," he is the man who has given to the Gospel "the hearing of faith." Let me try to set forth faith yet again; this bridge is strong enough to carry me over the stream, therefore I am going over the stream upon it. That is real faith.

Faith is

A MOST PRACTICAL PRINCIPLE

in daily life. The most of trade hangs on trust. When a man sows wheat he has to scatter it into the furrows and lose it, and he does so because he has faith that God will send a harvest. When the sailor loses sight of the shore, he has to sail by faith; believing in his compass, he feels safe though he may not see land for weeks. Faith is the hand which receives what God presents to us, and hence it is a simple child-like thing. When a child has an apple offered to him, the child may know nothing about the orchard in which the apple grew, and he may know nothing of the mechanism of his hand and arm, but it is quite enough for him to take the apple. Faith does the most effectual thing for the soul when it takes what God gives: all the rest may be or may not be, faith is the main thing. When God holds out to me salvation by Christ Jesus, I need not ask anything further about it, but just take it to myself and be at once saved, for by faith the Spirit of God is received.

I want your attention for a minute while I mention some of the

POINTS IN THE GOSPEL

out of which this "hearing of faith" generally comes. What truth is it which men most readily believe?

The first is this. A man says, "I cannot believe;" but he can hear, and he hears that God has sent forth His Son Jesus Christ to be the Saviour of men. "God has sent Him," says he, "the offended God has appointed a mediator. Christ does not come as an amateur, but as an ambassador authorized of heaven." "Then," says he, "I will trust Him whom God has ordained to be a Saviour."

Next, while listening to the Gospel the man hears about the person of the Lord, and sees who He is, namely, that He is God's only-begotten Son, equal and co-eternal with the Father; and yet He is in the fullest sense man, in our nature. I have known many a soul say, "I can trust Jesus, since He is God and able to save me, and man, and thus willing to save me." By that celestial lamp many have seen their way to faith. Oh, that faith may come to you while you are hearing me.

Another very blessed nail on which faith loves to hang all its weight is the sufferings of Christ—for, being found in fashion as a man, He humbled Himself, and became obedient to death, even the death of the cross. See Him languishing upon the cruel tree, bleeding out His life for unworthy men, His enemies, that they might live through Him. Many and many a time that sight has turned a doubter into a believer. Thousands have seen the cross, and felt that they must believe.

Another nail on which many have learned to hang all their hope has been Christ's risen power. They have heard of Him that He is in glory now, at the right hand of God, making intercession for transgressors, and this has been the star of hope to the desponding. Is it not a joy that God also hath highly exalted Him, so that He is able to save to the uttermost all that come unto God by Him?

MYRIADS OF TREMBLERS

have felt faith leap up from their hearts like the water from the rock in the wilderness when Christ has been set before them as exalted to be a Prince and a Saviour, giving both repentance and remission of sins. They have been trying to believe before, but now they believe without trying. Trying to believe is a very stupid operation: you cannot do it; minds work not so; but when a man sees a thing to be true he believes it as a matter of course. He is convinced by the blessed fact of Christ's resurrection and ascension that He is able to save, and so He trusts in Him to save him. Thus he receives the Spirit.

I have known many that have been led to believe by hearing of the work and grace of the Holy Spirit. They have heard the preacher say that the Holy Spirit can raise men from their death in sin, that He can renew the heart, that He can change the will, and conquer the passions; they have said "Is it so? Is God Himself willing to work with me to make me holy? Then I will trust Him." Thus faith comes.

I pray that all of you who are seekers may give up all trying to feel, and trying to work, and trying to be, and may just come and put your trust in Jesus. Then shall you be saved, and then you may work, and feel, and do as much as you like. Then shall you abound in good works, and the more the merrier. Then you shall fight with sin and overcome it; then shall you set up a high standard and reach it; then shall you strive after holiness and manifest it. But do not begin where you ought to leave off. Do not put the cart before the horse; do not place the top of the house where the foundation ought to be; but as you never did obtain anything by the works of the law, come and try "the hearing of faith," and you shall receive all that you need in Christ Jesus. God grant it, for Jesus' sake. Amen.

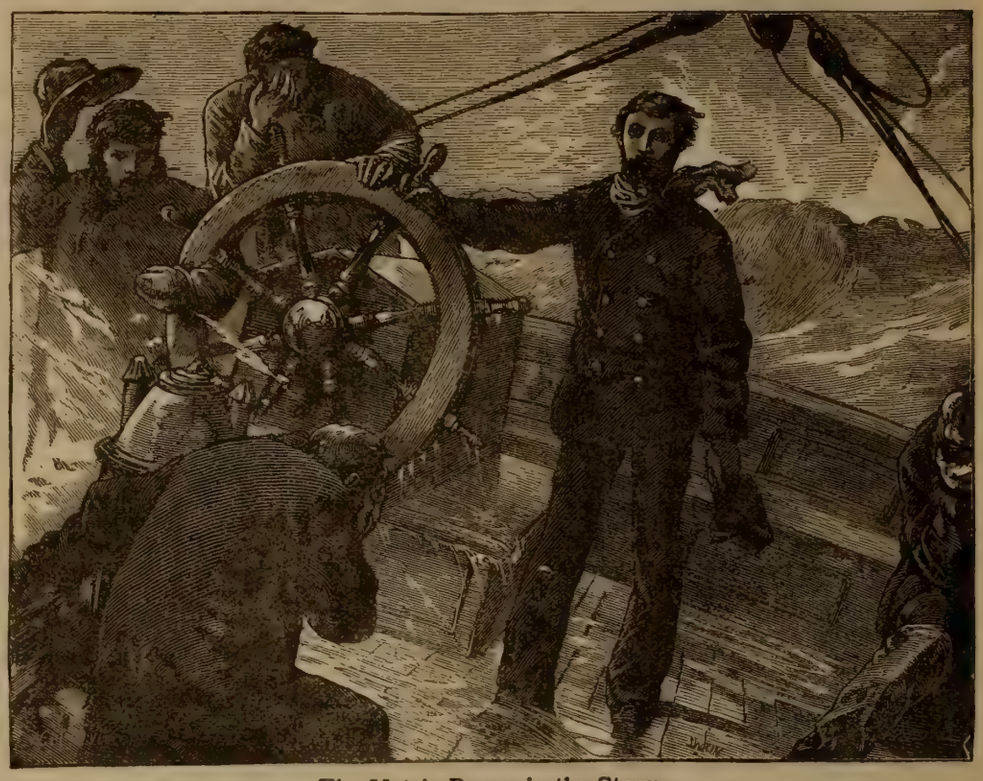
[The prayers of the readers of this Journal are requested for the blessing of God upon its Editors in America and England, and those whose sermons, articles, or labors for Christ are printed in it; and for its weekly circulation of more than 260,000 copies to be blessed by the Holy Spirit to the conversion of many sinners and the quickening of God's people. Mr. Spurgeon and Dr. Talmage especially request prayer every Sunday morning on behalf of their labors.]

MR. W. R. BRADLAUGH.

THE readers of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD are familiar, through the items of intelligence under the head of "Foreign Topics" with the name of Bradlaugh. The daring atheist who has been elected member of the British Parliament is still endeavoring to obtain admission to the House of Commons, but hitherto his efforts have failed, the majority of the members rightly feeling that a man who has been guilty of utterances so blasphemous as those of Mr. Bradlaugh, is no fit person to take part in the deliberations of the legislature of a Christian country. The portrait which appears on page 156 is that of *the brother* of the infidel. He is a successful evangelist, and the author of several able pamphlets, designed to counteract the evil influence of his brother's teaching. God has signally blessed Mr. W. R. Bradlaugh's efforts in His service, and we hope that he may long be spared to labor in the Gospel field.

William Robert Bradlaugh was born in London, September 21st, 1845, and is now thirty-eight years of age. His father, Mr. Charles Bradlaugh (for whom the infidel is named), was by profession a law stationer. At the time of his death, which took place on August 24th, 1852, the law firm, whose confidential clerk he was, of Messrs. Lepard, Gammon & Co., together with a number of influential gentlemen, interested themselves in providing education for William. The other son, Charles, who is more widely known, was at the time of his father's

Mr. W. R. Bradlaugh.
(See page 155.)



The Mate's Prayer in the Storm.

death a private in the army, having enlisted soon after he became sceptical, before which time, however, he had been an earnest Sunday-school teacher in connection with St. Peter's Church, in the graveyard of which his father lies buried.

In February, 1854, William Robert entered the British Orphan Asylum, but did not make that progress which marked the career of many other boys. Being very delicate for weeks at a time, he would be confined to the infirmary with acute headache. He is said to have excelled in mathematics, writing, drawing, and general knowledge, but in classics he was always "plucked."

ENTERS UPON BUSINESS LIFE.

On leaving school, a city merchant (a friend of his father's), Mr. Lockington, took him into his office, where he remained for about two years. After that he was in the office of the Institution where he was educated.

For a short time after this he was with a civil engineer and electrician in Gresham House. Here he made the acquaintance of the cashier of a slate company, who introduced him into "fast society," and he soon acquired

A LIKING FOR STRONG DRINK.

Leaving this office, he was articled to a civil engineer, architect, and surveyor, but there being little or no practice, the indentures were cancelled. Being thus blighted in his prospects, he took a position as book-keeper, but the appetite created for strong drink became stronger and stronger. However, in the year 1867, in prospect of getting married, he became an abstainer, and though he did not sign the pledge, he continued steadfast for two years; but in the beginning of 1869 he was prostrated by acute hæmorrhage of the gums, and nearly bled to death. The medical gentlemen who remained at his bedside administered to him for the purpose of restoration, every hour, the fourth-part of a pint of brandy, with a new-laid egg beaten up in it. When convalescent he recruited his strength at his brother's house at Tottenham, returning home in June, 1869, to get married, and resume business.

The liquor administered during his illness revived the appetite for intoxicants, and all the old drink-craving returned. He went on from bad to worse, until in 1872, he became so debased that his brother, who had always been kind to him, cast him off. Forsaken by relatives and friends, he drifted helplessly in the ways of vice, until on March 7th, 1875, he signed the pledge at a temperance meeting.

MOODY AND SANKEY'S MEETINGS.

In 1875 Messrs. Moody and Sankey were in London, holding mid-day services in Agricultural Hall during the month of March. Mr. Bradlaugh attended one of these meetings.

After business he immediately set out for the Agricultural Hall. There the crush was very great, but he was determined to get in. On hearing, after entering the hall, that Mr. Moody was not to be the speaker, he was much disappointed, and was so depressed in spirits in consequence that he could take no part in the service. The Rev. William Taylor, of California, was the speaker, and Mr. Bradlaugh soon became interested.

The meeting was brought to a close; he entered the inquiry-room. Mr. Sankey asked him the three following questions, to each of which he replied in the affirmative: "Do you believe that God is the Creator of all things? Do you believe that Jesus is His only begotten Son? Do you believe that Jesus came into the world to save sinners?" Mr. Sankey then asked him what was the difficulty. His reply was, "I am lost!" Mr. Sankey said that Jesus came into the world to save sinners. Mr. Bradlaugh replied, "Not for me."

Mr. Sankey appeared as distressed as himself for a moment, when, opening the Bible, he placed it in Mr. Bradlaugh's hands, pointing to John 3 : 16, saying, "While you read that, I will pray." Mr Bradlaugh said: "Three times I read it, each time stopping at the word 'whosoever.'" When the light at last dawned into his soul, he was enabled to read his own name in that word; and rising to his feet like one electrified, he shouted, "Thank the Lord I have found it!" and rushed out of the building.

Immediately subsequent to his conversion, Mr. Bradlaugh entered the office of the London *Christian Herald*, where he remained for some time, and engaging in mission work as he had opportunity. By degrees the requests for his services became so pressing that he decided to devote himself wholly to the work of an evangelist, and since that time he has been constantly engaged in the cities of Great Britain, preaching the glad tidings of salvation.

JAMES WATSON'S CHANGE OF LIFE.

It was a sorrowful day when James Watson left home, for he was an only son. James was up early, but his mother and father were up before him, and when James came down into the little kitchen he found his breakfast prepared, and his mother with tearful, yearning eyes on the lookout. There was a last meal together, and then the father, opening the old family Bible, tried to read a chapter, but his voice, husky at first, soon failed him, and he gave up the attempt. But when the old man knelt in prayer the tears left his voice as well as his eyes. He was pleading with God, his Help in days gone by and faith and hope overcame foreboding. Then there were farewells, and James was fairly off.

Unhappily for the boy he shipped under a captain whose profanity was famous even on shipboard, and the sailors were as bad or worse than the captain. Oaths garnished the conversation before the mast as they did the orders from the quarter deck, and young Watson soon found himself falling into the prevalent vice. But his heart was in his work, and he was popular among the crew, and soon became expert in his duties.

During the next few years James was seldom ashore, and when there his visits home were brief. He could not enjoy himself there as he could with his messmates in port. He had to set a perpetual watch on his lips lest, in some unguarded moment, an oath should send a wound into the heart of his mother whom he dearly loved. So he stayed home but a day or two, and if he had more time at his disposal, he spent it in the city where his ship lay in dock. But he rose in his profession; he was the smartest man on the ship, and became second mate.

How low he might have sunk in vice none can say, had it not been for "an accident" which, though James called it by that name at the time he did not regard it as an accident afterward. While his ship was in the harbor of Boston, Mass., James Watson fell and broke his leg. He was taken to the city hospital where his limb was set. There he was visited by a well-known missionary, to whom a sick sailor was always an object of interest. The young man's love for his mother was soon discovered by his visitor, who was anxious to find some tender spot which might be turned to account. James described his mother, and eventually told his visitor of his

leaving home and of his mother's forebodings only too surely fulfilled. The missionary was assiduous in his visits, and had the happiness of seeing that the Spirit was working in the young man's soul. He prayed and read with him daily, and before James Watson left the hospital he had given his heart to God.

The return to his ship was sure to be a trial, but Watson was resolved that on that ship where his oaths had been heard, he would go, and on no other, and by the help of God live a godly life, and work for his Saviour. He went aboard, and on the very first day told the men of his conversion. No one dared to laugh openly, for Watson had made himself feared in the old days as well as liked, and he was not the kind of man it was safe to chaff. But when he was away there was many a quiet laugh at his expense, and many a prediction hazarded that Jem would soon go back to his old ways. But Jem did not go back to his old ways, and the men listened with surprise to his speech, now rid of its ungodly expressions. But he was no less able a seaman than before, and if there was any change it was that he was more reliable, less excitable, and more vigilant and attentive to his duties than ever.

During that voyage a storm was experienced such as no man on board had ever seen before. It seemed as if the vessel must go to pieces before the fury of wind and waves, or be engulfed in the trough of the sea. A little group was gathered around the wheel where Watson stood, as he had done all through two watches, afraid to intrust it to other hands. Many a time during those hours his heart had been raised in prayer to God that the ship might be saved. He groaned as he thought of the men on board, of whom not one was prepared to die, and he pleaded with God for them, that they might have another opportunity of making their peace with Him.

The storm increased in violence, and the stout ship quivered before its force like some living thing. The stout hearts of the sailors were quailing, for it became evident to all there that in a very short time the fate of the ship would be decided. Watson noticed a whisper pass round the group, and then one of the men said, "Me and the men thought as perhaps you'd say a prayer, now you've got religion. Maybe it would do good."

James was startled. Such a suggestion had never before been made on that godless ship. But he was thankful, and there with his hand still on the wheel, and every head uncovered, he prayed. He besought God for mercy for all on board if they were about to appear before Him, or if it might please Him that the vessel should be preserved, that the lives of all there might be consecrated to His service.

The ship was saved. The storm blew itself out. But the recollection of that hour of suspense was not lost on either Watson or those who had heard his prayer. It caused James to be more earnest, knowing not how brief might be his opportunities for labor; and it appalled the men by the narrow escape they had had from a watery grave and a dreadful hereafter. When James next entered his father's house he carried not only the good news of his own conversion but of others, brought to God through his instrumentality.

Clara Dalton's Prayer for Her Profligate Cousin.

AN OLD LEGEND OF THE DALTON FAMILY.

Among the traditions of an ancient family is one dating from the troubled times of near a century and a half ago. It is one of the power of a prayer uttered in a moment of unconscious danger to deliver the one who prayed, and those dear to her.

Hugh Dalton, the owner of a large estate, adopted the son of his dead sister, and reared him as his own, when the boy was left alone in the world by the death of his father and mother. The boy from the beginning seemed to have an incurable propensity for bad and deceitful ways. Neither severity nor kindness appeared to have any effect upon him. Mr. Dalton was very patient, and bore from young Reginald provocations he would not have endured from any one else. But he had loved the boy's mother very tenderly, and as his own youth had not been a happy one, he, for the sake of his sister, clung to the hope that care and patience would overcome at length the boy's perversity. But both failed, and the boy grew to be a depraved young man. At length his patience was exhausted, and after the commission of a very wicked act he decided on turning him out of his home.

At this crisis his daughter, Clara Dalton, the cousin of the young man, interceded for him. She was a good Christian girl, and she begged her father to give Reginald one more chance. For a long time Mr. Dalton was immovable, but at last his love for his daughter prevailed, and Reginald was forgiven. Not many days afterward Reginald again transgressed, and this time with peculiar ingratitude. During his uncle's temporary absence from home he brought a few of his dissolute companions home with him and entertained them. Wine flowed freely, until all the party were in that hilarious condition when wickedness is more dangerous than in complete intoxication. While they were in that state Reginald led the way to Clara's sitting-room where she sat alone reading, and allowed her to be grossly insulted. That sealed his fate. Mr. Dalton would listen to no appeals on his behalf. "Reginald must be cast off forever."

The young man was given three hundred dollars, and informed that every three months he might call at his uncle's bankers and receive the same amount, on condition that he never came near his uncle's residence again. Many a young man would have observed the conditions and tried to redeem his character and position, but Reginald Dalton was not of that kind.

In less than a month he and his boon companions had spent all the money, and he had the effrontery to write his uncle for a loan. No answer was returned, and pressed on by his friends and primed with liquor, he went to the old house and asked to see Mr. Dalton. He was refused, and summarily ejected from the premises.

That night in mad resentment he and his companions concealed themselves in the shrubbery, resolved to rob the house in the dead of night. Reginald knew where his uncle kept his money and where the plate was stored, and he promised to lead his companions to the store. They waited until past midnight, and then Reginald, with his face blackened and otherwise disguised, crept cautiously around the house to see that all was quiet. Suddenly he stopped. He heard a voice. He waited and listened. It was his cousin Clara standing at her open window, and *she was praying*. He remained quite still. He was so close that he could hear her words. She was praying for him, the poor outcast, her poor, misguided cousin, that he might be forgiven and brought to see the evil of his ways.

The abandoned young man had resisted everything else, but before that prayer his heart melted. He turned and fled from the scene a changed man. Changed by the compassion of the Christian whom he had wronged. It was many years afterward when Mr. Dalton and his family heard the story, and then it was from Reginald's own lips, when he returned and received a welcome as a repentant prodigal.

TRUE, THOUGH TRIED.

A Tale of the Seventeenth Century.

By Marie Hall

(*Continued from page* 143.)

A Visit in Prison.

It was late in the afternoon when Jeffries, having exhausted his energies by spasmodic bursts of passion, and when all the evidence that could possibly be obtained had been canvassed, addressed the prisoner, whose immovable attitude had irritated him not a little, and asked her if she had anything to say.

Margaret looked the judge steadfastly in the face, and opened her lips to speak, but no sound came. All eyes were directed toward her, and again she failed to articulate a word. Every voice was hushed; all were eager to hear what a weak woman would have to say in such a hope-

less cause. Margaret heard her own heart beat in that dead silence. And at last, summoning all her courage and strength, this time her soft voice was clearly heard by all in court.

"My lord, it is useless for me to undertake any defence of my conduct. . . . I destroyed the picture because it was an exact portrait of myself. When I entered the building, it was not with the purpose of destroying the picture; it was only when I saw men and women bowing down and worshipping before it, that the idea entered my mind. All worship of pictures or images is contrary to God's law; but to behold my sinful self hung there, under the title of the Virgin, the 'mother of God,' was hateful and abhorrent to my soul. It was an insult and a mockery to the God who made me. I could not leave it there—it would have brought a curse and blight upon me, for robbing Him of His glory. I may have outraged the laws of my country, and of a Church who sets her judgment above that of the Most High; but I count my Saviour's honor dearer than liberty or life itself."

What more Margaret would have said is not known, for the judge rose impatiently from his seat, saying:

"The court does not want a sermon. What does a puling girl like you know about doctrines? Woman, you have condemned yourself; and since you hold yourself so cheap, it may please you to know that you are to be imprisoned until such time as it shall please his majesty to extend his favor toward you; and that this night your dainty back is to receive twenty lashes. I would recommend you during the whipping to cheer your spirits by singing a new psalm, in praise of the great clemency of his majesty's representatives."

"I doubt not that God will sustain me under this and every other trial." And so saying, Margaret was led away, her countenance as cheerful as one who had been acquitted, instead of one who knew that stripes and perpetual imprisonment were her inevitable lot.

It was ten o'clock of the evening following the eventful day just recorded, and Margaret lay on the straw bed, in her cell at the castle, watching, with her eyes wakeful with fever and pain, the stars shining in through the bars of her window. She had undergone Jeffries' brutal sentence. During its infliction she had been partly insensible, but the agony she endured would not long allow her such blessed oblivion. Yet through all the "Lord *had* sustained her," and no cry had escaped her lips. Bleeding and faint, she lay on her bed, thankful for even this quiet and rest. Again and again she tried to remember and repeat the evening hymn she knew so well last night; but her mind wandered continually, dwelling, unbidden, on her childish days.

The door opened, and the sufferer wearily turned her head, and saw the turnkey's wife, with a lantern and cup in her hand. The sight of a woman was welcome, and an expression of pleasure lighted up the prisoner's white face and bright feverish eyes.

"You will be thirsty, maybe?" said the woman, as she set down the lantern and pushed to the door.

"Yes, I am parched," gasped Margaret, as the cup was held to her lips. In a few seconds it was drained. "Thank you, thank you!" said the girl, gratefully; and the woman felt more than repaid for her kindness.

"Does your back hurt you very much?" she asked, feeling in her pocket, and producing a phial.

"Yes, it is very painful; but I suffered almost as much from thirst. I shall be better now. I never tasted anything so good as that cup of lemon-water."

"There was only a squeeze of lemon in it. I know it's good for sick folks. Now you had better have some of this balsam on your back; it will smart bad at first, but heal over all the sooner after. I brought some linen with me."

With gentle hands the woman dressed the wounds. She said truly they would smart, and looked with wonder to see the maiden bear it without a murmur. The jailer's wife was ignorant, low-born, and unlettered; but this deed of charity and womanly kindness shall ever be remembered to her honor.

The lantern and its bearer departed, and Margaret was again left alone to watch the stars, until they faded at the dawn of day. Lonely weeks crept on, and at length the winter came, and the merry Christmas-time, and in Sir Gilbert's hall the holly and evergreens were hung, and his larder overflowed with good cheer. The baronet tried to forget one who last year made his hearth look brighter and bonnier by her smile and graceful presence. As Rebecca heaped on the faggots, and saw the cheerful blaze leap up, she thought with aching heart of her young mistress, cold and comfortless in the old keep; and when the servants sat down to their feast, she turned away from the richly-laden board. How could she feast, when a scanty meal of the coarsest food was all that would be served to her dear lady!

Rebecca was determined to make one more desperate effort to see her mistress. By laying in wait for the turnkey's wife, and the offer of well-timed gifts, she had established herself on a rather friendly footing with this woman, and by her interest she hoped to be successful at last. The day after Christmas Day she made the attempt; and joining the jailer's wife as she returned from market, would not be shaken off, and was overjoyed to find herself at any rate within the walls of the formidable keep. Then it required no small contrivance and manœuvring on the part of the woman to obtain the key of Margaret's cell. That secured, Rebecca did not linger long before she stood at her mistress's door. But when she entered, and caught sight of the altered face and form of her beloved lady, she could not utter a word; she could only kiss the head that sank on her faithful bosom, while Margaret murmured:

"O Rebecca, Rebecca! it seems years since I saw you last!"

"It has not been for want of trying, I warrant you, Miss Margaret; it is almost a miracle I am here now. But oh, what a hole this is!" said Rebecca, recovering and looking round; and how cold and dreary you must be. I should go mad, I think, shut up here month after month."

"I trust you would not deny our blessed faith, Rebecca, if ever you were tested. We don't know what we can endure till the trials come."

"Well, I hope I should not be a coward, but I think it is a mercy that I have never been tried. Master Pelham has tried to see you, over and over again; and the other day he gave me a letter, which I was to give to you if I had ever the luck to see you, and here it is."

With great reverence and pleased surprise, Margaret took her letter, which the careful maid had wrapped in a snowy handkerchief, smelling sweetly of lavender. She could hardly keep her eyes off the cover that bore her name, in square, bold characters.

When shortly after the sound of Rebecca's retreating footsteps had died away, Margaret's eyes again wandered to the letter. In those days written communications were rarer than they are in this scribbling age. The epistle was written on a large sheet of paper, that was rough compared with our modern "cream-laid note," but the writing was manly and clear; the seal neatly made, bearing an ancient crest, with the writer's own motto, *Vota vita mea;* and to Margaret it seemed the most precious piece of paper she had ever handled. After surveying the outside, and trying to imagine all that was written within, she at length opened it, and soon became absorbed in its contents. Faded and yellow and worn, with the seal still preserved unbroken, we may peruse it ourselves now, for the hand that wrote it, and the thin fair fingers that unfolded and treasured it so sacredly, have long since mouldered in the dust.

"To Mistress Margaret Desborough.

"Dear Sister in the Faith: I would that it were in my power to visit and minister unto you in prison, but the Lord has hedged up the way, and it is not for me to gainsay His will; nor, since I have such a sincere desire to follow His commands, and serve even the least of His little ones, will He lay the lack of its performance to my charge. Therefore I take the only means left, namely, that of writing the words I would fain speak, and trusting my letter to the hands of your faithful friend, Rebecca. . . .

"Our little flock is . . . not unmindful of your sufferings, dear sister; of bodily pains, or still sharper, the loneliness and isolation of your warm and tender heart. 'No chastening for the present seemeth joyous, but grievous;' yet we cannot find it in our hearts to *pity* one to whom the Lord hath given a fellowship in His sufferings, and honored by permitting her to endure shame, and loss, and rebuke, for His dear sake. . . .

"These are dark days for our beloved England; the best and holiest of her sons and daughters are either living in insecurity, or in bonds, or forsaking their native land for a less loved but freer soil. May the chains soon be loosed from the necks and consciences of this people, and Englishmen again enjoy their birthright of liberty to worship God. There is much talk of one Master John Bunyan, who lies in Bedford jail—a godly Baptist minister, who spends his time most profitably for the future edification of the Church and the world. He is a wonderful man; and if his written words are as powerful as his preached ones were, his imprisonment is likely to be a greater blessing than if he were still at large: so the evil one that thought to do him hurt, will, as he often does, outwit himself. . . . Open thine heart, my sister, to divine influences, as the flower opens to the sun; and He who filleth heaven and earth with His presence and story, will dwell in the temple thou hast prepared within, and thy night of sorrow shall be turned into a morning of joy. Farewell.

"I am ever your faithful pastor,

"John Pelham."

The spring came early in the year following this Christmas, and the country round Deerham was silently clothed with beauty. But while everything was starting up into new life without, the "White Rose of Deerham" was drooping and fading.

"Poor thing!" said the turnkey, "if they don't send an order for her release soon, it will come too late. Just see, wife, if you can't persuade her to eat a bit of something. Captain Butler may rave, if he likes; but I ain't going to have a young creature pining away by inches, if I can help it. She has been punished fifty times over for any foolish trick she did; and now she'll die, if they don't send for her soon. I shall have it on my conscience, and I don't need to load it any more."

The woman went right willingly on the kind errand. Margaret was lying on her bed, too weak to sit up in her uncomfortable stiff-backed chair. She smiled cheerfully on her visitor, but could not be persuaded to eat. The woman could not return her smile; she was too much distressed to see the sick maiden's death-like pallor. She implored her, almost with tears, to take something; so to please her, Margaret did.

"One breath of the sweet fresh air would do me more good than medicines or food; but it is useless to long after impossible things," said poor Margaret.

The jailer determined, however, that she *should* have a taste of the spring breezes, and have another and more comfortable cell; but her sickness increased, so that it became impossible to move her. During her illness, the good wife waited on her night and day, never grudging the many toilsome steps she took up and down the winding staircase. When able to takl, Margaret strove to repay her nurse's care by directing her dark mind to the only source of light. It was a happy day for the jailer and his

family when Margaret Desborough was committed to his keeping; and still happier when sickness cast her on their humanity and care.

(To be concluded.)

THE FIRST CHRISTIAN MARTYR.

S. S. Lesson for March 18. Acts 7 : 54 ; 8 : 1-4. Golden Text, Rev. 3 : 21. By Mrs. M. Baxter.

Persecution as a Blessing—Preferable to Earthly Joy—An Unusual Defence—Not an Apology—An Indictment from History—God's Witnesses Invariably Rejected—Joseph—Moses—A Protest Against Formalism—The Judges Exasperated—Stephen's Work Done—Stephen Lynched—Prayer for His Assailants—Outburst of a Storm—The Fugitives Preaching.

PERSECUTION is among the blessings of Christianity, "Blessed are they which are persecuted *for righteousness' sake;* for theirs is the kingdom of heaven." The blessing is not simply an expected, but a present one, "Blessed *are* they," "theirs *is* the kingdom of heaven." The poor, blind world imagines that the followers of Jesus forego with some difficulty the pleasures of earth for the sake of a reward more or less certain hereafter; and many of them say in their hearts, "a bird in the hand is worth two in the bush," and they think they are really better off than God's people. But oh, how blind they are! To any one who is entirely given up to God

EVERYTHING COMES IN THE WAY OF BLESSING,

because it comes from a Father's hand; he cannot be persecuted without the precious sweetness of knowing that it is for Jesus and with Jesus that he suffers, and he would not exchange such suffering for all the joy which the world could give. Instead of being occupied with the personal wrong which was done to him, Stephen, more alive to the presence of God than that of man, and seeking by any means to bring his judges into contact with God, stood ready and fearless to make his defence, as soon as he should be called upon.

The high-priest called upon him to answer his accusers, "Are these things so?" It was

AN UNUSUAL DEFENCE

which was made by this man "full of faith and of the Holy Ghost." Not one word do we find in it of apology, excuse, or self-defence. He seemed altogether to rise above the circumstances in which he was placed, and he took the position of accuser instead of accused; instead of pleading his own cause, he pleaded that of his injured God and his crucified and risen Saviour. To him it was a matter of unconcern whether he was condemned or acquitted, whether he lived or died; the opinion of no man present was of any value to him, but the salvation of their souls was to him a priceless object, and putting himself and his interests and safety entirely on one side, he sought their good alone. Oh, for such a spirit now! Oh, for such divine disinterestedness! Lord, make it revive among us.

Stephen had the history of his people at his fingers' ends, and he traced through their early life *the rejection of God's chosen witnesses.* In the very patriarchal times Joseph, God's chosen one, was rejected and persecuted by his brethren; cast out by man, yet "God was with him," and wrought by him great deliverance in the land of Egypt. Then arose Moses who was "fair to God" (see margin). He was stirred up to deliver his people, "it came into his heart to visit his brethren, the children of Israel. . . . For he supposed that his brethren would have understood how that God by his hand would deliver them, but they understood not." Like Joseph he must be one alone, rejected by men, but chosen by God. His divine commission, although delayed for his own education, and also because of the unbelief of his people, was renewed again when God appeared to him in the burning bush. "This

MOSES WHOM THEY REFUSED,

saying, who made thee to be a ruler and a judge? The same did God send to be a ruler, a deliverer, by the hand of the angel which appeared to him in the bush." The rejected one, and no other, should bring out the people of God from Egypt. Stephen testified, "This is that Moses which said unto the children of Israel, a Prophet shall the Lord your God raise up unto you of your brethren like unto me; Him shall ye hear."

But Stephen went on to shew them the rebelliousness of heart which had always characterized them; how the very Moses who had been their deliverer was disobeyed by their fathers who "thrust him from them, and in their hearts turned back again into Egypt." It was

ALWAYS THE SAME STORY;

always the rejection of God's choice.

He then touched upon the worship of the children of Israel, "the tabernacle of witness in the wilderness," then Solomon's temple, and knowing how the Jews prided themselves in the possession of a place where men ought to worship, and knowing how God regarded the drawing nigh unto Him with the lips when the heart was far from Him, Stephen, said, "Howbeit the Most High dwelleth not in temples made with hands." This touched the very root of that externalism which made them so averse to the reality of a spiritual worship. To them there was, and could be, no worship without the temple; the temple itself was indispensable, while they could do without the presence of God. But Stephen feared them not

GOD WAS WITNESS

to all he said and to all he did; and he heeded none other. Thus turning full upon his judges, he said, "Ye stiffnecked, and uncircumcized in heart and ears, ye do always resist the Holy Ghost: as your fathers did, so do ye. Which of the prophets have not your fathers persecuted? And they have slain them which have shewed before of the coming of the Just One; of whom ye have been now the betrayers and murderers: who have received the law by the disposition of angels, and have not kept it."

Was it not rather *unwise of Stephen* to have gone thus in the very face of the prejudices of those to whom he spoke? No, he had counted the cost; led by the Holy Ghost, he followed on, regardless of what the consequences might be to him; he was animated by no ill-feeling toward his accusers, but he knew that they were self-deceived, and needed rousing, and most effectually he did it. "When they heard these things, they were cut to the heart, and they gnashed on him with their teeth." But his work was done, it cost him his life, but he died victorious; those hearts which had received a sword cut from the Word of God, could be healed only in one way, and that was by Jesus Himself. Many a life has been lost over some paltry political question, or some strife about territory; but here was a noble object, the awakening and salvation of souls which were crusted over with pharisaical self-righteousness.

STEPHEN HAD DONE HIS WORK;

his enemies might gnash their teeth, but it was lost upon him; there was nothing in him which could be touched or hurt by their rage; "He being full of the Holy Ghost, looked up steadfastly into heaven, and saw the glory of God, and Jesus standing on the right hand of God, and said, Behold, I see the heavens opened, and the Son of Man standing on the right hand of God." "Whosoever therefore shall confess Me before men, him will I confess also before My Father which is in heaven" (Matt. 10 : 32). Stephen was confessing Christ on earth, and Jesus was confessing Stephen in heaven; and God dropped the veil between, how should the rage of a few dying men around him distract him at such a moment?

But his absorption with his Lord did not create any feeling of awe in these men, stung to the quick as they were by an accusing conscience, the dictates of which they were unwilling to heed. "Then they cried out with a loud voice, and stopped their ears, and ran upon him with one accord, and cast him out of the city, and stoned him." What was this? The august tribunal of Israel's priests and elders yielding to a spirit of riot as though they had been a mob of roughs!

Was this seemly? Was this worthy of them? Ah no, but their pride had been wounded, the covering which had hidden away their sin from themselves and from others was rudely torn away, they were unmasked, they were found out, and their rage boiled against the man whom God had used to show them up. All other feeling gave way before their thirst for vengeance. They could not get away from the pure, holy, heavenly look of the man they hated, reflecting as it did the opened heaven into which he looked; but they would stop their ears so that no more of his words should enter into them. It was lynch law, there was no justice in Stephen's execution. An idolater must be stoned (Deut. 17 : 2-5); a rebellious son who "is a glutton or a drunkard" (Deut. 21 : 18-21); an adulterer or adulteress (Deut. 22 : 24); but Stephen was none of these, at the mouth of false witnesses, in the presence of unjust judges, he was put to death.

But oh, how different was his death from that of the prophet Zechariah under similar circumstances. Under the dispensation of the law, the martyr said when he was stoned, "The Lord look upon it and require it" (2 Chron. 24 : 22). But Stephen, looking into the open heaven, even after the fatal stones had blinded him, for his spirit saw Jesus, cried saying, "Lord Jesus, receive my spirit." And he kneeled down, and cried with a loud voice, "Lord, lay not this sin to their charge." Thoughts of vengeance did not exist in Stephen; he saw the hands which threw the stones only as instruments permitted by God, how be angry with them! He died in a spirit of sacrifice for them, and only love reigned in his heart, because Jesus had full possession. "And when he had said this he fell asleep.

"FAITHFUL UNTO DEATH"

(Rev. 2 : 10) and loving his enemies, he had trodden in his Master's footsteps, and the then unwritten promise of our golden text was fulfilled to him, before it became the written inspiration of God, "To him that overcometh will I give to sit with Me in My throne, even as I also overcame, and am set down with My Father in His throne" (Rev. 3 : 21). "And devout men carried Stephen to his burial, and made great lamentation over him."

There was one man, afterward the Apostle Paul, who took part in this guilty transaction, "The witnesses laid down their clothes at a young man's feet whose name was Saul." "Saul was consenting unto his death." But Saul also was "cut to the heart," the arrow had entered in which rankled until the time of his conversion. Meanwhile this martyrdom of Stephen was but

THE OUTBURST OF A STORM

of persecution which had long been gathering. The enemy of souls could not let the Gospel of Christ carry all before it in Jerusalem, he succeeded in making his partizans so zealous that whereas, a short time previously, the triumphs of the Gospel were so glorious and the work spreading among the priests themselves, now the disciples were "all scattered abroad throughout the regions of Judea and Samaria, except the apostles."

"What a deathblow to the Church!" some would say, "what a terrible misfortune!" others would exclaim. But no; although "Saul made havoc of the Church, entering into every house and hailing men and women, committed them to prison," and thus gave them an opportunity to endure suffering and shame for Jesus' sake; "they that were scattered abroad," undaunted by the imprisonment of their companions, undeterred by the stoning of Stephen, "went everywhere preaching the Gospel." They could not help it; the fire burned in their bones, souls were perishing, they were possessed of the secret which could save them from eternal death, how should they be occupied with the trifles of time? How make business or any personal interest a first consideration? God, souls, eternity, were realities to them, and they lived and preached accordingly. Let us do likewise.

FOREIGN TOPICS.

The Silver Wedding of the Prince and Princess Imperial of Germany was celebrated on March 1st. The anniversary of the wedding was January 25th, but the celebration was postponed on account of the death of the Emperor's brother. The streets of Berlin were thronged with people, and busts of the Prince and Princess were exhibited everywhere among the decorations. In the palace the scene was one of extraordinary splendor. Its chief feature was a procession representing the march of history, in which the promenaders were attired in the costumes of the various periods. Hundreds of Germany's proudest nobles took part in the procession. In the course of the pageant a youth recited an ode to "the flower of England, which had embraced the Hohenzollern stem, invoking eternal bloom and prosperity on the spreading Hohenzollern tree." Distinguished guests from England, Austria and other courts were present.

Mr. Gladstone has Sufficiently Recovered to leave Cannes and return to London. On his way thither he made a short stay in Paris and had interviews with M. Grévy and other members of the French Government. They are supposed to have been on the subject of the Egyptian complication, as it is known that France is still strenuously opposed to the assumption by England of sole control over Egyptian affairs.

A Violent Speech on the State of Ireland was delivered by Mr. Parnell in the British House of Commons in moving an amendment to the address in reply to the Queen's Speech. In the summary of the speech cabled here, Mr. Parnell is reported as saying: "If there has been any reduction in the number of outrages in Ireland, it is only because the people are being kept down by the brutal, terrible Coercion act administered in a brutal, terrible way." He pointed to the fact that hardly any persons arrested under the curfew clause had been convicted, and contended that the power of arrest had been abused. He complained of the conduct of Irish judges, who, he said, were mostly appointed for political reasons and were, therefore, unfit to try political cases. When the people saw that juries were packed and that judges turned crown prosecutors, all sympathy with law and order was destroyed, and the people inevitably became abetters in crime. If the government, after the Phœnix Park murders were committed, had relied on the sympathy of the people instead of upon a tyrannical act, Ireland would have been pacified. The charge of jury packing was indignantly denied by members of the government, and facts were adduced to prove that it was unfounded. Mr. Parnell's allusion to the Phœnix Park murders excited considerable feeling. In implying that after the commission of the foul crime Ireland would have been pacified but for the effort of the government to trace the murderers and prevent further outrages, he was regarded as displaying shameless effrontery. By abstaining from disavowing his indirect complicity in the conspiracy, he is reported to have alienated the sympathy of the English radicals, without whom he cannot hope to accomplish anything for his country.

Two Men are Wanted by the British Government to answer for a share in the conspiracy responsible for the Phœnix Park murders. Of these Frank Byrne is in Paris, and P. J. Sheridan is in New York. In both cases the British Government has applied to the respective governments for the extradition of the men. It is reported that the French Government is indisposed to comply with the demand, though Byrne has been arrested and held to await the arrival of evidence from England. Mr. Sheridan was not arrested at the close of last week, although Washington despatches state that a warrant for his apprehension has been issued. It is very doubtful whether, under the extradition treaty, Sheridan will be given up. The charge will be of conspiracy to murder, which, if the culprit's guilt were proved, would be covered by the treaty; but it is contended that the Phœnix Park murders were a political crime, the assassins having no personal enmity to the victims, except in their official capacity. England has herself set the example of refusing to give up political criminals, so that if the charge against Sheridan is proved to belong to that category, it is not likely that he will be surrendered. Governor Butler and General Roger A. Pryor are engaged to defend Sheridan if he should be arrested and brought to trial.

A Pathetic Letter has been Sent by Lady Frederick Cavendish to a clergyman who, having preached a sermon on the Phœnix Park murders, and being about to publish it, asked Lady Cavendish's permission to dedicate it to her. She wrote: "You will, I am sure, forgive me if I beg you, before sending the MS. to the printers, to look through it first with the special view of seeing if there is any word that could be turned into a desire for vengeance. You will readily understand how I must shrink from any such feeling. I would rather, as far as I reverently may, adopt the Lord's prayer on the cross —'Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do.' The law, I know, must take its course for the sake of the unhappy country itself. I pray that neither the unspeakable greatness of my sorrow nor the terrible wickedness of those men may ever blind either myself or any of the English people to the duty of patience, justice and sympathy in our thoughts, words and deeds with regard to Ireland and its people at large."

Reports of Plots Against the Life of the Czar are in circulation. A seizure of anarchist documents was made recently in Brussels, and it is stated that they show a plot has been organized to murder the Czar of Russia on the occasion of his coronation in May. It is rumored in Paris that the disclosures will lead to the arrest of Louise Michel and several of her colleagues. The house of an anarchist in Brussels, who entertained Louise Michel when she was there recently, was searched on February 25th by the police, who seized three trunks. The Brussels *Gazette* says the majority of the documents which have been seized are written in Russian and Italian. They refer to an international plot.

A Missionary Conference has Recently been held at Calcutta, India. It was attended by nearly five hundred persons, men and women, the representatives of nearly all the Protestant societies working in India. No formal resolutions were passed, but practical suggestions were made by different speakers which could be adapted to the circumstance of various places and needs. It was reported at the conference that the census just taken shows that the number of Protestant native Christians in India is 528,000, an increase of 86 per cent in the ten years that have elapsed since the former sitting of the conference.

Idolatry in Spain is the Startling Subject of a letter from Miss Lydia Brooks, a Christian lady now visiting that country. She lately received from a woman a little idol, meant to represent Christ as a babe, which had been worshipped for many years. The woman was afraid to burn it lest it should leap upon her. Her eyes have been gradually opened to the wiles and machinations of the priests, and there is every reason to believe she has received the Saviour. Amid much persecution she remains firm to her principles, and has gathered round her a number of the neighbors, to whom she reads the Bible. Many of the fishermen are much interested in the meetings. Miss Brooks has commenced Cottage Meetings, which it is hoped will quietly introduce the truths of the Bible into the homes of the people.

Mr. Moody Paid a Brief Visit to Edinburgh after the conclusion of the Birmingham services, and before commencing the meetings in Belfast. He visited the Scottish capital to inspect a building in which he takes a deep interest. Last year during the services in Edinburgh, Mr. Moody made a strong appeal for a new and suitable building in which to conduct the manifold operations of the Carrubbers Close Mission. For many years this mission has done a noble work of evangelization among the lapsed masses of the old town of Edinburgh. Recent accounts have shown that the need for such work in that part of the city is as great as ever; it was therefore deemed imperative that a capacious building should be erected in the High Street, whence Gospel agencies could radiate through the surrounding darkness, and streams of blessing be made to flow all the year round. Mr. Moody's appeal was liberally responded to, and the money needed, $50,000, was subscribed. The new premises are now well on in the process of erection; it was to note the progress made and to take counsel with those friends in charge of the enterprise that Mr. Moody made a detour to the Scottish capital.

Messrs. Moody and Sankey's Services in Belfast, Ireland, attracted immense crowds of attentive hearers. On February 11th, the first day of the mission, a meeting for Christians was announced at the early hour of eight o'clock. Before seven, some two thousand people had filled the church. Mr. Moody and Mr. Sankey had great difficulty, by half-past seven, in the gray dawn of the morning, in getting access to the church. Overflow meetings were held in the adjoining lecture-room, and also in a neighboring church, and even then the streets remained crowded. At three o'clock a meeting for women was held in the Ulster Hall, capable of holding over 3000. By two o'clock it was crammed, and two other churches were again filled, while crowds were still upon the streets unable to find entrance. Mr. Moody seemed overcome by a sight of the greatness of the crowds, and the eagerness of the multitudes to hear. He was obliged to preach four times to the listening crowds during the afternoon and evening, as they successively filled the hall. On all occasions a large number professed a desire to accept Jesus as their Saviour. Mr. E. W. Bliss conducted the overflow meetings. The evangelists are now laboring in Manchester.

Dr. Ziemann is now Evangelizing in Westphalia, Germany, among his own countrymen. A Westphalian paper says: "A remarkable event in the religious life of our province is the meetings held by Dr. Ziemann from England. The largest hall, holding 2500 people, has been filled. If those who listen to the Doctor's words wish to reap real blessing they will have to take in hand again the old Bible, and to use it as their fathers did."

Mr. Philip Phillips, the Singing Evangelist, and his son have met with a hearty reception at Kingston, Jamaica. The Bishop of Jamaica and ministers of all denominations were present at their first meeting in Coke Chapel. The service is described as most impressive throughout.

Volume V. of the Christian Herald and Signs of our Times is now ready, bound in cloth, containing all the numbers for 1882 with complete index. Price $3 including postage. Ten per cent less to ministers and the trade.

The Prophetic News and Israel's Watchman (London), for February, may be obtained at the office of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, price six cents, postage paid.

An Illustrated Work on the Unfulfilled prophecies of the Bible, by the Rev. M. Baxter, entitled: "Forty Coming Wonders," may be had from the office of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, 63 Bible House, New York, by remitting one dollar. It is a book of 528 pages, is handsomely bound in cloth and contains fifty full-page pictures and diagrams representing the scenes described in the prophecies of Daniel and in the book of the Revelation. It also contains a resumé of the opinions of other expositors, and extracts carefully collated from the works of all the most eminent writers on prophecy, from the earliest ages of the Christian era down to those of recent date. It thus forms the most useful and complete guide the student can have in entering on the study of that portion of the Word of God. The book may also be obtained for one dollar from any bookseller, who can procure it from the American News Company.

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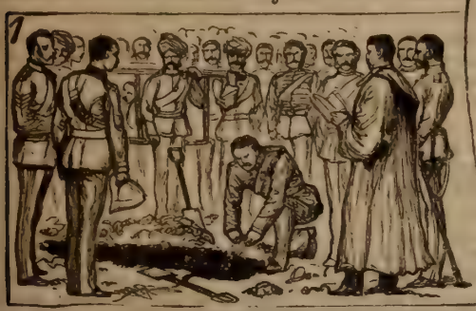

REV. J. G. GREGSON, GOSPEL TEMPERANCE MISSIONARY IN INDIA—SCENES IN HIS LIFE.

REV. J. GELSON GREGSON:

Indian Missionary and Temperance Advocate.

His Early Consecration to Christ—First Journey to India in 1858—Removal from Monghyr to Agra in 1861—Formation of the Soldiers' Total Abstinence Association—Illness and Return to England in 1865—Temperance Work in the Royal Navy—Co-operation of Commodore Goodenough—Return to India in 1871—Evils of Drinking Among Soldiers—Hindrances to Temperance in India—Recent Visit to England—Incidents of The Afghan Campaign, 1879-80—A Soldier's Funeral—A Temperance Meeting in Camp—The Khyber Pass—Convoy of Sick and Wounded—Mr. Gregson's Present Work among the Military Stations in Egypt.

THE temptations of a soldier's life are neither few nor feeble. Surrounded, as he generally is, by men who have entered the military profession out of sheer recklessness or because they expect to spend in it a life of relief from hard labor with opportunities for the indulgence of the lowest passions of human nature, he is liable to be led by example and companionship into degradation and vice. Of all the professions, it is probably the most unpropitious for the practice of Christian principle. But while the life of a Christian in the army is one beset with temptations and full of danger, yet, there are many bright examples which prove that the grace of God can enable the Christian soldier to lead a godly consistent life in the garrison and in the field. Of all the spheres of Christian usefulness, therefore, there are none demanding more patience, tact and devotion, than that of the man who carries the Gospel to soldiers, and endeavors to counteract the temptations incidental to the military life. Among the most successful of these missionaries of the cross is the Rev. J. G. Gregson, whose portrait appears this week on the first page of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD. The record of his labors in India abundantly testify to the triumphant victories of the Holy Spirit and to the earnestness and energy of the human instrument.

The Rev. J. Gelson Gregson was born in the South of England about 1836, and having been benefited by the prayers and example of a pious mother and father, at an early age he was convinced of sin, converted to Christ, and devoted himself to His service.

Ever since, almost without intermission, he has been identified with mission and temperance work, and many, both civilians and soldiers, have been blessed through his instrumentality.

FIRST JOURNEY TO INDIA.

When he was about twenty-two years of age—in October, 1858—he performed his first journey to India under the auspices of *the Baptist Missionary Society*, and for three years after his arrival, he was stationed at Monghyr, where his evangelistic work among the natives was highly appreciated for its wisdom and earnestness, and was much blessed of God.

In 1861, Mr. Gregson was removed to the great city of Agra, and in the following year he commenced his temperance work among the soldiers, native and British, stationed there, by giving an address, "On the folly and peril of drinking," in front of the canteen, in the Agra cantonment, to the men of the 35th Regiment. As an immediate result of this courageous effort, the Soldiers' Total Abstinence Association was inaugurated. It received no little stimulus from the fact that at the very first it received the hearty approval and co-operation of the first commanding officer, Colonel J. C. Guise, V. C., of the 90th Regiment, who joined it and encouraged others to do so. The enterprise, once launched, continued to command attention, and, though often in the face of petty and annoying persecution, prosecuted its victorious and beneficent errand among the men.

ILLNESS AND RETURN HOME.

After three years of absorbing and exhausting work, in the year 1865, Mr. Gregson fell a victim to the ravages of small-pox, and in a precarious condition was confined to his bed for a considerable time. When he was sufficiently restored, he was advised by the physicians who attended him to return to England, that convalescence might the more quickly end in complete recovery. He did so, and derived so much benefit from the change of air and scene on his journey home, that when he once again sighted the shores of England, he had regained his health and strength, and with a thankful heart, bounding with high hope, he consecrated himself anew to the Lord whom he loved, and became more than ever conspicuous for successful service.

Mr. Gregson still led to consecrate his efforts to the reclamation of soldiers, went to Portsea, a town which is practically one with Portsmouth, where a large force of British soldiers is always stationed to guard the docks and arsenal. There he settled down for a time, throwing himself with characteristic ardor and activity into the various local philanthropic and evangelistic movements, such as the town mission and midnight mission, himself, on every possible occasion, preaching the Gospel of the grace of God to the multitudes of the debased and perishing around him. His popularity was so extensive, and his interest in education so well known, that he was elected to a seat on the first School Board appointed in the borough.

TEMPERANCE WORK IN THE NAVY.

His identification with temperance work, however, grew more complete, and the needs of the seamen on board the government ships appealed to his warmest sympathies. As one stage toward the realization of his plans for their welfare, he obtained the permission of the authorities to form a Naval Temperance League on board the Minotaur flagship, which was at that time commanded by Commodore Goodenough, who, in 1876, died from the effects of a poisoned arrow shot at him by a treacherous native on the beach of Santa Cruz Island, in the Pacific Ocean. This League became the parent agency of the multiform temperance work now so largely promoted in the British navy.

COMMODORE GOODENOUGH.

Commodore Goodenough was a stanch temperance man, and much benefit accrued to the cause of Gospel temperance through his co-operation with Mr. Gregson in introducing the movement. Mrs. Goodenough tells us that it was upon her husband's return from a second meeting in Portsea that he "came to the conclusion that he could not, consistently with his own ideas of right and wrong, continue to advise people to do what he did not do himself. Having already become much more firmly impressed with the advantages of total abstinence from intoxicating liquors—an opinion which gained strength with him every year that he lived—he from that day, though he took no pledge, gave up the use of all wine, beer, or spirits, and, except in illness, continued to do so during the remainder of his life."

But Mr. Gregson had a tender place in his heart also for the children, and appraised at a very high rate their intelligent sympathy, and the devotion of their youthful energies to the furtherance of temperance work. In 1870 he was the means of bringing about a great Band of Hope demonstration, when three thousand children, all abstainers, marched through Portsea. At this time he was also much employed in visiting a considerable number of the Baptist Churches of the United Kingdom as a deputation from the Missionary Society in London.

RETURN TO INDIA.

In the year 1871 an earnest appeal for more missionaries in India not meeting with the response that was anticipated, Mr. Gregson volunteered his services to the Missionary Committee in their emergency, and they were gratefully accepted. In January of the following year he again started for his old quarters at Agra. We learn that during his absence from India the Temperance Association which he had commenced in 1862 had been allowed to lapse, so he at once determined to reorganize it. From that time to the present, the work has been pressed forward with conspicuous success.

The Association now has a distinguished list of vice-presidents, comprising officers, chaplains, and others. Mr. Gregson acts as secretary, in which capacity he has travelled from one end of India to the other; in the cold season of 1879 alone, the journeyed upward of nine thousand miles. In connection with the Association there is a temperance magazine, *On Guard*, which is edited by Mr. Gregson. When it was first issued the circulation of the monthly issue amounted to three hundred copies, but this has steadily progressed until it has now a circulation of over one thousand copies monthly, and a higher figure will soon be reached.

EVILS OF LIQUOR AMONG SOLDIERS.

The Report for 1880 returns the number of branch societies at 128, with no less than 9002 members. In the same document Mr. Gregson presents a tabulated statement, dealing with nine departments, and showing the deaths, admissions to hospital, defaulters, courts martial, etc. He divides the men into abstainers and non-abstainers, and in each case the advantages of total abstainers on active service are clearly demonstrated.

The following extract from the report indicates the evils arising from the vice of drunkenness among soldiers: "In visiting our societies in Afghanistan, it soon became evident that drink was a fruitful cause of insubordination. There was hardly a camp between Peshawur and Cabul where soldiers hadn't been flogged for crime connected with drink. At Jellalabad, the guard over the Commissariat rum store broke into the barrels and got incapably drunk, which led to a native sepoy guard being placed over the store, as the British soldiers could not be trusted over rum. This was all the more conspicuous at this camp on account of the illustrious garrison of Jellalabad in 1842 gaining such honor for brave deeds and patient endurance, without a single dram of rum. Nothing is more fatal to steadiness under fire, and patience on the line of march, than a dram of rum, and whenever soldiers have been without it, they have always discharged their duties better than when they got it."

HINDRANCES TO TEMPERANCE.

Mr. Gregson traces the obstacles which have so long opposed the progress of temperance work in India to three sources, namely, "Prejudice against any effort which discountenances drinking customs; popular fallacies which have long supposed the use of intoxicating liquors to be essential in an Indian climate; and habits which have overcome hundreds of men, leading moderate drinkers into continual excess." It is encouraging to be assured, on his authority, that "Every year the opposition has to give way before the strong evidence of facts, gathered from every regiment in the service, that drink is the ruin of British soldiers, and the cause of more sickness than that which arises from climatic influences." He adds, with an emphasis which cannot be misundersood, "Much that is attributed to the *Sun* might be more correctly ascribed to the *Bottle*."

Beside his purely temperance work, Mr. Gregson has been instrumental in erecting mission halls at Monghyr, Allahabad, and Agra. The building at Agra is a fine structure in memory of the late General Havelock, who was stationed in the cantonment.

MR. GREGSON'S RECENT VISIT HOME.

In 1880-1881 Mr. Gregson once more visited England, and during his stay addressed several large public meetings in London and the provinces, everywhere receiving the most enthusiastic reception. One of the most effective speeches he delivered was at Dublin, in November, 1880, in which appears the following incisive and pregnant language:

"When heathen men have told me that they regarded Christianity as something that is closely allied to drunkenness, is it not time to speak out? Yes; and when we see the influences the drinking customs of our nation exert working among the educated communities of Hindostan, among men who have passed

with their tumult the sound of a deeper roaring? Should we not at once understand that we were already within the rapids caused by the terrific fall?

And have we not exactly described the present condition of the stream of time? For both the prophets and the Lord Himself foretold a mighty catastrophe which will usher in a new age; a season of perplexity and trouble immediately preceding the times of refreshing from the presence of the Lord; a general disruption and disintegration of society, amid wars, tumults, and the most appalling calamities, to be followed by the glorious

REIGN OF THE PRINCE OF PEACE.

And are not signs of our approach to these predicted days of terror continually multiplying around us? Do not events, which were wont to float by in slow procession, now chase each other before our bewildered eyes with such rapidity that they pass away in months, or it may be even in weeks, instead of years? Have not the currents of public opinion ceased to originate merely in the schemes of a few princes and statesmen—and is not every country torn by antagonistic factions which drag the State, now in this direction, now in that?* Nay, are there not also multitudes of private individuals, who have each his own nostrum for divers ills, ever agitating society by thrusting themselves into notice?

THE SPREAD OF KNOWLEDGE.

Doubtless one chief cause of all this confusion has been that very thing which the world regards as a cure for every evil—the spread of knowledge. For many of those who acquire "a little learning"—and the majority of mankind can do no more—are not slow to give proof that in very deed

"Shallow draughts intoxicate the brain,"

and are wont, by a confident and persistent setting forth of their opinions, to lead astray those whose ignorance exceeds their own, and in this manner to confound the counsels of wiser guides.

Education of a certain kind has indeed become general; but, alas! not with the expected result, since morals seem at the same time to be degenerating in inverse ratio. For how common is the lack of *truthfulness*, and that not merely in commercial life, but in all ranks of society! And this evil does not only exist, but is recognized as at least *a venial fault*, if not *an absolute necessity*. The law, "Swear to thine own hurt and change not," has no popularity in the present age, and he who breaks it will find many advocates and defenders.

Meanwhile the growing *impatience* and *irritability* of men, arising from the indulgence of generations, the abuse of stimulants and narcotics, and the painful pressure and excitement of modern life, are beginning to manifest themselves in deeds of recklessness and violence, such as may be found in the records of any newspaper; while lawlessness and crime of every description are increasing, and often assume shapes difficult to detect or punish.

TERRIBLE WARS IMMINENT.

And over all this sin and misery the giant forms of still more terrible woes are projecting their advancing shadows. Europe is armed to an extent hitherto unknown, and has been converted into a vast camp through the jealousy of the great Powers, which are simply waiting for an opportunity of carrying out their aggressive schemes. The most cruel and bloody war of our days has lately terminated in a peace which can be no more than a lull in the storm; for the dreaded Eastern problem is still unsolved. Few are those who expect more than a brief respite before the air is again tormented with the rush of shot and shell and polluted with the smoke of burning villages and homesteads. And even during the short-armed truce in Europe, wars have been raging in Asia, Africa, and America.

REVOLUTIONARY TERRORISM.

Yet again, the rapid spread of Socialistic principles among all the nations of Christendom, and the numerous secret leagues organized for their propagation, are giving statesmen grave cause to apprehend a revolutionary outburst which may shatter the whole framework of society.

Nor are physical commotions wanting to heighten the excitement. The last few years have been unusually prolific in violent storms and inundations destructive to life and property. Earthquakes are frequent, and the shocks, though at present comparatively slight, seem by their ubiquity to betoken a widespread disturbance in the bowels of the earth, which may culminate in some appalling catastrophe. Famines, too, have occurred in divers places; in different parts of India, in Persia, in China, in Morocco, and in several other countries, while various kinds of sickness and disease seem to be more than usually prevalent.

And there are scientific men who suppose that impending astronomical events will render the next few years dismally memorable, and by vitiating the atmosphere cause an outbreak of epidemics and pestilence, like the frightful visitation of the times of Justinian, or the murderous "Black Death" of the fourteenth century, which, as it swept through Europe, is said to have slain five-and-twenty millions of souls, and to have deprived Ireland of more than the half of its inhabitants.

PREMONITIONS OF THE GREAT TRIBULATION.

Now all these things—and many others which might be mentioned, do indeed forbode disasters and widespread distress, but not necessarily the last tribulation, the final throes of the world. For earth has had her times of convulsion, suffering, and change, in former days. God's sore plagues—war, famine, pestilence, and the beasts of the earth, have often desolated her lands in past years, and yet the end has not followed. Nay, were we to feel the solid ground trembling beneath us and behold the mountains lifted up and cast into the sea, even such a sight would not in itself prove that the great day of the Lord had come.

Men have often forgotten this, and, when appealing to Scripture, have too frequently drawn their inferences from an exaggeration of one or more detached texts, instead of carefully considering *all* that the prophets have spoken. Hence there have been many false alarms and panics.

A FALSE ALARM IN THE SIXTH CENTURY.

A remarkable instance occurred at the close of the sixth century. At that time men had become so accustomed to the domination of Rome that they believed her power could only perish with the world itself. And so, when they saw her apparently in the pangs of dissolution, with her lands wasted by war, famine, and disease, to such a degree that many once populous places had become pestilential through nelgect;* when they beheld her supplies cut off and not a few of her buildings destroyed by storms and inundations, they imagined that the world also had run its course, and that the last dread judgment was near at hand.

Gregory the Great was strongly imbued with this idea, and, in a letter to King Ethelbert, he thus expresses it: "We know from the Word of Almighty God that the end of the present world is now at hand, and that the reign of the saints, which can never be terminated, is about to commence. And now that the end of the world is approaching, many things will take place which have not happened before. For there will be atmospheric changes, terrors from heaven, deranged seasons, wars, famines, pestilences, and earthquakes in divers places."*

And since there was an Antichrist required for the last days, Gregory was sure he had detected him in the Patriarch of Constantinople, John the Faster, who had just irritated the See of Rome by proclaiming himself Universal Bishop.

GROUNDLESS PANIC IN THE TENTH CENTURY.

Again, in the tenth century, there was a still more general panic. It was imagined that Satan had been bound from the time of our Lord's first appearing, and that, since the thousand years were almost accomplished, he was about to be loosed as a preparation for the last judgment. As the supposed time of this event drew nearer the terror of men became piteous. Some handed over their property to the monkish foundations, and set out on a pilgrimage to Palestine, whither they expected Christ to descend. Many actually bound themselves by solemn oaths to be serfs to churches or monasteries, in the hope that, if they were found acting as servants to the servants of Christ, they would be more gently dealt with at the judgment. Buildings were allowed to fall into decay, since it was supposed that there would be but little further use for them. And if there happened to be an eclipse of the sun or moon, affrighted crowds would fly to the caverns of the rocks, or to any other places which they thought might shelter them from the glory of the dreaded appearing.† But the year one thousand passed by; nothing happened, and the excitement subsided.

Now these alarms, and many others, sprang from crude and baseless arguments which do not for a moment endure the test of intelligent investigation. And their result was something worse than the mere delusion of those who were affected by them, for they caused a general discredit of, and distaste for, the Prophetic Scriptures; since men are ever ready to cast upon the Word of God the blame of that failure which is due to shortsighted interpretation.

NEED FOR UNDERSTANDING PROPHECY.

Our duty, then, is to take heed that we be not carried away by vain excitements, of which there are too many in our day; but we must be still more careful to avoid the opposite extreme. It is better to be troubled by many false alarms than to be once taken by surprise. The inhabitants of earth must awake some morning to find that the day of the Lord is present; and as a snare will it come upon all those who have not understood the warnings of revelation. It is, then, our duty to pray for wisdom that we may understand, and for the power of the Holy Spirit that we may watch. Nor could words be stronger than our Lord's injunction upon this point: "Take ye heed," He said, "watch and pray; for ye know not when the time is. For the Son of Man is as a man taking a far journey, who left his house, and gave authority to his servants, and to every man his work, and commanded the porter to watch. Watch ye, therefore, for ye know not when the Master of the house cometh, at even, or at midnight, or at the cock crowing, or in the morning; lest, coming suddenly, He find you sleeping. And what I say unto you I say unto all, Watch!"

THE NEXT EVENT TO BE EXPECTED.

If we discover that the revealed counsels of God place before us the translation of the Church as the next event to be expected; and, still further, that the present bent of human opinion, and the general condition and tendency of the world, are already in the direction of those apostasies, convulsions, revolutions, and judgments, which will affect men after the withdrawal of the Church; then we shall indeed have reason to believe that our age has entered upon its last days, and that those who would be Christ's at His coming have urgent need to keep their garments, lest He be suddenly revealed, and they be found naked, so that all men see their shame.

* In a speech delivered at Aylesbury, Sept. 20th, 1876, the late Lord Beaconsfield thus alluded to another formidable element of distraction: "In the attempt to conduct the government of this world, there are new elements to be considered with which our predecessors had not to deal. We have not to deal only with emperors, princes and ministers, but there are the secret societies—an element which we must take into consideration—which at the last moment may baffle all our arrangements, which have their agents everywhere, which have reckless agents, which countenance assassination, and which, if necessary, could produce a massacre."

* See Gregory's sermon on The Plague, and Gibbon, chaps. xliii. and xlv. From a passage of Procopius (Anecdote cap. xviii.), quoted by the latter, it appears to have been calculated, in regard to the times of Justinian, that no fewer than 100,000,000 of human beings "had been exterminated under the reign of the imperial demon."

* Bede, "Eccles. Hist." 1, 32.

† See Mosheim, "Eccles. Hist." Cent. X., part ii., chap. iii. Robertson's "History of Christian Church," book iv., chap. v.

CHRISTIAN HERALD AND SIGNS OF OUR TIMES.

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CURRENT EVENTS.

The Results of the Labors of the Forty-Seventh Congress have been elaborately summarized by a writer in the New York *Times*. It appears from his statement that during its existence 10,670 bills and joint resolutions have been introduced, of which 8018 originated in the House and 2652 in the Senate. A large majority of these measures fell still-born. The greater proportion of them remain with the committees to which they were respectively referred. Of the bills reported to the two houses of Congress, the larger part remained on the calendars when the session ended. These are dead. During the session just now concluded 1189 bills and joint resolutions were introduced; and it may give the casual observer some notion of the proportion which schemes of law bear to accomplished legislation to learn that only 163 of this number passed both houses and received the signature of the President. A great many bills of various degrees of importance failed before attaining completion. Among these are the French spoliation claims bill; the bill to limit the coinage of the silver dollar; the bankruptcy bill; the Nicaragua Canal bill; the Whiskey bonded warehouse bill; the "Dingley" shipping bill; the river and harbor appropriation; the bill to place General Grant on the retired list, and the bill providing for the performance of the Presidential duties in case of the vacancy of the offices of President and Vice-President of the United States. These are but a few of the measures commenced but left incomplete by the 47th Congress.

The Developments of the Star Route Trial last week were humiliating, even in comparison with former disclosures. The prosecution rested on March 6th. It is now asserted by the witness Rerdell that the $2000 cheque to Belford, the existence of which was denied both by Dorsey and Belford, was really paid by Dorsey to cover his losses at cards. If this is true it would appear that Dorsey was not straight, even in his dealings with his friends. If he had been, the $2000 would have been paid from his private account, and not from the joint account. The new version of the story is also denied by Dorsey. A peculiarly disgraceful circumstance in connection with the case was Dorsey's brutal assault last week on ex-Judge Lilley, a gentleman *seventy years of age*, who, while discussing the case with Dorsey, was set upon by him and struck and kicked, and so severely injured that he is confined to his bed. The Star Route defendant seems bent on increasing the unpopularity he now labors under throughout the country.

The New Postal Notes Are Expected to be ready for issue on July 1st. They are intended to take the place of the fractional currency for the transmission of small sums through the mails. They will be scarcely so secure as post-office orders, but it will be less difficult to obtain them as they may be bought in the same way as postage stamps, and will be *payable to the bearer* at any time within three months from the last day of the month of issue. The body of the note is a form stating the office at which it is issued and the office to which it is sent. When paid the person obtaining payment puts his signature upon the note. The cost of each note will be three cents, and they may be issued of any value from one cent to five dollars.

The Report of the Court of Inquiry on the circumstances under which the Arctic Exploring Steamer, the Jeannette, was lost, is published. The weight of evidence, it says, shows that the vessel was seaworthy when she started. As to her management up to the time of her loss, the Court speaks in warm terms of the foresight and prudence displayed by Captain De Long, and the discipline maintained by him. As to the loss itself, the Court finds that she was crushed by the ice, in a position which would have caused the loss of any vessel, no matter what her model or strength. It also finds that every provision was made for the safety of the men on their leaving the wreck, and warmly praises De Long and Melville for their behavior throughout the voyage and retreat.

At an Inspection of the Indian School at Carlisle, Penn., on March 6th, by the Secretary of the Interior, very satisfactory results were shown in all departments. The greatest progress, however, was displayed in the workshops. Boots and shoes, clothing, tinware, wood work, bedding and harness of the coarser qualities were all in process of manufacture. The young artisans went about their work with the ease of accomplished workmen, and the results were substantial and neat. In one department, where wagon-making was carried on, several finished ambulances painted and varnished, not distinguishable to the untrained eye from the products of the best workshops, and others in process of manufacture, were exhibited, the entire work, excepting the springs and portions of the wheels being the production of the Indian youths.

Money is Still Sorely Needed by the Sufferers from the western floods. The fund started by the New York *Herald* amounted at the close of last week to forty-one thousand dollars, but in the face of widespread suffering there should be no diminution in the contributions. A physician who has journeyed through the afflicted districts reports the discovery of frequent cases of pneumonia, bronchitis and catarrhal fevers, caused by exposure and wettings, while hundreds of people were found huddled together in warehouses and public buildings under the most unfavorable sanitary conditions. The slime and débris left by the floods, together with the fact that the water has covered, and in many places still covers, wells, cisterns, cellars and cesspools, induce grave apprehensions of a pestilence. The force of the floods themselves was expended chiefly upon property. Their after effects bear directly upon human life.

The Funeral of Gov. Alexander H. Stephens, of Georgia, on March 8th, was an event, the like of which has never been witnessed in the State. Fully 50,000 visitors were in Atlanta, and every one by gravity of demeanor evinced the high respect in which the great Commoner was held. The funeral procession was a mile and a half long. Rev. William Adams, assisted by Dr. Talmage, conducted the proceedings. Senator Colquitt introduced the speakers. General Toombs delivered a eulogy on his friend, the eloquence and pathos of which were not diminished by the emotion of the speaker. When he arose to speak he was completely overcome. He bowed his head on his hand and the tears trickled through his fingers. For fully two minutes he could not say a word. The silence was oppressive, and men and women in the audience all through wept as they saw this knightly old man so overcome. In the course of an interesting address, full of personal reminiscences of Governor Stephens, Justice Crawford said that Mr. Stephens had out of his limited means educated 122 poor young men, and that a green country boy sent to Crawfordsville to solicit aid from Mr. Stephens, and forgetting his name, asked, "Whar does the man live that eddicates poor boys?" Every hand in the crowd addressed pointed the boy to Liberty Hall.

The Effort to Check the Evils of Intemperance in New York City, now being made by Mr. Robert Graham and the Committee of Temperance Reformers, meets with but little encouragement from the authorities. At an interview with Mayor Edson and the Excise Commissioners, held last week, the committee called their attention to three glaring evils in the present licensing system: The number of boarding-houses and third class hotels licensed to sell spirits which is far too large for the wants of the travelling public; the 3336 places licensed to sell malt liquors, of which a large proportion sell spirits without a license; and the large number of places where liquor is sold after a license has been refused, and no steps are taken to bring the proprietors to punishment. It is admitted that in more than 1000 places liquor is sold without a license, and of these drinking-places a large proportion are notorious as dens of vice and disorder. Yet they are not closed. The Excise Commissioners disclaimed responsibility for these evils, and practically referred the committee for redress to the Legislature and the police.

Distressing News from the Banks of the Mississippi arrived every day last week. From *Vicksburg* it was reported that the Delta Levee was almost surrounded by back water, and was undergoing a fearful strain. The Ellislee Miss. Levee broke in three places on March 7th, one of the gaps being seventy feet wide. A *Globe-Democrat* correspondent, who reached Helena the following day from Memphis, gives the following view of the situation along the river bank: "There are not more than two or three spots of ground between Memphis and this point. Scores of the best farms in Arkansas and Mississippi are completely ruined, and most of them are abandoned, the owners and laborers having fled to higher ground. In many places the *cattle are standing in water*, which overflows the platforms, and almost every gin house is filled with colored people. There is *not a foot of dry land in forty miles*. Skiff-loads of colored people with their household goods are to be seen at various points seeking ground to rest on. At Sterling, colored people, houses, and cattle are indiscriminately huddled in the upper story of the only store there."

The Annual Reception of the Young Women's Christian Association was held at No. 7 East Fifteenth Street, New York, on March 6th. The association, it was stated, has been in existence twelve years, and during that period has accomplished much good in various departments for the class whose benefit it seeks. The treasury is entirely dependent upon the voluntary contributions of those interested in the work, *no fees being charged* in any of the departments. The receipts for 1882 were $7542.76, and the expenses $7265.90. Great interest has been manifested in the free educational classes, of which there are a large number, under the charge of competent teachers. The association had succeeded in finding situations for 1231 girls during the past year. It was stated that the great want now felt is of a large boarding house specially established as a home for girls who are earning their livelihood as clerks.

An Ark Large Enough to Carry Himself and family was built by a Californian citizen who was alarmed by the prediction of a violent storm, made by Professor Wiggins, of Canada. It will be remembered that Mr. Wiggins advised President Arthur and the owners of shipping to keep all vessels in safe quarters from March 9th to 11th, as a storm of unusal violence accompanied by huge tidal waves might be expected. The Californian citizen paid attention to the warning, and in order to secure his own safety and that of his family built an ark in which they might escape, in the event of the flood inundating the neighborhood. The event proves that the labor was unnecessary, but he and others will do well to remember that a warning of coming trouble has been given by infallible authority when an ark will be needed and has been provided (1 Pet. 3 : 20, 21).

Three Notable Pearls Have Recently Been found by the fishers near La Paz, Lower California. One of these, a gem weighing seventy-five carats, was sold by the fisherman on the spot for $14,000, which, however, was an insignificant sum compared with its real value. It is now announced that one of the fishermen has discovered a finely tinted and perfectly formed pearl weighing forty-seven carats, and valued at $5000; while yet another pearl was found about the same time, smaller than the former, but of perfect shape, weighing forty carats and valued at $3000. The fortunate fishermen are envied by all the people around the coast, and there are many fashionable ladies in higher station who share the feeling. Yet of these admirers of the gem how comparatively few seek to secure an entrance into that twelve-gated city of which we are told each gate is one pearl, or learn the lesson our Saviour taught concerning the pearl-seeker (Matt. 13 : 45).

A Noble Act of Filial Devotion was Witnessed at a fire in an apartment house in New York on March 7th. The fire broke out in the night, and a young lady sleeping on the third floor was aroused by the noise, and on opening her chamber door, at once realized her peril. There was plenty of time, however, for her to secure her retreat by the fire escape. But on the same floor her mother, who was paralyzed, and an old nurse lay asleep. She could not leave them to perish. She aroused them with great difficulty, and assisted them to descend the stairs. Eventually the nurse succeeded in reaching the street in safety and entreated the firemen to go to the assistance of the aged lady and her brave daughter. But it was too late; the firemen found the bodies of the two ladies close together. They had both beeen asphyxiated by the smoke. It is by reflecting on such an instance of self-sacrifice for others as this that we are able to approach a conception of the vicarious sacrifice of the Redeemer of the world (Rom. 5 : 7, 8).

A United States Consul Who Held Office for only forty-eight hours died recently in Western New York where he edited a daily journal. Not long ago he obtained through the influence of the Representative of his district in Congress the appointment of Consul in the Phillipine Islands. The journalist had sought this appointment for some reason not known, and after it was made it was suggested to him that another and better office might be obtained for him, but he expressed his preference for the Phillipine Islands. His friend in Congress wrote him urging him to change his views, and warned him that the Phillipine Islands were subject to frequent earthquakes. He telegraphed to Washington in reply a profane message expressing his contempt for earthquakes, and the commission was accordingly issued. He proceeded on his official mission, and duly arrived at his destination; but he had hardly touched his foot upon the shores of the far Pacific island before it was visited by a peculiarly violent earthquake shock, and the consul, having had practical experience of his serene philosophy, packed bag and baggage immediately and fled westward—his entire residence in his official capacity being less than forty-eight hours. Unhappily the same man expressed a similar disregard of the miseries of the impenitent after death, and left explicit instructions as to the services at his funeral, the observance of which, a few days ago, shocked the community. It is melancholy to reflect that the result of his temerity in the one case did not operate as a warning to him in the other and more serious one. But in spiritual matters such men are generally slow to learn (Jer. 12 : 5).

An Interesting Express Package was Brought from Dalton, Ga., to New York last week. The Adams Express messenger, travelling between this city and Washington, was puzzled how to act in the case of one of his consignments. It was entered as *a young lady*, and the terms were cash on delivery $35. There appeared to be some mistake in the entry, but to the messenger's surprise the young lady appeared, wearing the company's tag duly marked C. O. D. $35. The messenger was stupefied, but signed the receipt for the young lady, and finally delivered her duly at her destination in New York. It appeared that having to travel to this city, and being terrified lest in her inexperience of railroad travelling she should go astray, she chose to make the journey under the care of the Adams Express Co. Some little amusement was caused on board the train by the singular consignment, but the young lady arrived safely, which after all was the object of the arrangement. Happy are they who, in the journey of life, rely not on their own understanding, but commit all their ways to Him who will direct their steps (Prov. 3 : 5-7).

A Maniac Obtained Control of a New York ferry boat on Sunday, March 4th. The boat was secured in its Jersey City slip on the night before, and the crew went to sleep in their bunks. Before daybreak on Sunday morning they were startled by finding the boat in motion, and the engineer, pilot, and two deck hands were quickly in the engine-room. There they found a young man with his hand on the lever. He had unfastened the chains, removed the hawser, and had started the engine as well as an experienced man could have done it. It was only after a desperate struggle that he was dragged out of the engine-room, and then he broke from his assailants and jumped into the river; a boat was obtained and he was rescued, but his clothes were frozen solid to his body when he was taken ashore and sent to the hospital. He seemed sane, but said he was prompted by the devil to run the boat. It is remarkable that so many demented people ascribe their actions to Satanic influence. There may be more truth in their statements than is generally supposed. In this case the madman whether moved by the devil or not was doing with the boat as many people are with their lives. He was running it recklessly and without a pilot (Eph. 2 : 12).

The Presence of Mind and Promptitude of action of an employé in some works at South Bend, Ind., saved a fellow-workman from a horrible death a few days ago. He is a Polander and a very intelligent workman. As he was passing through the rooms of the Oliver Chilled Ploughworks, where he is employed, he saw a man who was working near the huge belt of the polishing-room caught up by it by his clothes and dragged toward the ceiling with frightful velocity. The Polander realized the peril of the struggling man, and whipping a large jack-knife out of his hip pocket, opened it and severed the belt, which is about a quarter of an inch thick, at one draw of the knife, and the man dropped to the floor. Had the Polander carried the knife in any other pocket where it would have taken an instant longer to get it, or had he made the least false motion, the man would have been pounded to a jelly over the shaft. Under other circumstances the severing of the belt would have been a serious offence, but a life in peril was ample justification for the act. It would be well if parents and others realized that when the eternal safety of children is in jeopardy the sacrifice of worldly position or worldly gain is often a duty which cannot be too quickly performed (Mark, 8 : 36).

"HEREIN IS LOVE."

A New Sermon by Pastor C. H. Spurgeon.

"Herein is love, not that we loved God, but that He loved us, and sent His Son to be the propitiation for our sins. Beloved, if God so loved us, we ought also to love one another."—1 John 4 : 10, 11.

Love Enjoined in the Law—The Distinguishing Mark of Christians—I. The Infinite Spring—Two Emphatic Words—II. The Marvellous Outflow—In Sending an Ambassador—His Own Son—As a Propitiation—III. The Consequent Outflow of Love from Us—The Water in the Fountain—Love to All Sorts of Men—Like God's Love—For the Same Reasons—An Abominable Spirit—Love Must be Practical—In Promoting Reconciliation—No Room for Boasting—The Useless Pipe of a Waterworks.

THE law commands love; indeed, all its precepts are summed up in that one word "love." More widely read it runs thus: "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy strength, and with all thy mind; and thy neighbor as thyself;" yet all this amounts only to "Thou shalt love."

But the law by reason of our depravity never produced love. We were commanded to love, but we did no such thing. The spirit that is in us is selfish, and it lusteth to envy and to enmity. Whence come wars and fightings among us? Come they not from our lusts? Since the Fall man has become man's bitterest foe upon the earth, and the world is full of hating, slandering, struggling, fighting, wounding, and slaying; all that law can do is to show the wrong of enmity, and threaten punishment; but it cannot supply an unregenerate heart with a fountain of love. Man remains unloving and unlovable till the Gospel takes him in hand, and by grace accomplishes that which the law could not do, in that it was weak through the flesh.

Love is winning many hearts to the kingdom of God, and its reign shall extend till love shall rule over the whole earth, and so the kingdom of God shall be set up among men, and God shall dwell among them. At the present moment love is

THE DISTINGUISHING MARK

of the people of God. Jesus said, "By this shall all men know that ye are My disciples, if ye have love one to another;" and John said, "We know that we have passed from death unto life, because we love the brethren." The man whose spirit is selfish has not the spirit of Christ, and "if any man have not the spirit of Christ he is none of His."

The saints begin with love to God. That must ever hold the highest place; for God is the best and noblest being, and we owe Him all our hearts. Then comes, for Jesus' sake, love to all who are in Christ. There is a peculiarly near and dear relationship existing between one child of God and all the rest. Loving Him that begat, we love all them that are begotten of Him. Should not a child love his brothers with a tender, peculiar affection? This principle of love, once implanted, induces in the heart of the converted man a love toward all mankind. Not that he can take any complacency in the wicked; God Himself cannot do that; His holiness abhors all iniquity.

The love desired is not the love of complacency, but the love of benevolence; so that we wish well, and to the utmost of our power would do well, unto all those that dwell upon the face of the earth. In this holy charity, this unselfish love, be ye imitators of God as dear children. Our heavenly Father is kind to the unthankful and to the evil, and so must we be; desiring that even the most abandoned may yet be rescued and made right and good. Love desires to create that which is lovable even in the most unlovable of mankind, and God helping the effort, she succeeds.

I hear one say, "This is a vast idea. Are we to love at this rate? Where is the love to come from? Our hearts are narrow, men are unworthy, provocations are numerous, another spirit is abroad in the world: where is this love to

come from? Where is the unfailing motive of love? For love is tried, and hardly put to it to hold her own. Can we find a motive that will never fail even toward the most provoking of mankind? Can we find an argument for affection which shall help us in times of ingratitude, when base returns threaten to freeze the very heart of charity? Yes, there is such a motive; there is a force by which even impossibilities of love can be accomplished, and we shall be supplied with a perpetual constraint moving the heart to ceaseless charity.

Come with me, then, in the first place, to notice *the infinite spring of love*—"Herein is love, not that we loved God, but that God loved us;" secondly, let us observe *the marvellous outflow of that love*—"God sent His Son to be the propitiation for our sins;" and then, thirdly, let us notice *the overflow of that love in us*, when it fills our hearts and runs over to others—"Beloved, if God so loved us, we ought also to love one another."

I. First,

THE INFINITE SPRING

of love. Our text has two words upon which I would place an emphasis—"*not*" and "*but*."

The first is "*not*." "Herein is love, not"—"not that we loved God." Very naturally many conclude that this means "not that we loved God first." That is not exactly the truth taught here, but still it is a weighty truth, and is mentioned in this same chapter in express words—"We love Him because He first loved us." Take a second sense—that is, not that any man did love God at all by nature, whether first or second; not that we, any one of us, ever did or ever could have an affection toward God while we remained in our state by nature. Instead of loving God, man is indifferent to God. "No God," saith the fool in his heart, and by nature we are all such fools. It is the sinner's wish that there were no God. We are atheistical by nature, and if our brain does not yield to atheism, yet our heart does. We wish that we could sin according to our own will, and that we were in no danger of being called to account for it. The unregenerate heart is, as to love, a broken cistern which can hold no water. In our natural state, there is none that doeth good, no, not one; so is there also none that loveth God, no, not one.

We come nearer to John's meaning when we look at this negative as applying to those who do love God. "Not that we loved God," that is, that our love to God, even when it does exist, and even when it influences our lives, is not worthy to be mentioned as a fountain of supply for love. The apostle points us away from it to something far more vast, and then he cries, "Herein is love." I am looking for "the springs of the sea," and you point me to a little pool amid the rocks which has been filled by the flowing tide. I am glad to see that pool: how bright! how blue! how like the sea from whence it came! But do not point to this as the source of the great waterfloods; for if you do I shall smile at your childish ignorance, and point you to yon great rolling main which tosses its waves on high. What is your little pool to the vast Atlantic? Do you point me to the love in the believer's heart, and say, "Herein is love!" You make me smile. I know that there is love in that true heart; but who can mention it in the presence of the great rolling ocean of the love of God, without bottom and without shore?

Let me use another figure. If we had to enlighten the world, a child might point us to a bright mirror reflecting the sun, and he might cry, "Herein is light!" You and I would say, "Poor child, that is but

BORROWED BRIGHTNESS;

the light is not there, but yonder, in the sun; the love of saints is nothing more than the reflection of the love of God. We *have* love, but God *is* love. When I think of the love of certain saints to Christ, I am charmed with it; for it is a fruit of the Spirit not to be despised. When I think of Paul the Apostle counting all things but loss for Christ; when I think of our missionaries going one after another into malarious parts of the African coast, and dying for Christ; and when I read the Book of Martyrs, and see confessors standing on the faggots, burning quick to the death, still bearing witness to their Lord and Master, I do rejoice in the love of saints to their Lord. Yet this is but a streamlet; the unfathomable deep, the eternal source from which all love proceeds, infinitely exceeds all human affection, and it is found in God, and in God alone. "Herein is love, not that we loved God, but that God loved us."

When we love God it is an honor to us; it exalts a man to be allowed to love a Being so glorious. A philosopher once wrote that for a man to speak of being the friend of God was too daring, and in the reverence of this thoughtful heathen there was much to admire; for indeed there is an infinite difference between the glorious God and the sinful creature man. Though God in condescension allows us to call Him friend, and Jesus says, "Ye are My friends!" yet this is beyond reason, and is a sweet revelation of the Holy Spirit. What an uplifting there is in it for us! On the other hand, God's love to us can add nothing to Him; it gives, but receives not. Divine love can have no recompense. That he, the Infinite should stoop to love the finite; that He, the infinitely pure should love the guilty, this is a vast condescension. See, moreover, what it involved; for this love rendered it necessary that in the person of His dear Son God should be "despised and rejected of men," should make Himself of no reputation, and should even be numbered with the transgressors. "Herein is love!"

I have thus pointed out

THE WELL-HEAD

of love; let us draw from it, and from none other. If you go into the world and say, "I am to love my fellow-men because I love God," the motive is good, but it is questionable, limited, and variable. How much better to argue—I am to love my fellow-men because God loves me. When my love grows cold toward God, and when by reason of my infirmity and imperfection I am led even to question whether I do love God at all, then my argument and my impulse would fail me if it came from my own love to God; but if I love the fallen because God loved me, then I have an unchanging motive, an unquestionable argument, and a forcible impulse not to be resisted; hence the apostle cried, "The love of Christ constraineth us." It is always well for a Christian to have the strongest motive, and to rely upon the most potent and perpetual force, and hence the apostle bids us look to divine love, and not to our own. "Herein is love," saith he, "not that we loved God, but that God loved us." So far the "not."

WHO LOVES US.

Let us turn to the "but." "*But* that He loved us." I have nothing new to say, nor do I wish to say anything new; but I should like you to meditate on each one of these words: "*He loved us.*" Three words, but what weight of meaning! "*He*," who is infinitely holy and cannot endure iniquity, "*He* loved us;" "He," whose glory is the astonishment of the greatest of intelligent beings, "He loved us." "*He*," whom the heaven of heavens cannot contain, "loved us." "He" who is God all-sufficient, and needs nothing of us, neither can indeed receive anything at our hands—"He loved us." What joy lies sleeping here! Oh, that we could wake it up! What hope, too, for hopeless sinners, because "God loved us." If a man could know that he was loved of all his fellow-men, if he could have it for certain that he was loved by all the angels, doted on by cherubim and seraphim, yet these were but so many drops, and all put together could not compare with the main ocean contained in the fact that "*God* loved us."

Now ring that second silver bell: "He *loved* us." It has often made me rise from my seat to think that God loves me! I could not sit still and hear the thrilling truth. Such knowledge is too wonderful for me; it is high, I cannot attain unto it. It is sweet to be loved even by a dog; it is sweet to be loved by a babe; it is sweet to be loved by a friend; it is sweet to be loved by God's people; but, oh, to be loved of God, and to know it! this is paradise. Would a man want any other heaven than to know for certain that he enjoyed the love of God?

Note the third word. "He loved *us*,"—"us"—the most insignificant of beings. There is an ant-hill somewhere; it is no matter to you where it is. It teems with ants. Stir the nest, and they swarm in armies. Think of one of them. No; you do not need to know anything about Him! His business is no concern of yours; so let him go. But that ant, after all, is more considerable to you than you are to God. "All the inhabitants of the earth are reputed as nothing." What are you even in this great city! one man, one woman in London, in England, in the population of the world,

WHAT A CIPHER YOU ARE!

Yet what is the population of this world compared with the universe? I suppose that all these stars which we see at night, all the countless worlds within our range of vision, are but as a little dust in a lone corner of God's great house. The whole solar system, and all the systems of worlds we have ever thought of, are but as a drop of a bucket compared with the boundless sea of creation; and even that is as nothing compared to the infinite God: and yet, "He loved *us*"—the insignificant creatures of an hour. This is marvellous.

Observe that the previous verse speaks of us as being dead in sin. "In this was manifested the love of God toward us, because that God sent His only begotten Son into the world, that we might live through Him." Then we were dead, dead to all goodness, or thought or power, of goodness, criminals shut up in the condemned cell; and yet God loved us with a great love even when we were dead in trespasses and sins. He was wroth with us as a Judge, but yet He loved us: He was determined to punish, and yet resolved to save.

This is a world of wonders! I am utterly beaten by my text. I confess myself mastered by my theme. But who among us can measure the unfathomable? "Herein is love," that God freely, out of the spontaneous motion of His own heart, should love us. This is the argument for love; this is the inexhaustible fountain out of which all love must come. If we desire love, may we come and fill our vessels here and bear it out to others. Love springing from our own bosoms is flat, feeble, and scant; but the love of God is a great deep, forever fresh, and full and flowing. Here are those springs of the sea of which we spake; "Herein is love!"

II. I want your attention a little longer while I speak as best I can upon

THE MARVELLOUS OUTFLOW

of that love. "Herein is love, not that we loved God, but that He loved us, and sent His Son to be the propitiation for our sins." Beloved, the love of God is seen in creation; he that studies the mechanism of the human frame and of its surroundings will see much of divine kindness therein. The love of God is to be seen in providence; he that watches the loving hand of God in daily life will not need to look far before he sees tokens of a Father's care. But if you want to know when the great deep of God's love was broken up, and arose in the fulness of its strength to prevail over all; if you would see it revealed in a deluge, like Noah's flood, you must wait till you see Jesus born at Bethlehem and crucified on Calvary; for His mission to men is the divinest manifestation of love.

Consider every word: "He sent His Son." God "*sent*." Love caused that mission. If there was to be reconciliation between God and man, man ought to have sent to God; the offender ought to be the first to apply for forgiveness; the weaker should apply to the greater for help; the poor man should ask of him who

distributes alms; but "Herein is love" that God "sent." He was

FIRST TO SEND AN EMBASSY

of peace. To-day "we are ambassadors for Christ, as though God did beseech you by us; we pray you in Christ's stead, be ye reconciled to God." Oh, the wonder of this, that God should not wait till rebellious men had sent to His throne for terms of reconciliation, but should commence negotiations Himself!

Moreover, God sent such a One: He "sent *His Son.*" If men send an embassy to a great power they select some great one of their nation to wait upon the potent prince; but if they are dealing with a petty principality they think a subordinate person quite sufficient for such a business. Admire, then, the true love of the infinitely gracious God, that when He sent an embassy to men He did not commission an angel nor even the brightest spirit before His throne; but He sent His Son—oh, the love of God to men! He sent His equal Son to rebels who would not receive Him, would not hear Him, but spat upon Him, scourged Him, stripped Him, slew Him! Yes, "He spared not His own Son, but freely delivered Him up for us all." He knew what would come of that sending of Him, and yet He sent Him.

"Jesus, commission'd from above,
Descends to men below,
And shows from whence the springs of love
In endless currents flow.

"He, whom the boundless heaven adores,
Whom angels long to see,
Quitted with joy those blissful shores,
Ambassador to me!

"To me, a worm, a sinful clod,
A rebel all forlorn:
A foe, a traitor, to my God,
And of a traitor born."

Go a step further. "God sent His Son *to be a propitiation,*" that is, to be not only a reconciler, but the reconciliation. His sacrifice of Himself was the atonement through which mercy is rendered possible in consistency with justice. I have heard men say with scorn that God required a sacrifice before He would be reconciled, as if that were wrong on the part of the Judge of all. But let me whisper in their ears: God required it, it is true, for He is just and holy; but God found it Himself. Remember that—Jehovah found the ransom which He demanded. It was Himself, His own Son, one with Himself, that became the propitiation and the reconciliation.

There was no other way by which you could be reconciled to God, for had He reconciled you to a part of Himself and not to His justice, you had not been in very truth at all reconciled to God. It is now to God completely just, holy, whose anger burns against sin; it is to Him that you are reconciled by faith in Christ Jesus, through the laying down of His life for men. Oh, that God would bless this to all who hear the glad tidings!

III. We come at last to think of the consequent

OUTFLOW OF LOVE FROM US—

"Beloved, if God so loved us, we ought also to love one another." Our love then to one another is simply God's love to us, flowing into us, and flowing out again. That is all it is. "Herein is love, not that we loved God, but that God loved us," and then we love others. You have seen a noble fountain in a continental city adorning a public square. See how the water leaps into the air; and then it falls into a circular basin which fills and pours out its fulness into another lower down, and this again floods a third. Hear the merry plash as the waters fall in showers and cataracts from basin to basin! If you stand at the lower basin and look upon it and say, "Herein is water;" that is true, and will be true of the next higher one, and so forth; but if you would express the truth as to where the water really is, you may have to look far away, perhaps upon a mountain's side, for there is a vast reservoir from which pipes are laid to bring these waters and force them to their height that they may descend so beautifully.

Thus the love we have to our fellow-creatures drops from us like the descending silvery cataract from the full basin, but the first source of it is the immeasurable love of God which is hidden away in His very essence, which never changes, and never can be diminished. Herein is love? If you and I desire to love our fellow-Christians and to love the fallen race of man, we must be joined on to the aqueduct which conducts love from this eternal source, or else we shall soon fail in love.

Your love will respect the same persons as God's love does, and for the same reasons. God loves men; so will you; God loves them when there is no good in them, and you will love them in the same way. Sometimes the wickedness of men kindles in the heart of a true Christian a stronger affection for them. The deeper down they are the more they want a Saviour. Did not our Moravian brethren feel when they went out as missionaries that they would prefer to go first to the most barbarous tribes? for they said, "The more degraded they are the more they need a Saviour." And should not the missionary spirit make believers feel, if men are sunk until, they are as low as brutes, and as savage as devils, that this is the stronger reason for our being eager to bring them to Christ?

I hope

THAT ABOMINABLE SPIRIT

which used to come in among Christian people has been kicked away to its father the devil, where it ought to be: I mean the spirit which despises the poor and the fallen. When I have heard people say, "What is the good of looking after such riff-raff?" I have been saddened. The Church of God feels that the souls of the meanest are precious, that to save the most foul, the most ignorant, the most degraded, the most brutalized man or woman that ever lives is an object worthy of the effort of the whole church, since God thought it worthy of the death of Jesus Christ that He might bring sinners dead in sin to live unto Himself.

Brothers and sisters, we shall not have grasped the truth unless we feel that our love to men must be practical, because God's love to us was so. In the gift of the Lord Jesus we behold the reality of divine love. When we see the poor we must not say, "Be ye warmed; be ye filled; I am sorry for you;" but we must let our love relieve them from our stores. If we see the ignorant we must not say, "Dear me, the church is neglecting the masses; the church must wake up;" but we must bestir ourselves and struggle ourselves to win sinners. If there be any near you who are degraded, do not say, "I wish somebody would go after them." No; go after them yourself. We have each one a mission; let that mission be fulfilled.

Our love ought to follow the love of God in one point, namely, in always seeking to produce reconciliation. It was to this end that God sent His Son. Has anybody offended you? Seek reconciliation. "Oh, but I am the offended party." So was God, and He went straight away and sought reconciliation. Brother, do the same. "Oh, but I have been insulted." Just so; so was God; all the wrong was toward Him, yet He sent. "Oh, but the party is so unworthy." So are you; but "God loved you and sent His Son." Go you and write according to that copy.

I do not mean that this love is to come out of your own heart originally, but I do mean that it is to flow out of your heart because God has made it to flow into it. You are one of those basins of the fountain; love has poured into you from above, let it run over to those who are below. Go forth at once, and try and make reconciliation, not only between yourself and your friend, but between every man and God. We need never think that we shall meet with men to whom God will not consent to be reconciled. The propitiation is such that whosoever comes to God shall be received through it. God is always within to receive every soul that comes to Him by Jesus Christ.

When we have done all, what then? We shall have nothing whereof to glory. Suppose a man should become so loving that he gave himself wholly up for his fellow-creatures, and actually died for them, would he have anything to boast of? Read my text over again. "Beloved, if God so loved us, we *ought* also to love one another;" so that if you get to the highest point of self-sacrifice you will never be able to boast, for you have only then done what it was your duty to have done. Thus you see

THE HIGHEST GRADE OF CHRISTIANITY

excludes all idea of salvation by works, for when we come up to its utmost pitch, if we give our body to be burned for love, yet still we have done no more than it was our duty to have done, considering the tremendous obligations under which the love of God has laid us.

If you had to manage waterworks for the distribution of water all over this city, and there was a certain pipe into which you poured water, and none ever came out at the other end, do you know what you would do? You would take it out and say, "This does not suit my purpose; I want a pipe that will give out as well as receive." That is exactly what the Lord desires of us. Do not selfishly say, "I want to sit down and enjoy the love of God. I shall never say a word to anybody about Christ. I will never give a poor creature so much as a brass farthing; but I want to sit down and be solaced with the love of God." If you think thus, you are a pipe plugged up; you are of no use; you will have to be taken out of the system of the church; for the system of love-supply for the world requires open pipes, through which love divine may freely flow. May the Lord clear you, and fill you, so that out of you there may continually flow rivers of living water. Amen.

[The prayers of the readers of this Journal are requested for the blessing of God upon its Editors in America and England, and those whose sermons, articles, or labors for Christ are printed in it; and for its weekly circulation of more than 260,000 copies to be blessed by the Holy Spirit to the conversion of many sinners and the quickening of God's people. Mr. Spurgeon and Dr. Talmage especially request prayer every Sunday morning on behalf of their labors.]

REV. HENRY AND MRS. CRAVEN.

Pioneer Missionaries on the Congo.

(*See Portraits on page 172.*)

THE Rev. Henry Craven who is now with his devoted wife laboring in the Dark Continent in the region opened up by Dr. Livingstone and the American explorer, Mr. H. M. Stanley, is an Englishman. He was born in the year 1855, near Birkenhead. His father died while Henry was a child, and for many years the boy, though very fond of his widowed motner, led a life of frivolity and sin.

He was residing in Liverpool in the year 1873, and there he was persuaded by an acquaintance to attend just for once a Baptist church, to witness the immersion of some young people he knew. He went and was deeply impressed. The Holy Spirit touched his heart, and he went again and again until finally he was led to give himself wholly to the Saviour and consecrate his life to His service.

He at once commenced to labor earnestly for the Lord, holding cottage meetings and special services. At this time he joined with several of his companions in renting a little chapel, in which to conduct evangelistic meetings, and assisted as well by teaching in the Sunday-school, and promoting the cause of temperance in connection with the Band of Hope.

ENTERS THE MISSIONARY INSTITUTE.

After laboring in this way for more than two years, he applied to Mr. H. Grattan Guinness for admission to his East London Institute for Foreign Missions, a picture of which appeared in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD of January 19th, 1882, and was received as a student. Here he remained in training for two years and a half.

Mrs. H. Craven.

The Rev. H. Craven.

Miss Lydia C. Williams.

During this period his interest in the foreign mission field continued to increase, and on hearing of the proposed mission to the Congo, he was one of the first to volunteer for this important service. After due consideration of his case he was accepted to go forth as *the pioneer missionary* of the Livingstone Inland Mission, to tell of Jesus in a part where the Gospel had never been heard of, and where no white man had been before.

In January, 1878, he sailed for the Congo in company with one colleague. Little did he then think of the great door God was about to open up in that vast region, or that in less than five years more than thirty other missionaries would follow him up that great river, or that eight should be called upon to lay down their lives for Christ's sake.

The first object of the mission was to found a station at Wabuama, a distance of 500 miles up the Congo. In May, 1878, Mr. Craven and his companion left Masuka (which was then the highest point occupied by a white man) in a large canoe. After rowing a day and a half up river they were stopped by the Yalala cataracts, and were obliged to return a short distance and land on the south bank of the Congo at a place called Matadi. Here Mr. Craven was left with one black boy, while his companion went to seek carriers. For two days he lived on the beach without being visited by a single native.

ALONE AMONG NATIVES.

On the third day, at sundown, a deputation consisting of some fifty persons came from the king of the country, wishing to know who the strangers were and what they wanted. Mr. Craven briefly explained in Portuguese the object of their visit. After receiving a present for their king, the deputation withdrew, leaving three of their number to watch the movements of the missionary. The same night the canoe which had taken Mr. Craven's companion down river, returned without him, and as the men who had charge of the canoe were of the most reprobate and degraded character, Mr. Craven knew that neither life nor property was safe from their attacks.

After earnest prayer for guidance and protection, Mr. Craven retired for the night in his tent, first taking the precaution to fix a gun in such a position that on the door opening, it should go off. In the middle of the night an attempt was made to enter the tent, when the noise of the gun frightened away the thieves and aroused the inmates. But God mercifully preserved his life, and he was soon enabled to commence work.

HIS AUSPICIOUS MARRIAGE.

In February of 1879, Mr. Craven was *married* to Miss Bosson, of Willaston, who joined him at Banana, and became in every respect a most valuable helpmeet in his future labors. Miss Bosson had been missionary-spirited from her youth, and her union with Mr. Craven only brought about the accomplishment of long-cherished desires.

The trials and adventures of these pioneer missionaries on the Congo have been numerous and interesting. Several times they have been on the brink of the grave through the fevers which in the space of four years have carried off eight of their number, and compelled others to retire from the mission and return to England. Three times Mr. Craven

NARROWLY ESCAPED DROWNING.

On one of these occasions, while proceeding from Boma to Banana on board a steamer of the Dutch Trading Company, the vessel running upon a bank, was thrown by the current upon her beam-ends and filled with water. All on board rapidly undressed and were proceeding to launch a surf-boat as a last means of escape when the vessel herself suddenly righted and floated off the bank in safety.

Mrs. Craven, who is not physically strong, has bravely struggled with the difficulties of the climate, nursing the sick, teaching the native children, and managing the domestic arrangements of the station at Palaballa, although for weeks at a time she has been confined to her bed through fevers and sickness.

In August, 1881, Mr. and Mrs. Craven returned to England to recruit their health, which had become shattered, bringing with them *three native children*, two boys and a girl who were baptized on a profession of their faith in Christ. They are the

FIRST-FRUITS OF THE CONGO VALLEY.

In that valley containing millions of inhabitants, is now being preached the salvation of Jesus Christ. During their residence in England, these boys, by their blameless lives, won the affection of all with whom they came into contact, proving beyond doubt that they had been made new creatures in Christ; the change was remarkable, considering how short a time they had been under Christian influence.

They also rendered Mr. Guinness the most valuable aid in the preparation of a grammar and dictionary of the Congo language, which have recently been published, and are now in the hands of the missionaries on the Congo, as well as numerous portions of Scripture for use in the native schools. These native children have also been successful in arousing public interest in the people of the Congo, showing as they have done, that the race is capable of a high degree of mental and moral culture.

After spending more than a year in England, Mr. and Mrs. Craven recently sailed from Liverpool to resume their important work at Palaballa.

MISS LYDIA C. WILLIAMS.

Of the China Inland Mission.

THE young lady, *whose portrait appears on this page*, is one of the missionaries sent to China by the China Inland Mission, conducted by Rev. J. Hudson Taylor. She was *born* in August, 1854, and is therefore now in the twenty-ninth year of her age. The early part of her life was spent under the care of her Christian parents from whom she received a fair general education, and came under the saving influences of the Gospel of Christ.

When Miss Williams was seventeen years of age, she was brought to see her need of a Saviour, and the satisfaction and peace which are associated with His service. Yielding herself to Him without reserve, her loyal and ardent love for Him soon manifested itself in constant efforts for the advancement of His kingdom. As the child of a Christian household, it was her privilege to have opportunities of intercourse with many of the Christian workers of the locality, and these cordially and gratefully

ACCEPTED HER CO-OPERATION.

Previous to her conversion to Christ, Miss Williams had shown a very high-spirited and lively temperament, and those who knew her best in her early girlhood days are most surprised at the choice of her future life-work as a missionary of the Cross among heathen peoples. But God who with unerring wisdom governs all the earthly affairs of His children, and holds in His own hand the helm of their destiny, has been pleased to endow His youthful messenger with a strong, bold spirit, which, changed in its aims and tendencies by the power and working of the Holy Spirit, will be of inestimable value to her in the distant field of arduous labor which has been assigned her.

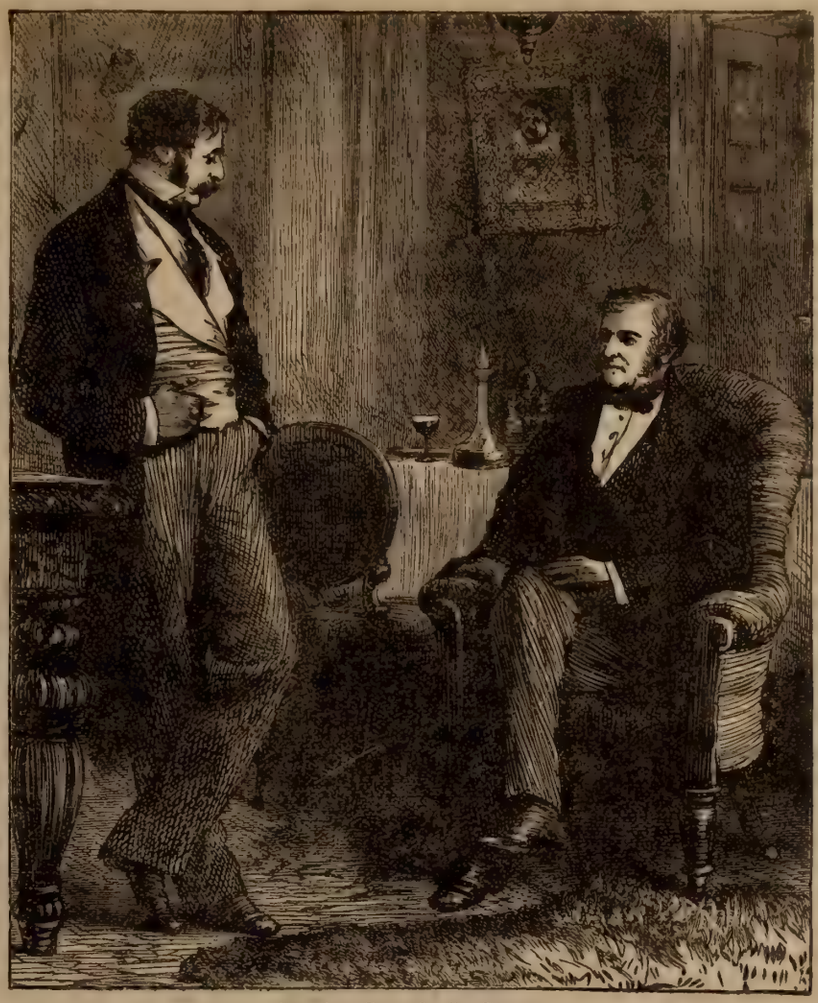
Miss Williams had, from the very dawning of her spiritual life, been animated by a desire for foreign mission work, and her previous impressions were deepened and strengthened by her visit to the annual Mildmay Park Conference, in 1878, when at a prayer-meeting for China, at which the Rev. Mr. Stott, of the China Inland Mission, was present, she was led to say from the depths of a full heart, in response to the

question—"Whom shall I send, and who will go for us?" "Lord, here am I, send *me*."

HOW SHE CAME TO THINK OF CHINA.

The *special* claims of China did not at that period present themselves to her mind, for she was willing to go anywhere, if God would only lead her. Some time afterward, in conversation with the *Rev. M. Baxter*, he spoke to her of the magnitude of China's needs, the comparative fewness of missionaries in that ample and deeply interesting field, and suggested that she should think of the Christless millions in that mighty empire, whose ears have never been charmed with the music of the Gospel, and upon whose countenances the benignant rays of divine mercy and love have never fallen. She accordingly did so, pondering and praying over the subject for months, and possessing herself of all the available information respecting it, with the result that two years later, *i.e.*, in 1882, Miss Williams offered herself to the Council of the China Inland Mission, and was most cordially accepted.

She sailed for Shanghai on January 31st, by the P. and O. steamship "Peshawur," and is accompanied on her voyage by three other sisters in the Lord, the Misses Carpenter and Miss Kate Goodman, the latter of whom will be stationed, for a time at least, with Miss Williams at Nanking. In devoting themselves to the work of the Lord in this dark land where millions of people sit in darkness, these young ladies voluntarily leave their native land and subject themselves to dangers and hardships of a serious character. They are animated by love to their Saviour, and an earnest desire to serve Him. They establish by their effort a claim on the prayers of the Church in all lands; for in the kingdom of God there is no question of nationality, but all those who love and serve the Saviour are our brethren and sisters indeed.



Charles Crawford's Story.

CHARLES CRAWFORD'S TAINT.

"A GENTLEMAN wishes to speak to you, sir," said an office boy to a well-dressed man of some thirty years of age, who was walking with rapid, elastic step along Broadway, New York.

The man stopped, looked down at the bright face of the lad, and said, "Are you sure I am the person you want?"

"Yes, sir, he said he could not overtake you, but he knows you and would like to speak to you if you would come with me."

"Who can it be?" said Charles Crawford to himself, as he turned and accompanied his little guide. Immediately his hand was grasped and a cheery voice said, "Crawford, my boy, I knew it was you when you passed the window just now. I am very glad to see you. How have you been this long time? Where are you living? Are you prospering? Can you come and dine with me to-night?"

"I will say yes to your last question, Mr. Brown, and as to the others let me answer them then. I have an appointment now, and if you will excuse me I should like to hurry away. I meant to look you up after I had finished my business here. It is ten years since I was in New York, and I am staying but a short time now. But I should not have left the city without seeing you."

"I should think not, Crawford. I would not have forgiven you if you had. But business is business, and must be attended to; so I will not keep you now. Don't forget though; seven o'clock this evening, and there's the place," said Mr. Brown, handing him a card.

That evening Charles Crawford was ushered into a room handsomely furnished but evidently a bachelor's sanctum. A bearskin rug lay in front of an open fire grate, and the comfortable armchairs and every arrangement about the room betokened that its occupant understood and practised the art of making himself comfortable. The cloth was spread for dinner, and, as Crawford entered, his host came from an inner room, and extending both hands gave him a cordial welcome and then rang the bell for the meal to be served. During the dinner the conversation was on the topics of the day, but afterward when the wine was placed on the table and the two gentlemen were alone, Mr. Brown wheeled his chair around to the fire and said, "Now, Crawford, I want to hear your story. You are a puzzle to me. I have wondered about you ever since you left us, and have been worried many a time by thinking you had fallen into trouble. Now, fill your glass and tell me your story."

"I will tell you my story without filling my glass, Mr. Brown, and, in fact, the question of the glass is the point of my story. Ten years ago, as you know, I was in the employ of your firm, and I may say without vanity was one of the most promising young men in the place. I could see that I not only enjoyed your favor, but that of your partners, and that I might count on a very bright future. Then when you sent me to establish the branch house in the West I had a practical proof of your confidence, and I looked upon it as the stepping-stone to fortune."

"So it might have been, my boy," interjected Mr. Brown; "so it might have been, and I have never been able to understand why you did not put your foot upon it and mount. Why, you might have been a partner in the house, sir, before you were forty."

"I know, I know," continued Crawford, "but I will tell you how it slipped from my grasp. You remember that the night before I started for Chicago you invited me to dine with you, and I was proud to accept your invitation. I looked upon you as my best friend, as you had been ever since I entered the employ of the house, and I knew it was mainly owing to your influence that I was appointed. Well, sir, you gave me some very good advice that evening, and I meant to follow it. When I was leaving, something occurred which you have probably forgotten, but which had consequences that make it very memorable to me. You invited me to share a bottle of some wonderful champagne with you, and drink success to the new enterprise."

"Yes, I remember it very well," said Mr. Brown, "it was some I had kept for twenty years; I have some of it now."

"Well, sir, I was a different man after I had tasted that wine. My father, I have heard, died of delirium tremens when I was a boy, and I suppose my blood must have had a taint. It was like blood to a tiger. I was mad. I hurried from your place and the next day started for Chicago. For several days I tried to attend to business, but the craving for wine like that was intolerable. I could do nothing as I was used to do, and finally I telegraphed you resigning my position, and before night I was intoxicated for the first time in my life. After that my downward course was rapid. I had saved nearly a thousand dollars, and I spent it all. I was not riotous nor vicious when I was drunk; I was simply heavily, dreamily happy. The next morning after a debauch, I was intensely miserable, and then I rose and drank myself into insensibility again. This continued as long as my money lasted, and then I procured work enough to keep me from starvation and to pay for liquor. I sank into a position more degraded than a beast. I was following rapidly in the footsteps of my father, and should before this have come to the same end had not God in His mercy interposed. He sent one of His servants to me, and though I had no hope then of rescue, he never lost hope. One memorable day I put away the liquor from me, and from that day to this, more than eight years now, I have never tasted it. I soon began the ascent of worldly progress, and have succeeded well through God's help. This is my first visit to New York since I left it ten years ago, and I promised myself that I would come and tell you my story so that you might never again through motives of kindness and hospitality unintentionally kindle such a flame in another breast."

TRUE, THOUGH TRIED.

A Tale of the Seventeenth Century.

By Marie Hall

(*Continued from page* 159.)

Release and Immigration.

WHEN Captain Butler spoke of selling Margaret's miniature, it was no idle threat, only he had not stated the truth when he insinuated that it was to be used in a manner objectionable to her feelings. It had come about in the following manner. The day after Margaret's arrest, Captain

Butler met a number of guests at the house of a friend living at some distance from Deerham. Among these guests was an Italian nobleman, who had long been an English resident, and secretly a convert to dissenting principles. He was far advanced in life, but still enthusiastically attached to everything connected with his youthful days. On the subject of music and painting he waxed quite eloquent, and spoke warmly in admiration of some sketches that his host produced, by Meyers, the artist.

"Have you not a finished painting by this genius?" he asked, at length.

It was then that Butler produced his case, with its exquisite enclosure. The Italian went into raptures; he had seen nothing so lovely since he left the land where Raphael wrought and dreamed.

"Would Captain Butler sell the picture?" he asked, hesitatingly; not knowing how it was regarded by the soldier, for he had exhibited it with a mixture of pride and indifference.

"No, he did not feel disposed to part with it then; but if ever he felt inclined, the seignor should have the opportunity of purchasing it."

So the matter rested, until after Margaret's trial; and then, meeting the nobleman one day in London, the captain gladly accepted a handsome sum for the thing he had once coveted so earnestly to possess. The Italian treasured it as a mere work of art; he knew nothing of the original; her strange history had never reached his ears, and his search after Meyers had been unsuccessful.

On learning the Puritan maiden's sentence, which had been brought about indirectly by his means, the artist had left that part of the country, full of remorse.

When formerly asked to paint a picture of the Virgin for Lyndhurst, he, thinking she would never see it, and at least have no serious objection in case she did, he made some additions to the copy he had preserved of her picture, and presented it to the chapel. Of such a result as followed he never dreamed; and ever afterward felt himself to blame for the evils that befel Margaret.

The nobleman admired his purchase, but did not worship it; and often he wondered what was the fate of the fair woman it represented, for the captain's mysterious manner had rather awakened his curiosity and interest.

At the end of April, in the spring we have alluded to, Butler and seignor chanced to visit again at the same house, and during the captain's stay he accepted a challenge to fight a duel with an individual of similar character to his own, to wipe off with his sword a tarnish on what he called his honor. In the duel, the captain was dangerously wounded. He was a miserable and pitiable object, unfit for death, his conscience laden with unpardoned sins. His life as a soldier had been such as he could not dare to think upon; but nothing lay so heavy on his heart as the remembrance of the blight he had cast on the "White Rose." She haunted him day and night, either as meekly standing before Jeffries, or dying a lonely and lingering death in that miserable cell.

So it ever is. The sins bad men commit with a light heart, the wrongs they do heedlessly or with a powerful vindictiveness may slumber for years and never trouble them by day or night, but when sickness comes, and they stand on the threshold of death, there often rises before them the image of their victim as if reproaching them with the evil done, and threatening retribution. The victim may have been, as in this case, gentle and forgiving, having neither desire nor disposition to avenge the wrong suffered, but the evil-doer imagines them malignant and revengeful. He judges them by his own heart and expects that when he meets them in the world to come he will suffer the penalty of his deeds. This was the condition of Captain Butler as he thought of Margaret and the foul wrong he had done her. Well was it for him that in the Italian nobleman he had a friend better instructed than himself.

The Italian, who was a kind-hearted Christian man, felt the greatest concern for the unhappy sufferer.

He seldom left his couch, and when the captain was sensible, tried to speak to him of the Saviour as a Mediator and Sacrifice for sin; but as soon as the patient's mind wandered again, he talked perpetually of Margaret, sometimes asking her to forgive him, sometimes railing at her, and threatening her with tortures. Once he spoke confusedly of a picture he had sold, and the Italian guessed that he must be referring to the original of the portrait he had purchased; and from further hints, he fancied she belonged to the same sect to which he was secretly attached himself. That the girl had been wronged he could not doubt—perhaps she was still suffering; and as the seignor thought of the sweet, fair face, he shuddered at the idea of her ever being at the mercy of such a profligate.

There was no hope of the captain's recovery; but a few days before his death he was quite sensible, and able to converse at intervals. After receiving a few last directions concerning his affairs, the Italian asked:

"Is there nothing else you wish to speak of?"

"Nothing," replied the sick man; adding, with a sigh, "it is too late now to alter things."

"Is there anything you would like to alter, if you had time?"

"Yes, man, a hundred things. I wish I could blot out more than half my life."

"It may not be too late to remedy some of the evil; even now perhaps justice might be done, and you would surely die happier."

"What do you mean? What do you know of my past life?" said the captain, looking surprised.

"You have spoken pretty freely while you have been lying here, and I could not help hearing."

"What have I said?" cried Butler, excitedly, half raising himself, and then sinking back, with the pallor of death on his face.

"Don't be afraid, my poor fellow," said the Italian, soothingly. "Whatever I have heard is sacred; only there is one thing I should like to ask, if you will pardon me."

"Say on," gasped the dying man, "and be quick, for my strength is going fast."

"Perhaps you may remember selling me a picture last year."

"Well!" said the captain, looking excited again.

"The original of that miniature—is she living?" asked the noble, cautiously; for he feared to agitate the dying man, and thus hasten his end.

"Why do you ask? What do you know of her?"

"Nothing but what you have let fall while you were delirious. I am interested in her fate, and fear that in some way you have injured her. This, I am sure, must be heavy on your conscience. Is she living, or is it indeed too late to undo the past?"

The captain would not reply to the question: he began to swear at the Italian for listening, and getting to know his private affairs in such a mean way. But the seignor stopped him, and threatened to leave him, if he persisted in injuring himself by giving way to passion, even on the very brink of the grave. Then the poor wretch wept, and clung feebly to his friend.

"Don't leave me: I shall not trouble you much longer; only why do you now rake up all these things to torment me?"

"I shall stay if you will compose yourself, and believe that I do not willingly pain you by awakening sad memories; but you must let me say that in the next world you cannot escape the stings of memory if you die impenitent, and with sins unconfessed. I do not ask you to confess them to me—I have no power to forgive; but is all the evil you have done past recall? Why should not your last act be one that will follow you with a blessing, and not with a curse?"

Too weak to resist, the soldier reluctantly told the story of his love, and hatred, and subsequent revenge.

"And is she still in Deerham Prison?" asked his listener, at length.

"Yes;" and real penitence softened the soldier's face for the first time; "yes, but she was ill when last I heard. I should not like to know that she died there. I never meant to be so bad. I thought, to be sure, she would yield in the end; and just before I got my death wound I meant to have done something to get her a release. But now what can I do?"

"Tell me how to act, and I promise never to rest until the lady is set free."

"But what will become of her then? She is ill, and an orphan. You will find plenty of money in my leathern bag for her present wants; but after that is gone she may want friends." The captain seemed bent now upon acting generously as well as justly.

"She shall not want a friend while I live," said the kind old man.

After this conversation the soldier sank rapidly, and died with a penitent prayer on his lips.

We leave him and his sins, as the Italian did, to the mercifulness of the Saviour. The nobleman did not lose an hour in setting about the fulfilment of his sacred trust; but it was not until the month of June, that, after immense trouble, and with the assistance of those high in office, success crowned his efforts, and Margaret was released from prison on condition she would leave England.

On the deck of a small Dutch vessel, a little group of passengers were watching the fast receding shores of England.

"Lift me up once more, Rebecca," said a low soft voice; and Rebecca, the ever-faithful attendant, tenderly lifted up an emaciated form, that acquaintances of former days would hardly have recognized as belonging to the fair and stately Margaret Desborough. Her languid eyes rested lovingly on the distant cliffs, until the blinding tears hid sea and land from view.

"Lay me down again, please. I shall never see the dear island again—never;" and the maiden turned her face away and closed her eyes, as if to sleep. But one stood near who was not to be deceived; he saw her bosom heave, and her hand clasp, as if in silent prayer. He bent down and whispered:

"'We seek a better country, even a heavenly.'"

The girl faintly smiled. "Yes, my journey will not be a long one. It seemed as if my spirit never could get free in that narrow cell; now I can die happily, with the glad breezes that fill our sails singing of liberty, and the wild waves dashing round our little bark. It makes me long for wings like yonder sea-birds, to 'fly away and be at rest.'"

"Hush, child!" said the old Italian nobleman (for it was he who had spoken), "hush! you must not talk of dying now; these breezes will soon bring strength to your limbs, and color to those white cheeks. You look better this moment than you did before we set sail; does she not, Master Pelham?"

The gentleman appealed to was resting his arms on the bulwarks, lost in thought. He keenly felt that it was a bitter necessity that drove him as an exile from his native land. Hearing his name, John Pelham turned round, and soon forgot his sad reflections in an earnest discussion with Margaret's guardian on the life that lay before them; and while Margaret listened to them, laid bright and hopeful plans for the future in the new world. A faint desire for life quickened the failing springs of existence. Almost reluctantly she admitted the hope of recovery; she had so long contemplated death as the only possible termination of her sufferings, that life was regarded as little else than a burden, to be borne patiently as a cross, and laid down cheerfully and thankfully.

By the time the vessel reached Holland, Margaret had perceptibly improved, and before they left that country, in company with many other

emigrants for the new world, her kind guardian's heart was at ease concerning her. Her health was gradually restored, and among friends of the Puritan faith, and in married life with Pastor Pelham, she found a happy resting-place away from the uncongenial Roman Catholic atmosphere of Deerham Court, and in a land "far kinder than her own."

THE END.

REVIEW OF THE QUARTER'S LESSON.

S. S. Lesson for March 25. Golden Text, Acts 4: 33. By Mrs. M. Baxter.

Characteristics of the Primitive Church—Great Power and Great Grace—Present Low Standard of Christianity—The Perilous Times of the Last Days—The Apostles Sustained by Faith—Men Thoroughly Surrendered to God—Holiness and Healing Always Connected — The Church at Its Best—Noxious Weeds Rooted Out—First Indications of Declension—The Results of Dispersion.

"AND with great power gave the apostles witness of the resurrection of the Lord Jesus; and great grace was upon them all." This, our golden text, contains in a few words the most complete description of the primitive church. "Great power" and "great grace," these were their characteristics, and these might be ours, if we were as fully surrendered to the Holy Ghost. Little power and little grace mark the Christians of our day. Like Samson, shorn of his strength, we are become a mockery and a by-word to the world and to professed unbelievers. Worldliness and sin hide under the cloak not only of religion, but of conversion and sanctification, and the fearful anomaly of professed witnesses for Christ who possess the spirit of the world, has become not only a possibility, but a common thing among us.

The standard of Christianity has fallen so low that men who name the name of Christ without departing from iniquity (2 Tim. 2 : 19) are allowed to passed for saved men, and earnest honest seekers after truth are often driven into infidelity, for want of seeing something real, something genuine, among professors. The perilous times of the last days are upon us, and the prophecy of Paul to Timothy has become fact. "For men shall be

LOVERS OF THEIR OWN SELVES,"

(what a contrast to the early church when "neither said any of them that aught of the things which he possessed was his own,") "covetous, boasters, proud, blasphemers, disobedient to parents, unthankful, unholy, without natural affection, trucebreakers, false accusers, incontinent, fierce, despisers of those that are good, traitors, heady, high-minded, lovers of pleasures more than lovers of God; having a form of Godliness, but denying the power thereof." Without grace and without power, yet having a form of godliness! O my God, how many thousands are self-deceived and are going forward blindfold to the judgment seat!

Our lessons for the past quarter have given the history of the early church in its first beginnings. We began with our Lord's ascension into heaven that He might from thence pour out the Holy Ghost, and baptize His people for the work which lay before them. And even before the descent of the Holy Ghost we find the disciples lifted by faith so entirely above the circumstances in which they were placed, alone, bereaved of their Lord, in the midst of an adverse world which had crucified Him, what had they beyond faith to sustain them? Commissioned to go into all that world which was in deadly enmity against God, and to preach the Gospel to every creature, having no conscious power, and nothing further than the promise of Jesus to sustain them, yet they found cause to rejoice and to be continually in the temple praising and blessing God.

"Faith is the substance of things hoped for, the evidence of things not seen" (Heb. 11 : 1). To them the power was as good as their's; *the promissory note* bore the signature of Jesus, Jesus the crucified, but also the risen Jesus, the ascended, the glorified, the all-powerful Jesus. And they were not disappointed, the Holy Spirit did descend upon them, the tongues of fire did come and sit upon them, and the mighty power took possession of them, so that, seeing from henceforth things and people in the light of God and of eternity, living nearer to heaven than to earth, they could speak with an irresistible power and authority, and men could not but feel it. But these men were

THOROUGHLY SURRENDERED TO GOD,

no particle of self-interest was left within them, they had stood the test of their faith which came upon them through the death of Jesus, and they had not gone back into the world. Regarded as madmen or as impostors, they still held on until the power came.

Those who would be possessed by the Holy Ghost as these men were, must be similarly surrendered. No considerations must stand in the way. If a consecrated life demands the giving up of business let business go. When consecration necessitates the renunciation of the claims of position and society, let them go. A man of God is not saved and consecrated that he may be offered on the shrine of business, or society, or social position; but on the altar of the living God. Let the world count him dead and ignore him, let his friends cast him out, let him be given a position in society equal to the Carpenter of Nazareth, it is all glorious, for God can meet him there. He can dwell in the humble and contrite spirit (Isa. 57 : 17).

We considered in our course of lessons, the believing people and the healing power.

HOLINESS AND HEALING

from the earliest times have stood connected in the economy of God. In the Old Testament, healing was always promised to those who hearkened to and obeyed the voice of the Lord (Ex. 15 : 26 ; 23 : 20–25 ; Deut. 7 : 12–15) and sickness was among the judgments which were pronounced against disobedience (Lev. 26 : 14–16 ; Deut. 28 : 15, 21–61). In the New Testament, the healing of the sick is included as part of the preaching of the Gospel in the commands of Jesus to His twelve disciples and to the seventy, and yet again in His last directions before His ascension. No wonder then that as soon as the people began to believe in the risen Jesus, as soon as the gladness and singleness of heart which accompany the grace of God commenced to manifest themselves, the power of healing was also developed. And we have seen how God in His wise and loving providence made this an unanswerable argument to prove the truth of Christ's resurrection. How could the name of an evildoer have this marvellous power? It was "in the Name of Jesus" that the lame man had arisen and walked; the unbelieving Jews had to learn their guilt in having crucified the Prince of Life, whom death had no power to hold, and the authority of whose very name, when He Himself was absent could accomplish such marvels.

Three witnesses of His life-giving power were probably still living, the daughter of Jairus, the son of the widow of Nain, and Lazarus; surely the story of their resurrection had reached Jerusalem. But we find that those who were convinced against their will, when they "could *say* nothing against it" still determined to *do* all they could against Jesus of Nazareth. We have seen how personal interest inspired them, and how in their attempt to secure their own power and prestige, the priests and elders of Jerusalem were let into cowardly and unjust persecution of the apostles. We have seen how threatenings were powerless to hinder men who were sent of God to preach the Gospel; how these first disciples, regardless of life, comfort, or any other consideration, prayed for nothing but boldness to preach the Gospel, and for the healing power to attest that the work was of God; a prayer immediately answered by a renewed filling with the Holy Ghost.

The church was now at its best; from that day to this the tone and the power have never been so high. Things were then in their normal condition; the church was as it should be, every member presented

AN EXACT CONTRAST TO THE WORLD;

then a Christian could not be mistaken; the things which most men lived for were disregarded, sold and given away by these early Christians; the reproach of men, which most men fear was loved by these single-hearted followers of Christ, who "rejoiced that they were counted worthy to suffer shame for His name." There was nothing in them that worldlings could appeal to, neither fear, nor shame, nor loss could touch them; they lived above it all.

When evil did arise among them, as in the case of Ananias and Sapphira, instead of spreading, like a noxious weed, it was instantly rooted out, not by church discipline but by the immediate intervention of the Holy Ghost. In such a state of things neither half-hearted nor

FALSE PROFESSORS

had any object to gain in uniting themselves with the church; they could not do so without bringing down judgment on themselves, and a false professor dreads nothing so much as being found out. A half-hearted man would never feel at home where every one around him was denying himself, taking up his cross.

Often the question arises, how make the church pure? There is one answer, Let the standard of holiness be the true scriptural one, and "wolves in sheep's clothing" will naturally fall out of the ranks; there will be nothing to attract them; only such as are fully satisfied with Jesus will join those who are like themselves, truth will out, and the unsatisfied heart will soon manifest its dissatisfaction, and seek for itself things which are outside and more congenial. The very purity of the church, however, and the manifestation of the power of God in the glorious conquest of sin and of disease, and of the power of Satan, stirred up the jealousy and deadly enmity of the priests who threw the apostles into prison. And although God intervened so marvellously and opened the prison doors, liberated His servants, and gave them boldness to speak in the temple for His name, the chief priests and rulers, who could not have accounted for this deliverance in any but a supernatural way, yet did not bow before the manifest power of God which was with His servants; but "took counsel to slay them." The very fearlessness, the indomitable courage of the apostles seemed only to increase their thirst for vengeance, until God, through Gamaliel, interfered for the protection of His servants.

We then marked how *the first indications of declension* commenced in the early church; how self-interest and dissatisfaction crept in where formerly all was gladness and singleness of heart. And then how God overruled this in adding to the number of His ordained apostles the seven deacons, of whom Stephen was one. We learned from the history of Stephen, the power of "a man full of faith, and of the Holy Ghost" and well versed in the Word of God, a man in whom fear had no place, but who sealed his testimony with his blood, maintaining to the very last a face shining in the light of God, and a spirit which was like that of his Lord.

Great power and great grace were manifested by all these precious witnesses of Christ. And

THE RESULTS?

As yet it was only in Jerusalem and the immediate neighborhood that the Gospel had spread, but the number of the disciples was counted by thousands, "a great company of the priests were obedient to the faith." Those who did believe were ready to make any sacrifice for God, and to live or die as should be most for His glory. And we in this day have the same living God, the same "Jesus at the right hand of God," and dwelling also within us, we are the temples of the same Holy Ghost, we have the same glorious salvation. All which is lacking is that there should be the same self-surrender that we may have the same results. Christian brethren, shall we hold back anything? Shall we not now and fully yield all we are and have to Jesus?

FOREIGN TOPICS.

A Demonstration in Paris against the Government was made on March 9th. It was headed by the notorious anarchist, Louise Michel, whose inflammatory speeches and writings exercise a disturbing influence on the French communists. The demonstration was professedly composed of working men who were in abject poverty, but observers state that in the crowd there were very few, if any, working men. The police arrested some of the rioters, and on searching them found that though they were shabbily dressed they had each about one hundred francs ($20) in their possession. About three thousand persons took part in the proceedings. They assembled near the Palace of the Elysée and attempted to enter. They were dispersed by the police, but Louise Michel mounted a bill-poster's ladder and delivered a violent harangue; whereupon the crowd made another attempt to enter the palace, but on being charged by cavalry armed with drawn sabres, they fled in all directions. Later, an attempt to erect a barricade was defeated by the police. Louise Michel waved a black flag while her companion, Felix Pyatt, flourished a revolver.

A Second Demonstration Was Made on Sunday, March 11th. The crowds were composed of Socialists who congregated about the Hôtel de Ville. The cavalry were called out and charged the mob, which dispersed before them only to form again in another neighborhood. Other charges were made in which several men and boys were wounded or crushed under the horses' feet, and about twenty persons arrested. At a meeting of Socialists held at the headquarters of a communistic club, it was determined to invite all Socialists to a great meeting in the Champs de Mars on the 18th inst. Violence toward the police and troops was urged. Louise Michel is in hiding to avoid arrest. It is believed that both Legitimists and Bonapartists are indirectly responsible for the outbreak which, it is said, they have encouraged with the object of discrediting the government. If the government becomes unpopular with the lower orders, and the middle classes become alarmed, there is a possibility of a cry being raised for some strong man to take and hold supreme power. This will not be the first time that the fears of the property-holding classes have been excited in order to advance ambitious schemes in France.

Prince Gortschakoff, the Veteran Statesman of Russia, died on Sunday last at Baden-Baden. He was eighty-five years of age, and has taken a prominent part in Russian Government since the year 1824. From that time until April of last year he has occupied the chief place in Russian diplomacy. Though of insignificant appearance, closely resembling, in fact, M. Thiers, of France, he gained a powerful ascendancy in the court of the Czar. By his skill and tact he kept Austria from interfering in the Crimean War, and when after the Congress of Paris peace was declared, Gortschakoff was intrusted with the seals of the Foreign Office, and from that time forward he personally directed the foreign policy of the empire. His skill in diplomacy was unequalled in Europe, and he succeeded on several occasions, when war seemed inevitable, in averting the dreaded calamity. After the tragic death of Alexander II. his health completely broke down, and he reluctantly retired from public life, though his advice was sought to the last by his successors.

Patrick Egan, the Ex-Treasurer of the Land League, has taken flight from Dublin. The police had him under surveillance, but he pretended to be sick and escaped in the garb of a priest. The reason for his sudden and secret departure is not disclosed. Rumors have, during the past few days, been in circulation that the government have obtained important evidence proving the complicity of the Land League in the outrages of the Invincibles, and it is suggested that Egan became alarmed for his personal safety. Another reason assigned is that an examination of the Land League accounts reveals a serious discrepancy. Lady Florence Dixie, in a letter to the *Times* charges that Messrs. Biggar and Parnell, as trustees of the Land League fund, have not accounted for $760,000 of the money with which they were intrusted. She claims, therefore, that while this money is unaccounted for, Mr. Parnell and his followers have no right to mock the sufferings of the distressed people in Ireland by their sham championship of the starving peasantry. The London *Times*, in an article based on official information, says that the investigations now in progress will implicate the Land League in immediate patronage of crime, and perhaps establish a direct connection between it and the "Invincibles." Egan's flight is believed to have been due to a dread of this last danger. Sundry prominent Land Leaguers are expected to follow him. The *Times* plainly points to Mr. Parnell and to other members of Parliament as probably included in the presumption of guilt afforded by Egan's flight, a presumption involving the whole organization of the Land League and every one of its authorities. Egan had still another reason for flight in a lawsuit in which one of the Irish members of Parliament was involved, and in which Egan was to have appeared as a witness.

The Death of M. Coumoundouros, the Celebrated Greek patriot and statesman, is announced in a cable despatch from Athens. M. Coumoundouros was seventy years of age. His origin was humble, his parents raising with difficulty the funds necessary to give him the education necessary to enable him to practice the legal profession. He studied politics, and under the corrupt reign of King Otho became a popular leader. When Otho was expelled in 1862, Coumoundouros accepted office, and since that time has practically directed the policy of the Greek Government. It was mainly due to his tact and energetic persistence that Greece was able to obtain from Turkey the accession of territory assigned her at the Conference of Constantinople.

The False Prophet of the Soudan, in the heart of Northern Africa, is continuing his career of conquest. His personality is, however, still shrouded in mystery, and it is affirmed at Cairo that scarcely anything more is known there about his character, views, and pretensions than in other countries. The important fact that he is advancing, and is at the head of a considerable force, is the theme in every circle, but as yet he is a long distance from Cairo. Whether this aspirant to mixed temporal and spiritual power will be crushed with his army, or be suffered to do mischief and extend his power as the real El Mahdi, is still matter of doubt; but no thoughtful mind, whether Christian or Mohammedan, doubts that his appearance is one of the signs of the latter days foretold in the sacred pages of the Word of God.

American Missionaries in Bulgaria Have been compelled by the Bulgarian Government to close their schools and churches. For many years the Wesleyans have carried on a successful work in the Principality, and have given an impetus to general education and to the dissemination of wholesome literature. Last year, it appears, a Bulgarian priest was among their converts, and his superiors became so incensed at his conversion that they incited the people to attack the mission, and a riot ensued. The missionaries applied for protection to the American Minister at Constantinople, who made an appeal to the Prince of Bulgaria. The Prince protected them for a time, but latterly he has fallen more completely under the influence of his cabinet, which is composed in equal proportions of Russians and Bulgars. Both nationalities were incensed against the American missionaries, and eventually the schools and churches are closed and the native converts imprisoned.

A Destitute Duchess Died Recently in Paris. Her story is of the saddest character. The Duchess de Chaulnes, one of the most beautiful women of the age, for a long time past in litigation with her mother-in-law for the restoration of her children, ended her days in extreme poverty. A princess in her own country, married to a duke in France, brought up and bred to affluence, the poor woman died in a room which she shared with three other people—a man, his wife, and his grown-up daughter. Her death is said to have been caused by the habit so prevalent in all our great cities on this side the Atlantic of hypodermic injection of morphia. The duchess retained her great beauty to the last, although her golden hair had been cut off and sold to buy bread. Her life had been one of gaiety and frivolous amusement. It ended, while she was still young, in poverty and neglect. What a commentary on God's warning! (Isa. 47 : 8–11.)

Messrs. Moody and Sankey Terminated Their mission in Belfast on Sunday, February 18th. The English journals describe the success of the meetings as complete. At least 12,000 people were daily brought within the sound of the Gospel at the various places in the city at which meetings were held. The largest church in the city, St. Enoch's (Presbyterian), was densely crowded at the daily Bible-readings. Two large meetings were held each evening, with overflow meetings from each, and the numbers who remained night after night for the inquiry meetings were most gratifying. The scene at St. Enoch's, at one of these meetings, is thus described in the columns of the *Northern Whig*: "At the close of the service, when the usual after-meeting was announced, the numbers waiting were something unusual. No one seemed to want to go away. At length a move was made, and only inquirers and 'workers' left. Then pew after pew was filled with anxious ones, until over 150 men were kneeling side by side there, while a large number of lads, whom we could not count, were drafted off to a separate room to be spoken to. It was a most solemn scene—not soon to be forgotten. After prayer, and the quoting of the texts, the men still on their knees, they were taken in hand by ministers and others, and their difficulties dealt with." The services at Manchester commenced March 1st.

Eddystone Lighthouse, the Famous Light on the south-eastern shores of England, has just furnished a story of suffering unparalleled in the whole history of the building. For more than eight weeks the recent furious gales cut off all communication with the mainland; fuel and provisions both ran short; and the lighthouse-keepers, with only a few biscuits left, were forced to fall back upon their store of colza oil, and to warm themselves by the flame of the lamps. When relief came at last they had been reduced to so weak a condition they could scarcely speak.

The Princess of Wales has Caused a Monumental cross to be erected over a grave in Brompton Cemetery, London, on which appears the following inscription: "In memory of Elizabeth Jones, who died May 13th, 1881, for fourteen years the faithful servant and friend of Alexandra, Princess of Wales, by whom this monument is erected. Life's race well run, life's work well done, life's crown well won. Now comes rest. Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord."

An Illustrated Work on the Unfulfilled prophecies of the Bible, by the Rev. M. Baxter, entitled: "Forty Coming Wonders," may be had from the office of The Christian Herald, 63 Bible House, New York, by remitting one dollar. It is a book of 528 pages, is handsomely bound in cloth and contains fifty full-page pictures and diagrams representing the scenes described in the prophecies of Daniel and in the book of the Revelation. It also contains a resumé of the opinions of other expositors, and extracts carefully collated from the works of all the most eminent writers on prophecy, from the earliest ages of the Christian era down to those of recent date. It thus forms the most useful and complete guide the student can have in entering on the study of that portion of the Word of God. The book may also be obtained for one dollar from any bookseller, who can procure it from the American News Company.

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CURRENT EVENTS: The Immigrants—Complaints of Nepotism—A Statue to Mr. Dodge—Subsidence of Floods—Revival Services—Release of Mr. Morse—A Western Miller Enriched—A Fatal Accident—Novel Advertising—A Widow's Faith—A Night Run on the Prairie, etc.

AN ATTACK ON MISSIONARIES IN CHINA (with Illustration)—The Temple Community.

THE HOLY SPIRIT'S THREE-FOLD CONVICTION OF MEN. A New Sermon by C. H. Spurgeon.

MARIAN TRAVERS AND HER SON'S PICTURE (with Illustration).

FETTERS OF FASHION. A Serial Story. By Miss M. A. Paull.

Simon the Sorcerer. S. S. Lesson. By Mrs. M. Baxter.

FOREIGN TOPICS: The Explosion in London—Preparations for Coronation in Russia—M. Pashkoff's Work in Russia Checked, etc.

MISS JENNIE SMITH, Leader of the Christian Work on the Baltimore & Ohio Railroad.

MISS JENNIE SMITH.

The Evangelist of the B. and O. Railroad.

A Story of Patient Suffering—Birth and Early Life—Conversion—Financial Reverses—Spinal Injury—Death of Her Father—A Struggle for Bread—The Last Flour—An End of Resources—Sunday School in the Sick Room—The Wheeled Carriage—From Chronic to Acute Pain—Tetanus—Rejected at a Hospital as Incurable—The Great Healer—Perfectly Healed.

THE success with which God has honored the work of Miss Jennie Smith among the employés of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad, has made her name widely known among the Christian churches of the land. Details of that work have frequently been published in these pages, and a deep interest has been excited in respect to this honored servant of God, so strangely afflicted and so wonderfully healed. THE CHRISTIAN HERALD is enabled this week to gratify the general desire to know more about Miss Smith by publishing her portrait and a brief sketch of her life.

Jennie Smith *was born* August 18th, 1842, at Vienna, Clarke Co., Ohio. She was the eldest of nine children, and during her early years, while the family enjoyed temporal prosperity, all her childish wants were gratified, and her education and mental training carefully attended to. In her published work "The Valley of Baca," * she relates an incident which shows that even at an early age her mind was drawn in the direction of believing prayer. Her

FIRST ANSWERED PRAYER

was made in childish sport, but the fact that it was answered left an impression on her youthful heart that after years deepened rather than effaced. It is as follows: "I became much interested in the story of a little girl who went to the Lord with her childish troubles, and found relief in times of distress. I soon felt a desire to follow her example. One lovely summer afternoon I went with some playmates to a beautiful meadow. I remained by the mill-dam alone, while they returned for some playthings we had forgotten. As I stood on the bank and watched the rippling water as it plunged down the steep descent into the meadow below, and beheld the lovely landscape that spread out before me, I wondered if God, who made all of these beautiful things, would really love a wicked little girl like me. I had often tried to fish, but never caught one. I thought of the little girl, and such a desire stole over me that I kneeled down upon the mill-dam, and asked God to let me catch *just one fish*. I then knew nothing about *faith;* but I baited my hook, and as I threw it in, I set my eye upon the cork, *expecting* to see it dip. In a few moments I drew out a large fish. This affected me very much. It was my first answered prayer."

The incident may cause a smile to pass over the features of the incredulous who will naturally regard it as a coincidence unworthy of attention, but the fact remains that the child drew a lesson from it which, in after years, led her in more serious matters to apply for help to the same Source and never without receiving aid and succor.

It was in the year 1856, when she was fourteen years of age, that a momentous event in her spiritual life occurred. Naturally thoughtful and observant, her mind had been led by an illness to reflect on her condition before God. The death of a dearly-loved brother and of an aged relative had solemnized her still more, and an incident connected with an approaching camp-meeting, added to the serious impressions she had received. A schoolmate, speaking to her of the camp-meeting announced his intention of giving himself publicly to the Saviour at that meeting, and there commencing a new life. He urged his friend Jennie to do so too. Before the meeting was held, the boy had fallen sick and died. The thought that an opportunity was granted to her which the poor boy had not been permitted to enjoy, powerfully affected her mind, and she went to the camp-meeting with a heart solemnized by the sad event.

The meeting was held near Degraff, Ohio, and there Jennie Smith went with her family and friends. The services seem to have been of a very earnest and solemn character, but for several days Jennie, though drawn by the Spirit, was the subject of a severe conflict. "The evil spirit," she says, "seemed to take possession of me, and I tried to resist all religious influences." Providentially, however, a sermon was preached near the close of the exercises specially adapted to her case, and was followed by the earnest private pleadings of a Christian friend. Light broke in on the tempest-tossed soul, and she publicly confessed Christ at the closing service.

FROM AFFLUENCE TO POVERTY.

The home to which Jennie Smith returned from the camp-meeting was not a home in which religion held the chief place. Though nominally Christian, her father had suffered business cares and the affairs of the world to engross his attention, to the injury of his spiritual life. The change in his daughter's life could not pass unobserved, but it does not appear to have received from him any direct encouragement, though it was evident that he was pleased she should in early life consecrate herself to the Master's use.

The following year, a severe trial fell upon Mr. Smith and his family. He was a prosperous dry-goods merchant, and his business had until that year been uniformly successful. But 1857 was a year of commercial disaster for many merchants, and the tide which swept away many larger fortunes overwhelmed him too. There was a general tightening of credit, business decreased in volume, and the securities he held proved worthless. He was obliged to dispose of his stock and real estate for what they would bring, which in the sudden depreciation of all values was far below their worth, and he removed with his family into a little cottage in the village. He was at that time suffering from asthma, and the loss of fortune aggravated his sufferings.

In that crisis the ruined merchant learned, as many before him have done in similar circumstances, the worth of womanly help and sympathy. Mrs. Smith and her daughter Jennie came to his aid, and by their economy and actual labor succeeded in bringing the expenses of the household down to the lowest conceivable point. It was from that period that Jennie Smith dates the

COMMENCEMENT OF THE SICKNESS

which for many years held her powerless in its grasp. She was one day in 1857 engaged in her household duties, when a load of hay arrived at the house, and her father sent her to find a man to put it away. The man for whom she was sent was not on the premises, and Jennie stood a few minutes considering what she should do. As she meditated she thought of the many girls in the country who were able to do such work for their fathers, and she determined to undertake the task. Saying nothing to her parents of her intention, she went to the barn and set to work. Unaccustomed as she was to the labor, it was necessary to put forth all her strength to keep pace with the strong farmer's man on the wagon, who threw down the hay so fast that she had much ado to keep from being buried under it. Before half the hay was in she felt her back give way, and turning sick and faint she had to call for assistance. She recovered somewhat after a rest, but later in the day attempting in the course of her household duties to lift a heavy weight, she completed the injury her back had suffered in the barn, and she fell prostrated by severe sickness. After lying helpless for many weeks the physicians pronounced her malady one of

CONFIRMED SPINAL DISEASE.

During the next six months Jennie kept her room unable to stand or change her position without excruciating pain. But during that period her spiritual progress, in spite of physical suffering, appears to have been rapid. She induced her father to commence the practice of family prayer and affectionately impressed upon him the necessity of a closer walk with God than he had hitherto enjoyed. The poor man wearied with illness and misfortune admitted his unsatisfactory state, and humbly sought reconciliation with his God. Jennie had the satisfaction of observing the peace of mind which followed this act, and when three months afterward her father lay on his death-bed, she heard with joy his assurance that he was dying in certain hope of a joyful entrance into the rest God has provided for those who love Him.

A HARD STRUGGLE

now lay before the bereaved family. The mother, herself an invalid, with her family of little children, was without a business, yet she had to provide for her family, and Jennie, her eldest daughter who should have been her chief help in this bitter struggle, and who would have been heartily glad to render that help, was pronounced an incurable sufferer. A darker prospect it would be difficult to imagine, but God, in whom the widow and her children trusted, was faithful to His promise, and during all the gloomy years that followed, we find no record that they ever wanted bread. There were, however, many times when the last cent was expended, but in every case that statement is followed by the record that either by the loving gift of some sympathizing Christian friend or by compensation for labor, the exhausted treasury was replenished.

Soon after her father's death Jennie Smith enjoyed a brief period of convalescence. She was able to walk, though with great difficulty and in constant suffering. She immediately commenced work in school, hoping by that means to aid her mother in supporting the family. It was soon evident that the hope was futile. One day she fainted in the school, and had to be carried to her home. She was laid on her bed, and for eighteen months was unable to put her feet to the ground. Many efforts were made to effect a cure, and like the woman in the Gospel, Jennie "suffered many things of many physicians," but only a little temporary relief was obtained. At length, through the kindness of an uncle, she was conveyed on her couch to Columbus where she was placed under the care of an eminent physician under whose treatment she so far benefited as to be able *to walk with crutches*. She then returned home to attend to her brothers and sisters whom the mother was forced by the urgent needs of the family to leave practically unprotected while she earned a poor subsistence in nursing the sick.

It was with a glad heart that Jennie once more commenced work. Her younger sister was sent to school, and the household duties were once more performed, though in pain and weariness. This state of things continued for a few weeks only. Increasing weakness and the former symptoms of her painful malady again appeared. She gradually grew worse, until on February 24th, 1862, on attempting to dress in the morning she staggered back helplessly and was carried to her bed. That was *the last time she stood on her feet* for

SIXTEEN YEARS,

until that glad day in March, 1878, when in answer to earnest believing prayer she arose and walked.

It is impossible even to summarize in the space at our disposal the events of those years of suffering. The eloquent yet modest record of those years, full of patient endurance, of deep spiritual experience, of efforts to win for Jesus the souls of those who visited the sick room, and of continuous persevering endeavor, now in one way, now in another, to lighten the mother's cares and anxieties in her pitiful struggle for bread, is a record that will well repay perusal. It is contained in the two volumes to which reference has already been made, "The Valley of Baca" and "From Baca to Beulah." A few incidents extracted from these volumes must suffice.

On one occasion the wants of the family were supplied in a most remarkable manner which illustrates the watchful care God exercises over

* Published by Messrs. Garrigues Brothers, Philadelphia.

don't know,' he responded. This was almost the invariable reply to the last question, whenever I put it. Many people are like this soldier. They get up in some way or other, rising above one bad habit after another, until they are *almost* Christians, then the enemy of souls knocks them over, and in falling they get wounded sorely. Their only hope is the Ambulance called Repentance, and confession to God of sin and need, and trust in the merits of Christ's atoning death. Then Satan loses dominion, and sin forfeits its sting. 'None but Jesus can do helpless sinners good.'"

An Unexpected Death-Warrant.—The Rev. Mr. Ewing said: "Some days ago I was talking to a gentleman, and, as is customary, inquired after the state of his health. 'Till a few days ago,' was his reply, 'I thought I was all right; but as I did not feel very well, I consulted a celebrated physician, who examined me very carefully. When he had finished I said, "Now, doctor, tell me the plain truth; is there anything serious the matter with me?" "Well, to tell you the truth," replied the doctor, "your heart has done its work."' The doctor's reply was eventually my friend's *death-warrant*; till he heard it, he was quite ignorant of the disease which was preying upon him. All impenitent, unforgiven, unawakened sinners are in the same condition; search, and see; inquire of God and learn what He calls a sound man. Salvation is spiritual health; sin is spiritual death. Only Christ can save, and give the life you need."

GOD'S PURPOSES CONCERNING ISRAEL.

By the Rev. W. J. Adams, D.C.L.

The Call of Abraham—Its Twofold Purpose—Unconditional Promises to Abraham—Conditional Promises to His Descendants—A Fresh Covenant with David—Partly Conditional—The Ten Tribes Lost—Warning to the Other Two—The Babylonian Exile an Epoch—Three Disasters—Christ's Work for Israel—Are the Promises Annulled?—Six Cogent Reasons—Appeal to the Jews.

Two things are obvious with reference to the call of Abraham: First, that the nation of which he was the founder was designed to be a standing witness against idolatry. And, secondly, was intended to furnish an illustration of the happiness and prosperity of a nation living under the Divine protection and enjoying the Divine favor. Such being the purpose of Jehovah with reference to the people of His choice, let us now consider for a moment the way in which He has brought about the accomplishment of His purpose.

First of all, we find that God made a choice of Abraham as the father of the nation of His choice, and made to him certain *unconditional promises*, which promises He even confirmed to him by an oath, and repeated to Isaac and Jacob. Afterward He redeemed the nation out of Egypt, and brought them with signs and wonders to Mount Sinai, where He gave Israel a law which they promised faithfully to keep as the condition of His continued protection. When they broke His law, He bore patiently with them, giving them a priesthood and sacrifices and services, raising up judges and kings and prophets to maintain His connection with them. He sorely chastised them, but He did not forsake them; for He had purposes with regard to them which *must be* accomplished. Royalty was to be established in Israel, and David, a man "after God's own heart," was raised up to succeed him whom God had "given in anger and taken away in wrath."

With him God made

A FRESH COVENANT.

In this covenant some things were conditional, others unconditional. That he was to have a son to succeed him on the throne, was an unconditional promise; but the Divine dealings with the son were made dependent upon his conduct: "If he commit iniquity (said God) I will chasten him." (2 Sam. 7: 14.) And in this respect the covenant with David was conditional. Yet notwithstanding, God's mercy and favor toward the house of David were not to be utterly forfeited. For after the threatened chastisement in case of the disobedience of David's heir, it is immediately added, "My mercy shall not depart away from him, as I took it from Saul whom I put before thee." And the reason is given—"Thine house and thy kingdom shall be established forever before thee; thy throne shall be established forever." Observe the twofold character of the Davidic covenant. Unconditionally, there were pledged to him and to his seed a sure and unfailing house and a kingdom which should never pass away. And conditionally, punishment and displeasure were to befall any of his offspring who should commit iniquity. Alas! the conditional part of the covenant had soon to be enforced. The promised son departed from his father's God and was visited by a righteous retribution; while no sooner does he die, than ten of the tribes were torn away from the house of David. Yet, even then, God remembered the unconditional part of the covenant, and said, "Unto his son (that is Rehoboam) will I give one tribe, that David, My servant, may have a light alway before Me in Jerusalem, the city which I have chosen Me to put my name there." And when afterward God made a *conditional* promise with Rehoboam, He used these remarkable words—"I will for this afflict the seed of David, *but not forever*."

THE TEN TRIBES

are carried away captive to Assyria, the kingdom of Judah continues; but even there one king succeeds another of whom it is emphatically recorded, *that they were not like David*. Meanwhile the prophets were warning king and people of the sure consequences of increasing wickedness, generally predicting, first, the judgments which were nigh at hand, and then foretelling those greater calamities of which these were the type, and which are to go before and accompany the Second Advent of Jesus Christ. This advent they foretell in all its stages, beginning with His first coming to suffer and to die, and then passing suddenly on to His second glorious appearing to punish the nations which have been the scourge wherewith He has afflicted Israel, and to introduce His glorious reign. At length, judgments long threatened begin to fall, and in the days of Nebuchadnezzar, the house of David being utterly corrupt, the *conditional part* of the covenant comes into requisition and

JUDAH WAS GIVEN UP

to captivity. The captivity in Babylon marks an epoch in Israel at which commenced that loss of national privilege and spiritual blessing which is without a parallel in their previous history, and which has characterized their condition ever since. Since that period, *three* tokens of a disastrous change in their state have been clearly manifest. One feature has been *the withdrawal of the visible manifestation of the Divine presence*. The glory which had dwelt between the cherubim in the temple, which had been as it were the throne and dwelling-place of Jehovah, now removed from Jerusalem and forsook the nation. Ezekiel (who prophesied among the captives by the river Chebar) saw in vision, the departure of the Shekinah, first "from off the threshold of the house" (chap. 10: 18), and then from the city altogether. "And the glory of the Lord went up from the midst of the city and stood upon the mountain which is on the east side of the city." (Chap. 11: 23.) A mournful sight! The prophet Hosea, referring to Israel's condition thus deprived of the symbol of the Divine presence and glory, declares that it should be of long continuance: "The children of Israel shall abide many days without a king and without a prince, and without a sacrifice, and without an image, and without an ephod, and without teraphim." (Chap. 3: 4.)

The *second* thing which has marked the condition of the Jewish people since the captivity has been that, *though not utterly, yet in a very awful sense*,

GOD HAS DISOWNED THEM

as His people. "Then," said God, "call his name Lo-ammi (that is, not My people) for ye are not My people, and I will not be your God." (Hosea 1: 9.) In all their previous chastisements, they had still been owned of God as His people, and He had acknowledged Himself to be their God; and this exalted privilege constituted the great distinction between them and other nations. But now Israel was to be abandoned and set aside.

The *third* feature in their altered condition was *the overturning of the throne which God had set up in Jerusalem, and the removal of the house of David*. Henceforth the chief power in Jerusalem was to be exercised by a Gentile king, who was, in the first instance, the king of Babylon. It is true, he did not inherit the throne of David, for that throne was overturned, but the dominant power was no longer theirs, it was given to the Gentiles (Dan. 2: 37, 38), "Thou, O king, art a king of kings; for the God of heaven hath given thee a kingdom, power and strength and glory. And wheresoever the children of men dwell, the beasts of the field and the fowls of the heaven, hath He given into thy hands and hath made thee ruler over them all. Thou art this head of gold."

And observe, these three features have characterized the condition of Israel ever since, and are visible at this very hour. The return from Babylon did not alter, did not cancel, any one of them. The cloud of the Divine presence never again descended upon Jerusalem, the sentence "Lo-ammi" has never been remitted, and "the times of the Gentiles" are not yet fulfilled. Their "house left to them desolate," their temple destroyed and their city "trodden down," the "kingdom of God taken from them and given to a nation bringing forth the fruits thereof," while a veil of spiritual blindness rests upon their hearts; these are the mournful features in which the New Testament finds them and leaves them. In

THE "FULNESS OF TIME,"

the Son of David appears, the last Heir of the royal line is born in the land from which He is yet to reign over a regenerated world. The great purpose of His coming was, unquestionably, to work out human redemption and to die for men—"to make an end of sin, to make reconciliation for iniquity, and to bring in an everlasting righteousness." But while His advent had a merciful design toward the whole human race—toward men as men—yet beyond all that, it had a mysterious reference to one particular nation. He came to be "the glory of His people Israel."

And what if they had been prepared to receive Him? What if they had had eyes to see and to discern the day of their visitation? What if they had had ears to hear the message which He brought to them? Might not the marks of their degradation to which we have referred, have been taken away, and the Divine favor and presence restored? What else can we gather from His broken cry? "And when He was come near He beheld the city and wept over it, saying, If thou hadst known, at least in this thy day, the things which belong to thy peace, but now they are hid from thine eyes." "If thou hadst known." He does not *say* indeed what would have happened had they known. And we must not dare to speak where He was silent. But would it be wrong to imagine what He would have said had not His utterance been choked by His tears of pity? Does He not leave us to infer that the whole condition of things would have been reversed had Israel known the day of their merciful visitation? But they did not. And "the promises made to the fathers" must now again wait for their fulfilment until a distant period.

I say "until a distant period," for Israel's rejection of the Messiah does not annul these promises. By their rejection of Him, the nation as such is put on one side during the remaining "times of the Gentiles," during which the church is to be gathered in by the preaching of the Gospel to men of all nations—Jews and Gentiles alike.

(To be concluded.)

CHRISTIAN HERALD AND SIGNS OF OUR TIMES.

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CURRENT EVENTS.

The Reduction of the Public Debt during the month of February was between $7,500,000 and $8,000,000. The reduction in January was $13,500,000. The principal cause of the difference is the large quarterly payment for pensions to be made early in March. The amount, which has been forwarded to the pension agents, is $9,781,418.47—the largest sum in any month of the present fiscal year. The ordinary payments from the Treasury for the month have been rather smaller than usual.

The Statistics of Immigration Published by the Bureau give the following figures. In January of this year there arrived in the customs districts of Baltimore, Boston, Detroit, Huron, Minnesota, New Orleans, New York, Passamaquoddy, Philadelphia, and San Francisco, 20,940 passengers, of whom 17,065 were immigrants. Of this total number of immigrants, there arrived from England and Wales, 2802; Ireland, 1542; Scotland, 486; Austria, 317; Belgium, 187; Bohemia, 146; Denmark, 147; France, 206; Germany, 5044; Hungary, 244; Italy, 1592; Netherlands, 173; Norway, 182; Russia, 118; Poland, 30; Sweden, 289; Switzerland, 820; Dominion of Canada, 2564, and from all other countries, 176. In the eight months ended February 28th, 1883, there arrived in the United States 300,484 immigrants, against 375,093 for a like period of the previous year.

The Malagasy Envoys now Visiting this country to exchange ratifications of the new treaty between our Government and that of Madagascar had an interview in Washington on Tuesday, March 13th, with the Christian pastors of the city. The Rev. T. S. Wynkoop, speaking on behalf of his brother ministers, expressed the deep interest felt by all in the religious progress of the inhabitants of the island. In the course of his address he said: We have learned with deep regret that the peace and prosperity of Madagascar are imperilled by the present aggressive policy of the Government of France, which must, if persisted in, lead to a disastrous war in which the highest interests of religion, civil order and education will suffer unspeakable damage. We request the embassy to convey to the government and Christian people of their country our salutations and sympathies, uniting with Christians in Great Britain and the continent of Europe in the earnest prayer to Almighty God, in whose hand are the hearts of men, that this disaster may be averted, and the peace and prosperity of Madagascar assured.

Complaints as to the Appointment by General Keifer on the last day of the session of his nephew as official stenographer are raised in all sections of the country. They are based on the fact that the appointment was made at a time when there would be for several months little, if any work to do. The stenographer whose "resignation was requested" had peformed the arduous work of the session, and according to custom would have continued to receive pay through the summer at the rate of $5000 a year. This it appears is regarded in the profession as compensation for the period when the remuneration is inadequate for the work performed. That a change should have been made at that particular time by the Speaker, in order to find a place for his nephew, is therefore condemned as an act of injustice to Mr. Tyson, the late stenographer.

The Application of the Prohibitionists of Iowa to the Governor asking him to call an extra session of the Legislature to rectify the informality in the amendment recently carried has been rejected. Governor Sherman refused to accede to the request, on the ground that an examination has convinced him that constitutional amendments can be proposed only at regular sessions. As such a one does not meet until next January, the Iowa people will have the question of Prohibition to decide at the Presidential contest, which will seriously complicate the issue.

The Responsibility for the Immunity Enjoyed by liquor dealers in New York who defy or evade the law is likely to be fixed shortly. Recorder Smyth, of the General Sessions, has announced that he will be ready to hear Excise cases early in April, and will sit until the list is finished. It has hitherto been alleged by the District Attorney's office that the courts would not try the cases even if they were presented, but this notification by the Recorder pledges him at any rate to give the cases a hearing. There are now over three hundred indictments in the District Attorney's office awaiting prosecution.

The Welcome Intelligence of a Subsidence of the floods in the South was published last week. A newspaper correspondent telegraphing at the end of the week from Memphis, Tenn., said: "The guage to-night registers thirty-one feet eight inches, a total decline of four feet from the highest mark of this year. The river is now two feet eight inches below the danger line and falling at the rate of three-fourths of an inch every hour. Its fall, though rapid, will be even more so from now on, and everybody is correspondingly elated. The banks on the Arkansas shore opposite this city which were covered with water on Thursday are now plainly visible, and it is the same of all the country between here and Cairo." At Helena, Ark., there is still considerable water out, and the suffering is intense. In all the places inundated severe sickness is reported, and many people are destitute. The *Herald* fund is being distributed by a commissioner who is travelling down the river on the government steamer Lily which will stop at all points between Cincinnati and Shawneetown and distribute relief. The fund at the close of last week amounted to $48,147.64.

The Desire to Perpetuate the Memory of the late Mr. William E. Dodge, the Christian philanthropist, whose portrait and life appeared in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD of February 22d, has been generally expressed by his fellow-citizens. The Chamber of Commerce last week appointed a committee to take the question into consideration. The committee held several meetings, and on Monday reported in favor of a simple bronze statue with a granite pedestal, to be placed in some prominent part of the city. It recommended that subscriptions should be invited from all persons in sympathy with the movement in this city or elsewhere in sums, however small, in order that the expression of public regard for the memory of Mr. Dodge might be as widespread as possible.

Mr. Salmi Morse, Who was Arrested for Attempting to produce the Passion Play without a license in New York recently, was discharged last week by the Court of Special Sessions. The two questions submitted to the court were whether the performance was a play within the meaning of the law, and whether the dress-rehearsal was a public performance. Justice Smith said that there was no question that "The Passion" was a play; but the performance in question could not be held to be a public one. Mr. Morse was therefore discharged. Justice Kilbreth said that he did not agree with his associates, and gave it as his opinion that Mr. Morse had merely endeavored to evade the statute.

The Revival Services at Decatur, Ill., Conducted by Rev. Thomas Harrison, continue to attract large congregations, and numerous additions are being made to the churches of the city. The Rev. J. A. Adams, writing of these services to the Chicago *Advance*, says that the converts come from all classes, but they are principally young men. "Some hard cases have been brought in. Two men started to a free lunch at a saloon, and stopped in here a few minutes to see 'the fun.' They were at the altar that very night, and have not reached the lunch yet. One saloon-keeper says this meeting has *cost him fifteen dollars a day* in his receipts. It is not yet known how long the meetings will be continued, but it is expected that the close will come early in April. In a private conversation Mr. Harrison said that after a rest at his home in Boston, he will go to Jacksonville, Ill., to conduct a camp meeting, and in the fall he hopes to begin work in St. Louis. He pronounces the Decatur revival the greatest of all those in which he has been engaged.

Messrs. McAll and Saillens, of the McAll Mission in Paris, who are now on a visit to this country, received a warm welcome last week in Philadelphia, where there is an auxiliary of the McAll Mission. The reception meeting was held at the residence of the venerable Dr. Lea. Addresses of welcome were made by Rev. Dr. Breed, and Honorable John Welsh. Rev. R. McAll, and his associate, Rev. Mr. Saillens, gratefully responded to the kind wishes expressed. M. Saillens, although a Frenchman, speaks English idiomatically and fluently. The delegates intended to remain two weeks in Philadelphia, and to speak in many of the churches.

A Sad Scene was Witnessed in Jerry McAuley's Mission in New York on March 5th. It was a funeral service over the remains of Ella de Pattie, one of the converts of the mission. Mrs. de Pattie's story was sad in the extreme. It was one of birth in a respectable family; of sin in youth and of consequent drifting downward through all the grades of crime and misery to the police station and the penitentiary. About six months ago she came to the mission and begged piteously for consolation and spiritual help. She was converted, and work was found for her in a branch of the Magdalen Home in Twenty-second Street. She was a constant attendant at the mission and earnestly warned the young people who came there to beware of her example and not to waste their lives. Not long ago she caught a severe cold which led to quick consumption and caused her death. Her sad story drew a large attendance to her funeral, and not a few women, old and young, who knew the deceased, were present and listened attentively while several speakers pleaded with them to abandon their lives of sin. A good work among these unhappy women is in progress through Mr. McAuley's agency.

A Fatal Accident Occurred in Philadelphia on March 14th, involving the death of a workman. A six-story building is in course of erection on Walnut Street for an insurance company. The scaffolding covers the wall to the roof cornice, and on the day mentioned a carpenter named Draper was at work on the highest level. While engaged there he appears to have forgotten for a moment the dizzy height of his position. He made a misstep and was instantly precipitated to the ground. His comrades saw him clutch convulsively at the joists as he disappeared. The descent was made with frightful velocity. Once his body struck a projecting beam and spun round, and then was projected with frightful momentum through a shed, breaking the boards to fragments. When the workmen went to him they found him still alive but insensible, and he was suffering from horrible injuries. A wagon was procured, and the sufferer was removed to the Pennsylvania Hospital, where he died the same evening. One moment's lapse of watchfulness cost him his life. So we have recently read of men respected in society and holding office in the church whose moral fall has shocked us and has brought reproach on religion, and when we have traced them back along the road of their shame we have found that it commenced in a single misstep made in a moment of unwatchfulness. For divine protection in such moments we have all need to pray (Psa. 119 : 116, 117).

A Remarkable Case of Hydrophobia was reported last week by a physician in New York. In his certificate of death the physician certified that the deceased, a boy nine years of age, died of hydrophobia on Sunday, March 11th. Appended to the certificate was a note to the effect that *two years and nine months ago* the boy was bitten by a spitz dog, and the wound, in his left hand, was a lacerated one. It healed, and the boy enjoyed good health up to the time of his attack on Tuesday, March 6th. Investigation of the case elicited the information that after the boy was bitten the wound was dressed with a flax-seed poultice. When the injury healed the occurrence was, in a measure, forgotten, and was never talked about. On Tuesday he was taken sick, and the physician was summoned who detected a tremulous contraction of the muscles and the dread of fluids. The boy craved fluids, but was unable to swallow. In his last moments he did not appear to suffer pain, and there was no barking, champing of the jaws, or excessive foaming. The physician decided that the boy suffered from hydrophobia before he knew that he had been bitten by a dog. This knowledge was arrived at with difficulty, for the boy's parents had forgotten about the spitz. It is remarkable that so long a time should elapse between the injury and its fatal results, and it appears that the accuracy of the diagnosis of the physician is disputed by other doctors. There are, however, many sad cases known, of which this is typical, of an injury inflicted on a child's moral nature by a careless word or an evil example, which has been soon forgotten, but which years afterward has completed its fatal work in spiritual death (Prov. 29 : 5).

A Night Run of Cattle on the Drive is graphically described by General Brisbin in an Ohio journal. About two thousand fine steers were being driven across the country to a point on the Northern Pacific Railroad at which they would be taken on the cars for Chicago. On the road a halt was made near a creek for the night, but as a storm was rising the herd became uneasy. The cattle were very restless, getting up, lying down again, and shifting about as if uncomfortable. At last about midnight there came a sharp flash of lightning, followed by a heavy peal of thunder, and in an instant the whole herd was upon their feet and was soon in full flight. The herders made no effort to check or control them further than to keep them going straight. The run lasted about two hours when a gorge was being neared, in which the cattle would crowd and break their limbs. They were now quite tired, and the herders determined to stop the run. The head of the column was bent out on the prairie, and circled round and round until the cattle became tied up in a huge ball and could not move at all. In this way they were obliged to stand until morning, the herders riding round and round them, and keeping them completely tied up. At daylight they were allowed to "open out." First, the outer edge scattered, then layer after layer, until the whole herd was once more grazing as quietly as if nothing had happened. As we read this narrative we are impressed with the intelligence and tact of the herders in saving the cattle from destroying themselves. As we recall to mind scenes in our own lives and cases in history of which that of the confusion of tongues (Gen. 11:8) is a conspicuous example, in which human plans have ended in confusion and failure, we may reasonably ask whether God does not sometimes deal with men in a similar method (Psa. 33 : 8-11).

A Widow's Faith Discounted a Surprise prepared for her recently by her pastor and friends. At one of the churches in Columbus, Ohio, a few days ago, a subscription was taken up to make a present to a lady eighty years of age who, though known to be poor herself, was continually engaged in works of charity. The project was introduced at a prayer-meeting, and was well received. Thirty dollars were contributed, and at the conclusion of the meeting the pastor and a few friends went to the house of the lady with the money. The visitors were somewhat taken aback when the old lady, seeming to take the affair as a matter of course, exclaimed in her characteristic way: "Praise the Lord. I was expecting this. I am not ashamed to confess my poverty. I told the Lord I was needing a little money and didn't know where it was to come from, but I knew He would send it, and here it is" (Matt. 21 : 22).

A Western Miller has been Enriched by the floods according to a statement published in the Cincinnati *Enquirer*. It appears that amid all the ruin and desolation the deluge has caused, one man is the richer for its incursion. A miller near Lawrenceburg owned about ten acres of barren rocky land around his mill. They were covered by the inundation, but when the waters retired the miller found that his bare rocks were covered to the depth of several feet with the richest soil in the valley, carried there by the powerful current, and his mill pond was filled to the level of the breast of the dam with the same rich deposit. Instead of being a loser by the flood he is ahead the value of ten acres of Whitewater Valley land, which, when there is any of it in the market, commands from $200 to $500 an acre. How often in Christian experience has a blessing, of which this miller's good fortune is a type, been received. Trials have come in like a flood, but when they are past soil ready for the Master's sowing is found to have been prepared (Psa. 119 : 67).

A Novel Method of Advertising is Described by a reporter of the New York *Sun*. He states that a lady residing in the city recently received by mail a missive from England enclosed in a special request envelope giving an address in London. On being opened it was found to contain the business card of a dry-goods firm in New York inviting the lady's attention to their goods. Being curious to ascertain the firm's object in sending such applications by way of England to persons living in the same city as themselves, the reporter called on the firm to make inquiries. He was informed that the method was found to be one of the best for ensuring attention. Undisguised circulars were apt to be crumpled up and cast aside unread, while an envelope that has crossed the Atlantic is sure to receive notice and arouse curiosity. The firm sent the lists of names to an agent in England who had the cards printed and mailed there, and it was stated that the scheme had succeeded. These communications from a distance, though obviously a mere trick, appear to receive attention, while the Divine voice from heaven offering eternal treasure without money and without price often passes unheeded (Rev. 3 : 17).

THE HOLY SPIRIT'S THREEFOLD CONVICTION OF MEN.

A New Sermon by Pastor C. H. Spurgeon.

"And when he is come, he will reprove the world of sin, and of righteousness, and of judgment: of sin, because they believe not on me; of righteousness, because I go to my Father, and ye see me no more; of judgment, because the prince of this world is judged."—JOHN 16 : 8-11.

A Stern Task—Weighted with the Death of the Leader—His Absence Their Gain—The Spirit to Come—I. To Reprove Men—The New Righteousness—Coming Judgment Revealed—II. To Convince Men—A Necessary Work—The Fashionable Theology—Men Never Convinced Without the Spirit—III. To Convict the World—The World at the Bar—No Agnostics at Last—The Sure Medicine.

THE Apostles had a stern task before them. They were to go into all nations and proclaim the Gospel to every creature, beginning at Jerusalem. Remember that only two or three years before they were simple fishermen engaged upon the Galilean lake—men of little or no education, men of no rank or standing. At best they were but Jews, and that nation was everywhere despised, while these peasants were not even men of repute among their own nation. Yet these men were to turn the world upside down. They were told by their Lord that they would be brought before rulers and kings for His sake, and that they would be persecuted wherever they went. They were to proclaim the Gospel in the teeth of the imperial power of Rome, the ancient wisdom of Greece, and the fierce cruelties of barbaric lands, and to set up the kingdom of peace and righteousness.

At the very time when they were about to receive their commission, they were also to lose the bodily presence of their great Leader. While He was with them they had felt no fear. *If they were puzzled* at any time by the Scribes and Pharisees, they resorted to Jesus, and they were rescued from bewilderment. Never man spoke like that man; never did such wisdom and prudence dwell in any mind as dwelt in the mind of Christ. His presence was their ægis, the broad shield behind which they stood securely, whatever shafts might be shot at them by their adversaries. But now that He was to depart out of the world unto the Father they would be deprived of their fortress and high tower; they would be as children bereft of their father, or, at best, as soldiers without a general. Here was a sad case. Work given, and power withdrawn: a battle beginning, and the conquering Captain leaving.

How happy was it for these disciples that our blessed Lord could tell them that His going away would be for their gain rather than for their loss; for when He was gone

THE SPIRIT OF GOD WOULD COME

to be an advocate for them and with them, and by His power they would be able to silence all their enemies and achieve their mission. The Holy Spirit was to be their Comforter, that they might not be afraid, and their Advocate, that they might not be baffled. When they spoke, there would be a power within them suggesting their words, a power with those words convincing their hearers, and a power in their hearers causing the word spoken to abide in their memories; that power would be divine, the power of the Holy Ghost, who is one God with the Father and the Son.

It is one thing for men to speak, and quite another thing for God to speak through men. The work of proclaiming the Gospel to the world was far too great for the twelve; but it was by no means too great for the Spirit of God. Who can limit His power? Is anything too hard for the Lord? The Holy Spirit being their helper, these feeble men were equal to the task which God had committed to their trust. The presence of the Holy Ghost was better for them than the bodily presence of the Lord Jesus. The Lord Jesus could only have been in one place as to His corporeal presence, but the Holy Ghost could be everywhere; the sight of Jesus would

but appeal to the senses, but the power of the Holy Ghost touched the heart and wrought spiritual life and saving faith; thus, by His own withdrawal and the sending of the Spirit, our Lord furnished His servants for the conflict.

We will at this time observe what the Holy Spirit did as an Advocate. The passage cannot be fully understood except we give it three renderings; and I do not pretend that even then we shall have pressed from this choice cluster all the generous wine of its meaning. To my mind, it is a compendium of all the work of the Spirit of God. By our three readings we shall see much: first, the Spirit of God goes with the preaching of the Gospel to *reprove* men of sin, and so to abash them in the presence of the preacher of righteousness; secondly (and this is a much more blessed result), to *convince* men of sin, and so to lead them to repentance toward God and faith in our Lord Jesus Christ; and, thirdly, the ultimate result of the Holy Spirit's work will be to *convict* men before all intelligent beings of having been guilty of the grossest sin, of having opposed the most perfect righteousness, and of having defied the most glorious judgment. We shall try to see the meaning of the passage through these three windows.

I. First, we believe that a promise is here made to the servants of Christ, that when they go forth to preach the Gospel the Holy Ghost will be with them

TO REPROVE MEN.

By this is meant, not so much to save them as to silence them. When the minister of Christ stands up to plead his Master's cause, another advocate appears in court, whose pleadings would make it hard for men to resist the truth.

Observe how this reproof was given with regard to *sin*. On the day of Pentecost the disciples spoke with divers tongues, as the Spirit gave them utterance. Men from all countries under heaven heard themselves addressed in their native tongues. This was a great marvel, and all Jerusalem rang with it; and when Peter stood up to preach to the assembled multitude, and told the Jews that they had crucified the Holy One and the Just, the signs and wonders wrought by the Spirit in the name of Jesus were a witness which they could not refute. The very fact that the Spirit of God had given to these unlettered men the gift of tongues was evidence that Jesus of Nazareth, of whom they spoke, was no impostor.

Do you not see, too, dear friends, how the working of the Holy Spirit with the apostles and their immediate followers was a wonderful rebuke to the world concerning the matter of *righteousness*. Jesus was gone, and His divine example no longer stood out like clear light reproving their darkness, but the Holy Spirit attested that righteousness, and compelled them to feel that Jesus was the Holy One, and that His cause was righteous. The teaching of the apostles, sealed by the Holy Spirit, made the world see what righteousness was as they had never seen it before. A fresh standard of morals was set up in the world, and it has never been taken down; it stands in its place to rebuke, if not to improve. The world was then sunken in the uttermost depths of vice, and even its good men were loathsome; but now another kind of righteousness was exhibited in the teachings of the Lord Jesus, and the Spirit came to set the seal of divine approval thereto, so that if men continued in sin it might be against light and knowledge, for they now knew what was righteousness, and could no longer mistake upon that point.

These twelve fishermen could not of themselves have exhibited a new standard of righteousness among men; they could not on their own account have set before all nations a higher ideal of moral excellence; but when the eternal power and majesty of the Godhead vouched for the righteousness of the Lord Jesus, the course of the apostolic church became like that of the sun in the heavens. "Their line is gone out through all the earth, and their words to the end of the world." None could stand against them; for, as when the morning breaks, the darkness flies and the bats and the night-birds hasten away, so when the messengers of mercy proclaimed the righteousness of God, man's hypocrisy and self-glorying fled away.

Then, too, they were made to feel that a *judgment* had come; that somehow the life and the death of Jesus of Nazareth had made a crisis in the world's history, and condemned the way and manner of the ungodly. All historians must confess that

THE TURNING POINT OF THE RACE

is the cross of Christ. It would be impossible to fix any other hinge of history. From that moment the power of evil received its mortal wound. It dies hard, but from that hour it was doomed.

Moreover, the thought flashed upon humanity more clearly than ever it had done before—that there would be a day of judgment. Men heard and felt the truth of the warning that God would judge the world at the last by the man Christ Jesus. The dim forms of Rhadamanthus on a cloudy judgment seat, and of the assembly before His throne, and of the crowds divided according to their lives, now began to assume another and far more definite shape. It was written on the heart of mankind that there is a judgment to come! Men will rise again; they shall stand before the judgment-seat of Christ to give an account of the things done in the body, whether good or evil. The world heard this, and the tidings have never been forgotten. The Holy Ghost has reproved men by the prospect of judgment.

Brethren, does not that put the apostles in quite a different position from that in which they appeared to be? If we judge according to sense and carnal reason, their adventure was Quixotic, their success was impossible. Everybody would have said to them, "Go back to your nets and to your boats. What can you do against the established system of Judaism in your own country? And if that be too hard for you, what will you be able to do in other lands?" Would not prudence agree with this? Ay, but if God is in these men, if He that dwelt in the bush at Horeb, and made it burn, though it was not consumed, will dwell in them, and each one of them shall be gifted with a tongue of fire, this is a different business altogether. Surely, he that made the world, could new-make it. He that said, "Let there be light, and there was light," could command light to shine upon the moral and spiritual night.

II. The Holy Spirit was to go with the preaching of the word

TO CONVINCE MEN

of three great prominent truths. This was to be a saving word: they are to be so convinced as to repent of sin, to accept of righteousness, and yield themselves to the judgment of the Lord. Here we see as in a map the work of the Spirit upon the hearts of those who are ordained unto eternal life. Those three effects are all necessary, and each one is in the highest degree important to true conversion.

First, the Holy Ghost is come to convince men of *sin*. It is absolutely necessary that men should be convinced of sin. *The fashionable theology* is—"Convince men of the goodness of God; show them the universal fatherhood and assure them of unlimited mercy. Win them by God's love, but never mention His wrath against sin, or the need of an atonement, or the possibility of there being a place of punishment. Do not censure poor creatures for their failings. Do not judge and condemn. Do not search the heart or lead men to be low-spirited and sorrowful. Comfort and encourage, but never accuse and threaten."

Yes, that is the way of man; but the way of the Spirit of God is very different. He comes on purpose to convince men of sin, to make them feel that they are guilty, greatly guilty—so guilty that they are lost, and ruined, and undone. The Holy Ghost does not come to make sinners comfortable in their sins, but to cause them to grieve over their sins. He does not help them to forget their sin, or think little of it, but He comes to convince them of the horrible enormity of their iniquity. He comes to wound so that no human balm can heal; to kill so that no earthly power can make us live. To-day we have so many built up who were never pulled down; so many filled who were never emptied; so many exalted who were never humbled; that I the more earnestly remind you that the Holy Ghost must convince us of sin, or we cannot be saved.

This work is most necessary, because without it there is no leading men to receive the Gospel of the grace of God. We cannot make headway with certain people because they profess faith very readily, but they are not convinced of anything. "Oh, yes, we are sinners, no doubt, and Christ died for sinners"; that is the free-and-easy way with which they handle heavenly mysteries, as if they were the nonsense verses of a boy's exercise, or the stories of Mother Goose. This is all mockery, and we are weary of it. But get near

A REAL SINNER,

and you have found a man you can deal with; I mean the man who is a sinner, and no mistake, and mourns in his inmost soul that he is so. In such a man you find one who will welcome the Gospel, welcome grace, and welcome a Saviour. Your sham sinner is a horrid creature; but a man truly convinced of sin by the Spirit of God is a being to be sought after as a jewel that will adorn the crown of the Redeemer.

Note here, that the Spirit of God comes to convince men of sin, because they never will be convinced of sin apart from His divine advocacy. A natural conscience touched by the Spirit of God may do a good deal in the way of showing a man his faults; it may thus make him uneasy, and may bring about a reformation of life; but it is only the Spirit of God that to the full extent convinces a man of sin so as to bring forth repentance, self-despair, and faith in Jesus.

The Holy Spirit dwells upon one point in particular: "of sin, because they believe not on Me." None see

THE SIN OF UNBELIEF

except by His light. For a man thinks, "Well, if I have not believed in Christ, that is a pity, perhaps; but still, I was never a thief, or a liar, or a drunkard, or unchaste. Unbelief is a matter of very little consequence; I can set that square at any time." But the Holy Spirit makes a man see that not to believe in Christ is a crowning, damning sin, since he that believeth not hath made God a liar; and what can be more atrocious than that? He who believes not on Christ has rejected God's mercy, and has done despite to the grandest display of God's love; he hath despised God's unspeakable gift, and trampled on the blood of Christ. In this he has dishonored God on a very tender point; has insulted Him concerning His only-begotten Son.

The next work of the Spirit is to convince men of *righteousness*; that is to say, in Gospel terms, to show them that they have no righteousness of their own, and no means of working righteousness, and that apart from grace they are condemned. Thus He leads them to value the righteousness of God which is upon all them that believe, even a righteousness which covers sin, and renders them acceptable with God.

Lend me your ears a moment while I call your attention to a great wonder. Among men, if a person is convicted of wrong-doing, the next step is judgment. A young man, for instance, has been in the service of an employer, and he has embezzled money; he is convicted of the theft by process of law, and found guilty. What follows next? Why, judgment is pronounced, and he must suffer penalty. But observe how our gracious God interpolates another process. Truly, His ways are not our ways! "He shall convince of sin—". The next step would be judgment; but no, the Lord inserts a hitherto unknown middle term, and convinces "of righteousness."

BE AMAZED AT THIS.

The Lord takes a man, even when he is sinful

and conscious of that sin, and makes him righteous on the spot, by putting away his sin and justifying him by the righteousness of faith, a righteousness which comes to him by the worthiness of another who has wrought out a righteousness for him. Can that be? Brethren, this seems to be a thing so impossible that it needs the Spirit of God to convince men of it.

I may now set forth the great plan whereby the Lord Jesus is made of God unto us righteousness; I may show how the Son of God became man that He might fully keep the law of God for us, and that having done so, and having added His passive obedience to His active service, He presented to His Father a complete vindication of His injured law, so that every man that believeth on Him shall be delivered from condemnation, and accepted in the Beloved. I might also tell how Christ's righteousness is set to our account, so that faith is reckoned unto us for righteousness, even as was the case with faithful Abraham. Yet all my labor will be in vain till the Spirit shall make it plain.

Note well the great point of the Spirit's argument—"Of righteousness, because I go to my Father, and ye see me no more." Our Lord was sent into the world to work out a righteousness, and here He says "I go"; but He would not go till He had done His work. He says also, "I go to my Father"; but He would not go back to His Father till He had fulfilled His covenant engagements. "I go to my Father"; that is, I go to receive a reward and to sit upon my Father's throne; and He could not have received this glory if He had not finished

HIS APPOINTED WORK.

Behold, then, Christ has finished a righteousness which is freely given to all them that believe, and all those who trust in Christ are for His sake regarded as righteous before God, and are in fact righteous, so that Paul saith, "Who is he that condemneth?"

I know that many will say, "This is making people righteous who are not righteous," and hence they will raise many objections. Just so! This is the glory of God, that He justifieth the ungodly, and saves sinners by Christ. "Blessed is the man unto whom the Lord imputeth not iniquity." "I do not see it," cries one. And our answer is, "We know you do not; we are not in the least surprised that you reject our testimony; we never expected you to receive it unless the arm of the Lord should be revealed, and the Holy Ghost should convince you of righteousness." No man comes to Christ who is not drawn of the Father and enlightened by the Spirit; but if the Spirit convinces you we shall soon hear you sing:

> "Jesus, thy blood and righteousness
> My beauty are, my glorious dress;
> Midst flaming worlds, in these arrayed,
> With joy shall I lift up my head."

Dear people of God, pray hard that the Spirit of God may even now convince unbelievers that the only true righteousness for mortal men is that which comes not by the works of the law, but by the hearing of faith.

But then comes a third point, the Spirit of God is to convince men *of judgment*. To whom is this judgment committed? "The Father hath committed all judgment unto the Son." The true penitent feels that if he had all his sins forgiven him yet it will not serve his turn so long as he lies wallowing in sin. He feels that the great enemy of his soul must be dethroned, or else forgiveness itself will afford him no rest of heart. He must be

RESCUED FROM THE POWER

as well as from the guilt of sin, or else he abides in bondage. He must see the power of evil hewn in pieces before the Lord as Samuel hewed Agag of old. Hearken, O troubled one! You shall be set free, for "the prince of this world is judged." Again, I say, believest thou this?

Christ is made of God unto us sanctification; He saves his people from their sins; He makes them holy, and so breaks in pieces their enemy. Though it will cost you many a conflict, and the beaded sweat may in the hour of temptation stand upon your brow, as you fear that you will fall from holiness, yet the Lord shall bruise Satan under your feet shortly, for He has already bruised him under His own feet on your behalf. The Spirit of God is needed to convince our unbelieving hearts that it is even so. Most men dream that they must overcome sin by their own strength. Alas, the strong man armed still keeps the house against our feebleness. You have a pretty piece of work before you if in your own strength you venture on this conflict. I can hear the devil laughing at you even now. This leviathan is not to be tamed by you. A power divine is needed, and that power is ready to display itself if it be humbly sought.

III. Last of all, let us read our text by rendering it "convict"—"The Spirit of God

WILL CONVICT THE WORLD

of sin, of righteousness, and of judgment." There is the world. It stands a prisoner at the bar, and the charge is that it is and has been full of sin. In courts of law you are often surprised with what comes out. You look at the prisoner, and he seems to be a quiet, respectable person, and you say, "I should not think he is guilty." But the advocate who has engaged to plead the cause of righteousness stands up and gives an outline of the case; and you speedily change your mind, until as the evidence proceeds you say to yourself, "That is a villain, if ever there was one."

Now hear the Spirit of God. The Spirit came into the world to make all men know that Jesus is the Christ, and He attested that fact by miracles that could not be questioned, miracles without number: He has moreover attested the truth of the Gospel by the conversion of myriads, whose happy and holy lives have been a proof that Jesus Christ was indeed sent forth from God. But what did this wicked world do with Christ? They gave Him a felon's death: they nailed Him to a cross. By this the world is condemned! We need no further evidence. The world is convicted; self-condemned by the slaughter of Him who was incarnate goodness and unbounded love. The world is base enough to desire to slay its God even when He comes on an errand of love. Take the accused away! The world's guilt is proven beyond question. The wrath of God abideth on it.

What follows upon this? The trial is viewed from another point. The world has declared that the Gospel is not righteous, that the system which our Lord has come to establish is not true. Up to this day the world is continually raising objections, trying to confound believers, and, if possible, to defeat our most holy cause. But the Spirit of God by His teaching proves that the Gospel is full of righteousness; and by all His operations through the word He proves that the Gospel is holy, and just, and good, and tends to make men pure, godly, peaceable, and holy. By sanctifying men through the Gospel so that they lead gracious lives, the Holy Spirit proves that the Gospel is righteous.

This process grows more and more complete as time rolls on. Were not the world unrighteous it would long ago have yielded to the holy message and its holy Messenger. But it will be forced to own the truth one day. The Holy Spirit makes the world know that Christ is righteous by flashing into its face the fact that Christ has gone, gone up to glory, at the right hand of God, and this could not have been had He not been the righteous One.

When the world shall see Jesus enthroned at the last, and all mankind shall behold the Son of man on the clouds of heaven, what conviction will seize on every mind! There will be no agnostics then! Not a sceptic will be found in that day! Christ seen at the Father's right hand will end all unbelief!

And then the Spirit of God shall make men see the judgment. Before the day actually comes, they shall perceive that since Christ has judged the devil, since Christ has cast him down from his high places, and his power over the world is already broken, assuredly He will smite all that are in the dominion of Satan, and will not allow one of them to escape. The cause of evil is judged, and its case is desperate. Oh, how the Spirit of God will convict men at that last day when they hear the Judge say, "Come, ye blessed of my Father," or "Depart, ye cursed, into everlasting fire."

Men and brethren, will you be convinced by the Holy Spirit now, or will you wait till then? Shall it be the convincement of grace or the conviction of wrath? The Spirit bears witness still with us who preach the Gospel; will you yield to that Gospel, and believe it now? or will you wait until the blaze of the last tremendous day? Which shall it be? I think I hear you say, "The Gospel is true." Why, then, do you not believe it? If you confess "sin," why are you not washed from it? If there be "righteousness," why do you not seek it? If there be "judgment," why do you not ask to be so cleansed that you need not be afraid of it? O sirs, the most of men act as if they were born fools. If they were sick, and we had a sure medicine for them, they would rush to us for it. If they were poor, and we brought them gold, they would tread us down in their vehemence to snatch at wealth. But when there is Christ to be had, the divine remedy for sin, Christ to be had as a perfect righteousness, Christ to make them stand securely at the last dread day, they turn their backs upon the heavenly boon. O Spirit of God, win these madmen; bring back these fools and make them sane and wise, for Christ Jesus' sake. Amen.

ATTACK UPON MISSIONARIES IN CHINA.

(*See Illustration on page* 188.)

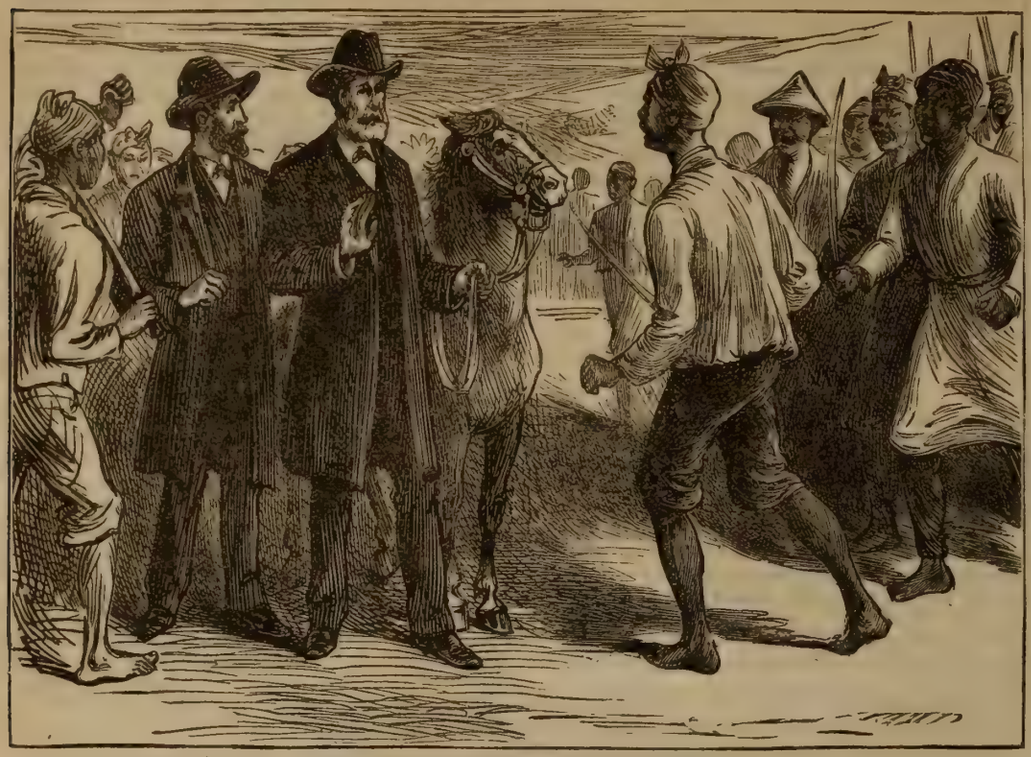
Mr. Henry Soltan, a missionary connected with the China Inland Mission, has sent the following narrative of an adventure which occurred on his journey from Burmah to China:

Nothing of importance occurred until the noon of Wednesday, December 1st, when we came to a halt on the summit of a hill which formed a plateau, surrounded on three sides by still loftier hills. It was intended to rest here for an hour or so, and make a further journey before night. The caravan had now quitted the territory belonging to the *Cowrie* tribe of Kah-ch'ens, and had entered that of the *La-hums*, two or three of the great leading chiefs of which were also great friends of ours. Arrived at this plateau, one of the La-hum chiefs with us bade us dismount, which we did, and were preparing to find a good place in which to rest, when two Kah-ch'ens, whose faces were familiar to us, stepped forward, and, taking the reins of our ponies, commenced to lead them off, bidding us follow, saying, "Come this way, teacher." Not suspecting anything, Stephenson allowed his pony to be taken off, and I was just following behind mine, when, looking round, I noticed that our Cowrie guides would not let these men take away our pack-pony and mules. Suspecting that all was not right, I rushed up to my pony "Jet," and seized his bridle, saying to the Kah-ch'en, "Wait a little, don't be in a hurry." He at once began to pull violently at the reins, and on my pulling in the opposite direction, became very angry. With eyes flashing with rage and teeth clenched, he drew his sword, flourished it over my head, his face looking quite fiendish.

ATTACKED BY ROBBERS.

"Don't be in a hurry," I said, "I'm not afraid. Stop awhile and talk about it. There is no occasion to be angry." But he shouted and pulled, and five or six companions came to his aid, all of whom drew their frightful-looking sword-knives and flourished them over my head as if to cut me down.

The Lord kept me perfectly calm, and I never felt the least fear. Had I been flurried, and lost my temper, I doubt not the affair would have ended seriously. As it was, my composure baffled them, and they seemed afraid to strike. Unfortunately, Stevenson's pony had by this time been led away out of sight, and he had been following behind me, being likewise menaced by



An Attack on Missionaries in China.

An Asiatic Little Waif.

the Kah-ch'ens. Coming up to me he said, "Let the pony go, for my sake; don't let them take your life." However, as "Get" resisted splendidly, and stuck to me, I was not going to give him up to these robbers unless compelled. Just then a party of our friends, Cowries and La-hums, rushed up, and drawing their "dahs" (sword-knives),

A FREE FIGHT

ensued, which looked terrible enough, though happily the blows on both sides were given with the backs and not with the blades of the "dahs," so that no blood was drawn. "Jet" was rescued, and led off to the rear of the camp. The packs were jerked off the pack animals, and they, too, were conveyed to a place of safety. We were conducted to the further end of the camp. In the midst of the fight one of our chiefs ran up the hill, and seizing the man who had stolen Stevenson's pony, threatened to cut him down if he did not at once yield him up; and soon he was seen triumphantly returning with his recaptured prize, his "dah" drawn and his long black turban trailing behind him.

Our adversaries finding they were beaten, became more angry than ever. They fired off guns, leaped about, cursed the Cowries and the La-hums, men of their own tribe, who had aided us, taunted them with being descended from Christians, pointed their fingers at them in an aggravating way, and hooted and yelled in the wildest manner. All the camp was in a state of great excitement. Had the Lord not inclined the hearts of our friends to interfere on our behalf, we should have lost everything, and should have been unable to recover our animals or goods without payment of a heavy ransom. Taking the settlement of the affair entirely out of our hands, they told us not to be alarmed, as they would make it all right.

The Moung-wai villagers, on seeing us two foreigners upon the hills, determined to take advantage of our presence to make some money out of us, and therefore organized this attack, entirely ignoring the solemn covenant into which they had entered with Major Sladen.

Although the arbitrators were themselves a source of danger, being of drunken and predatory habits, the caravan started the next morning, and we passed on without a word from any one, and met with no further trouble for the remainder of the journey.

A LITTLE BROUSSA ORPHAN.

THE picture of the little waif on this page is the portrait of one of the orphans received into the Orphanage Mrs. Baghdasarian has established at Broussa in Asia Minor. A portrait of that lady and a sketch of the history of the homes appeared in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD of January 6th, 1881. Broussa is the capital of Bithynia, the country in Asia Minor of which the Apostle Peter speaks (1 Pet. 1:1). The city is situated on the slope of Mount Olympus.

During the terrible famine which raged in Asia Minor during the years 1874-75 the people became so destitute that they were obliged to eat the grass of the field like cattle, and many were the victims to the cruel ravages of famine. The sympathies of American and English Christians were roused, and liberal help was dispensed through the agency of the missionaries. Despite the heroic efforts and aid which came from every quarter, the famine spread like a terrible fire, consuming man and beast alike. It was computed that the famine extended over forty thousand square miles, and that one hundred and fifty thousand persons perished. Hundreds fled to the capital and other large cities, and many orphans were left destitute. Broussa was one of the cities of refuge for poor, famine-stricken people.

At the end of the year 1874, when the famine was at its height, and Broussa was filled with refugees, the Rev. M. Baghdasarian accepted an invitation to the pastorate of the Evangelical Church in the city, a professorship in the New Evangelical Seminary, and the charge of the day-school. Seeing the terribly neglected condition of the female children who came to Broussa in search of food, his heart yearned to do something for them, especially when a number of these wretched little starvelings ran after him, crying, "Bread! bread!"

After long consideration and prayer he resolved upon opening a Home in Broussa, where some, at least, of the little destitute wanderers might be gathered in and taught to know and love the God and Father of the orphan. On the 31st of July, 1875, the work was commenced, and the Home was opened with one little Armenian orphan girl four and a half years of age; but though the work was evidently of God, many difficulties and trials of faith were experienced before the home was fairly established.

In a very short time there were six Armenian girls and one Greek girl under the roof of the New Orphan Home, with twelve day pupils, so that a little mission work was going on, as all the girls belonged to the Old Oriental Church. Christians as well as others sympathized with the work when they saw the once dirty, neglected ones, neatly clothed and looking very happy, walking to the Protestant Church on the Sunday. There are now over fifty girls in the Orphanage. Here are specimens of what some of the girls once were, and portraits of what they now are:

Little Anna, seven years old, was found by a man on a heap of rubbish, eating whatever she could find. The poor little thing looked scarcely human; she was sewn up in rags. When the rags were cut from her it was discovered that her attenuated body was eaten into holes by vermin, and her head was covered with sores, which caused her hair to fall off. By patient nursing, after eight months' residence in the Home she had become a pretty, clear-complexioned, lovable girl, and her head is now covered with brown, curling hair.

Marian, another orphan, was found in the streets of Broussa begging. She had run away from one to whom she had been sold, and who had been in the habit of binding her to a pillar and whipping her most cruelly. She is a most clever girl, sews beautifully, and is gentle and obedient.

These are but samples of many cases which could be adduced; but enough has been said to commend the "Asia Minor Home for Orphan and Destitute Girls" to the sympathy and prayers of our readers.

FREDDY'S PICTURE.

"MAMMA, need I say my prayers to-night?" asked a bright, handsome boy, as he kissed his mother good-night. "I am so tired, and I can scarcely keep my eyes open, I'm so sleepy."

That clearly was not the time for an explanation, or to teach the weary boy the value of prayer. Marian Travers, earnest Christian and devoted mother as she was, had too much tact and sense to venture upon it then. She put down her work, and going up with her boy to his bed-room helped him to undress, and sat beside him while he offered up the few simple peti-

tions she had taught him as soon as he was able to remember them. The boy, delighted by the rare treat of his mother's company in his own room, forgot his weariness, and would have kept her near him for hours, had not she deemed it wise to leave him to "tired nature's sweet restorer."

The next morning Freddy's first invasion of his mother's sitting-room revealed a change in its arrangements. On an easel near her work table was a tastefully framed picture of a fair-haired boy of about Freddy's age, on his knees.

"O mamma, how beautiful!" was the boy's exclamation. "Who is that?"

"Come here, my boy," said the mother, "I wish to speak to you. Let me tell you all about the picture. It is for your bedroom, and I have been out this morning to buy it for you, and we will hang it up over your bed so that you may never forget the little boy's history.

"Oh, thank you, dear, kind mamma," said the boy, throwing his arms round his mother's neck and kissing her over and over again. "Now I am quite ready to listen; please tell me the story."

"You remember last night, Freddy, that you asked me if you must say your prayers as you were so tired?"

"Yes, mamma, I was out skating until nearly bed-time, and I did not think it was so late until I heard the sunset gun, and then I ran all the way home. My feet and legs ached so when I came in I felt I should like to lie down and go to sleep right away. I thought it would not matter if I did not say my prayers just for once. But I did say them after all, you know, mamma, so it's all right, and you will tell me the story now, will you not?"

"If my little Freddy had wanted something very much, that his mamma could give him, would he have said, 'Need I ask mamma for it?'"

"Oh, no, mamma, I should come to you right away and ask for it."

"Well, my boy, your prayers are just that. You kneel down and ask God to give you something you need very much, and you thank Him for giving you many things which you would be very unhappy if you did not have."

"But, mamma, I do not want the things I ask God for, and besides do you think He can hear me all the way up in heaven?"

"Yes, Freddy, He does hear you and you do need the things you ask for. Suppose some morning you were told you must go away from home on a voyage to Europe, would you not say, I cannot go now, I shall need ever so many things for the voyage and while I am away. I wish I had known I was going, so that I might have been ready. And suppose you found that your papa had known all along about your going, and when you went to him you found that he had in his study every kind and description of article you would need, would not that be good? Well, prayer is something like that. You do not quite know what you will need when you grow up a big man like papa. You may have to do things you don't understand, and wicked men may try to persuade you to do things that if you did them you would be very miserable, but you cannot know that, and you do not know whether you should do them or not, and you wish you knew some one that could tell you. Now, God knows exactly how you will live and what you will need to make you happy and good and useful, and He can give you those things. So when you kneel down to pray, you ask Him to deliver you from evil and to bless you. So you see you do really need the things you ask for, though you do not know that you do."

"Yes, mamma, I understand now; but do you really think that when I say my prayers God hears me?"

"Yes, Freddy, I am sure He does, and I will tell you something that will astonish you still more. He once spoke to a little boy like you. He wanted some one to take a message for Him to warn some people of a great trouble that was coming, and He chose a little boy to go for Him. The little boy was afraid at first, but afterward he listened and promised to do it. God often spoke to him afterward when he grew up and became a great judge and a very good man."

"Oh, do tell me all about it, mamma," said the interested boy.

Then the mother took up her Bible, and read to him the story of Samuel, and before the picture of the little praying child was carried up to his bed-room she knelt with her son and entreated God that He would so call him and consecrate him to His service.

Freddy's Picture.

FETTERS OF FASHION.

By Miss M. A. Paull,

Author of "The Flower of the Grassmarket," "The Romance of a Rag," etc., etc.

Number Six.

Number Six was a very neat house, built of gray stone, and made tasteful by elegant curtains and beautiful flowers in its windows. It was situated exactly opposite the splendid old elm-tree which shelters and overshadows the ancient stone cross of the clean and respectable town of Moreton Hampstead. Beyond the cross and the elm are the churchyard and the handsome stone church, with its massive tower; and this being Sunday evening, the two girls in the window of Number Six are furtively engaged, scanning and criticising, from behind their respective screens of muslin curtains, the dresses, styles, and general appearance of the church-goers, as they leave the sacred edifice, in the soft yet brilliant light of this summer evening.

And lest any one should feel inclined to blame them for not being themselves among the worshippers, it will be best at once to state that the younger of the two is temporarily an invalid, and the other is therefore very properly her companion in order to release their attendant.

The young ladies might have found more profitable employment in their home on that Sunday evening. Seasons of quiet meditation and reflection are all too rare in this day of ceaseless occupation, and such a calm Sunday evening as that, when the sickness of one sister and the attendance of the other precluded their joining the company of public worshippers, would have been a blessed opportunity for study of God's Word and communion with Him. Unhappily, however, the two girls had been reared in an atmosphere of worldliness by an ambitious mother, whose desires for her family were centred in their earthly advancement. The hope of a brilliant marriage for her daughters was the one powerful attraction toward which all her thoughts were drawn, and for this she planned and schemed day and night. It was impossible that the girls should have lived with such a mother and not imbibed, to some extent, her ideas, and it was therefore not strange that they found congenial amusement in watching and criticising the attire of their neighbors as they wended their way homeward beneath the windows of Number Six.

"There comes Uncle Rege!" said Patty, the elder girl. "Whatever has made him go to church, I wonder."

"Why, Patty, he's been often lately; and Mr. Hollins has taken quite a fancy to him."

"Mr. Hollins!" echoed Patty, with an incredulous smile. "Nonsense, Loo; Mr. Hollins has too much sense to be taken up with any of his crotchets. What an unfortunate thing it is for us, situated as we are, that Uncle Rege is the kind of man he is. Now, some uncles that even have the misfortune to be tradesmen, are able to forget the fact occasionally, and so to make other people forget it too. Why, don't you remember Mr. Marley? He was quite a gentleman, though he kept a gin-palace somewhere. Aunt said, when we met him at Minehead, that nobody ever thought of snubbing him on that account, his manners were so good; and he had so much money. And just fancy! Uncle Rege would look askance at Mr. Marley; and would even refuse to sell him a pound of tea!"

Loo laughed merrily.

"You provoking old dear!" said Patty, pinching her sister's pretty cheek; "you never will see things about Uncle Rege as all the rest of us do. The whims that man has are enough to drive anybody distracted, even if they were no relations to him; and when, as in our case, we have the misfortune to be nearly related to him, it is so much the worse. Fancy him offering Fanny a place as his housekeeper at that shop, with only that old woman to help her do the work! I don't know what such men as Uncle Rege think elegance and beauty are made for!

And only think of his telling mamma that she would repent one day taking her glass of wine and offering strong drink to her guests! There is such a thing as teetotal insanity, and Uncle Rege is a victim—that's what I think;" and Patty smiled at herself complacently, as if conscious that she had arrived at a very just conclusion, and said quite a clever thing.

"There they come!" said Loo, as a handsome-looking, middle-aged lady, accompanied by two younger ones, all of them fashionably attired, made their appearance. "How well dear mamma is looking!"

"But not particularly amiable," said Patty; "something has ruffled her ladyship, I am afraid."

The three ladies, having crossed the road, entered the house, and came into the sitting-room of Number Six.

"What sort of a sermon, mamma?" asked Loo, affectionately turning to her mother.

"My dear, I am quite overcome with the heat," said Mrs. Sylvester. "I can say and do nothing till one of you get me a glass of wine. Really this heat is terrible!" and only staying to lay her lace shawl and bonnet on the table, she flung herself into an easy chair, and began to use languidly the fan she carried.

Patty went to the sideboard and poured out a glass of port wine, and handed it to her mother.

"Come, Clarie," she said then, "what's the matter? How solemn you all look. What has the sermon been about, to give you all the blues?"

"I think it has been a very nice sermon," said Clarie. "But very few liked it; it was preached by a stranger, called Spencer; and he spoke against drinking."

"Goodness!" said Patty, emphatically. "Then *that* accounts for Uncle Rege's churchgoing."

"My dear, it accounts for *anything*," groaned Mrs. Sylvester, pathetically. "It makes me *ill* to think of what the Church is coming to;" and then she went on between the sips of her wine in a languidly, genteel voice—"Such inroads; such innovations since my young days! Then at least one was safe to hear sound sermons, and not temperance trash, from the pulpit."

"I don't believe Dr. Blair liked it," said Clarie. "He was fidgetting all the time."

"Of course he didn't!" replied her mother. "What sensible clergyman would? Every one knows what a splendid cellar our respected vicar has; and every rightly constituted mind must feel for him in the indignity to which he was subjected to-night in his own church. Even your uncle, poor man, could hardly have said things more opprobrious concerning those who feel it necessary for their health to take a little wine."

"But we don't take it for our health, mamma," said Loo uncompromisingly, "four healthy girls as we are in a general way cannot possibly require wine as a medicine."

"Of course not," assented Clarie, "we take it simply because it is fashionable to do so."

"And for my part," said Fanny emphatically, 'I'd rather go out of the world, than be out of the fashion."

Loo laughed her sweet merry laugh. "I wouldn't, Fanny," she said, "I think it must be delightful to live in this beautiful old world without needing to worry about what is and what is not fashionable. I should like to be able just to put on my hat without thinking any more about dressing up, and go for a walk; and I think we four girls might do all the work of this house without a servant, and be all the better and healthier for doing it and not a bit less of ladies; and then we should have a little more money to spend for our poor neighbors."

"Louise," said her mother with much dignity and some little warmth, "I must beg of you to stop such vulgar discourse. How your Uncle in his family, and you in mine, are so fond of outraging all decency and propriety in your ideas is wholly beyond my comprehension. But at least, as long as I am mistress in my own house my daughters must submit to my regulations, and not outrun in action the limits which fashion very properly sets to the silly schemes and notions of young and foolish girls."

Thus set down, Loo, being as sweet tempered as she was outspoken, discreetly maintained for a little while a good tempered silence, and when she spoke again it was on a subject that could not offend her mother.

The family of the Sylvesters was like thousands of other families, cramped in its means of usefulness, and in its true enjoyment by the assumption of a false style, and of wealth which had no existence. Mrs. Sylvester was the widow of an officer with a just sufficient pension to maintain her and her four daughters in simple comfort. Unfortunately she had become imbued with a notion, common enough among other professions, but which clings with singular tenacity to both sexes connected with the army and navy, that trade is a degradation; and that those who are engaged defending their country by sea or land with carnal weapons, and who are taught the terrible lesson how to destroy the lives of others; are vastly superior in position to their employers—the tax-payers of the country.

She also had no will, perhaps no mind, to understand that the true greatness of a country, in which lies her real strength among other nations, are her honest industries, her cultured learning, and her religious principles; all of which may be developed and enjoyed by every inhabitant of the land.

Mrs. Sylvester on her widowhood had come to Moreton Hampstead to reside, because she knew from experience that she could live more economically, and be a greater person in the country on her very limited means, than in the gay resorts where she would have liked so well to reign. Power, and style, and fashion were her watchwords. She had also some thought of her brother, who with all his quaintness and peculiarities was generous according to the means of a country tradesman; and the large weekly parcel of groceries that was sent to Number Six from his store, and which she never hinted to any one was sent gratuitously, made a good show to the neighbors and also supplied many a gap that might otherwise have been disagreeably felt, either in the physical economy or the fashionable toilette of the mother and her daughters.

For the sake of dress and a wine-cellar, and the folly of keeping up appearances beyond her real ability, Mrs. Sylvester sacrificed true comfort, the power to help a poor neighbor, and mental culture. If ever a reduction in expenditure was found necessary, it was made not in wine and ale, not in fashion-books, ribbons, and laces, not even in the donation to be gracefully and ostentatiously laid on the plate in church for the restoration of a cathedral, or the spiritual education of the far-away heathen; but Loo was positively forbidden to give away anything more to Widow Maunder, or to dream of paying the school pence for the orphan family she had hitherto helped.

"O mamma," Loo would sometimes say, "give me the money for the wine I should drink in a year, and let me do with my last pair of gloves another three months, and then I could still do what I have been accustomed to for them."

But Mrs. Sylvester was imperative, and Loo would go away and ease her disappointment and sympathies for her proteges by a good cry, and try hard to devise other means to help them, by stinting herself without allowing her mother to know.

While she did not by any means forbid her daughters to visit their uncle, the elegant widow of the officer tried her best to make them feel that they were altogether out of place in the grocer's humble, though comfortable parlor; and she had so far succeeded that Fanny, Patty, and Clarie all felt considerably ashamed when duty or interest necessitated that they should bring their elaborate costumes into contact with soap, candles, and split peas, and pass through an avenue of molasses and sugar barrels to their uncle's sitting-room beyond the store, heralded by the aproned apprentice or assistant who, knocking at the old gentleman's door, announced them smirkingly or abruptly, as the case might be, as "Your nieces, sir."

But Loo neither felt nor showed any of this absurdly ill-timed affectation of superiority which her sisters manifested. The fetters of fashion, spite of the atmosphere in which she had been born and brought up, did not gall her young, free spirit, and her honest heart and quick wit made her both perceive their weight and resent their pressure. Louise Sylvester, bright, sweet, gay as a wood-bird, came alone, bounded lightly through the cumbersome adjuncts of her uncle's business premises, tapped for herself at his parlor-door, or if she found it open, entered, sure of a welcome, and awaited his coming, bringing sunshine into the somewhat shady room. And while she waited, she studied her uncle's favorite volume, or read his newspaper, till the old man entered, when she sprang up to greet him with the genuine affection and respect that his character deserved.

Reginald Courtenay, the uncle, was a man whom no one could pass without seeing him. He was above the average height of even tall men, and finely proportioned. His head was well-shaped, his face handsome and intelligent. His once dark hair had now become iron-gray; his eyes were gray also, shrewd and merry; his mouth was frank in expression, and revealed rows of fine, sound, white teeth whenever he gave his hearty laugh—a laugh that was infectious in its joyous ring.

"If only," as his sister often pathetically, and in a tone of injured innocence, remarked, "he would not dress in that absurdly old-fashioned style, and act and talk in such a ridiculously eccentric fashion, he might, with his fine natural appearance, have been quite useful to myself and the dear girls. But who could walk about with a middle-aged man who persisted in dressing in the fashion of his youth? What lady of taste could enjoy the conversation of a man, even her own brother, if he would be incessantly talking of his hobby, teetotalism, and using such fatigue-inspiring words as 'principles,' 'duties,' 'necessities.'"

There could be no doubt that Reginald Courtney had crotchets. As, to be a consistent teetotaller meant, in his estimation, an immense deal more than it does to most of us, he would not accept the custom of any of the townspeople who made their money by selling drink, and who were anxious to deal with so thoroughly respectable a tradesman, on whose goods more than on any other grocer's in the town, they could depend for prime quality, freedom from all adulteration in its most infinitesimal degree; and "weights" whose "justice" was unquestionable.

One or two of the landladies of Moreton Hampstead had actually undertaken to argue the point with him.

"I call it unneighborly and un-Christian of you, Mr. Courtenay, to act as you do; what is my money worse than other folk's money for?"

"Because you sell liquor, madam, and get the richer by the injury of others," said the grocer, "and that is what I never knowingly will consent to do."

"But I don't get all my money by drink," said his antagonist, who saw with her womanly quickness what she considered a weak point in his armor; "I'll pay at your counter what I get by the things my customers eat, and not the money I take for the drink."

"It is impossible, Mrs. Ireland, that you should separate them; my conscience will feel less disturbed if I have nothing to do with drink-money. I am obliged to you for your willingness to deal with me; against you, personally, I have nothing to say; against your business in that part where you supply the proper needs of men and women, I have also nothing to say; but when I think of the drink supplied in your

house, my mind misgives me, my common-sense tells me it is a grievous wrong to the community that such articles should be sold, and I will not be in any way the better, the richer—I mean, for money so obtained."

Whereupon Mrs. Ireland in a "huff" left him abruptly.

(To be continued.)

SIMON THE SORCERER.

S. S. Lesson for April 1, Acts 8 : 9-25. Golden Text, ver. 21. By Mrs. M. Baxter.

The Disciples Prepared for Sacrifice—Preaching Backed by Disinterestedness—Philip's Mission to Samaria—God Prepared His Way—The Modern Methods—No Compromise with the World — Philip's Miracles Unmistakable — Simon's Spirit Still Rampant—The Self Forgetfulness of the Consecrated Worker—The Need of the New Converts—Simon's Desire for Apostolic Power—Peter's Scathing Rebuke—The Belief in Prayer not in God.

We have seen how the disciples who were scattered abroad in the persecution which commenced with the death of Stephen, "went everywhere preaching the Word." Pecuniary considerations had no weight with these temples of the Holy Ghost; all they were and all they had was invested for the glory of God and the salvation of souls; and therefore no consideration held them back. Should their testimony cost them their lives, as it had cost Stephen—they were ready to die; should it hinder them from obtaining employment—they had the promise of God, "Bread shall be given to them and their water shall be sure." "If ye seek first the kingdom of God, and His righteousness, all these things shall be added unto you" (Matt. 6 : 33). Should they lose caste, and be despised—they had cast in their lot with Him who was "despised and rejected of men" (Isa. 53 : 3), and they had accepted from their Lord that "it is enough for the disciple that he be as his Master, and the servant as his Lord" (Matt. 10 : 25). What should be the result of preaching backed by such disinterestedness as this? God gives us a sample: "Then Philip went down to the city of Samaria, and preached Christ unto them.

And the people

WITH ONE ACCORD

gave heed unto those things which Philip spake, hearing and seeing the miracles which he did. For unclean spirits, crying with loud voice, came out of many that were possessed with them; and many taken with palsies, and that were lame, were healed." Philip made no attempt to gain the people by bringing some extraordinary attraction to bear upon them; he knew that he was sent of God, and he knew that God would take the responsibility of preparing the way for His own Word. The modern plan of attracting the people to the Gospel by pandering to their worldly tastes had not yet been invented by the devil. Philip neither got up concerts nor entertainments, nor bazaars, he only preached Christ. Oh, it is degrading to the very spirit of Christianity, when the professed winners of souls try to make up for their own lack of Holy Ghost power by this going down to Egypt for help, and use worldly and fleshly inducements to win men to the Saviour! What kind of converts are the result? Just such as themselves; and thousands of such will find at the last day that they have made an awful mistake and that they are not converted at all.

What, shall we win men from "this present evil world" (Gal. 1 : 3), by offering to them a portion of their loved pleasures in order to induce them to renounce the rest? Shall we countenance a kind of gospel which springs neither from God nor from the Bible, that if men only believe in the sacrifice of Christ for them, and become members of churches, they may live, talk, dress, do business, and act exactly as though they were unconverted, in fact, their chief aim must be to conceal from the world that they belong to Christ and make the Word of God untrue where it says, "If any man be in Christ he is a new creature; old things have passed away, behold all things are become new" (2 Cor. 5 : 16)? The early church understood the true relations between God and man, *i.e.*, that man exists for God, not God for man, that man is created, redeemed, saved, sanctified, healed for God, not for himself.

One great instrumental cause of

THE AWAKENING IN SAMARIA

was the miracles which Philip did, and these seem to have been chiefly in the line of healing; unclean spirits, crying with loud voice, came out of many that were possessed with them; there would be no mistake as to the deliverance, the departure of the evil spirits was a manifest fact. Paralyzed people regained the use of their limbs, and lame people began to walk. It is often said in this age of unbelief, that miracles are not needed nowadays. We believe the exact contrary, that miracles are more needed now than at any other time of the church's history; that amid the mass of religious confusion, amid the fearful hypocrisy which is abroad, there may be undeniable proof to convince puzzled but honest seekers after truth that the Lord indeed is still among us.

Even in these early times there were false disciples. One of these, Simon, an ex-sorcerer, had formerly obtained great power over the people through the spiritualism of those days; he had bewitched the people who looked upon him as the great power of God, for he gave "out that

HIMSELF WAS SOME GREAT ONE."

It is not unusual to hear Christian workers boasting of their overflowing meetings, and of the many souls they have been the means of leading to Christ, and of the power of their holiness meetings, and of their great faith, etc. Alas, alas, they are not free from the spirit which actuated Simon the sorcerer, in their eyes they themselves are great ones. When Peter and John had been used of God for the healing of the lame man, Peter took the greatest pains to turn the eyes of the people from him to Jesus, and this is the instinct of every man in whom God really dwells.

When we see a preacher looking round with evident disappointment upon a small audience, and seeking the first opportunity of telling what crowds have hung upon his lips elsewhere, it is evident that he believes that himself is some great one, and that he wants other people to believe it too. If few souls are brought to Christ, and in a spirit of self-justification he will tell of numbers having been saved through his instrumentality elsewhere, and he seeks to excuse his want of success by finding fault with the people or with the circumstances, it is clear that in his own eyes he is the great one on whom the success depends. And though in word he would ascribe it to God, yet in his own heart he believes that his services are not easily to be dispensed with. A man who lives and works in the power of God is conscious of God's power, but knows his own weakness and nothingness in such a way that he never feels able to speak or do anything else for God, but just simply trusts to the promise, "It shall be given you in that same hour what ye shall speak, for it is not ye that speak, but the Spirit of your Father which speaketh in you" (Matt. 10 : 19, 20).

When Simon saw that all his followers were leaving him and that they believed in Jesus and were baptized, he believed also and was baptized. No doubt his conversion was just as real as any of the professed converts of our day whose whole soul and being have not been possessed by Jesus. But we never hear of Simon becoming active in winning other souls to Jesus, "he continued with Philip and wondered, beholding the miracles and signs which were done."

Tidings of this great work of God in Samaria reached Jerusalem, and the apostles sent down Peter and John, who on arriving found a deeper work of grace to be needful. True there was great joy, but in order to be useful there must be great grace and great power, so they prayed for them that they might receive the Holy Ghost. Some believers will argue themselves into a state of self-satisfaction that because "no man can say that Jesus is the Lord, but by the Holy Ghost" (1 Cor. 12 : 3), therefore they as believers are to be contented without that "power from on high" (Luke 24 : 49) which is the special promise of Christ to His Church. The converts in Samaria could not say that Jesus was the Lord but by the Holy Ghost, and yet when Peter and John came down, they found reason to pray that these new disciples might receive the Holy Ghost, and then they laid their hands on them and they received the Holy Ghost. Reader,

HAVE YOU RECEIVED THE HOLY GHOST?

Get away from the various and conflicting doctrines with which Satan is trying to throw dust in our eyes and frighten us away from the great and glorious reality, and ask yourself definitely and honestly if you have ever known anything in your experience which answers to the receiving of the Holy Ghost mentioned here. If not, seek this blessing as one which God is waiting to bestow upon every fully-surrendered soul.

This power of the Holy Ghost seems to have impressed Simon more than any of the miracles and signs which he had witnessed, thus showing that his conversion had gone far enough to give him a taste for spiritual things, but like many believers, self was his centre as much as it had been formerly, and it is sadly evident that he himself did not receive the Holy Ghost. Whether the apostles laid hands on him or not, we are not told, but if they did, and it is very probable that it was so, no laying on of hands could communicate the Holy Ghost to work under the dominion of a heart full of self. Where the Spirit of God comes, He comes to take control, and He can dwell only in a heart where self is renounced.

Simon saw an advantage for himself, a new opportunity, as he thought, to be again "some great one;" so he offered the apostles money, saying, "Give me also this power, that on whomsoever I lay hands, he may receive the Holy Ghost." Poor unhappy man, the Spirit of God was all around him, in the disciples who had received Him; the atmosphere was so pure that every tainted breath must manifest itself, and the would-be apostle was shown up. "Thy money perish with thee," was

PETER'S INDIGNANT REPLY,

"because thou hast thought that the gift of God can be purchased with money." There are such as believe they can command the Holy Ghost, and by paying evangelists which are their own choice and not the choice of the Holy Ghost, that they can produce a work of God and get the credit for it. But no; the gift of God is not to be purchased with money; He may use us where He wills and for what He wills, but He is God, and He is not to be at man's disposal.

Peter continued, "Thou hast neither part nor lot in this matter; for thy heart is not right in the sight of God." A man who believes, but who wants to make the Holy Ghost serve the purpose of his own ambition, has neither part nor lot in the Holy Ghost. "Repent therefore of this thy wickedness, and pray God if perhaps the thought of thine heart may be forgiven thee; for I perceive that thou art in the gall of bitterness and in the bond of iniquity." Poor wretched Simon, he had seen himself in his mind's eye "some great one," and now how small he must have felt. "Pray ye to the Lord for me," he replied. Simon had never lived in the conscious presence of God, and he believed in prayer rather than in God. He saw Philip's hand more than God's in the miracles which were done, Peter and John more than God in the giving of the Holy Ghost.

Many write to us at Bethshan as though the power to sanctify and to heal were with us, and cannot but meet with disappointment, because it is of the Lord to sanctify and heal; and they must themselves come empty to Him and not to us, if they would be blessed. Would that Simon's case were uncommon! We fear that in the present day many more Simons are to be found than Peters. Lord purify thy church. Amen.

FOREIGN TOPICS.

An Alarming Explosion Occurred on Thursday, March 15th, in one of the British Government Buildings near the Houses of Parliament. It was at first supposed to be due to an escape of gas, but an examination proved that it had been effected by dynamite or some similarly destructive agent, which there is reason to believe was placed near the building with malicious intent. The destruction of property will involve a loss of about $20,000, but happily *no lives were sacrificed.* The explosion was heard at a distance of two miles, and caused some *alarm in the House of Commons* where it shook the galleries and sent a vibration through the whole building. A newspaper correspondent, who visited the scene of the explosion, cables: "The neighborhood presents the appearance of a bombardment. The coping round the window balustrades in front of the office was hurled into the middle of the street, which runs on the south side of the building, where it lay a crumbling, powdered mass. The rooms adjoining the one in which the explosive was placed, was knocked to pieces and the furniture broken. The casements throughout the whole side of the block were blown out and the blinds and curtains torn to shreds. The damage in the surrounding locality is chiefly confined to broken windows, which completely litter the streets with fragments of glass. A stone weighing 200 pounds was projected against the police station in the next block, making a hole the size of a man's head. The excitement is intense." It is generally believed to have been *the work of the Irish agitators* who chose that way of expressing their resentment at a defeat Mr. Parnell recently suffered in Parliament. There is no direct evidence implicating Irishmen in the outrage, but the admissions made by O'Donovan Rossa, when interviewed in New York, tend to confirm the suspicion that the work was arranged by the managers of the skirmishing fund. The Government has offered a reward of $5000 for the apprehension of the perpetrators of the crime. An explosive machine with a lighted fuse attached was found on March 14th at the back of the office of the London *Times.*

A Brutal and Cowardly Attempt was Made on Saturday to Murder Lady Florence Dixie, the lady who has been engaged in relieving the distress of the poor in Ireland. She returned recently to her residence at Windsor, England, and published a statement that the funds intrusted to the Land League for distribution among the starving had never been applied to that purpose, and besides that the League had failed to account for a large sum of money missing from its treasury. On Saturday, as she was walking in the woods near her house, she was attacked by two men dressed in women's clothes who seized her by the throat and attempted to stab her. Happily the knives the miscreants used were turned aside by a broad steel corset-rib, and before they could make a second attempt, her St. Bernard dog came to her rescue and the cowards fled. Lady Dixie was only slightly wounded in the right breast, but her hands were badly cut in the struggle, and her clothing was pierced in several places. There is reason to fear that outrages so dastardly as this, will arouse indignation in England so fierce, that all hopes of further concession to Ireland will have to be abandoned.

The Preparations for the Coronation of the Czar of Russia are proceeding in spite of the warnings of the Nihilists that it will never be consummated. It is reported that the chief sovereigns and princes who were at Berlin during the celebration of the silver wedding of the Crown Prince and Crown Princess have agreed to be represented at the coronation of the Czar *by ambassadors only.* The arrangements made for the ceremony are of the most costly kind. The following is a description of the imperial garments ordered for the occasion: Two ermine lined purple coronation mantles have been ordered of the dealer in furs, of Moscow. These mantles are to be about seven yards in length, with an imperial eagle embroidered in gold on the back of each of them. The dress which is to be worn by the Empress on the coronation is being embroidered in the famous atelier of Loman, in Moscow. It will consist of finely woven silver cloth, all embroidered in silver, a garland of embroidery nearly a yard wide running around the bottom of the skirt and covering the train. The train alone, consisting almost entirely of silver, is to weigh more than twenty pounds.

The Irish Invincibles in Prison Charged with the murder conspiracy have been notified that their trial will be begun on April 9th. They will be tried on three counts, namely—the Phœnix Park murders, the attempted murder of Juror Field and conspiracy. Letters have been sent to James Carey, the informer, from all parts of the Kingdom, notifying him that there are plenty of men to take the places of those arrested. He is now not allowed to read the newspapers containing attacks upon him. It is stated that an important discovery has been made of cipher telegrams and letters to which the key has been obtained. These are expected to bring certain Irish-Americans within the operation of the extradition treaty.

The Resignation of M. Grèvy, the President of the French Republic, was reported last week, but was afterward semi-officially denied. The correspondent at Paris, of the London *Times*, speaking of the rumor, says the general political situation, the constant strides of radicalism, the chronic instability of Cabinets, the insults of reactionary organs and the threats made at anarchist meetings explain the desire of M. Grevy to resign the Presidency.

The French Movement, in Madagascar Becomes increasingly ominous. Advices from Tamatave, under date of February 26th, announced the arrival there of the French gunboat, Vaudreuil. The town had not yet been occupied, but four French men-of-war had arrived on the north-west coast of the island. The natives were excited, and were preparing to resist the French. There was no British war vessel present. A later despatch states that the people are determined, if the French make an attack upon them, to migrate to the interior. Fanatics are stirring up the people against the Christians.

The Emperor of Germany and the Crown Prince have promised to attend the Luther Celebration at Eisleben on the 10th of November next. The fourth centenary of the birth of the author of the Reformation, in the place where he was born and where he died, is to be observed with more than usual solemnity. Among other events by which the day is to be commemorated is the inauguration of a statue of Martin Luther, which his Majesty himself has promised to unveil. The interest of the announcement is enhanced by the news that the negotiations between Prussia and the Vatican have been broken off, although we must await confirmation of this intelligence before it can be accepted as correct, since it seems to be clear that the Pope is determined to close the breach with Germany with or without the approval of the Cardinals.

The Evangelistic Services of M. Pashkoff, the Russian Gospel preacher, have been interdicted by the Russian Government. The English papers state that the well-known converts of Lord Radstock, led by M. Pashkoff and other members of the aristocratic circles of St. Petersburg, will not be allowed to continue their Bible classes and prayer-meetings any longer this season. These evangelists have also been held up to ridicule in several organs of the press.

The False Prophet of the Soudan is Prosecuting the movement against the authority of the Khédive of Egypt. A correspondent of the New York *Herald* sends to that journal the following letter received from an officer in the Khédive's service: "The False Prophet has again stirred up matters in the Sennaar, which we believed to have been finally quieted. The Governor-General, Abd-el-Kader Pacha, has gone with all the troops that can be spared from the Kordofan expedition to try now for the fourth time to quell the Sennaar revolt. Our troops are thoroughly demoralized by the continued successes of the False Prophet, especially the surrender of the Egyptian garrison of Bara."

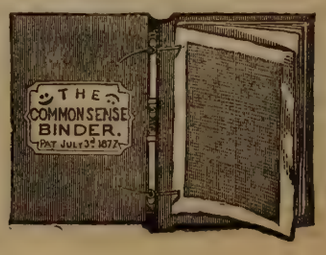
Important Discoveries in Egypt Recently made by M. Naville are described in a letter from Mr. Reginald S. Poole to an English journal. He states that the city discovered by M. Naville is the ancient Pithom built by the Israelites during their bondage in Egypt. Its identity with Succoth is proved by an inscription on a statue found in the sacred buildings now unearthed. Mr. Poole says: "The historical importance of Pithom is not limited to the identification with the strong city of Exod. 1:11. As Succoth, it fixes the site of the first encampment on the route of the exodus (Exod. 12:37; 13:20), the starting-point being Rameses, the sister town. Let us look for a moment at the consequences of this discovery. In the first place, we have found *the very walls on which the enslaved Hebrews worked.* We may reasonably hope soon to gain some positive evidence of the dates of the oppression and the exodus. Significant as is the determination of the site of any Bible city of remote age, the fixing of Succoth on the map is exceptionally important. It is the first step toward delineating the route of the exodus."

The Results of Temperance Agitation in England are becoming apparent in many localities. A recent issue of the London *Gazette*, the Government official organ, shows that hotel property in the large cities of England is rapidly depreciating in value. There were thirty liquor saloons within half a mile of Liverpool Custom House closed within the year, because they did not pay the cost of rent, taxes and license fees.

The Work of Revising the Old Testament is reported as approaching conclusion. The Dean of Peterborough, one of the English Company of Revisers, in a recent address, referring to the revision, said, there was a number of little questions cropping up which could not be decided at once, and were reserved for further consideration. One of these was, whether they were to render the sacred name of God in the Old Testament by "Jehovah" or "Lord." That question gave them a great deal of anxiety, and was not yet decided. Questions of that sort they were obliged to reserve, because if any alteration was made, the change, though it might be a desirable one, would be so great and important that they ought to be very careful to consider it, and not do it hastily by a bare majority. When they looked at the revision of the New Testament they would find that not only were there a great many changes in the translation, but they would find that many verses had disappeared altogether. They would not find it so in the Old Testament.

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD BINDER.

NUMEROUS applications have been received from readers of this journal for a case, in which the copies of the paper, as they are received, may be placed and kept clean for binding, at the end of the year. To meet this demand a stock of such covers has been prepared and they are now on sale at this office. Each cover is made of strong cloth, with the name of the journal stamped in gilt letters on the outside. It is large enough to hold fifty-two copies, and is fitted with the new patent apparatus for holding the papers securely. A cover will be sent, postage paid, to any address in the United States on the receipt of *one dollar.* Applications should be made to THE MANAGER, 63 Bible House, New York.



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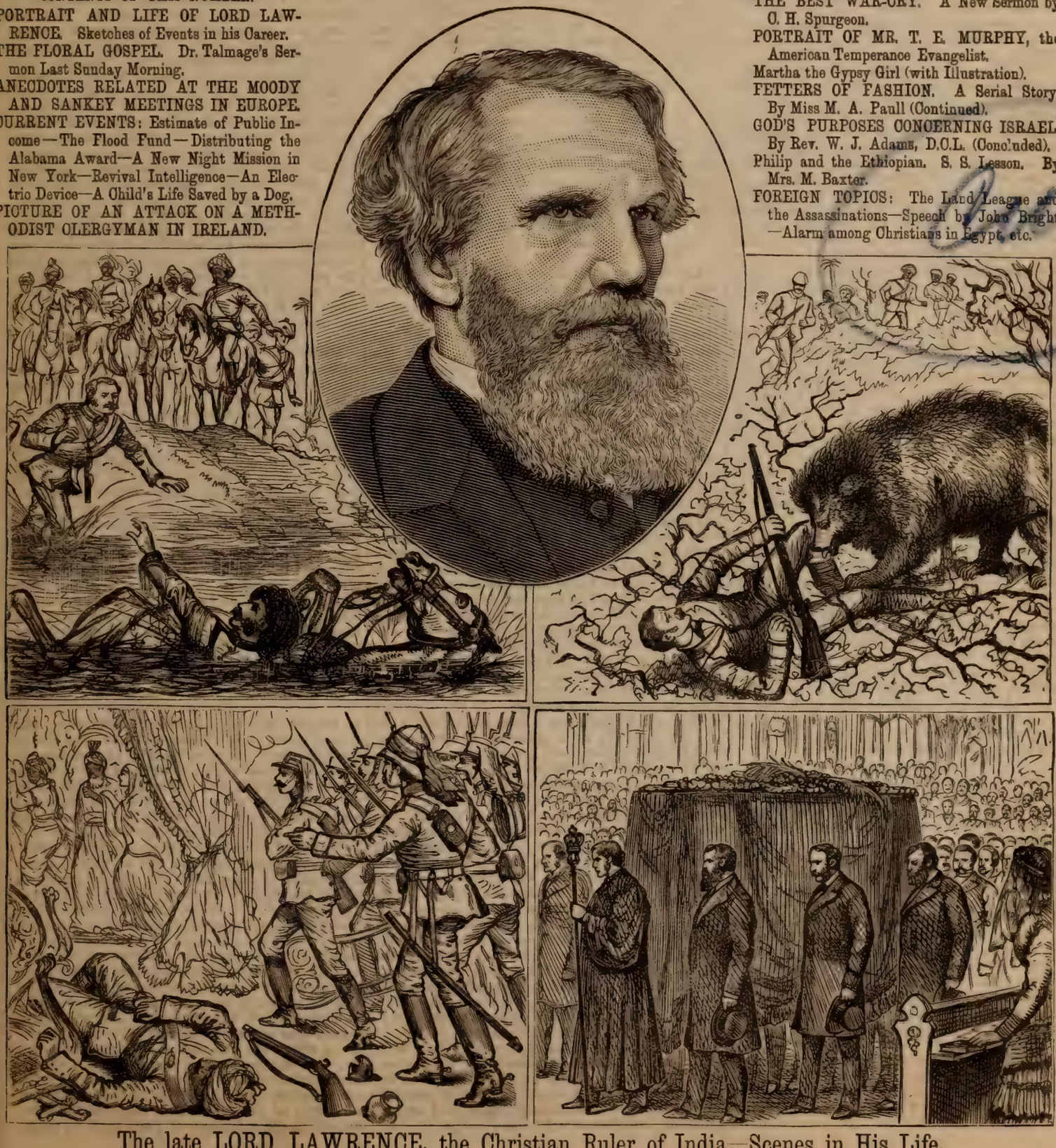

The late LORD LAWRENCE, the Christian Ruler of India—Scenes in His Life.

THE LATE LORD LAWRENCE.

The Christian Governor-General of India.

His Birth in 1811, Family, and Education—Career in India from 1829 to 1849—Pursuit of a Robber—Swimming Across a River—Rescuing a Drowning Man—Perilous Encounter with a Bear—Administration Over the Punjaub from 1849 to 1863—Heroic Conduct During the Mutiny of 1857—Capture of Delhi—Christian Character and Beneficent Administration—Governor-General of India from 1863 to 1869—Illness and Death in 1879.

A RECENTLY published biography of Lord Lawrence has put the public in possession of information respecting his life and character which was until now unknown by all except his relatives and intimate friends. The incidents recorded show that Lord Lawrence was a man of eminent Christian character as well as a great statesman and administrator. An impression prevails, especially among young people, that a pious man is unfitted by his piety for active life in the world. The sooner such a notion is exploded the better, both for them and for the cause of Christ. The study of the life and character of such men as Lord Lawrence should convince any unprejudiced student that the notion is erroneous. Lord Lawrence was a shining example of a Christian man placed in circumstances of exceeding perplexity, difficulty, temptation and danger, maintaining his integrity and yet rendering brilliant service of inestimable value to his country. At the time of his death in 1879 THE CHRISTIAN HERALD published his portrait and life, but certain interesting facts not then accessible are now known, which render a fuller narrative possible.

The Right Hon. John Laird Mair, Baron Lawrence, late Viceroy and Governor-General of India, emphatically styled the savior of the Punjaub, was a brother of the late Sir Henry Lawrence, K.C.B., who fell heroically defending Lucknow during the mutiny of 1857. He was *born* in India on March 4th, 1811, and *died* in December, 1879, in the sixty-ninth year of his age. His family had long been connected with Indian affairs, and his father, Lieutenant-Colonel A. W. Lawrence, had won considerable reputation as an officer in the Mysore campaign and at the siege of Seringapatam in 1799.

The early education of the future Viceroy of India was conducted at Foyle College, Londonderry, Ireland, and completed at the East India College, at Haileybury, where he obtained many prizes. He was trained with a view to civil service under the East India Company, from whom he obtained his first appointment in 1829. He went out to India *as a writer*, and soon after his arrival he was nominated to the post of Assistant Commissioner and Resident at Delhi. In December, 1833, he was promoted to the situation of Officiating Magistrate and Collector at Delhi, and about twelve months afterward he was transferred to a similar appointment at Paniput, where he remained until 1836.

IN PURSUIT OF A ROBBER.

There was a notorious robber in the district of Paniput, whom John Lawrence was anxious to seize. The man had committed *several murders*, and one day Mr. Lawrence, receiving information that he was to sleep that night in a cottage not far distant, at once organized a party of horse and foot, and, without communicating his intention to any one, started about ten at night for the village. It was a fine moonlight night, and a few miles' ride brought them to a river, which they must cross. Lawrence had hoped to find boats on the spot, but they had been taken away to a neighboring fair, and only one small boat was left, which could be used only to carry the foot police across.

Time pressed. "We must swim it," said John Lawrence. His followers demurred; said there were quicksands; that the stream was too rapid, and that they would all be swept away. "Well, you cowards may do what you like, but *I* am going," said Lawrence, and in he plunged, and swam his horse out into mid-stream. The native officer, seeing this, took courage, said it was a shame to leave the Sahib to go forward alone, plunged in on horseback, and was followed by the others. The whole body was scattered. Some managed to ford over, some were thrown from their horses, and all was confusion.

RESCUING A DROWNING MAN.

Lawrence's horse was a powerful animal, and plunged so violently that his rider was thrown into the river, and with great difficulty reached the bank. There he found the horsemen all assembled, and said to them, "You see we are all safe, after all." "No," was the reply, "the russeldar is drowned." "What!" said Lawrence, "the bravest of the whole lot of you! Let us go in again, and see if we can save him." But none of them would stir; they looked on with that placid indifference with which Orientals often regard the fate of other people, and showed no intention of risking their own lives to save that of their comrade.

Once more John Lawrence plunged in on foot, and soon perceived the russeldar struggling at a short distance from the bank. He was *under his horse*, and though he managed to keep his head above water, he was evidently fast losing his strength and senses. Lawrence swam to him and supported him, though in doing so he received a severe kick from the struggling horse, till a rope was brought, and the drowning man was dragged to land. (*Our picture to the left of the portrait, in the upper portion of the frontispiece, represents this episode.*)

RETURN TO EUROPE, AND MARRIAGE.

Lawrence was employed during the following four years in various duties of a civil character which he discharged with conscientious care. He then proceeded to Europe on furlough in February, 1840, and was married, and did not return to India until December, 1842. The East India Company had discovered by that time that the young man was possessed of remarkable abilities and also that he was characterized by a quality which was even more valuable to them than that. He could be relied upon. He was conscientious, would not accept bribes, would not lie or prevaricate, and would not when separated from the society of white men commit any of those disgraceful acts with the natives which had in many cases brought reproach on the English name. He was as a consequence intrusted with commissions involving serious responsibilities, in which had he proved careless or faithless would have seriously endangered the Company's security. All of these commissions were faithfully executed and he received warm praise from his superior officers for his ability and integrity.

ENCOUNTER WITH A BEAR.

He was twice employed during 1846 and 1848 as acting resident at Lahore. In connection with this period, the following striking incident is narrated by his biographer. We give it in Lord Lawrence's own words: "In the year 1848 my brother Richard, my wife and children, went up into the hills to a place called Dhurmsala, near Kangra. There was first-rate bear-shooting to be had in the country round; so Richard, George, Christian, and I went off one day, accompanied by a number of attendants who were to beat the bushes and rout out the animals. It was not long before we discovered an enormous bear concealed in a cavern, but he was dislodged with difficulty. When at last he was forced to leave his lair, which he was ready enough to leave at night when he went out to prey on the cattle of the poor villagers, Bruin, goaded into fury, rushed out to attack his enemies. I fired the moment I got sight of him, but only succeeded in slightly wounding him. This made him more desperate. He rushed violently at me, and as I leaped back, my foot caught, and I rolled down the steep side of the hill among the thorns. In a moment the brute was upon me;

I FELT HIS HOT BREATH

upon my face, and thought it was all over with me. But my companions rushed to the rescue, and Bruin turned round, uncertain whom to attack. But before Richard could fire, he had singled out a tall, handsome Sepoy, had sprung upon him, and had *torn his nose clean off his face*. At this moment my brother fired, and again the bear was only wounded. Fortunately, I had reloaded, and soon put an end to his existence by lodging a ball in his brain." (*The panel in the upper portion of the frontispiece, to the right of the portrait, illustrates this incident.*)

In 1848 the district of the Punjaub fell into the hands of the British. The district was in the most deplorable state of misery owing to long years of native misgovernment and oppression. The first important step on the part of the Governor-General was to seek for men of administrative ability to bring the newly-acquired territory under British laws and rule.

ADMINISTRATOR OF THE PUNJAUB.

Sir H. Lawrence, who had filled the post of Resident at Lahore, and his brother, Mr. John Lawrence, the subject of this memoir, were nominated two out of three members of the Board for the administration of the Punjaub. The third member was Mr. Charles Grenvill Mansel. Some slight idea of the labors of this commission may be formed from the fact that the superficial area of the country is 50,400 square miles, and that it contains a population, partly military and partly agricultural, of various races and religious creeds, who all "hated every dynasty except their own, and regarded the British as the worst because the most powerful of usurpers." Under their former sovereign, Runjeet Singh, the administration was deplorable. There was scarcely a crime for which impunity could not be *purchased by bribes;* while the exactions of the provincial governors, who farmed the taxes, were unchecked. Such was the state of affairs when the British Government first interfered in the internal administration of the country.

IMPROVEMENT OF THE PROVINCE.

Much had been done by Sir H. Lawrence, when acting as Resident at Lahore, to ameliorate the condition of the people; but his endeavors were interrupted by the rebellion of 1848–49. The first labor undertaken by the Board appointed by Lord Dalhousie was to organize a comprehensive system of law and justice, and of social and financial improvement throughout the Punjaub. It was found necessary to disband the Sikh soldiery, though many of them afterward entered the British service, and an irregular force, consisting of ten regiments, was raised for the protection of the western frontier. In consequence of these measures, at the end of two years the Board was able to report to the Governor-General that "the entire British system and its institutions were thoroughly introduced into the Punjaub." One triumphant result of this consummation was shown in the fact that in the mutiny of 1857 that province remained faithful to British rule, and contributed largely to the preservation of the British power in India.

On the outbreak of

THE MUTINY

at Meerut, May 10th, 1857, his situation, like that of every Englishman in India, was one of extreme peril. A mere handful of men against their numerous enemies, they know not on whom they might rely. The native troops they had trained and armed and whose valor they had seen in the field, were eager to destroy them and put an end to British rule in India.

Sir John Lawrence in his position in the Punjaub, *isolated and far from succor*, with accounts continually pouring in of the bloody massacres of his countrymen, their wives and children, at Cawnpoor, at Lucknow, and at Delhi, might well consider his position critical in the extreme. His actions at the moment of peril were prompt, sagacious, and effective. Skilfully turning to account the natural configuration of his province, he isolated the Punjaubees from the mutineers by stopping all means of communication; he destroyed all the small, and placed efficient guards over all the large, ferries on the five rivers by which the Punjaub was reached from India, and despatched to the assistance of his countrymen at Delhi every soldier whose fidelity was assured. He thus left himself entirely at the mercy of the Sikhs, and voluntarily placed himself in the extremity of peril that he might

having with something in the water. Quickly giving the order, the boat was pulled alongside the bird, and to the surprise of all, they saw their shipmate whom they had given up as lost, holding on firmly to its legs. In less than a minute he was safe in the boat. God has servants and ministers everywhere; He is the Lord of hosts, and angels, ravens, beasts of prey, the stars of heaven, and the very elements of air, water, and fire are prepared to do His bidding. How blessed are they who have in the God of all things a Friend and Father through His Son Jesus Christ!"

GOD'S PURPOSES CONCERNING ISRAEL.

By Rev. W. J. Adams, D.C.L.

(*Continued from page* 183.)

THE God of Israel foresaw the rejection of His Son, and He has a purpose concerning Israel which even this their wicked act could not set aside. The promises referred to are included in the covenant made with Abraham, wherein the land was unconditionally given for an *everlasting* possession, and the people taken into perpetual covenant. Obedience, however to the *conditional covenant of Sinai*, was made the condition of *uninterrupted possession* of the land. The covenant of Sinai having been broken, the continued possession of the land has been interrupted. Nevertheless, the unconditional promises made four hundred and thirty years before, have not been annulled.

NOT TRANSFERRED TO GENTILES.

Neither have they been transferred to the Gentile Church in consequence of the rejection of Christ, who came to "confirm the promises made unto the fathers." These promises comprehend the following distinct particulars: (1) That Abraham's seed should become a great nation, and that in him should all the families of the earth be blessed (Gen. 12 : 2, 3); (2) that he and his seed should possess the land of Canaan for an everlasting inheritance (17 : 7, 8); (3) the extent of the land is specified (15 : 18)—viz., "from the river of Egypt unto the great river, the river Euphrates"; (4) the covenant was to be an everlasting covenant (17 : 8).

The important question is, whether the rejection of the Messiah has destroyed the perpetuity and universality of

THE NATIONAL COVENANT

which God thus made with Abraham. We maintain that it did not. And our reasons for this conclusion are:

1. *That the covenant with Abraham was absolute and unconditional.*

There is in it nothing conditional, indefinite, or uncertain. We know that the promise to Abraham of a *seed* included the Saviour. And was His coming conditional? Yet is there no distinction made between this and the other parts of the covenant. The sinfulness of the *world* did not prevent the promised advent of the Saviour; so neither will the sinfulness of the *Jew* frustrate or disannul the promises made to the fathers, or affect the covenant made with Abraham.

2. *We are told that "the gifts and calling of God are without repentance."*

There can be no doubt that it is the call of Abraham that is here referred to; and that "the gifts" spoken of are nationality and the land. Has, then, God "repented" that He called Abraham to "a land which he should after receive for an inheritance"? Having repeated the promise to Isaac and Jacob, and actually bestowed it upon their descendants by a deed of gift, defining with the greatest exactness the extent of the land and the privileges connected with it—has He changed His mind upon the subject? Has He repented of His gifts? The words under consideration distinctly inform us that He has not.

THE PERIOD OF DESOLATION.

3. *Our Lord Himself limits the period of Israel's dispersion and the desolation of the land.*

He predicts the destruction of the Temple and of Jerusalem being compassed with armies, and declares that these are a sign, that its desolation is nigh at hand, and that the days of vengeance had come, and then adds, "And they shall fall by the edge of the sword and shall be led away captive into all nations; and Jerusalem shall be trodden down of the Gentiles *until the times of the Gentiles be fulfilled.*" (Luke 21.) There is, therefore, a defined period during which Jerusalem is to be "trodden down," and at the close of which it shall be trodden down no more.

4. Let me now refer to the song of Zacharias, of whom it is written (Luke 1 : 67) that, "He was filled with the Holy Ghost and prophesied, saying, 'Blessed be the Lord God of Israel; for He hath visited and redeemed His people, and hath raised up an horn of salvation for us in the house of His servant David; as He spake by the mouth of His holy prophets, which have been since the world began; that we should be saved from our enemies and from the hand of all that hate us; to *perform* (not disannul) the mercy promised to our fathers, and to remember His holy covenant; the oath which He sware to our father Abraham.'" This passage puts it beyond a doubt that the expectations respecting the coming Messiah and His great salvation are intimately connected with and by no means antagonistic to the covenant made with Abraham. How can we in view of this passage maintain that the covenant of the Gospel disannuls the covenanted promise made with Abraham?

RAISING UP THE RUINS.

The words in Acts 15 : 15, 16, the building up of the tabernacle of David, which is fallen down, and closing up the breaches thereof—the "raising up the ruins and building it *as in the days of old*," can only be fairly understood according to the letter of the prediction; for the prophesies foretelling the "falling down" and the overthrow were fulfilled literally; and being built "as in the days of old," cannot possibly be understood in a spiritual sense. The language of this text is very exact and clear. "After this"—we naturally ask, "after *what?*" and the answer can only be, "After I have gathered out, from among all nations, a people for My name (an expression equivalent to the 'fulness of the Gentiles,') then I will return." Return to whom? to where? Surely to the people and the place which He had forsaken and left. His departure was literal, and the angel distinctly announced that the Lord would "so come in like manner as they had seen Him go into heaven." After then the elect remnant have been gathered in from among the Jews, and the church through the preaching of the Gospel, has been gathered out from among the Gentiles, then the Lord will

RETURN TO HIS PEOPLE

and His land, and will remember His promise to Abraham and the oath that He sware unto David, and will "build again the tabernacle of David that is fallen down and heal up the breaches thereof." And that for a mighty and a world-wide purpose, namely, "That the residue of men may seek after the Lord and all the Gentiles upon whom My name is called, saith the Lord, who doeth all these things."

In the Epistle to the Hebrews (chap. 11) we are twice told that those whose faith is there recorded for our example "did not obtain the promises." "These all died in faith, not having *received* the promises, but having *seen* them afar off and confessed that they were strangers and pilgrims in the earth (that is in the Land of Promise). Now this passage is of itself abundantly sufficient to prove the truth we have in hand, and also to show that the "fathers" have never inherited the promised land, but died in the firm and unalterable persuasion that they and their posterity would one day inherit it.

Finally. We are told that, "Jesus Christ was a minister of the circumcision for the truth of God, *to confirm the promises made unto the fathers.*" Now with regard to this important passage, I would remark, that if it should still be insisted that "the promises made to the fathers" were conditional upon their obedience to the law of God, we must remember that Jesus Christ, being a lineal descendant of Abraham according to the flesh, *rendered that obedience which the conditions required*, and hence the condition (if any) annexed to the promises, having been performed by Him, the promises will be made good to all the seed, to vindicate "the truth of God," and to manifest His faithfulness to the long-slumbering promises.

We cannot doubt, then, that the spiritual blessings promised to all believers under the Gospel, leave entirely untouched the temporal blessings made over by a sure and inviolate covenant forever to Abraham and his natural seed.

I have endeavored to show from the sure Word of God that there is mercy in store for the Jewish people. In their restoration will be realized the description of the father in the parable, receiving and welcoming his long-lost son. "Israel," said God, "is my son, my first-born." And in the day when the glorious promises shall be fulfilled, He will say of them, "This My son was dead and is alive again, was lost and is found." The nations of the earth are called upon to express their delight in this glad event, "Be ye glad and rejoice forever in that which I create; for behold I create Jerusalem a rejoicing and her people a joy." "Thou shalt no more be termed Forsaken, neither shalt thy land any more be termed Desolate; but thou shalt be called Hephzibah and thy land Beulah; for the Lord delighteth in *thee*, and thy *land* shall be married."

GENTILE INDIFFERENCE.

In view of all this, can it be that any intelligent Christian withholds his interest from the Jewish people? Have such no sympathy with God in His purposes concerning Israel? Surely it is a reproach to the Christian Church to have shown such indifference to the Jews. The angels of God, although higher in rank and wisdom and power than we, yet take a profound interest in the welfare of mankind; how much more should we feel concerned for the human family of which we are ourselves a part, and for that branch of it through whom we have received all our spiritual blessings?

In conclusion. Am I addressing any of the house of Israel, who fail to see in Him whom we delight to honor, the promised glory of their nation? I would say to them, "Begin this fresh era of time by a solemn resolution in prayer and earnest study of God's Word, to so come to some settled conclusion respecting the question at issue between

JUDAISM AND CHRISTIANITY."

"Is there not a cause?" "Is it not your life?" Let me call your attention to one beautiful prophecy of the Messiah. I refer to Isaiah 11 : 6: "A little child shall lead them." True indeed it is that the circumstances under which that remarkable prediction are to receive their full accomplishment, are not those which we see around us now. For it is a state of unbroken tranquillity and harmony among men of which that chapter speaks; a period of peace extending even to the brute creation; the wolf is seen dwelling with the lamb; the leopard lying down with the kid; and the young lion and the fatling resting harmoniously side by side. Still, I say, have we not seen a partial fulfilment?

The great and prominent peculiarity of the influence of the Gospel of Jesus Christ is, that it is the Gospel of peace and love. Even amid the grievously disordered state of things around us, Christianity may fairly claim to have been the pacificator of the world. The "Little Child" has led more powerfully, and with greater internal energy the souls of men, than any legislator or ruler the world has ever seen. Oh, that He might become your Leader and Guide! He was confessedly the wisest and the best of men. When He dwelt among us, did not His influence and teaching make for righteousness and against iniquity? And since He ascended up on high, what is that power in the world which beyond all others is making for what is holy and just and good, but *His* power who said, "I, if I be lifted up from the earth, will draw all men unto Me."

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CURRENT EVENTS.

The Estimated Receipts of the Government are thus stated in a return recently prepared at the Treasury Department. The total estimated receipts of the government for the fiscal year ending June 30th, 1883, under the operations of the new Tariff act, are $405,000,000. Of this amount $220,000,000 is the estimated revenue from customs; $143,500,000 from internal revenue, and $41,500,000 from miscellaneous sources. The revenues for the fiscal year ended June 30th, 1882, were as follows: From customs, $220,410,000; from internal revenue, $146,497,000; from miscellaneous sources, 36,618,000; total $403,525,000.

A Violation of the Principles Which the People, by their vote, have insisted shall govern the policy of Civil Service appointments caused general comment last week. Judge Wallace, a United States Circuit Judge in the State of New York, sent a letter to Mr. Bright, the clerk of his court, intimating that there must be a change in the clerkship. The extraordinary feature of the affair is that in acquainting Mr. Bright with the fact, the judge frankly said he was entirely satisfied with Mr. Bright's performance of his duties, but was so situated that he had no choice in the matter. The question asked by the public is, how it is that the judge should be in such a position that he has no choice in such a matter, and there are many speculations as to the source from which dictation comes of so imperative a character as to coerce a United States Judge in his own court.

The Manner in Which the Alabama Award is being distributed occasions regret among the friends of peace all over the world. It was hoped that when the two nations, the greatest on earth, the United States and England, agreed to submit their differences to arbitration an example was set that other nations might be induced to follow instead of resorting to war. The result, however, tends to the discouragement of the hope. The United States are now distributing the balance of the award among claimants whose claims were expressly rejected by the arbitrators. The government has an unquestioned right to give it to whomsoever it will, so far as England is concerned. But as a Christian nation, whose acts are known all over the civilized world, there is something more at stake than legal right. That is the influence of example. The money was awarded on the distinct understanding that it would be applied to the compensation of certain specified sufferers, and that other specified sufferers had no claims on a share of the award. Notwithstanding this clearly defined judgment, the government is now applying the money to the payment of the latter class, for whom it was not intended. The most serious aspect of the case is that this lack of high moral principle on the part of the successful litigant in the arbitration proceedings may deter other nations from appealing to the same remedy in international difficulty.

An Exposure of a Peculiarly Humiliating kind was made last week in connection with the receiverships of insolvent companies. In all countries the winding up of these huge estates has been accompanied by glaring irregularities, but the exposures of late years place the United States on a bad eminence in this matter. It appears that the investigation ordered by the Albany Legislature has disclosed the fact that the dividends paid out of the assets of eighteen insolvent insurance companies, investigated by the committee, amounted to $2,206,530, and the expenses of the eighteen receiverships to $1,754,072, or nearly *ninety cents of "expense" to every dollar of "dividend."* About two-fifths of the expenses were for lawyers' fees. The precise sum they absorbed was $737,101. The precise sum absorbed by the receivers themselves for their own fees and "miscellaneous" expenses was $1,016,971. In one case the proportion of expense to dividend was $17.44 to every dollar.

The Fund Raised on Behalf of the Sufferers by the floods by the New York *Herald* was closed on Saturday, March 24th. It amounted to $51,716.67. The distribution of the fund was carried on last week, and the grateful reception of money and supplies in the various cities visited proved how pressing was the need for the gifts of the benevolent. The great amount of suffering was in towns too small and localities too sparsely settled to receive much mention in news despatches. At the close of last week $32,100 of the relief fund had been expended, chiefly in helping homeless people to rebuild their houses and in furnishing those absolutely destitute with food and clothing. In some cases $1000 was placed in the hands of local committees for distribution, while in others the sufferers were relieved directly by the representative of the great metropolitan journal.

The Hon. Timothy O. Howe, the Postmaster-General, died suddenly on Sunday last. He was visiting his nephew at Kenosha, Wis., when he suffered a relapse in an attack of pneumonia, from which it was hoped he had recovered. Though sixty-seven years of age, Judge Howe was very active and energetic, and enjoyed moderately good health until a few days ago. It appears that he was troubled with a slight asthmatic affection for several years, but it was not regarded as dangerous. When, however, he contracted a severe cold during the recent severe weather his chronic trouble prevented his rallying. Judge Howe was a native of Livermore, Me., but removed to Wisconsin in 1846. He was elected Judge of the Circuit and Supreme Court of that State in 1855. In 1861 he was chosen United States Senator, and served in that capacity eighteen years.

The Remains of the Poet, John Howard Payne, who wrote "Home, Sweet Home," were brought to his native land on Thursday, March 22d, from Tunis, in Africa, where he died thirty years ago. The deceased poet's friend, Mr. W. W. Corcoran, oppressed by the thought that the author of the sweet poem, sung wherever the English language is spoken, was buried among strangers in a foreign land, resolved to make an effort to bring his bod-- home. The consent of the State Department was obtained, and the help of the British Consul at Tunis, and on the 5th of this month the poet's grave was opened and the remains exhumed. They consisted of *a blackened skeleton*, some shreds of cloth, and the brass buttons of the consular uniform in which he was buried. The dust was recommitted to a leaden coffin, this was encased in one of wood, and that surrounded by a stout box. This casket having been taken to Marseilles, was then shipped on board the steamship Burgundia, of the Fabre Line, which reached Quarantine at noon on Thursday. The remains, after lying in state in the City Hall of New York, were taken to Washington for interment.

One Hundred Dollars Have Been Placed at the disposal of the manager of The Christian Herald for the purpose of sending the paper to *colored Baptist ministers*, whose incomes are too small to allow of their obtaining a supply of good religious literature. A few names are still required to complete the list. If any of our Southern subscribers are acquainted with any ministers of the class named, they will confer a favor by sending them to the office of this journal. The donor of the money, who resides in Iowa, thus writes respecting his offer: "I am so well pleased with your paper that I enclose draft for $100 for which I would like to have The Christian Herald sent to *colored Baptist ministers* of Christ in the Southern States; especially to such who are unable to subscribe for it." There are many ministers laboring for the Master in the South to whom the privilege of reading the sermons, etc., published in these pages every week would be of great service.

A Remarkable Revival is Reported from Carthage, Mo. It commenced with the week of prayer and has increased in depth and earnestness every week since that time. Some remarkable experiences were related in the meetings, and the work has extended to homes where no religious influence had been felt for years. The pastors sent to the Rev. Mr. James, an evangelist laboring in Texas, a unanimous invitation to come to their assistance. He accepted and commenced meetings in the Opera House, which afforded larger seating capacity than any church in the city, and convenient inquiry rooms. The second week the Opera House was engaged by a theatrical company, but after a night or two of almost empty seats, they left, and the meetings were continued there. Large numbers have made a confession of Christ, and have united with the various evangelical churches of the city.

The Florence Night Mission is a New Society organized in New York last week to conduct mission work in New York City after nightfall of each day in the year. Its object is to labor for Christ by means of meetings held late at night, by tract distribution, and by personal conversation with individuals whose occupation or habits lead to their turning day into night and night into day. A missionary, in the employ of the association, is already at work. His hours of labor are from 9 P.M. to 5 A.M. For almost two years past he has been laboring, upon his own responsibility, among the most abandoned classes of the community, and his success warrants the expectation of large results for the future. A building has been secured in which prayer-meetings are to be held nightly.

Meetings in Aid of the McAll Paris Mission were held in Washington, D. C., last week. A large meeting was held on Monday in the Congregational Church to further the objects of the cause. Much interest was manifested. The friends of the mission propose to give the American support a more systematic character, and for this purpose favor a national organization which shall have the work in charge. One scheme proposed is to have a president and an executive committee of twelve, of whom eight shall be residents of Philadelphia and the others representatives of Washington, Brooklyn, Syracuse, and other cities which take especial interest in the work.

A Dog Saved a Child's Life in a Remarkably intelligent manner at Newburg, N. Y., on March 15th. A lady residing in that city having occasion to go downstairs from her nursery left her baby eighteen months old on the floor playing with its toys and a dog that is its constant companion. The mother was away just three minutes, but when she came back and opened the door her infant's head, arms, and shoulders were hanging beyond the stone sill of an open window, and near it, with its feet on a chair stood the dog holding on to the child's dress for dear life. Her child, unconscious of any danger, was crowing at some object in the yard, while the dog, holding on the dress, looked a mute appeal for haste and help. In an instant she was by her baby's side and the danger was passed. When the dog had been relieved of his burden he pranced around the mother and child with a delight that was almost frantic. How many people witness with equanimity other people imperilling their eternal life yet make no effort to save them. When an appeal is made to them they reply that they are powerless to save men bent on their own destruction. They forget that as the dog could not save the child, but could hold it until some one came who could save it, so they may restrain the sinner until One who is mighty to save comes to the rescue (1 Sam. 12 : 23).

The Pleasant Astonishment of a Dying Child is pathetically described by Mrs. Helen Williams in a Chicago journal. "Not long ago," she says, "I stood by the death-bed of a little girl. Every fibre of her body and soul recoiled from the thought of death. 'Don't let me die,' she said; 'don't let me die. Hold me fast. Oh, I can't go.' 'Jenny,' I said, 'you have two little brothers in the other world, and there are thousands of tender-hearted people over there who will love you and take care of you.' But she cried out again despairingly, '*Don't let me go, they are strangers over there.*' But even as she was pleading her little hands relaxed their clinging hold from my waist, and lifted themselves eagerly aloft. Her face was turned upward; but it was her eyes that told the story. They were filled with the light of Divine recognition. They saw something plainly that we could not see; and they grew brighter and brighter. 'Mamma,' she said, '*mamma, they are not strangers. I'm not afraid.*' Her form relapsed among the pillows and she was gone." As the recognition of familiar faces dissipated the child's fear, so may the Christian expect that the pains of dissolution will be forgotten in the sight of Him whom his soul loves and with whom he has been in daily communion from the hour of his conversion (Isa. 33 : 17-24).

A Mother and Her Daughter Searching for each other in Pennsylvania appear to have had a most extraordinary experience. It seems that on February 24th a woman in the Berks County Almshouse, who was about thirty-five years of age, insisted on leaving the institution for the day to search for her mother, who she said resided at Kutztown, and whom she not not seen for more than twenty years. Her wish was opposed by the officials, and the woman made a grievance of it and talked volubly about it to the other inmates. They sympathized with her, and one old woman urged her to go in defiance of the officials. The woman followed her aged friend's advice, and went to Kutztown. While she was away the old woman died suddenly. At Kutztown the other woman's inquiries elicited the information that her mother had left there many years before, and that after living in many other places, she was last heard of in the Berks County Almshouse. She returned immediately and made inquiries there. It was then found that the old woman who had urged the journey in the morning, and who had died in the interval was the mother in question. The old woman had searched vainly for her daughter, and it was partly through her fellow-feeling engendered by her trouble that the younger woman's distress so affected her. It is remarkable that the old woman should not have recognized her own daughter, but the changes of twenty years and her own dim eyesight in part account for it. We may be thankful that when the prodigal sons of God seek Him, He knows them and is ready to receive them, though they often wander vainly in wrong paths in the search (Rom. 10 : 6-8).

A New Electric Device Has Been Invented to defeat the people who tap the wires. It appears that cunning schemers who are desirous of obtaining valuable information on Stock Exchange business have succeeded in reading messages and listening to conversations between speculators and their agents as they pass along the wires. The new system is to have two wires connected at their termini and the words, by means of a rapidly revolving electric motor are separated; part going by one wire and part of them by the other. The receiver hears or reads the words as they are spoken, but an operator between the two termini who tries to learn from either wire what is passing can only discover one half of the communication and that in an incomprehensible form. When unbelievers in their efforts to prove that there is no God point to the afflictions of good men as evidence that the Christian's faith in providence is without foundation, it often happens that they have misunderstood a message which the afflicted man has clearly understood as coming not by chance nor caprice, but from his Father who chastens those whom He loves (Job 33 : 29, 30).

A Prisoner Received Terrible Injuries in an attempt to escape from the jail of Easton, Penn., on March 20th. He succeeded in forcing his naked body through the small aperture in his cell that served as a window. His cell was just under the roof, to which he climbed and donned his clothing. He then walked to the front of the jail, and tying his blanket to a turret began to descend. The ground was fifty feet below, the blanket was a small one, and the prisoner expected to drop the remaining distance. After he had descended a few feet the blanket gave way and he fell forty feet, striking on a flagstone pavement. He was so badly injured that he was glad to be recaptured and removed to the infirmary where his injuries received surgical treatment. The man's plight is now most miserable, for when he recovers he will still be a prisoner and have to serve out his sentence. When the sinner escapes through the merits of Jesus from the chains of Satan his deliverance is complete. He is saved from punishment and from the power of his oppressor, and the wounds of sin are healed (Psa. 103 : 3, 4).

A Cat's Devotion to Her Boy Playmate is narrated by a writer in a Boston journal. It appears that a beautiful cat was reared by a family in which was a boy between whom and the cat a warm friendship existed. The child was taken sick, and during his illness the cat refused, even when tempted with food, to leave the bedside of the sufferer. The child died, and then the cat's piteous cries necessitated her being removed and shut up in another room. After the funeral the cat was released and immediately went to the chamber in which the boy died. Not finding him there she went moaning about for some time, and at length was missed for several days. One day she returned to the house in an emaciated condition in search of food, and afterward she regularly appeared once a day and was fed. No one knew where she was the rest of the time, till one day she was followed to the burial-ground, and found by the grave of her favorite. So great was the attachment of the cat to her deceased little friend, that for five years—that is, until the removal of the parents to another neighborhood—there was every reason to believe that, excepting in the greatest severity of winter, she went out and passed every day close by the grave. Such devotion in an animal excites our sympathy and respect for the qualities displayed. We expect, however, in bereaved parents and friends a more intelligent recognition of the true meaning of death. It is only the tabernacle of the loved one that we lay in the grave (2 Sam. 12 : 23).

THE BEST WAR-CRY.

A New Sermon by Pastor C. H. Spurgeon.

"The Lord his God is with him, and the shout of a king is among them."—NUMBERS 23 : 21.

A Singular Spectacle—The Watcher's Ceaseless Care—Satan's Living Servants—The Perils of the People—Open Enemies—Dangerous Helpers—The Church's Unfailing Protection—I. God's Presence Among His People—In the Entireness of His Nature—In Condescending Presence—The Devil Knows Where God is—Christ Disgusted with Lukewarmness—II. The Results of This Presence—Leading—Strength—Safety—Destructive Power—Courage—III. What Can be Done to Preserve the Presence—A Church on Scriptural Principles—Full of Life—Full of Faith—Prayer—Holiness of Life—Not Electrotype Holiness.

IT was a singular spectacle to see the King of Moab and his lords climbing to the tops of the craggy rocks, accompanied by that strange being, the Eastern prophet Balaam. They are seeking to look upon Israel with the evil eye, and flash down curses upon her tents in the plain beneath. You see them gazing down from the mountains upon the encampment in the wilderness below, even as vultures from aloft spy out their prey. They watch with keen and cruel eyes. Cunning and malice are in their countenances. How Balak longs to crush the nation which he fears! They are secretly endeavoring by spell and enchantment to bring evil upon the people whom Jehovah has chosen and led into the wilderness. You see them offering their seven bullocks and their seven rams upon the seven altars which they have set up upon Pisgah's rocks; and Balaam retires to wait until the afflatus shall come upon him, and he shall be able to prophesy.

In all probability Moses knew nothing about this at the time; and certainly the people below knew nothing of the foul conspiracy. There lay the tribes in the valley, unaware that mischief was brewing, and quite unable to meet the dark design even if they had been aware of it. What a mercy it was for them that they were guarded by a Watcher, and a holy One, whose eyes can never slumber. How true it is—"I the Lord do keep it; I will water it every moment: lest any hurt it, I will keep it night and day." The Lord's eyes are fixed upon

BALAAM THE HIRELING,

and Balak the son of Zippor; in vain do they weave the enchantment and work the divination; they shall be utterly ashamed and confounded. They were baffled in their machinations, and utterly defeated in their schemes, and that for one single reason; it is written, "JEHOVAH SHAMMAH"—the Lord is there. God's presence in the midst of His people is as a wall of fire round about them, and a glory in their midst. The Lord is their light and their salvation, whom shall they fear?

At this present time God has a people, a remnant according to the election of grace, who still dwell like sheep in the midst of wolves. When, as a part of the Lord's church, we look at our surroundings, we see much that might cause us alarm; for never, either day or night, is Satan quiet. Like a roaring lion he goeth about, seeking whom he may devour; he plots in secret his crafty devices; if it were possible he would deceive even the very elect. This prince of darkness has on earth many most diligent servants, compassing sea and land to make proselytes, laying out all their strength, and using all their craft and cunning if by any means they may destroy the kingdom of God, and blot out the truth from under heaven. It is saddest of all to see certain men who know the truth in some degree, as Balaam did, entering into league with the adversary against the true Israel. These combine their arts, and use all possible means that the Gospel of the grace of God, and the church that holds it, may utterly be destroyed. If the church be not destroyed it will be no thanks to her enemies, for they would swallow her up quick.

When we look upon the signs of the times our

heart grows heavy; for iniquity abounds, the love of many waxes cold, many false spirits have gone abroad into the earth, and *some whom we looked upon as helpers* are proving themselves to be of another order. What then? Are we dismayed? By no means, for that same God who was in the midst of the church in the wilderness is in the church of these last days. Again shall her adversaries be defeated. Still will He defend her, for the Lord has built His church upon a rock, and the gates of hell shall not prevail against her. Our text declares the grand safeguard of the church of God, insuring her against every peril known and unknown, earthly or Satanic: "Jehovah his God is with him, and the shout of a king is among them."

May the Holy Spirit help me while I try to speak first upon *God's presence with His people;* secondly, upon *the results of that presence;* and, thirdly, upon *how, by the grace of God, that presence may be preserved continually among us.*

I. First, let me speak a little upon

GOD'S PRESENCE

among His people. It is *an extraordinary presence*, for God's ordinary and usual presence is everywhere. Whither shall we flee from His presence? He is in the highest heaven and in the lowest hell; the hand of the Lord is upon the high hills, and His power is in all deep places. This knowledge is too high and wonderful for us; yet everywhere is God, for in Him we live and move and have our being. Still there is a peculiar presence; for God was among His people in the wilderness as He was not among the Moabites and the Edomites their foes, and God is in His church as He is not in the world. It is a peculiar promise of the covenant that God will dwell with His people and walk among them. By the gift of the Holy Spirit the Lord is with us and in us at this hour. He saith of His church, "Here will I dwell, for I have desired it." This is much more than God's being about us; it includes the favor of God toward us, His consideration of us, His working with us. An active nearness to bless is the presence of which we speak.

Here we may say with great reverence that God is with His people *in the entireness of His nature.* The Father is with us, for the Father Himself loveth us. We have also the presence of the divine Son of God. Said He not to His apostles, "Lo, I am with you alway, even unto the end of the world"? Have we not this for our joy whenever we come together, that we meet in His name, and that He still says, "Peace be unto you," and manifests Himself unto us as He doth not unto the world. Peculiarly this presence relates to the Holy Ghost. It is He who represents the Lord Jesus who has gone from us. Yes, dear friends, the Father, the Son, and the Holy Spirit are in the midst of the true church of God, when that church is in a right and healthy state; and if the triune God be gone away from the church, then her banners must trail in the dust, for her warriors have lost their strength. This is the glory of the church of God—to have the grace of the Lord Jesus Christ, and the love of God the Father, and the communion of the Holy Ghost to be her never-failing benediction. What a glory to have Father, Son, and Holy Spirit manifesting the Godhead in the midst of our assemblies, and blessing each one of us.

For God to dwell with us: what *a condescending presence* this is! And will God in very truth dwell among men? If the heaven of heavens cannot contain Him, will He abide among His people? He will! He will! Glory be to His name! "Know ye now that your bodies are the temples of the Holy Ghost?" God dwelleth in us. Wonderful word! Who can fathom the depth of this grace?

What *an awe* this imparts to every true church of God! You may go in and out of certain assemblies, and you may say, "Here we have beauty! here we have adornment, musical, ecclesiastical, architectural, oratorical, and the like!" but to my mind there is no worship like that which proceeds from a man when he feels—the Lord is here. What a hush comes over the soul! Here is the place for the bated breath, the unsandalled foot, and the prostrate spirit.

Brethren, this presence of God is *clearly discerned* by the gracious, though others may not know it. Yet methinks even the ungracious in a measure perceive it, coming into the assembly they are struck with a secret something, they know not what; and if they do not immediately join in the worship of the present God, yet a deep impression is made upon them beyond any that could be caused by the sound of human speech, or by the grandeur of outward show. They feel awed, and retire abashed. Certainly

THE DEVIL KNOWS WHERE GOD IS

—none better than he. He hates the camp of which Jehovah is the leader; against it he doubles his enmity, multiplies his plots, and exercises all his power. He knows where his kingdom finds its bravest assailants, and he therefore attacks their headquarters, even as did Balaam and Balak of old.

Let us look at Balaam for a moment. May we never run in the way of Balaam for a reward; but let us stand in his way for a moment that he may be our beacon. This man had sold himself for gold, and though he knew God and spoke under inspiration, yet he knew Him not in his heart, but was willing to curse God's people for hire. He was thwarted in his design because God was there.

Balaam perceived that the God who was in the midst of His people is not a changeable God, not a false God, not one who promises and forgets, or promises and eats His words, or promises what He cannot and will not perform. The God of Israel is faithful and true, immutable, unchanging; every one of His promises shall be fulfilled; none of His words shall fall to the ground. "Hath He said, and shall He not do it? hath He spoken and shall it not come to pass?" What a joy it is to have such a God as this among us—a promise-making and a promise-keeping God; a God at work for His people, as He has declared He would be; a God comforting and cheering His people, and fulfilling in their experience that which His Word had led them to expect. This God is our God forever and ever; He shall be our guide even unto death.

My dear friends, we sometimes hear men talk of

THE FAILURE OF THE CHURCH.

We are afraid that some churches do fail. Wherever failure occurs, the bottom of it is the absence of the Lord of hosts, for He cannot fail. I heard one, speaking of the district in which he lives, say, "We are a religious people; almost all the people attend a place of worship, but," he added, "I am bound to add that of spiritual life we have few traces. One church has given up its prayer-meetings; another feels that its *entertainments are more important than its worship*, and another is notorious for worldliness." This is a testimony as terrible as it is common.

The worst thing that can be said of any Christian community is this: "Thou hast a name to live and art dead." "Thou art neither cold nor hot." Our Lord Jesus says, "I would thou wert cold or hot. So then because thou art lukewarm, and neither cold nor hot, I will spue thee out of my mouth." A church without life and zeal makes Christ sick; He cannot bear it. He can put up with downright godlessness sooner than with a profession of religion out of which the life and the power are gone, since it has cooled down into lukewarmness. This, then, we should pray for continually—the presence of God in the midst of His people.

II. To whet your desire for this let me pass on to the second head of my subject, which is briefly to describe

THE RESULTS OF THIS PRESENCE.

Some of these results are *mentioned in the context.* One of the first is *leading*—"God brought them out of Egypt" (verse 22). The best critics give us another rendering; "God is bringing them out of Egypt." When God is in the midst of His people He is leading them, so that we may cheerfully sing that song, "He leadeth me; He leadeth me," and go on with David to word it, "He leadeth me beside the still waters." We want no other leader in the church when we have God; for His eye and arm will guide His people. I am always afraid of having human rules in a church, and equally fearful of being *governed by human precedents.* I am afraid of power being vested in one, or two, or twenty men; the power must be in the Lord Himself. That church which has God in the midst of it rules itself, and goes right without any other guidance but that which comes of the Holy Spirit's working. Such a church keeps together without aiming at uniformity, and goes on to victory even though it makes no noise. That movement is right which is led by God, and that is sure to be all wrong which is led in the best possible way if God be absent.

Organization is all very well, but I sometimes feel inclined to join with Zwingle in the battle when he said, "In the name of the holy Trinity let all loose;" for when everybody is free, if God be present everybody is bound to do the right. When each man moves according to the divine instinct in him there will be little need of regulations; all is

ORDER WHERE GOD RULES.

Just as the atoms of matter obey the power of God, so do separate believers obey the one great impelling influence. Oh, for God to be in the church to lead it; and it shall be rightly guided.

The next blessing is *strength.* "He hath as it were the strength of an unicorn" (ver. 22). It is generally agreed that the creature here meant is an extinct species of urus or ox, most nearly represented by the buffalo of the present period. This gives us the sentence, "He hath as it were the strength of a buffalo." When God is in a church, what rugged strength, what massive force, what irresistible energy is sure to be there! And how untamable is the living force! You cannot yoke this buffalo to everybody's plough; it has its own free way of living, and it acts after its own style. When the Lord is with a church her power is not in numbers, though very speedily she will increase; her power is not wealth, though God will take care that the money comes when it is needed; her power lies in God, and that power becomes irresistible, untamable, unconquerable.

The next result is *safety.* "Surely there is no enchantment against Jacob, neither is there any divination against Israel." The presence of God quietly baffles all the attempts of the evil one. I have noticed, dear brethren, in this church, where we have had God's presence in a great measure, that all around us people have gone off to this opinion and to the other fancy, yet our members as a rule have stood firm. Persons say to me, "Do you not sometimes answer the scepticisms of the day?" I answer, No. They do not come in my way. "Do not modern opinions trouble your church?" They have not done so. Why? because God is there, and spiritual life in vigorous exercise does not fall a victim to disease.

Upon these words "there is no enchantment against Jacob, no divination against Israel," suffer a few sentences. There are still a few

FOOLISH PEOPLE

in the world who believe in witchcraft and spells, but ye, beloved, if you love the Lord, throw such nonsense to the winds. Do you not hear people talk about this being lucky and that unlucky? This notion is heathenish and unChristian. Never utter such nonsense. But even if there were such things as witchcraft and divination, if this house were full of devils and the air swarmed with invisible sprites of an evil sort, yet if we be the people of God, surely there is no enchantment against us. Divination cannot touch a child of God; the evil one is chained. Wherefore be of good courage; if God be for us, who can be against us?

When God is with His people He will give them *power of a destructive kind.* Do not be frightened. Here is the text for it: "Behold,

the people shall rise up as a great lion, and lift up himself as a young lion"—that is, as a lion in the fulness of his vigor—" he shall not lie down until he eat of the prey, and drink the blood of the slain." God has put into His church, when He is in it, a most wonderful destructive power as against spiritual wickedness.

A healthy church kills error, and tears in pieces evil. She lives in conflict and victory; her mission is to destroy everything that is bad in the land. See

THE FIERCE DEVIL OF INTEMPERANCE

how it devours men! Earnest friends have been laboring against it, and they have done something for which we are grateful, but if ever intemperance is put down, it will be when the entire church of God shall arouse herself to protest against it. When the strong lion rises up the giant of drunkenness shall fall before him. " He shall not lie down until he eat of the prey, and drink the blood of the slain." I augur for the world the best results from a fully aroused church. If God be in her there is no evil which she cannot overcome.

But now notice one thing in my text, and with that I close this description. Where God is, we are told, "*The shout of a king is among them.*" What is the shout of a king? When great commanders are known to have come into a camp what a thrill of joy it causes among their trusty warriors. " The king is come," say they, and his presence kindles their enthusiasm till they make the hills ring again. You know how the stern Ironsides felt when Cromwell came along; every man was a hero when he led the way. They were ready for any adventure, no matter how difficult, as long as their great chief was there. That enthusiasm which was inspired by Alexander, and by Napoleon, and by other great commanders, is the earthly image of the spiritual fervor felt by the church when the Lord Jesus is in her midst.

What next? When the king comes and they have received him with enthusiasm, he cries, " Now is the hour of battle;" and at once a shout goes up from his warriors who are eager for the fight. When *a clan of Highlanders* was led to the battle by their chief he had only to show them the enemy and with one tremendous shout they leaped upon them like lions. It is so with the people of God. My brethren, let us cry to God, entreating Him to be among us. This it is that you want in your Sunday-schools, in your mission halls, in your street preaching, in your tract distributing; it is this that I want beyond everything when I have to speak to you in this vast house. If I could hear the sound of my Master's feet behind me I would speak though I were lying upon the borders of the grave; but if God be gone I am bereft of power. What is the use of words without the Spirit? We might as well mutter to the whistling winds as preach to men without the Lord. O God, if Thou be with us then the shout of a King is among us, but without Thee we pine away.

III. Thirdly, let us look at a very important point, and a very practical one too:

WHAT CAN BE DONE

for the securing and preserving of the presence of God with the church? This is a matter that would require several sermons to discuss it fully; but I notice that there is *something even in the conformation of a church* to secure this. God is very tolerant, and He bears with many mistakes in His servants and yet blesses them; but depend upon it, unless a church is formed at the very outset upon scriptural principles and in God's own way, sooner or later all the mistakes of her constitution will turn out to be sources of weakness. Christ loves to dwell in a house which is built according to His own plans, and not according to the whims and fancies of men. The church ought not to set up as her authority the decrees of men, either living or dead; her ruler is Christ. Associations formed otherwise than according to Scripture must fail in the long run. I wish Christians would believe this.

Chillingworth said, " The Bible, and the Bible alone, is the religion of Protestants." That is not true. Certain Protestants have tacked many other things to the Bible; and they are suffering as the result of their folly, for they cannot keep their church from becoming Popish. Of course they cannot; they have admitted a little leaven of Popery, and it will leaven the whole lump. The dry rot in one part of the house will spread throughout the whole fabric sooner or later. Let us be careful to build on the foundation of Christ, and then let every man take heed how he build thereon; for even if the foundation is good, yet if he build with hay and stubble the fire will cause him grievous loss.

But next, God will only dwell with a church which is *full of life*. The living God will not inhabit a dead church. Hence the necessity of having really regenerated people as members of the church. We cannot secure this in every case with all our watching;

TARES WILL GROW

among the wheat. But if the admission of unregenerate men is usual, and there are no restrictions, then the Lord will be grieved and leave us. God dwelleth not in temples made with hands; He dwells in living souls. Remember that text: " God is not the God of the dead, but of the living," and it bears this sense among others, that He is not the God of a church made up of unconverted people. Oh, that we may all live unto God, and may that life be past all question.

That being supposed, we next notice that to have God among us we must be *full of faith*. Unbelief gives forth such a noxious vapor that Jesus Himself could not stop where it was. His strength was paralyzed: " He could not do many mighty works there because of their unbelief." Faith creates an atmosphere in which the Spirit of God can work; meanwhile the Spirit of God Himself creates that faith, so that it is all of His own working from first to last. Brothers, sisters, do you believe your God? *Do you believe up to the hilt?* Alas, too many only believe a little! But do you believe His every word? Do you believe His grandest promises? Is He a real God to you, making His words into facts every day of your lives? If so, then the Lord is among us as in the holy place. Faith builds a pavilion in which her King delights to sit enthroned.

With that must come *prayer*. Prayer is the breath of faith. I do not believe God will ever be long with a church that does not pray; and I feel certain that when meetings for prayer, when family prayer, when private prayer, when any form of prayer comes to be at a discount, the Lord will leave the people to learn their weakness. Want of prayer cuts the sinews of the church for practical working; she is lame, feeble, impotent, if prayer be gone. If anything be the matter with the lungs we fear consumption; prayer-meetings are

THE LUNGS OF THE CHURCH,

and anything the matter there means consumption to the church, or at best a gradual decline, attended with general debility. O my brothers, if we want to have God with us, pass the watchword round, " Let us pray." Let us pray after the fashion of the widow who was importunate and would not be repulsed; remember, it is written, " Men ought always to pray, and not to faint." Where prayer is fervent God is present.

Supposing there is this faith and prayer, we shall also need *holiness of life*. You know what Balaam did when he found he could not curse the people. Satanic was his advice. He bade the King of Moab seduce the men of Israel by the women of Moab that were fair to look upon; these were to fascinate them by their beauty, and then to invite them to their idolatrous rites, which rites were orgies of lust; he hoped that the lewdness of the people would grieve the Lord and cause Him to leave them and then Moab could smite them. He sadly succeeded. If it had not been for Phineas who in holy wrath drove his javelin right through a man and woman in the very act of sin, sparing none in the vehemence of his zeal, Israel had been quite undone. So in a church. The devil will work hard to lead one into licentiousness, another into drunkenness, a third into dishonesty, and others into worldliness. If he can only get the goodly Babylonish garment and the wedge of gold buried in an Achan's tent, then Israel will be chased before her adversaries.

God cannot dwell in an unclean church. A holy God abhors the very garments spotted by the flesh. Be ye holy as Christ is holy. Do not take up with this German-silver

ELECTROTYPE HOLINESS,

which is so much boasted of nowadays. Do not be deluded into self-righteousness, but seek after real holiness; and if you do find it you will never boast about it; your life will speak, but your lips will never dare to say, " See how holy I am." Real holiness dwells with humility, and makes men aspire after that which yet lies beyond them. Be holy, upright, just, straight, true, pure, chaste, devout. God send us this behavior, and then we shall keep Him among us as long as we live.

Lastly, when we have reached to that, let us have *practical consecration*. God will not dwell in a house which does not belong to Him. No, the first thing with any one of us is to answer this question: Dost thou give thyself up to Christ, body, soul, and spirit, to live for Him and to die for Him? Wilt thou give Him all that thou hast of talent and ability, and substance, and time, and life itself? Where there is a church made up of consecrated people, there God will remain, and there He will make a heaven below, and there the shout of a king shall be heard, and there His strength shall be revealed, and there His glory shall be seen even as it is beheld on high. The Lord send us this, for Jesus' sake. Amen and Amen.

[The prayers of the readers of this Journal are requested for the blessing of God upon its Editors in America and England, and those whose sermons, articles, or labors for Christ are printed in it; and for its weekly circulation of more than 260,000 copies to be blessed by the Holy Spirit to the conversion of many sinners and the quickening of God's people. Mr. Spurgeon and Dr. Talmage especially request prayer every Sunday morning on behalf of their labors.]

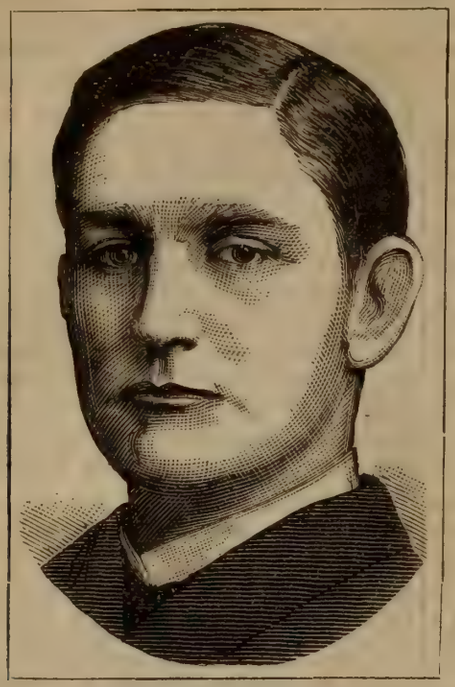
MR. THOMAS EDWARD MURPHY.

Mr. T. E. Murphy, the son of Mr. Francis Murphy, the well-known temperance advocate, whose portrait appears on page 204, was *born* in the State of New York, on July 18th, 1859.

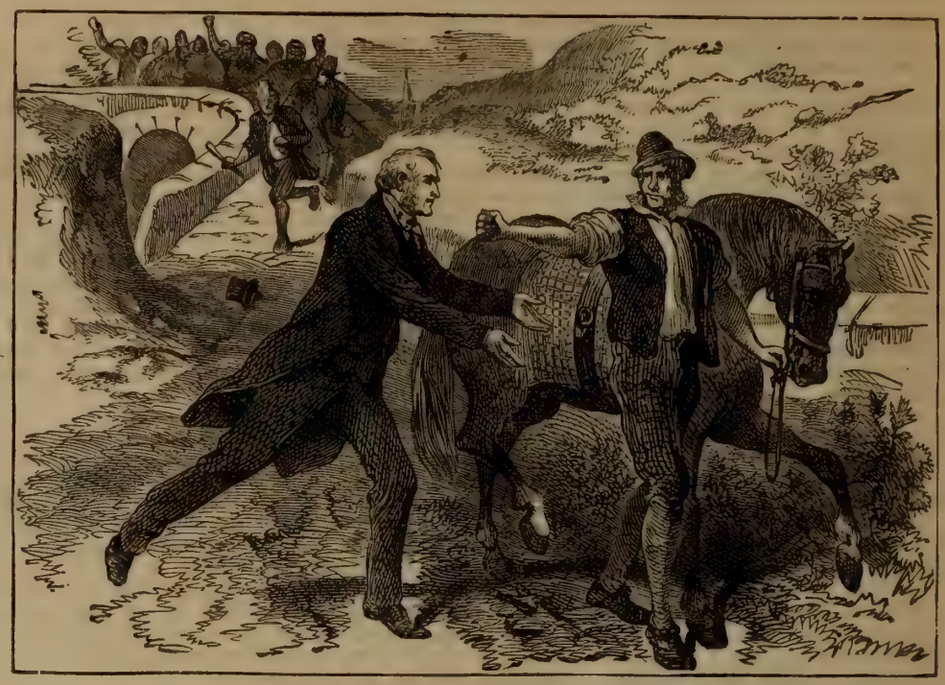
The subject of our sketch received an excellent education in the public schools of the city of Portland, Me., and is a young man of studious habits. He was only thirteen years old when his mother died, and having at this period been withdrawn from school, he was set to learn the trade of a stone-cutter. After three years of this work, and in which he had made considerable proficiency, he joined his father in his itinerant Gospel Temperance work, in 1877, in Pittsburg, Penn., in the capacity of private secretary, and became his companion.

During the unparalleled work at Pittsburg, he was a keen observer, and the scenes he then witnessed strengthened his faith, and inflamed his zeal in the Temperance cause, to which he has now devoted his life. It was at this period that he first made his appearance as a public speaker, and though his immense audiences were by no means disposed to be critical, it was at once seen that he inherited his father's genius, and evidenced also the same deep hatred to the drinking customs of the age, and the profoundest belief in the transforming power of the Gospel of Christ. As a result of the enthusiastic and untiring labors of father and son, at *Pittsburg*, 65,000 persons signed the pledge, and 300 drinking saloons were closed.

In the spring of this same year (1877), Edward accompanied his father to *Philadelphia*, and during the successful progress of the work in that city, and its neighborhood, he often appeared on the platform to plead the cause which filled him with so much enthusiasm, the press de-



Mr. T. E. Murphy, the Temperance Advocate.



An Attack on a Minister in Ireland.

scribing him as "giving short and earnest speeches, the very embodiment of grace and eloquence." No fewer than 70,000 persons signed the pledge during the mission.

In July, 1877, Mr. Edward Murphy commenced a mission in *Ithaca*, N. Y., in which he was ably assisted by a young man of brilliant ability, named *Eccles Robinson*. Here Richard T. Booth lived, and in the course of the campaign he attended one of the noon-day prayer-meetings, which were conducted by Edward, and it was by him that the Blue Ribbon was tied in Mr. Booth's button-hole, and the Murphy pledge administered. The mission extended over three weeks, and many people were enrolled under the banner of the Temperance army.

Edward Murphy afterward proceeded to Troy, Springfield, and Washington, in which cities, while he did yeoman service, he also aided his father to gather in the sheaves of a harvest more than golden. He then proceeded to New York, where his aptitude for the work became still more apparent, and his successes of greater magnitude. The New York *Witness* eulogistically described him as "being well able to represent his father when absent, his touching and eloquent address delivered in an impressive manner being greeted at its close with hearty and continued applause."

Having taken part in a monster meeting at Bismarck Grove, Kansas, where he addressed an audience of 30,000 people, he proceeded to Oil City, Pennsylvania, where the number who offered to sign the pledge was almost greater than could be registered by the clerks. One of the local journals said: "During the indisposition of the father, the young David was in command. He spoke about forty minutes, and to people who have heard the eloquent young man it is unnecessary to say it was good. His addresses have hitherto been very short, but last night he had all the rope he wanted, and he used it well. Climax after climax was reached, and many were afterward heard to remark, pleasantly, 'I am glad his father did not come.'"

VISIT TO GREAT BRITAIN.

In September, 1881, Thomas E. Murphy accompanied his father to England, and both sire and son were honored with an enthusiastic reception at Hoxton Hall, the headquarters of the English division of the Blue Ribbon Army, originated by Mr. William Noble. On this occasion the young orator addressed the assembly in words as fitting as they were eloquent.

Mr. Francis Murphy having opened his crusade on the other side of the Atlantic, in the town of *Bolton*, Mr. Edward assisted him, and the trophies gained in this initial skirmish gave ample promise of triumphs which have since been won, and of grander victories which are yet in progress. Upward of 12,000 persons enrolled themselves in the ranks of the Blue Ribbon Army. The Bolton *News* speaking of him, said, "Mr. Edward Murphy seems to have reached the hearts of our townsmen and is exceedingly popular. After an able and earnest address 552 persons signed the pledge."

The first campaign which Mr. Murphy conducted alone in England was at *Haslingden*, near Manchester, where the success realized transcended the anticipations of the most sanguine. Out of an accessible population of 12,000, no fewer than 5166 joined the Blue Ribbon Army, and simultaneously 500 more took the Roman Catholic pledge. The Mission stirred the town to its very depths. All classes were reached, and of the result it may be said, as Lord Nelson said of the battle of the Nile, "This is not a simple victory, it is a conquest." There are now scarcely any police apprehensions for drunkenness, or assault; the good work continues to spread, and the rum publicans' interest is nearly ruined. *One rum-seller has become a baker*, another has obtained a situation in a weaving factory, and others are desirous of relinquishing the business. The churches are being filled; the ladies' auxiliary are conducting cottage prayer-meetings with great success, and Haslingden is nearly transformed.

Proceeding next on to the busy town of *Rawtenstall*, the same astonishing success was repeated. In a six days' mission 3000 people signed the pledge. Being situated near Haslingden, the community was inflamed by a contagious zeal, and from the very beginning the popular enthusiasm was at a white heat. So eager were the inhabitants to enlist in the Blue Ribbon ranks, that an opportunity had to be furnished them at several shops and mills during the daytime. One night, when the great hall was densely packed,

SMOKE WAS SEEN ISSUING FROM THE FLOOR,

and on an alarm of fire being raised, Edward Murphy bade the surging and terrified multitude have confidence in him while he inquired the cause of their alarm. So complete was the control which he happily exercised, that the audience patiently waited until informed that the smoke came from a flue, running from a fireplace through the room beneath, and that no peril was to be apprehended. Thus, what might have proved a terrible calamity, was providentially averted.

While Mr. Francis Murphy was in Forfar, Scotland, his son Edward paid him a visit, and the friends of the movement earnestly desired him to remain a few days to aid his father in developing the surprising work which he had initiated in that northern town. Out of a population of 12,000 more than 6000 were induced to sign the pledge and put on the Blue Ribbon, and the almost desolated churches were filled to repletion. The Dundee *Advertiser* said of him: "He seems animated by the same fervor as his father, and to be like him in his power of getting into the good graces of his hearers, and impressing them with his own enthusiasm." At *Diss*, Norfolk, whither he went on January 9th, the results were similarly astonishing. The Rev. G. Habron speaks of what he witnessed here as being a "real Temperance Pentecost; and this not only among the poor and illiterate, but among the cultured and well-to-do portion of the community." Never within the memory of the oldest inhabitant had the town manifested such unbounded enthusiasm in any movement. Nearly 2400 persons, being about one half the population, signed the pledge within the brief space of seven days.

Mr. T. E. Murphy has continued his labors across the water with marked success in many of the large cities. At Shrewsbury, where he was last engaged, the enthusiasm was unbounded.

MARTHA THE GYPSY WOMAN.

(*See Illustration.*)

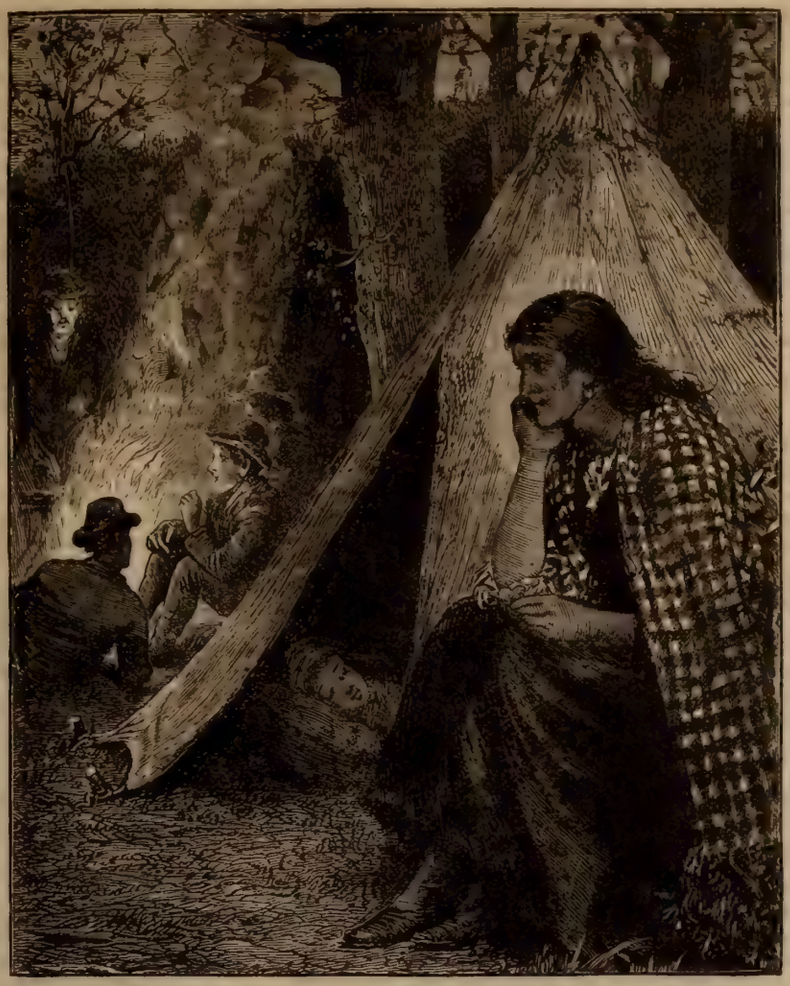
A PARTY of young men set out some time ago to visit a camp of gypsies encamped on the banks of a river some eight miles from one of our large cities. The gypsies had been there about four weeks and many excursions had been made by curious people from the city. Some went impelled by simple curiosity to learn something of the strange people who are found in all countries leading their unconstrained vagabond life. Others went "*to have their fortunes told*;" for even among educated people, who ought to know better, a belief still prevails that a gypsy woman whose palm has been crossed by silver can reveal the future of the person consulting her. Thus from the presents of both classes of visitors the gypsies contrived to draw a considerable supply of ready money.

A suspicion was, however, well founded that they had other sources of income which would not bear investigation so well as that of pres-

ents. Many families began to complain of losses, which were clearly the result of the visits of sneak thieves, and the gypsies were suspected of robbing the hencoops and barns. They were accordingly advised by the police to find another location for the camp, and when the party of young men visited them they were preparing for a speedy removal.

As the young men sat on the level greensward smoking and drinking with the male members of the tribe, *a woman sat outside one of the tents* absorbed in thought. Martha was considering a project which had been in her mind for some time, but the execution of which she had postponed from day to day through fear of its consequences. Now that the camp was about to remove she decided that she would delay no longer.

In her tent was *a little girl soundly asleep*. The child had been stolen nearly six months before and had been committed to her care. Martha did not know the little girl's parents, but she knew where the camp was when the men brought in the poor little frightened child. She had taken it and cared for it and had grown very fond of the little creature. Martha knew from the dress and ornaments the little girl wore that the child was the daughter of wealthy parents, but she had no idea who they were. The child could not tell her name, but said her mamma called her Bella, but Martha knew enough of the ways of the "house-dwellers" to be aware that the clue thus furnished would be sufficient to identify her. Her plan was to persuade the young men to take Bella with them to the city and send her to the place from which she was stolen.



"Martha sat watching outside the tent."

It was a difficult and perilous undertaking. She knew that she would be liable to punishment when the child was missed the next morning, and that she might suffer severely. But in spite of her own love for Bella, or rather because of that love she was resolved to run the risk. She waited outside the tent watching until the party broke up. Then quickly snatching up a rough shawl she wrapped the child in it and glided swiftly to a point on the river bank which she knew the young men must pass in their boat on their way to the city. It was screened by trees from view of the camp and Martha having reached it sat down to listen. Soon she heard the sound of the oars and calling to the rowers in a voice scarcely above her breath, she was relieved to see that they silently shot the boat to the bank. A few words of hurried explanation followed, and the child was taken on board. Then Martha hurried back to the camp and in the tent now without the child she loved, she sat down to cry.

What punishment Martha suffered for her deed of love she never told. She had been impelled to rescue the child by the kind words of a Christian lady who visited the camp, and she knew the risk she incurred in doing it. But though the lady knew nothing of the child being in the camp, and therefore did not refer to it, Martha had thought over the lady's words and resolved as the first step toward a better life to restore the child. In less than a year afterward, Martha, weary, ragged and footsore, presented herself at the home to which she had been the means of restoring its little treasure and begged for admission. It was granted her, and she folded the little Bella in her arms and wept over her. Martha would not tell her story, but she asked to remain in any capacity that would enable her to be near the child. To her intense joy she was installed as nurse, and a more devoted help no family ever had. Under the influence of religion she lost her old wildness of manner and heart and became a sincere Christian woman. In doing an act of self-sacrifice she had led the way to her own reformation.

PERILS OF GOSPEL WORK IN IRELAND.

(*See Illustration.*)

One of the most embarrassing features of the Irish problem, which is now almost as prominent a subject of discussion on this side the Atlantic as it is on the other, is the intolerance of a large section of the Irish people. It is very natural to sympathize with the people of Ireland as we listen to the story of hardship and oppression inflicted on generation after generation of Irish tenants by landowners and their agents; but when American citizens are invited to aid in an effort to induce England to grant self-government to Ireland it becomes a pertinent question whether the Irish have shown a capacity for self-government.

It is perfectly true that among Irishmen there have been and are now many brave and eloquent men—men of whom any nation might be proud. But there is a disposition prevalent among the masses of the people in Ireland, and is noticed even in the men who are accepted as leaders, which discourages the most sincere friends of Ireland and causes them to hesitate in advocating home rule. That is a tendency to intolerance. All that we hear of events in Ireland now and in past times leads us to doubt whether if the government of the country were committed to the hands of the Irish people, civil and religious liberty would be guaranteed. It is at the present time unsafe for any one holding unpopular doctrines, political or religious, to express them openly. There is no security that any man advocating such doctrines will not suffer personal violence. Yet that security is an indispensable feature of good government.

In religious matters, especially, is this intolerance exhibited. Numerous cases are on record of Protestant preachers who have dared to preach salvation through Jesus only, being in peril of their lives. We give an illustration depicting one out of many similar cases. It is that of a Wesleyan minister, who was on his way through the town of Granard, when he was recognized by a woman who had heard him preach two years before. She made use of some intimidating language, and a desperate mob assembled, and began to throw stones. "I had to return," says the minister, "to take refuge in the barracks. The mob watched and waited for my appearance, yelling after me and calling me 'Garibaldi,' 'Antichrist,' etc. At length I had to leave, which was only a signal for fresh vociferations, accompanied by a volley of stones. The police did all they could to protect me; but there were not many officers in the town, and had there been twice the number they could not have saved me without shedding blood. Part of the 'baser sort' ran before the police, in order to meet me when beyond their protection, and murder me on the spot. I also say that they wanted, by provocation, to engage the attention of the police, who while arresting one or two men might not observe that the others were collecting stones to destroy me; and when I made the attempt to leave, the stones flew again on all sides. I was struck on the arm, on the leg, and, lastly, on the head. I had to flee bare-headed.

"When out of the town *I met a man leading a horse*, from whom I expected some compassion; but he sternly refused to render me any protection or aid. I did not know where I was going; but the Lord led me to the house of W. Kelly, Esq., of Kilcourcey, where I was well taken care of. My wounds were attended to, and I soon forgot all care or pain."

FETTERS OF FASHION.

By Miss M. A. Paull,

Author of "The Flower of the Grassmarket," "The Romance of a Rag," etc., etc.

(*Continued from page* 191.)

A Mysterious Stranger.

After Mrs. Ireland failed the brewer's lady, Mrs. Johnson, driving to the shop in her pony carriage was not one whit more successful.

"Good-morning," she began graciously.

"Good-morning, madam," replied Reginald Courtenay, "I am obliged to you for the kind intention with which you have come to my store; but I must inform you that I never, from conscientious scruples, allow myself to accept the custom of any one whose income is derived from the sale of intoxicating liquors."

"You are the oddest man I ever saw," said the lady, gazing at the fine, manly countenance before her, of whose frankness and truthfulness, as the index of the heart, none seeing it could doubt.

Reginald Courtenay could not resist laughing at her words, and his laughter was echoed from the lady's own lips. Then she said:

"How is it you don't know that good beer, such as my husband brews, is the very bulwark, physically speaking, of England."

"God forbid!" said the grocer earnestly.

"Well, at all events, it is our national beverage, none can deny that," said Mrs. Johnson.

"More's the pity," said Reginald Courtenay.

"You surely would not *deprive a poor man of his beer?*" said Mrs. Johnson.

"I surely would, madam," answered the grocer. "I would *not* deprive him of home and home comforts, of good food, good clothes, good house, good books; but he can't have these, if he has bad beer."

"*Bad* beer, you obstinate man," said the brewer's lady, smiling, "I said *good* beer."

"There is no such thing, madam."

"What a heterodox man you are!" said the lady, still smiling. "But, come, I must not stay any longer now; take my order like a rational being, and you can try your hand some other day at converting me. I can see how clever you are. Mrs. Gray told me no one in the town sold such beautiful tea as you sell; quite appropriate, too, the true *tee*total drink."

"I thought I had explained, madam," said Reginald Courtenay, "that I cannot take on my list of customers any one engaged in the liquor traffic."

The lady hardly waited for him to finish.

"Good morning," she said as coolly as a condensed icicle might have spoken, could it find a voice, and turned to leave the store. The grocer followed her to his door, politely helped her into her carriage, and drew over her the handsome rug that lay in it, then bowed as she drove away. With a smile and a frown she turned to him as he did so, and said, "You tiresome, disagreeable man."

Of course, such conduct and such plain speaking as Reginald Courtenay did not hesitate to use when duty seemed to demand, necessarily made him enemies; and yet, so pure and high was the man's life, so honest and upright was every action, so good and true-hearted did he prove in sickness, or distress, even to those whose money he could not touch, that his popularity in his native town was very much more universal than might have been imagined.

When the eldest son of the landlady, Mrs. Ireland, almost broke her heart by his wild ways and dissolute conduct, Reginald Courtenay had proved himself a real friend. His angry father had forbidden the mother to expend another penny on the son whom he had taught to drink, but whom he now stigmatized as a drunken vagabond. It was the grocer's generosity that equipped him for a foreign clime, that paid his passage-money thither in a temperance ship, and it was the good teetotaler who himself saw the young man on board, lest temptation should assail him and ruin all their plans before he had embarked for his new home. And that rescued one was now blessing God in an Australian settlement for such a friend in his sore need as Reginald Courtenay. Man, degraded and mean as he often shows himself, has enough of the God-like nature in him to be warmed into enthusiasm by pure unselfishness in others; and thus, as years went by, the grocer was forgiven his eccentricities, for the sake of his manifold excellencies.

Indeed, there were some who said the world would be a good deal sooner mended if many another had as firm a backbone of teetotal principle as Reginald Courtenay.

When his sister and her four daughters came, some few years before our story opens, to live in Devonshire, he had rejoiced in the hope, that now at least, he should be no longer lonely, that the girls might, one or two at a time, share his comfortable home and keep house for him.

He had scarcely seen his sister since she left her home on her marriage with the gay young officer Lieutenant Sylvester; and he had known but little of her for some years before that, because she had lived with a widowed aunt, and been taken about by her to fashionable places of resort, in one of which, at a ball, she had formed the acquaintance of her future husband.

What he had known, had led him to believe her somewhat frivolous and gay in her habits and desires in the past, but he hoped that time and experience and sorrow, might have softened her heart and matured her judgment. And what a field for pleasant speculation in his kind heart did not the promised arrival of his four young nieces present, some of whom, at least, must be good and true, and unspoiled as yet by fashion and folly. We shall see to what the good man's hope led.

It was quite natural that Louise Sylvester with her sweet bright face, pleasant manners, and kind smile, should be the favorite among the good townsfolk of Moreton Hampstead. Her mother and sisters would not have felt very flattered had they known how severely they were criticised by some of their neighbors, both poor and well-to-do.

"Mr. Reginald Courtenay's little finger is as rich as the whole of his fine relations put together, though they do hold their heads so high. If that woman had any sense she would humor his whims, and then her children would become his heirs. She would be quite as well if she did turn teetotaler, and save her port wine, that she would!"

Just at this period, when the corn in the fields grew golden under the sun's fiercest rays, and the rich autumn flowers, glowed in garden and hedgerow, a new clerk came to serve in the grocer's store, concerning whom, Moreton Hampstead was visibly moved. As reports spread abroad that he was singularly good-looking and singularly gentlemanly, all the young ladies of the place, save, of course, the Sylvesters, discovered that their mothers or cooks were in need of some important article of consumption to be found in a grocer's store; spice, or raisins, or vinegar, or cheese; and were obliging enough, quite contrary to custom in some cases, to volunteer to order it from Mr. Courtenay's, as they were just going out for a little walk.

And good-natured mothers, who of course saw plainly through the ruse, yet accepted these offers, being willing enough themselves, perchance, to hear something definite from reliable authority, concerning the mysterious young man. And each young lady, coming back after a while, reported to her wonder-loving mother that she never saw a store clerk in the least like him, he had "such lovely hands, and he was so handsome, and he was most decidedly a gentleman."

It began at last to be whispered about, who put the story into circulation it is impossible to say, that Mr. Courtenay, being displeased with the airs and whims of his sister and three out of her four daughters, had chosen this stranger for his heir, and that it served Mrs. Sylvester exactly right for her foolishness.

The ladies had, of course, never forgiven her for setting herself above them; and the gentlemen had considered she was unjust both to herself and her pretty girls, to bind them as closely with the fetters of fashion in a little place like Moreton where everybody knows everybody else, as if they had been living in the most dangerous and fashionable of watering places, abounding in adventurers and male flirts. The inmates of Number Six, of course, had the wonderful news brought to them about the mysterious stranger, and the supposed explanation of his advent.

Louise smiled and turned very red when the subject was mentioned, but she hoped that no one noticed this. An hour or two later, she put on her hat and boots to go out. She peeped in at the parlor door.

"Please don't wait for me; uncle wished me to drink tea with him this evening."

She was surprised that her mother made no objection to her scheme. Was she too sleepy to disturb herself, or was she also curious about her brother's new clerk?

It was Clarie who spoke. "Very well, dear. Our best respects to Uncle Reginald."

Along the streets, drowsy now in the warm afternoon sunshine, and almost as deserted by the inhabitants as if Moretonites had been given to mid-day siestas, and had not yet awakened, Louise Sylvester wended her way. Into her uncle's store she turned, passing through it without looking on this side or that, though she was curiously conscious that a pair of eyes she had never seen before, was minutely observing her all the time.

With only a light premonitory tap at the door of the sitting-room within, she entered, and found her uncle seated and half asleep in his very easy arm-chair. She sat down quietly, determined not to disturb his nap; but her coming had aroused him. He shook off his sleepiness, folded her in his arms, and then brought forward some delicious late raspberries and pears, which had been hidden under cool green leaves in the shadiest part of that always shady room, and begged her to enjoy them.

"And while you are eating, Louise," said he, "I will talk; I want your help, you know. I told you I had a visitor coming, and you didn't expect he would be a new store clerk, did you?"

"Not quite, certainly," replied Loo. "I thought you said—"

"Yes, so I did, and I don't like mysteries very much; but there may be times and circumstances when, if you do not tell any falsehoods, a partial concealment of your name may not be wrong. He is called Beverley—Beverley Trevelyan, as you know; here he is simply Mr. Beverley. My conscience is clear, else I would not suffer it. But I must have your help about him."

"Mine, uncle; what help can I possibly give you? Your note puzzled me not a little. I am so stupid and so inexperienced, I know nothing of what young men may care to talk about;" and Louise blushed, and looked so very pretty, that she almost startled her uncle. But he went on, and said what he meant, notwithstanding.

"It is absurd to suppose that a young man of his breeding, and manners, and habits, can be satisfied so long as he purposes to remain, without some society besides that of myself, my assistant, and the apprentices. He has come here, as I hinted to you, to reform. He has, wisely as I think, in order to do this, put himself under the restraint of my house, and its quiet and orderly regulations, and undertaken work that is new and perhaps foreign to his tastes, that he may occupy his hands effectually, and be enabled the better to remember his purpose. Fortunately, he greatly admires moorland scenery, and his evenings, he says, will be delightfully occupied with long rambles over Dartmoor, but by day, I fear, he will often be dull. All this I confide to you, Louise, in the hope that, whenever possible, you will come and cheer him by your society. Will you do this for me?"

"If mamma would allow me, uncle, I would most gladly, most willingly; but I cannot imagine how I can do it without mamma's sanction, and that you know perfectly well I shall never obtain."

"There may be ways," murmured Uncle Reginald to himself, "there may be ways." Then in a louder tone he added, "You yourself are willing to leave Number Six, and take up your abode here for a little, if I obtain your mother's sanction?"

"Perfectly, uncle; but I don't think you will ever get that," replied Louise, surprised at her uncle's confident manner.

"This young man," resumed Uncle Reginald, "has been *a complete victim to drink.*"

Louise started.

"Let me go on. He has abandoned such miserable habits for above six months; but he dares not return into the society he has left; he wants to strengthen himself for the ordeal that awaits him. We devised between us this curious plan. I am so crotchetty, that I can do anything without exciting surprise, or, if surprise is excited, all say 'it is just like him,' and the wonder soon dies a natural death. What I want you to do, Louise, is to cheer Beverley Trevelyan, for he is

often despondent, and to make this house a little brighter for him. The reclamation has begun; you must do your womanly part to bring it to perfection."

"But, uncle," began Louise, "I am not even a teetotaler. Mamma won't hear of it; though I take as little as possible to satisfy her."

"And are you not old enough, dear child, respectfully and kindly to tell your mother that you have taken your last glass of wine; that you feel it is right for you to *burst the fetters of fashion* in this respect, and exercise your freedom by obeying God's laws, and renouncing that which you are convinced is hurtful? Have you not too long already acted against your convictions? I hope because of your own cowardice, you may be more readily understand what it has cost this young man to root up an evil habit, which fashion, custom, and appetite had bound to him so tightly, that the wonder is how he ever freed himself at all."

(*To be continued.*)

PHILIP AND THE ETHIOPIAN.

S. S. Lesson for April 8, Acts 8 : 26-40. Golden Text, ver. 39. By Mrs. M. Baxter.

Apostolic Readiness—Testimony and Exhortation—The Present Power of Testimony—Philip's Marching Order—No Man Indispensable—The Object of the Journey—The Still Small Voice Heard—The Eunuch Prepared for Instruction—Philip in Distinguished Company—The Opportunity Sought—The Eunuch's Baptism—The Single Condition—Rejoicing in Jesus.

THE early Christians understood their vocation; wherever they went, they preached the Gospel, whether they were ordained apostles or not. Those who were thrust out from Jerusalem for preaching the Gospel there, "went everywhere preaching the Word." Peter and John, on their return from their apostolic mission to Samaria, "when they had testified and preached the Word of the Lord, returned to Jerusalem, and preached the Gospel in many villages of the Samaritans." They did not lose time in feeling their way as some do nowadays; they did not wait for more specific directions; wherever men were perishing within sight of them, there was their call to preach the Gospel.

We notice too that their preaching did not consist of lengthened discourses, there was a great deal of testimony as well. On the day of Pentecost we read of Peter, "With many other words did he

TESTIFY AND EXHORT"

(Acts 2 : 40); here again they "testified and preached."

God is showing us in the present day the power there is in simple testimony coming from hearts filled with what the Lord has done for them. While many learned, eloquent, able preachers of the Gospel are winning their twos and threes to the feet of Jesus, many illiterate men and women, who are however full of praise for His continuous blessing to themselves, are winning hundreds of precious, immortal souls. And oh, how sweet it is to know that the giving testimony to the word of His grace, is no new method, it is but one sign of the revival of Pentecostal times among us.

"And the angel of the Lord spake unto Philip, saying, Arise, and go toward the south, unto the way that goeth down from Jerusalem unto Gaza, which is desert." What! in the very spring tide of this great awakening, must God's chosen instrument be withdrawn? Yes, even so, for God's thoughts are not our thoughts, neither are our ways His; the thoughts of God are infinitely higher than ours (Isaiah 55 : 8, 9).

PHILIP WAS NOT INDISPENSABLE

to God; he was only what God had made him, and what God can make any man to be who surrenders himself to Him. It was necessary for these converts who had now themselves received the Holy Ghost, to become independent of Philip or of any other man; it was equally necessary for Philip to learn that as an instrument of the Holy Ghost, he must be equally willing to do great things or small, and to work, not according to any ideas of his own, but simply *to fall into God's plan*, whatever that might be. Already, we see he had learned to be quiet enough before God to possess an attentive ear to all which God would say to him, and he had also a will completely subject to God, so that he did not so much as question whether the directions given him were right or wrong. Oh, what entire self-abnegation there is in those words written about a Holy-Ghost-filled man, "and he arose and went."

It was not long before the Lord showed him *the object of this journey*. Probably Philip was in prayer; very likely thinking much of his late converts, and commending one and another to God; not worried because time seemed to be lost, or because his powers of preaching were being wasted; for Philip's time was God's and any power he possessed was God's property, and not his. An Ethiopian eunuch, a man of high government position, travelling probably in considerable state, was just on his return journey from Jerusalem, where he had been to worship.

Philip was not occupied with thoughts of curiosity as to who this man was, where he came from, what brought him there, etc., or he would never have been free enough in spirit to hear the still, small voice (1 Kings 19 : 12) of the Spirit of God, who said to him, "Go near, and join thyself to this chariot." But he did hear, and he did obey. "Philip ran thither to him, and heard him read the prophet Esaias, and said, Understandest thou what thou readest?" Why do we so often fail to hear, and to understand the voice of the Spirit of God? Is it not because we are preoccupied? Perhaps we are

MAKING OUR OWN PLANS,

and then God's plans come in as an interference with ours. Perhaps we are distracted, letting our thoughts wander in every direction, and thus we are not recollected, not gathered together, so to speak, and we miss the "still small voice." Perhaps it is that the way of God is not pleasing to us; we might have thought in Philip's place that it was too bad after having been used to do such a great work, to be sent away into the desert as though we were a nobody, and we might have thought it could not be God's voice which told us. But the spirit which hears the voice of God distinctly is that one which has such complete submission to His will, and such confidence in His love and wisdom as to believe that all things work together for good to them that love God (Rom. 8 : 23), and therefore is open to receive anything which God may say.

Blessed be God, in His wondrous providence everything is prepared beforehand. Weeks, months before this time, the eunuch must have been awakened; it is possible that some zealous Jew, who traded with Ethiopia had come to court, and spoken something of the true and living God. It may be he had said that copies of the Scriptures were to be obtained which would tell of this great God. The man, tired with the absurdities of his heathenism, may have come to Jerusalem hearing that was the only place where the true God could be worshipped, and had there obtained some portion of the Scriptures. This he was reading, and Philip abruptly broke in upon him with the question,

"UNDERSTANDEST THOU

what thou readest?" Abrupt as it was, the question was a welcome one to this honest inquirer, and he replied, "How can I, except some man should guide me? And he desired Philip that he would come up and sit with him." A deacon in the church at Jerusalem, persecuted thence and entering Samaria a homeless wanderer; becoming the apostle of the city, then driven thence by the Spirit of God to become a wanderer in the desert, and then given a seat in the chariot of one of the great ones of this world! Oh, how great, how sudden, the changes may be in the life of a man wholly given up to God, a man who has given up his likes and dislikes and the consideration of whether anything is convenient or inconvenient to him!

The place of the Scripture where the man was reading was this, "He was led as a sheep to the slaughter; and like a lamb dumb before his shearer, so opened he not his mouth: In his humiliation his judgment was taken away: and who shall declare his generation? for his life is taken from the earth." The eunuch asked Philip, "I pray thee, of whom speaketh the prophet this? of himself, or of some other man?" This was just

WHAT PHILIP WANTED;

an opportunity of preaching Jesus. No time is lost when the Spirit of God is trusted. Here was Philip dealing with an inquirer who was made to ask the very question which opened up the whole subject. Philip preached no doctrine, it was Jesus Himself whom he presented to the eunuch, Jesus whom he knew, who had saved him, cleansed him, kept him, who dwelt in him; Jesus who was his new life, his power, his joy, his all. True he took as his text the fifty-third chapter of Isaiah, but it was a living Person whom he presented to this former heathen. And the Spirit of God was at work showing the eunuch Jesus.

"As they went on their way, they came to a certain water; and the eunuch said, See, here is water; what doth hinder me to be baptized?" What, in the presence of his coachman? Would it not be thought very strangely of at home? Would it not be better to wait until some better opportunity, when it could be done privately? It might cause so much talk at court on his return. But the eunuch knew

IT WAS THE RIGHT THING.

If Jesus were the Son of God, and had died for him, it was the least thing he could do to acknowledge it; and if salvation were good for him, it must be good for his servants too; and thus anything like concealment was out of the question. It was due to the Lord who died for him, that his servants should know the grace of God toward him, it was necessary for their salvation that they should know their master had needed salvation too, and had obtained it, and this public act would speak more than any amount of words could do.

Philip imposed but one condition. This was not that he must master a certain amount of theological knowledge, or go through a certain course of instruction. It is the heart which God seeks to win, and Philip said, "If thou believest with all thine heart, thou mayest." This might seem an easy condition; but it involved the entire disruption of his social habits, worship, reputation, everything. If Queen Candace were brought to believe in Jesus, well; if not, the eunuch would lose his place at court, his position would be lost, his family ruined. But knowing all this, in the warm zeal and high courage of his first love, he said, "I believe that Jesus Christ is the Son of God. And he commanded the chariot to stand still; and they went down both into the water, both Philip and the eunuch; and he baptized him."

IT WAS DONE;

he had committed himself, the servants had seen it, it could not be hidden. Was he filled with fear that he had perpetrated so rash an act? Thank God, no. Was he not filled with apprehension about what they might say at home? No. Did he not entreat Philip to accompany him and strengthen his faith? No. "The Spirit of the Lord caught away Philip, that the eunuch saw him no more; and *he went on his way rejoicing*." He had found Jesus, and he could dispense with Philip. He had found Jesus, and Jesus was with him to accompany him to Ethiopia. He had exchanged a religion full of superstition and fables, for an acquaintance with the real living Son of God, and if he lost all beside, he would keep Jesus. "But Philip was found at Azotus." He had accomplished his mission in the desert, but his zeal was not abated by the change of work he had had. "Passing through he preached in all the cities, till he came to Cesarea." Lord, send many such men among us now, filled with, and led by, the Spirit. Amen.

FOREIGN TOPICS.

A Bitter Feeling Against Irishmen is Said to be prevalent throughout England. European correspondents of American journals report that the intelligence offices admit their inability to procure situations for Irish servants, numbers of whom are being discharged daily, and from all sides there are accounts of large employers dismissing all their Irish laborers. The correspondent of the *Sun* says: It is not probable that the persons who planned the Westminster explosion had any idea of the storm that would follow it, or that the English public would take it so seriously to heart. The tone of the press has changed greatly, and has, in great part, become one of *uncompromising hostility*. With a few more such demonstrations, the political merits of the Irish question will be completely lost sight of, if, indeed, recent events have not already placed it beyond the power of the present government to deal with it at all. What with Carey in Dublin and dynamite in Westminster, the prospects of Irish reform are gloomy indeed. The outrage on Lady Florence Dixie is now generally discredited by the British press. It is believed that her account of the affair was grossly exaggerated.

Mr. Parnell is now in Paris Delivering speeches of an inflammatory character, which, being reported in the English journals, have increased the hostility of the public toward Ireland. It is stated that he gave a grotesque account of the Kilmainham business, alleging that the Government came to him in prison and asked him to intervene and suppress outrages. He condemned the Phœnix Park murders, declared that James Carey was a government agent who had contrived these murders and led astray the poor fellows who committed them, and that he had received $30,000 reward. He attributed the Charles Street explosion to Freethinkers, and said that if the policy of Mr. Gladstone's government should be persevered in for only a short time longer, then England must be prepared for *all sorts of violence*. As the general tendency of Mr. Gladstone's Irish policy has been one of conciliation, it will be somewhat ungrateful if the people of Ireland repay it by all sorts of violence. Mr. Parnell's accounts of the Kilmainham treaty would not be received as authentic, if he had not, during his latest visit to New York, made statements which his most devoted friends found difficult to reconcile with notorious facts. It is evident that more money is needed, for a general call has been issued for a united convention of Irish-Americans which will be held in Philadelphia.

The Missing Link Connecting the Irish Land League with the Assassination Society is said to have been supplied by a minute book or diary kept by the Patriotic Brotherhood of Belfast. It was produced at a trial last week, in which a man named Nugent and twelve other men were convicted of engaging in a conspiracy to murder. The diary contained an entry that at the request of the Land League, conveyed through "Thomas Murphy," men were specially sworn to kill Mr. Brooke. This will need explanation before reputable American citizens subscribe their dollars to the Land League funds.

An Important Speech Was Delivered by the Right Honorable John Bright on March 22d, before the students of the Glasgow University, of which institution he was recently elected Lord Rector. Mr. Bright's remarks were mainly directed to the blessings of peace. He had some claims on the respectful attention of his audience when speaking on his favorite subject, inasmuch as he very recently resigned an office in the ministry rather than approve a policy with which his whole life has been identified. He said American independence, the French Revolution and the English Reform bill had transferred power from monarchs and statesmen to the people. Mr. Bright's address, so far as it related to political questions, dwelt upon the advisability of a peaceable policy, even with a view to self-interest. The cost of the civil war in America, he declared, would more than have sufficed to free every slave without bloodshed. With regard to Ireland, he said if the treaty of Limerick had been fulfilled and freedom of religion granted, the sad history of that country might never have been recorded.

American and Foreign Residents in Egypt are much alarmed by the rapid withdrawal of the British troops. A Cairo correspondent of the New York *Herald* says: "The hopes of Moslems and the fears of Christians are intensfied by every batch of British troops that quits Egypt. The words 'Egyptian' and 'European' are no longer heard in the native cafes of Cairo and Alexandria. These words are replaced by 'Moslem' and 'Infidel.' As the Seventh Dragoon Guards left Cairo on Saturday, *en route* for England, the joy of the Egyptians knew no bounds. Old sheiks muttered vengeance against all hat-wearing foreigners, and the lower classes celebrated the occasion by beating their hired and bleeding donkeys with stout sticks and calling them Ebn Nazraneh (sons of Christians), an epithet now become the most vilifying that can be applied to man or beast. The unanimous feeling of the European residents of Egypt—who number, by the way, about 90,000—may be briefly expressed as follows: 'If the present army of occupation be withdrawn, or so reduced as to be incapable of protecting our lives and property, we shall appeal to our respective consulates and demand that Italian, Greek, Austrian, French, German and American soldiers be sent here to carry out the duty that England has assumed, but is unable or unwilling to perform. If this demand be not granted we shall then arm ourselves and organize for resistance.'"

An Eruption of Mount Etna Was Reported on March 23d, and later accounts state that it is increasing in violence. Eruptions of this volcano have been comparatively frequent for more than two thousand years. In 1832 there opened on the sides of the mountain many flaming mouths in the midst of tremendous explosions and convulsions, prodigious discharges of ashes, cinders and lava, which overran miles of cultivated fields and threatened the town of Bron with ruin. The river of lava was then twenty miles long, over a mile wide, and forty feet deep. The telegram announcing the present eruption says: "A new crater has opened. The lava from the volcano threatens to overwhelm Nicolosi and other villages. The people living in the threatened places are fleeing from their homes, assisted by the troops. There are eleven fissures in the mountain. The central opening is active, but there is no discharge of lava from it."

Queen Victoria's Fall on the Stairs of Her palace on Saturday, March 17th, has caused some anxiety among her subjects in this country. The injuries the Queen sustained were confined to her knee, which became much swollen and necessitated the postponement of some court ceremonies. It is now definitely stated that the swelling is subsiding, and that in a few days the Queen will be able to travel as usual.

Messrs. Moody and Sankey's Meetings were attended with great blessing at Manchester. They began their mission in this city on March 1st. Referring to the first Sunday's meetings, a local journal says: "The Free Trade Hall was crowded as early as eight o'clock in the morning, the audience for the most part being composed of Christian workers. In the afternoon so great was the crowd seeking admission that the Free Trade Hall, the Circus, and the Association Hall were simultaneously thrown open and each speedily filled. In the former hall the address was delivered by Mr. Moody, the service in the Circus was conducted by Mr. Sankey, and Mr. Newett and Dr. Grimke officiated at the Association Hall. In the evening of the same day services for men only took place at the Circus, and Association Hall, Mr. Sankey and the choir, after singing at the former, passing out to perform a like service in the latter building." The meetings continue to be largely attended, the interest excited by the services being greater than on the occasion of the former visit of the evangelists, eight years ago. Messrs Moody and Sankey have been well supported by local ministers. Mr. Moody stated that at the conclusion of their visit to Manchester, on March 15th, the evangelists would go to Leeds, proceeding thence to Liverpool. It is expected that they will return to America at the termination of their labors in Liverpool, returning to England in the autumn for their London campaign.

Mr. T. E. Murphy, the American Temperance evangelist, whose portrait appears on another page, is still laboring in Great Britain with success. An English journal says that upon concluding his grand mission at Windermere, where nearly a thousand new pledges were secured, and over 2500 donned the blue ribbon, he passed on to Shrewsbury, where for two nights he had crowded meetings and gratifying results. He afterward visited Kendal, and is now in the midst of a prosperous campaign at Lancaster. At its conclusion he will join his father (Mr. Francis Murphy) in his anticipated crusade in Manchester.

The Eminent Jewish Judge, Sir George Jes- sel, who has for the ten years past held the important post in England of Master of the Rolls, died on March 21st. He was fifty-nine years of age. He was the first citizen of Jewish birth and religion who sat on the English bench. By general consent he was considered the ablest judge of this century, and perhaps the ablest known in modern times in England, and was popular in spite of his roughness of manner. He was the idol of suitors from his rapid despatch of business; and he was alike respected and dreaded by his colleagues for his uncompromising intellectual supremacy. His capacity for patient, thorough study of the cases submitted to him as an advocate, and afterward as a judge, won for him a high place in public esteem.

The Lavish Supply of Beer Ordered for Gra- tuitous distribution at the coronation of the Czar has been countermanded, the Czar having expressed an emphatic wish that the popular festivities at Moscow on the occasion of his coronation should not be allowed to assume the character of an orgy. Accordingly the idea of a gigantic fountain of free beer has been abandoned, and it has been decided to convert a hundred railroad carriages, drawn up around an open plain, into cafés, shops, theatrical booths, etc., at which the people may amuse and refresh themselves without expense. Every one who wants it will receive an enamelled mug decorated with the Imperial eagle and the date of the coronation, and the mug will be filled with beer, presumably as often as it is presented for that purpose. Sandwiches, cakes, and confectionary will also be freely distributed.

Volume V. of the Christian Herald and Signs of our Times is now ready, bound in cloth, containing all the numbers for 1882 with complete index. Price $3 including postage. Ten per cent less to ministers and the trade.

The Prophetic News and Israel's Watchman (London), for March, may be obtained at the office of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, price six cents, postage paid.

An Illustrated Work on the Unfulfilled prophecies of the Bible, by the Rev. M. Baxter, entitled: "Forty Coming Wonders," may be had from the office of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, 63 Bible House, New York, by remitting one dollar. It is a book of 528 pages, is handsomely bound in cloth and contains fifty full-page pictures and diagrams representing the scenes described in the prophecies of Daniel and in the book of the Revelation. It also contains a resumé of the opinions of other expositors, and extracts carefully collated from the works of all the most eminent writers on prophecy, from the earliest ages of the Christian era down to those of recent date. It thus forms the most useful and complete guide the student can have in entering on the study of that portion of the Word of God. The book may also be obtained for one dollar from any bookseller, who can procure it from the American News Company.

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This Journal contains every week a Portrait and Biography of some eminent person; a new Sermon by the Rev. C. H. SPURGEON, of London, and the Rev. Dr. TALMAGE'S latest Sunday morning Sermon; also always a Prophetic Article, and a Summary of Current Events, as well as Stories, Anecdotes, etc.

Single Copies, Three Cents. THURSDAY, APRIL 5, 1883. 17th Year. No. 14.—New Series.

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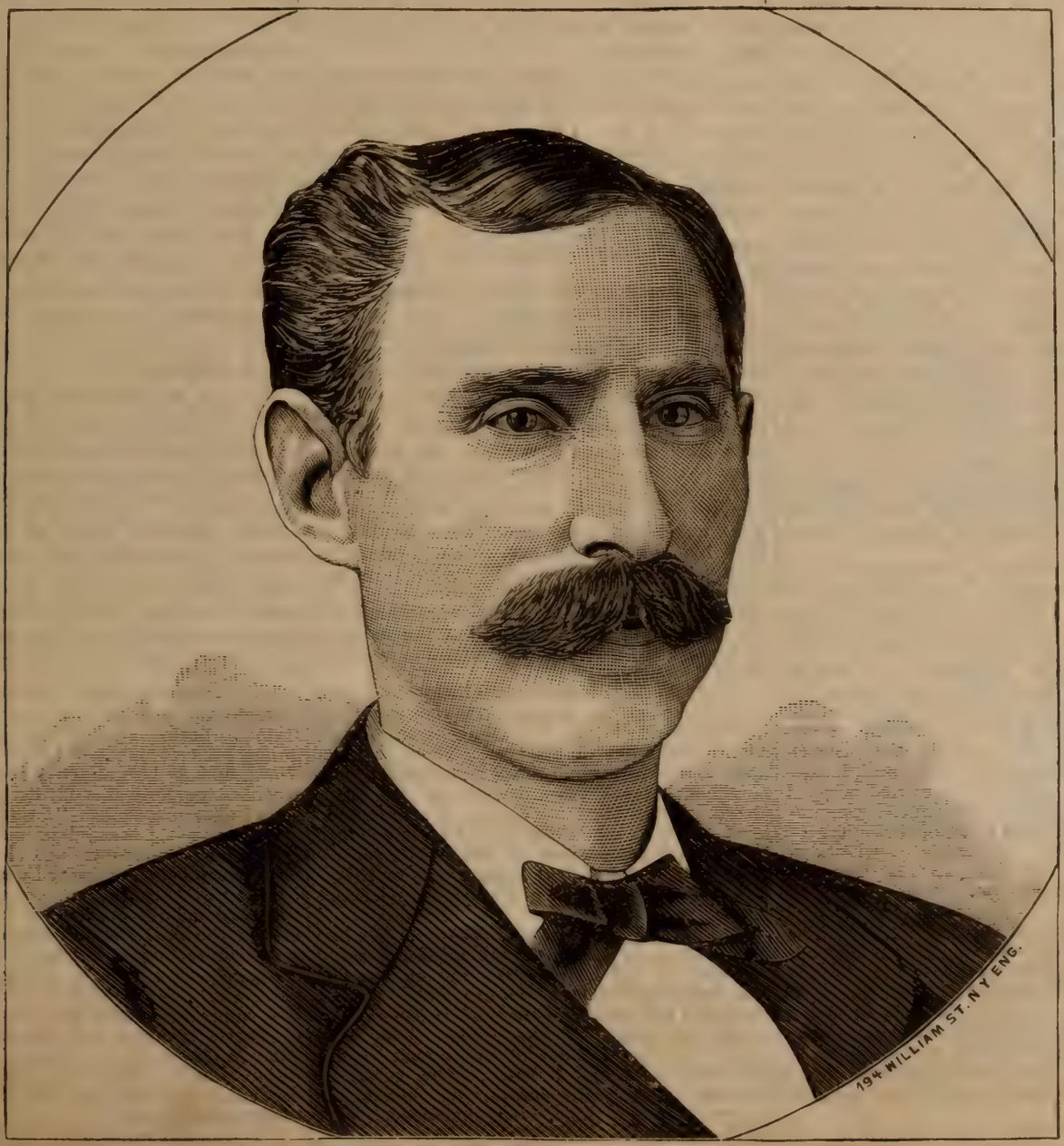

JERRY McAULEY, the Founder of the Water St. and Cremorne Missions in New York.

JERRY McAULEY,

The Evangelist of the Water St. and Cremorne Missions in New York.

A Young Thief—The Terror of the Fourth Ward—Accused of Crime—Wrongfully Convicted—Sentenced to Fifteen Years in Sing Sing—Awful Gardner—A Night Conflict in the Cell—A Pardon from the Governor—Falling into Sin—Narrow Escapes from Death—The Idaho on Fire—Shot at by a Captain—Half Drowned in the East River—Signs the Pledge—Marriage—Origin of the Water St. Mission—Work at Cremorne.

The work God has enabled Jerry McAuley to perform among the most abandoned classes of New York City is known all over the United States. There are men residing in nearly all our great cities who were, years ago, in New York living in vice, depending for their daily bread on the proceeds of robbery, cheating, gambling and all kinds of vicious pursuits, but who are now, by the blessing of God on his efforts, leading moral lives, prospering in business, and trusting in Jesus for salvation. Within the last few days Mr. McAuley, exhausted by continuous labor, physically prostrate and needing rest and change of air, went to Jacksonville, Fla., and even at that distance from his home his hand was grasped, to his amazement, by Christian men respected by their fellow citizens, who owed under God, all they are to his efforts in Water Street. He feels that he is himself a brand plucked from the burning, a man who was so sunk in depravity as to be a conspicuous instance of the power of God to save even to the uttermost—that he preaches the Gospel, as John Bunyan did, with a sense of its unfathomable depth of grace that no college training can give. The narrative of such a life is in itself a sermon of wonderful power. The bulk of it shall be related, as nearly as possible, in his own words:

"I was born in Ireland [about the year 1836]. Our family was broken up by sin, for *my father was a counterfeiter*, and left home to escape the law, before I knew him. I was placed at a very early age in the family of my grandmother, who was a devout Romanist. My first recollections of her are of her counting her beads, and kissing the floor for penance. I would take the opportunity while she was prostrated upon her face, to throw things at her head, in my mischievous play, and when she rose from her knees, it was to curse and swear at me.

"I was never taught or sent to school, but left to have my own way; to roam about in idleness, doing mischief continually, and suffering from the cruel and harsh treatment of those who had the care of me.

"At the age of thirteen I was sent to this country, under the care of a married sister in New York City. Here I ran errands in the family, and assisted my brother-in-law in his business, and soon, by the practice of little tricks, became well used to dishonesty, and was as great a rogue as one of my years could be. After a while I felt I could live by my own wits, and left my sister's home to take care of myself. I took board in a family in Water Street, where were two young men with whom I associated myself in business. I earned what I could, and that not being sufficient to supply my daily wants, I stole when I had opportunity.

"We had a boat, by means of which we boarded vessels in the night, stealing whatever we could lay our hands on. Here I began my career as

A RIVER THIEF.

In the day-time we went up into the city and sold our ill-gotten goods, and with the proceeds dressed up, and then spent our time, as long as our money lasted, in the vile dens of Water Street, practising all sorts of wickedness. Here I learned to be *a prize-fighter*, and by degrees, rapid degrees, sank through all the grades of vice and crime, till I became a terror and nuisance in the Fourth Ward.

"I was only nineteen years of age when I was arrested for highway robbery—a child in years, but a man in sin. I was innocent of the criminal act which was charged to my account; but the rumsellers and inhabitants of the Fourth Ward hated me with good reason, and were glad to get rid of me. So they swore the robbery on me, and I couldn't help myself. I had no friends, no advocate at court, (*it is a bad thing not to have an advocate at court*) and though not guilty of that crime I was sentenced to fifteen years in the State prison. I burned with vengence; but what could I do? I was handcuffed, and sent in the cars to Sing-Sing.

"That ride was *the saddest hour of my life*. I looked back on my whole past course, at all my hardships, my misery and sins, and gladly would I have thrown myself out before the advancing train, and ended my life.

"I concluded, however, before I reached the end of that short journey, that my best way was to be obedient to prison rules, do the best I could under the circumstances, and trust that somebody would be raised up to help me.

IN PRISON.

"When I arrived at the prison—I shall never forget it—the first thing that attracted my attention was the sentence over the door: 'The way of transgressors is hard.' Though I could not read very well, I managed to spell that out. It was a familiar sentence, which I had heard a great many times. All thieves and wicked people know it well, and they know, too, that it is out of the Bible. It is a well-worn proverb in all the haunts of vice, and one confirmed by daily experience.

"I was put to the carpet-weaving department of the prison, and for two years not a word could be said against me. All the keepers and guards spoke well of me. I minded my work, and was quiet and orderly. I tried to learn to read and write, and improved very much, more especially in reading. Then I got cheap novels and read, to pass away the time.

"I had been in the prison four or five years, when, one Sunday morning, I went with the rest to

SERVICE IN THE PRISON CHAPEL.

"I was moody and miserable. As I took my seat, I raised my eyes carelessly to the platform, and who should I see there beside the chaplain but a man named Orville Gardner, who had been for years a confederate in sin. '*Awful Gardner*' was the name by which I had always known him. Since my imprisonment he had been converted, and was filled with desire to come to the prison, that he might tell the glad story to the prisoners. I had not heard he was coming, and could not have been more surprised if an angel had come down from heaven. I knew him at the first glance, although he was so greatly changed from his old rough dress and appearance. After the first look I began to question in my mind if it was he after all, and thought I must be mistaken; but the moment he spoke I was sure, and my attention was held fast.

"He told them it was only a little while since he had taken off the stripes which they were then wearing; and while he was talking his tears fairly rained down out of his eyes. Then he knelt down and prayed, and sobbed and cried till I do not believe there was a dry eye in the whole crowd. Tears filled my eyes, and I raised my hand slowly to wipe them off, for I was ashamed to have my companions or the guards see me weep; but how I wished I was alone, or that it was dark, that I might give way to my feelings unobserved.

"I knew this man was no hypocrite. We had been associated in many a dark deed and sinful pleasure. I had heard oaths and curses, vile and angry words from his mouth, and I knew he could not talk as he did then unless some great, wonderful change had come to him. I devoured every word that fell from his lips, though I could not understand half I heard. One sentence, however, impressed me deeply, which he said was a verse from the Bible. But that was a book I had never read.

"I went back to my cell. What I had heard was ringing in my ears, and the thought possessed me to find the verse which had so struck me. Every prison cell is supplied with a Bible; but, alas! few of them are used. Mine I had never touched since the day I entered my narrow apartment, and laid it away in the ventilator. I took it down, beat the dust from it, and opened it."

The impression made upon McAuley's mind by the change in "Awful Gardner" was apparently more powerful than the sermons and teaching he had heard. The miracle of conversion was there before him to examine for himself. He knew Gardner in his former state, and he saw him now so changed that he seemed another man. The people were not more surprised who saw the cripple at the Beautiful Gate of the Temple rise and walk at the command of Peter. McAuley saw, but he could not understand the change. He evidently approved of it for he sought it for himself.

A lady visited the prison about this period whom Jerry describes as Miss D—, who took an interest in him and read the Bible and prayed with him. Eventually, Jerry was induced to pray for himself, and as he prayed his convictions and desire for pardon increased. One night in an agony of seeking he resolved to pray until he found peace. He threw himself on the stone floor of his cell and wept and prayed there determined that he would not sleep until God had forgiven his sins. In the night

A SINGULAR EXPERIENCE

occurred which to this day Jerry professes himself unable to pronounce real or imaginary. He seemed to feel a hand laid on his head and heard a voice saying: "Thy sins which are many are forgiven." At that time he evidently believed in its reality, and accepted it as an assurance of acceptance; for he rose from his prostrate position and commenced praising God. The guard pacing the corridor was astonished by hearing in the dead of night the cell echo with shouting and the noise of hands clapping and the prisoner jumping about. He was alarmed, and opened the door to ascertain the cause. Next day Jerry was reported for disorderly behavior. But it was the only time. Jerry was a changed man, and as long as he remained in the prison he continued steadfast.

The joy and happiness that filled his soul could not be hidden. Jerry commenced work among his fellow-prisoners. He knew little of the Bible, less still of theology, but he could tell the men working out their punishment of a power which had renovated him and filled his heart with joy. Several of those men were converted, others of them, of whom Jerry had hopes, fell away after their release, but he kept track of them, and after he was liberated and at work for God he had the happiness of seeing them all restored. Jerry had by this time served seven years and six months—half his sentence. The prison officers reported favorably of him, and he received

A PARDON FROM THE GOVERNOR.

Outside the prison walls Jerry encountered a trying ordeal. He knew the consequences of going back to his old haunts in the Fourth Ward, and as he wandered about, not knowing where to go, he was sufficiently cautious to abstain from going there. "I wanted to do right," Jerry says; "I wanted to please God. I inquired for a prayer-meeting. I was told of one; but when I got to the door I was afraid to enter. I had never been to a Protestant place of worship, and nobody invited me in. Most unfortunately the only friend I found directed me to a lager-beer saloon to board. Lager beer had come up since I went to prison, and I did not know what it was. They told me it was a harmless drink, wholesome and good, and simple as root-beer. I drank, and that began my downfall. My head got confused. The old appetite was awakened. From that time I drank it every day, and it was not long before I went from that to stronger liquors.

"The night I stopped praying I shall never forget. I felt as wretched as I did the day I went to prison. And now began a career of sin and

ual as well as social greatness. They are jealous of all individual superiority; they like all to stand on the same level, and will, as they ascend to supreme power, effectually dwarf the individual. The scythe of Democracy, so to speak, reduces society to one dead if verdant, level; and the flower of the field, that presumes to lift itself above the surrounding grass, is cut down.

"LEVELLING UP" AND "LEVELLING DOWN."

Now there is, without doubt, a considerable amount of truth in this argument. We see going on around us at the present time a twofold process, the united influence of which must assuredly bring about some such result. We see, on the one hand, what may be called the "levelling up" process of education, the effect of which is to raise the masses to an intellectual level hitherto exclusively held by those who regarded themselves as the higher classes—the distinction between the educated and the uneducated being to a great extent obliterated; and, at the same time, we see also what may be called a great "levelling down" process, leading to the gradual or violent abolition not only of the kings and statesmen by whom the world has hitherto been governed, but to the existence of all privileged classes.

THE FORCE OF AN INDIVIDUAL.

Still this is only one side of the truth; there is another, very germane to the subject before us, which is well put in a recent article in the *Spectator*. The writer of that article says: "The lesson of our day is—the Titanic force an individual can acquire. If Socialism once recognizes him as one who should either govern or lead, the tendency of the masses is to make his individuality even too great a thing. Look for a moment over the events of the week ending January 13th. On Saturday, France followed a citizen to the grave. On Monday, all England visibly winced because another citizen was believed, erroneously, to be seriously ill. On Tuesday, all Germany felt a thrill of interest because a third citizen chose unexpectedly to appear in Parliament, and apologize for not speaking.

Surely, if three men in history ever were recognized and supported and obeyed by the Demos, they were M. Gambetta, Mr. Gladstone, and Prince Bismarck. There was not a hostile critic in France who did not regard M. Gambetta's hold over the people as too great for his country's good. There is not a Tory in England who does not dwell on the "infatuation" of the people for Mr. Gladstone. There is not a politician in Europe who does not see and say that the unwillingness of Germans to let Prince Bismarck resign and disappear is, of all visible obstacles to free Parliamentary action in Germany, the one most immediately felt. The disappearance of M. Gambetta will, and that of Mr. Gladstone or Prince Bismarck would, it is believed, alter history. That belief may be accurate or otherwise; and still it remains true—that an individual can, in spite of wide suffrages, become as great in our generation as he ever could in any period of the world's career. So far from the individual dwindling, he looms larger, and his force grows greater and greater."

THE MAN MADE GREAT BY THE DEMOS.

These remarks are unquestionably true. While Socialism has an almost irresistible tendency to dwarf and discredit all *ordinary* forms of individual greatness, it at the same time and, paradoxical as the statement may appear, for that very reason, has an equally decided and equally irresistible tendency to magnify and throw into stronger relief at least some forms of *extraordinary* individual greatness. In point of fact, the relation in which a truly colossal individual stands, on the one hand, to a monarchic or aristocratic form of government, and, on the other hand, to a pure Democracy, may, I think, be fairly illustrated by the different aspects under which a mountain like Snowdon presents, rising as it does amid surrounding though less lofty hills, and the impression it would make if Wales were reduced to a vast level plain, in the midst of which it reared its three thousand six hundred feet sheer into the sky—fixing the undistracted gaze, and dominating the unoccupied mind of every beholder. For instance: If, besides Gambetta, France now had possessed other great—though still inferior—statesmen, neither would Gambetta have possessed his extraordinary influence over the Republican party, nor would his death be regarded as so irreparable a calamity.

THE PAUCITY OF GREAT MEN.

Now surely one of the most remarkable and suggestive social phenomena presented to the thoughtful observer of the days in which our lot is cast, is the general and rapid disappearance of truly great men from our midst, while apparently no one can detect the rising stars destined to replace them. This is almost equally true of all departments of civilized society. It is not merely that when Gladstone and Bismarck follow Gambetta, as from the age of the one and the infirmities of the other they needs must do ere long, neither Europe nor America will possess any statesman of the same calibre, or strong enough to grapple effectually with the great political questions which are now pressing for solution. But where are the great spiritual leaders who shall pilot the laboring and leaking bark of Christianity through the terrible storms that are coming down, and keep it off the rocks of Atheism and Materialism on which, to human eyes, it seems in danger of being utterly wrecked? Where are the Pauls, the Augustines, the Luthers, the Calvins, or even the Wesleys and the Irvings of the past? Will the childish Ritualist, with his ecclesiastical toys and muttered incantations, or the commonplace and compromising Evangelical, or the grotesque antics and moneybonds of General Booth and his ignorant followers, supply their place?

THE SECULAR SPHERE.

And is it not the same in all the secular departments of human knowledge? Where are the profound philosophers, the great poets, the splendid painters, the distinguished men of letters? With Tennyson our last great poet will pass away; with Ruskin our finest critic; with Newman our most illustrious schoolman; while in the grave of Carlyle we buried our last great writer; and in that of Darwin the most influential of the scientists of the day. And as it is in England, so is it throughout the civilized world. Where in America, or Germany, or France, or Italy, can we point to one man of transcendent genius? No; we have fallen upon a time of large masses of little men; and civilized society is becoming more and more like some huge blind and dumb monster of the deep, rolling its unwieldy bulk along, utterly ignorant of the peril into which it is drifting. More and more will it realize its own helplessness and inability to guide itself; and more and more, therefore, will it desire some great deliverer—some COMING MAN, who will interpret its aspirations, embody its spirit, and concentrate and direct its tremendous latent energies.

And he will come. He will come—because, till he does the corrupt tree of fallen humanity will not have yielded its last and most perfect fruit. He will come—for the world is waiting for him, even as the Church is, or should be, waiting for Another, and will soon grow impatient for his coming. He will come—for all God's holy prophets have predicted his coming, and their predictions were indorsed by the Lord Himself when He said: "I am come (a human person 'as concerning the flesh') in My Father's name, and ye receive Me not; if another (human person) shall come in his own name, him ye will receive." (John 5 : 43.)

THE GOAL OF CIVILIZATION.

Most truly, and singularly in accord with what we have already written, does Dr. Anderson add, "*The realization of this dream will be the fulfilment of prophecy.* True it is that popular movements characterize the age, rather than the power of individual minds. It is an age of mobs. Democracy, not despotism, is the goal toward which civilization is tending. But Democracy in its full development is one of the surest roads to despotism. First, the revolution; then, the *plebiscite*; then, the despot. The Cæsar often owes his sceptre to the mob." "Our belief is," says the writer in the *Spectator*, already quoted, "that the multitude so far from disliking, or distrusting, or envying individual greatness, is disposed, when it sees it, to worship it too much, to trust it too fully, as if greatness must be great in all things; to think too despondently of the vacuum created by its disappearance. A letter was published a short time ago from Mr. Gladstone, giving in almost passionate terms his appreciation of Dante. We undertake to prophesy, rash as it may seem, that the letter will sell whole editions of Cary's 'Dante,' and that among men who do not know in the least Mr. Gladstone's exceptional right to give an opinion on Italian literature.

A GREAT TRUTH ILLUSTRATED.

"That is a mere illustration of one of the most important of political truths—the deep inner humility of the Democracy, its desire to find anywhere guides abler, more instructed; above all, more percipient, than itself. The jealous Democracy! It has been creating heroes and kings and gods from everlasting. When the barriers break down, as they broke down in the Civil War, and the people recognize greatness as they recognized it in Abraham Lincoln, they allow him individuality enough. President Lincoln, had he lived, would have towered among his people as much as any figure in the Old World. . . . . In genuine Democracies, the individual tends, if once recognized, to be greater than in states under monarchs."

Now what kind of personage is Antichrist to be; and how will he attain the position and power which he must inevitably gain? On this important point much misconception has existed, and to some extent still exists. There has been a disposition to invest him—like his dread inspirer, Satan—with many grotesque and abnormal characteristics. According to some ancient writers he is to be a veritable incarnation of the Evil One; according to others he will present some special and repulsive physical peculiarities; while in the popular imagination there is reason to fear that he is pictured as being really an impossible "Beast" having seven heads and ten horns. All this is worse than imaginary—it is actually delusive, besides tending to bring a very serious reality into contempt. If we met Antichrist in the streets of Paris or London to-morrow we should most probably find him a perfect gentleman. Our attention might very likely be arrested, but it would be in admiration, not in horror; and if we paused to ask a question concerning him it might be couched in such words as these—Who is that remarkable, that superb, that kingly man?

A MAN OF THE PEOPLE.

1. *He will be a man of the people*, in this respect resembling Abraham Lincoln, Gambetta, and the First Napoleon. No successor of a line of kings; no inheritor of a name already illustrious in the world's annals; a man of mean, if not despicable origin; "a vile person," as he is called by Daniel; with whom the people will feel the greater sympathy because one of themselves, and the maintainer of their right and cause; just as so many now feel a sympathy for the notorious Claimant and the infidel Bradlaugh, arising not from any personal interest in the aims of the one or the opinions of the other, but from an instinctive feeling that had they belonged to a higher rank they would have been differently treated.

[*At this point Mr. Maude laid aside his pen through illness, using it once again only, and that to append his signature to a letter which he dictated, requesting us to finish the article which he so well began. Only three days afterward, his earthly race was finished; and he now stands in the presence of the Lord and Saviour whom for so many years he loved and served so loyally. His end was in keeping with his life—peaceful and full of confidence in the unfailing mercy of God through Jesus Christ.*]

(*To be concluded next week.*)

CHRISTIAN HERALD AND SIGNS OF OUR TIMES.

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CURRENT EVENTS.

The Question of a Successor to the Late Postmaster-General Howe occupied the attention of the politicians last week to the exclusion of all other topics. It is stated that the President has been inundated with letters of advice and suggestions, and that several States have urged their claims for a representative in the Cabinet. The President, however, whose health necessitates a little relaxation and change of air, and who had previously decided on a trip to Florida for that purpose, desires to postpone the appointment of a Postmaster-General until his return. It is believed that the President has the right to fill the vacancy in the Post Office Department for a longer period than ten days, by an ad interim appointment, and the opinion of the Attorney-General on the question was asked, but at the close of last week had not been given. Among the men whose names are being pressed on the attention of the President are Mr. Robeson, of New Jersey, whose peculiar talents would find ample scope for exercise in the Post Office Department; Mr. Chauncey I. Filley, of Missouri, who has been mentioned for the same office in former administrations; Mr. Frank Hatton, the Assistant Postmaster-General and Colonel John A. Martin, of Kansas. Influential politicians, however, predict that the new Cabinet minister will be selected from either Ohio or Indiana.

Ex-Senator Kellogg of Louisiana Has Been indicted by the Washington Grand Jury in connection with the Star Route cases. The jury last week made two presentments, one of which was against Senator Kellogg alone, and the other against him and Brady jointly. Mr. Kellogg is charged with having received from James B. Price, a mail contractor on a post route from Monroe to Shreveport, in the State of Louisiana, and on a route from San Antonio to Corpus Christi, in Texas, $20,000 for the service of inducing Brady, then Second Assistant Postmaster-General, to award Price an increase of pay and compensation for expedition. The witnesses named are John A. Walsh, James B. Price, Joseph Cochran and J. W. Brady. The second presentment against Kellogg and Brady jointly, charges them with having conspired with Price to defraud the government by means of false oaths and fraudulent allowances for expedition, and false and fraudulent claims to be made for increased pay for expedition on the routes before described. It will be remembered that Walsh offered his testimony last summer, but the Grand Jury on that occasion found a bill against Brady and Price but exonerated Kellogg.

The Passion Play Was Produced in New York on Friday, March 30th, by Mr. Salmi Morse. The performance was styled a dress rehearsal, and the admission was by invitation, for which there was no charge. This arrangement was made to evade the law under which the license for the production of the play was refused by the mayor. The building was crowded with people until the police refused to permit any more to enter. Newspaper criticisms of the piece show that the protests against its production were amply justified, although persons who witnessed the play in Europe state that many of its blasphemous features were eliminated in the New York performance. It is announced that by taking advantage of a legal technicality Mr. Morse will be able to outrage Christian feeling by continuing the performance during this week.

An Effort to Perpetuate the Memory of the late Governor Alexander H. Stephens is being made. A movement has been started for the purchase of Liberty Hall, the home of the deceased statesman, by the people of Crawfordville and Taliaferro County, Georgia, that it may be preserved as a memorial of the "great Commoner;" and it is also proposed that Mr. W. W. Story be commissioned to execute a marble statue of Mr. Stephens in his roller chair for one of Georgia's niches in the National Capitol.

Reports of the Prohibition Movement in the West indicate that the present tendency of public opinion is in the direction of high license rather than of prohibition. The New York *Tribune* believes that outside of Maine no prohibitory amendments will pass the State Legislatures this year. Nevertheless, the agitation has so far aroused the public that restrictions on the liquor traffic find much favor in Ohio, Wisconsin, Illinois, Minnesota and Missouri. The latter State has, in fact, passed a law imposing a heavy tax upon the sale of intoxicants, and it is now in the hands of the governor. A similar measure was very near passing through the Illinois Legislature.

The Proposal to Erect a Statue of Martin Luther in Washington is advocated in an appeal issued by the Lutheran clergymen of that and other cities. It is intended that the statue shall be of bronze and of colossal size. It is proposed to purchase for this purpose a duplicate of the figure of the great reformer which stands in the centre of the celebrated group at Worms, and to erect it in front of the Lutheran Memorial Church, on the Thomas Circle, between Fourteenth Street and Vermont Avenue.

The Malagasy Envoys were Entertained in New York by the Congregational Club on March 26th, when Ravoninahitrinarivo, the chief ambassador, in the course of an eloquent speech made the following observations: "We have not been disappointed in coming among the American people. We had heard much of your greatness and national vigor, but now we see with our eyes that you are mightier even than your fame. But there is one thing in which we are your equals—we love national independence as much as you do. And we are trying to love other things which the white man's books and preaching tell us are good. But if our people find that the truths of Christianity and the blessings of commerce are the forerunners of European aggression, unprovoked and unjustifiable, then our growing love will be turned to hate, and neither Frenchmen nor Englishmen, nor Americans, will be able to land in safety upon our shores. To avert this sore disaster we do not ask you to take the field for us, but we beg you in the name of God and righteousness to let your voices be heard by your sister republic against her threatening demands. Surely we are not asking unreasonably. We simply appeal to you and to all Americans—lovers of liberty—for the use of those emancipative weapons which we are continually being taught to believe are a keener power than your swords."

Special Services are Being Held at the Brooklyn Tabernacle. On Monday last Rev. E. Payson Hammond commenced a series of meetings there which it is hoped God will bless to the conversion of many souls. Dr. Talmage requests that all readers of his sermons will pray for a blessing on this effort. Three meetings are held every day. At nine in the morning for prayer and praise; at half past three for the benefit of children and youths; and at eight in the evening for adults. Mr. and Mrs. Hammond have just returned from the Bermudas where they have been holding mission services. Their efforts there have enjoyed an abundant blessing. Services were held in the Episcopal and Presbyterian churches which were largely attended. The number of those who made a profession of faith through the blessing of God on those services, number more than eight hundred.

At an Enthusiastic Temperance Meeting in Brooklyn, N. Y., on March 27th, *Mr. Eli Johnson*, the well-known temperance advocate, received a warm welcome on his return from Australia, as our readers are aware from extracts from Australian papers published in these columns during his absence, Mr. Johnson with his famous black box aroused considerable enthusiasm in the English colony. Mr. Robert Graham, whose effort to check the illicit traffic in intoxicating liquors in New York city is still being pushed forward, was also present, and his enterprise was heartily commended.

A Plea for a Five Cent Subscription is Sent by our Baptist friends at Smithville, Clay County, Mo., to assist them in building a missionary church in that locality. They have been making strenuous exertions on their own account, but being few in number are still deficient of the full amount required to erect their edifice. They say they are "*willing to sit upon planks*," if they can only get their house up. If ministers in more wealthy sections of the country would collect a few nickels among their congregations and send to Smithville, they would render a service to the cause of religion that would be highly esteemed. Contributions may be sent to Mr. J. R. Shafer, Smithville, Clay County, Mo.

An Important Revival has Taken Place in Denver, Col. During the past ten weeks the Rev. H. W. Brown, of Chicago, has been laboring there with signal marks of God's blessing. His work commenced in connection with the First Baptist Church, but it spread to the Young Men's Christian Association, and through that institution to almost every church in the city. It has gradually extended and increased until no room in the city could be found large enough to seat the congregations, the Tabor Grand Opera House having been filled to overflowing and many hundreds went away unable to gain admittance.

At the Recent Meeting of the American Bible Society appropriations of money, amounting in the aggregate to $77,290, were made to the Levant and Mexican agencies, to the American Board of Colportage in Austria, to the Presbyterian Board for publication in Siam, and to the Bible Society of France for the publication of French Scriptures. Numerous grants of books were made for benevolent distribution in this and other lands, to the value of about $14,600. The Report presented at the meeting stated that the total receipts for February were $47,210, and that during the past month 91,261 copies of Scriptures were issued. Two hundred and seventy colporteurs are now commissioned to labor in twenty-five states and three territories.

A Brave Lady Succeeded in Avoiding Severe injuries, if not death, by an act of daring recently in California. A journal of that State describes the affair. It appears that the school-teacher at Yreka, Cal., while on her way to school through an open field was attacked by an infuriated steer. To have turned and run might have been fatal, and no man was near enough to rush to the rescue. She therefore did the only thing that could have saved her—literally *took the bull by the horns*, and so held on to him until help arrived. Few ladies would have had the presence of mind or the courage to grapple in that way with the infuriated beast, but many have displayed moral courage in dealing with the liquor traffic and other gigantic moral evils which has astonished their Christian brethren and which God has honored by His blessing (1 Cor. 1 : 27).

A Curious Sentence Was Passed by Justice Britt, of Uintah County, Utah, on a prisoner. The judge, who is a gubernatorial appointee, is, according to Utah journals, rather an eccentric magistrate, famous for deciding cases according to justice and disregarding the technicalities of the law when they would interfere with the rights of the cases. The prisoner in question was charged with arson, and the evidence having been heard, Judge Britt concluded that he was guilty. He then astonished the prisoner and the lawyers in court by passing sentence that the culprit should work forty days for the county and forty days also for the person whose property he had destroyed. The judge would doubtless have some difficulty in finding a statute authorizing his sentence, but the principles of justice were very carefully respected. This double aspect of offences too often escapes notice. It is only under the influence of the Holy Spirit that the sinner realizes that his sins are against God as well as against men (1 John 3 : 4).

A Recent Remarkable Surgical Operation which, though skilfully performed, failed to save the patient's life, has been the subject of comment in the press, and has elicited the statement of an instance in which the wounded man survived and is still living. A man who served in an artillery brigade at the battle of Petersburg on June 16th, 1864, was struck on the head by a Minie-ball which entered the skull. When taken to the hospital at Rochester his case was considered hopeless, but, nevertheless, received skilful attention. The surgeon extracted the ball and removed a number of minute fragments of bone. He was carefully nursed, but for more than four months his death was an event of daily apprehension, but he recovered, and is now a hale, active man, though with a depression in his skull over which there is no bone, and in which a walnut might be laid. How many cases are there of men wounded in the battle of vicious habit and strong temptation, which men have pronounced hopeless, but which when taken to the Great Physician have been healed and the victim delivered. (Matt. 17 : 17, 18.)

A Strange Lapse of Memory is Stated to Have been displayed by a man at Troy, N. Y., recently. A widow lady died in that city leaving considerable property, and as she left no will her affairs were settled up by her brother. A short time ago, and several months after the closing up of the accounts, a man went to Troy and made inquiries about the widow. He was told that she was dead and her property was divided by her brother, whose name was mentioned to him. He loudly declared that the brother was a fraud, that he himself was the widow's brother, and that she had no brother of the name mentioned. He gave instructions for contesting the settlement, and then retired for the night, vowing to expose and punish the fraud. The next day he appeared and said that, on examining the documents in the case, the recollection flashed upon him that he had a brother of the name mentioned, but that having been away from the family and having held no communication with them for thirty years, he had altogether forgotten the existence of this particular brother until his memory was refreshed by the documents in the administration proceedings. Certain acrimonious utterances recently published suggest the thought that there are Christian ministers and laymen who might also, if they referred to the New Testament, discover that those whom they have denounced are really their brethren (Heb. 2 : 11–13).

Made Deaf by a Kiss Was the Remarkable opinion recently given by an eminent aurist of New York in a case submitted to him by an affectionate couple who had travelled a long distance to consult him. It appears that a lady was sitting quietly in her chair, when her husband entered the room unawares to her, and going behind her playfully surprised her with a sonorous kiss on her ear. The wife was startled, but nothing more was thought of the incident until, some days afterward, it was found that she had lost the hearing of that ear. On consulting the New York physician the incident was mentioned, when he at once declared that it was the cause of her loss of hearing, and explained the injury the delicate organs of hearing had suffered. This sad result of the seal of affection could not but occasion the husband bitter regret ; had it been less complete, if it could have sealed his wife's ears only against slanders, malicious reports against himself, against bad language he and others would be glad so to kiss the ears of those they love. This is the effect of the pledge of affection that Christ gives to those who completely surrender themselves to Him. To all the suggestions of the evil one they turn a deaf ear (Psa. 38 : 12, 13).

A Lawyer's Clever Scheme Operated to his own disadvantage in a suit reported in the Kansas City, Mo., *Times*. It is stated that a lawyer, now of some eminence in his profession, was counsel for a lady who brought suit for divorce. By the lawyer's advice she made extensive purchases for which she pledged her husband's credit ; at the same time she secured all the money available. At the close of the suit her husband, beside having to pay a large sum to his wife as alimony, was required to pay all her debts. The total was so large that the man was ruined and became bankrupt. As the lady had profited so extensively by the lawyer's advice he expected to receive a heavy fee, but his demand was met by the answer archly given that he must apply to her husband, and the statement that she had the best authority (the lawyer's own), for believing that none of her creditors could hold her liable for her debts. As the husband was already bankrupt, the lawyer lost his fee. There was a relentless cruelty in plotting to increase the losses of the husband to such an extent as to ruin him, and the lawyer suffered a just retribution for his remorseless scheme. Solomon assures us that retribution is apt to overtake very clever people. (Prov. 26 : 27.)

A Curious Difference of Opinion as to the effect of marriage in a family has arisen at Fort Worth, Texas. A young man married the daughter of his boarding-house keeper without making any arrangement as to his future position in the establishment. He expected that in becoming a member of the family he would receive his board free. The landlady, on the contrary, expected that he would pay double the amount he had paid before his marriage. She accordingly at the end of the month presented a bill for the board of two persons—himself and his wife, which the bridegroom refused to pay. Then there was a dispute which the landlady settled by depositing their private effects on the sidewalk, and locking the door against her daughter and son-in-law the first time they went out of doors. The young man's conduct was governed by principles which seem to operate in other cases beside matrimony. He is not the only man who endeavors to enjoy the privileges belonging to his position while trying to evade its duties. There are few churches in which such men cannot be found enjoying the status the profession of religion gives in these days, and entering into its privileges, but doing nothing for, and giving as little as possible to, the Master's service (2 Thess. 3 : 10).

INCENSE AND LIGHT.

A New Sermon by Pastor C. H. Spurgeon.

"And Aaron shall burn thereon sweet incense every morning : when he dresseth the lamps, he shall burn incense upon it. And when Aaron lighteth the lamps at even, he shall burn incense upon it, a perpetual incense before the Lord throughout your generations."—Exodus 30 : 7, 8.

Differences in Mosaic Symbols — Reiterated Teaching of Atonement — Two Instructive Types—The Altar and Candlestick—The Days Fringed and Bordered—I. A Wonderful Co-operation—Christ and the Holy Spirit Simultaneously Revealed—Operating Together—II. Connection between Light and Knowledge—Kinds of Knowledge—The Sinews of Prayer —III. Practical Connection of Incense and the Lamp — The Preacher and Sunday-School Teacher Trimming the Lamps — The Church Offering Incense of Prayer—Malachi's Prophecy—The Co-operation at Pentecost.

Certain ceremonies under the law were only of annual celebration ; while other matters were of daily observation ; and by the daily repetition were intended to be set forth as eminently constant and perpetual. These daily ordinances were to be regarded by the children of Israel as of standing obligation, abiding types of constant necessity, never to be removed so long as the dispensation should last.

When the priest went into the tabernacle he could not enter it without being warned of sin and of sacrifice, for at the entrance of the holy place stood an altar of brass, upon which there was offered every morning a lamb and every evening a lamb. This taught that access to God was not possible except by expiation—expiation by bloody sacrifice, expiation by the death of a substituted victim, expiation which must continue as long as sin remained. You could not enter even into the first court without the sight of an altar, and blood, and fire ; thus showing us that there is no coming to God, even on the ordinary level of Christian experience, apart from the atonement made by our Lord Jesus, who is "the Lamb slain from the foundation of the world."

Before the innermost sanctuary there hung a substantial veil, and the entrance into the Holy of Holies was only permitted once in the year. If that veil had been lifted up so that we could enter, we should have found at the door

A GOLDEN ALTAR,

to represent again our Lord Jesus Christ under another aspect ; for on that golden altar there was offered a sweet perfume of precious spices, denoting His perpetual intercession on the behalf of His people, and His enduring merits which are continually being presented by Himself before the throne of the Most High. To go within the veil you must pass by the altar of incense.

Learn hence that to the door of the inner chamber of communion with God we must approach by the perfect merit of our redeeming Lord. We come not in our own merit ; but we are "accepted in the Beloved." If we have ever been favored with high and holy communion with God, such as He reserves for favored saints ; if we have been enabled to come boldly to the throne of the heavenly grace, and have looked into the tempered brightness of that light which shines above the mercy-seat, we have come only by virtue of the infinite merit of our Lord Jesus.

The lowest form of communion in the outer court must be by the sacrifice of Jesus ; and the highest form of communion, even that which is most intense and most delightful, is still by Christ ; the incense sets forth His merit, and that is not without blood, for once in the year the horns of the altar were smeared with the blood which had been carried within the veil. Never try to draw near to God in prayer, or praise, or meditation, or Scripture reading, or holy service apart from Jesus Christ, or your attempt must be a failure. Through the wall of fire which surrounds the throne you can only pass by way of the one door, namely, the

body and blood of our great Mediator, Sacrifice, and Substitute. Is not that door sufficient? Why should we climb up some other way?

If I am very heavy of heart, do not let me try to raise my spirits, and so come in the power of human courage; but let me come just as I am, made bold through Him whose comforts delight my soul. If I feel that I have been sinning, do not let me try to get rid of my sin by some other process, and then draw near to God; but let me come, sinner as I am, in the name of the sinner's Saviour, and so draw near to God, having washed my robes and made them white in the blood of the Lamb. Jesus saith, "I am the way;" why should we seek another? Have nothing to do with an absolute God; only deal with Him through a mediator, and keep to that way, for no man cometh unto the Father but by the Lord Jesus. Oh, ye most experienced and privileged ones, take good note of the golden altar, and whenever ye approach the mercy-seat let the cloud of its incense cover you and perfume your prayers.

Hard by the golden altar, which was nearest to the Holy of Holies, stood

THE GOLDEN CANDLESTICK

with its seven branches; these *two instructive types* were set near each other for a purpose which I would open up to-day. This candlestick was a matter of daily ordinance as much as the brazen altar of sacrifice, or the golden altar of incense; it was for continual use and was therefore dressed twice each day. We have a continual want of the precious atonement of Christ, of the intercession of Christ, and of the light of God's Holy Spirit. These are not things for once in a year; these are matters for every day and all the day, and therefore they were attended to both at morning and at evening as if to shut in all the hours of the day within two golden doors. Every morning had its lamb, its burning incense, and its lighted lamp; and the same pertained to every evening all the year round. Thus all days were fringed and bordered with this threefold type; even as at this time all our days are sanctified by faith in the effectual expiation, joy in the prevailing intercession, and delight in the clear shining of the Spirit which makes glad all who are in the house.

This morning I desire to call your attention to the conjunction which was established by the divine law between the burning of the incense and the lighting of the lamps; these two things, being both of daily observance, were attended to at the same moment for reasons worthy of our study.

I. And first I call your attention to

THE WONDERFUL CO-OPERATION

between the intercession of Christ for us, and the work of the Holy Spirit in us. See how on the grandest scale the incense of intercession and the lamp of spiritual illumination are set side by side. He whose merit brings us life is in divine alliance with Him who brings us light; indeed, there is such unity between them that Jesus Himself is said to be a light to lighten the Gentiles, and the glory of His people Israel. The grace of our Lord Jesus Christ brings with it the communion of the Holy Ghost, for the Father has joined them together.

Note, *that we have these both revealed in their fulness at the same time.* When our Lord ascended on high to plead before the throne, the Spirit descended to abide in the Church. After the Lord was taken up the disciples received the promise of the Father and were illuminated by the Holy Ghost. Jesus our great High-Priest presented the sweet savor of His own person and work before the eternal throne; and then came the Spirit of God as tongues of fire lighting up the sons of men and making them to be as candles of the Lord.

Now, as they were connected historically, so are they *continually connected as a matter of fact.* At this day it is as it was at Pentecost; our Lord hath not ceased to intercede, and the Spirit hath not ceased to illuminate. Herein lies our hope for our own eternal salvation, in the ceaseless plea and the quenchless light. For the working out of that which God is working in us, both to will and to do of his own good pleasure, we have these two guarantees and helps—the Saviour praying and the Spirit shining.

Furthermore, this conjunction, as it is a matter of history, and as it is continuous, *will always be seen by us personally when our prayer is the effectual fervent prayer of a righteous man* that availeth much. It needs the Trinity to make a Christian, it needs the Trinity to make a Christian prayer. The Father must hear us, else of what avail are our cries? But the ordained Mediator must also stand between us and the Father, presenting His merit like the smoke of sweet incense, or else our prayer can never be accepted of God; and to come down closer to ourselves, the Spirit of God must also help our infirmities, for we know not what we should pray for as we ought. So that whenever we pray we must have these two in happy conjunction: intercession and enlightenment; incense and light.

But then there is our second comfort, that Jesus stands ready to take every prayer of ours, however imperfect in knowledge, however feeble in expression, however marred with sorrow, and He presents the purified and perfected prayer with His own merit, and it is sure to speed. The sins of our holy things are seldom absent, and hence the constant need that we have an Advocate. Blessed be God for that inspired word, "If any man sin,

WE HAVE AN ADVOCATE

with the Father, Jesus Christ the righteous." True prayer is the offering to God of the merit of the Lord Jesus, and hence it must be accepted. What can be refused to merit such as His?

It is written in the book of the Revelation—"And another angel came and stood at the altar, having a golden censer; and there was given unto him much incense, that he should offer it with the prayers of all saints upon the golden altar which was before the throne. And the smoke of the incense, which came with the prayers of the saints, ascended up before God out of the angel's hand." Can we doubt the success of prayers presented by the angel of the covenant? Assuredly not. I like to think of the incense, and of the lamp, and, best of all, of the two together, for these two enable me to come boldly to the throne of the heavenly grace to obtain mercy and find grace. Acceptance through sweet savor, and light through divine teaching, are both mine as my soul waiteth upon God, with her expectation turned toward Him.

The picture before you is a very beautiful one. Here are spices of the most precious kind, made up into a compound such as never was compounded for any other purpose. This

DIVINELY-APPOINTED MIXTURE

of sweet odors is placed in the censer upon the golden altar—that is to say, eternal acceptance is found in the person of Christ. The incense is kindled with fire from on high. What follows? The spices begin to burn, and up ascends a pillar of smoke. See how it rises high into the clear air, and as it rises it expands like a cloud, covers the sky, is wafted all around, and perfumes the whole air with its own exceeding fragrance. It rises and rises till it enters heaven—yea, and the heaven of heavens; its sacred odor is recognized in every golden street; it fills every chamber of the glorious "house of God not made with hands." Such is the merit of Christ that through its sweet savor God looks down upon the world and treats it with long-suffering, and tenderness, and mercy. Is it not a blessed picture?

And now you and I may follow in the track of God, and go out and preach the Gospel to every creature without the slightest fear, because the whole air is perfumed with the incense of a Saviour's mediatorial work. Although not perceptible by carnal sense, yet the inward spirit in the soul of the believer perceives the grateful odor of the finished work of the ever-living Saviour sweetening all things, so that now we call nothing common or unclean, but are prepared to deliver our message to the vilest of the vile. God in Christ is kind even to the unthankful and the evil, and wills that supplications, prayers, intercessions, and giving of thanks be made for all men; and that to every creature the Gospel should be preached.

We shall not, however, proceed to any practical purpose unless we recollect next that, when God come to deals with men, it is with the light of the Spirit as well as with the merit of Christ. The golden candlestick is as needful as the golden censer; for God's work among men is ever by His Spirit. He is seeking out His people as the woman sought out her lost piece of money, and it is significant that it is written, "She did light a candle, and sweep the house." God in His work of salvation comes to men with the candle of His Word lighted through the Holy Spirit; and through the teaching of His Word from day to day that Spirit shines as from a lantern among the sons of men. To us Jehovah is our light and our salvation, and when we go in His name we must not go without the light. Thus you see we come to God by the incense and the light; and even so doth God come down to man to bless him.

II. Secondly, our text seems to me to teach the

CONNECTION BETWEEN PRAYER AND KNOWLEDGE.

The golden altar represents intercession offered by Christ, and also the prayers of all the saints, which are accepted through His intercession; and as the candlestick stood side by side with it, and represented the light of the Spirit of truth, so must true prayer and true knowledge never be separated.

So I gather, first, that *prayer should be attended with knowledge.* It is ill when men worship they know not what. God is light, and He will not have His people worship Him in the dark. When they burn the incense they must also light the lamp. Supplicants must know what they are asking, or they are not really asking. And you, dear people of God, please notice that the more divine knowledge you get, all things being equal, the more complete will your prayers become. "Grow in grace, and in the knowledge of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ;" light the lamp at the same time that you kindle the incense.

For instance, when you pray, what prayer can there be without *knowing God our Father?* How can you pray aright to an unknown God? The more knowledge of God the more correct does prayer become. He that cometh to God must believe that He is, and that He is the rewarder of them that diligently seek Him. What prayer can there be apart from the *knowledge of the Lord Jesus Christ?* If we know nothing of Him by whom we pray, how full of sins of ignorance will our prayers be! It is well also to have a deep, sensible *knowledge of sin.* Penitential prayers are impossible without this, and how can prayers be accepted if penitence be not mixed with our petitions? We want at the same time that we have the knowledge of sin to have also a knowledge of our own weakness. The man who is consciously weak prays for strength; but he who dreams that he is strong will not do so. You need to *study yourselves* before you pray, so as to ask for those things in which you are most deficient, and for protection against those constitutional tendencies or besetting sins to which you are most subject.

The prayer of ignorance is like an arrow shot by a blind man, which is not likely to hit the mark. In proportion as petitions arise from a heart fully instructed in its own necessities they will be likely to ask for the right blessings, and to be prepared aright before the Lord. David wished his prayers to be accepted, and hence he cried, "Let my prayer be set forth before Thee as incense."

A supremely excellent piece of knowledge is to know the promises which we are to plead. Here you have

THE VERY SINEWS OF PRAYER.

When a man knows the promise suitable to his case, and lays it before God, saying, "Do as thou hast said," he presents the best form of supplication. Remember how Jacob pleaded with the Lord the sacred word of promise, saying, "Thou saidst, I will surely do thee good." When we have looked at all the bearings of the petition so as to make quite certain that it is a petition the fulfilment of which will glorify God; when we see that it must be consistent with the divine will because of the various statements which God has made in His Word, and because of promises which He has given concerning the matter; then, with the lamp shining clearly upon us, we shall kindle the incense the more discreetly and boldly, and both our prayers and our meditations will be the more accepted of the Lord.

Do try, especially, dear brethren, you that pray in public, to light the lamps when you kindle the incense. It will be for the good of us all if petitions are thoughtful, suitable, scriptural, and withal fresh and hearty. Let us never degenerate into repeating the same expressions till they grow to be cant; let us never drop into the use of hackneyed prayers for everything in general and for nothing in particular; but as instructed men, having thought of what we are going to say, having adapted our prayer to our circumstances and needs, let us order our case before the Lord, and fill our mouth with arguments. Burn the incense of prayer in the light of the Spirit of revelation, praying in the Holy Ghost.

But now turn the thought round the other way—*knowledge should always be accompanied by prayer*. Whenever we are taught of God, His teaching almost always comes in connection with prayer; but lest we should solely try to learn and forget to pray, let me remind you of a few particulars. Dear brother, as a Christian thou art a disciple, or student; be also a suppliant. When thou art impressed with the greatness, or the goodness, or the immutability, or the faithfulness of God, straightway turn thine impressions into supplications. Pray the great God to be gracious to thee; ask the unchangeable God to be the same to thee; beg the faithful God to keep His promises to thee; implore the mighty God to uphold thee. As thou learnest more and more of God, place the light near the incense by using thy knowledge in thy pleadings.

III. I desire, in the third place, to show some

SPECIAL PRACTICAL CONNECTION

between the incense and the lamp. Let us read the text again: "And Aaron shall burn thereon sweet incense every morning: when he dresseth the lamps, he shall burn incense upon it." So, then, *there should be prayer especially at the dressing of the lamps;* that is to say, when preparing our minds for that ministry by which we enlighten the people among whom we dwell we should be specially earnest in prayer. Preparation for preaching and teaching is most important; God's work is not to be done carelessly as boys shoot arrows at random in their play. We must prepare both by reading and pleading; we must, like the apostles, give ourselves to the Word of God and prayer. We are told by ancient Rabbis that when the priest who was appointed for that office went into the holy place he took with him the golden snuffers and the golden snuff dishes, and a vessel full of pure olive oil and by the help of these he attended to the trimming of the golden lamp.

When we go into our studies to try and

TRIM OUR LAMPS

let us remember that our first business is to pray. Alas, we have much of smoking wick about us; much negligence, much ignorance, many mistakes and errors; and thereby we shall grieve the Lord if Jesus is not called in to cover all. When we are preparing in secret to serve the Lord in public we shall make poor work of it if we do not beforehand draw near to God in prayer. We need that our garments should be made to smell of myrrh and aloes and cassia by being covered with the merit of Jesus, or else we shall offend even while engaged in the holy act of preparing to spread abroad the light of divine truth.

You have to trim your lamps, brethren and sisters, when you go into the Sunday-school—at least, I hope you do. I hope you do not run into your class with anything which first comes to hand; if you do not snuff your candles and feed your lamps with fresh oil your children will sit in darkness before a lamp which does not shine. No, there ought to be careful preparation, according as your time and ability will allow, and above all the pouring in of the holy oil of the Holy Spirit, by fresh fellowship with Jesus. In that process one of the chief elements is prayer.

One thing more, this burning of the incense was not only at the dressing of the lamps, but also *at the kindling of the lamps*, when they began to shine. I want to plead, dear friends, very heartily with you that when it is my privilege to come here this week and at all other times to light the lamps, you who are my beloved helpers will take care to burn the incense at the same time. We need the incense of prayer more than ever in these latter days. Did you ever notice in Ezekiel 41 : 22 that an altar of incense is spoken of, but its dimensions are twice as great as those of the golden altar in the Tabernacle; as if, say some, to teach us that in these Gospel times prayer would become more abundant and would be offered up more frequently than ever. The altar mentioned by Ezekiel was of wood, as if to show that our worship is to become more simple, and to be more divested of everything that is pompous and showy; indeed, the altar disappears, and we read, "This is the table that is before the Lord;" you will guess the meaning.

Malachi has a glorious prophecy. "For from the rising of the sun even unto the going down of the same My name shall be great among the Gentiles; and in every place incense shall be offered unto My name, and a pure offering; for My name shall be great among the heathen, saith the Lord of hosts." Are you not charmed by the divine prophecy? Will you not, yourselves, help to fulfil it?

We know that this altar of incense meant prayer, because the Jews themselves so interpreted it. In the first chapter of Luke we read of Zacharias, that it was his turn in the order of his course to go into the holy place to offer incense, and it says, "And the whole multitude of the people were praying without at the time of incense." Just so, the offering of

INCENSE CLEARLY MEANS PRAYER,

and therefore I plead, that while we are lighting the lamps by preaching the Gospel, you will burn the incense by being constantly in prayer. Brethren, pray for us. Paul spake thus; how much more may I? Dismiss me or else intercede for me. Joshua could not prevail except as Moses held up his hands. Our lamp-lighting will not succeed unless you burn the incense.

Peter's sermon at Pentecost did not derive its force from Peter's zeal, or from its own eloquence, but from another source. Of course, all the power came from the Spirit of God; but why did the Spirit of God work so mightily on that day? Surely it was because the entire church was earnestly praying while Peter was preaching. "They were all with one accord in one place;" nobody was away, they were all there, and when the one man stood up to preach, he might well light three thousand lamps, for all the fervent company of the faithful were causing the incense of prayer to ascend to heaven.

Give me this aid this morning. Pray God to bless each word that has been spoken. Pray that some poor sinner's soul may be perfumed by the merits of Jesus and illuminated with the light divine; and it shall be done, for the Lord heareth His people. We want more and more to be a praying Church, and then we shall be a growing Church; hitherto we have had a great blessing, but the windows of heaven are wide enough for a greater one to come down through them. The more we plead with God, and the more we set forth the light of the Gospel, the more will God be with us, and build up in this place a temple for His praise. May His love be with you. Amen.

[The prayers of the readers of this Journal are requested for the blessing of God upon its Editors in America and England, and those whose sermons, articles, or labors for Christ are printed in it; and for its weekly circulation of more than 260,000 copies to be blessed by the Holy Spirit to the conversion of many sinners and the quickening of God's people. Mr. Spurgeon and Dr. Talmage especially request prayer every Sunday morning on behalf of their labors.]

THE LATE MR. WILLIAM MAUDE.

(*See Portrait, page 220.*)

Many readers, interested and instructed by the articles on Prophecy which have from time to time appeared in The Christian Herald from the pen of Rev. W. Maude, have made inquiries about him. These and others, who were also indebted to him for light on passages of God's Word not easily understood, will regret to hear of his death, which occurred on February 13th last. To *the editor of this journal* the loss occasioned by Mr. Maude's death is a very sorrowful one. Mr. Maude was a wise counsellor as well as a warm personal friend. He was of a singularly modest and retiring disposition, and it was only to his friends that his worth was fully known. In the course of a correspondence covering the last four years, Mr. Maude has proved that he possessed genial qualities and profound sagacity of which a slight acquaintance gave no evidence. It is with genuine sorrow that we pay this tribute to his memory.

William Maude, *whose portrait appears on page* 220, was *born* February 25th, 1827, at Cape Town, South Africa, where his father then resided. When he was ten years of age his parents went to England, and settled in Liverpool. In that city and neighborhood, with the exception of five years spent in London, the remainder of Mr. Maude's life was passed.

Having been born with valvular disease of the heart, he was always very delicate. On the occasion of one of his childish illnesses, his mother asked of the medical practitioner, "Will he probably live to grow up?" The reply was, "It is to be hoped not, for he will be a sufferer all his life." However, God had work for him to do in the world, and in spite of repeated attacks which brought him to death's door, he lived until February 13th, 1883, and thus nearly completed the fifty-sixth year of his age.

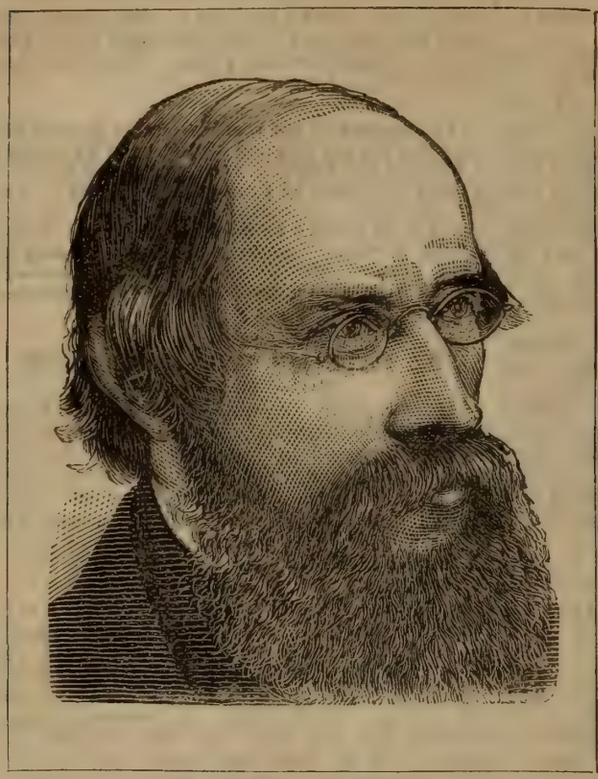
The critical state of his health during childhood and youth, deprived him of the advantages of a regular school-course, and it was only for about two years that he went to school, attending the Liverpool Institute. This, however, was largely compensated for by his *passion for reading;* and the quiet life rendered necessary by the state of his health enabled him to devote much time to it. This, and experimental chemistry, were indeed the almost sole recreations he enjoyed, for from all sports and active employment his delicate state of health debarred him.

He used when a boy to weep because he thought himself "very ignorant," yet in after life a writer once described him as "the best quoter he had ever met with." The books he read were not only remembered, but the knowledge gained seemed always ready at hand when wanted.

He was converted to Christ at the age of seventeen, and from that time until his death this year he was ever active with tongue and pen in the Master's service. Soon after his conversion he was attacked by serious illness, and for several weeks his death was apprehended. But he recovered, though it was evident that the ardor of his theological studies must be abated.

LITERARY WORK.

Soon after his recovery, and before he was twenty, he published a small book entitled "The Christian's Daily Portion," a compilation of a text of Scripture with a remark upon it, and



The late Rev. W. Maude.

Christian Work among Algerian Arabs.

a verse of poetry. It is somewhat remarkable that the portion for February 13th, which proved to be the day of his death, is this: "Weeping may endure for a night, but joy cometh in the morning. There will soon be a last tear, *never a last joy.*"

He was for some years of his early manhood a constant attendant on the minstry of Rev. Dr. McNeil, for whom he had great admiration. From him he acquired the first impulse to

THE STUDY OF PROPHECY,

which continued to the close of his life. Only a few days before he died he was busily engaged upon the article on "Antichrist," which he was unable to complete, and which appears on another page of this number.

In 1875 he removed to Finchley, and two years afterward to London. During the chief part of the ten years between 1870 and 1880 he conducted, first in Liscard, afterward at Finchley, a weekly meeting for Bible study. Those who attended these meetings found them most valuable, both in respect to knowledge gained of the Word of God, the impetus given to Bible study, and the stimulus gained in the spiritual life.

In 1879 his residence in London came to a termination. The air impregnated with fog and smoke affected him injuriously. His physicians pronounced him slowly dying, and urged his removal to clearer air as the only means of prolonging his life. From November last his strength gradually declined, and all work was an effort.

HIS LAST EARTHLY WORK.

On Saturday, February 3d, he was in Liverpool, but returned much exhausted. An attack of jaundice had been for some time coming on, and now exhibited aggravated symptoms. Up to Monday, February 5th, he was, however, able to write as usual. Next morning at five o'clock he was seized with shivering and retching, and remarked to his wife that he was dying. That attack passed off, but left him for the two following days in a state of extreme exhaustion, in which he was often only half conscious. On the third day he somewhat rallied, and hopes were entertained of permanent improvement; but the favorable symptoms did not continue. It soon became evident that there was no hope. On Saturday, Feb. 10th, he sent off, though not quite completed, the article which appears in this number, with the request that another hand might complete it. Later in the day he spoke of what was to be done when he was gone, and evidently thought he should not recover. Still it was not till the following Tuesday, when evidently dying, that he realized that the end was actually come.

PEACEFUL FAREWELL.

Being told the doctor's opinion that death was very near, he showed not the slightest excitement or perturbation of mind, and said he was glad to go except for leaving those dear to him. During the previous week he remarked, as he had often previously done, that he had not the slightest misgiving with regard to the future, but had a great dread of the physical pain of dying. On the last day he suffered much from the difficulty of breathing, consequent upon a congested state of the lungs and very feeble action of the heart.

In one of the calmer intervals he said in a clear voice, "Well, I can say with the late Archbishop of Canterbury, if this is dying, it is not so bad after all." Another time, being asked if he felt at perfect peace with God through faith in Christ, he answered "Yes." Almost his last words were, "I want to rest," and calmly and quietly he passed away. He was interred as he had wished, in a small graveyard near his residence in Liscard, but to all who knew him it is indeed true that "he being dead, yet speaketh." He has passed, to use his own favorite expression, into "another room of the Father's house," where the weak, suffering body will no more clog the spirit, and where physical and mental depression, the result of disease, will melt away in the sunlight of God's presence.

MISSIONARIES AMONG THE ALGERIAN ARABS.

In a letter sent home by Mrs. Pearse, who with her husband endeavored while in Algeria to spread the Gospel among the Arabs, she gives the following narrative of their experience. She writes from *Setif*, a town near Constantine, Algeria, Africa: "Some 8000 people, chiefly Arabs from the plains, pour in to Setif to the weekly market on Thursday, on horses, mules, donkeys, and camels. What an interesting sight—the sunrise upon the distant mountains imparting its glorious hues; the patient beasts of the desert with their stately tread, laden with corn, their young following them; Arabs on foot with their flocks. Here, in a vast square, goats, sheep, and oxen are disposed of.

"We rose at sunrise, well stored with Arabic tracts and books, and watched them gathering from every quarter. Their Koran recognizes Jesus as a heaven-sent man, admits His miraculous birth, but does not look on Him as a Saviour. We looked about and prayed, feeling our nothingness and impotence among such a mass of untutored, wild, and illiterate men; but their bearing is dignified, and they are mostly fine men, and Mrs. Grimké's Arabic illustrated cards make them smile and show their white teeth. The mounted Arab police, in their red cloaks, and on Arab horses, kept order. On one side there was a circle formed around an improvisatore reciting a long poem, with animated countenance and fiery eye.

"We began our distribution with the shepherds, who at first seemed rather suspicious, but when they found we were foreigners they accosted us in an unintelligible lingo which they thought was English or French. Soon our tempting little books were produced, and like sheep they followed one after another, and began to be eager to get them, and we heard '*Donnez!*' (Give!) on all sides—the boys being very pertinacious, full of fun and frolic, as everywhere. Then we got among the goats, and the owners had to beat off the crowd which pressed around. Now we went among the horned cattle and mules. Not a heel moved, not a horn pushed us, and we felt that we could have kept among them for hours, and that *the Lord was with us. It was very evident no such thing had ever before been done among them.*

"We had given our last book, and only reserved an Arab portion, and on leaving the market were met by an Arab policeman, to whom we gave it. After reaching our lodgings, the policeman followed us, inviting us to come to the Commissaire de Police. The latter gave us to understand that we were infringing the laws, but my husband proved to him, from Article 3 of the new French law on colportage, that we had full liberty to act as we were doing; he conceded this, and we went our way. The climate here is fine, and provisions cheap (half the price

of Paris). The country around is grand because of the wide extent of plain and distant mountains, the air fine and bracing. The French protection and civilization are a great boon."

Work like this ought to be done by Christians wherever they go. If the thousands of our Christian citizens, who every year leave our shores to travel in the old world would distribute portions of God's word and religious literature they might be the means of doing great good. Little books might be obtained from the Bible Society and the Missionary Societies at comparatively small cost, printed in the languages of the East, which if distributed by travellers might arouse some souls to seek the Saviour, and would in any case spread abroad the knowledge of Him who came to rescue the world from ignorance and spiritual darkness.

Mr. Stanbury Pleads for His Friend.

MR. STANBURY'S MISSION.

(*See Illustration.*)

"Will Mrs. Thornley see me this evening?" asked a man roughly but respectably clad, of a maid who answered the ring he gave at the door of a cottage in a country town. There appeared to be some hesitation about the answer to his question, but eventually he was admitted, and was ushered into a room in which two ladies were sitting. It would seem that the man was known and the purport of his visit was guessed; for although his reception was not cordial, there was an evidence of familiarity about the meeting that showed he had been there before.

"I have come to you once more, Mrs. Thornley," he said, addressing the younger of the two ladies, whose rich golden hair and delicate complexion gave her, as she reclined on a lounge in the dim light, the look of some ethereal creature of another world.

"If you have come on the same errand as you had last time you called, Mr. Stanbury, I can assure you it is useless." This was said by Mrs. Sterling, the elder lady, whose glance of maternal tenderness as she seated herself on the lounge plainly showed that the relationship between the two ladies was that of mother and daughter.

"I hope not, madam. I have certainly come to ask your daughter to return to her home, or at any rate to receive her husband, but I hope the circumstances I have to relate will induce you to give a different answer."

"We will hear what you have to say, Mr. Stanbury, but we know your friend's character so well, my daughter has suffered so severely from his misconduct, and we have been deceived so many times by his promises to reform that there is very little prospect of your being able to tell us anything that can change our determination. There is no reason why Mrs. Thornley should subject herself to neglect and insult from her husband while I live and can shelter her." So saying the old lady put her arm around her daughter's shoulder and drew her head on to her knees, where she fondly caressed the glossy, silken locks, as if to show the visitor that she was prepared to protect her daughter from trial.

"You are amply justified by the past, Mrs. Sterling, in coming to that decision, and I hope you will believe me when I say that if I thought Mrs. Thornley would be made unhappy by returning I would not advocate it for a moment. I believe Mr. Thornley's reformation is real and permanent, and that he will be a good, true, affectionate husband, if his wife will give him one more trial."

All this time Mrs. Thornley did not speak, but Mr. Stanbury saw tears glistening on her eyelashes and quietly stealing down her cheeks. It was clear that, however obdurate her mother's heart might be, the wife would be glad to forgive and forget. Mrs. Sterling, however, was incensed against her son-in-law, and with good cause. He had broken the most solemn vow, and had shamefully abused the beautiful, refined girl who had left her home to become his wife. She answered very decidedly:

"Alice will be guided by my advice in this matter, I trust, and I am opposed to her returning to a man who has forfeited all claim to her duty as a wife, and has shown himself unworthy of confidence."

"I know he has, my dear madam. I admit all you say, but I am pleading for mercy. We all need it and should be in bad case if we only received justice. Mr. Thornley has no ground for hope apart from that of his wife's forgiving spirit, and he has trespassed on that so heavily that he dare not hope even in that, or the would have come to plead for himself. I am sure there is more hope now than there has ever been before. I have been with him now for two weeks, and there is such a change in him as I never expected to see. He is absolutely without the craving for liquor. It seems to have been miraculously taken away. During the time I have been in his house he has not once expressed a desire for intoxicants, and I am certain he has not tasted any."

"That is a marvellous change, Mr. Stanbury. Pray how did it come about?"

"I ascribe it, madam, simply and solely to the power of God. In all his previous efforts at reformation he has made firm resolutions in his own strength, and has broken them; but this time the most remarkable feature of his case is his profound distrust of himself. It was in utter despair of his ever being able to deliver himself from his degrading thirst that he laid the foundation of his new life. He was induced to place his case in the hands of God, and there is no doubt that God is caring for him. There is no struggle with temptation as there was before. Temptation seems to have lost its power over him. His condition is one of childlike humility, and his faith grows stronger with every day of emancipation."

"Mamma, I must go," said Mrs. Thornley, rising to her feet and smiling through her tears.

Mrs. Sterling shook her head doubtfully. She was not convinced, but she was so far impressed as not to offer any opposition to her daughter's decision, only impressing upon her the fact that should she need it, a refuge was always open to her in her mother's home and heart.

But she never did need it. Accompanying Mr. Stanbury to her husband's home she was welcomed by a heart too full for words. Husband and wife first of all knelt together at the throne of grace, and besought Him who had commenced the good work to carry it on unto perfection. Their prayer was answered. The poor, degraded victim found as others have done before and since that God can and will deliver those who put their trust in Him.

FETTERS OF FASHION.

By Miss M. A. Paull,

(*Continued from page 207.*)

An Appeal for Aid.

Mr. Courtenay opened the parlor door, and called out: "Mr. Beverley, will you step here?"

Louise looked up at him as he entered, and their eyes met.

"Miss Louise Sylvester?" said he, in a frank, pleasant voice.

"Mr. Beverley?" she answered in a low, sweet tone; and they shook hands. Then there was a difficult little pause. Uncle Reginald dispelled it by saying to the young man:

"Bring up your chair to the table, and have some fruit. I am going to ask you to take care of my niece for a little while, as I have business in the town."

Mr. Beverley had been noted for years as the easiest and coolest-mannered fellow in the world. But somehow his ease and coolness forsook him now; his polished grace vanished; he felt puzzled how to address this sweet country maiden.

"May I peel a pear for you, Miss Sylvester?"

It was an absurdly prosaic question; still something must be said, and it might lead to other conversation, so that would do as well as

anything else to begin with. If she accepted, it would also give him occupation for his hands.

"Yes, please. Thank you very much."

Louise herself felt exceedingly inclined to laugh outright at the absurdity of the situation; but a sense of the horrified look of her mother and elder sisters could they hear her, and a fear of offending Mrs. Grundy, whom she had been so long taught to propitiate, restrained her mirth.

"You must have found it very hot walking here this afternoon, Miss Sylvester?" said Mr. Beverley, who was quite busy about the pear, and glad to be so occupied.

"It was certainly rather hot," responded Louise; "indeed, very hot. But then, I am fonder of hot weather than cold?"

"So am I. By the bye, don't you have some awfully cold weather here, being so near to those grand old Dartmoor hills?"

"I am so glad you like Dartmoor," said Louise, kindling at his enthusiasm about her native "tors." "Yes; it is cold. We have a good deal of snow. But, you know, 'sunny Devon' is a warm county compared to the north. I forget—do you come from the north or the east?"

Mr. Beverley smiled, and so did Louise; and each thought how well a smile became the face opposite his or her own.

"I am sorry to say," he answered, "that I am not wise enough to have come from the east; and yet I *am* a Londoner,"

"I should like to go to London," said Louise; "there are so many things I want to see there. Besides, London is the very heart of the nation. It must be a fine place."

Mr. Beverley sighed now. "So fine that you see I was anxious to leave it for awhile," he said; then suddenly, after a careful look at Louise Sylvester's open and gentle countenance, he added, "Miss Sylvester, your uncle has, I expect, told you something of my history?"

"Just a very little," she answered.

"You know why I am here?"

"Yes." She hesitated, and then continued, "and I admire you for your resolve."

"Thank you a thousand times. I don't want to excuse my sins, and yet I want you to know all, that you may really pity me. I was left an orphan when I was a mere boy, and I have no brothers nor sisters. I was, unfortunately for myself, rich; and therefore it was worth while for unprincipled men to court my society and flatter my pride, and make me believe myself a man, although in experience and judgment, I was a mere child. My guardian himself, though I suppose he meant to be a good man, did not recommend his piety by any kindness of manner. He was also rather too free in the use of wines; and I learned to drink at his table. Of course, when I gave way to excess, there was but little mercy shown to me. I went on from bad to worse, and when the old gentleman remonstrated with me, as he frequently did, I behaved rudely to him. As soon as ever I was of age, and free from his control, I left him. I took a suite of apartments at a fashionable hotel. But I am wearying you, and intruding myself upon you, most unmercifully."

"No, do go on," said Louise, very much interested in the recital, "I feel so sorry for you, you might have done so much good with your money." Loo was thinking of several of her poor old friends in Moreton Hampstead whose worldly affairs might have been benefited by what Mr. Beverley had wasted. "I am afraid, indeed I know, that I hardly ever thought of doing good at that time, my one sole aim was pleasure," he said.

"And you could not get it by pleasing yourself alone," said Louise, "even I know enough to know that is impossible."

"It is the sweetest, holiest of lessons, which only the good learn early," said Mr. Beverley rather sadly. "Will you teach me to know this truth more clearly?"

"I?"

"Yes. I could not have a better teacher."

"Please go on," said Louise.

"I would not pain you by a minute recital of the events of the next few years of my life. They were miserably wasted. When certain rents and other moneys became due to me from time to time, and I received large sums of money, I entered on the wildest career of extravagance you can imagine. Thank God you cannot imagine it. When my money was gone I was poor, forlorn, miserable. I was not refused for a long while the shelter of the hotel, because the manager knew that I had sufficient entailed property to prevent my absolute beggary and to make him safe. But at last I behaved in so unseemly a manner at the house, that I was politely requested to find other quarters; and I went into private lodgings. At one period I was rich and threw away my money; for the rest of my time I was ready to beg a loan from a friend, or to take a drink from any one who would give it to me."

Louise Sylvester could not realize it. She had never been brought face to face with such degradation, save among the very poor. It seemed to her impossible that the gentleman before her could ever have lived in the manner he described.

"And how did you escape from this wretchedness," she asked, "and come to your right mind again?"

"I was one day roaming about, almost penniless, till my moneys were due again, and I came to a crowd at a street corner. It was a Sunday afternoon. I paused to listen to an old hale-looking man, with a merry, cheerful expression of face, and a clear blue eye that scanned curiously every countenance it rested on. I did not want him to see me, for I had a sort of dread lest his blue eyes would read me, and understand the reason of my shabby genteel costume, my dull eyes, and my unhealthy aspect. So I stood carefully behind a taller man and listened.

"He was preaching and teaching what he called *a mixture of religion and teetotalism*, which he quaintly declared were never truly separable, but only divided by the beams in the eyes that looked at them. Religious temperance, the temperance of religion, the temperance that springs from love to God and man is teetotalism, he went on, 'there are thousands of men who can't both love God and drink intoxicants.'

"At that moment the tall man stepped from before me, and the preacher's eyes were rivetted on my face. I knew he had singled me out, and half amused, half offended, partly solemnized, I waited for his words, 'You can't, can you, young man?' he asked, continuing to look earnestly at me, 'you perchance at the beginning, would have liked to do both, but drink conquered. Your eyes are heavy now, you are young; mine that meet yours are bright in old age. Do you ask me why? do you ask me if yours will be bright when you have doubled and almost trebled your present years, as I have done? I can answer you. Not if you live as you are living now. What is the duty of man? To live soberly, righteously, and godly.' I could not endure that so many glances should be turned upon me, and I presently walked away, but I could not walk away from what he had said. I thank God that I heard him and was not able to forget him. I did not rest till I had signed the pledge and asked God to help me to keep it."

"You have signed the temperance pledge then?" asked Louise.

"Surely!" he answered, "of course you are already a teetotaller like your uncle?"

Then Louise had her confession to make.

"But," she concluded, "directly uncle returns, my name shall be added to his pledge-book!"

"I am glad of that," he said, "I shall feel it a bond of sympathy between us."

At that moment Uncle Reginald returned.

"What success, uncle?" asked Louise, very anxious to know that he had obtained the desired permission of her mother.

"I am to have you *lent to me for six months*," said Reginald Courtenay, rather dryly.

"However did you manage, uncle?"

"Ways and means, ways and means, Louise," he said, smiling mysteriously; "but it was rather hard work to persuade her that you admired your old uncle, even in a grocer's store."

If Louise could have known all, she would have learned that Uncle Reginald had come to his sister at a propitious moment for his purpose. Mrs. Sylvester's rent was considerably overdue, autumn fashions having interfered with its payment, her landlord was impatient, and her brother's offer of a bank-note or two, was almost greedily accepted. Besides which, Mr. Courtenay avowed his intention to very shortly arrange matters with regard to the future disposal of the money he had accumulated, and if Louise pleased him in future, as she had always hitherto done, there was no reason she should not have a share. And, if his sister spared her to him, he would promise the dear child ample pocket money, as long as she liked to remain. So the officer's widow, with a good many inward groans and sighs, being so pressed, was fain to accept the alternative.

"I shall have a walk this evening, girls!" said Mrs. Sylvester in her usually magnificent manner. She was occasionally inclined to take a country ramble; "Clarie, you had better accompany me!"

"Yes, mamma! and shall we call for Loo, and get her to go, too? we see so little of her now."

"You can call for her, if you will, while I begin to choose my new cap at Mrs. Marshall's; you know I cannot bear the smell of your poor uncle's shop!" said the mother.

Mrs. Sylvester and Clarie in their elegant costumes, which had cost infinite pains and so much more money than they could honestly afford, set out accordingly. Clarie ran into her uncle's for her sister. She was directed to the drawing-room, a comfortable, large room over the shop, which Louise had brought into much more frequent use, and where she now presided at the tea equipage, and served her uncle and Mr. Beverley. They looked very cosy, Clarie thought, but they had finished tea, and Loo went to prepare for the proposed walk.

"Where are you going, Clarie?" asked her uncle.

"Up the road, I expect, uncle, and home through the path fields, that is mamma's favorite walk."

Louise reappeared, and the sisters left at once. They joined their mother at the milliner's, then walked up the street again, passed the church and their own door, as far out into the country as the turnpike gate, presided over by Jane Stuckey, who was an old friend of Loo's. The poor woman had rather a dreary post, for day by day she walked backward and forward, there being no house attached to the gate, waiting for the payers of toll and generally knitting as she waited; while all the shelter she possessed was no larger than a sentry-box. Louise tarried a few minutes behind her mother and sister to speak to Jane, to slip a shilling of her pocket money into her hand, and a litte book or two of easy print for her to read. Then, hardly waiting for the woman's thanks, she rejoined her companions. It was a lovely night, the bright beams of the harvest moon at full, spread over all things the beauty of a paler day.

The ladies had turned into some path fields, and were walking slowly along, enjoying the exquisite softness of the balmy air, when a peculiar noise in the distance attracted their attention; a heavy panting, accompanied by a dull sound that paralyzed the nerves of Mrs. Sylvester and Clarie with horror.

"Something is coming after us," cried Clarie, "look, Louise, if you dare."

Louise turned. Far away almost at the end of the large long field, but getting nearer every moment, was a huge dark object, looking huger, darker, for the shadows and the moonbeams.

"Mamma! Clarie! don't run, but walk on as fast as ever you can. I will keep it at bay for a little while, make haste!"

Even as the soul of the brave girl helped her to speak these earnest words, the fresh young life at her heart, told her it was hard to die.

(To be concluded.)

SAUL'S CONVERSION.

S. S. Lesson for April 15, Acts 9 : 1-18. Golden Text, ver. 6. By Mrs. M. Baxter.

Saul a Conscientious Persecutor—His Difficulties—The Revelation of Jesus to Him—Hard for Him—Immediate and Life-long Consecration—Pseudo Conversions—Ananias Tested—Fraternal Greeting—Saul's Healthy Spiritual Birth—Contrast between Then and Now—Essentially the Same Transaction.

Our subject for to-day begins with the words, "And Saul." While Philip was instrumental in the hands of God in bringing the whole population of Samaria to the feet of Jesus, Saul was equally instrumental in the hands of Satan in making havoc of the Church. As he himself expresses it, "I persecuted this way unto the death, binding and delivering into prisons both men and women" (Acts 22 : 4). And this he did conscientiously, for he says, "I verily thought with myself, that I ought to do many things contrary to the name Jesus of Nazareth" (Acts 26 : 9). How often it has been the case that when some new truth has been presented to us, which seemed at first sight antagonistic to truth which we had held and valued, we have zealously opposed it, and when we had some glimmers of light regarding it, we have felt it our duty to resist being drawn into it, and we have feared that the light which really came from God was the work of the enemy.

The young, ardent, zealous Saul of Tarsus profited in the Jews' religion above many of his contemporaries in his own nation, being more exceedingly zealous of the traditions of his fathers (Gal. 1 : 14) ; his whole religious reputation hung on this zeal, he was a high churchman of his day, and believed that his intolerance and spirit of persecution were really to the glory of God. The death of Stephen, the martyr's angelic face, his declaration when dying that he saw heaven open, and Jesus standing on the right hand of God, his commendation of his spirit to that Lord whom he saw above ; and then beyond all else, his prayer for those who murdered him, Saul included, all this must have been difficult for an honest mind to get over. But without doubt Saul regarded every thought which went back to these things as inadmissible in a Jew and a Pharisee. He saw himself as the champion for God and for the truth, God saw him as he afterward saw himself, "a blasphemer, and a persecutor and injurious" (1 Tim. 1 : 13), "breathing out threatenings and slaughter" against His disciples.

Saul was bent on the extirpation of the Christian heresy, as he deemed it ; and not satisfied with making havoc of the Church in Jerusalem where he "punished them oft in every synagogue, and compelled them to blaspheme ;" but "being exceedingly mad against them, he persecuted them, even unto strange cities" (Acts 26 : 11). He was engaged on such a mission to Damascus, with letters from the high-priest empowering him to bind the disciples of Jesus. Very likely his heart swelled with pride as he thought of how

FULL OF SELF-SACRIFICE

he was, how burning was his zeal, what a name he had, and would have in Jerusalem, and what favor he must win with God. Yet that face and those words of Stephen could not but rise up before him, and put them away as he would, regard them in the light of temptation as he would, they were realities ; none of the most zealous adherents of the law had either a presence, a power, or a spirit like that of Stephen. God saw the conflict ; and suddenly as he came near to Damascus on his journey, "there shined round about him a light from heaven." Saul was unused to communications from God ; versed in tradition, and even in the Scriptures, taught to pray and to worship God, yet of spiritual communion with God, he knew nothing. He fell to the earth, and heard a voice saying unto him, Saul, Saul, why persecutest thou Me?" Oh, what a revulsion of feeling ! what an almost terrible fear of knowing the truth when he asked, "Who art Thou, Lord?" and received the answer, "I am Jesus whom thou persecutest."

What then ? had his life been one great, terrible mistake ? Was all his burning zeal for God really murder of God's people and blasphemy of the Son of God ? "I am Jesus ;" was Stephen then a true man, and was he himself the sinner ? Must all his righteousness thus become filthy rags before his very eyes ? Were all his good intentions and fancied good deeds the basest, most terrible sin ? And He against whom he had so sinned only said,

"IT IS HARD FOR THEE

to kick against the pricks." Hard for thee, the persecutor ! Not hard for Me and My disciples, the persecuted ! Saul had no conception of clemency like this, this was like Stephen's prayer for his murderers, "Lord, lay not this sin to their charge." A new horizon was opened before Saul, God had broken in upon Him. His old ideas of God lay in ruins at his feet, all was new ; he could now see that for Jew and Gentile, for the self-righteous and for the open sinner, and above all for him, the convicted Saul, Jesus is God, and God is Love. "It is hard for thee." Such sympathy from Him whom he had so injured broke Saul's heart, he could stand it no longer, and in the fullest, truest self-surrender he said, "Lord, what wilt Thou have me to do ?"

Saul of Tarsus spoke no empty words in the impulse of the moment, he never drew back, but lived henceforth a living sacrifice to Him whom he had previously persecuted.

THIS IS TRUE CONVERSION.

When a convicted sinner is taken by surprise in finding out what God is, and when he yields himself over unreservedly to Him, this is real conversion, all things are become new. But there is a something which passes for conversion in the present day which has neither the power nor the fruits of a true conversion. When any one under the impetus of a meeting or service in which friends or relations seek the Lord, comes forward himself a seeker, understands the plan of salvation, assents to it, obtains a feeling of joy at having come a step on the way, joins the people of God, and begins to like religious meetings, this is *not* conversion. Unless a man really meets with God, unless he has really, consciously to do with Him, unless He reveals Himself to him in such a way as to make it almost impossible to return to his old life, there is not real, genuine conversion.

GOD DOES REVEAL HIMSELF

to every real seeker after Him.

The Lord put Saul to the proof. He said, "Arise, and go into the city, and it shall be told thee what thou must do." Until this time Saul had been a leader, directing others, now he must submit to be led. He arose, but found his sight was gone, as he afterward expressed it, he "could not see for the glory of that light" (Acts 22 : 11), and he had himself to be led into Damascus. Three days long in darkness he was shut up to God. Meanwhile, He who orders all things both in heaven and earth had been preparing Ananias, a Damascene disciple, to help him. It was no light test of Ananias' surrender to God, when the Master whom he served bid him go to the house of Judas, and inquire for Saul of Tarsus, the well-known persecutor of the Christians. At first Ananias seemed to think he knew better than his Lord, and that Jesus had made a mistake in sending him to such an one. His Lord told him about Saul, "Behold he prayeth and hath seen in a vision a man named Ananias coming in, and putting his hand on him that he may receive his sight." It is probable that Ananias might think the blindness of Saul would be a blessing to the Church, and it seemed contrary to all reason and common-sense to heal such a man, it was like putting him into a position to do further damage to the cause of God. But Ananias was open to conviction, willing to be told he was in the wrong, and to let reason yield to faith.

"The Lord said unto him, Go thy way : for he is a chosen vessel unto Me, to bear My name before the Gentiles and kings, and the children of Israel : for I will show him how great things he must suffer for My name's sake."

IT WAS ENOUGH.

Ananias was brought into the mind of his Lord, he began to see with the eyes of God the things which are not as though they were (Rom. 4 : 14), and in all the strength of the faith concerning Saul which the words of Jesus had created within him, he called his persecutor "Brother," for he knew that he would become such. "Ananias went his way, and entered into the house ; and putting his hands on him said, Brother Saul." O blessed age of the Christian Church when men were like their Lord. Stephen had prayed for his murderers, the Lord Himself had spoken in compassion toward the man who made havoc of His church, and now Ananias whom he had come to persecute, called him "Brother" and said, "Brother Saul, the Lord, even Jesus, that appeared unto thee in the way as thou camest, hath sent me that thou mightest receive thy sight, and be filled with the Holy Ghost." It was enough. Saul was completely subdued. Christ and His disciples were alike. Love had conquered. "There fell from his eyes" (inward and outward) "as it had been scales, and he received sight forthwith, and arose, and was baptized."

What took place during those three days of darkness ? Very probably the struggle which Paul afterward speaks of in Romans 7. It is not likely that the enemy of souls would let such a man go without making a desperate resistance. Probably all the cost of the position he would take as Christ's disciple was set before him during that time, and it may be that he then learned that lesson of lessons, I am crucified with Christ : nevertheless I live ; yet not I, but Christ liveth in me : and the life which I now live in the flesh I live by the faith of the Son of God, who died and gave Himself for me (Gal. 2 : 20). Saul's was a thoroughly healthy spiritual birth, and he was born into a bracing atmosphere. Many regard Saul's conversion as something exceptional, but in its main features it is like every other conversion ; only that in our degenerate days, conviction does not come home to the newly awakened, backed up by lives such as those of the first apostles and Stephen.

Then the question could hardly arise, Are these men hypocrites ? for they had nothing earthly to gain by professing Christ. *Now* men get more honor if they have a smattering of religion than if they have none ; it is now quite recognized in the world that a little should be done for Jesus ; *then* it meant the loss of reputation, of money, of possessions, sometimes of life itself. But now as well as then, those who live *godly* in Christ Jesus suffer persecution. The world, whether in the church or out of it, hates reality, which shows up its hollowness, and will persecute almost to the death those who always bring the presence of God to the foreground.

Saul's conversion was

INTRINSICALLY THE SAME TRANSACTION

which takes place with every soul who is really and truly converted to God. First light from God, showing up the terrible mistake and sin of the past, with a revelation of Jesus, then an acceptance of Christ on the part of the sinner, and an unconditional surrender. Wherever conversion is real, this same transaction takes place. Then the outward confession, whether by baptism, as in this case, or whether by simple testimony, does and must follow, unless the soul slips back into the world again, a weak, cowardly backslider. Saul had given himself up ; he understood clearly that all claim to himself was at an end ; he was Another's. O God, give us such conversions and such converts, on every word and deed of whose lives shall be written, "Lord, what wilt Thou have me to do ?"

FOREIGN TOPICS.

The Dynamite Terror in England Was Stimulated again last week by the arrest in Liverpool of a man recently arrived from Cork who carried a box containing explosives and infernal machines of a most destructive character. The machines consisted of a metal cylinder containing two gallons of explosive material, the whole covered with an outer casing of canvas neatly stitched. A fuse was attached, but the throwing of the package against the ground would have sufficed to explode it quite as effectually as the fuse. Deasy, the Irishman in whose possession they were found, made no confession, but a letter was found on him addressed to an Irish railroad porter at St. Helens, which implicated the latter, and he too was arrested. The police authorities say that the capture frustrated two attempts to blow up government buildings, one in Liverpool, the other in Manchester. Both explosions were to be effected last week, and experts assert that the machines are identical in power with the one used to blow up the local government office in London. The police say that they were undoubtedly made in America. The explosive is a simple form of *nitro-glycerine held in sawdust*, extremely powerful, and excessively dangerous to transport or handle in any way. If Deasy had allowed one of the machines to fall on the deck of the Cork steamer by which he went to England, its force would have been sufficient to sink her.

The Russian Police Have Succeeded in Capturing a band of Nihilists, a feat to which they attach considerable importance. On March 31st the police raided a house in an obscure neighborhood in St. Petersburg, and there found nine persons surrounded with implements of destruction. The police, in attempting to capture the party, met with a stubborn resistance. During the fight three officers were wounded and one Nihilist, finding capture inevitable, committed suicide on the spot. It is supposed that only a section of the party have been secured. Among the implements of destruction were found about one hundred and forty-four pounds of dynamite. A socialistic manifesto is in circulation in the southern part of Russia inviting the people to avail of the coming fetes on the occasion of the coronation of the Czar *to pillage the houses of nobles and Jews*. A deputation of nobles has gone to St. Petersburg to ask the Minister of the Interior to provide for the protection of their property.

Prince Bismarck's Sixty-eighth Birthday Was celebrated on Sunday, April 1st. Military bands performed national and operatic selections before the residence of the Prince, while the event was recognized by visits in person from the Emperor William, many ladies of distinguished households, officers holding high rank at Court, foreign ministers and other notables, who presented congratulations to the Imperial Chancellor. Many telegrams were received from places within the Empire, as well as from points abroad, felicitating Prince Bismarck, and there were numerous floral offerings, which were displayed in the parlors of the Prince's residence.

John Brown, the Scotch Gillie who has been since the death of Prince Albert, Queen Victoria's constant attendant, died on March 27th. The Queen in her book "Our Life in the Highlands," frequently refers to him. He was the son of a poor Scottish cotter who resided on the Balmoral estate when the Queen bought it. John Brown was engaged as body servant of Prince Albert, and frequently accompanied him on hunting excursions in Scotland. He was deeply attached to the Prince Consort, and is said to have refused to eat between the death and burial of his master. Queen Victoria at once took him into her employ, and for the rest of his life he was her favorite attendant. In the Highlands he was the most faithful of "gillies"—half serving man, half guardian. In London he was as well known as the Queen herself. He went on her carriage when she drove out, and stood behind her chair on great days of ceremony at Windsor. The Queen treated him with great confidence, and of late years her favor has become so marked as to arouse the ill feeling of the nobility, to whom John Brown was not very deferential.

The Newly Appointed Archbishop of Canterbury was publicly enthroned on March 29th. Dr. Edward W. Benson, who succeeds Dr. Tait in that high office, is said to be a man of profound learning though not altogether in sympathy with his predecessor in his theological views. The enthronement took place in Canterbury Cathedral with appropriate ceremonies. The Bishop of Long Island, and the Bishop of Saskatchewan, British North America, were present. The traditional enthronement ceremonies were observed. There was a dense crowd of people in the cathedral, among whom were the Duke of Edinburgh, representatives from Oxford and Cambridge Universities, and a great concourse of clergymen.

An Extensive Emigration Assisted by the British Government has commenced in Ireland. The denizens of the poor-houses and people who are in receipt of out-door relief, with others who are in abject poverty are taking advantage of the emigration fund in large numbers. On March 31st, the steamer Nestorian of the Allan Line, which sailed for Boston, Mass., had on board one hundred and fifty persons, all the inhabitants of the same village, a poor spot on the west coast of Ireland, which is now nearly depopulated.

The Queen of Madagascar.—A Missionary, lately returned from a work of many years in Madagascar, speaks of the now Christian queen's simple-hearted belief in God as the hearer and answerer of prayer. Her days are often full of urgent duties, but there is one thing no business ever causes her to forego—it is her hour or half-hour each morning for quiet reading of the Bible and prayer. This is so valued by her that she puts it *first*. The difficulty with the French settlers—which is now come to a crisis—has been a long-standing trouble to the Malagasy queen, inasmuch as she has dreaded becoming involved in a conflict with the French government. "But," she said to the missionary, "God knows all the need of my country. I will *tell Him* about it; and if I ask His help He will be sure to guide me and aid me in my trouble."

The Spread of Revolutionary Lawlessness occasions considerable perturbation among the monarchs and governments of Europe. The London *Record* says: "The recent disclosures with reference to the homogeneity of the European revolutionary societies will necessitate a Conference of the leading Powers. The Black Hand in Spain, a conspiracy which has attained alarming proportions, the Anarchists in Belgium and France, the Nihilists in Russia, and the Fenians in Ireland, are all said not only to be actuated by similar motives, but to have *a system of intercommunication*, and if need be *concerted action*. It is asserted that the leading Socialists are now making every effort to form a Supreme International Central Committee, with delegates from each country in Europe." Whether there is solid foundation for this statement or not, the activity and spread of Socialistic principles of late years is certainly a matter of concern.

An Extraordinary Scene Was Witnessed in an English court of justice recently when three atheistic publishers were tried in London, for blasphemy. They had been put upon their trial the week before, but the jury were unable to agree, and were discharged. The new trial resulted in a verdict of guilty. The leading offender, Foote, was sentenced to twelve months' imprisonment, and his two co-defendants to nine months each. When the sentences were pronounced, there was *a scene in court* such as is not often witnessed. The gallery was crowded with people who sympathized with the defendants, who gave utterance to loud manifestations of disgust at the result of the trial. The defendant Foote, addressing Mr. Justice North, said, "My lord, I thank you; it is worthy of your creed," and upon this various persons raised the cry of "Christian!" "Christian!" and the court had to be cleared by the police. The offence with which these men were charged was the publication of a series of disgraceful caricatures of incidents in the life of our Lord. The learned judge defined the legal meaning of blasphemy as being "any contumelious reproach or profane scoffing against the Christian religion of the Holy Scriptures, or any act exposing the Holy Scriptures and the Christian religion to ridicule, contempt, or derision." The scandalous scene which occurred in court illustrated in a forcible manner the *practical result* of atheistic opinions upon those who hold them. "They fear not God, neither regard man."

Reports of Leprosy in the Sandwich Islands, recently circulated in America and Europe, have led to an investigation. The *Commercial Advertiser*, of Honolulu, referring to the reports says: "The districts of Wailuka, Waikee, Makawas and Ulspalakua of the island of Wanai, comprising an area of 300 square miles of the most densely populated portion of the kingdom, with 10,000 inhabitants, have been thoroughly searched for lepers by the Board of Health. The result was that twenty-eight native and no foreign lepers were found. There are ten foreign lepers at the leper settlement at Molokai, most of whom contracted the disease by licentiousness."

Mr. Spurgeon's Church Roll Increases in ratio with the growth of his congregation. It is now by far the largest in the world, and the recent annual report shows a steady and continuous extension. The annual meeting has just been held. It was stated that the offerings at the doors during the twelve months for the college again corresponded with the date of the year, amounting to £1882, ($9410). The net increase of members for the year was 117, bringing the membership of the church up to 5427.

A Scoffer Changed.—In a Low Thoroughfare in Whitechapel, one of the most squalid districts of London, two open-air preachers were recently telling of the love of Christ to a motley group, when a big fellow with a stentorian voice came into the audience and immediately began to scoff. For a few minutes he seemed to amuse the audience with his funny jokes, but the preachers engaged in silent prayer, and soon there was quietness all around. *The scoffer* himself soon became interested, and gradually moved until he stood beside the speaker. When the meeting was closed, the scoffer himself, with a most serious air, attempted to speak, and the rabble element began to laugh and cheer. He said: "You may laugh at me if you will. I came to scoff, but God has touched my heart, and if the Saviour will have me, I am going home to be a better man."

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The Prophetic News and Israel's Watchman (London), for March, may be obtained at the office of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, price six cents, postage paid.

An Illustrated Work on the Unfulfilled prophecies of the Bible, by the Rev. M. Baxter, entitled: "Forty Coming Wonders," may be had from the office of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, 63 Bible House, New York, by remitting one dollar. It is a book of 528 pages, is handsomely bound in cloth and contains fifty full-page pictures and diagrams representing the scenes described in the prophecies of Daniel and in the book of the Revelation. It also contains a resumé of the opinions of other expositors, and extracts carefully collated from the works of all the most eminent writers on prophecy, from the earliest ages of the Christian era down to those of recent date. It thus forms the most useful and complete guide the student can have in entering on the study of that portion of the Word of God. The book may also be obtained for one dollar from any bookseller, who can procure it from the American News Company.

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THE LATE REV. W. ELLIS, MISSIONARY IN MADAGASCAR AND TAHITI.

THE REV. WILLIAM ELLIS,

Missionary to the South Seas and Madagascar.

Born in 1794—Parentage—Begins Work at the Age of Six Years—Desire to Become a Nursery Gardener—Enters a Clergyman's Service—A Still Further Advance—Life in London in 1811—Checked in a Downward Career—Scene of His First Prayer—Earliest Efforts for Christ—Attention Directed to Missionary Work—Arrival in the South Seas in 1817—The King of Tahiti Converted—A Perilous Storm—Visit to the Sandwich Islands in 1823—Return Home in 1825—Embarks for Madagascar in 1853—Illness and Happy Death in 1872.

THE recent visit of the envoys from Madagascar to this country has directed the attention of the religious public more pointedly to that island than to any other portion of the missionary field. The intelligence of the envoys, their realization of the grand truths of the Christian religion, and their desire that the progress of civilization in Madagascar may go on unchecked, have been remarked. It will, therefore, interest the readers of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD to have some account of the man who under God was the means of doing so much to promote the cause of Christ in that far off island.

William Ellis was *born* of humble parentage, in a small tenement in London, on August 29th, 1794, and passed into eternal rest in June, 1872, after fifty-six years of untiring and perilous missionary labors, and in the seventy-eighth year of his age.

For two or three years after the birth of William, business was prosperous, and the circumstances of his parents were moderately comfortable. When there came a falling-off in Mr. Ellis's special trade, toward the close of 1797, he removed to Wisbeach, and entered the employment of a Mr. Shinfield, who afterward became closely identified with the future missionary. Two years afterward, in 1799, business continued to decline, and necessity arose for seeking some other occupation.

Mr. Ellis, therefore, accepted employment in the candle manufactory of a Mr. Usill. In this situation he remained for many years; but his earnings were but scanty, provisions were often dear, and the health of Mrs. Ellis frequently failed; the household was debarred from many comforts, the children had but few opportunities of education, were early inured to toil, and became familiar with the inevitable ills attendant on straitened circumstances.

A SIX YEAR OLD MECHANIC.

When six years old, the boy was employed at the rate of two shillings a week, probably at the candle factory, in winding cotton wicks, at the same time assisting his mother by "minding the baby." The traits of an observant and thoughtful mind were very early conspicuous in him. *A love of plants* was always a marked feature in his character.

"I remember," he said, "sitting one day on a bank in our garden, with a fine, sweet, rosy-cheeked apple in my hand, and that, as I cut it, I observed the pips inside, and wondered what they were for. I asked the question, and was told that from them the apple-trees came. Not satisfied with merely hearing this, I took the pips and secretly planted them, placing sticks above them, and watched for nearly half a year, but they never came up. The desire *to know* was raised; I felt a strong wish to work in a nursery garden, so that I might learn the secrets of the growth of plants. At length my longing was gratified, and I obtained a place in an orchard, where I felt delight in watching the developments of nature, and was not satisfied till I had stayed there a year, and seen the whole process—the bud, the flower, the fruit. Then I aspired to learn about plants less familiar, the vine, the peach, the nectarine, and left for another place that I might follow up the study."

This step in advance did not take place till after his twelfth year. Meanwhile the demands upon his services to eke out the resources of the household, and the limited means at their disposal, interfered very much with any regular instruction at school. The only teaching of any kind which the youth seems to have enjoyed was in attendance for a very short time, and much interrupted, at a small school kept by Mr. Wright, a Unitarian minister, of whose congregation the family were members.

EMPLOYED BY A CLERGYMAN.

In May, 1806, William entered the service of a market-gardener, named Bristow, who lived in the neighborhood, where he remained about a year. The wife of the clergyman of Thorney Abbey, Mrs. Girdlestone, having been struck with the youth's bright intelligence and cheerful and active habits, made inquiry concerning him, and it was very soon arranged that he should go to live at Thorney.

After three years of service at Thorney, William Ellis, on October 11th, 1810, entered the service of another clergyman, the Rev. W. Hardwicke, of Outwell. Here through the kindness of his employer Ellis was able to obtain considerable information. Mr. Hardwicke had a large library, and he permitted Ellis to read any book he wished. He read much, but his love of plants and flowers continued his absorbing passion. Subsequently, at the age of eighteen, he obtained a promising situation with a nurseryman in an extensive way of business, at Kingsland, near London, and bade adieu to his home, to push his fortunes in a wider field.

LIFE IN LONDON.

The young adventurer reached London on October 21st, 1811, and after a few days commenced his new duties at the nurseries. This was a crisis in the young man's history. Alone in a great city, freed from the restraints of home, and exposed to the evil example and solicitations of vicious companions, was it possible for him, undefended as he was by religious principle, to withstand the temptations that now surrounded him? This perilous period of his life—this fierce ordeal of his virtue—was happily but of short duration.

Through Divine mercy his downward career—bad company, profanation of the Lord's day, and ale-house indulgence—was effectually arrested by his admission into a godly family. In June, 1812, he entered the service of a Mr. Sangster, an excellent Christian gentleman, who lived in another part of London. Here he was received on a footing of a member of the household, though his chief occupation was the care of the garden. A small chamber over the coach-house was assigned to him as a sleeping room. This humble dormitory, where at the close, and in the intervals of the day's work, he could always be private, became invested with a special interest, as the chosen retreat of many thoughtful seasons and studious hours, for he brought with him that thirst for knowledge and love of reading which never forsook him; and it is memorable especially as the scene of much spiritual conflict, and of

HIS FIRST PRAYER.

In the new home to which Providence had brought William Ellis, he was required to be present at family worship daily, and in accordance with the custom of his employer, attend chapel on the Sunday. In a little more than a month after his entrance into Mr. Sangster's family, deep religious convictions were awakened through a sermon to young people by the late Rev. J. Clayton, Sr., and he returned home to his small chamber to pray. His prayer for mercy and forgiveness was heard, he was born again of the Holy Spirit, and at length applied for admission into Christian fellowship, and was received as a member of the church at Kingsland on February 1st, 1814.

FIRST EFFORTS FOR CHRIST.

Naturally, the young Christian became solicitous for the spiritual welfare of his family; and made constant efforts to point them to the Lamb of God, and on the minds of his mother and sisters, at least, these efforts produced a lasting effect which became conspicuous in after years. He also became a teacher in one of the earliest Sunday-schools ever established.

Mr. Jones, the pastor of the church of which Mr. Ellis became a member, was warmly interested in missionary enterprise, and the annual meetings of the London Missionary Society had usually been held in his church. In May, 1814, the meeting was addressed by the Rev. J. Campbell, who had only a few days before returned, after an absence of nearly two years spent in visiting the stations of the Society in South Africa. "His affecting account of the moral wretchedness of the Africans, their willingness to receive teachers, the prospects of usefulness, which invited the laborer to the field, given with all the graphic distinctness which resulted from recent and accurate personal observation, and the glow of feeling produced by his arrival from the scenes of moral degradation which Africa presented, made a strong impression on the minds of multitudes who were present."

Many young people had their hearts stirred by these representations, and among the number was William Ellis. In the same congregation that day, and glowing with the same enthusiastic aspirations, was Mary Mercy Moor, the future partner of his lot, and the sharer of his missionary toils in the South Seas. Conversation with his pastor, by whom he was encouraged and directed, resulted in his making application to the Society to be employed by them as a missionary to the heathen, and before the end of December, 1814, not only had he been accepted by the Directors, but he was informed that, in all probability, he would be sent out to Africa immediately. Subsequently, however, a year for preparation and training was allowed, while his destination was changed to the South Seas. On January 23d, 1816, Mr. and Mrs. Ellis set sail from Spithead, and on January 26th, 1817, after a long voyage and many wearisome delays, they came in sight of the island of Rapa.

ARRIVAL IN THE SOUTH SEAS.

The next morning the vessel approached the shore, and sailed along the coast for some distance. Gradually the islanders came out in their canoes, and though shy at first, were soon emboldened to climb on board, and crowding on deck, caused considerable trouble and annoyance by a disposition to carry off whatever they could lay hands on. One powerful fellow seized a youth and endeavored to lift him from the deck, but the lad slipped from his assailant's clutch. He then grasped the cabin boy, and attempted to drag him off; but the sailors coming to the rescue, compelled him to relinquish his hold.

The captain was only by earnest entreaty restrained from firing upon the marauders, but happily the counsels of humanity and prudence prevailed. Orders were given to clear the ship, and with some difficulty, for the sailors were unwilling to use their cutlasses except in the way of menace, the lawless and turbulent visitors were driven off. The island of Rapa has since received the Gospel through the agency of native evangelists from Tahiti.

On the 10th of February the ship approached Tahiti. The circumstances of the South Sea Mission, at this period, were peculiarly encouraging. The first missionaries, after years of fruitless toil, had all, with the exception of two devoted men, Mr. Hayward and Mr. Nott, left the islands; some, however, subsequently had been induced by more favorable prospects to return; and brighter days had dawned. Their hearts were at length gladdened by

THE FIRST CONVERTS TO CHRISTIANITY.

King Pomare himself had openly renounced idolatry, had demolished the temples, and burned the idols of his country; the decisive battle between the heathen and the Christian party had been fought, and, consecrated by prayer, the cause of Truth had signally triumphed. The clemency of the victors, imbued with the spirit of their new religion, astounded the vanquished, and, more potent than the arms of Pomare, completed the overthrow of idolatry. The rulers of the neighboring islands had followed the example of the King of Tahiti, and having abandoned their old superstitions, they were

were returning, after a voyage of several years, and were coming up the Channel with all sail set. A treacherous squall suddenly came on, and before the crew could take in sail the ship was caught by it. The full sails swelled out, and in a minute the ship canted over, and sank, with all hands, in sight of port. Many in this land of a free Gospel seem similarly circumstanced. They are trained daily in reading the Bible, and in prayer. They go to church and Sabbath-schools, and are *all but saved*, when a squall comes on, and down to hell they go, to the astonishment and grief of those about them. Only madmen or fools think lightly of or neglect the fullest preparation for eternity."

The Devil After them Again.—The Rev. James Scott remarked: "Last night in the James Morrison Street Hall I dealt with two backsliders. One was a member of the Mizpah Band, who succumbed to the temptation of the New Year's festivities. I believe he looked up to Christ, and took a new hold of God's promises. The other one came to me and said, 'Don't you remember me?' 'No; I can't say I do.' 'Don't you remember Mr. Napier introducing me to you in the Circus?' 'I have no doubt but that he did do so.' 'Well, I have fallen. What shall I do?' As I spoke to him, and directed him for help to Christ, the tears were dropping down to the floor till they made a mark on it. He also found forgiveness and rest in the Lord."

A Sensible Railway Guard.—"I Was in America a few months ago, and went down the Allegheny Mountain on a railway train. It was a thing to remember to see the speed at which we went down the incline. A nervous passenger asked the conductor, 'What would happen to us if the brake gave way?' 'We have a spare one which we would apply at once,' he answered. 'If it also gave way, what then?' again queried the passenger. 'We have one on the last van which we can put on.' 'If it gave way where would we be?' The conductor looked him in the face, and said gravely, 'Friend, that depends upon the way you have lived.' Examine yourselves, and see if you have the brake of Christ's righteousness upon your own life. If you have, then you are safe. If you have it not, then you are doomed to destruction."

A Fall on the Ice.—Mr. Deware Said: "Once on a frosty day like this, I was coming down Elmbank Street, and saw an aged man going before me. He was much older than myself, so I watched anxiously lest he should fall. I got so engaged in this work that I forgot to take heed to my own steps, and suddenly down I fell. It made me think, 'May not I and others who are engaged in Christian work be so engrossed watching others that we forget to watch ourselves, and so experience a fall?' Christian people, while full of thought and generous enterprise for others, should take heed of themselves, lest, as Paul says, 'after having preached to others, I myself should be a castaway,' and it is this same apostle admonishes, 'Let him that thinketh he standeth, take heed lest he fall.' *Teneo et teneor*, 'I hold and am held' is a good motto for us all. 'Hold Thou me up and I shall be safe.'"

"I Shall Meet My Baby Again."—Mr. Jack said: "In connection with the world-famed ship-building yard at Fairfield, Mrs. Elder and Mrs. Pearce built a mission-hall, in which, besides other most useful meetings, is held a mothers' meeting once a week. The women are frequently invited to give testimony as to the means of their conversion. I was present at the meeting held last week, and heard a woman who had lately buried a baby say, in effect, 'When my baby died, the minister called, and I was sore bowed with grief. After speaking to me awhile without doing me any good, he rose from the chair, and solemnly said, "If you have the Lord Jesus you have everything," and then he said "good-day," and left. I began to say to myself, I have not got the Lord Jesus, and in a little time I felt somewhat queer. Soon I had to cry to God to give me pardon for my sin of murmuring and rebellion, and fill my heart with the quiet rest and peace of faith. Now I can wait patiently, for I know I shall meet my baby again.' 'Of such is the kingdom of heaven.'"

Refusing to Marry a Couple.—The Rev. Mr. Dunn said: "When I was laboring in the city of Carlisle some years ago, I went to my lodging one night rather later than usual. The lady in whose house I lived met me in the hall and said, 'You are late; there is a couple here waiting on you to be married.' 'Are they Christians?' I asked, but without answering me, the lady ushered me into the room where the young people were seated. I inquired of the young man, 'Are you a Christian?' 'No, sir,' he answered. Turning to the woman, I asked, 'Are *you* a Christian?' 'Yes, sir,' she said. 'Why do you want to marry a man who is not a Christian?' I inquired. 'He has promised to become one, and to attend the chapel regularly,' was her rejoinder. 'Many promises,' I replied, 'are made before marriage which are broken after it.' To the man I said, 'Hadn't you better put it off till the matter of your salvation is settled?' 'If it's put off now, it's put off forever,' he said. 'Well, sir, I will not marry a servant of God to a servant of the devil on any account.' 'You are very uncharitable.' 'No, I am not; for you must either be for God or against Him; if the latter, then you must side with the devil. I will tell you what we will do; you must give yourself to Christ to-night, and I will marry you to-morrow.' We sat till two o'clock in the morning before he surrendered himself to God through faith in Christ, and in the morning I married them."

THE WORLD PREPARING FOR ANTI-CHRIST.

(*Continued from page 215.*)

We now address ourselves, *currente calamo*, to the task which our dying friend committed to our hands—the completing of his unfinished paper on the coming Antichrist. Mr. Maude has briefly stated one of the features by which Antichrist will be recognized, we therefore affirm upon the authority of the prophetic Scriptures—

HIS FIRST APPEARANCE.

2. His first appearance will be as *a plausible, conciliatory, and attractive leader*. Appearing as the Little Horn (Daniel 8 : 9), which indicates the political, yet restricted character of his origin, elsewhere denominated the beginning of a "vile person," his primary act in his official rôle, will be to enter Palestine, the "pleasant land;" and by means of military support, persuasion, munificent proposals, and professions of kinship, win the confidence of the Jews, who will by this time be establishing themselves in considerable numbers in their own ancient land. (Daniel 8 : 9 ; 11 : 21, 24, 25.)

3. *He will next attract notice as the instigator and prominent individual in a notable covenant, which he and the Jewish people shall confirm together. . .* By his magnanimous bearing, pretensions of amity, and promises of restoring privileges fallen into desuetude, he will lure them into the unhallowed league. As aforetime, the rebellious Saul was the people's clamorous choice (1 Samuel 8 : 19), so shall this man become their accepted leader, and probably their acknowledged Messiah. (Daniel 8 : 25 ; 9 : 27 ; 11 : 22, 23.)

HIS TRUE CHARACTER.

4. In three and a half years he will astonish his dupes and beholders by *throwing off the garb* of his assumed meekness, and suddenly appearing in his true character as "Man of Sin," "Mystery of Iniquity," and "Son of Perdition." The covenant or treaty so deceitfully made will be as fraudulently broken; and his dazed and devoted adherents will stand aghast, awaiting in bewildered amazement his further developments. (Daniel 9 : 27.) As this point has so frequently and forcibly been dwelt upon in these pages, and is treated with such elaborate exhaustiveness in the Rev. M. Baxter's "Forty Coming Wonders," the need does not exist for our dwelling at greater length upon it here.

5. *He will then proceed to manifest himself as a merciless and universal oppressor.* The leopardine king, whose graceful fascinations had so long riveted the admiring gaze of his charmed prey, springs at last—and springs to grip as a bear, to devour as a lion, and to blaspheme as a dragon. The daily sacrifice shall be taken away; the Jews will be scattered and spoiled; the Holy Covenant between Jehovah and the fathers of Israel, in reference to the land, shall be abhorred and set aside; and the descendants of Jacob and Abraham brought into a bondage so galling and degrading that the bitterness of Egypt's captivity and serfdom would be as honey in the mouth in comparison with it. (Daniel 8 : 11–13 ; 11 : 31.)

HIS CRUSHING SUPREMACY.

Others beside the chosen people will fall under his crushing supremacy. Times and laws will be changed. Without deference to any precedent, he will legislate solely according to the dictates of his own autocratic and imperious will. Every obstacle in the pathway of this advancing Prince will be ruthlessly thrust aside. Juggernaut never rolled onward to his temple amid such remorseless fury, as this Son of Perdition will stride through fields of slaughter to the pinnacle of his power. (Daniel 7 : 25 ; 12 : 1.) Satan will at last find the man willing to accept the offer of dominion the Son of God refused (Luke 4 : 5–7), and through him the Archdemon will rule over the whole world. (Daniel 8 : 24.)

HIS BLASPHEMOUS DECLARATION.

6. *He will declare himself God.* Not satisfied with universal power, he will aspire to universal adoration also. This the devil will grant him. He will speak great words of blasphemy against the Most High. The name of Deity will be effaced from the earth. The true Messiah, who claimed equality with the Father, will be banished from the memory of men, and in their places shall Satan, the father of lies, substitute himself and the Antichrist. Every witness to the Living and True God will be silenced or slain; and *unrestrained sin* will hold high carnival the wide world over. With miracles, signs, and lying wonders will this false worship be attested and enforced. An abominable Idol, the image of the Beast will be set up; the command on penalty of death, will go forth for all to bow down to it; and the fiery trials of Daniel and his companions will be re-enacted. (2 Thess. 2 : 9, 10 ; Rev. 13 : 15.)

What mortal eye can penetrate the awful "darkness which may be felt," the terrible woe which shall sting as a scorpion in those fearful and rapidly-nearing days? A world without God, without Bibles, without Christians, without Churches! Is it any marvel that our Lord spoke of it as a time of "great tribulation such as was not since the beginning of the world?" Or that the inspired Ezekiel, writing of that same appalling period, should liken it to the melting of silver, and brass, and iron, and lead, and tin, in the fury of a furnace? (Matt. 24, Ezek. 22 : 18–22.) Who that in any measure comprehends the momentous force of those intensely descriptive words of the Apocalypse—

"THE TRIBULATION, THE GREAT ONE,"

(7 : 14) can restrain the urgent cry, "Lord, hasten Thy coming; for the sake of Thine elect, shorten those days; come forth out of Thy place, and punish the inhabitants of the earth for their cruelty?"

THE FINAL ACT.

7. *Antichrist's final act will be to stand up against Christ, the Prince of princes.* This last move will be a fatal one to him; and with it his career will close. His downfall will involve events more momentous and awfully grand than any that have transpired upon this globe. The glorious passage of the Red Sea, the miracle of the manna, the dividing of the Jordan, the conquest of Jericho, and the wonderful exploits of the Ark of the Covenant, are transactions whose beautiful lustre must grow dim before the incomparable marvel of the occurrences associated with this catastrophe.

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CURRENT EVENTS.

The President in Tendering the Vacant Post of Postmaster-General to Judge Walter Q. Gresham, of Indiana, appears to have surprised all those who were speculating on the probable selection of a successor of the late Mr. Timothy O. Howe. The announcment of the President's decision, however, has given general satisfaction. Both sections of the Republican party and the Democratic journals comment favorably on the appointment. Judge Gresham advocated the nomination of General Grant in 1880, but after the Chicago convention he accepted the Garfield nomination, made an earnest speech in its favor at the ratification meeting in Chicago, and warmly advocated the ticket in his own State. It is stated that Judge Gresham was the President's own selection, and when his name was mentioned in the Cabinet it was unanimously approved. Judge Gresham is fifty years of age, and has attained distinction both as a lawyer and a soldier. He served in the war as Lieutenant-Colonel of the Thirty-eighth Regiment, assisted at the siege of Vicksburg, and served under Sherman at Atlanta. He rose to the rank of Major-General before the close of the war. In 1864 he was severely wounded in the leg and has never fully recovered the use of the limb. He is spoken of as a man of conspicuous administrative ability and of unimpeachable integrity.

The Death of the Venerable Peter Cooper on Wednesday, April 4th, closes a long, honorable, and beneficent career. Mr. Cooper had but recently celebrated *his ninety-second birthday*, and considering his advanced age his activity and energy were remarkable. During the winter, however, his health has not been so good as usual. He caught a severe cold in the fall which he renewed several times. He was not confined to the house, and until Monday, April 2d, he was able to continue his daily visits to the Cooper Institute. On that day it was evident that Mr. Cooper's lungs were affected, and a medical examination revealed a small spot on them indicating the presence of pneumonia. He retired to rest on that night without any serious apprehension being entertained by his family. But he never rose again. The following day he was worse, and on Wednesday he died easily and painlessly. *His portrait and biography* we hope to publish in the next number of The Christian Herald.

The Municipal Contest in Chicago Has Been watched keenly by the whole country, owing to the effort being made by Christian people of all denominations to check the rapid increase of vicious resorts in the city. They nominated a citizens' ticket with Judge Cary at its head, pledged to higher licenses and a rigorous enforcement of the laws against criminals of all classes. The result has been a disappointment. The citizens' ticket has been defeated, the mayor has been re-elected, and with him the city officers against whom the movement of the law and order party was directed. An effort is being made to show that the result is a personal triumph for Mr. Harrison, the mayor, and generally for the Democratic party. The analyses of the returns, however, rather show it to be a foreign victory. The cry of higher licenses aroused the hostility of the Irish and German citizens of Chicago who actively exerted themselves and contributed freely to secure the election of Mr. Harrison, who during his mayoralty has opposed the movement for higher license and restriction.

The People of Ohio Are to Have an Opportunity of voting directly on the liquor question. Both houses of the Legislature have concurred in submitting two propositions to amend the Constitution to a popular vote at the next State election. The alternatives to be submitted are prohibition and regulation. In both cases the section of the present schedule dealing with the question is to be repealed. In the one case it is proposed to insert instead of it the words : "The General Assembly shall regulate the traffic in intoxicating liquors so as to provide against evils resulting therefrom ; and its power to levy taxes or assessments thereon is not limited by any provision of this Constitution ;" and in the other case the words : "The manufacture of, and the traffic in, intoxicating liquors to be used as a beverage are forever prohibited ; and the General Assembly shall provide by law for the enforcement of this provision."

The Supreme Court of Iowa Having Consented to a rehearing of the case in relation to the constitutionality of the prohibitory amendments, passed at the late election by a majority of thirty thousand, arguments were commenced on April 3d. The speakers for the amendment were the Hon. James F. Duncombe, Judge C. C. Newse and United States Senator James F. Wilson. The advocates against the amendment were State Senator John C. Bliss and ex-United States Senator George C. Wright. Senator Wilson concluded his argument on the evening of April 5th. He contended for the validity and legality of the law. He held that the enrolled joint resolution of the Nineteenth General Assembly, in the custody of the Secretary of State, was conclusive evidence of the judgment upon the regularity of the action of the Eighteenth General Assembly relative to the amendment involved. His closing point was that the Judicial Department has no jurisdiction over political questions, and cannot review the action of the General Assembly. The court takes time to consider its decision, and it is expected that it will not be given until the next term.

A Remarkable Record of Christian Work was presented at the anniversary of the American Tract Society recently held in Washington, D. C. Dr. Shearer in explaining the report said that during the past year the new publications amounted to seventy-four, including thirty-one volumes, being over 9000 pages, or a volume of 173 pages on an average per week. The whole number of volumes, new and old, issued were 292,000; tracts, 5,600,280 ; total, 86,314,468 pages, being 12,000,000 pages more than last year. The gratuitous distribution amounted to over 56,000,000 pages, of the value of nearly $38,000. The total receipts were reported as $373,000, and the expenditures $368,000. The donations and legacies amounted to $100,400.

Mr. C. W. Sawyer's Gospel Temperance Services in New York will be continued during the summer months in Cooper Union on Sundays, and in the Annex Hall on Tuesday and Friday evenings. The Annex Hall has recently been newly painted and renovated preparatory to the summer work. It was formally re-opened on Monday, April 2d, by a public meeting at which Mr. Wm. E. Dodge, Mr. F. A. Palmer and other Christian workers, who have assisted Mr. Sawyer in his work, met the converts and spent a social evening. The plans for the ensuing season were discussed, and arrangements made for extending the usefulness of the services.

The Baptism of a Converted Jew Took Place at Baltimore on April 1st. The convert, Mr. Victor Goldberg, is a Russian refugee who came to America last year. He went to Philadelphia where he became acquainted with Christian people who lent him books on Christianity, and introduced him to Mr. Paul Werber, whose efforts in spreading the knowledge of the truth among the Jews have been much blessed. Mr. Werber being himself a convert from Judaism is conversant with the attitude of his people toward Christianity, and was able to remove the doubts of his young Russian friend. Mr. Goldberg subsequently removed to Baltimore, where he made a public confession of faith in Christ. Mr. Goldberg was born in the Lithuanian Provinces of Russia. He was reared in the orthodox Hebrew Church and *studied to become a Rabbi*. For several years he visited the Talmud School, and his new teacher, Mr. Werber, says that he is a very good Hebrew scholar. He also speaks German and a little English.

A Curious Circular Has Been Issued in Iowa. A copy sent to the office of this journal, signed by the Prior of a Roman Catholic Abbey, invites subscriptions toward the removal of a heavy debt on the edifice. As an inducement to subscribe, the Prior offers a peculiar kind of premium graduated according to the amount of the contribution. He states that *two daily masses*, one for the living and one for the dead, will be celebrated every day for fifty years. Any person contributing a hundred dollars "will participate in the fruits" of those masses during the whole of the half century. Persons contributing smaller sums will participate for shorter periods. One dollar will purchase the benefit for six months. It is extraordinary that in this age of enlightenment and in the most highly educated nation under the sun a proposal of such a nature, fit only for the dark ages, should have been issued. It is evident that evangelical ministers as well as laymen have a great work still before them.

A Mormon Sunday-School Superintendent in Utah, writing to the American Tract Society, acknowledges his obligation under God to the publications of that society. A colporteur placed in the Sunday-school library about forty volumes, "and these," says the superintendent, "I concluded would be dangerous if they were within the reach of the children. And of course they should be taken from the library, but what to do with them I did not know. I did not like to burn them, and I would not sell them. So at last I concluded to *give them away*, which I did, with the exception of a few which I considered harmless ; these I kept myself. In this way God used my evil intentions to scatter these precious volumes among the people. Otherwise they might have lain unused in the Sunday-school library. Now as for the volumes that I kept myself. They were lying around for some time, and although read occasionally, they were not appreciated until the Lord in His infinite grace opened my eyes to His truth, and converted my soul. Then these volumes became very precious in my sight, and undoubtedly the reading of them was used by the Lord to aid in my conversion."

A Curious Vagary of the Telephone is Reported from Chicago. On Thursday evening, March 29th, for above an hour all who had occasion to use the telephone found it vibrating to musical tones. Private and public telephones, and even the police and fire-alarm instruments, were alike affected. The source of the music was a mystery until the following day, when it was learned that a telegraph wire, which passes near most of the telephone wires, was connected with the harmonic system; that tunes were being played over it, and that the telephone wires took up the sounds by induction. If one wire carrying sweet sounds from place to place could so affect another wire by simply being near to it, how ought Christians in communication with their Father in heaven to affect all with whom they come in contact in the world. The divine music of love and gentleness in their lives should be a blessing to society (Acts 4 : 13).

A Farmer was Surprised by a Strange Sight recently. He lives near Monticello, and on going to his barn one morning lately to feed his stock he was astonished to see quietly feeding with the cattle a large white doe. The moment the stranger perceived the farmer's presence, she became alarmed and endeavored to get away. Her fright, however, prevented her leaving in the same way as she entered, and she commenced a series of wild but ineffectual leaps. At last she fell heavily, her leg being broken, when the farmer mercifully ended her suffering with his shotgun. The moral this incident teaches may be profitably studied by Christians who are fond of worldly amusements, which they often declare to be harmless. The sons of God ought not to seek their pleasure or to find gratification among those who are yet in bondage to Satan. (2 Cor. 6 : 14-17.)

A Dog Succeeded in Rescuing his Canine companion from drowning at Newburgh, recently. The Newburgh *Journal* says: "A little dog fell off the docks the other day into an open place in the ice, and bade fair to drown; but a large dog, which saw the occurrence, leaped in after him. The large animal took hold of the small one and kept him up, but after paddling about in the water some time, found no place where they could get out. Some persons who were looking on then came to the rescue. They let Mr. Donoghue's boat bridge down to the surface of the water, and the large dog swam there and both were assisted out." This rescue was on a principle similar to that which operates in the rescue of lost sinners. All that men could do for their fellow-men would be of no avail, if Christ's work, His life and death, had not made a bridge by which all men can approach God (Rom. 5 : 2).

A Buffalo Man's Voyage of Pleasure has Come near ending in his death. A sailor named Gilfoy, a native of Buffalo, N. Y., set sail from San Francisco in a small sailing boat, saying that he was going to Australia on a voyage of pleasure. He took no one with him, and predictions were freely hazarded among those who knew of his adventure that he would never be heard of again. He has, however, been heard from twice. The first time from a homeward bound ship from Tahiti, which passed him nearly three months after he left San Francisco, and whose captain gave him his correct bearings and some fruit. Gilfoy's chief complaint then was of *sharks which at night prevented him sleeping* by striking the boat, and he had been compelled to put up a scarecrow to frighten them. His subsequent adventures are published in an Australian paper just received. His boat it appears was twice capsized, and was once pierced by a sword fish. A day came when his provisions were all gone, his water nearly spent, and his rudder having been washed away he was steering with a makeshift. Then he gave up hope, and let his boat drift with the current, careless where he went. He had been *at sea five months*, and he despaired of ever seeing land again. But that day he was seen by a passing vessel, was rescued and taken to Australia. How many young people there are setting out on the voyage of life who look forward to it as "a voyage of pleasure," yet who, as they have not taken God and His word as their guide, are likely to undergo a spiritual experience of which Gilfoy's voyage is a fit type (Prov. 3 : 1-10).

A Futile Rescue from a Burning House was effected recently at Peru, Ind. When the fire alarm was sent out, several brave men went to assist in the work of extinguishing the flames and rescuing any of the inmates who might be in danger. It was known that one man was still in the burning building after all the other inmates had been brought out. Two men volunteered to search for the poor fellow whose life was in danger. They entered, and at great risk, brought him out unconscious and half suffocated. As he recovered consciousness in the fresh air, he *asked frantically for his money*, and learning that it had not been saved, he broke away from his rescuers and returned to the burning house. When his charred body was found, after the fire was over, a number of loose coins under it, showed that he had reached his treasure but had not been able to carry it away. There is reason for fear that many who have been under conviction of sin, and who might have been converted, have returned into the world impelled by avarice, and have there sacrificed their souls to save their money (Luke 17 : 32).

At a Wedding in a Virginia Church an Arrangement in the decorations was made which was very significant. Miss Jennie B. Shepherd was to be married to Mr. H. A. Tabb. The church was tastefully decorated, and over the altar there was a monogram of gas jets, in which the initials of the bride and bridegroom were gracefully entwined. The ceremony commenced soon after sunset, and the brilliantly lighted church, with its centrepiece of the luminous monogram conspicuous, looked very bright as the wedding party entered. Dr. Murdaugh having read the first part of the marriage ceremony, the father gave away the bride. After this they advanced to the altar, where the ceremony was concluded. Just as the clergyman made the bride and bridegroom man and wife, the letter "S" in the monogram was turned out, leaving alone the letter "T," reminding all present of the fact that the name of the bride had been changed from Shepherd to Tabb. The incident was prettily suggestive rather than practically useful. One can but wish that by some means a reminder might be constantly before the eyes of Christians who profess to have become members of Christ's bride, that henceforth they forget honors, social distinctions and all they formerly held dear, and merge them all in the one name of Christian (Phil. 3 : 8).

A Dissolute Officer, who is not to be Discharged, is in one of the regiments on service in the West. He is a man of brilliant talents as a soldier and a writer for the press, but his moral character is so bad that his friends have lost hope of his reclamation. As a final resort, he was given a position as wagon-master, where it was hoped that severe discipline and removal from the haunts of civilization would effect a cure. On his arrival in Montana he indulged in some characteristic displays. The general in command of the post wrote to Washington in complaint of this unexpected assignment to his command, and asked the immediate discharge of the officer. The letter was referred to the General of the Army, on whose recommendation the appointment had been made. General Sherman read it, and returned it with a characteristic indorsement, somewhat as follows: "This man was appointed for the purpose of developing the latent good that is in him. Let him be subjected to a severe course of discipline. Send him to jail, put a ball and chain on him, *shoot him if necessary, but don't discharge him.*" It would appear from this order that a stubborn attempt is to be made to effect a reformation by force, but those who know most of these cases will not be sanguine as to the result. Solomon writes of a war (Eccles. 8 : 8), in which, too, there is no discharge, and sinners may be assured that in that struggle God will certainly be the victor.

THE LORD'S LITTLE CHILDREN.

A New Sermon by Pastor C. H. Spurgeon.

"I write unto you, little children, because your sins are forgiven you for his name's sake."—1 John 2 : 12.

"I have written unto you, little children, because ye know the Father."—1 John 2 : 13. (Revised Version.)

A Significant Change of Tense—The Three Classes in the Church—Well to Join the Infant Class—Who the Little Children Are—The Newly Converted—I. Their Privilege—Forgiven Sin—Only the Entrance Blessing—Yet Complete—On the Same Terms as the Apostles—Commands to Follow—II. Their Knowledge—Obtained Early—Includes Love—Trust—Imitation—III. Precepts for Them—Sin Not—Avoid Fickleness—Abide in Him—Be not Deceived—Love Each Other—Keep from Idols—Toys in the Church.

Probably you ask, "Why does John say first, 'I write,' and then, 'I have written'?" There is a beautiful touch of nature in this speedy change of tense. John was an extremely old man, and therefore while he says, "I write," he adds, "I have written," as if he felt that it might be the last time that he should take his pen in hand. Very soon with him the present tense would change into the past, and he indicates the fact by changing his mode of speech. Perhaps he even felt that possibly before the letter reached the brethren to whom he addressed it he would be no more among the sons of men. Therefore he says, "I write," indicating that while he was still with them, with warm and loving heart he solemnly exhorted them; and then he adds, "I have written," as if he had recorded his *dying testimony*, and left it as his last legacy of love. To us, to-day, John's words run altogether in the past tense—"I have written;" but we need not therefore forget that they were the well-considered words of a venerated father in Christ, and that he wrote them as one so near to his departure that he regarded himself as *already on the move*, and therefore scarcely knew which tense to use. Ah, my brethren, how soon our "I speak" will change into "I have spoken:" let this invest every word with solemnity.

Remember also what order of man John was—that disciple whom Jesus loved, whose head had leaned on Jesus' bosom, whose eyes had seen the King in His beauty, and whose strengthened gaze had looked within the gates of pearl. This is he who at one time saw the pierced heart of the Well-beloved pouring forth blood and water; and at another beheld the Lion of the tribe of Judah prevail to take the book and loose the seven seals thereof. It is the apostle of love who says to us, "I write to you," "I have written to you."

Observe that our text is addressed to the "little children." It is thought by many wise interpreters that under this term John includes the whole Church of God, and that afterward he divides that church into two companies—the fathers and the young men; those who under one aspect are all "little children," are under another regarded as young men or fathers. There is a sense in which every Christian is still a little child, a sense in which he ought to be so, ever dependent upon the great Father, ever ready to receive the word of the Father without questioning, ever teachable, ever restful in the Father's care, and full of love to Him who is his all in all. Of necessity we must ever be children before God; for our finite capacity is so limited that we are mere babes in knowledge in the presence of Infinite wisdom, and as very sucklings in understanding when contrasted with the great Father of spirits.

It may do us all good to

JOIN THE INFANT CLASS

this morning, or, at least, to sit with the boys in the school of grace. Even those who have made the greatest advances in divine grace may do well to "become as little children," that they may still more fully enter into the kingdom of heaven, and have closer fellowship with "the holy child Jesus." It may even be an advance

for some who have grown self-willed as they have advanced in knowledge if they will say with David, "Surely I have behaved and quieted myself, as a child that is weaned of his mother; my soul is even as a weaned child." Happy childhood! when it means entire submission to the Father, and sweet delight in His will.

Still, I am inclined to think that in this case John really does divide the entire church into three classes—the babes in grace, or the children, or as one of the words might properly be translated, the boys—those who have not long been born into the family; these are an interesting company. Then follow the young men; these are the second class, and a valued body of Christians they are, in the fulness of their vigor; strong in faith, giving glory to God; mighty in prayer; vehement in action, bold in testimony. May the Lord muster among our hosts a grand array of these vigorous heroes who shall earnestly contend for the faith once delivered to the saints.

THE FIGHTING POWER OF THE CHURCH

militant must come out of them; these are they that turn the battle to the gate. Blessed is the man that hath his quiver full of them.

Then there is the third class; the fathers, the mature, the experienced; these do not quite so much delight in war as the young men do, but at home they diligently care for the household of faith, watching over the feeble, strengthening and comforting them; these are able by their experience to answer gainsayers, to edify the untaught, and to guide the ignorant. Their knowledge is deep, and they are, therefore, able to become teachers of others; they are men of spiritual force, and have come to the full stature of men in Christ Jesus, therefore they are the solid strength of the church. If the young men are the church's arm, these are the church's backbone. We need to have many such, though alas, it is to be feared that our churches are much like the apostolic ones, of which Paul said, "Ye have not many fathers."

This morning I am going to say nothing at all to the young men, nor to the fathers, except so far as they are willing to include themselves under the term of "little children;" and, as we have already said, there is just reason why they should do so. Little children, it is to you I speak this day; I mean you that have newly been converted, whose first cries of repentance are still in our ears. You, I mean, whose grace is feeble; who are new to everything in the house of God, and as yet need to be fed with the milk of simple elementary truth; you are the little children, dear to the whole family.

To you I shall speak this morning, as the Holy Spirit shall enable me. I would say these things to you: First, observe *your privilege*—"I write unto you, little children, because your sins are forgiven you." Then, note *your knowledge*—"I have written unto you, little children, because ye know, or have known, the Father." And thirdly, consider *the precepts addressed to you*. When we get to that point I shall ask you to refer to your Bibles that we may run through the whole of this epistle and see what John has to say to little children. May we receive the word with meekness, that we may grow thereby.

I. First, I want the babes in grace, the weak in faith, the lambs of the flock, to notice

THEIR PRIVILEGE.

"I write unto you, little children, because your sins are forgiven you for His name's sake." This is a privilege *extremely desired* by the little children. They have but lately felt the burden of guilt; they still smart under the lashes of conscience; the Spirit of God has but newly convinced them of sin, of righteousness, and of judgment; and, therefore, above everything, their prayer is, "Father, forgive me." To them the remission of sins stands out as the first and most desirable of all blessings; and truly they are right in their estimate; for what possession is there which can be called a blessing at all until sin be forgiven? It matters not how healthy a man may be; if his conscience be worried with his sin his inmost heart is sick. It is small comfort to him to have all the comforts of this life if his heart feels the gnawings of the undying worm of conscious guilt. "God be merciful to me a sinner," comes often from his breast as he beats upon it in the deep humiliation of his soul; for joy and rest there can be none to him till he hears the word, "The Lord hath put away thy sin; thou shalt not die." This assurance is as sweet to you as a seraph's song. I could not have told you a better piece of news. Far be it from me to stay your holy joy, and yet the Lord will show you greater things than these.

At your stage of experience pardon is *the most prominent blessing* of the covenant. A newly converted man does not know much about sanctification or union to Christ; perhaps he does not know much about election, calling, or sealing; but the principal point he dwells upon is pardon. Well, beloved child, many more blessings await you; pardon is but an entrance blessing, a welcome at the doorstep; there are rarer joys within the house. You have become an heir to a boundless inheritance; all things are yours; heaven, and Christ, and God are yours; yet I marvel not that at present all your heart is taken up with a sense of pardoned sin. I will not disturb you, but I will rejoice with you. I will even sit down and sing with you; let this be our hymn:

"Now, oh joy! my sins are pardon'd,
Now I can, and do believe;
All I have, and am, and shall be,
To my precious Lord I give."

Even the full-grown child of God highly values this boon so dear to little children, and although he has recived many other mercies beside, yet still it is a chief part of his joy that he has been cleansed from sin and clothed with righteousness. Ay, and our elder brothers, who are now in the king's country, this is a chief point even with them, that they have washed their robes and made them white in the blood of the Lamb; therefore are they before the throne of God, and serve Him day and night in His temple. Yes, dear little children, you have obtained a most precious favor in which you do well to rejoice; "your sins are forgiven you for His name's sake."

Here let me observe that the forgiveness of sins is *assuredly the possession of the new beginner* in the divine life. He is as certainly forgiven as he ever shall be. The forgiveness of sins is not a matter of degrees or of growth. It is done in an instant, and done forever, never to be reversed. The child of God who was born but yesterday is not as completely sanctified as he will be; he is not as completely instructed as he will be; he is not as completely conformed to the image of Christ as he will be; but he is as

COMPLETELY PARDONED

as the full-grown saint. Your iniquities are subdued by the Lord Jesus, who has come to save His people from their sins. Therefore, little children, praise your God, and sing unto His name with all your might—"Who forgiveth all our iniquities; who healeth all our diseases."

Note, also, that your sins are forgiven you *on the same terms as those of the Apostle*, and the greatest of the saints: "Your sins are forgiven you for His name's sake"; that is, for the sake of Jesus, for the sake of His glorious person, for the sake of His honorable offices, for the sake of His blood-shedding and atoning death, for the sake of His glorious resurrection, for the sake of His perpetual intercession before the throne of God. Your sins are not forgiven you because of anything you are or hope to be, nor because of anything that you have done or have suffered; you are forgiven for Christ's name's sake, and all the saints of God can say the same. This is a sure ground of hope. Quicksand there is none, but a solid rock is under our foot. Had the pardon been granted for our own work's sake, it might have been reversed upon our disobedience; but as sin is pardoned for Christ's sake, the pardon is irreversible, since there is no change in Christ

II. Secondly, I have to speak of

THE KNOWLEDGE

of these little children. "I have written unto you, little children, because ye have known, or know, the Father." The tiniest babe in the family of God knows the Father. For, first, as we have seen, *his sins are forgiven him*. By whom is that pardon given? Why, by the Father; and, therefore, he that has had his sins forgiven him necessarily knows the Father. When the poor prodigal felt the kisses of his father's love, and saw the best robe adorning his person, then he knew the Father. All the philosophers in the world do not know so much of the Father God as a forgiven sinner knows.

Moreover, this is a piece of knowledge, dear friends, which the child of God *obtains very early in his spiritual life*; for, whatever a child does not know, he knows his father. Think of your dear little one at home; he cannot as yet read a letter in the book; he knows nothing of the things which his elder brother studies; but he knows his father. He may not know very much about his father; he could not certainly speak to others about his father's business or his father's wealth, but yet he knows him. The child cannot help his father, or understand what his father does; but he knows his father, and would choose him out from among a thousand. See how his eyes twinkle now that father has come home; see him stretch out his little hands; see how eager he is to get into these dear arms! He knows his father, and never forgets that knowledge. Dear child of God, this is a piece of knowledge which you have also; and in this you will yield to none of all the sacred family.

We know the Father, brothers, even we who are but little in Israel, for we love him. Do you not feel that you love God this morning? You might not dare to say so in public, and yet you would die for him. Sooner than renounce your God would you not give up all that you possess? It may be you will never be tried as the martyrs have been; but if you were, can you suppose it possible that you could part with your God? No, your inmost heart loves Him; you know it does; and loving Him, you are united to Him by bonds which cannot be severed. Moreover, we know the Father, for we trust Him. Is it not written, "They that know Thy name will put their trust in Thee"? Can you not trust God with everything? A child has no cares; his father cares for him. A child knows no anxiety; his father bears all the anxiety on his behalf. Is it not so with you? Though you are babes in grace, do you not trust? trust for time, trust for eternity, trust for your bodies, and trust for your souls? I am sure you do. If you are what you should be, you know the Father, for your faith rests upon Him.

This also is true, that you seek to imitate Him. It is wonderful how little children imitate their father, perhaps more than grown-up children do, though the influence of example is seen upon them also. The very little ones will try to do everything exactly like father. It must be right, it must be perfect, if father does it; they make us smile as we see in them ourselves in miniature. Is not this the very thing which you try to do?

III. Now we come to our third division. Will you kindly follow me with your Bibles, especially you that are "little children," while I commend to you

THE PRECEPTS

which John has written for your guidance.

First, look at 1 John 2: "My little children, these things I write unto you, that ye sin not." That is the first precept, Little children, *sin not*. Children are very *apt to get into the mire*. Most mothers will tell you, I think, that if there is a pool of mud anywhere within a mile, her firstborn joy and comfort will find it out and get into it if he possibly can; and no matter how often a child is washed he seems always to need washing again; if there is a method by which he can foul his hands and his face, your pretty

cherub is most ingenious to find it out. I am afraid this is too much the case with the children of God. There is so much of carnality about us, so much of the old Adam, that the question is not into which sin we fall, but into which sin we do not fall.

Alas! we are apt to be proud, though we have nothing to be proud of; we are prone to despond and doubt our Father, though He never gave us any cause to do so; we are inclined to be worldly, though there is nothing in the world worth loving; and we have a tendency to grow cold and chill toward God, though He is altogether lovely, and ought to win our warmest affection. We are apt to speak unadvisedly with our lips; we are apt to be full of foolish thoughts; we are apt to be self-willed. We find an angry temper rising against some brother of ours whom we ought to love; and we have not long got over that before we are half afraid to utter a word of rebuke lest we should incur the laughter of the ungodly. Thus do we glide from one sin to another, even as a waterfall descends from rock to rock.

"My little children, I write unto you, that ye sin not." Avoid every sin; forsake it altogether. Ask for the grace of God to sanctify you wholly, spirit, soul, and body. Though you are only newly born, yet, my little children, sin not. You will soon lose your comfort if you do. Little children, sin will hurt you, damage you, grieve you, and displease your heavenly Father; it will raise a cloud, behind which His presence will be hidden from you; it will stop your heavenly growth; it will prevent your usefulness. My little children, I earnestly entreat you that ye sin not. Burnt child, dread the fire! You have just been plucked out of it, do not go back to it. Do not play with sparks; keep clear of every kind of match that might create a flame. Seek after holiness with all your might. Though born but yesterday do not sin to-day. God help you to fulfil this holy precept.

Further on in this second chapter the apostle writes to them again, and tells them (verse 18) that it is the last time, and that there are many antichrists abroad. You will have to run your eye right down the chapter till you come to verse 24, for that is what He says to little children, because there are many antichrists in the world that would seduce them; "*Let that therefore abide in you, which ye have heard from the beginning.*" Little children are very fickle. The toys which they cry for one day they break the next; young minds change with the wind. So, little children, there are many evil ones who will endeavor to seduce you from the truth of God, and as you have a natural instability of mind as yet, for you are only newly converted, it is well to be on your guard against those who would mislead you.

Till we are rooted and grounded in the truth, new things have great charms for us, especially if they have about them a great show of holiness and zeal for God. Listen, then, dear children but newly born into the Saviour's family: "Let that therefore abide in you, which ye have heard from the beginning." Alas, even those who are older in grace than you are have shown a sad readiness to be duped by plausible persons who have invented fresh notions and methods. I have lived long enough to have seen a considerable variety of follies and

MANIAS IN THE RELIGIOUS WORLD.

They have sprung up, grown great, declined, and vanished. One day it has been one thing, another another.

I have lived to see those things justly ridiculed which a few years before were cried up as the wonders of the age. I thank God I have not been moved by any of these periodical fits of frenzy, but have been content to keep to the one old truth which I have gathered from the Scriptures and made my own by experience, and by the teaching of the Holy Spirit. I have not had to tack about, for I have been enabled to steam ahead; and I hope I shall do so to the end. I have no respect for these upstart inventions; but I regard them as so many phases of human delusion. "Little children, let that therefore abide in you, which ye have heard from the beginning:" leave to others the soon-exhausted novelties and do you keep to the eternal unchangeable truth which is taught you in God's word and in your own soul's experience.

Little children, here is a third precept for you, and I want you to put it into your bosom, and carry it home (verse 28). "And now, little children, abide in Him." There is a Sabbath portion for you: "*Abide in Him.*" Let the truth abide in you, and do you abide in Christ, who is the truth. Little children are very

APT TO STRAY:

I have known them *tempted away from home*, to play the truant; they have gone into the fields after pretty flowers, or down by the brook to fish for minnows, and then they have fallen into all sorts of trouble. The best place for a child is at home; and for a babe in grace the best shelter is the Saviour's bosom. "Little children, abide in Him." If you forget everything else, I say this morning, lay this up in your hearts, and let none tempt you away from simply trusting your Saviour, sweetly resting in His love, and humbly following on to know more and more of Him. "And now, little children, abide in Him."

What next? Read on to chapter 3, verse 7: "Little children, *let no man deceive you.*" Children are very credulous; they will believe any idle tale if it be told them by a clever and attractive person. Little children, believe your Saviour, but be not ready to believe anybody else. Believe God's Word, and stand fast to that; but if sinners entice you, do not consent to them; and if antichrist would teach you false doctrine, close your ear to it. Be as the sheep of whom Jesus said, "A stranger will they not follow, for they know not the voice of strangers."

Further on (3:18) we read: "My little children, *let us not love in word, neither in tongue; but in deed and in truth.*" Little children are apt to let their angry passions rise till they have to be told by Dr. Watts that their

"Little hands were never made
To tear each other's eyes."

And truly we have some Christian children who have been all too quick about this tearing of each other's eyes. They have seen a truth, and some friend they meet with does not see it; therefore they have tried to *knock his eyes out to make him see it.* This is a faithful description of many Christian controversies. It is idle to attempt to compel another to think as I think by scolding him, and heaping wrath upon him. Let us never do that. Let us love.

The last precept to little children is at the end of the epistle. Carefully read the last verse—"Little children, *keep yourselves from idols.*" Little children are naturally fond of toys and pretty pictures. Anything like pomp and show is sure to please children. How fond they are of soldiers, and banners, and processions, and bands of music, and all that is gay; these are their idols. That is the tendency of many grown-up children that I know of. They admire a fine religion, tasteful, striking, artistic. "Little children, keep yourselves from idols." I would like this text printed over the altars of our Ritualistic neighbors. I need scarcely mention others who have no taste or care for the beautiful, but their toys are all for noise-making, and glitter and flash, a sort of fifth of November all the days of the year. Do not become

FASCINATED WITH THEIR PLAYTHINGS.

Be not led away from the Church of God *by armies or navies.* Alas, the children must now have their play toys in the church, and their toys in the chapel, and some must have their toys in the streets, till one would think with their trumpets and drums that they had just come home from the fair. "Little children, keep yourselves from idols."

I do not think you are likely to fall in love with the idols of the heathen and bow down to them; but there are plenty of other gods which are the idols of one period and the derision of the next. Keep you to Christ. Ask not for pomp and show; ask not for noise and bluster; ask for nothing but that your sins may be forgiven you, that you may know the Father, and then that you may abide in Christ, and be full of love to all the family of God. Little children, may the Lord Jesus Christ be with you, and may you grow in grace till you come unto the fulness of the stature of men in Him. May His grace be upon all them that love Him, and wait for His appearing.

[The prayers of the readers of this Journal are requested for the blessing of God upon its Editors in America and England, and those whose sermons, articles, or labors for Christ are printed in it; and for its weekly circulation of more than 260,000 copies to be blessed by the Holy Spirit to the conversion of many sinners and the quickening of God's people. Mr. Spurgeon and Dr. Talmage especially request prayer every Sunday morning on behalf of their labors.]

MARVELLOUS ESCAPE OF TWO AUSTRALIAN PREACHERS.

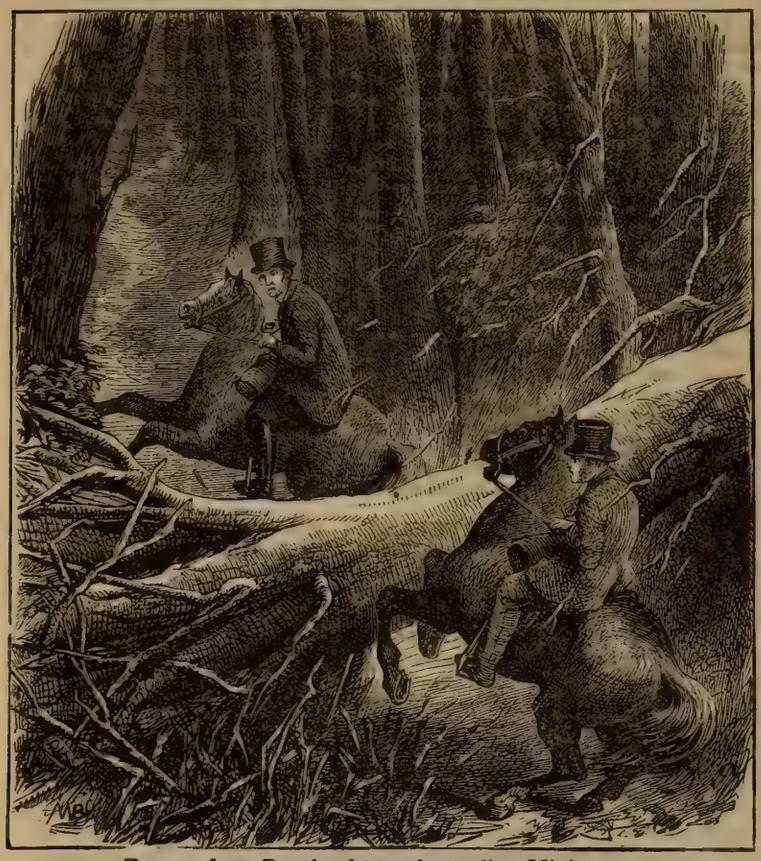
(*See Illustration on page 236.*)

A PROVIDENTIAL escape from a terrible death was experienced by the Rev. Stephen Rabone and a friend, in Australia, some time ago. Mr. Rabone, who is a well-known minister in the Wesleyan denomination, relates the incident. It appears that having occasion to visit a northern circuit, he set out from Sydney in company with Mr. Bowden, of Bolwarra, a Christian friend who, as a lay preacher, had become familiar with the places they were about to visit.

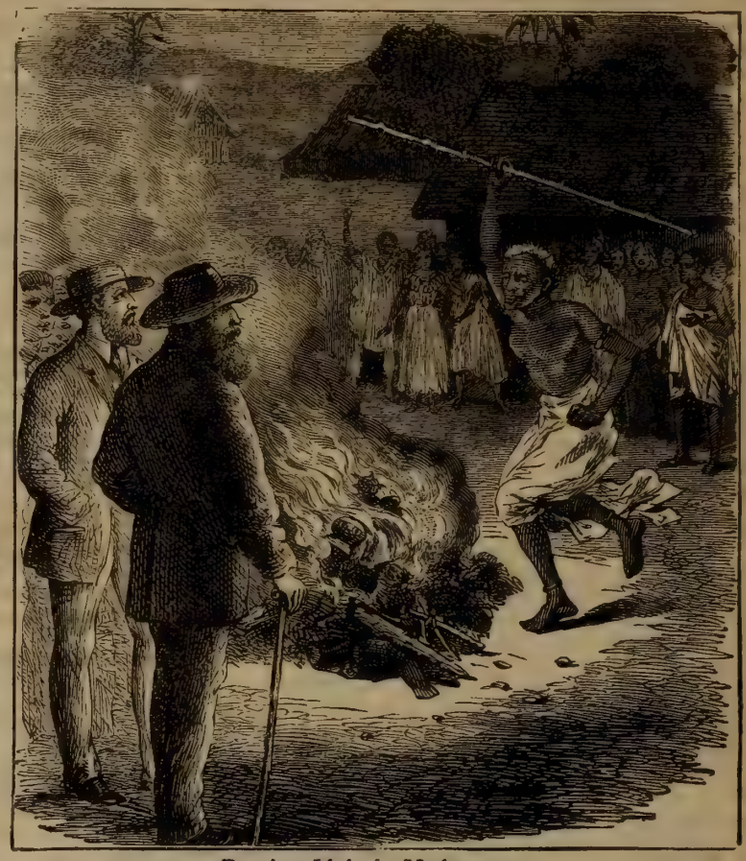
The journey was made on horseback, and the two friends found no lack of topics on which to converse as they rode side by side through scenes of surpassing natural beauty. The greater part of their road lay apart from the cities, and much of it through localities not yet brought under cultivation. Rough paths had been cut by the settlers through the forests, just wide enough to admit of the passage of a wagon, but they frequently rode for many hours without seeing a human habitation or any evidences of man's presence, or caching a glimpse of a human face.

There was something very solemnizing in the solitude and the silence only broken by a bird's carol or the cry of some four-footed denizen of the forest. How long the gigantic trees which bordered the road had been growing there no man could say, but that they were in many cases of enormous age was evident, even to an unpractised eye. Woodcutters frequently related that in cutting down these hoary monsters, they had found marks which convinced them that the years during which their roots had spread and the branches had increased in size and number, were not to be reckoned, by decades, but by centuries. They told, too, of disappointments they had met with in their occupation that were not a little startling. In cutting down a tree, to all appearance healthy and solid, they had discovered when it was felled that *it was hollow* throughout almost its entire length from the root to its high branches. The ravages of the white ants and other enemies of the trees had destroyed its centre, leaving a mere husk standing, like hypocrites in the church, beautiful to the eye but within utter emptiness.

As the two friends rode through the forest, conversing on these and other peculiarities of the scene around them, now and then stopping to admire some strange growth, the shades of evening began to fall, and the wind passing through the trees had a mournful moaning sound—the sure precursor of a stormy night. Warned by this sign as well as by the setting sun, they quickened their pace that they might reach their destination before nightfall or the outbreak of the storm. The wind continued rising, and its roar stopped all further conversation. A discussion as to the relative merits of the horses they rode had occurred earlier in the day, and it was now suggested that as there was no time to be lost, they should put their contention to a practical test. It turned out on their doing so



Escape from Death of two Australian Ministers.



Burning Idols in Madagascar.

that Mr. Rabone was rather better mounted than his companion, and he outstripped him in the friendly competition. He was soon some forty or fifty yards ahead. He was reining in his horse to allow Mr. Bowden to overtake him, when a fierce gust of wind almost overturned man and beast, and was followed by a peculiar rushing sound, and then by a crash that seemed to shake the earth.

Recovering himself by an effort, he turned round to look for his companion, and there saw a sight that made him turn pale. Between the two horsemen lay a gigantic tree. The wind had struck the huge branches heavy with their weight of foliage, and had blown it down right across their path. It had fallen between the two men so exactly, that had the foremost been many steps to the rear or the hindermost but a few steps in advance of the position they respectively occupied, one of the two must have perished under that stupendous weight.

So narrow an escape is seldom seen. It seemed miraculous, so close had both been to the falling mass. As they looked at the prostrate giant, and realized that they were both safe and sound, save for the scratches and bruises of such branches as were too weak to seriously hurt them, they offered heartfelt thanks to God for their escape from a terrible death. It was evident that the Master had other work for them still to do for Him in the world, and it was with hearts solemnized and spirits bowed in renewed consecration that they went forward to their destination.

It is in this spirit that every Christian should live. Perils to life and limb are about us continually. In fires, in railroad catastrophes, in shipwreck or in the perils of the street, the Christian has no immunity above his fellows. As Mr. and Mrs. Bliss died in that terrible day of the Ashtabula disaster, so other Christians have died in other seasons of calamity. As our Saviour taught us (Luke 13 : 4) we do not, in becoming Christians, escape the perils of life. It is in what comes after life that the Christian differs from other men. His times are in God's hand, and he knows that however or whenever he may die, he goes to an inheritance prepared for him. But he should also feel that his opportunities for usefulness may be closed at any moment, and that, therefore, it is incumbent upon him that he "works while it is called to-day."

REMARKABLE FAITH CURES.

Among the most painful diseases and one of the most reluctant to yield to medical treatment, is that known to the profession as

NEURASTHENIA.

It is complete nervous prostration, and involves acute suffering. A correspondent over the signature M. H. T., who has been marvellously cured of this complaint, thus describes her cure in a communication to Miss Carrie F. Judd, who publishes the account for the encouragement of others, in her *Triumphs of Faith*.

"In June, 1882, while at a hygienic institute, a former patient returned there for a visit. She had been lately cured, most beautifully and suddenly, and her presence made a deep impression upon me, but I felt that I was too far off to 'touch the hem of His garment.' I had been *an invalid for ten years*, and my physicians told me that I must stay in the institute six months or a year longer, and that two or three years would be required for full restoration. In my intense longing for health I cried to the Lord to bring me very near to Him, that I might humbly ask Him for this great gift.

"The following day the Rev. S. R. Wells, formerly a missionary to India, related to the patients the account of his healing by faith. This seemed a way opened so directly by the loving Father's hand to help me, that I sent for him to come and see me. In telling him that my want of holiness was the obstacle that prevented my asking in faith, he said, 'Why! you must not wait to be any better, but come as a *sinner* to Jesus, who will restore both soul and body.'

"For years I had felt that if I could give up *every fibre of my being* to my Master, He would show me the way to health, but Satan seemed to bind me with chains so that I *could not* say 'I will follow *whithersoever* Thou leadest.' But this, too, I put into God's hands and He answered my prayer, for a *spirit of consecration and love*, just as much as my prayer for health!

"On the 7th of September, a letter from Miss Judd came, in answer to my request, saying that night, at 8 o'clock, they would pray for me, at their faith-meeting. I thought 'Can it be possible that I shall be well to-night? How *can* I believe it? How *can* I consecrate myself to Him *forever?*' After a solemnprayer that night, by a dear friend, who was with me, and one from my own lips, I said 'I am well now!' So the next day I went to work and the dear Lord poured of His own strength into me. How real the truth seemed, those first few days. "It is God that worketh in you, both to will and to do.'

"On the 15th, I left for Elmira, N. Y., to receive instruction and help in my new life, from a lady, who herself had been cured nine years before, and who has since had a most remarkable experience in the life of faith (Mrs. E. B. Blake). She taught me to believe that I was 'every whit whole!' So, after two days, I walked to a faith-meeting, over a mile distant, and when I came back I did not even feel like lying down!"

BURNING OF THE KELY MALAZA IDOL.

(*See Illustration.*)

In 1870 there was, by order of the Madagascar Government, a general burning of idols and charms throughout that country. A missionary at that time gave the following account: "In the midst of a beautiful grove, on the crest of a long oval mountain, about five or six miles east of Antananarivo, is a populous town, esteemed sacred by the idolaters, which has long been the home of *the great national idol* called 'Kely Malaza.' The idol itself was a small stick of wood, four inches long, fastened transversely to the middle of a strip of red silk three feet long and three inches wide, with a small silver chain sewed on each end. This paltry thing has been the time-honored trust of thousands of the Malagase; and, at one time, its keepers received half the revenues the country received from custom-dues.

"Recently its keepers visited the present queen in a body, to lay before her their cause. They assured her that *the idols were the lords of the land*, and were above all human power and influence. As their keepers, they demanded

special favor from the government, and a restoration of the privileges which they had previously enjoyed. The Queen replied that they must remain in waiting a little while, and she would give them her final decision about the matter. In the meantime she hastily despatched a body of several hundred armed men, on horseback, to burn 'Kely Malaza,' with all his appurtenances. The keepers, who were in waiting for the Queen's answer, heard what was in contemplation, and made a hasty retreat to save their treasures. But the Queen's messengers were too quick for them; so that the whole were consigned to the flames, without the loss of a single life, no one daring to resist.

"This act was followed by a stringent order of the Government for *a general burning* of all idols and charms of every kind. Without some knowledge of the peculiar state of the country, this demand on the part of the Government may appear to be of questionable expediency. But when it is remembered that the people were being duped, that the idol-keepers were practising deceit and fraud and using the superstitious fears of the people to extort contributions of money under pretence that they could protect contributors and their families from disease, secure their houses from lightning, and their rice-fields from hail, the peremptory order of the Government is justifiable. Although this has been in no sense brought about through the direct instigation of the missionaries, it is unquestionably the indirect result of the influence of the little band of Christian men who have brought the Gospel to this country."

"Esther grasped the branches and cried for help."

A TEACHER RESCUED BY A CHILD.

"Help! Help!" The cries uttered in childish treble resounded across the fields on both sides the river. There was no answer, however, for the spot was remote from a village, and it was a locality not much frequented by pedestrians. "Help! Help!" again cried the voice, and the speaker, a child not more than twelve years of age, threw herself down on the grassy slope and reached as far forward as she could.

It was toward a dark object among the rushes that Esther Bowden was reaching—an object which the tide was drifting out from the rushes into the current of the stream. Only two minutes before, though to Esther it seemed hours, that object was by her side, and was her companion, her friend, her teacher. Now lost to consciousness, almost lifeless, Miss Bradshaw was slowly but surely drifting to her death. Little Esther had seen her slip, lose her footing, and finally with a splash and a cry fall into the river; then the child raised her agonized cry for help, and cast herself down and frantically struggled to save her drowning companion.

Miss Bradshaw had fainted; that was evident, for she was helpless as a log, and made no effort to save herself. No help came; Esther grew desperate. She must make another attempt to save the life in peril. Child as she was, she knew that every moment was precious in that crisis, and she looked eagerly around for some means of at least keeping the body of her companion from drifting out of the rushes, until some stronger arm could draw it from the water. It was only just beyond her reach; she could touch the floating dress with the tips of her fingers. If she could only add an inch or two to the length of her arm the child thought, she might yet save her friend. That she could not do, but she might by clinging to the branches of a tree that spread themselves out over the water clutch the floating drapery.

Grasping the branch firmly she bent down, but she had not calculated on its motion. It bent beneath her weight, and losing her balance, she fell into the water. She retained, however, sufficient presence of mind to retain her hold on the treacherous foliage with one hand, while with the other she seized Miss Bradshaw's arm and held her up with all the might of her childish frame. Her own fall had given a vibration to the water that lifted the drowning girl from the rushes, and would have sent her floating down the stream but for the firm grip Esther had upon her.

Again Esther raised her voice; "Help! Help!" she cried, and this time she fancied she heard a response. Oh, now if she could only bear the strain a little longer they might be saved. The arm that held the branch was getting numb, and the dead weight of her unconscious friend seemed as if it would pull the other arm from the shoulder, but still the brave child continued the struggle. She might easily have saved herself if she had released her burden, for she could have drawn herself to the bank by the tree. But she did not consider it for a moment. Holding on to the branch and supporting her friend she maintained her position, and there she prayed earnestly to God for strength to hold out until help came.

It was very near now. Esther could hear shouts of encouragement behind her and the rapid footfall of a man running at the top of his speed. Her feet and legs were bitterly cold, and at times the scene around her swam before her eyes and she feared she was about to faint, but her hands felt as though they were rivetted in their grasp. Again she closed her eyes and prayed: "Merciful God, give me strength a few minutes longer for Jesus' sake."

The words were scarcely uttered when she felt her arm grasped by a man who had waded into the water. She looked at him and recognized a man who worked on her father's farm. "Harry," she said, and fell fainting on the grass. When she recovered consciousness she had the gratification of seeing Miss Bradshaw sitting beside her, and for the moment she could not remember what had occurred. As she realized it, the rush across her memory of that terrible time in the water almost overcame her again, but she was clasped in the arms of the girl she had risked her life to save, and warm, grateful kisses were rained on her brow and lips.

In a little time the wagon Harry had hurried away to bring was at their side, and they were quickly lifted in, wrapped up warmly, and driven to their home. The excitement and distress Esther had endured, brought on an illness in which for several days her life was in danger. But the unremitting attention of Miss Bradshaw and the constant watchfulness of her mother were blessed by God to her recovery. It was on November 30th, 1880, that the incident occurred, and now among Esther's most treasured possessions is the silver medal presented to her in commemoration of her heroism.

The qualities Esther displayed in that crisis are the qualities every Christian ought to strive after. How many a soul, drifting away on the tide of sin toward endless misery, might be rescued did we but hold them back and cry mightily to God to put forth His hand and save them. Many would do this if a life were at stake, but in the far more serious spiritual issue men are careless, and see the souls around them going to perdition, yet put forth no effort to save them.

FETTERS OF FASHION.

By Miss M. A. Paull,

(*Continued from page 223.*)

Rescue and Reward.

THE great object came nearer, and nearer, and nearer. It snorted, then roared with fierce delight, and the horrid sounds terrified Mrs. Sylvester. Screaming and crying piteously, she fell fainting upon the ground. Clarie was already rushing on, and at some distance when her mother fell. Too frightened to know perfectly what she was doing in thus abandoning her mother and sister to their fate, she rushed along in the moonlight toward the town. The first person she met was her uncle's new assistant Mr. Beverley.

"Help, help, Mr. Beverley!" she sobbed.

"What is the matter?" he asked, alarmed at her appearance.

"Mamma and Loo are being tossed and almost killed by a wild bull in the field behind this. Oh, for pity's sake, do something to save them! I dare not turn back. I know I am a miserable coward!"

"Louise!" he exclaimed, passionately; "Louise in danger? Tell every man you meet to

come to me; I will pay him well. Be quick to summon help, or it may be too late to save any of us," and he rushed on.

The moonlight revealed an awful sight. Mrs. Sylvester lay on the ground. The fierce animal stood only a few paces off, snorting, and lowering its head preparatory to the fatal toss. Between her mother and the animal, prepared herself to receive the attack, and thus save a life dearer to her than her own, stood the heroic Louise, her face white and wan in the moonlight—almost as the face of the dead.

Should he dare risk a personal encounter with that angry bull? How else could he save her, even for a few moments, till help might come? He hesitated only for a moment, for he saw the great head bent low to catch the delicate form of Louise Sylvester upon those cruel horns. Shouting, and brandishing his stick with all his might, he rushed suddenly forward.

For a moment the beast was arrested in his purpose, and in that moment, Louise, obeying his directions, changed her position.

"Hasten away, darling!" said Mr. Beverley, wholly unable to restrain the loving word in this moment of supreme peril.

"I cannot leave you and my mother to perish," answered Louise; "we will at least all die together."

How he did it, Beverley Trevelyan never knew, but standing firmly there, with his upraised stick before it, he fastened his eyes on the wild eyes of the bull; and the animal seemed unable to move. In a short time the fascination relaxed. With an awful roar, that turned the blood of Louise Sylvester cold, the exasperated, and hitherto baffled creature, rushed at the young man and tossed him into the air as if he had been a feather. He fell heavily at the feet of the anguish-stricken girl, stunned and bleeding. Help had come now. A party of men, with ropes and cords, secured the animal, and led it away, tightly bound, to the farm from which it had escaped. Others brought a stretcher and a surgeon to convey Mr. Beverley to the house of Reginald Courtenay; while Mrs. Sylvester was recovered from her swoon, and assisted home.

Strange to say, Mr. Beverley's bones were not broken; but he was fearfully bruised, so that he could hardly bear to be touched; and there was an ugly wound in one shoulder where the horn of the bull had penetrated. Louise nursed him with perfect devotion. It was terrible to her to know how much suffering she had unintentionally caused him.

"I always feel I ought to have been tossed instead of you, Mr. Beverley," she said; "I owe my life to you." She spoke thus the first day he had felt sufficiently well to leave his bed for the sofa.

"Are you quite sure of that, Louise," he asked, taking her hand in his; "I think I shall remember that one day."

Louise colored deeply, but made no other answer.

"It would have been so much nicer if it had been a gentleman, and not a mere shopman, who rescued us," remarked Mrs. Sylvester a few days afterward, when Louise had looked in for awhile to see her mother and sisters. "I hope, my dear, you are very careful to maintain your true position, however kindly you may feel it right to act, in superintending his nursing."

"Mr. Beverley *is* a gentleman, mamma," replied Louise, "if courage and nobility of heart make up your idea of a gentleman; as they do of mine."

"Whatever else you do, Louise, as you love me, don't suffer yourself to fall in love with a shopman," said her mother. "I will frankly admit that we are amazingly indebted to him, and that he *is* the most gentlemanly man of his class I ever met with; but yet, he is in trade. Don't disgrace us all, dear. Remember your father's station. An officer must always rank before a tradesman."

"Why, mamma?" asked Loo, quietly.

"Because he *is* above him, my dear."

"Officer or no officer, there is not a braver man in the world than Mr. Beverley. Mamma, I think you ought to remember if he hadn't been brave, both you and I would have been dead now."

It was disagreeable to be told this; but as it was probably the truth, Mrs. Sylvester only said, "Well, dear, remember the hint I have given you."

Next day, that lady received a note requesting permission to call upon her. It was signed "Beverley," simply.

"What an extraordinarily impertinent man!" she exclaimed, as she showed her three daughters the note, and consulted them about it. "He is only a shopman, and he signs his precious epistle as if he were a duke or an earl. These lower orders have such queer notions, but we owe him some consideration; so I must allow him to call, I suppose, and receive our thanks—that is what he wants."

Mr. Beverley looked very handsome, though still rather pale and weak from his accident, as he entered Mrs. Sylvester's boudoir, to which he was graciously admitted. Breakfast-room was its more fitting appellation, but "boudoir" sounded more fashionable. Mr. Beverley was come to ask the permission of Louise Syvester's mother to the marriage of himself and her daughter.

"You will not refuse, madam, when you know we love each other," he said courteously. "The great peril of that terrible night revealed to each of us the state of our hearts."

"I cannot possibly consent to it," said Mrs. Sylvester, doggedly; "trade is beneath our family. If my daughters choose to ally themselves with it, they must not expect my sanction. I will not openly disown her, your prowess must be my excuse to my friends for not doing so; but the poor child has shown her gratitude in a singularly inappropriate fashion. Of course, her crotchetty uncle approves your design?"

Beverley Trevelyan bit his lip, as the hot blood rushed into his cheeks; but he controlled himself, and answered, "Yes, madam, in *your* language; in mine, he sanctions and approves our union." He paused, then added, "Will her sisters deign to come to our wedding?"

"Certainly not."

"Surely you will give them the choice of acceptance or refusal, madam," the young man's tone was as proud as her own, and Mrs. Sylvester yielded.

Clarie and Patty begged hard to be allowed to go; their mother would neither consent nor forbid, and the sisters, save Fanny, decided to be at the wedding. A month later, Mr. Hollins, the curate, officiated at the marriage, by special license, of *Lord* Beverley Trevelyan and Louise Sylvester. The secret had been so well kept, that the rank of the bridegroom did not become known until the wedding morning. Then, too late for her to make an excuse and take part in the festivities, Mrs. Sylvester had the mortification to discover that the fetters of fashion often bind us to our own hurt, and that a real lord may feel it his highest wisdom to serve behind a counter, and not damage, but repair his escutcheon, by so doing.

Many years have passed away since the marriage, over which the gossips had such a merry time of it in the pleasant Devonshire town. Chestnut Hall, the favorite seat of Lord and Lady Trevelyan, is full of childish mirth and the gay music of children's voices. There are splendid apartments in the old mansion—rooms fitted for high days and holidays, rooms gorgeously draped and richly furnished, suitable for honored guests; there are servants' halls, and lofty nurseries, and a dining-room where a hundred might sit down in comfort, and drawing-rooms where elegance and taste and refinement are breathed in the very atmosphere.

A whole suite of rooms, forming one wing of the house, has been generously devoted by its master to the use of the wholly undeserving but forgiven Mrs. Sylvester and her two daughters, Fanny and Clarie. Patty has had the good sense to volunteer to take the place of her youngest sister in her uncle's less pretentious, but comfortable home. But in all that spacious residence, Chestnut Hall, there is no room more hallowed by fond associations than a small, unpretending apartment—a little parlor, to which Louise has given the name of the "Home Room." Here no disturbing guest enters unexpectedly, no servant intrudes without being sent for; here the master and mistress take leave of empty ceremony, bid adieu to fashion, and welcome the sweetest and most simple joys of home.

Husband and wife are here so perfectly happy in each other's society, that they are reluctant often to remember the claims of their high position, here they delight to sit alone, as free from restraint and intrusion as if Beverley Trevelyan had indeed been merely the tradesman's assistant his mother-in-law had once imagined him, or the gentleman of almost ruined fortune which Louise believed when she first learned to love him.

Here, seated by the fire in his cosey arm-chair, with the sweet eyes of Louise fondly watching him and their children, Lord Trevelyan feels a joy which none of the costliest amusements for which he risked life and health ever afforded him. Here Louise knows a glad outpouring of happy wife and mother love in her heart as she regards with pride her greatest treasures; her husband and her little ones.

Reginald, their first-born son and heir, stands at his father's side; loving little Loo tries anxiously to put on papa's slippers; Alice with sisterly anxiety superintends the display of little Beverley's new picture book to papa's criticism, and little Beverley himself, the baby student, is intent upon his favorite picture in his treasured volume.

The daylight fades over the old Hall; the bare trees of the avenue stand solemn and still in the winter twilight; but in the Home Room the ruddy firelight gleams and glows, bathing all things in its red splendor, and Lord Trevelyan stretches his hands to its pleasant warmth.

"Now, dear," says Reginald to his little brother, speaking to him over his father's shoulder, "get on papa's knee, and we'll ask him to tell us again the story of that horrid old bull. It's the best story ever made, I think, and besides it's *real;* and oh! just think, girls," adds Reginald, with a horror-inspiring shudder, "if it hadn't been for papa, then, mamma wouldn't have been our mamma at all. I am so glad papa managed it so well; I'm glad my father is a brave man."

"That was only one kind of bravery," said Lord Trevelyan.

"Nay but, dearest," interrupted Louise, "our boy is right; you *are* a brave man; you have proved it in every way, for he who has courage to face an angry bull, and to break through fetters of fashion, and to conquer his own besetting sin, may surely be reckoned a brave man. But now we must leave the quiet comfort of our Home Room; for do you all forget that this is our little Beverley's birthday, and the school-children are to make merry in the hall; and what will they say if we do not soon show ourselves?"

She glanced at her watch, and then taking the little fellow by the hand, with a merry song upon her lips, she ran through the long passages and corridors forward to the great hall of the mansion, where the fire blazed upon the open hearth, and tables were spread, and lights gleamed, and dozens of the young invited guests awaited their coming anxiously, awed somewhat by the unwonted splendor around them.

Ancient suits of armor hung upon the wall, catching the firelight on their burnished steel, never to be worn henceforth, and, useless now, save as quaint ornaments for spacious rooms.

And soon, with the home-like clattering of cups and saucers, and the commonplace demolishing of cakes and fruit, the children's awe was exchanged for happy freedom and hearty enjoyment.

Mrs. Sylvester and her daughters, all in their element as the fashionable dignitaries and patronesses of this assembly of little ones, graciously moved here and there, the fetters of fashion still binding and limiting the freedom of their lives; and deigned complacently to notice a pretty child with approval.

But the Lord and Lady of the mansion, and the feast, and the children they loved to train in the exercise of charity of heart rather than of purse merely, mingled unrestrainedly among them all, and paused longest by the plainest and most poorly clad children on purpose to comfort them.

And the after glow of peace in their own hearts was sweeter than all earthly approval, for it was the reflex of that love which said, "Whosoever shall receive one of such children in my name receiveth me."

THE END.

SAUL PREACHING CHRIST.

S. S. Lesson for April 22, Acts 9 : 19–31. Golden Text, 1 Cor. 2 : 2. By Mrs. M. Baxter.

Saul's New Endowment—New Perceptions—The Effect of Personal Testimony—The Convert Persecuted—A Foiled Plot—His Preaching Becoming Famous—Strange Silence of Christians—The Bondage of Men—Inexplicable Fear of the Disciples—Barnabas Vouches for Saul—Rest after Persecution—Marks of Health and Prosperity.

After Saul of Tarsus had made an open confession of Christ by being baptized, he began to eat again, and "was strengthened." And there, in the very city which he had proposed to make the scene of murderous persecution of Christians, "straightway he preached Christ in the synagogues that He is the Son of God." When Ananias laid hands on him, he said, "that thou mightest receive thy sight, and be filled with the Holy Ghost." Saul filled with the Holy Ghost saw by the

NEW INSTINCTS

which the presence of the Holy Ghost created within him, that the whole of the Scriptures were lit up with Christ. The sacrifices and the ceremonies of the law all shone out to him with a new light, the types all spoke out to him of their great Antitype. Melchizedek was the type of Jesus (Heb. 6 : 20 ; 7 : 21) ; the tabernacle was "an example and shadow of heavenly things" (Heb. 8 : 5), and "a figure for the time then present" (Heb. 9 : 9) ; "the blood of bulls and goats," which could not take away sin was a figure of the blood of Christ, which can purge our conscience from dead works to serve the living God (Heb. 10 : 4 ; 9 : 14) ; the veil of the temple, rent at the death of Jesus, was a type of His flesh, His body broken for us (Heb. 10 : 20). No wonder that in this light Paul, versed as he was in the Scriptures, preached with a power which stirred Damascus.

Probably personal testimony was the first thing which moved the people, for "all that heard him were amazed, and said, Is not this he that destroyed them which called on His name in Jerusalem, and came hither for that intent, that he might bring them bound unto the chief priests?" But as he became more at ease in testifying for Jesus, and more conscious that God was bearing him up, "Saul increased the more in strength, and confounded the Jews which dwelt at Damascus, proving that this is very Christ."

How long Saul continued at Damascus seems uncertain ; it was probably some length of time, some months at least. It is not easy to ascertain with certainty whether his journey to Arabia was in the early part of his sojourn in Damascus, and whether the persecution of the Jews was on his return about three years after his conversion, when he went up to Jerusalem, or whether he remained a considerable part of those three years in Damascus, and on being persecuted, went at once into Arabia, and there, after another short sojourn in Damascus, went up to Jerusalem. In any case he was persecuted ; from the very first his preaching was owned of God in such a way that his hearers could not remain in the state in which they were.

"After that many days were fulfilled, the Jews took counsel to kill him ; but their laying await was known of Saul. And they watched the gates day and night to kill him. Then the disciples took him by night, and let him down by the wall, in a basket." One thing more we are told of this time, previous to his visit to Jerusalem, that the churches of Judea who did not know his face "had heard only that he which persecuted us in times past, now preacheth the faith which once he destroyed." Thus we know that from the first, whether in Damascus, in Arabia, or on his journeys, Paul preached Jesus, and men heard of him who had never known him, because his preaching was such as to make men talk, for it moved hearts and consciences; like his Lord

"HIS WORD WAS WITH POWER."

How can it be otherwise when a man is really converted to God? If in very deed he has passed from death unto life (John 5 : 24) from darkness to light, and from the power of Satan to God (Acts 26 : 18), if he knows his sins forgiven, and that he has an inheritance in heaven, if he tastes the sweetness of real communion with God, if he knows the power of God's deliverance in the time of trials and temptation, he must be more than base if he fails to recognize that it is due to the Saviour who died for him, and it is due to his unsaved fellow-creatures who are on their way to ruin, that he should bear witness of God's great salvation. When his spiritual instincts are not strong enough to impel him to this, he has little acquaintance with the constraining love of Christ, and the power of the Holy Ghost..

It is sadly strange that when men have come across a physician who has discovered some new remedy, and has succeeded under God in effecting the cure of many sick people, they are ready to tell forth to the world what has been done for them. When men have reaped some temporal benefit in the way of food, clothing, business, or even amusement, they are ready to recommend it to others ; and yet we find hundreds and thousands of professing Christians who have

NOT A WORD TO SAY FOR JESUS!

Why is this? They have not *really* yielded themselves up to Him, they are only half converted, Jesus is not all to them, they have never allowed Him to have full possession, the zeal of God's house does not consume them. Alas! we shall find, when the secrets of all hearts are made known, thousands upon thousands of those who have passed for Christians, and have looked upon themselves as such, who will not pass current with God ; and thousands of those who have been little known, and overlooked by the world, yet whose whole life as well as words have spoken Jesus, will be found at last His best and truest children.

Saul, having been once brought into a real relation to God, became immediately free from man, "When it pleased God, who . . . called me by His grace, to reveal His Son in me, that I might preach Him among the heathen ; immediately I conferred not with flesh and blood ; neither went I up to Jerusalem to them which were apostles before me ; but I went into Arabia, and returned again unto Damascus" (Gal. 1 : 15–17). Well might he write afterward, "Ye are bought with a price ; be ye not the servants of men" (1 Cor. 7 : 23). Now we do become the servants of men if we allow the influence of relations or acquaintances to hinder us from a whole-hearted surrender to God. We may think that they expect of us a certain style in our house, which may mean some hundreds a year spent upon it. We know it is a current idea that a man's position is maintained by the size of his house, and the cost of furniture, the keeping up of his garden, the number of his servants, the dress of his wife and children. Oh, if God has called us to forsake all for Him, let us break loose from

THIS BONDAGE TO MEN,

and simply follow Jesus. Saul did not so much as seek counsel from men filled with the Holy Ghost, God was with him, he had no will but to serve Him, he knew His voice, and it was enough.

When he did go to Jerusalem, he essayed to join himself to the disciples ; but they were all afraid of him (even Peter and John), and believed not that he was a disciple. How was this, that Peter who read the lie of Ananias by the power of the Spirit, and discovered the treachery of Simon the sorcerer, how was it that he could not recognize in Saul of Tarsus the same Holy Ghost which was in himself? we know not. "But Barnabas, the gentle, loving man (the son of consolation, Acts 4 : 36) took him and brought him to the apostles, and declared unto them how he had seen the Lord in the way, and that he had spoken to him, and how he had preached boldly at Damascus in the name of Jesus." This sufficed, and Saul was with them coming in and going out at Jerusalem. But there also the weight of his words was felt ; "he spake boldly in the name of the Lord Jesus, and disputed against the (Grecian) Jews, see Rev. Ver. : but they went about to slay him."

It is always so ; when the Word of God comes with power, the hearers are pushed to a decision ; they must do something, yield and be converted, or turn fully against the instrument whom God has used to show them when they were wrong. It never leaves men as it finds them. A powerless ministry comes of a divided heart. Paul says, "We are unto God a sweet savor of Christ in them that are saved and in them that perish ; to the one we are the savor of death unto death ; and to the other the savor of life unto life" (2 Cor. 2 : 16) ; but one or the other we surely are if we are living in the power of God. It stands to reason that if God speaks through us, something must happen ; if God is really with us, God in us will be seen and felt in us by our hearers ; and God's word shall not return unto Him void. It was the command of Jesus, "When they persecute you in this city, flee ye unto another" (Matt. 10 : 23), and accordingly when the Jerusalem brethren knew how the Grecian Jews had determined to slay Saul, "they brought him down to Cæsarea and sent him forth to Tarsus."

The Lord graciously so orders it that times of persecution are succeeded by times of rest. "Then had the churches rest throughout all Judea and Galilee and Samaria and were edified ; and walking in the fear of the Lord, and in the comfort of the Holy Ghost, were multiplied." Edified, comforted, multiplied ; *blessed marks of health and prosperity!* First edified or built up ; the Lord was teaching them, giving them a knowledge of Himself through the Scriptures interpreted by men of God full of the Spirit ; a knowledge which these first disciples must have put continually to the proof ; for knowledge without practice "puffeth up," and only love buildeth up or edifieth (1 Cor. 8 : 1). And then the sure marks of a prosperous church were present, they walked in the fear of God, God was first in everything, in business, in conversation, in home or in church life.

GOD TOOK THE FIRST PLACE,

and thus could impart to them the comfort of the Holy Ghost. And the peace and love and sweetness and joy of these disciples could not but tell upon those around them ; they were multiplied, their numbers continually added to. Perhaps some of those very Grecian Jews who were convinced against their will under the searching, powerful Bible teachings of Saul, were gathered in and won to Jesus, by the life and spirit of love in these His followers. This time of rest was but a breathing time before persecution revived ; like a calm, clear, lovely sunset coming in between two days of tempest. The Lord teach us to look for results of our ministry whether by fearless, uncompromising preaching like Saul's, or by a Christlike character such as that of the early church, and never to rest unless we are seeing souls saved and blessed.

FOREIGN TOPICS.

The General Restlessness and Uncertainty of Europe is the most prominent characteristic of the intelligence brought by cable last week. The New York *Herald* in summing up the condition of affairs remarks: "The signs of the times are those that were seen in 1848. The revolution, wholly unexpected, swept in that year over every nation in Europe. Emperors fled and thrones went down. Young Ireland and the Chartists rose in England. Cavaignac fought the Reds in the streets of Paris. Italy and Spain were convulsed; the avalanche rolled into peaceful Switzerland. If *the next popular movement* is at hand it is likely, as of old, to begin in France. There are all the dangerous symptoms in the Third Republic which preceded the overthrow of Louis Philippe." A similar survey by the *Sun* leads the editor to a similar conclusion. He says: "In a word, it is not a political war for the restoration of old national boundaries which is feared at the present juncture by the neighbors of France. It is rather a social revolution, aiming at the obliteration of all boundaries and the reconstruction of human society all over Europe on the principle of a common ownership of capital and land." While secular journalists looking from their standpoint at the signs of the times see reason to dread an outbreak of revolutionary lawlessness ending in anarchy, the student of the Word of God learns from the sure word of prophecy that the world is on the eve of just such a time of anarchy and bloodshed.

A Mine Connecting with the Kremlin where the coronation of the Czar is to take place, has been found. The Frankfort *Gazette* has a telegram from Moscow giving the startling announcement that a large mine has been discovered connecting with the Kremlin. The telegram also states that a request has been wired to St. Petersburg for one hundred sappers, to be sent at once to Moscow for the purpose of destroying the mine. Another telegram says: "Developments of the utmost importance are expected in connection with the forthcoming great trial of nihilists in this city. It was originally believed that this trial would be the last of its kind on the list. Recent arrests have, however, made other nihilist trials probable, and it is the present intention to arraign the newly discovered plotters either before the coronation of the Czar, which will occur in May or June, or directly after that event. The accused have, with three exceptions, already pleaded guilty of belonging to the party which, they assert, is in fact as well as in name, 'The Will of the People.'"

A Panic was Caused Throughout England on April 5th by the announcement that the police had discovered in Birmingham a dynamite factory in which were stored explosives in large quantities, and of a most deadly potency. It was stated that in the one factory there was sufficient dynamite to destroy the whole of London. The apparatus for preparing and mixing the explosive compounds was constructed on scientific principles, and with all the cunning craft which clearly showed its inventor to be not only a thorough scholar in chemistry and machinery, but also an adept in expedients for avoiding notoriety and preventing discovery. Among the noteworthy features of the place was a shrewdly devised method for carrying the fumes up the chimney and consuming the odors. The police assert that they have evidence that the Birmingham factory is only one of a series extending through all the great cities of the empire. The guards at the Houses of Parliament, the residences of the Cabinet, the Queen's palaces, and the public buildings were promptly doubled, as it was learned that men had been seen leaving the Birmingham depot for Windsor and London.

An Important Arrest, Which Probably Prevented the perpetration of a terrible crime, was made by the London police on April 5th. A man carrying a package which excited suspicion, was followed from Manchester to London, and was there arrested. In his lodgings 150 pounds of a highly explosive liquid were discovered. Two other arrests were made the same day in London, and in both cases the same explosive liquid was found in the lodgings the prisoners occupied. The prisoners have all been remanded to avoid the publication of the evidence the police have collected. Several more persons are being sought by the authorities, who believe that the captured men were only the instruments of more astute and dangerous men still at large. The connection of all the prisoners with the Irish in America has been traced.

The French Movement on the Congo, Like her unprovoked hostility to Madagascar has aroused public feeling in Great Britain. On April 3d Mr. Jacob Bright, the brother of Rt. Hon. John Bright, introduced a motion in the House of Commons, declaring that in the interest of the growing commerce of Great Britain in the southwest of Africa no treaty should be made by the government sanctioning the annexation by any European Power of territories on and adjacent to the Congo, or interfering with the commercial freedom hitherto enjoyed in that region by Great Britain. A debate ensued, and Mr. Bright withdrew his motion in favor of one which the House formally adopted, to the effect that no treaty should be made affecting the territory on the Congo that would not afford adequate securities to all agencies working there.

The Thanks of the German Reichstag to America for sympathy and aid to the sufferers in the floods have been enthusiastically expressed. On April 3d the President in his opening address stated that during the recess of the Chamber a large number of donations for the relief of the flood sufferers along the Rhine had been received. Most of them, he said, had come from America. The House adopted a resolution expressing, in the name of the nation, its most heartfelt thanks to those who had so generously responded to the appeals for assistance.

Arabi Pasha Appears to be Reconciled to his exile, and doubtless is grimly amused at the trouble England appears likely to undergo by her intervention in Egypt. He intends, it is said, to study English, and to have his children, even the girls, educated at the English school in Ceylon—the place of his exile. On his being warned that the Christian religion was taught at such institutions, he declared the entire willingness of himself and his colleagues that their daughters should be instructed in Christianity, which, he said, was in itself a good thing, and he expressed his conviction that as their children were well grounded in the Koran, it was impossible they could become Christians at heart. God was good, and they fully relied on the virtues and power of the Koran to keep them in the true faith, but "educated they must and should be."

Troubles in the Transvaal are Becoming more and more grave; and every report which comes from the country testifies to the deplorable condition of affairs. The whole country near the border is in a state of anarchy, and the natives are everywhere taking up arms against the Boers. The native chief, Mapoch, has inflicted a heavy defeat upon them, and upon the South-west Border, Montsoia and Moshette have entered into an alliance to drive back the invasion of Boers from the Transvaal, who they complain ravage their countries and drive off their cattle.

Messrs. Moody and Sankey Concluded Their two weeks' campaign at Manchester on March 15th, and to the very last the meetings were crowded, and there were "showers of blessing." At one of the Bible-readings, in the Free Trade Hall, the Bishop of Manchester and Mrs. Fraser occupied seats upon the platform. At Birmingham a service of thanksgiving for the result of the recent mission of Messrs. Moody and Sankey was held recently. Rev. R. W. Dale, who is well known here, presided. He said it was fitting at times that they should look around upon those who had been brought home to God and received the gift of immortal life through Jesus Christ. When the prodigal came home the house was filled with music and dancing, and there were times when the Christian Church should let itself go on strong currents of thanksgiving and of praise. It might be too early as yet to speak with confidence of the effect of the recent services upon the life of the Christian churches in the town, but looking back to those that were held eight years ago, he could bear testimony that long after the services were brought to a close, there were large numbers of Christian people whose faith was more vigorous, the fervor of whose devotion was more intense, whose hearts were touched with a new pity for the lost, and with a new eagerness to save them, and restore them to God. He confidently hoped they would see the same happy results following from the services on which they were now looking back. Messrs. Moody and Sankey commenced a mission at Leeds on March 16th.

The Need of Christian Work in Russia is earnestly presented by Dr. Baedeker, who having labored in that country is now pressing its claims on the Christian churches of Europe. At a large meeting in the rooms of the London Y. M. C. A. Dr. Baedeker, spoke of the growing power of the Germans in the towns of Russia, of the zeal shown by the German Baptists, of the wretched condition of the Jews in the villages allotted them, of the blessing he received among the people in the Baltic provinces, and said that everywhere there is a desire to get the Gospel. Dr. Baedeker also told how the friends of religious freedom are hindered and hampered by the chief of the Russian Church in St. Petersburg, and how much reason there is for prayer that God would sustain those tried disciples.

An Important Demonstration of Physicians and surgeons on the subject of total abstinence took place in London on March 9th, when several medical gentlemen spoke strongly in favor of the practice of total abstinence from intoxicating drinks. Dr. Norman Kerr, who presided, said the idea of moderate drinking being beneficial was a fallacy, as intoxicating liquor recruited neither bodily nor mental strength. There were present some members of a medical association consisting of 280 medical men, not one of whom was ashamed to own that he was out and out a teetotaller. (Cheers.) Chemistry taught that intoxicating liquors were simply a mixture of an irritant narcotic poison, and physiology showed that such drinks supplied no natural want of the body or brain, but were indulged in as a matter of habit or acquired taste. Pathology, which was the science of disease, further showed that intoxicating liquors had an irritating and narcotic action on the body and brain, deadening the higher intelligence of man. He was one of those who believed, however, that alcoholic liquor was sometimes useful, though not often, in the treatment of disease, but it was so dangerous a remedy that it should never be administered except with extreme caution under a careful physician. Dr. Alfred Carpenter, the eminent physiologist, whose works are widely read in this country, said that alcohol was not a necessary of life, but a dangerous poison.

An Illustrated Work on the Unfulfilled prophecies of the Bible, by the Rev. M. Baxter, entitled: "Forty Coming Wonders," may be had from the office of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, 63 Bible House, New York, by remitting one dollar. It is a book of 528 pages, is handsomely bound in cloth and contains fifty full-page pictures and diagrams representing the scenes described in the prophecies of Daniel and in the book of the Revelation. It also contains a resumé of the opinions of other expositors, and extracts carefully collated from the works of all the most eminent writers on prophecy, from the earliest ages of the Christian era down to those of recent date. It thus forms the most useful and complete guide the student can have in entering on the study of that portion of the Word of God. The book may also be obtained for one dollar from any bookseller, who can procure it from the American News Company.

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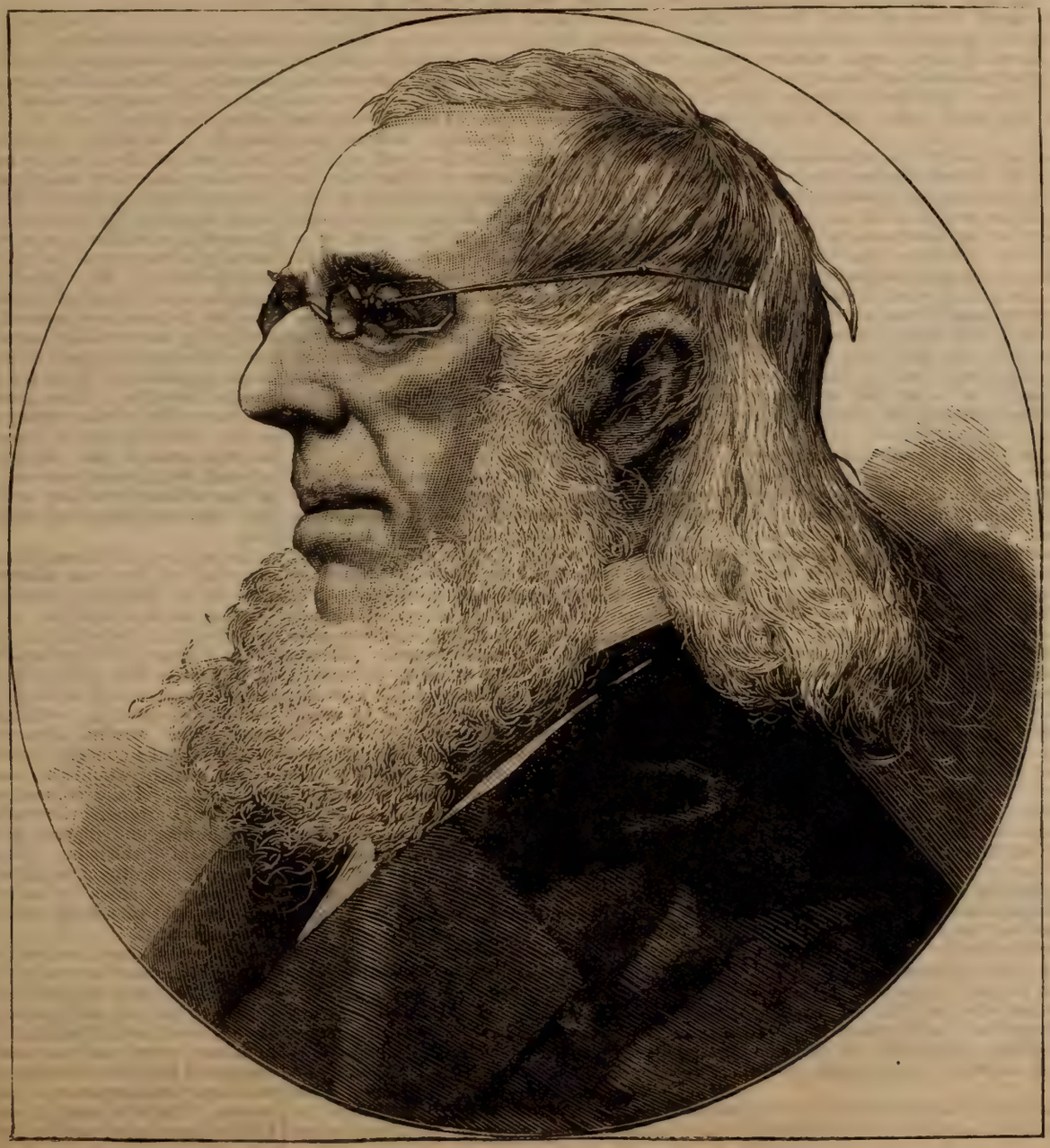

THE LATE PETER COOPER, THE EMINENT PHILANTHROPIST OF NEW YORK.

PETER COOPER.

An Honored Name—Birth in Troublous Times—Poverty of the Paternal Home—Working at Three Years of Age—Work as a Hatter, Brick Maker, Brewer—Losing Money in a Lottery—Apprentices Himself to a Coach Builder—First Patent—A Tempting Offer Rejected—The Wool Comber—Marriage—Rocking the Cradle by Machinery—Grocery in New York—The Famous Glue Enterprise—Cooper Union Founded—Cost of the Institution—His Habits and Charities—Last Days.

If any ask why the name of Peter Cooper occupies so prominent a place on the roll of American worthies, and why men of all creeds, all sections of the political world and all professions, agree in honoring a man who never emerged from the ranks of private citizens, the answer is plain and simple; he delighted in doing good to his fellow-men, and he consecrated his time, his energies, and his wealth to the cause of poor and struggling humanity. He knew the hard road the poor have to travel, he knew how the boy is weighted in the race of life who cannot obtain an education; he sympathized with such youths, having had better experience of their lot, and instead of hoarding his gains he distributed them lavishly that those who came after him might enjoy advantages denied to himself. All this he did heartily and ungrudgingly, and he proved the faithfulness of God to His promise: "He that hateth covetousness shall prolong his days" (Prov. 28: 16). Peter Cooper has gone to his grave in *his ninety-third year*, having in his early days sought wisdom, and in his latter days furnished an illustration of the truth that in "her right hand is length of days and in her left hand riches and honor" (Prov. 3: 16).

Two monuments will suffice to perpetuate his memory, whether his fellow-citizens erect another or not. The Institute he founded, firmly built and fire-proof, thorough in all its details, will stand to speak of his goodness to all who look upon it; and he will have that which he cared for more than scultpured memorial, a lasting monument in the loving, grateful affection of those who, through his benefaction, are helped in their struggle through this hard, pitiless world. Those two memorials will make the name of Peter Cooper an honored one long after titled names and the names of kings and emperors have passed into the lumber room of history.

BIRTH AND EARLY LIFE.

Early in 1791, there was living on the spot now covered by Water Street, New York, a poor hatter who, in spite of abundant energy and enterprise, somehow failed in every pursuit he entered. His wife was the daughter of John Campbell, a Scotchman, who kept a pot-bakery on the place where St. Paul's Church now stands. She had been educated among the Moravians in Pennsylvania, where her moral nature was developed and strengthened. She has been described as a person in whom there was a rare blending of sweetness and fire, of force and tenderness. Mr. Campbell was an enthusiastic adherent of Washington, and fought in the revolutionary army, attaining the rank of deputy quartermaster-general. He narrowly escaped capture when the British occupied the city. He married his daughter to his comrade in arms, Lieutenant Cooper, who at the close of the war commenced the trade of hat-making and selling near the East River.

Four children had already blessed this union in 1791, when on February 12th, a fifth was born. Those were hard times, and at home and abroad there was trouble and trial for the poor, and anxiety and apprehension for the rich and great. Washington had just commenced his second term as President of the United States, George III. and his famous minister, Pitt, were ruling England, and France was undergoing the premonitory throes of that revolution, the mention of which still sends a thrill of horror through the world.

The hatter was poor; it was with difficulty his young family could be supplied with the necessaries of life. He was a Methodist, and seems to have been of an imaginative temperament, for dwelling on the circumstance of his boy's birth, he seemed to see an angelic vision and to hear a voice bidding him name the new-born infant, Peter, after the great apostle. He obeyed, believing that "the boy would come to something," and Peter Cooper was duly designated among the citizens of New York. There were only 27,000 inhabitants of the city at that time, and it had not been long since there was a stockade standing, which had been built to keep out the Indians.

There could be no idle hands in the Cooper household, and Peter was therefore early taught

THE FIRST OF THE SIX TRADES

he learned and never forgot. After he had reached his third year his father removed to Duane Street and Broadway, with his little hat store, and as soon as the son was old enough to do any work he was employed in the business with the other children. His first work was pulling hair and cutting fur. The advantages of school were denied him. In all his life he only went every other day for a single year. But the father became dissatisfied with his business. He was fond of a country life, and finally sold out to his eldest son, and removed to Peekskill, where he opened a country store. Later than this he began *the brewing of ale*. The son's share in the business was to deliver the kegs to customers. This venture was not a success either, and Mr. Cooper then tried the combination of making bricks and hats at Catskill, where the boy worked hard in the brick-yard, learning the trade as he had that of hat-making, thus becoming acquainted with two trades before he was well in his teens. The hat store was afterward removed to Brooklyn; and not long after this the family went to Newburg, and the father opened another brewery. Here the son remained until he was seventeen years of age. He had accumulated ten dollars of his own money, and one day coming to New York *he invested it in a lottery* and lost it all. Late in life he often alluded to this experience as being an excellent lesson, worth more to him than it cost.

Peter had an object in coming to New York. He was seventeen years old, and was anxious to make some progress independently of his father. He applied for work, going almost everywhere in search of a position, but having great difficulty in finding one. At last, after days of effort, he found

A CARRIAGE SHOP

owned by Burtis & Woodward, and situated at Chambers Street and Broadway, where the building formerly used as a wholesale store by A. T. Stewart & Co., now stands. Burtis & Woodward were willing to accept his services if he would remain until he should be of age for twenty-five dollars a year and his board. The offer was accepted at once. Peter set himself to work with characteristic energy, and was soon master of every detail of the business. All day he worked in the shop, and at night he worked at the carving of the carriage panels and any other employment of a like character by which he could earn a few extra dollars.

Here, too, the inventive genius which characterized him through life was first displayed. He invented an apparatus for making hubs, by which his employers profited considerably. So highly did the firm esteem their apprentice, that when his term expired, and he was determined on leaving their employ, they offered to set him up in business and furnish him with capital, to be repaid at his convenience. But Peter Cooper had a wholesome

HORROR OF DEBT,

and declined the tempting offer. Seventy years afterward, speaking of this circumstance, Mr. Cooper said: "When I was twenty-one years old my employer offered to build me a shop and set me up in business, but as I always had a horror of being burdened with debt, and having no capital of my own, I declined his kind offer. He himself became a bankrupt. *I have made it a rule to pay everything as I go.* If, in the course of business, anything is due from me to any one, and the money is not called for, I make it my business on the last Saturday before Christmas to take it to his business place."

The result of Mr. Cooper's decision justified his sagacity, for when the war with Great Britain broke out the demand for carriages ceased, and the venture would have been disastrous. Still anxious to learn, the young man went to Hempstead, Long Island, where he worked for two years in *a woollen factory* at a $1.50 per day. There he made his second invention. It was a machine for shearing nap from cloth, and was on the same principle as that subsequently adopted in the lawn mower. It was patented and had a rapid sale at the time of the war, when woollen cloths were in great demand. When Mr. Cooper, elated at his prosperity, had accumulated $500, he went one day to Newburg and found his parents in affliction from inability to pay their debts. He was deeply distressed by the spectacle, and thinking nothing of the advantages of having a little capital of his own, he put his hand in his pocket where lay his $500, and

GAVE IT ALL AWAY.

He then became surety for the debts which were not yet matured, and continued the manufacture of his machines, so that he was able to save his father from bankruptcy. He still remained at Hempstead. There, the following year, he met his future wife, Miss Sarah Bedel. Their

MARRIAGE

took place in December, 1813, when Mr. Cooper was twenty-two years old and Miss Bedel a year younger. He is said to have given as one of his reasons for marrying young the belief that more money could be saved by a husband and wife than by a bachelor. Although the belief was doubtless justified, the saving of money was a most inconsiderable benefit compared to others derived from the union. Perfect sympathy existed between the husband and wife. Mrs. Cooper is described as a woman of superior moral qualities, great helpfulness and discriminating charity. Mr. Cooper ascribed to her his happiness and most of his success in life. Before his fortune was assured, and while he was struggling to establish himself, her steady faith and advice were of great assistance to him. Her name appears with his in the deed of trust of the Cooper Institute. Their married life lasted fifty-six years, Mrs. Cooper dying on the anniversary of her wedding day, in December, 1869, in the seventy-seventh year of her age. Her death affected Mr. Cooper seriously. He never spoke of her without emotion, and referred to her as the "day-star, the solace and inspiration" of his life.

An incident of his early married life, as characteristic of the man, deserves mention. It is that of an invention contrived soon after the birth of his first child for

ROCKING THE CRADLE BY MACHINERY.

Mr. Cooper often spoke of this contrivance in later years. He said: "In early life, when I was first married, I found it necessary to rock the cradle while my wife prepared our frugal meal. This was not always convenient in my busy life, and I conceived the idea of making a cradle which would be made to rock by a mechanism. I did so, and enlarging upon my first idea, I arranged the mechanism for keeping off the flies and playing a music-box for the amusement of the baby. The cradle was bought of me afterward by a delighted pedler, who gave me his whole stock in trade for the exchange and the right of selling the patent in the State of Connecticut."

He was, however, irresistibly attracted to New York as the place best adapted to his need, and selling his house and lot at Hempstead he returned to the city and opened a grocery store at the Bowery and Rivington Street. He only remained there one year, and then bought the unexpired lease for nineteen years of the ground and frame buildings, where the Bible House now stands. There he made a conspicuous success. His business grew, and he would doubtless have

made a fortune by it, had not the suggestion of a friend led him to commence

THE FAMOUS GLUE

manufacture. One day John Vreeland, a man then well known throughout the city as a hardware merchant at Broadway and Ann Street, of whom Mr. Cooper had purchased tools while in the carriage factory as an apprentice and afterward while making furniture on Long Island, accosted him while he was standing in the doorway of his store, and said: "By the way, Mr. Cooper, I know a good chance for you. I heard this morning that the glue factory on the Middle Road is for sale. It's a good thing, but has been badly managed, and of course don't pay." This factory was a large structure and provided with means for doing an extensive business. Mr. Cooper listened to the suggestions of his friend, and said he would think of them. The next day found him at the factory in conversation with the owner; terms of sale were discussed, and in less than an hour the factory was purchased by Mr. Cooper for cash, with a lease of the ground for twenty years.

The glue business was subsequently removed to Maspeth Avenue, Brooklyn, where a large factory was built. Thus in nine years Peter Cooper changed his business no less than six times. In doing so he cannot be charged with fickleness, for each change was one so evidently for the better that, as events proved, he would have been unwise to neglect the opportunity. In fact, the promptitude with which he seized the chance of improving his condition, and the facility with which he adapted himself to the new order of circumstances were striking proofs of his business capacity. After this change Peter Cooper remained steadfast. He engaged in other enterprises, but he continued the glue business to the end of his business career.

After the new factory had been in operation a year, it was *destroyed by fire in a night*. There was no insurance, and the loss was $40,000. To most men such a calamity would have been crushing, but to Mr. Cooper it only came as a call for energy and action. To the foreman who brought him the first news of the event Mr. Cooper said: "Go over at once, hire carts and set men to work carting away the rubbish. I will be over shortly with lumber for another building." In the new building, which was three times as large as the factory it replaced, the business has been carried on to the present day by Mr. Cooper's representatives.

Mr. Cooper soon became a wealthy man. In ten years from the commencement of the glue business the accumulated profits of his labors made a fortune, that in those days was considered enormous.

Mr. Cooper was now able to indulge

HIS LONG-CHERISHED DESIRE

of founding an educational institution for the free instruction of young men and women. So bitterly did he feel his own youthful deprivation that he resolved at the outset of his career that if ever he became rich he would do something for others situated as he had been. That resolve led to the founding of Cooper Union.

In the course of a speech made by him at a reception of the Arcadian Club, Mr. Cooper thus described

THE ORIGIN OF COOPER UNION.

He said: "It happened so long ago—my election to the Common Council—that I really cannot tell what year it was—but I remember meeting a gentleman of the Board then who had just returned from France, and he was telling me what great advantage he derived from attending the Polytechnic Institute of Paris, an institution supported by the government. What interested me most deeply was his remark that he found hundreds of young men attending that institution living on a bare crust of bread a day to get the benefit of the lectures, and that representation brought home to me so forcibly *my own wants when I was an apprentice* and had no opportunities to get what I most wanted, that I determined then, if I should ever be able to get the means, I would try to supply the want for my native city; and the institution you have so kindly alluded to is the result of my labor in that direction."

In considering the question of a site for the building he proposed to erect, his mind reverted to the place where he had once kept a grocery store. It was central, and in the very neighborhood in which the class he desired to benefit might be found. Just below Eighth Street, where the Bowery divides into Third and Fourth Avenues, a plot of ground was secured, and in 1857 the foundation-stone was laid. Within the cavity in the stone a scroll was buried, on which Mr. Cooper thus explained the object he had in view: "The great object that I desire to accomplish by the erection of this Institution is to open the avenues of scientific knowledge to the youth of our city and country, and so unfold the volume of nature that the young may see the beauties of creation, enjoy its blessings, and learn to love the Author from whom cometh every good and perfect gift."

The erection of

THE BUILDING

occupied five years. It is composed of iron and brown stone and is fireproof. It is of massive Roman architecture, and its shape, as required by the direction of the streets which bound its four sides, is an irregular quadrangle. Its four sides measure respectively 90, 146, 165, and 195 feet. Its estimated cost was $350,000, but when it was completed it had cost exclusive of the site $630,000. To this amount Mr. Cooper added sums for special purposes, such as the formation of a museum, and finally gave $150,000 more as an endowment to maintain a free library and reading-room. The whole being handed over to trustees of which Mr. Cooper was President. In February, 1881, on his ninetieth birthday, he presented to the trustees receipts for $70,000, the cost of adding another story to the building, and a check for $30,000, the interest on which was to be used for defraying the increased expenses of the institution. On the same occasion he added $10,000 to the Golden Wedding Fund of $10,000, which he established on the occasion of his golden wedding, and the interest on which is given to institutions for aiding poor children. The yearly cost of the institution, about $50,000, is defrayed mostly from rents of stores and offices in the building, but sometimes when the expenses have been greater than the income, Mr. Cooper has paid the difference. The total expenditures since the institution was established, including its first cost, are $2,179,192.

Mr. Cooper devoted his principal attention to the management of the Institution, and personally superintended each department. The library contains nearly 20,000 volumes, and last year nearly *seven hundred thousand persons* availed themselves of its advantages. Of the other departments the following summary is published in the New York *Tribune:*

"There are seven

DEPARTMENTS OF INSTRUCTION.

The first and most largely attended is the evening school of art and science. The course of instruction is divided into two departments. In the first are taught algebra; plane, solid, descriptive and analytic geometry; plane and spherical trigonometry; theoretical and practical mechanics; natural philosophy; elementary, organic and analytic chemistry. In the Art Department are taught drawing in all its branches—architectural, mechanical, free-hand drawing, and drawing from cast and life; painting; modelling in clay. In these two departments there are employed twenty instructors for six nights of the week. During the term 2839 applicants were admitted to the classes."

In 1876 Mr. Cooper was induced by the Greenback party or the National Independent party, as it was called, to become its candidate for the Presidency. He had been prominent in his opposition to the redemption of specie payments, and had urged strongly by voice and pen the financial doctrines of the Greenback party. He was to the last firmly convinced that those doctrines were the best fitted to promote the interests of the poor. He knew that he could not be elected, and was reluctant to accept the nomination. Ultimately he yielded to the wishes of his friends. He received 81,737 votes in a total of 8,411,136, and he always claimed that he would have received a larger number but for the treachery of one of his professed supporters.

HABITS OF LATER LIFE.

In spite of his great age Mr. Cooper was accustomed to visit Cooper Union every day. He was an early riser, and having breakfasted and read the morning papers, it was his habit to enter his carriage at ten o'clock and drive to his beloved Institution. After an inspection and consultation, he would attend to other business in the city, returning home about five o'clock. A writer in the New York *World* in this connection mentions a characteristic of Mr. Cooper, which shows how the delight in giving was a luxury to him.

"Mr. Cooper's visits to his office in Burling Slip of late years were somewhat irregular. The burdens of the details of the business have long been borne on other shoulders than his, although when the time came for consultation and the determination of some question of moment, his counsel was never dispensed with. But, no matter at what time he visited his office, whether in the morning or the afternoon, whether every day in the week, or only at intervals of several days, he was sure to be greeted on his departure by *a swarm of beggars*. It was a mystery how they knew he was coming. It seemed as though they had a man always on guard to spread the news far and near, for he no sooner entered the office than the mendicants began to collect. Not a few were tramps, who, even reeking with alcohol, held out their hands for gifts. They swarmed to the front of the store and even invaded the premises. It was no use telling Mr. Cooper that they were idle and drunken. He would not relinquish his habit of giving something to every man every time. He did it in spite of his partners, and *said it gave him pleasure.*"

DEATH

came to him suddenly after all. He had celebrated his ninety-second birthday, and though at that time he was suffering from a cold, no serious results were apprehended. It was not until Monday, April 2d, that he was confined to his room, and even then he was able to dress and converse with visitors. The following day, however, pneumonia was detected by his physicians, and it was noticed with alarm that the strength which had hitherto sustained him was failing. The writer before quoted thus describes the final scene: "He sank slowly but steadily. It was recognized by those about the dying man that the end was approaching. He himself felt it, and surrendered himself to the will of Providence with Christian resignation. The family gathered about the aged man's bed and were at his side when he breathed his last. Mr. and Mrs. Edward Cooper, Mr. and Mrs. Hewitt and their six children were there. The dying man was conscious of their presence. He spoke of his wishes and of the Institute to which he had given so much thought. Then he beckoned his daughter, Mrs. Hewitt, to his side, and in a voice hardly audible bade her his last farewell. Next he addressed himself to his son and again to the children. They could hardly hear him, and the tears of all were falling fast. Dr. Hull, standing beside the bedside, noticed the breathing of his patient becoming slower. Then it ceased. The measure of a good man's life work was filled—Peter Cooper was dead. He had passed away peacefully and, as he had lived, thoughtful of the welfare of his fellow-men to the last."

His decease cannot be better described than in his own words spoken some years previous to his death. "My experience of life," said he, "has not dimmed my hopes for humanity. My sun is not setting in clouds and darkness, but is going down cheerfully in a clear firmament, lighted up by the glory of God, who should always be venerated and loved as the infinite source and fountain of all light, life, power, wisdom and goodness."

HELPFULNESS.

Dr. Talmage's Sermon, Preached Last Sunday Morning, April 15, 1883.

"Bear ye one another's burdens, and so fulfil the law of Christ."—Gal. 6 : 2.

The Theory of Selfishness—Opposed by the Gospel Theory—Everybody has Burdens—Daniel Webster and his Daughter—The Gospel Machinery—The Merchant's Burdens—Supercilious Criticism—Futile Trouble—Bad Debts—Editorial Burdens—Under the Wheels of Brain Manufacture—The Artisan's Burdens—Agricultural Burdens—Personal Recollections—Physicians' Burdens—Every Man his own Undertaker—An Aged Surgeon's Sensibility—The Burdens of the Bar—Teachers' Troubles—Burdens of the Invalid—Of Those Starting in Life—The Captive Birds Liberated—Gov. Stephens' Last Signature—Help the Burden-Bearers—A Plot Foiled by Sir Matthew Hale—The Divine Burden-Bearer.

Every man for himself! If there be room for only one more passenger in the lifeboat, get in yourself. If there be a burden to lift, you supervise while others shoulder it. You be the digit while others are the ciphers on the right hand side—nothing in themselves but augmenting you. In opposition to that theory of selfishness Paul advances in my text the Gospel theory: "Bear ye one another's burdens, and so fulfil the law of Christ."

THE UNIVERSAL BURDEN.

Everybody has burdens. Sometimes they come down upon the shoulders, sometimes they come down upon the head, sometimes they come down upon the heart. Looking over this assembly, you all seem well and bright and easy; but each one has a burden to lift, and some of you have more than you can lift. Paul proposes to split up these burdens into fragments. You take part of mine and I must take part of yours, and each one will take part of the other's, and so we will fulfil the law of Christ.

Mrs. Appleton, of Boston, the daughter of Daniel Webster, was dying after long illness. The great lawyer after pleading an important case in the court-room, on his way home stopped at the house of his daughter and went into her sick-room. She said to him, "Father, why are you out to-day in this cold weather without an overcoat?" The great lawyer went into the next-room and was in a flood of tears, saying, "Dying herself, yet thinking only of me." Oh, how much more beautiful is care for others than this everlasting taking care of ourselves. High up in the wall of the Temple of Balbec there are three stones, each weighing eleven hundred tons. They were lifted up by a style of machinery that is now among the lost arts. But in my text is *the Gospel machinery*, by which the vaster and the heavier tonnage of the world's burden is to be lifted from the crushed heart of the human race.

THE SPIRIT OF HELPFULNESS.

What you and I most need to learn is the spirit of helpfulness. *Encourage the merchant.* If he have a superior style of goods, tell him so. If he have with his clerks adorned the show windows and the shelves, compliment his taste. If he have a good business locality, if he have had great success, if he have brilliant prospects for the future, recognize all this. Be not afraid that he will become arrogant and puffed up by your approval.

MERCANTILE BURDENS.

Before night some shop-going person will come in and tell him that his prices are exorbitant and that his goods are of an inferior quality, and that his show-window gave promise of far better things than he found inside. Before the night of the day in which you say encouraging words to that merchant there will be some crank, male or female, who will come into the store and depreciate everything, and haul down enough goods from the shelves to fit out a family for a whole winter without buying a cent's worth.

If the merchant be a grocer there will be some one before night who will come into his establishment, and taste of this and taste of that and taste of something else, in that way stealing all the profits of anything that he may purchase—buying three apples while he is eating one orange! Before the night of the day when you approve that merchant, he will have a bad debt which he will have to erase, a bad debt made by some one who has moved away from the neighborhood without giving any hint of the place of destination. Before the night of the day when you have uttered encouraging words to the merchant, there will be some woman who will return to his store and say she has lost her purse, she left it there in the store, she brought it there, she did not take it away, she knows it is there, leaving you to make the delicate and complimentary inference that you prefer to make. Before night that merchant will hear that some style of goods of which he has a large supply is going out of fashion, and there will be some one who will come into the store and pay a bill under protest, saying he has paid it before, but the receipt has been lost. Now, encourage that merchant, not fearing that he will become arrogant or puffed up, for there will be before night enough unpleasant things said to keep him from becoming apoplectic with plethora of praise.

EDITORIAL BURDENS.

Encourage newspaper men. If you knew how many annoyances they have, if you understood that their most elaborate article is sometimes flung out because there is such great pressure on the columns, and that an accurate report of a speech is expected although the utterance be so indistinct the discourse is one long stenographic guess, and that the midnight which finds you asleep demands that they be awake, and that they are sometimes ground between the wheels of our *great brain manufactories;* sickened at the often approach of men who want complimentary newspaper notices, or who want newspaper retraction; one day sent to report a burial, the next day to report a pugilistic encounter; shifted from place to place by sudden revolution which is liable to take place any day in our great journalistic establishments; precarious life, becoming more and more precarious—if you understood it, you would be more sympathetic. Be affable when you have not an axe to be sharpened on their grindstone. Discuss in your mind what the nineteenth century would be without the newspaper, and give encouraging words to all who are engaged in this interest, from the chief of editorial department down to the boy that throws the morning or evening newspaper into your basement window.

THE ARTISAN'S BURDENS.

Encourage mechanics. They will plumb the pipes, or they will kalsomine the ceilings, or they will put down the carpets, or they will grain the doors, or they will fashion the wardrobe. Be not among those who never say anything to a mechanic except to find fault. If he has done a job well tell him it is splendidly done. The book is well bound, the door is well grained, the chandelier is well swung, the work is grandly accomplished.

Be not you among those employers who never say anything to their employés except to swear at them. Do not be afraid you will make that mechanic so puffed up and arrogant he will never again want to be seen with working apron or in shirt sleeves, for before the night comes of that day when you praise him there will be a lawsuit brought against him because he did not finish his work as soon as he promised it, forgetful of the fact that his wife has been sick and two of his children have died of scarlet fever and he has had a felon on a finger of the right hand. Denounced perhaps because the paint is so very faint in color, not recognizing the fact that the mechanic himself has been cheated out of the right ingredients and that he did not find out the trouble in time; or scolded at because he seems to have lamed a horse by unskilful shoeing, when the horse has for months become spavined, or ringbone, or springhalt. You feel you have the right to find fault with a mechanic when he does ill. Do you ever praise a mechanic when he does well?

FARMERS' BURDENS.

Encourage the farmers. They come into your stores, you meet them in the city markets, you often associate with them in the summer months. Office-seekers go through the land and they stand on political platforms, and they tell the farmers the story about the independent life of a farmer, giving flattery where they ought to give sympathy. Independent of what? *I was brought up on a farm,* I worked on a farm, I know all about it. I hardly saw a city until I was grown, and I tell you that there are no class of people in this country who have it harder and who more need your sympathy than farmers.

Independent of what? Of the curculio that stings the peach trees? of the rust in the wheat? of the long rain with the rye down? Independent of the grasshopper? of the locust? of the army worm? of the potato bug? Independent of the drought that burns up the harvest? Independent of the cow with the hollow horn? or the sheep with the foot rot? or the pet horse with a nail in his hoof? Independent of the cold that freezes out the winter grain? Independent of the snowbank out of which he must shovel himself? Independent of the cold weather when he stands threshing his numbed fingers around his body to keep them from being frosted? Independent of the frozen ears and the frozen feet? Independent of what? Fancy farmers who have made their fortunes in the city and go out in the country to build houses with all the modern improvements, and make farming a luxury, may not need any solace; but the yeomanry who get their living out of the soil, and who that way have to clothe their families and educate their children, and pay their taxes and meet the interest on mortgaged farms—such men find a terrific struggle.

I demand that office seekers and politicians fold up their gaseous and imbecile speeches about the independent life of a farmer, and substitute some word of comfort drawn from the fact that they are free from city conventionalities and city epidemics and city temptations. My most vivid remembrance of boyhood is of my father coming in on a very hot day from the harvest field and seating himself on the door-sill because he was too faint to get into the house, the perspiration streaming from forehead and from chin, and my mother trying to resuscitate him with a cup of cold water which he was too faint to hold to his own lips, while saying to us: "Don't be frightened; there's nothing the matter; a little tired that's all, a little tired." Ever since that day when I hear people talking about the independent life of a farmer I see through the sham. Farmers want not your flatteries but your sympathies.

PHYSICIANS' BURDENS.

Encourage the doctors. You praise the doctor when he brings you up from an awful crisis of disease, but do you praise the doctor when through skilful treatment of the incipient stages of disease, he keeps you from sinking down to the awful crisis? There is a great deal of cheap and heartless wit about doctors, but I notice that the people who get off that wit are the first to send for a doctor when there is anything the matter. There are those who undertake to say in our day that doctors are reall/ useless. One man has written a book entitled, "Every Man His Own Doctor." That author ought to write one more book entitled "*Every Man His Own Undertaker.*"

"Oh," says some one, "physicians in constant presence of pain get hard-hearted!" Do they? The most celebrated surgeon of the last generation stood in a clinical department of one of the New York medical colleges, the students gathered in the amphitheatre to see a very painful operation on a little child. The old surgeon said: "Gentlemen, excuse me if I retire; these surgeons can do this as well as I can, and as I get older it gives me more and more distress to see pain."

Physicians have so many hardships, so many interruptions, so many annoyances, I am glad they have so many encouragements. All doors

pen to them. They are welcome to mansion nd to cot. Little children shout when they see hem coming down the road, and the aged recog-izing the step, look up and say, "Doctor, is hat you?" They stand between our families nd the grave, fighting back the troops of dis-rder that come up from their encampment by he cold river. No one hears such thanks as the loctor hears. They are eyes to the blind, they re feet to the lame, their path is strewn with he benedictions of those whom they have be-riended.

One day there was *a dreadful foreboding* in ur house. All hope was gone. The doctor ame four times that day. The children put way their toys and all walked on tip-toe, and at he least sound said: "Hush!" How loudly he clock did tick, and how the banister creaked hough we tried to keep it so still. That night he doctor stayed all night. He concentred all is skill upon the sufferer. At last the restless-ess of the sufferer subsided into a calm, sweet lumber, and the doctor looked up and smiled nd said: "The crisis is past." When propped p with pillows, in the easy chair, she sat, and he south wind tried to blow a rose-leaf into the aded cheek, and the children brought flowers—he one, a red clover top; the other, a violet rom the lawn—to the lap of the convalescent, nd Bertha stood on a high chair with a brush moothing her mother's hair, and we were told n a day or two she might ride out, joy came ack to our house. And as we helped the old ountry doctor into his gig, we noticed not hat the step was broken, or the horse stiff in he knees, and we all realized for the first time n our life what doctors were worth. Encourage hem.

LEGAL BURDENS.

Encourage the lawyers. They are often cheat-d out of their fees, and so often have to breathe he villainous air of courtrooms, and they so ften have to bear ponderous responsibility, and hey have to maintain against the sharks in their rofession the dignity of that calling which as honored by the fact that the only man llowed to stand on Mount Sinai beside the ord was Moses, the lawyer, and that the Bible peaks of Christ as the advocate. Encourage awyers in their profession of transcendent im-ortance—a profession honored by having on he bench a Chief Justice Story and at the bar a Rufus Choate.

BURDENS OF THE TEACHERS.

Encourage the teachers in our public schools—ccupation arduous and poorly compensated. n all the cities when there comes a fit of econ-my on the part of officials, the first thing to do always to cut down teachers' salaries. To ake forty or fifty boys whose parents suppose hem precocious and keep the parents from find-ng out their mistake; to take an empty head nd fill it; to meet the expectation of parents ho think their children at fifteen years of age ught to be mathematicians and metaphysicians nd rhetoricians; to work successfully that great uffing machine, the modern school system, is a ery arduous work. Encourage them by the sefulness and the everlastingness and the mag-itude of their occupation, and when your chil-ren do well, compliment the instructor, praise he teacher, thank the educator.

BURDENS OF THE SICK CHAMBER.

Encourage all invalids by telling them how any you have known with the same ailments ho got well, and not by telling them of their unken eye, or asking them whether the color f their cheek is really hectic, or mentioning ases in which that style of disease ended fatally, r telling them how badly they look. Cheerful ords are more soothing than chloral, more imulating than cognac, more tonic than bitters. lany an invalid has recovered through the in-uence of cheerful surroundings.

BURDENS OF YOUTH.

Encourage all starting in life by yourself be-oming reminiscent. Established merchants by elling these young merchants when you got our first customer, and how you sat behind the counter eating your luncheon with one eye on the door. Established lawyers, encourage young lawyers by telling of the time when you broke down in your first speech. Established ministers of the Gospel, encourage young ministers by merciful examination of theological candidates, not walking around with a profundity and overwhelmingness of manner as though you were one of the eternal decrees. Doctors established, by telling young doctors how you yourself once mistook the measles for scarlatina. And if you have nothing to say that is encouraging, O man! put your teeth tightly together and cover them with the curtain of your lip; compress your lips and put your hand over your mouth and keep still.

A gentleman was passing along, crossing a bridge in Germany, and a lad came along with a cage of birds for sale. The stranger said, "How much for those birds and the cage?" The price was announced, the purchase was made, and the first thing the stranger did was to open the door of the cage and the birds flew out into the sunlight and the forest. Some one who saw the purchase and the liberation said: "What did you do that for?" "Ah!" said the stranger, "*I was a captive myself once*, and I know how good it is to be free." Oh, ye who remember hardships in early life but have come beyond those hardships, sympathize with those who are in the struggle! Free yourself, help others to get free. Governor Alexander Stephens dying a few weeks ago persisted in having business matters brought to his bedside. There was on the table a petition for the pardon of a distinguished criminal, the petition signed by distinguished men. There was also on that table a letter from a poor woman in the penitentiary, written and signed by herself alone.

THE GOVERNOR'S LAST PARDON.

Dying Alexander Stephens said, "You think that because I have been ill so many times and got well, I shall get well now, but you are mistaken; I will not recover. Where is that letter by that woman in the penitentiary? I think she has suffered enough. As near as I can tell she has no friends. Bring me that paper that *I may sign her pardon.*" A gentleman standing by thinking this too great a responsibility for the sick man, said: "Governor, you are very sick now; perhaps you had better wait till to-morrow; you may feel stronger and you may feel better." Then the eye of the old governor flashed, and he said: "I know what I am about." Putting his signature to that pardon he wrote the last word he ever wrote, for then the pen fell from his pale and rheumatic and dying hand forever. Oh, my soul, how beautiful that the closing hours of life should be spent in helping one who had no helper!

HELP FOR BURDEN-BEARERS.

Encourage the troubled by thoughts of release and reassociation. Encourage the aged by thoughts of eternal juvenescence. Encourage the herdsman amid the troughs of sin to go back to the banquet at the father's homestead. Give us tunes in the major key instead of the minor. Give us "Coronation" instead of "Naomi." You have seen cars so arranged that one car going down the hill rolled another car up the hill. They nearly balanced each other. And every man that finds life up hill ought to be helped by those who have passed the heights and are descending to the vale. Oh, let us bear each other's burdens!

A PLOT FOILED.

A gentleman in England died leaving his fortune by will to two sons. The son that stayed at home destroyed the father's will and pretended that the brother who was absent was dead and buried. The absent brother after a while returned and claimed his part of the property. Judges and jurors were to be bribed to say that the returned brother and son was no son at all but only an impostor. The trial came on. Sir Matthew Hale, the pride of the English court room and for twenty years the pride of jurisprudence, heard that that injustice was about to be practised. He put off his official robe. He put on the garb of a miller. He went to the village where that trial was to take place. He entered the court room. He somehow got empanelled as one of the jurors. *The bribes came around*, and the man gave ten pieces of gold to the other jurors, but as this was only a poor miller the briber gave to him only five pieces of gold. A verdict was brought in rejecting the rights of this returned brother. He was to have no share in the inheritance. "Hold! my lord," said the miller. "Hold! we are not all agreed on this verdict. These other men have received ten pieces of gold in bribery and I have received only five." "Who are you? Where do you come from?" said the judge on the bench. The response was: "I am from Westminster Hall; my name is Matthew Hale, Lord Chief Justice of the king's bench. Off of that place, thou villain!" And so the injustice was balked, and so the young man got his inheritance.

It was all for another that Sir Matthew Hale took off his robe and put on the garb of a miller. And so Christ took off His robe of royalty and put on the attire of our humanity, and in that disguise He won our eternal portion. Now are we the sons of God. Joint heirs! We went off from home sure enough, but we got back in time to receive our eternal inheritance. And if Christ bore our burden, surely we can afford to bear each other's burdens. Let us pray.

The Story of Thirty Years of Vagrancy was related a few days ago by a son who unexpectedly found his father by going to Dayton, Ohio. Thirty years ago Cornelius V. Cain, then a mere boy, ran off to sea on a French merchantman. The ship was taken by pirates, and every one on board except young Cain walked the plank, he being spared by an old Spaniard on account of his youth. For eight years Cain lived as a cattleherder, when his roving disposition again asserted itself, and five years of seafaring followed. He was wrecked off the Bermudas, picked up by an English man-of-war and taken to Liverpool. Several years were spent in travel through the Grecian Isles and into Asia with English merchants. Then followed a trip to the South Sea Islands, and several narrow escapes from shipwreck. Some time was spent in mining in California and in a fruitless search for a brother. Another year was spent herding cattle in Texas, and at last Cain determined to come East and seek his father. Travelling mostly on foot, he reached Ohio entirely destitute, and has wound up in the Dayton Workhouse as a vagrant. But the most wonderful part of the story is that his father, entirely unknown to him, is an inmate of the Soldiers' Home. After thirty years father and son met again, the runaway boy, now a bearded and bronzed man, and the parent, once a prosperous manufacturer, now an old and infirm soldier. This was not a case in which the returning prodigal could be welcomed with the fatted calf, for the father is as poor as his wandering son. The disposition to give a warm welcome is no doubt there, although the ability is lacking. The prodigal who after years of wandering returns through Jesus to his heavenly Father is assured that neither disposition nor ability is lacking there (Luke 13 : 29).

A Dog Prevented a Suicide one Evening last month in London. It appears that a young woman named Amelia Crickland, rendered desperate by the desertion of her husband, jumped into the Thames, near Cleopatra's Needle, and would undoubtedly have been drowned had not a Newfoundland dog been passing near the spot with his master while the woman was struggling in the river. He caught sight, it would seem, of a dark object struggling in the water, ran back to his master, and then barked. Fortunately this proceeding attracted the attention of the owner of the dog, and the drowning woman was observed. The animal having been commanded to plunge into the river, pulled the woman near enough to the steps to enable the dog's owner, by wading into the water, to rescue her with the aid of his cane, which she seized.

ANECDOTES RELATED AT THE MOODY AND SANKEY MEETINGS IN EUROPE.

Donald's Hard Lot.—Mr. Deware Said at a recent meeting: "An old Christian whom I knew lived in Anderston some years ago. He was my own countryman, and much afflicted with doubts. A minister called upon him when he was ill, and Donald complained much and loudly about his hard lot. 'Give up your murmuring, doubting spirit, and see if the Lord will not fulfil *all* His promises to you,' suggested his visitor. The man did after a struggle follow the minister's advice, and found that God was faithful who had promised."

What a Surprise!—"A Wife, who Was a real Christian, spoke to her husband often about his soul, till at last he was constrained to give his heart to the Lord. Although she had hoped, prayed, and worked for the realization of this—her dearest wish on earth—for a long time, yet it came upon her as a startling surprise, and she at once began to fear and tremble for her husband. 'Will he stand firm during the New Year holidays?' was her inward question. On New Year's Day her husband died, resting quietly on Christ, as 'all his salvation and all his desire.'"

A Sight of Home.—The Rev. Mr. Carstairs said: "I and my boys climbed a very high hill last year. As we began to descend, my youngest got very tired, so I took him by the hand and helped him on a little. When we came within sight of home in the valley, though it was still a long way off, I pointed it out to him and inquired, 'Can you run?' 'Oh, yes, let's be before the boys.' Off we ran, jumping ditches and leaping streams, so inspiring was the sight of home that the little one forgot all sense of fatigue or weariness. If any of us are tired of Christian work, let us take a long look at the home that is in front of us, and all sense of despair will vanish."

Too Happy to Eat.—Mr. Henderson Stated that "In the work among the fallen women, not one of those rescued have gone back. One of the girls went home to her father and mother and told them that she had been washed in the blood of Christ, and was now with the help of God going to live a new life. The hearts of the worthy couple were broken with joy, so much so, that it was some time before they could taste the food which was on the table when their daughter came in. When they did sit down, the girl desired her father to ask a blessing from God on the food, but he was unable to do so, and she herself did it. The Holy Spirit made her petition so powerful that her parents have accepted Christ as their Saviour."

A Scotch Lassie's Testimony.—"Another Incident was told by an old woman who said, 'My lassie was converted at a meeting in Govan. I heard that she was to give her testimony one night, but I said nothing, only determined in my own mind that if I could prevent her, she should not leave the house that night. So I just quietly turned the lock and put the key into my pocket. The lassie was very sorry and pleaded hard with me to let her out, but I was firm. She soon settled down quietly, and then *began to tell me how she was converted*, and somehow my heart melted, and I, too, gave myself to the Lord.' As I was shaking hands with the women as they left, the woman said to me very simply, 'This is the lassie, sir, that saved her mother.' Let us be up and doing; God is blessing us, and if we rely upon Him, He will not fail to show us the fruits of our labors."

A Profane Captain Saved.—Dr. Cameron Said: "A Highland sailor in action used an expression which was the means of converting his captain, Sir James Haldane. In the midst of the action the men began to give way, and in calling up another relay to their assistance, the captain spoke in a very profane manner about their cowardice. The sailor overheard him, and touching him, said, 'Are you aware, captain, that if God granted your wish we should all be in hell?' The words were used thoughtlessly in his anger, but the sailor's rebuke went home, and ere long the captain sought and found salvation in Christ. Soon afterward he spoke to his brother Robert, and he too gave himself to the Saviour. Robert went to Geneva, and there he was the means used by God to convert D'Aubigne the French historian, and hence we have the celebrated 'History of the Reformation.' Let every Christian, high or low, speak out for Christ. If it is done in love, the words will never be lost."

Better than Singing.—At a Recent Meeting in Glasgow, Mr. Deware said: "Nearly forty years ago I was under conviction of sin. My trouble of mind was very great, so that when at length I found peace through faith in Christ, the change had such an effect upon me that I thought there was no need to take any particular heed to my steps or have any more care about the true path. I thought I was all right, because I could *sing* a great deal, but I *prayed* very little. Very soon I learned the need of prayer, for I felt that, though singing was good, yet *something better* was needed to keep my soul alive, and that was prayer and reading the Word of God. It is now inconceivable to me how a Christian can live without daily reading of God's word and hourly prayer; the devil is always so active that there is no safe asylum but in the presence and under the conscious smile of God."

A Highland Lassie's Choice.—"A Young woman, whose conversion to Christ delighted me exceedingly, was led to the Saviour thus: In my church we have a special ten minutes for children in the address or sermon. This young person came from the Highlands to serve in a house near my church, and on the first Sunday after reaching her new home, she attended. That day, when speaking to the children, I said that we ought to bring the firstlings of the flock to God, and not act as many do when young, who think that they will keep the firstlings to themselves, and when old and broken, so as to be of no further use to the world, they will bring them to God. While I was speaking this girl thought 'That's me! but by God's grace I will do so no longer.' Sitting in the pew in a strange church she gave herself to the Lord, body and soul. She has since been instrumental in leading a fellow-servant to the same Saviour."

The Bible Among French Silk Weavers.— The Rev. Dr. Bonar said: "A few years ago copies of the Scriptures were taken to a considerable village not far from Lyons. A great change took place in the habits of the villagers which was ascribed to the teachings of the Bible. A stranger visited the place shortly after the happy change got noised abroad, and called upon the mayor to satisfy himself about it. He asked, 'Do you really think, Mr. Mayor, that such a change has been effected through the introduction of this Book?' The answer was, 'I tell you this, sir, that since that time we have had no need to measure the silk.' The people were silk weavers. The question young converts, and old ones as well, should ask themselves is, 'Does my employer or customer need to watch me, or do they trust me implicitly?' Salvation from sin means not only deliverance from the punishment of hell, but also from the power of it in every-day life, and in every transaction."

A Heroic Rescue.—At a Gospel Temperance Meeting, in Cowcaddens, Mr. Robert Simpson said: "A few months ago, during a fearful storm, a large ship was driven a helpless wreck on to the rocks. Her position was such that the lifeboat was of no avail to save her crew. The rocket apparatus was then called into use, and rockets were fired right over the ship, but the men were either unable or did not understand the means employed for their deliverance. Seeing this, a man named George Williams at once determined to risk his own life in an effort to save the lives of these sailors. His friends opposed him, but George persisted, and flung himself into the sea. Sometimes it seemed to the anxious ones on shore that the waves would overwhelm him, but just as the billows came upon him he dived under, and thus struggled on till at last he reached a rock near the ship and climbed on to it. Once on board, he made fast a rope from the rocket, and got the men off one by one, till the last man, when, just as the man got half-way between the shore and the ship, the rope fouled. Williams' friends signalled, 'Save yourself, now, you can do nothing with this man;' but George again plunged into the sea, righted the rope, and the sailor was hauled ashore and saved. In like manner we who seek to save souls from the danger they are in should behave with at least equal self-forgetfulness, not counting our lives dear unto us."

ISHMAEL: PAST, PRESENT, AND FUTURE.

A Prophetical Monograph by the Rev. E. J. Hytche.

Relations of Abraham and his Son—Affectionate Regard—Prayer for the Boy—God's Unconditional Promise—Participates in the Covenant of Circumcision—His Twelve Sons as Promised—Quarrels with his Kinsmen—A Remarkable Prophecy—Two Noticeable Points—Personal Characteristics—His Territory—The Two Sections—Ishmaelites at Pentecost—In the Millennium—Gifts and Offerings—Their Monotheism—Duty of Evangelizing them.

THERE was no chief of patriarchal times who had so few flaws in his moral character as Abraham. He was as remarkable for home-piety as he was for personal religion. Hence it was that God gave this epitome of his parental relations (Gen. 18: 19): "I know him that he will *command* his children and his household after him; and they shall keep the way of Jehovah to do justice and judgment." This fact was seen in his immediate descendants; and even three hundred years after this encomium was given, we find the descendant of his wife Keturah—Jethro, a loyal priest and worshipper of the one true God.

The same fact that Abraham not only "commanded his children," but "his *household*," is eminently exemplified in the stirring history of his wife, Hagar, and her son, Ishmael. Hagar, whose very name, signifying as it does "flight," was prophetic of the most salient points in her history. She was an Egyptian. When or how she became a member of Abraham's household is not recorded, but probably she entered his family when driven from Canaan by famine (Gen. 12: 10), he sojourned in Egypt.

When the son of promise was born, she evidenced her faith by obedience, and called him, as directed, Ishmael—or one whom God hears. Some years afterward in redemption of a promise to Sarah, Isaac was born, the true heir of his father, as ancestor of the covenant people, the Jews. Ishmael was now approaching manhood, and knowing that he had lost the dignity of primogeniture, he mocked Isaac, possibly at the instigation of his mother, and so provoked Sarah's wrath. For this cause Sarah bade Abraham to eject Hagar from the camp, to return no more; and if he complied after a protest with this act of cruel injustice, it was simply because God told him that he permitted it as a part of His counsels for the future of Isaac.

While on her road to Egypt, God again met Hagar in grace. She and her son had fainted when the Angel-Jehovah came and rescued them from a terrible death. He then renewed His promise to Hagar (Gen. 21: 18): "I will make him a great nation," and as a proof of the promise,

"GOD WAS WITH THE LAD."

Though Abraham would seem, at the first glance of the inspired narrative, not to have made any provision for Hagar and her son, yet he was too just a man to let his wife and offspring suffer from such neglect. Hence we read (Gen. 25: 6), "Unto the sons of the concubines which Abraham had, he gave gifts, and sent them away from his son Isaac, *while he yet lived*, eastward unto the east country," known in Bible-time as Arabia; and there thus they remain to this day, as a living proof—in spite of Jowett, Colenso, Davidson, and other neologians—that in the Pentateuch we have a mere transcript of facts, and as such, true to the very letter.

That Abraham loved his son Ishmael, the whole narrative indicates, and he proved it unmistakably by religious training. Moreover, when God promised him a son by Sarah, he said (Gen. 17 : 18), "O that Ishmael might live before Thee." He doubtless knew of the temporal prosperity promised to Hagar; but, as Abraham knew himself to be only a pilgrim to that better country where temporal prosperity is regarded as of little worth, we can scarcely err in concluding that the patriarch in this prayer asked for spiritual blessings for his son. To this prayer of faith God gave a ready response; for He said, "I have heard thee; behold, I have blessed him and will make him fruitful, and will multiply him exceedingly—twelve princes shall he beget, and I will make him a *great* nation."

For another reason we cannot doubt that Abraham regarded the promise of God as respecting Ishmael to include spiritual blessings. For, after

THE COVENANT OF CIRCUMCISION

was given, the patriarch, the self-same day (Gen. 17 : 23) circumcised Ishmael and the household, and so dedicated them to God. This rite practically taught—an essential truth of true religion—that even the flesh belongs to God, and ought to be as much consecrated to Him as the soul. So understood by Abraham, the custom has continued to this day among the descendants of Hagar and Keturah, as well as among the sons of Isaac, to whom, as a national covenant, it primarily appertained.

After her ejection from the encampment of Abraham, Hagar took her son to the wilderness of Paran—a territory which includes all the land between the boundaries of Judah and the border of Sinai. *Its ancient name is still preserved* by the descendants of Ishmael and Keturah, for it is now known as Wady-Ferran. While there, Ishmael's mother sought him a wife among her Egyptian kindred. In conformity with God's promise (Gen. 17 : 20), "twelve princes shall he beget,"

ISHMAEL HAD TWELVE SONS,

who became the heads of twelve distinct clans, and from these the bulk of the Arabs claim their descent in the male line. Though a nomad, Ishmael seems to have died a peaceful death, at the ripe age of one hundred and thirty-seven. Longevity would in fact seem to be inherited by the posterity of Ishmael, for travellers who have visited the Bedaweens have discovered not a few who have exceeded one hundred and ten years.

From the significant expression (Gen. 25 : 18), "he died in the *presence of all his brethren*," may we not infer that he died in amity with the sons of Sarah and Keturah? But, if so, this alliance with his Jewish cousin did not last for many years. It had always been the impression of his descendants that he was wrongfully deprived of his birthright, as eldest son of Abraham. Hence it is that the sacred historians record many wars between the Ishmaelites and Israelites. One of the most remarkable of these wars is reported in 1 Chron. 5 : 20–21, where we learn that on an invasion by the Ishmaelites of the territory of Reuben, Gad, and Manasseh—probably in the time of King Saul—"the Hagarites were delivered into their hand" (*i.e.*, Hebrews), and all that were with them; for they cried unto God in the battle, and He was intreated of them—because they put their trust in Him." This narrative incidentally shows how wealthy the Ishmaelites had become, for the Israelites took as spoil "of camels 50,000, and of sheep 250,000, and of asses 2000."

There is one

VERY REMARKABLE PROPHECY

of Isaiah which cannot be omitted in this sketch—namely (Is. 21 : 13–17): "The burden (or sentence) upon *Arabia*." Thereby we learn that "the inhabitants of the land of Tema brought water to him that was thirsty—they prevented with bread those that fled from Dedanim from the grievousness of war." Both these districts are in Arabia. The Dedanites were merchants, and by caravan carried on an important trade between the Persian Gulf and Damascus. But although the Temaites not only escaped the invasion of Sargon, the Assyrian king, but exercised the grace of hospitality to the fugitives—yet they were also destined eventually to fall. For God told Isaiah that "within two years—according to the years of a hireling, and all the glory of *Kedar* should fall; and the residue of the number of archers, the mighty men of the children of Kedar, shall be *diminished*, for Jehovah God of Israel hath spoken it." Yet, again, here His promise to Abraham did not fail; for the sons of Ishmael were not to be extirpated, but only "diminished" in numerical power. Thus again was Abraham's prayer answered—"O that Ishmael may live before Thee!"—even when they were punished for national sins.

There are two noticeable points in the prophetic history of Ishmael; for they were photographs of his posterity, even down to these days. First: his personal characteristics; and second, the territory given to Ishmael.

First. The Most High had thus portrayed the

PECULIAR CHARACTER OF ISHMAEL

before he was even born. Gen. 16 : 12: "He will be a wild-ass man [literal]: his hand will be against every man, and every man against him." As was Ishmael, so are his descendants; for the propensities of a primal ancestor are doubtless entailed. Hence Arnold, in his "Koran and the Bible" (p. 25), says, "The Abyssinians, Jews, Persians, Romans, and other nations, have made war against them, but by no nation, however powerful, could they at any time be persistently subdued. They allege that Ishmael was turned out of his father's house, and received the wilderness for his inheritance, with permission to take what he could. Like the wild ass, each tribe chooses a leader—a sheik from among its own people—under whose direction they fight, rob, and rove about from place to place. It is a proverbial saying among them, "In the desert every one is the enemy of the other."

Second. After describing the characteristics of her unborn son, God promised Hagar (Gen. 16 : 12) what may be regarded as a territorial gift to Ishmael, or, in other words, He gave him a portion of

ARABIA IN PERPETUITY;

for the Angel-Jehovah said, "He shall *dwell* in the presence of all his brethren." Contiguous as are the posterity of Ishmael to the lot of Judah on the one hand, and to the sons of Keturah on the other, we need scarcely say that this prediction has been literally fulfilled. Nor was this prophecy merely a personal one, and so restricted to Ishmael; for when Jehovah said that he should become "a great nation, and beget twelve princes," or heads of distinct tribes, the promise necessarily implied that his sons should be the heirs of his inheritance; and so his descendants regard it even now. So late as the days of Jerome (A.D. 400) that theologian intimates that they were still divided into twelve tribes, and that twelve districts of the Arabian desert were known by the names of the twelve sons of Ishmael. From him they dated their descent in an unbroken male line; and their favorite names were then, as now, Ibrahim (the Arabic form of Abraham) and Ishmael.

But not only was the desert generally given to the Ishmaelites for an inheritance, but we learn from Ezekiel that they were about 1325 years afterward endowed with a *specific* part by a Divine order to that prophet.

There we read (Ezek. 25 : 3–5): "Say unto the Ammonites," who then occupied the territory between the river Jabbok and the Arabian desert, "Behold, I will deliver thee to the *children of the east for a possession*, and they shall set their palaces in thee, and make their dwellings in thee, and they shall drink thy milk; and I will make Rabbah a stable for *camels*, and the Ammonites a *couching place for flocks*. No words could more correctly indicate the *present* locality of the sons of Ishmael, or more pointedly indicate in what their wealth consists.

There is a marked contrast between the Sinaitic covenant and the promise given to Hagar concerning Ishmael; for that made with Israel was *conditional* on their obedience and loyalty to Jehovah (see Exod. 19 : 5, 6). And, if they are now exiled from their fatherland, it is solely because they were unfaithful to their covenant, and superseded the God of Abraham by the idols of the Gentiles.

But the promises given to Abraham in response to his prayer—"O that Ishmael may live before Thee" (Gen. 16 : 12 and ibid. 17 : 8); "Of the son of the handmaid I will make a great nation, because he is thy seed," and he "shall dwell in the presence of all his brethren"—were acts of simple grace, and therefore *un*conditional. We are then warranted in the inference that the territory thus given to Ishmael, and through him, by heirship, to his posterity, was not only given to them in perpetuity, but that, unlike their Jewish cousins, they should never be driven out of it. For it is still true, as in the analogous cases of their kinsmen, the Jews, even though now in abeyance (Rom. 11 : 29), "The gifts and calling of God are without repentance."

THE TWO SECTIONS OF ARABS.

Although the frontiers of Arabia are somewhat undefined, it may be regarded as extending from the river Euphrates on the east, Syria on the north, the Red Sea on the west, and to the Indian Ocean on the south. It is thus about 1500 miles long and 1200 broad. Though occupied chiefly by the sons of Abraham and Lot, there are relics of a still more primitive race. Yet even this section has a common origin with Abraham; for they claim to descend from Houd, known in Scripture as Heber. From this Houd, Abraham descended in the sixth generation.

Though mostly poor, when compared with western standards, these lords of the wilderness are so aristocratic in sentiment as to be led to preserve their pedigrees most carefully, so that there can be no doubt that—whether the sons of Abraham or not—they are all of the same stock, and so may be considered as one family. The Arabs are, in addition to their tribal distinctions, divisible into two sections—namely, the Bedaweens, or dwellers in tents in the desert, and those who live permanently in cities. Of the two, those that people the desert are by far the nobler; for the more civilized have contracted most of the vices which deform Christendom, as represented in Oriental countries; for, unhappily, they find it easier to imitate the Greeks in their cheating and lying, and the British in their drunkenness and swearing, than to retain the simplicity and abstemiousness of their ancestors.

What the Ishmaelites were in Bible times are

THE BEDAWEENS IN THESE DAYS

—primitive in style of living and domestic arrangements, and caring more for independence than for that luxury which is decimating the western nations—they are living illustrations of the patriarchal age. As respects hospitality, they are modern reproductions of their father Abraham. And, if they do not permit European travellers to range the desert without paying for an escort, yet, when such an agreement is come to, they are found faithful even unto death. In exacting such tribute, it is claimed that the desert is their property, conveyed to them by a Divine title-deed, and that no one has any right to traverse their territory without their consent. All travellers who have sojourned among them for any time speak highly of the domestic qualities of the sons of Ishmael, as well as of their hereditary wisdom and piety.

Arabia is nominally a province of the Turkish Empire, but the Arabs are practically independent and self-governed; the only real tie being found in that of Islam, of which the Sultan is the hereditary Caliph. As followers of Mohammed, who declared that his mission was to extirpate idolatry, they are monotheistic in creed. Unhappily, few Bedaweens know anything of Christianity, save in its Greek or Latin form; and, as these apostate creeds supplant the religion of Jesus, by picture or image worship, no wonder that they either view it with contempt or feel for it a bitter hatred.

(To be concluded.)

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The Names and Addresses of Colored Baptist ministers in the South sent to the office of this journal in response to our invitation, are largely in excess of our resources. The fund generously placed at our disposal by our friend in Iowa enabled us to supply a hundred of these ministers with The Christian Herald for a year, but we have received the names of *nearly another hundred* to whom the reading of the paper every week would be of incalculable benefit, and would be the means of blessing indirectly to the thousands of their race who depend upon them for spiritual instruction. We regret that, owing to the fund having been exhausted before their names were received, we are unable to supply them. We have, however, placed the names on file, and should any Christian brother, having the welfare of the colored race at heart, be prompted of God to send a contribution for the purpose, we will send the paper to those ministers whose names arrived too late for participation in the first fund. Any donor sending money to this office for the purpose will receive by mail a list of the persons who will benefit by his donation.

CURRENT EVENTS.

The Civil Service Commissioners have Prepared the rules, which will govern the classification and examination of Government clerks and employes who fall within the provisions of the new law, and as soon as the President returns to Washington they will be submitted to him for his approval. The requirements of the rules for examination will not be made public until they have received such approval. The statement is made, however, by a leading journal that the standard of qualifications recommended will probably not be so high as to limit competition for places in the public service to college-bred men and women, but that, on the contrary, it will offer reasonable encouragement to any person of fair intelligence who possesses such an education as can be obtained in the public schools of any State in the Union.

The Statistics of Immigration Always Merit careful attention, because they furnish an indication of the materials, which compose the population of the country and contribute to its political, moral and religious condition. The figures for the month of March are now issued. During the month there arrived in the customs districts of Baltimore, Boston, Detroit, Huron, Minnesota, New Orleans, New York, Passamaquoddy, Philadelphia and San Francisco 44,483 passengers, of whom 38,730 were immigrants. Of this total number of immigrants there arrived from England and Wales 3286; Ireland, 2518; Scotland, 905; Austria, 818; Belgium, 294; Bohemia, 305; Denmark, 846; France, 383; Germany, 14,759; Hungary, 1328; Italy, 3365; Netherlands, 384; Norway, 667; Russia, 338; Poland, 85; Sweden, 988; Switzerland, 1602; Dominion of Canada, 5661; and from all other countries, 192. In March, 1882, 65,234 immigrants arrived. In the nine months ended March 31st, 1883, there arrived in the ports named 339,214 immigrants, as against 449,327 for the corresponding period of the previous year.

The Design for the New Two-Cent Stamp which will shortly supersede the present three-cent stamp on all domestic letters under half an ounce in weight has been submitted to Postmaster-general Gresham, and approved. The stamp bears a tablet, upon which is a profile of Washington similar to that on the present three-cent stamp. Surrounding the profile is an oval band. In the upper part of the band are the words: "United States postage;" beneath the band a large "2," and at the extreme bottom of the tablet the words, "Two cents." The design will be returned to the American Bank-note Company of New York for engraving, after which the department will decide upon the color to be used.

The Will of the Late Peter Cooper was Filed for probate on April 11th. The estate was smaller than was expected, owing to the fact that the deceased philanthropist had been to a large extent his own executor and had given away large sums recently in public and private charity. A written statement was left at the surrogate's office to the effect that Mr. Cooper's estate amounted to about $2,000,000. About $200,000 would be required to meet special bequests which Mr. Cooper had made, but for which no provision had been made in his will. The bequests are of a personal nature, and illustrate the consideration which Mr. Cooper, down to the time of his death, gave to all persons who he thought had claims upon his bounty. Among the bequests was one of $100,000 to the endowment fund of Cooper Union.

The Production of the Passion Play Under the plea that the proceeds would be devoted to charity has been prohibited in the courts. Justice Barrett last week, after listening to argument, granted an order continuing the injunction recently granted restraining Salmi Morse from producing the play. Mr. Morse, in an affidavit read in the argument, says: "I solemnly swear the persons who were to assist in the representation of the play were not professional actors." Justice Barrett asked if it was really meant to be said that all the people were at the representation as mere volunteers. The counsel for Mr. Morse said the actors received no compensation. It was, however, proved by an affidavit that at least one of the actors was hired, as actors usually are, to perform for Mr. Morse in the Passion Play, and expected to receive compensation.

The Answers of the Police Commissioners of New York City to the questions addressed to them by Mr. Robert Graham and the committee appointed by the Steinway Hall meeting have been received. The commissioners appear anxious to clear themselves of blame for the failure to enforce the excise laws. They reflect on the police justices, but statistics collected by the *Times* show that the allegations are not sustained by facts. The Commissioners' allegations against the justices are two: First, that they discharge so many of the persons arrested that it is useless to arrest them, but the statistics show that very nearly seven eighths of the persons arrested have been held; second, that bail for only $100 is demanded by the justices, which is insufficient, but the maximum bail is fixed by law at $100, and the offence is bailable, so that the justices have no alternative. As to the final trial, the Commissioners say that they cannot get the evidence to convict, but Dr. Crosby points out that where there are two witnesses to an offence there is no trouble in getting convictions, and there ought to be no difficulty in having two witnesses. Mr. Graham states that a series of interrogatories will be submitted to the police justices, and after replies from them have been received a public meeting will be summoned when the committee will explain what has been done and state the causes of the failure of the present Excise law and present a new one for ratification, in which all the defects of the old law shall be left out, and which it is hoped, when prepared, will be satisfactory. This bill is to be prepared by Judge Peabody and ex-Judge Arnoux. The fight for law and order, it will be observed, has been thoroughly organized and deserves to succeed. Mr. Graham points out, however, that success will mainly depend on the support of a strong public opinion unmistakably expressed.

Temperance Work among the Colored People in the South has made considerable progress during the past season. Successful meetings have been held throughout a wide district by Mr. J. N. Stearns, the indefatigable secretary of the National Temperance Society, and Mr. C. H. Mead. Among the good things reported as being said by those who indorsed the remarks of the temperance speakers is the following. An old man who addressed the meeting at Weldon, N. C., said: "When I sees a man going home wid a gallon of wiskey and a half-pound of meat, dat's temperance lecture 'nuff fur me, and I sees it every day; I knows dat ebery ting in his house is on de same scale—gallon of misery to ebery half-pound of comfort."

Rev. E. Payson Hammond's Services in the Brooklyn Tabernacle have been extensively blessed in the conversion of children. Many of those brought in are the children of Roman Catholic parents. A large number of boys and girls say that they never saw a Bible in their houses. It is an interesting fact that among the workers in the children's and adults' meetings are some who ten, twelve, or even twenty years ago, were blessed in Mr. Hammond's meetings. One of these, a lady, who has been a missionary in India for six years, plays the organ for the children's meetings.

The Election of the Hon. John Jay as President of the Evangelical Alliance in succession to the late Hon. William E. Dodge is announced. Mr. Jay is a member of the Episcopal Church, a resolute upholder of the principles of the Reformation, and an uncompromising foe of Romanism in all of its forms, especially as practised by the Jesuits. In 1869 he held the office of United States Minister at the Court of Vienna. He comes of an eminently Christian family. His grandfather, John Jay, who was the first Chief Justice of the United States, was President of the American Bible Society; his father, William Jay, a jurist and philanthropist, was President of the Westchester County Bible Society, and of the American Peace Society.

Ben Hogan, the Prizefighter, Converted at Mr. Sawyer's meetings, is doing a good work in Omaha. The Omaha *Herald* reporting his evangelistic meetings, says: "The people are somewhat amazed to see Ben Hogan on a platform with ministers of the Gospel, and upholding Christ as the Saviour of mankind, when but a few years ago he was fighting for the championship of America and this corruptible crown, and is now fighting for the incorruptible crown—life everlasting; but he says the people are not so much astonished as he was when converted and brought from darkness into light." Hogan holds his audience spellbound by the hour, and there have been many conversions of desperate men and many families have been made happy by the change the grace of God has made in the heart and life of the husband and father. One man testified that he went into the opera house one Sunday afternoon and listened to Mr. Hogan, having known him personally in the oil country. He said to himself, "If God could save a man like Hogan, He can surely save me." The day of the election he was afraid he might get entangled with same of his old comrades, so he took his little girl with him for a guardian. Afterward he gave himself to Christ, and is now trusting, and his family rejoicing in Him.

A Minister who is an Ex-lawyer has Succeeded in checking the tour through Massachusetts of the notorious Jesse James Theatrical Troupe, which through his exertions have been held in bail for the Grand Jury for *corrupting the morals of the young* by making vice attractive. Mr. Melville Smith, the minister in question, based his action on the plea that the pictures on the bill-boards were immoral in their tendencies, as they made robbery heroic and attractive to the youthful observer. As the dime novels have the same tendency, perhaps Mr. Smith may now be encouraged to move against them.

A Sneak Thief was Betrayed by his Grammar in Philadelphia, recently. The Philadelphia correspondent of a New York journal says: "An old lady, nearly blind, heard a noise in the upper part of her house, and on calling upstairs she was answered by a strange voice, saying, 'It's me, mother.' Having brought up her children to use proper language, the old lady knew at once that there was a strange man in the house, and quickly went to a neighbor's house and gave an alarm." It is often so in the church with hypocrites who endeavor to pass themselves off as the sons of God. Their speech betrayeth them (Jer. 23 : 16, 17).

A Curious Discovery of the Susceptibility of plants to the light of the moon has been made by an eminent botanist. He sowed in pots some seeds of plants. When they had grown a few inches they were *put in a very dark place* and kept there some time, so that the stems became thin and white and the few leaves yellow. Then, on three successive nights last month, when the sky was exceptionally clear, the plants were placed in a large window looking south, where they received the direct light of the moon from 9 P.M. to 3 A.M. Almost directly the stems began to bend over toward the moon, and *to follow it in its course.* About 2 A.M., owing to the moon's position, the stems became nearly straight, the terminal bud always pointing to that orb. The plants being then brought to a window looking west, a new flexure occurred, and continued till the moon disappeared. A few minutes after this the stems straightened. It thus appears that darkness gives increased sensitiveness to the plants, so that the comparatively feeble light of the moon affects them. We may see in this discovery a type of the uses of the darkness of affliction. When the believer is in danger of forgetting the Sun of Righteousness and his eyes are too much occupied with the world's prizes to perceive the true light of his soul, he is mercifully withdrawn into the silence and darkness of the sick chamber that he may become more sensitive to the heavenly influence (Isa. 54 : 8).

From the Coffin to the Bridal Altar is a passage not often made, but a marriage solemnized in Baltimore on April 12th furnishes one instance of that experience. The bride was Miss Mary Griffith, and her marriage recalls the fact that some years ago she came near being buried alive. Her family resided in Cincinnati at the time, and one day she fell downstairs and received injuries which were considered fatal. Several prominent physicians called to see her and pronounced her case hopeless. One day the young girl grew much worse, fell into a comatose state, and, as it was thought, died. The body was prepared for burial, but it was noticed that it did not undergo the changes which usually occur after death. The day of the funeral arrived, and at the appointed time the carriages and hearse drove up to the door. Just as the coffin was being closed it was noticed that the life-like appearance of the supposed corpse became more pronounced, and there were slight signs of returning vitality. A physician was called, and after an hour or so Miss Griffith returned to consciousness. The solemn gathering was turned into one of joy. The young girl recovered rapidly and grew up well and strong, and last week was married in Baltimore. This incident is a type of the experience of every child of God. As a member of the bride of Christ he comes from a state of spiritual death, and when Christ comes He will bring with Him as His bride those who have also been physically dead (Eph. 2 : 1-6).

A Mad Dog in a Crowded Church at Charlotte, N. C., caused a panic during a recent service. It appears that for several weeks there has been some excitement in the city over a report that an epidemic of madness had broken out among the dogs, and in the course of a few days several animals were shot. On April 10th, while the congregation of the Davidson Presbyterian College was engaged in worship, a dog believed to be suffering from hydrophobia ran up the middle aisle of the church, *foaming at the mouth* and howling. The church was crowded, and a panic ensued. Men, women, and children attempted to get out. Some mounted the tops of the benches. The pastor stopped in the midst of a sentence, and requested some one to kill the animal. One of the worshippers drew his revolver and fired twice at the dog. Other men assisted with walking sticks and spittoons, and beat and pelted the dog to death near the pulpit. It is not surprising that during the prevalence of the excitement the appearance of the dog in the church should have caused alarm and led to its death. Unhappily, one whom the Psalmist compares to a dog and who, it is to be feared, often seeks his prey in the church is not so easily disposed of (Psa. 22 : 20).

A Judge's Courage and Independence was displayed in his own court in Indiana some time ago. The incident has found its way into the newspapers in connection with the recent appointment to the postmaster-generalship. It is stated that Judge Gresham, who is now postmaster-general, was one day holding court when, on an important case being called, the district attorney announced that it would be withdrawn from the docket. "By whose authority?" asked Judge Gresham. "By instructions from Washington," was the reply. "*But whose instructions?*" The rejoinder was, if not evasive, unsatisfactory. "We do not recognize the right of anybody at Washington, even the President himself," said Judge Gresham, "to interfere whether by instructions or requests in the trial of a cause before this court. Proceed with the trial of the case." The trial proceeded, and a conviction was secured. The result was a surprise to the criminal who apparently had no fear of a conviction after securing friends in the Federal Capital and the compliance of the district attorney. The judge's firmness, however, prevented a miscarriage of justice. The most encouraging features of the plan of salvation by Christ is that although the believer's name is withdrawn from judgment, justice has been satisfied by his divine Substitute (Rom. 8 : 1, 2).

A Connecticut Burglar Trap is Described in the *Youth's Companion.* It appears that a country store keeper in that State found that his money-drawer was frequently robbed in the night, and he determined to stop these depredations. With characteristic ingenuity he arranged in the floor a trap-door which perfectly matched the boards of the floor. In the day-time the door was securely fastened, but at night on leaving the store a catch was so fixed that the moment the unsuspecting burglar stepped on the door to operate on the money-drawer, the trap door opened and dropped him into a pit in the cellar below. The sides of the pit were smooth and higher than a man's head, so that once dropped the burglar could not escape. The trap closed automatically by a spring, ready for a second burglar. A practical trial of the trap proved successful, for one morning the store-keeper found evidence of an entrance to his store in the night, and on looking into the pit discovered the imprisoned burglar. He coolly went about his business, and in due course had the burglar arrested. The reflections of the man so snared, as he awaited his release in the morning must have been very humiliating. It would be well for him if they led him to seek escape from that other pit into which, unless he should change his course of life, he must one day fall, and from which he must not hope to escape (Isa. 38 : 18).

THE WORD OF A KING.

A New Sermon by Pastor C. H. Spurgeon.

"Where the word of a king is, there is power."—Ecclesiastes 8 : 4.

Why Personal Government Fails — Why a Theocracy must be Blessed—The Word of the Heavenly King—Its Power—I. Excites Awe—Kills and Makes Alive—His Promises and Threats—His Prophecies—II. Insures Obedience—Solomon's Counsel—Devil's Providences—Whales not so Plentiful as in Jonah's Time—Have a Tender Mouth—III. Inspires Confidence—Worthless I. O. U.'s—IV. Directs Effort—In the Pulpit—Power not in a Choir—Power in Winning Souls—In Filling a Church—The Nourishing Meat.

Kings in Solomon's day had a vast amount of power, for their word was absolute. They did according to their own will, and none could check them; for, as Solomon said, "the king's wrath is as the roaring of a lion; whoso provoketh him to anger sinneth against his own soul." When such a monarch happened to be wise and good, it was a great blessing to the people; for "a king that sitteth in the throne of judgment scattereth away all evil with his eyes." But if he was of a hard, tyrannical nature, his subjects were mere slaves, and groaned beneath a yoke of iron. We do not sufficiently give thanks for the blessings of a constitutional government, but if we were for a season put beneath the power of a grinding despotism we should set more store by those liberties for which we have to thank our Puritan ancestors. Mercies are seldom appreciated till they are taken away. May we not prove ungrateful under free institutions, for if so, we shall be more brutish than any men.

There is, however, one King whose power we do not wish in any degree to limit or circumscribe. God doeth as He wills among the armies of heaven, and among the inhabitants of this lower world; none can stay His hand, or say unto Him, What doest Thou? In this we greatly rejoice. The personal rule of one individual would be the best form of government if that individual were perfectly good, infinitely wise, and abundant in power; and the reason why an autocrat turns into a despot is, that there is no man who is perfectly good, unselfish, or wise. God hath no fault or failing; and therefore it is a joy that He doeth according to His will. He never wills anything that is not strictly just; in the exercise of absolute sovereignty He is neither unjust nor unmerciful; it is not possible to Him to err, and therefore it is a great subject for joy that "the Lord reigneth, He is clothed with majesty."

Now, because God is the absolute Monarch, His word hath power about it, and of that word of power I am going to speak at this time. May the Holy Spirit help us to think of the power of God's word for four purposes—first, *to excite our awe;* secondly, *to insure our obedience;* thirdly, *to inspire our confidence;* and fourthly, *to direct our efforts.*

I. First, we would see the power of the word of the Lord in order

TO EXCITE OUR AWE

of Him. What are we poor creatures of a day? What is there in us as we appear in God's sight? Do we not pass away as the flower of the field? As for *our* word, what is it? We sometimes talk exceedingly proudly, and we say "shall" and "will" as if *we* could do anything; when, after all, our word is but breath, a vapor, a mere sound in the air. Man proposes, but God disposes; man resolves, but God dissolves; that which man expecteth God rejecteth; for the word of the Lord standeth forever, but man passes away and is not.

Think of the day before all days when there was no day but the Ancient of days, and when God dwelt all alone; then He willed in His mind that there should be a world *created.* "He spake, and it was done; He commanded, and it stood fast." "By the word of the Lord were the heavens made; and all the host of them by the breath of His mouth." What a word is that which created all things!

And remember that this same word can *destroy* all things; for "the heavens and the earth, which are now, by the same word are kept in store, reserved unto fire against the day of judgment and perdition of ungodly men." If He were but to speak, all things that are would melt away as a moment's foam dissolves into the wave that bears it, and is lost forever. "Thou turnest man to destruction; and sayest, Return, ye children of men"; and at that irresistible word man's spirit returns to God who gave it, and his body moulders into dust.

Think how *God's word both makes alive and kills.* He promised Abraham that he should have a seed in whom all the nations of the earth should be blessed. It seemed impossible that there should come from him a son that should be the founder of a race—his body was dead, and Sarah was old—yet God in due time made them to laugh, for Isaac was born into the house. "The Lord setteth the solitary in families." "He maketh the barren woman to keep house, and to be a joyful mother of children." It is the Lord who makes alive, and equally is it the Lord who kills. It only needs God to will it and the pestilence lays men low in heaps, like the grass of the meadow when the mower's scythe has passed over it. The Lord has but to call for pestilence or war, and myriads of men are laid low. Oh, how we ought to worship Thee, Thou dread Supreme, upon whose word life and death are made to hang!

I might in another division of this part of my subject remind you of the power which attends both *His promises*, and *His threatenings.* God has never promised without performing in due time to the last jot and tittle. Those that have resisted Him have found His threatenings to be true also; let Pharaoh confess how the plagues followed fast upon the word of the Lord till even his stout heart was melted within him. Men have gone on for awhile resisting God, and in their pride they have laughed Him to scorn, but by and by He has spoken to them in His wrath, and vexed them in His hot displeasure. Who can stand against this terrible God, whose word overthroweth the mighty, and casteth the proud beneath His feet?

There is

POWER TO FORETELL,

so that, when He tells what is to be in the future, we know that it shall come to pass. "Seek ye out of the book of the Lord, and read; no one of these shall fail, none shall want her mate." It seems impossible that the heathen should ever be the Lord's, or that the uttermost parts of the earth should be Christ's possession; but it will be, for the King hath said it, and "Where the word of a king is, there is power." We fear that the time will never arrive when peace shall reign through all the world, and when men shall hang the helmet in the hall, and study war no more; but the vision of faith shall yet become a fact, for "Where the word of a king is, there is power." He spoke of old of Edom and Moab, Philistia and Ammon, Ninevah and Babylon, Greece and Rome, and whatsoever He hath spoken hath been fulfilled. Not one word of the prophecies of Daniel and Ezekiel has failed of its accomplishment, and we may be sure that not one glorious vision of the seer of Patmos will remain a dream. Let us worship the great Ordainer, Benefactor, and Ruler, whose every word is the word of a king, in which there is power.

"His very word of grace is strong
As that which built the skies;
The voice that rolls the stars along
Speaks all the promises."

II. Secondly, we would think of the power of God's word in order

TO INSURE OUR OBEDIENCE

to it. Whenever God gives a word of command it comes to us clothed with authority, and its power over our minds should be immediate and unquestioned. To Christians the Word of God is the only rule of faith and practice. Our doctrine is of authority because it is God's word, and for no other reason. Our ordinances are valid because instituted by God's word; they are idle ceremonies if they be not so commanded. All the rites, rules, and regulations of man are of no value. The book of human decrees is not to be regarded in the Church of Christ. You may put in the front of it, "*printed by authority*," but to the Church of Christ it has no authority. You may adopt a creed as the standard of any particular church, but that gives it no authority to bind the conscience; it may be authorized by princes, bishops, and holy men, but wherein it differs from the word of the Lord, or adds thereto, it is to the children of God as a puff of wind.

THE SOLE AUTHORITY IN THE CHURCH

is Christ Himself; He is the Head of His church, and His word is the only authority by which we are ruled; for "where the word of a king is, there is power," but all are usurpers who act as lords in the church, where Jesus alone is Master and Lord.

Let me refer you to what Solomon says in the second verse of this chapter, "*I counsel thee to keep the king's commandment.*" This is admirable counsel for every Christian; if the commandment were of men, even the wisest of men, we might break it, and perhaps do right in breaking it; but if it be the King who gives the command, even the Lord Jesus Christ, who is the King in Zion, then the advice of the Preacher is wise and weighty—"I counsel thee to keep the king's commandment."

Perhaps some of you would ask me, "What is the best course for me to pursue in certain difficult cases?" "I counsel thee to keep the King's commandment." "But I am a young man just beginning life, and may get into trouble if I am rigidly scrupulous in doing that which is right." "I counsel thee to keep the King's commandment." "But at this present time I may lose my situation if I keep *all* His statutes. *Could I not wink rather hard*, and forget one of the commandments for a little while?" "I counsel thee to keep the King's commandment." If He be a King, then it is a solemn hazard to your soul if you come short of the least of His commandments. Remember that one treason makes a traitor; one leak sinks a ship; one fly spoils the whole box of ointment. He that bought us with His blood deserves to be obeyed in all things with all our heart, and mind, and soul, and strength. Such a King as we have ought never to hear us ask the reason why He commands, but we should be like the brave men of Balaclava, of whom the poet said:

"Theirs not to reason why,
Theirs not to make reply,
Theirs but to dare and die."

Solomon goes on to say, "*Be not hasty to go out of His sight.*" There is such power in God's word that I would have you also obey this precept, and seek to remain in His presence. Some of His people seek to get away from their Lord instead of keeping close to Him. So little do they delight in communion with their God that they seem to say, "Whither shall I go from thy spirit? or whither shall I flee from thy presence?" Did it never happen to you as it did to Jonah, when he must needs go to Tarshish, though the Lord told him to go to Nineveh? He did not want such a large field of labor, such an anxious and unremunerative post of duty; he would rather go to a village-station, or to a seaside place. For a time he believed that Providence helped him, for he found a ship going to Tarshish. There are many

DEVIL'S PROVIDENCES

which make sin easy and obedience difficult. The precept, not the providence, is the rule of duty. The providence which gave Judas the opportunity to sell his Master did not excuse that son of perdition. "So he paid the fare thereof, and went down into it, to go with them unto Tarshish from the presence of the Lord." Alas, poor Jonah!

I remember how I felt when first in London; I could not endure the horrible wilderness of bricks by which I was surrounded. I sighed for the green fields and the fresh air, and longed to get back to my country charge. But this kind of self-indulgence will not do: "Where the word of a king is, there is power," and wherever the King sends you, you must go, and go without questioning. If He should send you to preach at the gates of hell, go and preach there. "Be not hasty to go out of His sight," for if you get out of the sight of the King, if you no longer wait in His blessed presence, depend upon it, like Jonah, you will fall into trial, tempest, sinking, and terror. There may be no whale to swallow you, and cast you up again; they are not so plentiful now as they were then; and you may not be delivered so easily as Jonah.

Keep in the Lord's presence and favor, no matter where you may have to go in order to do so. Walk in communion with Christ in whatever path He may point out to you. Never mind how rough it is; do not imagine it is the wrong road because it is so rough; rather reckon it to be right because it is rough, for seldom do smoothness and rightness go together. Oh, to abide in Christ the Word, and to have His word abiding in us!

Solomon then says, "*Stand not in an evil thing.*" There is such power in the Word of God that He can readily destroy you, or heavily chastise you, therefore be quick to amend, and "stand not in an evil thing." Repent, obey, submit, confess, seek pardon at once. "Be ye not as the horse, or as the mule, which have no understanding; whose mouth must be held in with bit and bridle." *Have a tender mouth;* let God guide you with His eye, let a word be enough for you, do not need a bit or bridle. I wish we all had great tenderness of conscience. We should tremble at God's word, and humble ourselves in the dust before Him, praying to be cleansed by His grace.

III. And now, thirdly,

TO INSPIRE OUR CONFIDENCE,

let us think that "where the word of a king is, there is power." If there is *a heart here that is seeking mercy*, if you can go before God with such a promise as this in your mouth, "Let the wicked forsake his way, and the unrighteous man his thoughts; and let him return unto the Lord, and He will have mercy upon him; and to our God, for He will abundantly pardon," that word of His is not a mere sound, there is the power of truth in it. If you do what He there bids you do you shall find that He can and will abundantly pardon. Whatever sins you have committed, though they are too many to count, and too awful to mention, if you will come and trust yourself with Jesus Christ, God's word is, that you shall be saved; and saved you shall be.

Do you tell me that *you cannot conquer your evil passions and corrupt desires?* Here is a promise from the word of the Lord, "From all your filthiness, and from all your idols, will I cleanse you. A new heart also will I give you, and a new spirit will I put within you." Now come and plead these precious promises, there is power in them, they are the words of a King, and if you plead them at the mercy-seat you shall become a new creature in Christ Jesus; old things shall pass away; all things shall become new. When you get a promise from God treat it as undoubted truth, and rely upon it as you do upon the promise of your father or your friend.

There are men around you whose promises you never can believe; when they promise to pay you, you dare not regard it as an asset in business, for you are too sadly aware that you have a little bundle of their I O U's already, and you have had a view of their

DISHONORED BILLS,

and cheques indorsed with "no effects." But God's word is not like that of false and fickle mortals. No charge of falsehood or failure can be brought against the God of truth. He has never broken His word yet, and He never will. Then, dear souls, if you want forgiveness of sin and renewal of heart, get the promise to that effect, and believe it with all your soul; and as sure as it is the word of a King you shall be washed in the blood and in the water which

flowed from the wounded side of the crucified Christ.

And you Christian people, are there any of you who are struggling at this time with *a remaining corruption which you cannot conquer?* Now come and lay hold of the promise that you shall overcome, and plead it before the mercy-seat. If you do but get any promise of God suited to your case, make quick use of it, for there is power in it; it is the word of a King!

Then, also, *are there any of you in great trouble?* I cannot know all your cases, but if any one of you has a trial which you could not tell, or a trouble, which if you did tell it nobody could help you out of, go and spread it before the Lord. Remember His word, "Many are the afflictions of the righteous: but the Lord delivereth him out of them all." Go and tell Him that He has thus spoken, and that He has therein pledged Himself to deliver you out of all afflictions; and be sure of this, He will be as good as His word.

Do you expect soon to die? Are you somewhat distressed because sickness is undermining your constitution? Be not afraid, for His Spirit teaches you to sing, "Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil; for thou art with me; thy rod and thy staff they comfort me." Go and tell the Lord of His own word, and you will look forward to death without fear.

IV. Fourthly, I am coming to my last point, on which I shall crave a little time; and here I intend to address myself to all people of God who are associated in church-fellowship, and striving to do the Lord's service. My text is to be used

TO DIRECT YOUR EFFORTS.

You need power; not the power of money, or mind, or influence, or numbers; but "power from on high." All other power may be desirable, but this power is indispensable. Spiritual work can only be done by spiritual power. I counsel you in order to get spiritual power in all that you do to keep the King's commandment, for "where the word of a king is, there is power." Lay not a stone of your spiritual church without His overseeing; do all things according as He has ordained; regard Him as the wise Master-builder, and be all of you under the command of His word. The day cometh when much that has been built shall be destroyed, for the fire will try every man's work of what sort it is.

It is very easy to heap up a church with wood, hay, and stubble, which the fire will soon destroy; and it is very hard work to build one up with gold, silver, and precious stones; for these are rare materials, and must be diligently sought for, laboriously prepared, and carefully guarded. The materials that will stand the fire of temptation, trial, death, and the like, are not to be brought together by any word but the word of the Lord; but these alone are worth having. I had sooner have half a dozen Christian people, truly spiritual and obedient to the word of the Lord in all things, than I would have half a dozen thousands of nominal Christians who neither care about the word nor the King. If you want power, keep the King's commandment, keep close to it in all things, and make it the law of your house and the motto of your flag.

Let us take care that we

DO NOT LOOK ELSEWHERE

for power, for that will be leaving the fountains of living waters to hew out to ourselves broken cisterns which hold no water. I fear that some Christian people have been looking in many other directions for the power which can only be found in the word of the King. At one time we were told that power lay in an educated ministry; people said, "We must have a minister who knows Greek and Latin; you cannot save souls unless you are familiar with the heathen classics." This superstition has suffered many a blow from the manifest successes of those whose only language is the grand old Saxon. Then the cry was, "Well, really, we do not want these men of education; we need fluent speakers, men who can tell a great many anecdotes and stories. These are men of power." I hope we shall outgrow this delusion also.

The Lord works by either of these classes of men, or by others who have not the qualifications of either of them, or by another sort of men, or fifty sorts of men, so long as they keep to the word of the King, in which there is power. There is power in the Gospel if it be preached by a man utterly without education; unlearned men have done great things by the power of the word. The polished doctor of divinity has been equally useful when he has kept to his Master's word. But if either of these has forgotten to make Christ's word first and last, the preaching has been alike powerless, whether uttered by the illiterate or the profound.

Others have thought it necessary, in order to have power among the masses (that is the cant phrase), that there should be

FINE MUSIC.

An organ is nowadays thought to be the power of God; and a choir is a fine substitute for the Holy Ghost. They have tried that kind of thing in America, where solos and quartets enable singing men and singing women to divide their services between the church and the theatre. Some churches have paid more attention to the choir than to the preaching. I do not believe in it. If God had meant people to be converted in that way, He would have sent them a command to attend the music-halls and operas, for there they will get far better music than we can hope to give them.

If there be charms in music to change the souls of men from sin to holiness, and if the preaching of the Gospel will not do it, let us have done with Peter and Paul, with Chalmers and with Chrysostom, and let us exalt Mozart and Handel into their places, and let the great singers of the day take the places of the pleaders for the Lord. Even this would not content the maniacs of this age, for with the music-room they crave the frippery of the theatre. We must keep to the King's word if we desire to have this spiritual power for the Lord's work.

If we want to win souls for Christ we must use the word of God to do it. Other forms of good work languish unless the Gospel is joined with them. Set about reforming, civilizing, and elevating the people, and you will lose your time unless you evangelize them. The total-abstinence movement is good, and I would that all would aid it, but it effects little unless the Gospel furnishes the motive and the force. It will win its way in proportion as it is carried on in subordination to the Gospel, and is viewed as a means to reach a still higher end. The rod works no wonder till Moses grasps it; and moral teaching has small force till Jesus operates by it.

There is power in *accepting that word*, in getting it into you, or receiving it. You never keep the truth till you have received this word of a King, into your spiritual being, and absorbed it into your spiritual nature. Oh, that you might every one of you eat the word, live on it, and make it your daily food!

And then, there is power in *the practicing of it*. Where there is life through the King's word, it will be a strong life. The sinner's life is a feeble life; but an obedient life, an earnest Christian life, is a life of strength. Even those who hate it and abhor it cannot help feeling that there is a strange influence about it which they cannot explain, and they must respect it.

You will see its

POWER TO FILL THE PLACE.

There is nothing so attractive as the gospel of Christ. A certain minister preached Universalism, or the doctrine that everybody would be saved in the end, and after a time his chapel became empty. His neighbor, who preached that those who did not believe would be lost forever, had his house full. One day the Universalist met his neighbor, and asked him, "How is it that the people come to you when you preach that unbelievers will be sent to hell, and they do not come to me though I tell them that in the end they will all be in heaven?" The other replied, "They suspect that what I tell them is true, and that what you tell them is false." Where gentlemen of this order have been preaching, people have sense enough to come to the conclusion that if what they say is false it is not wise to hear them, and if what they say is true there is no need to hear them.

When you preach the Gospel,

SOULS WILL BE SAVED.

To secure that end you must stick to the Gospel, for that is the one means ordained by God for the conversion of sinners. The other day a Gospel minister spoke to a woman who had attended certain revival services, in which there was much shouting of "Come to Jesus," but nothing about Jesus. She said, "I heard you preach this afternoon, and if what you preached is true, then I am a lost woman. I have been *converted ten times already.*" Ah me! what is the use of such poor work as this? We must teach the King's word if our work is to be blessed to the salvation of souls.

Preach the King's word, for it will give you power in private prayer, power in the Sunday-school, power in the prayer-meeting, power in everything that you do; because you will live upon the King's own word, and His word is meat to the soul. The prophet said, "Thy words were found, and I did eat them; and thy word was unto me the joy and rejoicing of mine heart." If you try this meat you will all find it is nourishing to you also. The Lord bless you, and grant that it may be so. Amen.

EXPLOSION IN THE BRITISH GOVERNMENT OFFICES.

(*See Illustration on page 252.*)

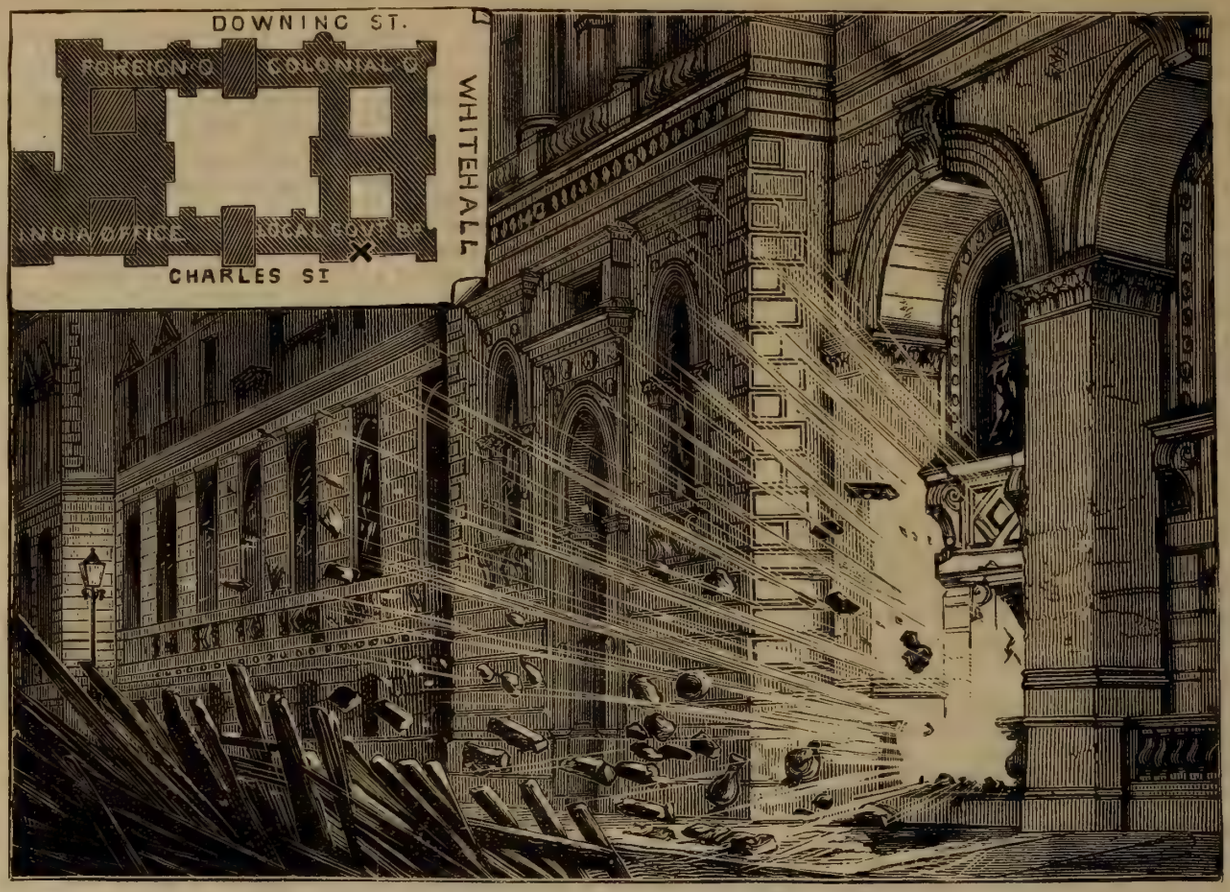
As already narrated under the heading of Foreign Topics in The Christian Herald of March 22d, all England was startled on March 15th by the news that one of the offices of the Government had been partially destroyed by an explosion of dynamite.

On the night of March 15th, about nine o'clock, while Parliament was sitting, a loud explosion was heard, shaking the windows and doors of the Legislative Chamber, and suspending the attention of the members. The explosion had taken place at no great distance, indeed, from the House of Commons, great damage having been caused, as was afterward discovered, to the Local Government Board Office at the corner of the handsome pile of public buildings accommodating the Indian and Foreign Secretaries. (*The cross on the picture of the ground-plan shows the precise point where the explosion took place.*)

It was clear that a treasonable attempt of apparently Fenian origin had been made. By what may or may not prove a mere coincidence, this infamous act befel almost simultaneously with an incendiary attempt, of apparently similar character, committed on the premises of the *Times* newspaper office.

The attempt appears of the most ominous nature, and an eye-witness supplies the following account: "At nine o'clock I happened to be within the precincts of the Houses of Parliament, at Westminster. Big Ben had struck the hour, and just as the sound was dying away, a tremendous explosion rent the air. The noise was as loud and not at all unlike the firing off of a cannon. One's first thought was whether a great gas explosion had occurred. If it were not that, what was it? Was it a peal of thunder? No, the state of the atmosphere precluded the very idea, the heavens being clear and bright. What was it, then? Was it dynamite?

"After a little delay, one ran across Palace Yard, from whence hundreds of excited persons were to be observed running through Parliament Street toward the new Government offices in Whitehall. The roadway in Parliament Street was strewn with myriads of fragments of glass. At the Whitehall Club and the various large offices adjacent not a sound pane of glass was to be seen, and the people were looking out of the windows wondering what it was that had caused the panic.



The Explosion in the British Government Building on March 15.

"Arriving at the point where Charles Street and King Street converge, the seat of the mischief was soon discovered. A cordon of police surrounded this section of the Government offices, keeping the stretch from Whitehall on the one side to St. James's Park on the other clear of the mob. The police were vigilant, but after a little manœuvring I managed to elude them and to get to the Local Government Board Office in Charles Street, where a truly remarkable scene presented itself.

"The whole of the windows along the last-named department, as well as the India Office—a distance of 150 yards—had been shattered, and the heavy plate-glass lay literally in heaps in the street. On the right-hand side of entrance to the Local Government Board Office a portion of the structure had been blown away, not as the result of a gas explosion assuredly, for not the slightest smell of gas was to be detected.

"The part of the building which had been especially damaged was a clerks' office on the basement. The massive balustrade in front of the window and the heavy stonework surrounding it had been demolished, and the office was in a complete state of wreck. The flooring had been torn up and the desks and other paraphernalia destroyed."

The residents in Parliament Street sustained a considerable shock to their nerves and no slight damage to their plate-glass windows by the explosion, the strength of which may be judged by the fact that houses more than two hundred yards off seriously suffered. Immediately after the occurrence extra guards of military and police were placed about the Government offices, and additional precautions were also taken for the protection of State Ministers.

This attempt on the part of the minions of lawlessness is only a further illustration of the spirit which is predicted to become dominant about the middle of the outpouring of the Sixth Vial (Revelation 16 : 12–14), and whose energetic and portentous development is already so strikingly manifest in the Communism of France, the Socialism of Germany, the Nihilism of Russia, and the Black Hand of Spain.

COOPER INSTITUTE.

The Institute founded by the late Peter Cooper, as described on page 243, and of which a picture is here given, is doing a work more beneficent and extensive than even New Yorkers who see something of it, generally conceive. The following account condensed from an exhaustive article published by the New York *Herald* will give some idea of its benefits :

The title of "The Cooper Union, Established for the Advancement of Science and Art," expresses a high purpose, but falls far short of conveying any idea of the vast range of the good work of the Union. The advancement of science and art is well enough, but *to teach, without one cent of charge*, 40,000 *men and women* to earn a good living at skilled trades ; to cultivate, without money and without price, the hands and brains of scores of thousands so that they may advance themselves in the world, and to exalt, mentally, morally and physically, the poor and friendless, are far nobler objects.

WHAT THE SCHOOLS OF THE COOPER UNION DO

is to give boys and girls that practical education which will be inestimably valuable to them in their trades and professions and enable them to earn bread and butter, and a something besides, for their families.

The actual work of the Cooper Union is one of the largest of any educational institution in the world. The reading room furnishes amusement and instruction to over two thousand people every day, and over three hundred papers and magazines and five hundred books are called for. It is open from eight in the morning until ten at night every day, and every respectable person is admitted without restriction. It is the largest reading room in the country, is well lighted and comfortable, and fully supplied with the periodical literature of many languages.

But the reading room is the least important part of the educational machinery of Cooper Union. The number of pupils who entered the various classes last year was 3334. And besides these there are public lectures every Saturday night during the fall and winter in the great hall of the Union, where about two thousand people assemble once every week to hear the most distinguished men in the country discourse upon the questions of the day in science, art and literature.

The schools occupy the greater part of the building. The whole of the large structure above the reading room, which is on the second floor, is divided into class rooms and devoted to educational purposes of a wide range. Large as is the number of pupils, there would be many more if the building would accommodate them. The demand is growing every year, and in all the departments the applicants seeking admission far exceed the accommodations. In some classes the number of those who were turned away at the beginning of the present year was greater than the number admitted. The pupils are received on the simple rule of first come first served, the necessary qualifications on the part of the applicant being good character, a suitable age and an expressed intention to turn the advantages of the institution to industrial purpose and self support. Great care is taken to select for admission those who are the least able to pay the usual charges of educational institutions for special instruction. Young men and girls with poor parents, or who are dependent upon their own resources, are always given the first choice.

The art school admits over 1200 pupils during the term, and teaches them drawing in perspective, mechanical and architectural drawing, drawing from the cast, form drawing, industrial drawing, free hand drawing and modelling in clay. The students join whatever classes they please, choosing those, of course, which will best fit them for the calling which they expect to follow. Nearly all the pupils work at their trades during the day, and attend the schools at night. The hours are from half-past seven to half-past nine, and every class-room is occupied every evening. The students must be over fifteen years of age and have a good rudimentary education in reading, writing and arithmetic. The majority are lads of from eighteen to twenty serving their time in workshop or office, but it is a common sight to see a middle-aged man standing by the side of a boy of seventeen.

THE SCIENTIFIC CLASSES.

Most of those in the scientific classes are embryo machinists, designers, artistic woodworkers, stone-cutters, jewellers, painters and workers in metals. Stationery, materials required in the chemical and modelling classes, etc., *are furnished free*, and text books are sold at cost price.

There are some forty ladies in the engraving class. The advanced pupils do clever work and are employed on the *Century* magazine and other publications. There are sixty or more young ladies who study telegraphing. The Western Union Telegraph Company has so far interested itself in this school as to pay a teacher who trains the pupils in the thorough methods of that company. It can thus draw competent

Cooper Institute, New York, Founded and Endowed by the late Peter Cooper.

operators for its offices from this school, and it has provided a large proportion of the graduates of this school, in times past, with employment on its lines, although it is under no special obligation to provide a place for any.

The last thing Mr. Cooper did before he died was to purchase six typewriters. Instruction in their use has been added to the women's schools, and it has been found a very useful adjunct. Work can easily be procured for girls who understand this process of copying.

In summing up this brief view of the Cooper Union the thoughtful mind will reflect on the fact that with a sum of money less than the annual expenditure of many a wealthy family in this city the Cooper Union counts its yearly beneficiaries by the thousands. This institution not only bestows its charity in the best form—that of promoting self-dependence and intellectual training for the work of life.

PETER BLAKE'S VOYAGE.

A SERIAL STORY BY HESBA STRETTON.

Peter Engages to Go.

THE autumn was sweeping along irresistibly over land and sea, putting summer to flight with ever-shortening days and nights of deeper darkness. For some time past the morning mists had been gathering more thickly on the river and in the streets of London, giving due warning of the denser fogs that were about to follow in their wake. The wind had been easterly, with a touch of northerly in it when it veered at all. The Thames was of a more slaty hue than it had been in the sunnier light of summer. But it had been calm still weather for some days; and when the mist rolled away each day toward noon, a light, bright blue sky shone overhead, with soft clouds floating slowly westward before the low east wind.

Down at Wapping, in the High Street, where the houses toward the river have almost all been turned into wharves and warehouses, there was a good deal of stir and activity. Vessels lay outside to be laden; and the clanking of the cranes lowering the cargoes into the holds might be heard all day. But for sounds like this Wapping would have been the quietest spot in London. No omnibuses were passing; and there were not many trains running to the little station on the bank of the river.

A little shop here and there was doing a struggling business in nails, wooden dolls, and red herrings. In some dark windows there was an attempt at a display of tempting literature; and penny books were dangling along a string stretched across the lower panes, such as "The Story of Cinderella," "Jack the Giant Killer," and "Mother Goose." In the public-house windows might be seen some ancient number of *Punch*, much soiled and yellow with age. But for the stir and business about the wharves and docks, Wapping on an autumn day is not a spot where a man out of work will feel his spirits happiest and brightest.

It was quite plain that Peter Blake did not find his spirits high. He had been gazing vacantly for some time through the railings of St. John's churchyard, where the moist yellow leaves were falling slowly from the trees upon the damp graves and stained headstones below them; but at last he moved listlessly away, and sauntered homeward into High Street. His feet stopped, as if of themselves, before the blackboard at the police station, and he read the notices on it slowly and carefully, his lips moving with each word. They were all of bodies found drowned. He read through each description, the supposed age, the color of the hair and complexion, the marks by which their friends, if they had any, might identify them; but he hardly paid attention to these details. There was a general vague impression on his mind that six or seven persons had been drowned lately in the Thames; but what was that compared with the loss of life at sea?

That he was a seaman any one could see at a glance. His face, young as it was, was weather-worn, and had fine lines on it which would soon be deep enough to be called wrinkles. His gray eyes were deep-set, and gleamed out from under his eyebrows, as if he knew himself bound to keep a sharp look-out both afloat and ashore. He was thin and slight, but wiry, and could climb a mast as quickly as any sailor of his acquaintance.

There was a limber suppleness about him not altogether English. When you came to know that his mother had been a French fisherman's daughter, from the coast of Normandy, you could account for the spring and elasticity of his frame, as well as for its strength and toughness. A first-rate mariner without a doubt; if only he was as good a man in other ways.

"Hullo, Blake!" cried a cheery voice behind him, "you're the very fellow I'm searching for."

Peter turned quickly from his study of the dismal list, and faced a man with a frank, pleasant face, weather-worn like his own; but his hair was white, and his skin deeply furrowed with wrinkles, though he was scarcely past middle age. Peter took off his blue cap, but at the same time stretched out his hand, which was cordially shaken by the person who had spoken to him.

"Good-day, captain," he said; "you've been searching for me?"

"High and low, Peter," he answered. "Come, now, I want one more good fellow to make up my crew—one man and a cabin boy. The pay's good; I'm not bound to stint the pay. There will be fourteen of you. Come. You know the sort of skipper I am; and I know you. You may come upon pretty much your own terms. Choose your own berth, and there's only the mate's I can't give you."

"I've half promised Bessie to give up the sea," said Peter, with a smile.

"And a fine land-lubber you'd make of yourself!" cried the captain, contemptuously. "What could a fine fellow like you do? Turn counter-jumper, eh? and measure out yards of ribbon and tape? and sell pins and needles? No, no. Stick to the sea, my lad; stick to the sea. There's more danger for you and me ashore than afloat."

"You and me, we've seen plenty of danger afloat, though, captain," answered Peter.

"Ay, lad," he said, "there's perils by sea and perils by land, as the Bible tells us; but give me the perils by sea. Let me go and talk to Bessie, and old madam, your mother. It's the French blood in you talks of giving up the sea."

"No, no," answered Peter, warmly; "it's the rowdy crews, and the drinking captains, and the rotten old boats, and the thought of Bessie and the children and my old mother thrown on cold charity and the wild world, if aught happened to me. There's times and times I think that a God-fearing man, and a man that loves the poor things hanging on him for life, has no call to go to sea."

"Well! I'm none of your drinking captains," said Captain Norcott, heartily, "and the crew is no rowdier than can be helped, and the boat's not rotten. You can go and see for yourself. She's the Dolphin, and they're loading her at Penrose's wharf, hard by."

"I wouldn't set my foot aboard one of Penrose's boats; no, not for a thousand pound down," exclaimed Peter.

"Did I say it was Penrose's boat?" asked the captain. "They're only loading her; a miscellaneous cargo. She's as pretty a sailing vessel as ever you saw, and rides on the water like a bird; sails as white as milk, and as freshly painted as if a royal princess was expected aboard. Blake, do you think I'd go out in her, if I didnt think she was all right, and my poor old wife left behind, crying and praying for me all the while I'm away?"

"Where is she bound for?" inquired Peter.

"A mere run to Algiers, my lad," he said, "and there you'll be no end of use to me, with your French lingo. Come; I'll not stint your pay. Why! if the wind keeps fair, we shall run down the Channel like a steamer, and be home again before the women's eyes have lost their redness from crying. To Algiers! It's nothing, just nothing. I'm not asking you to go to the Pacific, or the North Pole. Come on; and let me reason a bit with Bessie and the old mother. You promise them some fine gimcrack or furbelow, and they'll let you go fast enough."

"We're living down here, in Wapping," said Peter; "it's close by. Bessie has a sort of cousin, a sailmaker, and he gives her a lodgement in the house rent free, to look after it a bit; but he doesn't live there himself. I'll lead the way, captain."

The sailmaker's house was not many yards distant. As Captain Norcott and Peter ascended the staircase to the second floor, they heard a young boyish voice singing loudly, and a woman's soft sweet note chiming in. The words of the chorus rang clearly out, as they stood for a minute listening at the closed door:

"We're out on the ocean sailing,
To a home beyond the tide."

"That's Victor and Bessie," said Peter, with a smile of pride; "they're always at it, specially Victor."

Quietly he opened the door, and Captain Norcott saw a large, old-fashioned room, with a deep bow-window, looking out upon that part of the Thames called the Pool. The ceiling was low, and discolored by time; and the wainscotted walls had been painted of a color which it was now impossible to tell. There was little furniture in it, but it was good and clean, and a bright fire was burning without ashes in the large old grate.

On one side of the fireplace stood a huge antique wooden cradle, with long rockers, beside which sat *an old Frenchwoman*, with dark, brilliant eyes, and a withered sallow face, which seemed the sallower from the whiteness of the cap she wore. She was rocking the heavy cradle with one foot, while her thin yellow hands were busy knitting a sailor's cap. Bessie was getting tea ready, and was standing for a minute waiting for the kettle to boil. Victor, a bright handsome boy of thirteen, was nursing fondly a little girl of about five years of age. Peter paused for a few seconds, and Captain Norcott stood silent, looking on at the pleasant little home before him, while a sudden thought of the rough life on board flashed across him. The only one who saw them at the door was the child on Victor's knee, who stared solemnly and shyly at the stranger.

"Mother! here's Captain Norcott," said Peter loudly. The singing suddenly ceased, and the two women felt a sharp pang of dread. The sight of a sea captain in their pleasant room was a sure sign of a coming sorrow.

"Ay! you know what I'm come for, Bessie," said the captain, shaking hands with her and the old mother; "it's for Peter again. You must be a brave lass, and bid your husband go along with me. He's willing, if you are. A short voyage; good pay; no bullying, and as much of his own way as he can get. Those are the terms; come, don't let his shipmates say he's tied to his wife's apron-strings, and turned molly-cot."

"You men don't know what it is," said Bessie, half crying, "sitting in the house, and watching, and waiting, and seeing the storms blow up, and hearing the wind howl, and thinking of Peter in some nasy old ship that's only fit for firewood. I only wish Peter had to do it, and he'd soon find work on land or on the river."

"The ship, is it a good ship?" asked the old mother, staying her busy foot and hands; "is it a very good, strong, large ship. Peter is my very good son, and he must go in a very good ship. His father, Peter Blake, my husband, was a good man, and he voyaged in a bad ship, and he came back never, never."

"She is a very good ship, madam," answered Captain Norcott, speaking loudly, as if the old Frenchwoman was deaf; "Peter can go and see her, and I hope he will. Why, there's me and a dozen more ready to run the risk, what risk there is, and Peter is as brave as any one of us. Don't make him a coward. Peter's calling is to the sea, and he'll do no good off it. Fleck's one of the crew, and if there's any danger, catch Fleck going. You all know what Fleck is. He'll only go when there's a good job on hand."

"Fleck's a coward," said Bessie, more hopefully; "he's been in jail twice for breaking articles. Now if Peter signs he'll go; there'd be no keeping him back. But suppose Fleck deserted at the last minute again?"

"If Fleck's signed articles it's all right," said Peter; "he knows his boat, you may depend on it. He's not going aboard any old one, and he's not going to run himself into jail again. But I'll go down and look at her myself, and then I'll sign. I'm thinking I must go with you this once, captain."

Victor had pushed himself forward in the little group, and stood looking up intently into his brother's face, as if his own fate hung upon his decision. Now he uttered a shout of gladness, and caught Peter's arm between both his hands.

"And take me as cabin boy!" he cried; "mother'll let me go with you, Peter. I've been out to Dunkirk many a time, and to Havre twice. I know a boat almost as well as you do, Peter."

"Ay, it's true," said Peter, looking to the captain; "you know Victor, sir. I'll answer for him being obedient and trustworthy, and I don't deny I'd like having him along with me."

"Why, this is just as it should be," answered Captain Norcott; "I'm in want of a cabin-boy, and Victor's a born seaman. Only look here; you must decide sharp. We must go out with the tide to-morrow, and if you don't come I've to find others that will. Go down and see her at once, Blake; it's light enough yet, and they're getting her cargo in as fast as they can. Let me know to-night if you'll come or no. I'm lodging in Red Lion Street, hard by."

"Are you sure it is a very good ship?" asked the mother, eagerly; "they are my two only sons. In France one takes care the ships are good enough, but here in England you do all as you please. If I was a sailor I would go tap, tap all over the ship before I say I will go. My poor husband, he laughed at me, but all the same his good ship did break up like a little match-box, and he drowned himself. If my two only sons drowned themselves, what must we do, Bessie and me, and the two little babies?"

"You trust them to me," shouted the captain, "and I'll bring them safe home again. I knew your husband, madam, and he was a brave man. Now, Blake, go and look at the Dolphin, and let me know what you mean to do."

Captain Norcott walked back to Red Lion Street slowly and thoughtfully. For some days past there had been a few teasing doubts and suspicions troubling him, which seemed to have gathered tenfold strength when set against the little home scene he had just left. All the rest of his crew he had found and engaged about the docks and wharfs, where the transaction had been a mere matter of business. But he had gone with Peter Blake into his home; he had seen his old mother, a foreigner and stranger, and his little children, and his anxious young wife. The unwelcome misgivings that had been haunting him about the good ship Dolphin were certainly deepened by the interview. He had spoken cheerily and confidently to the women, because he looked upon them as timid creatures who would be afraid of the best vessel that sailed on the seas. But was the Dolphin as good a ship as he had assured them she was?

Captain Norcott was an honest man and a well-known careful commander. He took every reasonable precaution, in his own opinion. There was not a spark of cowardice in his nature, and the risk of the present voyage did not appear to him so great as many he had run into with his eyes open. But he had been on shore some time, and he was eager to be off again. He did not know for certain that the Dolphin was not thoroughly seaworthy; though he had a shrewd suspicion that she belonged only nominally to Blackburn, the owner whose name appeared on the ship's papers.

Penrose was the real owner—old Penrose, whose name was notorious among seafaring men and at insurance offices. Penrose was superintending the lading, and the cargo was not of such a character as to remove the captain's doubts. He wished he had not told Peter so positively that the Dolphin did not belong to Penrose. He did not think for a moment of drawing back from his own engagement, but he hesitated when he thought of Peter Blake and the bright young lad Victor. If harm came of this what would these two helpless women say to him?

He turned sharply about to hurry back to the sailmaker's house. But the recollection came to him of the emphatic manner in which he had assured them all that the ship was good. Well! no doubt she was good enough; he had nothing definite to say against her. And if the story got wind and reached Penrose's ears, how could he explain himself? Besides, it would be better for all sides to take a steady, trusty, able seaman like Peter, and a brisk intelligent boy like Victor, than pick up any idle loafers he might find hanging about the docks. The voyage would be all the safer with such good hands on board; and if he failed in getting the full crew, he knew very well old Penrose would send the Dolphin to sea under-manned.

Surely the chances were at least even. The weather was calm and the wind favorable. His crew was a fair one, taken altogether, though the mate was a stranger to him—a man of the name of Blackburn, related to the owner, and put in by Penrose. But he knew quite half his men. Peter Blake in himself was worth three of the others. No; he could not let Blake off. All that a captain could do he would to insure the success of the voyage. He would hold himself ready to sacrifice property to life at the first certainty of danger. He would not run the risks he should feel it to be his duty to if he knew assuredly his vessel to be a sound one. No! no! The crew should be saved whatever else was lost.

He strolled down to the water's edge and looked at the shipping in the river. They were still busy at Penrose's wharf, and he could see the long arm of the crane swinging to and fro as

the cargo was being lowered into the hold. A man and a boy stood near, looking on. They must be Peter Blake and Victor. Well! They should decide for themselves. Peter was quite as able to form an opinion as himself; he knew a good boat when he saw one. The captain turned away, and walked off to his quiet, old-fashioned lodging in Red Lion Street.

In about an hour's time he was called away from his fireside to speak to a sailor at the house-door. It was Peter Blake, and Victor's eager young face met the captain's eye as they stood in the light of the street lamp. He scarcely knew what he wished them to say. They would be valuable to him; but the thought of those women and the little children still weighed heavily on his heart.

"Well, Blake!" he said.

"We'll sign articles to-morrow captain," answered Peter; "Fleck says she's all right, and I don't see aught amiss with her as yet. We'll go."

(To be continued.)

PETER WORKING MIRACLES.

S. S. Lesson for April 29, Acts 9: 22, 43. Golden Text, ver. 34. By Mrs. M. Baxter.

Peter's Journey — His Commission — The Sick Man at Lydda—The Commission Fulfilled—Co-operation Essential—The Faith in Action—Influence of the Cure on the Church and the World—The Responsibility for Lukewarmness—Peter's Peculiar Mission—Its First Exercise—The Chamber of the Dead — Difference in Results — Spiritual and Physical Work Simultaneous—The Fool's Cry—The Signs of the Last Times.

THE last we heard of Peter and John was that on their departure from Samaria "they returned to Jerusalem, and preached the Gospel in many villages of the Samaritans." Whether it was on the course of this journey or whether in a pastoral journey later on we read, "It came to pass, as Peter passed through all quarters, he came down also to the saints which dwelt at Lydda." It is not impossible that he would go round by Lydda on his way to Jerusalem; but it is more than probable that the glorious results of his journey and John's to Samaria, had led him to inquire of the Lord whether it were not His will that he should visit other places where the disciples who had been driven out of Jerusalem by persecution were winning souls to Jesus. And it may be that the Lord had guided Him to go alone (it does not seem that John was now with him), and that in the course of his travels he had come to Lydda.

His mission was "to the saints which dwelt at Lydda." But when Peter was first called to be an apostle, and when he, as one of the twelve, received his vocation to "preach the Gospel," he was commanded equally to

"HEAL THE SICK."

Jesus said to them, "As ye go, preach, saying, The Kingdom of Heaven is at hand. Heal the sick, cleanse the lepers, raise the dead, cast out devils; freely ye have received, freely give (Matt. 10:7, 8, see also Mark. 3:14, 15; 6:7, 12, 13; Luke. 9:1). And this command was substantially repeated after the resurrection when Jesus said, "Go ye into all the world and preach the Gospel to every creature. . . . And these signs shall follow them that believe. . . . they shall lay hands on the sick, *and they shall recover.*"

There was a sick man in Lydda; no uncommon thing: very likely there were many more. We are not told how Peter found him out. It may be that news of the marvellous tide of healing which immediately followed the outpouring of the Holy Ghost, had reached Lydda, and it may be that friends of the sick man had told Peter of him. Or it may be that God told Peter of him and sent him directly to him. Eight years this poor man had kept his bed afflicted with the palsy. It would not be difficult to find out many who have been bedridden twice or three times as long; there is nothing so very remarkable about his sickness. But Peter came to him as a man sent from God, and said to him, "Eneas, Jesus Christ maketh thee whole; arise, and make thy bed."

Peter's commission was fulfilled; he could do no more. There was *no power in him to heal* the man, he must himself put forth faith. Just as when we lead a sinner to Christ, we may put him in the way, we may show him how completely his salvation is a finished work, we may tell him he has but to claim it, letting go himself and his sins, but then we can do no more; we cannot break with his sins for him, we cannot take the step of faith for him; if he does not himself accept Jesus, he remains unsaved. So it is with healing: we may show a poor sick one how Jesus took his infirmities and bore his sicknesses, we may show him the many blessed encouragements there are in the Word of God to put his case into the Lord's hands, we may pray over him and anoint him with oil in the name of the Lord, but unless he himself puts forth the hand of faith, we have no more power to heal him than we have to save his soul. Eneas acted faith, "he arose immediately." Wherever a poor sick one responds thus to the received command of Jesus, whether through the Word of God, or directly through the voice of the Holy Spirit, God honors his faith, and he is healed.

Eneas was just like those who are healed in our own day, he seems to have made it known around, and it produced a profound impression; men were surely less hardened in those days than now, there was a deeper sense of awe at the manifest working of God in their very midst. Satan had not then inaugurated

SKELETON ARMIES,

and attempted an organized disturbance of religious meetings; there was left some fear of God, which in these last days seems to have vanished from our midst. There must have been a glorious revival, for "all that dwelt in Lydda and Saron saw him (Eneas) and turned to the Lord." These men only wanted to know the truth in order to receive it; oh, for such hearers nowadays; we seem to have reached the culmination of daring defiance of God, and what has brought it about? Instrumentally, I say without hesitation, the unrighteous, unholy, worldly lives of professing Christians. Men, even men of God, affirm that healing and miracles were needed in the time of Christ and His apostles, in order to convince men of the truth of the Gospel, but that in these days of light and knowledge there is no longer need of them. Surely, surely, if they were needed when the Son of God was on earth in person, and when men bowed in multitudes to that which they recognized as His working, surely now this manifest power of God is needed when men who know the truth and some of whom have tasted of its power yet deny, blaspheme and oppose their God.

Peter had another mission; one which was not given to the seventy as healing was (Luke 10:9) and which was not among the signs which should follow "them that believe." (Mark 16: 17, 18). Peter was also told to raise the dead. In the life of our Lord, we notice that only in three cases did He raise the dead, and do not read in the Acts of the Apostles of any other than one of the apostles acting as God's instrument in raising the dead. Probably the twelve and Paul had special instruction from God in regard to this matter.

A well-known disciple among the little flock of Christians in Joppa fell sick and died. This was no small loss to the church; for this good woman "was *full* of good works and alms deeds which she did." Had she lived in our own day, she would not have held a mother's meeting once a week, and helped a little in a mission just when everybody else was there, and it was so pleasant; afterward returning to a life of ease, comfort, and self-indulgence. Dorcas was

FULL OF HER VOCATION;

she needed nothing from the world to fill up the interstices, she was full already; to serve Christ sufficed. She was not one of those who needed recreation; to her it was all holiday, because it was all for Jesus. It was a blessed life, and no doubt to die was gain to her. But, as in Paul's case, the Lord saw that to abide in the flesh was more needful for His little church. The friends of the dead woman washed her and "laid her in an upper chamber." No doubt many came to see the remains of one who gave herself unreservedly for God and for them; but knowing that Peter was at Lydda they sent two men to beg him not to delay to come unto them. He "arose, and went with them," and they took him into the chamber of death. Sorrow and lamentation were there, the good deeds of Dorcas were in the mouth of everybody. But Peter had a message from God, and he put them all forth, and like Elisha with the Shunamite's child, he was shut in alone with God and with the dead. He kneeled down and prayed, and he knew that he was answered, for "turning him to the body, he said, Tabitha, arise, and she opened her eyes; and when she saw Peter, she sat up."

It was the first time he had exercised this part of his commission, and he was small enough to be trusted by God to do it. He was no longer the boasting man, who said, "Though all men shall be offended because of Thee, yet will I never be offended." (Matt. 26: 33). He stood, and spoke, and lived in the strength of Another, it was no more Peter who lived, but Christ who lived in him. "And he gave her his hand, and lifted her up, and when he had called the saints and widows, presented her alive. And it was known throughout all Joppa; and many believed in the Lord." It might seem to us a strange thing that as the result of the healing of a single case, such as we have seen repeatedly within the last few years, a whole city should have become converted, and yet as the result of the raising of the dead, only a portion of another city became converted. We cannot calculate results according to the instrumentality used. Oh, how small and insignificant is the instrument, oh, how terrible the hardness and unbelief of men's hearts!

Peter had work still in Joppa, preaching and healing were carried on in those days so closely in combination that sometimes the one, sometimes the other, took precedence in order of time. Here the spiritual work followed the other. Why should there be in our day such a disrelish and such a fear of healing by the Lord? why should men try to disprove it? why should they seek to hinder those who have been healed from speaking of it? why should they impute it to every other cause than the power of God among us? The fool has said in his heart,

"NO GOD;"

and hundreds are saying in their hearts now, In healing no God except through means. If God works, He must not manifest His presence or get glory to His Name. He must not interfere with that which everybody receives. Many are shutting God out of business, education and family life. Religion, they say, is all very well, but no experience, no God; prayer is very well, but answers to prayer are not to be spoken of; sermons are all right, but if they turn men from darkness to light and from the power of Satan to God, the preacher is to be avoided. "No God." Oh, let those of us who believe, who know God, hear God, feel God, love God, oh, let us arise and come to the help of the Lord against the mighty. As we exercise our faith it grows stronger, we shall see greater things than these, the times of Pentecost are coming again, the very strength of opposition against the truth shows us that Satan is aware he has desperate odds against him; persecution may revive, far more than at present, nay, it will revive, but the Lord is at hand, He is coming for His Bride, she is making herself ready; and a people is being prepared against He comes. In the midst of the confusion it shall be that "the people that do know their God shall be strong and do exploits," although "some of them of understanding shall fall, to try them, and to purge and to make them white, even to the time of the end." (Dan. 11: 32–35.)

FOREIGN TOPICS.

The Triple Alliance against France is Represented as *a league of peace*. Herr Tisza, President of the Hungarian Council, in a speech delivered at Pesth on April 13th, practically admitted the existence of the alliance. He was careful to add that it did not imply hostility to France nor guarantee the respective territory of the three countries. He said the statement made in 1882 by Count Kalnoky, Austrian Minister of Foreign Affairs, that Italy had joined in the conservative foreign policy of Austria and Germany to preserve the peace of Europe, still holds good. While representing the alliance as a treaty of peace it is stated that Germany and Austria have promised Italy their "*energetic assistance* to defend her national honor and protect her maritime interests." The phraseology of the promise, however it may be explained, does not impress the public as being particularly pacific in tone.

Wholesale Arrests of Nihilists are Being made in Russia by the police, who have been aroused into unusual activity by the approaching coronation of the Czar. It is reported that 2000 persons have been arrested in Moscow alone on suspicion of being engaged in plotting against the life of the Czar. Advices have been received from St. Petersburg to the effect that the secret police in that city, as well as at Moscow, are making numerous arrests at night-time in consequence of the recent strong revival of nihilist intrigues. On the 4th inst., thirty-nine arrests were made in a house where a quantity of prepared explosives was discovered. A European correspondent of the *Sun* states that the information obtained by the police only serves to show that the nihilistic order is more numerous and more hostile than ever, that its determination is unconquerable, and that it is absolutely *fearless and reckless* as to the consequences which its acts may entail. It would seem as if the intended coronation was to be made a test struggle between the nihilists and the empire. The desperation of the conspirators is deeper than at any time in the reign of the late Czar, and their animosity against the reigning sovereign is inflamed to a degree that is almost incredible. They say that it does not matter how many plots are unfolded, how many men and women are imprisoned or executed, their plots are too many to be all detected, and their members who are ready to die, too numerous to be defied.

Brady, One of the Gang Charged with the murder of Lord Frederick Cavendish and Mr. Burke in Phœnix Park, Dublin, was tried and convicted last week. He was sentenced to be hanged on May 14th. An attempt was made to prove an alibi in his defence, but it broke down under cross-examination. The prosecution had abundance of evidence. Almost all the prisoners had volunteered to testify against each other, and were ready to furnish the government with information. The government lawyer remarked that the case should teach one lesson—that there could be no honor among members of such a society. The men who had instigated it and warmed it into life, the men who had supplied it with funds which encouraged it to carry on its designs, had fled to foreign lands. If there were any further proof required of how conspirators deserted those who were unlawfully leagued with them, it was furnished by the fact that the Crown had even in this case been compelled *to provide the means for defending Brady* from this terrible charge. The informer Carey was the principal witness, and his testimony was the chief means of convicting the man who had been his colleague and instrument. The court was surrounded by a mob which evinced its sympathies with the convicted murderer by howls of execration when the result of the trial was made known. Carey admitted that he was a regular *attendant at the communion* during the whole time he was arranging for the commission of the Phœnix Park murders. He identified during his evidence a photograph shown him of a man named Tynan. He said that it was a portrait of the man he had known as "Number One," who was the real chief of the conspiracy. Tynan, it appears, fled to Paris in time to escape arrest, and there after consultation with prominent Irishmen, and by the advice of a French lawyer he sought refuge in Mexico, with which country England has no extradition treaty.

The Irish Invincibles have been Startled by the dictum of Judge O'Brien, who stated that every member of the order might under the law be held guilty of the murder of Mr. Burke, even though they were absent from the scene of the crime. Referring to the existence of regularly organized secret societies drawn and held together for the purpose of committing murder, he said those members of such societies, who were actually guilty of taking the lives of their fellow-beings, and those who were guilty of assisting and encouraging them in their deeds, were clearly guilty of murder. The latter were equally guilty with the former. As Mr. Burke had been sentenced by the society all the members were responsible for the crime of his murder. The murder of Lord Frederick Cavendish not having been premeditated, only those present at the assassination could be held responsible.

An Enactment Dealing with Explosives has been passed by the British Parliament. It does not deal with cases in which the explosion causes loss of life, because that is already covered by the law against murder. As to other explosions and the possession of explosives, its provisions are very stringent. It provides that the maximum penalty for causing an explosion by which life or property is imperilled shall be lifelong servitude. An attempt to cause an explosion, or the making or keeping of explosives with intent to cause an explosion is made punishable by imprisonment for a term of twenty years, and the unlawful making or keeping of explosives under suspicious circumstances is to be punishable by fourteen years' imprisonment. All accessories to such crimes are to be treated as principals. Provision is made in the bill for the ordering of official inquiries into the crimes specified, for the arrest of absconding witnesses and for searching for explosives. The penalties are to be inflicted irrespective of the damage done by the explosives. The conservative party approved of the bill, and as it met with no opposition it was rushed through its three readings in both Houses of Parliament in one night. This unusual promptitude was due to the fact that the police had obtained information that persons bearing explosives were then crossing the Atlantic from America, and might be expected to arrive at any time.

The Difficulty between France and Tonquin is apparently still unsettled. A telegram received in London from Hong Kong, dated April 11th, says the French Minister to China had arranged the Tonquin affair satisfactorily in December, but the new French Ministry rejected the arrangement. The result, the despatch says, will probably be *a long and costly war for France*. China will use her best troops, which will probably be commanded by European leaders, and will, perhaps, have the assistance of another ally. It is remarkable that with internal affairs in a precarious and disturbed condition, France should embroil herself abroad in so many places. Her foreign policy has aroused the hostility if not the contempt of Europe. Her conduct in Tunis has alienated Italian sympathy, in Madagascar she has offended England and Germany, and she is now moving on Tonquin in defiance of England and Russia.

The Malagese Government has now Twenty thousand men under arms to resist the French troops. Much anxiety is beginning to be felt regarding the safety of the white settlers in outlying districts, where, in the event of hostilities breaking out, the foreign population would probably be attacked indiscriminately, the natives there being quite unable to distinguish between French and other foreigners. A further result of a struggle would be the development of a strong feeling against Christianity. Already the leaders of the old or heathen party are going through the country preaching that the present difficulties are owing to the admission of the missionaries and the conversion of the Court. If this movement were to gather strength, Christianity would probably disappear for a time over a great part of the country, and the people would relapse into barbarism. The Queen has not yet abandoned hope of the friendly mediation of Germany and England. The acting Foreign Secretary of the London Missionary Society asks special prayer for Madagascar, where the missionaries and foreign residents have much ground for solicitude in the present threatening crisis.

The Progress of Infidelity in France has been represented as extremely rapid, and the cablegrams published in the daily journals confirm this opinion, but M. de Pressensé who has abundant opportunities of personally testing its truth denies the assertion. In a letter to *The National Baptist* he says: I am more and more convinced that as far as our working-classes are concerned, *infidelity has taken no deep root*. In their irritation against Ultramontane clericalism they have seized without minute scrutiny the first weapon which has been furnished them. They have not forged it; it comes to them from the would-be scientists, who repudiate the idea of God with a levity unknown to true scholars. these do not allow themselves to pass the domain of scientific observation, in order to launch into unproved hypotheses. Atheism in our people, having no hold upon personal convictions, is but superficial. Proof of this comes to us every day. As to *political affairs* the same Christian writer says: A great improvement has taken place in the situation owing to the constitution of the Ferry Ministry. Its leader is a loyal, energetic man who has increased in power and who possesses a real gift of oratory. He has consequently rallied a majority firmly and closely united for the moment.

Messrs. Moody and Sankey Expected to Sail from Liverpool on Saturday in the Alaska for New York for a brief period of rest and recuperation. Their services at Manchester were successful beyond those in any other city. One of the local papers states that it is impossible to estimate the number of those who have received benefit from the mission. Some idea of it, however, may be gained from the fact that "inquiry cards" were given out each evening, and the names entered from them in a book daily. From this source the pastors have now the names and addresses of 1843 persons who profess to have received good. These inquirers had sent to them, by post, on Tuesday, March 13th, cards admitting to the closing service or the following evening, and on that evening "they occupied three rows in the body of the hall from the front of the platform right back to the clock." On March 31st the evangelists commenced a mission in Liverpool, where they will labor until they sail for America.

The Prophetic News and Israel's Watchman (London), for April, may be obtained at the office of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, price six cents, postage paid.

An Illustrated Work on the Unfulfilled prophecies of the Bible, by the Rev. M. Baxter, entitled: "Forty Coming Wonders," may be had from the office of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, 63 Bible House, New York, by remitting one dollar. It is a book of 528 pages, is handsomely bound in cloth and contains fifty full-page pictures and diagrams representing the scenes described in the prophecies of Daniel and in the book of the Revelation. It also contains a resumé of the opinions of other expositors, and extracts carefully collated from the works of all the most eminent writers on prophecy, from the earliest ages of the Christian era down to those of recent date. It thus forms the most useful and complete guide the student can have in entering on the study of that portion of the Word of God. The book may also be obtained for one dollar from any bookseller, who can procure it from the American News Company.

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THE RT. REV. E. W. BENSON, D.D.,
The New Archbishop of Canterbury.

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THE portrait on the front page of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD this week is that of *the ninety-second* Archbishop of Canterbury. Among all the dignitaries of the Protestant Episcopal Church in England he occupies the first place, though the monarch is always the nominal head of the Church. The dignity and responsibility of the Primate are so great, and the power he exercises by virtue of his position is so widely felt, that an interest attaches to his personality wherever Episcopalians are found. Other denominations, too, conscious of the influence the Archbishop of Canterbury exerts, cannot be indifferent to the character and abilities of the divine selected to fill that position. There are many clergymen and laymen who, when an Archbishop of Canterbury is chosen, disapprove of the choice, and think that another and different man should have been selected, but when the appointment has been made, there are few God-fearing men anxious for the well-being of the grand old Church, who do not pray that God will endow its chief ruler with the wisdom he will need.

The Right Rev. Edward White Benson, D.D., the new Archbishop of Canterbury in succession to the late Dr. Tait, is the eldest son of E. W. Benson, Esq., and was *born* at Birmingham in the year 1829. He is now, therefore, fifty-four years of age.

HIS METHODIST ANCESTOR.

It is remarkable that the future Archbishop should have had for an ancestor a prominent Methodist preacher. Joseph Benson, his paternal grandfather, to whom we refer, was born in 1748. He availed himself of early opportunities, and acquired a knowledge of Latin and Greek. Some of Wesley's itinerant preachers aroused in his mind serious impressions, and in 1764 he resolved to go to Newcastle, where the great revivalist then was, and offer himself for any services Wesley might deem desirable for him. His aged father accompanied him part of the way on foot. They separated, it is said, on the highway, "with a flood of tears," and never met again. A great deal turned on that parting of the ways.

Wesley had left Newcastle when Joseph Benson arrived there, and with very limited means the young man resolved to set out on foot to seek him in London. Wesley speedily recognized his ability and gifts, and he became classical tutor at Kingswood. Later on, through the influence of the Countess of Huntingdon, he was appointed head of Trevecca College. Some theological differences led to his resignation, and he entered St. Edmund's Hall, Oxford, with a view to the ministry in the Church of England. But his antecedents were against him. The tutor of his college declined to sign his testimonials, and though others were obtained, the Bishop of Worcester refused him ordination. Thus did the Church of England, in its hostility to Methodism, drive away from her those who might have been its truest and noblest sons.

At first Mr. Benson was greatly perplexed and distressed; but taking the best means of relief, he started out on *a preaching expedition* in Wiltshire, which was attended with such success that he became convinced that the whole matter was of God's ordering. "The Lord scattered my doubts," he said, "and showed me more clearly the way of salvation by faith in Christ."

At the Methodist Conference of 1771, when Benson was but thirty-three years old, he was appointed to the London circuit. Twice he was made *President of the Conference*, and he journeyed far and wide in apostolical labors. As a preacher he is said to have been at once thoughtful and fervid. Disposed to expository and grave discourse, his perorations were often marked by a Demosthenic eloquence which swayed his audience as the storm shakes the forest. Joseph Benson was withal a man of solid character, intellectual in habit, wise in counsel, and with a calm dignity of bearing which impressed men deeply. He was famed for his accurate and profound acquaintance with the Greek New Testament. His "Biblical Commentary" was a standard work. Horne, in his "Introduction to the Critical Study of the Holy Scriptures," speaks in high terms of it.

Thus Joseph Benson was altogether a man of mark in his connection. His portrait is still familiar in Methodist circles. He died in 1821, and his now famous descendant was not born till eight years after his decease. It is remarkable, however, that the grandson of the Methodist divine, who was refused ordination by the prelate of the Episcopal Church, should now have attained the highest office in that communion.

The future Archbishop's early education was received at King Edward's School, Birmingham, a popular institution of the midland metropolis of England. When young Benson studied there the principal was the Rev. James Prince Lee, who afterward became Bishop of Manchester. He was an able teacher, and under his care, at the same time as Edward Benson, were several boys who have since attained eminence. Among them were Professor Westcott, one of the company for the Revision of the New Testament, and one of the foremost Biblical scholars of the century; and the Rev. Dr. Lightfoot, the present Bishop of Durham.

UNIVERSITY CAREER.

Having honorably terminated the prescribed course at King Edward's School, he proceeded thence to Trinity College, Cambridge, where his career was rapid and successful, and of which he was successively Scholar and Fellow. In 1852 he graduated Bachelor of Arts, securing at the same time a First Class in classical honors, and winning also the enviable distinction of Senior Chancellor's Classical Medallist. He obtained also the much-coveted place of a Senior Optime in the mathematical tripos, and the "Members' Prize" for the best Latin prose essay.

In 1855 he graduated Master of Arts, proceeding in 1862 as Bachelor of Divinity, and obtained the diploma of Doctor of Divinity in 1867. He was for some years an assistant-master in Rugby School, and discharged the onerous function of the Head Mastership of Wellington College from its initiation in 1858 down to the year 1872, when he was selected as Canon Residentiary and Chancellor of Lincoln Cathedral, having held the prebend of Heydour with Walton in the same cathedral for three years previously.

SELECT PREACHER AND EXAMINING CHAPLAIN.

As a well-deserved tribute which was paid to his eminent qualifications, he was appointed Select Preacher to the University of Cambridge in 1864, and again in 1871, receiving a similar proof of the high estimate in which he was held from the University of Oxford and occupying the same position in this ancient seat of learning in 1875-76. For several years he acted as Examining Chaplain to the Bishop of Lincoln, and not only proved that he was actuated by sentiments of a purely evangelical character, but manifested also his earnest sympathy with all who, by means of missionary operations, were seeking to spread the truths of the gospel in the neglected parts of the diocese.

BISHOPRIC OF TRURO.

But higher and more responsible honors awaited him. His ripe scholarship and administrative abilities suggested his nomination by the late Earl of Beaconsfield, to the newly-founded Bishopric of Truro, Cornwall, and he received the prescribed episcopal consecration in St. Paul's Cathedral, London, on Wednesday, April 25th, 1877. The ceremony was performed by His Grace, the Archbishop of Canterbury, assisted by a large number of bishops. The diocese over which Dr. Benson was called to exercise episcopal sway was formerly included in the See of Exeter. The extent of the diocese rendered a division expedient, and the Diocese of Truro was taken out of it. It is virtually a restoration of the ancient British diocese of Cornwall, consisting of *the county of Cornwall, the Isles of Scilly, and five parishes of Devonshire*, with the ancient church of St. Mary, Truro, as a cathedral. (*The building appears in the left-hand corner of the upper part of our frontispiece.*) The enthronization took place on May-day, 1877.

ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY.

Dr. Benson, as already intimated, has now been chosen as Archbishop of Canterbury. The *confirmation* of his election took place on March 3d, in Bow Church, Cheapside, London, and the *enthronement*, a much more imposing ceremonial, took place in Canterbury Cathedral, on Thursday, March 29th, when the ancient city kept holiday, and in the evening was illuminated in honor of the event.

The new Archbishop has published several volumes of considerable intrinsic merit, among them being his "Wellington College Chapel Sermons;" a beautiful memorial discourse upon the decease of Bishop Lee, of Manchester; "Cambridge University Sermons;" besides numerous single sermons preached on special occasions. He is also one of the contributors to "The Speaker's Commentary."

CHARACTERISTIC REMARKS.

Some insight into the character of Dr. Benson may be gained from the letter in which on his appointment to the Archbishopric he bade farewell to his friends of Truro. He wrote: "I believe you think it was right to accept this call to the Primacy. I could never have thought so but for *the constant prayers* offered far and wide ere it came, and for the strange concurrence of circumstances which preceded and attended it." Dr. Benson then thanks the clergy and the laity of the diocese. He extends his thanks to the laity, whose experience has been gained in bodies which honestly endeavored to make up what was left undone in the past. "Little justice," he says, "should I do to my creed or my feelings if I did not yet again, as often in the past, acknowledge with love and gratitude that activity for Christ's sake, that open-handedness, that kindness toward all good works, that favor at beholding growing activities in the Church which have been *shown by the Wesleyans* and by very many others, who, nevertheless, have, and use energetically, organizations of their own. Where I go I have a noble, holy example before my eyes in my great predecessor in the archiepiscopal see."

In his published works occur many gems of thought beautifully expressed. Of these the following are a few specimens:

"Light, and Warmth, and Strength, our three vital needs, are only derivable in Christian life from contact with Chrisht—from the contact which, not denied to the loneliest soul, is promised in fulness and in power to united prayer."

"Rest is the blessing of toil; spiritual rest in prayer presupposes spiritual toil in prayer."

"It is not a little thing to come to believe that two or three very imperfect Christian worshippers 'make a Church,' as the Fathers say; that two or three make one divine yet human presence to be supernaturally *here* 'in the midst,' beyond the way in which God is always in every place."

"Life without worship is hard of outline, colorless, cold of temperature; worship without life is a gaudy idolatry; one is of marble, the other of wax."

"Every man must, like his Saviour, some day face the Tempter *alone;* and he cannot be strong till that is over. What is never wrought in loneliness will never be wrought in power."

In spite of these utterances, however, the English religious journals of the Evangelical party do not conceal their apprehension that the appointment of Dr. Benson may be fraught with danger to the Church. That he is an aggressive High Churchman is admitted. Mr. Gladstone, who appointed him, has always shown a marked

partiality for men of that school. It will be a grievous thing if ritualism, already rampant in the Church, should, under Dr. Benson's sway, flourish and extend its influence. *The Record*, the leading Evangelical journal of Great Britain, plainly intimates that there is danger of this result ensuing. It says: "It becomes the function of the Evangelical body in the Church to make a stand against what we cannot but think is a most mistaken policy. They must stand all the more firmly together as the effort to divide them becomes stronger. And why? Not surely for the sake of a party name or a party tradition, but for the sake of the distinctive principles of Evangelical religion. Those principles created the Evangelical body, and for the sake of them we must strive our utmost to maintain it. Again, upon the Evangelical body will mainly depend whether the Protestant *principles of the Reformation* are adhered to, or whether they are supplanted by the principle of so-called "catholicity." This has ever been the work of Evangelical Churchmen, but in the future it will be so in a more special manner."

THE ENTHRONIZATION SCENE,

as *depicted in our frontispiece*, is a ceremony of great magnificence and some solemnity, which is repeated on the occasion of the formal and public induction of every archbishop to the duties of his high ecclesiastical position. The interior of Canterbury Cathedral then presents an unusually striking scene, and never, perhaps is the ancient edifice, more than *eight hundred, years old*, looked upon to greater advantage—the lofty vaulted nave; the long vista of columns lining the aisles; the simple magnificence and vast extent of the Anglo-Norman choir; and the rich effect of the stained-glass windows filled with the records of prophets, saints and martyrs, and embellished with heraldic emblazoning of princes, priests, and nobles—benefactors to the Church—can scarcely fail to produce in the mind of the devout and sympathizing spectator feelings of an exalted and sublime nature.

The enthronization, which took place on March 29th, was the last of several ceremonies, which are required by law and custom to be solemnized before the Archbishop is duly constituted. One of these, which has evoked some little ridicule, is that of the Dean and Chapter "electing" the Archbishop. In these cases the election does not rest with the Dean and Chapter. They must elect the man whom the Prime Minister for the time being has chosen.

On January 18th there was issued in the Queen's name a *congé d'elire*, "empowering the Dean and Chapter of the Metropolitical Church, of Canterbury, to elect an Archbishop of that see," the notification also specifying that the Queen had "been pleased *to recommend* to the said Dean and Chapter the Right Reverend Father in God, Dr. Edward White Benson, now Bishop of Truro, to be by them elected Archbishop of the said see.' This document is now stripped of all significance. The law makes members of chapters who disobey the royal letters recommendatory liable to outlawry and imprisonment during the sovereign's pleasure. Even if the Dean and Chapter should prove stubborn, their opposition would be futile, as the Crown could appoint its nominee by letters patent after a lapse of twelve days. The "solemn mockery" of the whole process has been frequently insisted upon, and to the American mind it does seem as if the invocation of heaven to guide the members of the Chapter in selecting a candidate long since indicated might be omitted.

This and other preliminaries having been completed, the enthronization took place. *The Bishop of Long Island* and the Bishop of Saskatchewan, British North America, represented the Church on this side the Atlantic on the occasion. Nearly 10,000 applications had been made for tickets, but considerably less than 3000 were issued, owing to the space required for the progress of the procession through the nave, choir and transept. Seats for something over 2000 spectators were prepared, and standing-room was found in the nave for 500 more. The clergy of the diocese appeared in surplices and hoods and *Becket's favorite flower*, the lily of the valley, was worn by nearly every one in the building. About 600 persons were in the procession, which moved twice around the aisles of the nave. The Duke of Edinburgh, representatives of Oxford and Cambridge universities and a great concourse of clergymen were present.

The mandate for the enthronization having been read in the presence of the dean, canons, honorary canons and six preachers, the procession was formed, and passed through the cloisters to the nave of the cathedral. The hundred and twenty-first and hundred and twenty-second Psalms were chanted, while the clergy passed through the choir and settled in their places and the Archbishop and bishops were conducted to their seats within the altar-rails, when the Hallelujah Chorus was sung. The Archdeacon then administered to the Archbishop the formal affirmation, declaring that he would maintain the rights and liberties of the Church, and the Archdeacon, Dean and Vice-Dean having retired to their stalls the service was begun. At the end of the first lesson the Archdeacon conducted Dr. Benson to the throne. There the Vicar-General presented the mandate for enthronization to the Archdeacon, who, after it had been read, proceeded in a Latin speech to formally induct, install and enthrone the Primate. The service was then continued, and on its conclusion the Archdeacon and Bishops, with the Dean and Vice-Dean, conducted the Archbishop to

THE MARBLE CHAIR.

This famous seat is of Purbeck marble, in four pieces for convenience of transportation, and has for decoration a raised cross on the back. Here the Archbishop repeated the form of induction, but adding the word "Metropolitan;" he then conducted the Archbishop to the dean-stall, in token of his Grace having taken actual possession of the See, and the service was closed with the singing of the Te Deum and the pronouncing of the benediction by the Primate.

The procession was then reformed and proceeded to the Chapter House, where the Archdeacon conducted the Archbishop to the chief seat and promised canonical obedience to him, an act in which the Dean and the other members of the cathedral body also participated, and a memorandum of the proceedings having been signed and attested in the presence of the notary public, the Archbishop was at last in complete possession of the temporalities of his primacy.

ARCHIEPISCOPAL RANK.

The Archbishop receives for life a salary worth $75,000 a year. He is also entitled to a seat in the Queen's Privy Council, and he is a member of the House of Lords. His position in that chamber, however, differs from that of secular peers, in that it is not hereditary. The Archbishops and Bishops when they die are succeeded in the House of Lords by the prelates who fill their places in the diocese, and not, as in the case of the lay peers, by their eldest sons. The Archbishop of Canterbury is also entitled to an honor very highly esteemed in Great Britain. On all occasions of state ceremony he takes precedence next to the royal family. His rank is above that of dukes (the highest order in the peerage), unless they happen to be sons or grandsons or other personal relatives of the sovereign. He is thus enabled to vote on all questions of Church and State that are introduced for legislation in the House of Lords. The new Archbishop is, it is stated, a resolute opponent of the reform of the marriage laws much desired in England, which would permit the marriage of a deceased wife's sister.

An Outrage in St. Paul's Cathedral, London, occurred during the singing of an anthem at the afternoon service on March 24th. A man of respectable appearance hurriedly approached the altar, and, jumping on the communion-table, threw down the gold cross, which was broken in the fall, and knocked over the floral decorations. He was at once seized by two or three of the clergy and others, and removed by a side door, vociferating at the top of his voice, "Protestants, to the rescue!" The man was handed over to the police. He was taken before the magistrate on the following Monday, and fined five pounds. The money was immediately paid by friends of the accused. Sir Christopher Wren's towering fane, it is mentioned, was never before the scene of such an attack. The historians of the cathedral recall, however, that it has thrice been robbed of its plate—once by the commissioners of Edward VI., once by the Long Parliament, and once by some burglars, who were never brought to justice.

Death of a Young Actress.—The Following affecting incident is related by an evangelist. He says: "I was once called in great haste to pray with some one that was dying. The person who called for me led me through the streets, until we arrived in front of a miserable-looking building, which we entered. I was conducted down a flight of steps into a cellar, where I saw lying upon some old rags the form of a young woman. Her dark hair, now damp with the dew of death, hung in masses over her shoulders, while her white, thin face and black, sparkling eyes, full of terror, were uplifted to mine. She had been an actress. Her life had been spent upon the stage, but she was now called upon not only to leave the stage of the theatre, but the stage also of earthly life. The night before, she had been found in a dying state in an empty house, and she had been removed to this cellar. I prayed with her, and told her of the love of Jesus, and of His desire that she would take the pardon of her sins from His bleeding hands, and then, when life should close, go to dwell in heaven. But as I knelt by her side she drifted further and further out on the dark river of death, and presently, with a convulsion of unspeakable agony, and an utterance of despair, she died Christless and unforgiven. 'Seek ye the Lord while He may be found; call upon Him while He is near.'"

A Christian Japanese Convert Related his experience to the Rev. H. Maundrell, of Nagasaki, Japan, as follows: "I am a native of Kumamoto, and about eleven years since went to the principal school here, of which Captain James, an American gentleman, was master. He labored for four years to bring his pupils to Christ. Every Saturday evening he held a Bible-class in English, and on Sunday preached in English from two to three hours, to the first, second, and third classes in the school. We used to attend in order to get more knowledge of English, and also to criticise the Christian doctrine, but *at last it conquered us*. He used to bid us tell the lower classes in Japanese what we had heard. At last thirty of us put down our names on paper, and met on a hill among the trees and brushwood, to pray. We pledged ourselves to be servants of Jesus Christ, and give up idolatry entirely. Twenty of these fell away, but ten came back after a time, and ten more joined us, and nearly all of these thirty are now followers of Christ, and working as preachers and catechists for different churches. After my conversion my friends *shut me up for seventy days* in the house, but my schoolmates sent letters exhorting me to be firm. To stop correspondence with others, I was sent away to a distant relative, and kept close for seventy days more in order to prevent my being at the school examination. My heart got very faint when quite alone, but at last I was brought back, and the family said, 'You can go away; we do not want any one who is a Christian among us; go!' This was seven years ago; now I return for the first time and meet with a friendly reception. I went to Osaka and received instruction from missionaries there, then went to Yokohama, and now am stationed at Bizen, 100 miles west of Osaka, where I have been about two years, and where no foreign missionary is resident. I have there 160 Christian adherents, 60 of whom are communicants."

SOLICITUDE.

Dr. Talmage's Sermon, Preached Last Sunday Morning, April 22, 1883.

"A wise son maketh a glad father; but a foolish son is the heaviness of his mother."—Prov. 10 : 1.

Reckless Parents—Animal Protection for its Young—A Drowning Mother's Cry—I. Causes of Parental Solicitude—Imperfections of Parents—Conscious Insufficiency—Lack of Sympathy—Errors of Discipline—Evils of Laxity—The Forged Check—Early Development of Childish Sinfulness—Surrounding Temptations—The Enemy within the Gates—The Betrayer in the House—II. The Alleviations—Results of Early Watching—The Dry Dock of the Home—The Restraining Voice—A Discussion at a Theatre Door—Begin Early—Are Your Children Safe?

In this graphic way Solomon sets forth the idea that the good or evil behavior of children blesses or blights the parental heart. I know there are persons who seem to have no especial interest in the welfare of their children. The father says: "My boy must take the risks I took in life. If he turns out well, all right; if he turns out ill, he will have to bear the consequences. He has the same chance that I had. He must take care of himself." A shepherd might just as well thrust a lamb into a den of lions, and say: "Little lamb, take care of yourself."

Nearly all the brute creation are kind enough to look after their young. I was going through a woods, and I heard a shrill cry in a nest. I climbed up to the bird's nest and I found that the old bird had left the brood to starve. But that is a very rare occurrence. Generally a bird will pick your eyes out rather than surrender her young to your keeping, or your touch. A lion will rend you if you come too near the whelps; even the barnyard fowl with its clumsy foot and heavy wing, will come at you if you approach its young too nearly, and God certainly intended to have father and mother as kind as the brutes.

Christ comes through all our households to-day, and He says: "You take care of the bodies of your children and the minds of your children; what are you doing for their immortal souls?" I read of

A SHIP THAT FOUNDERED.

A lifeboat was launched. Many of the passengers were in the waters. A mother, with one hand beating the wave and the other hand holding her little child out toward the lifeboat, cried out: "Save my child!" And that impassioned cry is the one that finds an echo in every parental heart in this house to-day. "Save my child!" That man out there says: "I have fought my own way through life; I have got along tolerably well; the world has buffeted me, and I have had many a hard struggle; it don't make much difference what happens to me, but save my child." You see I have a subject of stupendous import, and I am going, as God may help me, to show the

CAUSES OF PARENTAL SOLICITUDE,

and then the alleviations of that solicitude.

I. The first cause of parental solicitude, I think, arises from *the imperfection of parents* on their own part. We all somehow want our children to avoid our faults. We hope that if we have any excellencies they will copy them; but the probability is they will copy our faults, and omit our excellencies. Children are very apt to be echoes of the parental life. Some one meets a lad in the back street, finds him smoking, and says: "Why, I am astounded at you; what would your father say if he knew this? where did you get that cigar?" "Oh, I picked it up on the street." "What would your father say, and your mother say, if they knew this?" "Oh," he replies, "that's nothing, *my father smokes!*" There is not one of us to-day, who would like to have our children copy all our example. And that is the cause of solicitude on the part of all of us. We have so many faults we do not want them copied and stereotyped in the lives and characters of those who come after us.

Then solicitude arises from our

CONSCIOUS INSUFFICIENCY

and unwisdom of discipline. Out of twenty parents there may be one parent who understands how thoroughly and skilfully to discipline; perhaps not more than one out of twenty. We, nearly all of us, are on one side or are on the other.

Here is a father who says: "I am going to bring up my children right; my sons shall know nothing but religion, shall see nothing but religion, and hear nothing but religion." They are routed at 6 o'clock in the morning to recite the Ten Commandments. They are wakened up from the sofa on Sunday night to recite the Westminster catechism. Their bedroom walls are covered with religious pictures and quotations of Scripture, and when the boy looks for the day of the month he looks for it in a religious almanac. If a minister comes to the house he is requested to take the boy aside, and tell him what a great sinner he is. It is religion morning, noon and night.

Time passes on, and the parents are waiting for the return of the son at night. It is 9 o'clock, it is 10 o'clock, it is 11 o'clock, it is 12 o'clock, it is half past 12 o'clock. Then they hear a rattling of the night-key, and George comes in and hastens up-stairs lest he be accosted. His father says: "George, where have you been?" He says, "I have been out." Yes, he has been out, and *he has been down*, and he has started on the broad road to ruin for this life and ruin for the life to come, and the father says to his wife: "Mother, the Ten Commandments are a failure; no use of Westminster catechism; I have done my very best for that boy; just see how he has turned out." Ah! my friend, you stuffed that boy with religion, you had no sympathy with innocent hilarities, you had no common-sense.

A man at mid-life said to me: "I haven't much desire for religion; my father was as good a man as ever lived, but he jammed religion down my throat when I was a boy until I got disgusted with it, and I haven't wanted any of it since." That father erred on one side.

Then the discipline is an entire failure in many households because the father pulls one way and the mother pulls the other way. The father says, "My son, I told you if I ever found you guilty of falsehood again I would chastise you, and I am going to keep my promise." The mother says: "Don't; let him off this time."

A father says: "I have seen so many that make mistake by too great severity in the rearing of their children; now, I will let my boy do as he pleases; he shall have

FULL SWING;

here, my son, are tickets to the theatre and opera; if you want to play cards, do so; if you don't want to play cards you need not to play them; go when you want to and come back when you want to; have a good time; go it!" Plenty of money for the most part, and give a boy plenty of money, and ask him not what he does with it, and you pay his way straight to perdition. But after a while the lad thinks he ought to have a still larger supply. He has been treated, and he must treat. He must have wine suppers. There are larger and larger expenses.

After a while, one day a messenger from the bank over the way calls in and says to the father of the household of which I am speaking, "The officers of the bank would like to have you step over a minute." The father steps over and a bank officer says, "Is that your check?" "No," he says, "that is not my check; I never make an 'H' in that way, I never put a curl to the 'Y' in that way; that is not my writing; that is not my signature; that is a counterfeit; send for the police." "Stop," says the bank officer, "*your son wrote that.*"

Now the father and mother are waiting for the son to come home at night. It is 12 o'clock, it is half-past 12 o'clock, it is 1 o'clock. The son comes through the hallway. The father says, "My son, what does all this mean? I gave you every opportunity, I gave you all the money you wanted, and here in my old days I find that you have become a spendthrift, a libertine and a sot." The son says: "Now, father, what is the use of your talking that way? You told me to go it, and I just took your suggestion." And so to strike the medium between severity and too great leniency, to strike the happy medium between the two and to train our children for God and for heaven is the anxiety of every intelligent parent.

Another great anxiety, great solicitude, is in the fact that so early is developed

CHILDISH SINFULNESS.

Morning-glories put out their bloom in the early part of the day, but as the hot sun comes on they close up. While there are other flowers that blaze their beauty along the Amazon for a week at a time without closing, yet the morning-glory does its work as certainly as *Victoria regia;* so there are some children that just put forth their bloom and they close, and they are gone. There is something supernatural about them while they tarry, and there is an ethereal appearance about them. There is a wonderful depth to their eye and they are gone. They are too delicate a plant for this world. The heavenly gardener sees them, and He takes them in.

But for the most part the children that live sometimes get cross, and pick up bad words in the street, or are disposed to quarrel with brother or sister and show that they are wicked. You see them in the Sabbath-school class. They are so sunshiny and bright you would think they were always so; but the mother looking over at them remembers what an awful time she had to get them ready. Time passes on. They get considerably older, and the son comes in from the street from a pugilistic encounter, bearing on his appearance the marks of defeat, or the daughter practises some little deception in the household. The mother says: "I can't always be scolding and fretting and finding fault, but this must be stopped." So in many a household there is the sign of sin, the sign of the heart's being wrong, the sign of the truthfulness of what the Bible says when it declares, "They go astray as soon as they be born, speaking lies."

Some go to work and try to correct all this, and the boy is picked at, and picked at, and picked at. That always is ruinous. There is more help in one good thunderstorm than in five days of cold drizzle. Better the old-fashioned style of chastisement, if that be necessary, than the fretting and the scolding which have destroyed so many.

There is also the cause of great solicitude sometimes because our young people are

SURROUNDED BY SO MANY TEMPTATIONS.

A castle may not be taken by a straightforward siege, but suppose there be inside the castle an enemy, and in the night he shoves back the bolt and swings open the door? Our young folks have foes without and they have foes within. Who does not understand it? Who is the man here who is not aware of the fact that the young people of this day have tremendous temptations?

Some man will come to the young people and try to persuade them that purity and honesty and uprightness are a sign of weakness. Some man will take a dramatic attitude, and he will talk to the young man, and he will say: "You must break away from your mother's apron-strings; you must get out of that Puritanical straight-jacket; it is time you were your own master; you are verdant; you are green; you are unsophisticated; come with me, I'll show you the world; I'll show you life; come with me; you need to see the world; it won't hurt you." After a while the young man says, "Well, I can't afford to be odd, I can't afford to be peculiar, I can't afford to sacrifice all my friends; I'll just go and see for myself." Farewell to innocence, which once gone never fully comes back. Do not be under the delusion that because you repent of sin you get rid forever of its consequences. I say farewell to innocence, which once gone never fully comes back.

Oh, how many

TRAPS SET FOR THE YOUNG!

Styles of temptation just suited to them. Do you suppose that a man who went clear to the depths of dissipation went down in one great plunge? Oh, no! At first it was a fashionable hotel. Marble floor. No unclean pictures behind the counter. No drunken hiccough while they drink, but the click of cut glass to the elegant sentiment. You ask that young man now to go into some low restaurant and get a drink, and he would say, "Do you mean to insult me?" But the fashionable and the elegant hotel is not always close by, and now the young man is *on the down grade.* Further and further down until he has about struck the bottom of the depths of ruin. Now, he is in the low restaurant. The cards so greasy you can hardly tell who has the best hand. Gambling for drinks. Shuffle away, shuffle away. The landlord stands in his shirt sleeves, with his hands on his hips, waiting for an order to fill up the glasses.

The clock strikes twelve—the tolling of *the funeral bell of a soul.* The breath of eternal woe flushes in that young man's cheeks. In the jets of the gaslight the fiery tongue of the worm that never dies. Two o'clock in the morning, and now they are sound asleep in their chairs. Landlord comes around and says, "Wake up, wake up! time to shut up!" "What!" says the young man. "Time to shut up." Push them all out into the night air. Now they are going home. Going home! Let the wife crouch in the corner and the children hide under the bed. What was the history of that young man? He began his dissipations in the bar-room of a Fifth Avenue Hotel, and completed his damnation in the lowest grog-shop on Atlantic Street.

Sometimes sin does not halt in that way. Sometimes sin even comes to the drawing-room. There are leprous hearts sometimes admitted in the highest circles of society. He is so elegant, he is so bewitching in his manner, he is so refined, he is so educated, no one suspects the sinful design; but after a while *the talons of death* come forth. What is the matter with that house? The front windows have not been open for six months or a year. A shadow has come down on that domestic hearth, a shadow thicker than one woven of midnight and hurricane. The agony of that parent makes him say: "Oh, I wish I had buried my children when they were small!" Loss of property? No. Death in the family? No. Madness? No. Some villain, kid-gloved and diamonded, lifted that cup of domestic bliss until the sunlight struck it, and all the rainbows played around the rim, and then dashed it into desolation and woe, until the harpies of darkness clapped their hands, and all the voices of the pit uttered a loud "Ha! ha!"

The statistic has never been made up in these great cities of how many have been destroyed, and how many beautiful homes have been overthrown. If the statistic could be presented, it would freeze your blood in a solid cake at your heart. Our great cities are full of temptations, and to vast multitudes of parents these temptations become a matter of great solicitude.

II. But now for

THE ALLEVIATIONS.

First of all, you save yourself a great deal of trouble, Oh, parent, if you can *early watch the children* and educate them for God and heaven! "The first five years of my life made me an infidel," said Tom Paine.

A vessel puts out to sea, and after it has been five days out there comes a cyclone. The vessel springs a leak. The helm will not work. What is the matter? It is not seaworthy. It never was seaworthy. Can you mend it now? It is too late. Down she goes with 250 passengers into a watery grave. What was the time to fix that vessel? What was the time to prepare it for the storm? In the dry dock. Ah, my friends, do not wait until your children get out into the world, beyond the Narrows and out on the great voyage of life! It is too late then to mend their morals and their manners. The dry dock of the Christian home is the place. Correct the sin now, correct the evil now.

Just look at the character of your children now and get an intimation of what they are going to be. You can tell by the way that boy divides the apple what his proclivity is and what his sin will be, and what style of discipline you ought to bring upon him. You let that disposition go. You see how he divides that apple? He takes nine tenths of it for himself, and he gives one tenth to his sister. Well, let that go, and all his life he will want the best part of everything, and he will be grinding and grasping to the day of his death.

LORD BYRON'S MOTHER.

People hurl their scorn at the life of Lord Byron. Lord Byron was not half so much to blame as his mother. The historian tells us that when her child was limping across the floor with his unsound foot, that instead of acting like any other mother, she said, "Get out of my way, you lame brat!" Do not denounce Lord Byron half as much as you denounce his mother. All the scenes in Venice, all the scenes in Greece, all the scenes of outrage wherever he went an echo of that bad mother's heart and that bad mother's life.

Two young men came to

A DOOR OF WICKEDNESS.

The one entered. The other turned back. Why? Difference of resolution, you say. No. The one had a Christian influence, the other had no pious training. The one man went on his evil way. He entered, and went on. No early voice accosted him, but the other heard a voice whose tones may have died from the ear twenty years before, saying, "Don't go there, don't go there!" I think it was almost the first time I ever made a religious address—it was in Dr. Bethune's church—it was an anniversary of the Young Men's Christian Association—I came in from my village home, and I remember nothing of that anniversary, except that one of the speakers that night said: "Many years ago, two young men stood at

THE DOOR OF PARK THEATRE,

New York. They were discussing whether they had better go in or not. There was an immoral play to be enacted that night. One of them said, 'I will not go in.' The other said: 'Don't be afraid; let us go in; who cares?' The one who entered went on from sin to sin, the terminus of his life *delirium tremens,* with which he died in a hospital. The other man turned back, came to Christ as his Saviour, entered the gospel ministry, and he stands before you to-night. What was it that stopped me at the door of Park Theatre, New York, so many years ago. It was a pressure of a hand on my shoulder—the pressure of my mother's hand."

BEGIN EARLY

with your children. You stand on the banks of a river and you try to change its course. It has been rolling now for a hundred miles. You cannot change it. But just go to the source of that river, go to where the water just drips down on the rock. Then with your knife make a channel this way and a channel that way, and it will take it. Come out and stand on the banks of your child's life when it is thirty or forty years of age, or even twenty, and try to change the course of that life. It is too late! It is too late! Go further up at the source of life and nearest to the mother's heart where the character starts, and try to take it in the right direction.

But oh, my friend, *be careful* to make a line, a distinct line between innocent hilarity on the one hand and vicious proclivity on the other. Do not think your children are going to ruin because they make a racket. All healthy children make a racket. But do not laugh at your child's sin because it is smart. If you do, you will cry after a while because it is malicious. Rebuke the very first appearance of sin. Now is your time. Do not begin too late.

Remember

IT IS WHAT YOU DO

more than what you say that is going to affect your children. Do you suppose Noah would have got his family to go into the ark if he stayed out? No. His sons would have said: "I am not going into the boat; there's something wrong; father won't go in; if father stays out, I'll stay out." An officer may stand in a castle and look off upon an army fighting; but he cannot be much of an officer, he cannot excite much enthusiasm on the part of his troops, standing in a castle or on a hill-top looking off upon the fight. It is a Garibaldi or a Napoleon I. who leaps into the stirrups and dashes ahead. And you stand outside the Christian life and tell your children to go in. They will not go. But you dash on ahead, you enter the kingdom of God, and they themselves will become good soldiers of Jesus Christ. Lead, if you would have them follow.

HAVE A FAMILY ALTAR.

Do not with long prayers wear out your children's knees. Do not have the prayer a repulsion. If you have a piano, or an organ, or a melodeon in the house, have it open while you are having prayers. If you say, "I cannot construct a prayer; I am slow of speech and never could construct a prayer," then take Matthew Henry's prayers, or take the Episcopal Church Prayer-book. There is nothing better than that. Put it down on the chair, gather your children about you, and commend them to God. You say it will not amount to anything. It will, long after you are under the soil. That son will remember father and mother at morning and evening prayers, and it will be mighty help to him, it will be mighty rescue to him.

And above all, in private commend your children to God. Say: "Here, Lord, I am—all my imperfections of discipline and government—here are these immortals—make them Thine forever. The angel that redeemeth us from all evil, bless the lads." Are all your children safe? I know it is a stupendous question to ask, but I must ask it.

ARE ALL YOUR CHILDREN SAFE?

A mother when the house was on fire got out the household goods, many articles of beautiful furniture, but forgot to ask until too late, "Are the children safe?" When the elements are melting with fervent heat, and God shall burn the world up, and the cry of "Fire! fire!" shall resound amid the mountains and the valleys, will your children be safe? will your children be safe?

I wonder if the subject this morning strikes a chord in the heart of any man who had Christian parentage, but has not lived as he ought? God brought you here this stormy morning to have your memory revived. Did you have a Christian ancestry? "Oh, yes!" says some man, "if there ever was a good woman my mother was good." How she watched you when you were sick! Others wearied. If she got weary she nevertheless was wakeful, and the medicine was given at the right time, and when the pillow was hot she turned it. And oh, then when you began to go astray, what a grief it was to her heart!

All the scene comes back. You remember the chairs, you remember the table, you remember the doorsill where you played, you remember the tones of her voice. She seems calling you now, not by the formal title with which we address you, saying, "Mr." this, or "Mr." that, or "Honorable" this, or "Honorable" that. It is just the first name, your first name she calls you by this morning. She bids you to a better life. She says: "Forget not all the counsel I gave you, my wandering boy; turn into paths of righteousness; I am waiting for you at the gate." Oh, yes, God brought you here this morning to have that memory revived, and I shout upward the tidings. Angels of God, send forward the news. Ring! Ring! The dead is alive again, and the lost is found!

[Dr. Talmage's sermons on The Star, The Betrothal, The Last Judgment, Guiteauism, The Ministry of Tears, The Twelve-gated Gospel and other subjects—twenty-six sermons in all—in a neat paper cover, with portrait, may be had from the Office of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD. Price thirty cents. Postage Paid.]

ANECDOTES RELATED AT THE MOODY AND SANKEY MEETINGS IN EUROPE.

A Happy Servant Girl.—Mr. J. Campbell White said at a recent meeting: "It was only yesterday that I saw a lady who told me of a servant girl who came for a few weeks only to a house. She was about seventeen or eighteen years of age, but her cheerful, bright life so told upon those with whom she served that first one and then another gave themselves to her Divine Master."

A Dreadful Sight.—At a Meeting in Cowcaddens a tall, stalwart man, with strong marks of dissipation stamped upon his features, stood up after the hymn, "Take me as I am," was sung, and in a voice which had a ring of despair in it, said, "Be not deceived; God is not mocked; for whatsoever a man soweth that shall he also reap. I am a drunkard, and fear that Jesus has not died for me; but I believe in prayer, and ask you to intercede with God for me." We hope that by this time this victim of drunkenness and sin has found out for himself the grand and blessed truth—"His blood can make the foulest clean."

A Happy Year for an Old Scoffer.—Another man said: "On Monday the 1st I shall have been one year in the Lord's service, and it has been the only happy year of my life. I was a scoffer and a drinker, but my wife was a prayer-loving, God-fearing woman. For many weary, heart-breaking years she prayed faithfully for me. When Mr. Moody was here last year I heard him preach from Gal. 6 : 7, 'God is not mocked, for whatsoever a man soweth that shall he also reap.' I was stricken to the heart, but, thank God, He who wounded also cured. Now I hate the life which I used to revel in, and desire to have my heart kept near to my Saviour. 'In His favor is life, and His loving-kindness is better than life.'"

How the Appetite was Conquered.—At a testimony meeting a working-man, about thirty-three years of age, said: "I bless and praise God for His infinite goodness to me. Till about a year ago I was given up to drunkenness, swearing, and other sins, but now I stand here a man saved by grace. Frequently, very frequently I tried to reform, and took the pledge, but it was of no use. I was dragged forward to sin by a power mightier than my own. I was a *slave*. My appetite for drink, my desire for evil was too strong for me. Only when the Lord filled my heart with His love, did I get power over my hateful appetite. And I stand here now, with my heart full of gratitude, the galling, crushing chains snapped asunder, a free man whom the Lord by His mighty power has redeemed, and whom He will preserve for His mercy's sake."

Good Cure for a Bad Thirst.—A Man, Apparently about thirty years of age, said: "I am a stranger among you, but I am a young convert, and have just come from Hawick. I have, I regret to say, tasted of most of the so-called pleasures which the world offers to its votaries, but, like the woman at the well in Samaria, I always thirsted again. Now, having accepted the kind invitation of Christ to come and drink of the water which He gives, my bad thirst for earth's muddy streams, or rather stagnant ponds, is gone. Blessed be His name! I never thirst for such things *now*. The only thing I *do* thirst for is more love to Christ and more humility. A year ago last September I was going along a road with two companions, on a Sabbath day. Our talk was not to edification, you may be sure. Suddenly I thought, 'Am I to continue this way of life long? No, I will not,' and that day I sought Christ, and gave myself to Him."

Killed on the Railway.—The Rev. Mr. Munro said: "Just previous to my leaving America to return to this country, a sad accident took place on the railway. A strong man was crossing the line, when his foot slipped between the points, and was caught fast by them. He was quite close to the station, but hidden from it by a curve in the line, so that the people could not see him, neither could they hear his shout for help. Only a small thing held him in that spot, yet it was sufficient to cause his death. He heard the train which he had been hurrying to catch stop at the station, and the whistle as it started, and soon it appeared round the curve. The engineer did not at first see that he was fixed to the spot till it was too late, and though he then put on the brakes, and reversed the engine, the momentum of the train carried it onward. The man saw death was inevitable, faced the engine as it dashed upon him, lifted up his eyes to heaven in prayer, and in a moment he was torn to pieces. Beware of little sins, as they are foolishly called. The smallest, the least noticed may become the cause of the eternal damnation of an impenitent soul."

Died on the Way Home.—Mr. McFarlane said: "I shook hands with a gentleman in the street the other day, and inquired, 'Are you going home?' 'Yes; but no one knows nowadays whether he will get there or not,' was his answer. 'What makes you say so?' I asked. He then told me the following incident: 'A friend of mine left his office and took the train for Bothwell, where he resided. When he started he was quite well, but in the train he felt a slight faintness stealing over him. On alighting at the station he was unable to stand, and was carried to the nearest house. "Send for my daughters," he murmured. His house was only a few hundred yards away, but when his daughters came to him he could not recognize them, and he died without a word or sign.' Be ye also ready, for no man knows the hour at which the call to appear before God may come to him. Death may be very near. Faith in Christ's finished atoning work extracts the sting of death, and opens a pathway to a blissful immortality."

Just Missed the Silver.—The Rev. Mr. Drummond said: "I was travelling in the North of England with a friend. As we neared a mountain with a large hole in it, he said to me, 'I sank thousands of pounds in that hole.' 'How did you do that?' He replied, 'I thought that there was silver in the mountain, and put on men to dig for it; they dug for months, and yet there was no sign of the ore. At the end of a year I told them, "I will give you three months more to find it; if, at the end of that time, silver is not found, I will stop the workings." At the end of that time I visited the hill, but there were no signs of silver. I gave the order to stop the works. In a short time a stranger came to me and inquired, "Why did you stop the workings?" "Because there was no silver in it," I said. "Will you sell the hill and mine?" was the inquiry, and I responded, "Yes, with pleasure." I sold the whole affair for a comparative trifle, and thought that I had made a great bargain. The stranger formed a company, which set men on to dig again; and after going down a foot or two, came upon *the richest silver vein* in England.' I am persuaded there are many souls who are just near the richest of all blessings which man can have in this world, but who fail to take the step which will enable them to grasp it. 'The gift of God is eternal life.' Is that not the best kind of riches that any man can desire? Put out your hands and take it now."

A Terrible Swim to Shore.—Major Colquhoun said at a recent meeting in Glasgow: "A gallant ship had rounded the Cape of Good Hope and coasted up by Algoa Bay. It is a rock-bound coast, with little or no shelter and very bad anchorage, so that when ships are driven ashore they are broken into pieces. This ship was so driven and became a total wreck. There was a strong man on board who determined to save his wife and child; he was a good swimmer, and felt that being so near the shore he could save them, but, alas! he did not know the power of the heavy surf which beats on the verge of that bay, and as he struggled manfully on with the child in his arms and his wife on his back, he realized with a feeling of despair that he could not save *both* his dear ones. Then began the inward conflict. 'Wife or child, which shall I drop?' For *either* he would give his own life gladly; how much more for both. 'I cannot part with my wife; I cannot part with my child,' was the thought of his heart; but nature soon decided for him, and almost involuntarily his arm relaxed, and his darling child was swept away in the raging sea. He reached the shore with his wife, but his child, for whom he would have given his life, was gone. He was not 'mighty to save;' he would have saved *if he could*, but he had not the power. Christ is *mighty to save*. He can save to the uttermost, and He is willing to save all who truly call upon Him."

A Whiskey-Seller Saved.—Mr. Dunn, the evangelist, said: "One woman who had a rumshop in Kilsyth came to our meetings, and the Holy Spirit convicted her of sin. I called upon her the next day and noticed people stare to see me going into such a place. When she saw me, she began to speak about her business, the evil one trying to persuade her to argue about it and defend it; but I said, 'I have not come here to speak about your business, but to speak about the Lord Jesus.' After a long conversation she accepted Christ as her Saviour and guide. Two days afterward I again called, and said, 'I have come to-day to speak about your business and not about your soul. A rumshop and the Lord Jesus can never go together.' We then knelt down and prayed about it. When we rose, she said, 'I will go to the city and put my business into a lawyer's hands for sale, so that all my creditors may be paid in full.' Pray, my friends, that she may continue resolute."

ISHMAEL: PAST, PRESENT, AND FUTURE.

A Prophetical Monograph by the Rev. E. J. Hytche.

(*Continued from page 247.*)

THOUGH there is no specific promise that, like their brethren of the house of Lot, the sons of Ishmael should be nationally restored in the last days (see Jer. 48 : 47; 49 : 5,6), God's promise, in fact, that they "should dwell (or abide) in the presence of all their brethren," implies that they should never be scattered, like the sons of Isaac; and we have seen that the Most High has been faithful to His promise.

Like the sons of Hobab, their history has many foreshadows of those days when the Ishmaelites shall be united with the children of Sarah in holy fellowship. In connection with and as symbolical of this fact, it is pleasing to find that, whatever the jealous hostility of Ishmael to his brother Isaac in youth, he seems to have become his friend in manhood. It is possible that the counsels of Abraham, who was eminently a man of peace, brought about this reconciliation, after the death of Sarah had removed that obstacle to brotherly union. Hence we read that (Gen. 25 : 9) "his sons, Isaac and Ishmael, buried him."

Again, we find later in the Hebrew history, that King David not only held friendly intercourse with the house of Ishmael, but that some were members of his household. Thus in 1 Chron. 27, which contains a list of the twelve "rulers of David's substance" or property, that (v. 30, 31) "over the camels was Obil, the Ishmaelite; and over the flocks was Jaziz, the Hagerite. Knowing that the Philistines, Uriah and Ittai, among his chief captains, were Jewish proselytes, we are warranted in inferring that these Ishmaelites were worshippers of Jehovah, either by birth or conversion. If so, then the prayer of their great forefather was answered, and that they, at least of the sons of Hagar, spiritually "lived before Jehovah."

Nor was this a solitary instance of the connection of the Ishmaelites with the house of David. Ithra, who married his sister Abigail, is stated in the text of 2 Sam. 17 : 25 to have been an "Israelite," but the margin represents him to have been "an Ishmaelite." That the marginal is the correct reading is clear from 1 Chron. 2 : 17, which states that Ithra was an Ishmaelite.

All these facts lead to the conclusion that not a few of the sons of Hagar, were not only allied to their kinsmen the Jews by birth or office, but

were living proofs that the religious family training, which characterized Abraham, was not abortive, but brought forth fruit many centuries after his death. May we not then regard these Ishmaelites as types of what the whole race will be

DURING THE MILLENNIUM?

Another fore-glimpse of the unity of the Ishmaelites with their brethren of the house of Isaac, if not in the last days of this dispensation, at least during the Millennial age, we gather from an episode in the history of that noblest of the kings of Judah, Jehoshaphat. (II Chron. 17 : 10, 11.)

The last fore-glimpse we have of Ishmael in connection with Jerusalem in the last days, we trace in

THAT MEMORABLE FEAST

of first-fruits which was kept after the ascension of our Lord. At that festival the Holy Spirit came down, in accordance with almost the dying promise of Christ, in manifested power. Among the many disciples of Jesus, that gathered "in one place" in Jerusalem, *Arabians* are specifically enumerated. Like the other nationalities there represented, they "spake in various tongues, the wonderful (or rather, the mighty) works of God." Nor need we be surprised at this result of the baptism of fire; for as now—Theists and adherents of Judaism, the Arabians had but one step to take to embrace Him, of whom Moses and the prophets spake, either by direct teaching, or indirectly by parabolic rites and symbols.

The fact that so many of the sons of Hagar and Keturah were not only Jewish proselytes, but believers in Christ's mission, supplies one clue to the reason why Paul, after his miraculous conversion, when he left Damascus for a time (Gal. 1 : 17) "went into Arabia." For he not only tarried with his kinsmen after the flesh, but with his brethren in Jesus, some of whom had personally received the baptism of the Holy Ghost, at the feast of the first-fruits some years before his conversion.

Such as were Ishmael's sons in the past, so will they be in

THE FUTURE;

for Scripture clearly shows that they will take a prominent part in the awful scenes which will close this dispensation, as well as during that "morning without clouds" which will be visibly ushered in by the Son of Man. Whether the Ishmaelites will be associated with Antichrist during his lawless career is somewhat doubtful; or, if they are, it seems to be uncertain whether they will be enrolled among his battalions at his last invasion of the Holy Land.

It is in connection with the downfall of Babylon and the restoration of the Jews to God's favor that we learn something about the future of the Ishmaelites, and of the other Arabians, who trace their descent to Heber, Nahor, and Abraham. During all the past dispensations, Mosaic and Christian, the Ishmaelites have been a nomadic and pastoral race; and what they have been in past ages they will apparently be during the Millennium. Hence when Isaiah records the destruction of the eastern capital of Antichrist, Babylon, he says (see Isa. 13 : 20; and also Rev. 18 : 21-23): "It shall never be inhabited, neither shall it be dwelt in from generation to generation—neither shall the *Arabian* pitch his tent there, neither shall the shepherds make their fold there." This last change indicates that the wealth of Ishmael will consist then, as now, and as of old, in flocks and herds; and as these will require a large range of pasturage, we can readily infer why they will be chiefly a nomadic race, moving as will be necessary from place to place to provide for the wants of their huge multitude of cattle.

This fact is, however, further confirmed by the mode whereby they will show their union with the restored Israelites during the Millennium. Thus we read (Isa. 60 : 7): "All the flocks of *Kedar* shall be gathered together unto thee—the rams of *Nebaioth* shall minister unto thee," or Jerusalem. The two eldest sons of Ishmael were respectively called Nebajoth and Kedar (Gen. 25 : 13); and as they were primary in dignity they may be regarded as representing the other princes of the house of Ishmael in the latter days. There Ishmael, wealthy as he will be in cattle, will repeat what he did in the days of Jehoshaphat (2 Chron. 17 : 10-11) and bring their

FREE-WILL OFFERINGS

to their kinsmen in Jerusalem. So large will the number be of the camels there brought as presents that Isaiah (60 : 6) says that "the *multitude* of camels shall *cover* thee—the dromedaries of Midian and Ephah." The land betwixt the present desert and the Holy Land will be covered with these free-will offerings.

Though a portion of those presents will be as gifts to their brethren the Jews, yet there can be no doubt that another part will be sent for sacrifice—namely, the future burnt-offerings and peace-offerings described in Ezekiel 46.

Nor will the Ishmaelites give of their substance merely to the Jews; but they will also probably aid in beautifying that last great Temple in Jerusalem, which is depicted by the Divine Architect in Ezek. 40 to 43. It is also said (Isa. 60 : 13): "The glory of Lebanon shall come unto thee; the fir-tree, the pine-tree, and the box together to *beautify* the place (house) of My glory." For, if "the sons of strangers will build up the walls" of the Holy City, we may readily infer that the palace of Christ—as in the days of Solomon—will be built by Gentiles as well as Jews; and, if so, can we doubt that the sons of Hagar and Keturah will be foremost in the God-given labor?

There are two other facts connected with the costly gifts of the sons of Ishmael—namely, personal worship and acceptance on the part of Messiah. Hence in the Messianic Psalm (62 : 9), we read: "They that dwell in the wilderness shall bow before Him." But specifically it is said of the Ishmaelites and Keturahites (Isa. 60 : 6), that "they shall show forth the praises of Jehovah." Nor will their free-will offerings and personal worship be in vain; for it is added (v. 7) "they shall come up with acceptance on My altar."

All these positive and inferential facts clearly show that, though three thousand eight hundred years have passed away since God so graciously responded to Abraham's prayer, "Oh, that Ishmael may live before Thee," the promise has not been annulled, but will rather have a still

MORE COMPLETE FULFILMENT

during the reign of Messiah. At present the bulk of Ishmael's posterity adheres to the creed of their kinsman Mahomet. Monotheists, as he and his brethren were, he declared—and that is one of the brightest articles in the creed of Islam—that his mission was to extirpate idolatry, whether that of avowed paganism, or in its more subtle form—namely, the picture worship of the Greek, and the image and bread worship of all the apostate Eastern and Latin Churches. To this principle, amid all the errors of their creed, the Ishmaelites are still faithful; and so strict are they in this respect, that as a body, they will not permit any picture or image to enter their tents, lest their children should be thereby corrupted.

It is also pleasing to find—when unhappily the large majority of ministers, in spite of the teachings of both the Old and New Testament, deny that the present dispensation will end in an apostasy more direful than that of any age, culminating as it will do in the worship of Antichrist—that these denizens of the desert expect the advent of Antichrist in the last days. They also believe that he will be ultimately defeated by Allah by the means of a heaven-sent messenger, called El-Mahdi. Thus these sons of Ishmael still hold to a primitive truth derived of Mahomet from tradition—a dogma which ought to be regarded as a most important article in latter-day truths.

Holding primary Bible truths like these, and those mentioned above, there seems to be

A FULCRUM

on which to base the lever of true Christianity. It is therefore painful to know how little is being done by true Christians to show the Ishmaelites that the doctrines and rites of the ancient Oriental Churches, are mainly awful caricatures of Christianity. Some *American missionaries*, it is true, have attempted to reach the outlying districts of Arabia, but they have chiefly acted through the education of youth, instead of by direct Gospelizing the mass of the Arabs; and, as might be expected, their converts have been very few. Miss M. L. Whately, too, the daughter of the late Archbishop Whately, has also labored earnestly in Cairo for nearly a quarter of a century; and many Arabian children have been received into her schools and orphanage. But unhappily, while the social and educational results have been encouraging, the spiritual fruits have been almost nil.

It is questionable, then, whether the bulk of missionaries to the Asiatics have taken the right steps to bring the sons of Ishmael to the foot of the cross; and whether they would not be more successful in their undoubtedly earnest labors, if they, in future, would imitate the greatest missionary who has adorned the Church; and that like the Apostle Paul, were "determined to know nothing among men, save Christ, and Him crucified." For surely when God has preserved the sons of Ishmael for nigh four thousand years on the territory He gave to their ancestor, we may infer that He must have spared them as a sacred race—even if we had no scriptural authority for the belief—and that for a benign purpose. If so, ought *we* not to echo Abraham's prayer, "Oh, that Ishmael may live before Thee."

In urging the evangelization of the Ishmaelites and other tribes of the desert, another fact is pressed upon our attention—namely,

THE LARGE POPULATION

to whom it has been a home for nigh four centuries, and all of whom claim Abrahamic descent. It is somewhat difficult to obtain a correct census of such nomadic races, but Mr. Skene, the British consul at Aleppo, estimated in 1866, the Bedaweens at 4,000,000. He stated that the Annesee alone had 70,000 tents. Surely then a population so large has every claim on those who *really* believe that, apart from Christ, there is no hope of salvation. Another reason ought to influence the students of prophecy, at least, to echo Abraham's prayer—namely, the prominent position the Ishmaelites, like other Orientals, will occupy in the events which will wind up this dispensation. At present the West dominates the East, but prophecy declares—whether we regard the Hebrew prophets, or John the seer of Gospel times—that the East will predominate in the last days. At Babylon, the first attempt at universal empire was made by Nimrod, and *there* his abortive aim will be, for the first time, accomplished by Antichrist. Even now Palestine and Egypt are potent factors in the politics of Europe; and the recent war in Egypt shows what a power for evil or for good, are the descendants of Heber and Abraham.

These Eastern nations will become models to every Western nation during the Millennial age. For Isaiah was instructed to declare (19 : 24): "In *that day* (or the times of Messiah), shall Israel be the third with Egypt and with Assyria—even a blessing in the midst of the land," or rather the earth. Then will the East, from whence we have derived our origin and religion, not only again become the centre of Gospel light, but also models and specimens of what every Western nation may become. For God will thus place His seal upon their position as teachers of the West—"Blessed be Egypt, My people, and Assyria, including the desert, the work of My hands, and Israel, Mine inheritance."

Well, then, may we, when we remember what the Ishmaelites now are, and what they are destined to be in the Millennial age, echo the prayer of their great ancestor, Abraham, "Oh, that Ishmael may live before Thee."

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CURRENT EVENTS.

A Report that the President was Seriously ill on board the Talapoosa at Savannah, Ga., was telegraphed to New York on Friday, and caused much excitement. Later telegrams modified the more alarming rumors. Contradictory statements were in circulation until the end of the week. The generally accepted account is that the President spent some hours in driving in an open car on Thursday in the hot sun. Later he attended a rifle-shooting contest, and partook of lunch. He afterward drove to the residence of friends in Savannah, where he dined, returning to the Talapoosa shortly before midnight. During the night he was suddenly seized with bilious colic, and was attended by the ship's surgeon, who succeeded in relieving his pain. He decided to return to Washington by rail, and commenced the journey at 4 P.M. on Saturday.

An Emphatic Denunciation of the Dynamite plotters in New York was uttered on April 19 by Judge Noah Davis. He said: "They are a society of fiends who disgrace our shores, and I speak of them because it is your duty as American citizens to frown down and denounce all their detestable crimes. I tell you the time has come when we must speak out on this subject. If not legally, we are morally responsible for all the dynamite that is sent to England, for it is all sent by American money. Suppose a man standing one inch this side of the border line between the United States and Canada were to fire a shot that would blow up a Canadian town. Would we not be detested by every one if we allowed such a wretch to remain among us? Or suppose it were possible for a man to stand in America, and by means of the Atlantic cable cause a dynamite explosion in London. What would be said of us if we permitted the man who touched the spring of that cable to live in New York? And though we are not as legally we are every whit as morally responsible for harboring the vampires and assassins that now disgrace New York, as we would be if we retained that man; and I tell you, we and all respectable citizens should make it so warm, by our unceasing denunciation, for these Irish vampires, that they can no longer hide their cowardly carcasses behind the American constitution."

The Prohibitory Amendment in Iowa has again been declared void by a majority of the Supreme Court. The opinions are voluminous, the majority covering eighty-four pages of legal cap, and the minority, consisting of Judge Beck's alone, covering one hundred and thirteen pages. The majority opinion is in harmony with that rendered at the first hearing, declaring the amendment null and void. The opinion of the court was delivered by Chief-Justice Day. On the only new question raised in the argument for the rehearing, that of jurisdiction, the court is positive that courts are instituted for the purpose of adjudicating acts of the Legislature.

An Interview with Edward O'Meagher Coudon, the supervising architect of the Treasury, was published last week in the Washington journals. In the course of the interview Coudon took occasion to express his approval of the dynamite plots in Ireland. This expression of opinion by a man in the employ of the government is to be deplored. It is matter for regret that any person approving assassination should be in the Treasury, and it is especially to be regretted that he has so little discretion as to compromise the government, as far as it is in his power to do so, by publicly stating his views. The man Coudon is a released convict. He was charged with taking part in the cowardly assassination of a policeman in Manchester, England, was convicted, and sentenced to be hanged. His sentence was commuted by the clemency of the British Government to penal servitude for life, and after serving eleven years he was released through the intercession of the United States Minister.

The Liquor Question in Ohio has been Again under consideration in the lower House of the Legislature. A bill has been passed imposing a tax of $200 on the sale of spirituous liquors, and half that sum on the sale of malt and vinous liquors. The old law making it a penal offence to sell liquor to be drunk upon the premises is suspended. It has been a dead-letter since it was first enacted, and its suspension will have no effect in increasing liquor drinking. The regulation of the sale of wine, ale and beer on Sunday is left to the councils in cities and villages.

The General Surprise and Disappointment Expressed through the country at the recent defeat in Chicago of the law and order party, has been accompanied by severe animadversions on the character of the citizens of Chicago. The Chicago *Advance*, in commenting on the result, points out one important feature of the situation which has been, but should not be, generally overlooked. It reiterates its assertion that the better elements predominate in this city, and adds: Let it not be forgotten that a large percentage of the voters who are in favor of reform and decency and honesty in city government, whose whole financial interests are in the city, live in the suburbs, and therefore have no vote in municipal affairs. It is safe to say that out of every thousand voters who come into Chicago on one railroad each morning, 850 would have voted against Mayor Harrison, if they could.

The Florence Night Mission was Opened at 29 Bleecker Street, New York, last week. It is in a neighborhood long notorious for immorality. It is a three-story building entirely devoted to the purposes of the mission. The basement is used for a kitchen and dining-room, where the wards of the mission will be temporarily fed. The first floor is a meeting-room, where late religious meetings will be held every night for women who are found in the street, who can be induced to attend. The second floor is devoted to a parlor and the housekeeper's room, and the third floor is a dormitory where women will be temporarily accommodated with sleeping room. The Rev. John Dooly, who has labored successfully for fourteen years at missionary work in the lower part of the city, is President of the Board of Managers of the mission. In his opening address he said that the work of the mission was not exclusively for fallen women, and that the mission was not a home for fallen women. It was, however, planted in that locality with the special view to their rescue. Mr. Allen, the missionary of the mission, who does work every night in the dance-houses, saloons, and similar places in the lowest part of the city, also made an address, and told of some of the incidents of his labors. He said that there was not a dance-house, gambling-house, or saloon in which he was not welcomed and allowed to work, although the proprietors knew that he was trying to break up their business. The mission is named the Florence after the dead daughter of Mr. C. N. Crittenton, of No. 115 Fulton Street, the treasurer of the mission, who has done a great deal toward its organization.

The Twenty-fifth International Convention of Young Men's Christian Associations will convene in Milwaukee, Wis., May 16th. The first service will be held in Association Hall, 212 Grand Avenue, at ten o'clock. The sessions will continue through Thursday, Friday, Saturday and Sunday. The Milwaukee Association are making extensive preparations to entertain the convention, which promises this year to be very largely attended, and purpose doing all in their power to make the delegates welcome. In inviting the convention to meet with them, they tender entertainment to all regularly accredited delegates, but do not consider themselves bound to provide it, unless they receive *notice prior to May 6th* of those intending to be sent as delegates.

The Bequest of Two Hundred Thousand dollars to the Young Men's Christian Association, of Brooklyn, was announced at the twenty-fifth anniversary of the association, recently celebrated. The president, Mr. Packard, said that the executors of the will of the late Frederick Marquand had set apart $200,000 from the amount he had bequeathed in his will to charitable and religious work, for a new building for the association, provided the association raise $150,000 for an endowment fund. Mr. Packard said that $51,000 of this amount had already been raised, and urged the necessity of making up the remainder of the necessary sum immediately.

Efforts to Encourage Temperance by Providing a free supply of water for thirsty travellers have been made in many cities of the Union by Dr. Cogswell, a philanthropist of San Francisco. Mayor Rehan, of New Orleans, received last week an offer from him for that city. Dr. Cogswell offers to present to the city an ornamental bronze drinking fountain and statue. The conditions are that the fountain shall be the property of the city, shall be located in a public place, supplied with ice made by a machine accompanying the fountain, and that the city shall lay the foundation of the structure, and place around it four lantern or electric lights. The height of the fountain, with granite base, is seventeen feet, and the width seven feet. The cost of carrying out the conditions described is estimated at $500.

An Appeal Has Been Issued in Behalf of the Presbyterian Church of Lawrenceburg, Ind. The congregation had with much self-denial raised the walls and roofed in their beautiful church, and had worshipped in the basement only two or three times when the flood came and covered the floor of the main audience room a foot deep. They still needed $3000 to complete the building and clear it of debt. Much of this was to be collected on subscription, but now most of the congregation having been driven from their homes by the water are unable to meet their subscription. The pastor is a heavy sufferer in his library and household furniture, which are almost ruined. Help is needed to complete the church and to repair the damage effected by the floods.

Successful Temperance Meetings have been held by Miss Frances Willard in the West. Miss Willard, who left Boston on March 5th, is now in California. In a couple of weeks she will sail for the Sandwich Islands, and will return some time in the summer to this country, when she intends to visit Oregon, Washington, Idaho, Montana, Utah and Manitoba.

The Pilot's Bride, a Schooner which Started on a whaling voyage from New London, Conn., in April, 1880, was lost in October, 1881, and her crew who returned to America last week give a romantic account of their experience. They state that the schooner was wrecked on a reef off *Desolation Island*, and went to pieces. The crew managed to get to the island in boats. There they remained for eleven months, suffering dreadful privations, and maintaining life with difficulty. They lived on the flesh of the sea-elephant, and as their boots and other articles of clothing wore out, supplied their place by ingenious contrivances, and such materials as could be found on the island. Desolation Island is nearly three hundred miles in circumference, and lies between Cape Colony, South Africa, and Australia. It is out of the way of ships, and the men feared they would never be rescued. The owners of the schooner, however, sent another vessel to search for her, which arrived at Desolation Island in September last, and took the men to Cape Town, whence they obtained passage to America. Men in this world are like the mariners on Desolation Island; their lives here are full of trial and difficulty, and they would have had no hope of reaching heaven at last, had not the Owner sent His own Son to seek and save them (John 3 : 16).

A Thief's Presentiment Led to the Saving of his life, and eventually to reformation of character, recently. His own account of the affair was given at a gospel meeting in New York, last week. He said: "I have served a term in State prison, and have been paddled, and deserved it. I made a good deal of money stealing, and spent it drinking. One night I set out with Mosher and Douglas for Bay Ridge to rob the Van Brunt house. We expected to get $30,000. At the corner of Stanton Street and the Bowery *a feeling of reluctance* came upon me, and I said I wouldn't go. Mosher remonstrated, and proposed that we take a drink, but I refused. I gave my tools to them and went home. The next morning when I read that Mosher and Douglas had been shot dead I saw that God had saved me." His narrow escape from death made a deep impression on his mind which was never effaced. He abandoned his sinful life, and having obtained honest employment he married and prospered. Both he and his wife are now leading Christian lives. It is evident that the unaccountable "feeling of reluctance" described by the thief was the voice of the Holy Spirit appealing to him. So other men are often called whose lives are less openly sinful, but whose souls are in peril as great as his. Well is it for them when they hearken instead of trying to shake off the "presentiment" (Prov. 1 : 23).

A Perilous Ride in a Hand Car was Undertaken by a party near Mahanoy City, Penn., on April 15th. Early in the morning a party of twenty persons, men and women, being desirous of travelling from Delano Station on the Lehigh Valley Railroad to Mahanoy City, persuaded a laborer on the line to accompany them on a hand truck which, as the road at that point is a heavy down grade, would run by its own gravity. Fears, however, were entertained by several of the party, who suggested that a coal car with a good brake should be attached to the little truck as a precautionary measure. This suggestion was acted upon, and the car attached. The party started and about one half of the distance had been traversed, when suddenly the brake chain on the truck, which was drawn tightly, snapped off, and before they could realize their situation, the truck was soon descending the heavy grade at a terrific rate. The wildest excitement prevailed among the party, the ladies becoming uncontrollable. The men were no less terrified, but one of them had sufficient presence of mind to think of the brake on the coal car, which he managed to reach. The truck had gained such headway that its application had only the effect of slackening the speed a little. By this time the Mahanoy City station was in sight, and when it was reached many of the party jumped and rolled off the truck, and were more or less bruised in the fall. All escaped serious injury except the laborer, who was thrown under the wheels and crushed to death. A spiritual experience of which this ride is a type is often witnessed. A career of sinful pleasure is generally down grade, and the brakes fail those who trust in them (Prov. 1 : 27).

The Vexations and Annoyances of Apothecaries are detailed with considerable humor by a reporter of a New York journal, who visited for the purpose those best acquainted with them. Among the incidents related by one of the doctors interviewed was the following: "The worst case of economy I ever saw was a woman who brought back four big blue-pills that she had left after her husband's illness, and wanted to trade them for borax to wash with. I didn't want to hurt her feelings, and I gave her some borax and took the pills and threw them out in the alley, because nobody would like it if I sold them *second-hand pills*. Even then I came near getting into trouble, as a couple of Polack boys picked up the pills and ate them, and their father was going to sue me for poisoning his children." The heedlessness of the druggist in throwing powerful medicines where they were liable to do harm was exceedingly blamable, but the heedlessness of Christians whose careless and inconsistent words and acts are often watched by young people, and their example in such matters followed, is far more injurious (Rom. 14 : 13).

A Shawl with a Strange History was Buried with the late Professor Cocker, of Michigan University. Shortly before his death Dr. Cocker called the attention of his pastor to a worn and faded shawl spread on his bed, and requested to have it wrapped around his body and buried with him. *He had made it himself* when a young man in England; had worn it in all his journeyings to and from over the Atlanic and Pacific Oceans; when residing in Australia; when he escaped from the Feejee Islanders as they were preparing *to kill and roast him*, and when he was shipwrecked. It accompanied him when he landed in the United States, and even clad the remains of his dead child when, penniless and disheartened, he first arrived in Adrian. It is not surprising that a garment with such associations had, though worn and faded, become precious to him, and his desire that his body should be enshrouded in it is easily understood. As the dying Christian looks forward to his appearance before God, his thoughts too are centred on a garment. But that is not one that he made himself, it is the robe of Christ's righteousness given to all who put their trust in Him (Isa. 61 : 10).

A Dissolute Physician's Suicide Solemnized a party of revellers in Nevada recently. A local journal states that a number of men were carousing in Candelaria, Nev., when a doctor named Martin interrupted the half-drunken revelry by assuming a grave tone, and telling his audience how *he might become somebody* if he could conquer his mania for drink, but how he had tried in vain. "Ah," he said, "I'll leave the world; but, boys, as a last favor, let me do so to the sound of music." His friends summoned some Italian musicians, and while they played, the doctor took morphine. His friends, who did not believe Martin was in earnest, gradually left the saloon, and the saloon keeper, seeing him so sound asleep, locked up the house and retired. In the morning the doctor was found dead. The man was evidently hopeless of conquering his mania, having doubtless made the attempt and failed. One can but wish that some earnest Christian had been at his side to point him to One who was able to deliver him. Then, instead of ending his life his dream of becoming "somebody" might have been fulfilled in the next world, if not in this (Matt. 1 : 21).

EARNEST EXPOSTULATION.

A New Sermon by Pastor C. H. Spurgeon.

"Or despisest thou the riches of his goodness and forbearance and longsuffering; not knowing that the goodness of God leadeth thee to repentance?"—Romans 2 : 4.

A Personal Appeal—The Candle Held at the Front Door—Sin Always on the Down Grade—Many Things Forgotten.—I. The Goodness of God—Temporal Mercies—Prosperity—Health—In the Focus of Gospel Light—With a Tender Conscience—Enjoyed Forbearance—And Longsuffering—Sin Aggravated by Goodness—II. The Sin Suspected—Despising God's Goodness—Through Forgetfulness—Heedlessness—Unbelief—III. Knowledge—The Call to Repentance—The Leading—The Way of Salvation.

THE apostle is intensely personal in his address. This verse is not spoken to us all in the mass, but to some one in particular. The apostle fixes his eyes upon a single person, and speaks to him as "Thee" and "Thou." "Despisest *thou* the riches of His goodness and forbearance and longsuffering; not knowing that the goodness of God leadeth *thee* to repentance?" It should ever be the intent of the preacher to convey his message to each hearer in his own separate individuality. It is always a very happy sign when a man begins to think of himself as an individual, and when the expostulations and invitations of the gospel are seen by him to be directed to himself personally.

One personal, intentional touch of the hem of Christ's garment conveys more blessing than all the pressure of the crowd that thronged about the Master. The laying of His healing hand upon

THE INDIVIDUAL WHO WAS SUFFERING

had more virtue in it than all those heavenly addresses which fell from His lips upon minds that did not receive the truth for themselves. I do pray that we may come to personal dealings with the Lord each one for himself, and that the Spirit of God may convince each man and each woman, according as the case may stand before the living God. Oh, my hearer, *thou* art now to be lovingly spoken with: I speak not to *you* as unto many, but unto *thee*, as one by thyself.

Observe that the apostle singled out *an individual who had condemned others* for transgressions, in which he himself indulged. This man owned so much spiritual light that he knew right from wrong, and he diligently used his knowledge to judge others, condemning them for their transgressions. As for himself, he preferred the shade, where no fierce light might beat on his own conscience and disturb his unholy peace. His judgment was spared the pain of dealing with his home offences by being set to work upon the faults of others. He had a candle, but he did not place it on the table to light his own room; he *held it out at the front door* to inspect therewith his neighbors who passed by. Ho! my good friend, my sermon is for thee.

Paul looks this man in the face and says, "Therefore thou art inexcusable, O man, whoever thou art, that judgest; for wherein thou judgest another thou condemnest thyself; for thou that judgest doest the same things;" and then he pointedly says to him: "Thinkest thou this, O man, that judgest them which do such things, and doest the same, that thou shalt escape the judgment of God?" Well did the apostle aim that piercing arrow; it hits the centre of the target and strikes a folly common to mankind. The poet of the night-watches wrote:

"All men think all men mortal but themselves."

As truly might I say, "All men think all men guilty but themselves." The punishment which is due to sin the guilty reckon to be surely impending upon others, but they scarce believe that it can ever fall upon themselves.

Do men indeed believe that they alone shall go unpunished? No man will subscribe to that notion when it is written down in black and white, and yet the mass of men live as if this were true; I mean the mass of men who have

sufficient light to condemn sin in others. They start back from the fact of their own personal guiltiness and condemnation, and go on in their ungodliness as if there were no great white throne for them, no last assize, no judge, no word of condemnation, and no hell of wrath. Alas, poor madmen, thus to dream! O Spirit of Truth, save them from this fatal infatuation.

Sin is always on

THE DOWNWARD GRADE,

so that when a man proceeds a certain length he inevitably goes beyond it. The person addressed by the apostle first thought to escape judgment, and then he came to think lightly of the goodness, forbearance, and longsuffering of God. He thinks he shall escape in the future, and because of that he despises the present goodness and longsuffering of the Most High. Of course he does. If he does not believe in the terrors of the world to come for himself, he naturally reckons it to be a small thing to have been spared their immediate experience. Barren tree as he is, he does not believe that he will ever be cut down, and therefore he feels no gratitude to the dresser of the vineyard for pleading, "Let it alone yet another year, till I dig about it, and dung it." I wish, as God shall help me, to drive hard at the consciences of men upon this matter.

I. First, let me speak this morning to thee, O unregenerate, impenitent man, concerning *the goodness of God which thou hast experienced.* Thou hast known the goodness, and forbearance, and longsuffering of God. According to the text, "riches" of these have been spent upon unconverted, ungodly men, and upon thee as one of them. Let me speak with thee first, O man, and remind thee how favored thou hast been of God by being made a partaker of "the riches of His goodness."

In many cases this is true of temporal things. Men may be without the fear of God, and yet, for all that, God may be pleased to prosper their endeavors in business. They succeed almost beyond their expectation—I mean some of them; probably the description applies to thee. They rise from the lowest position, and accumulate about them the comforts and luxuries of life. Though they have no religion, they have wit, and prudence, and thrift, and so they compete with others, and God permits them to be

WINNERS IN THE RACE

for wealth.

Moreover, He allows them to enjoy good health, vigor of mind, and strength of constitution; they are happy in the wife of their youth, and their children are about them. Theirs is an envied lot. Death seems for awhile forbidden to knock at their door, even though he has been ravaging the neighborhood; even sickness does not molest their household. I know that it is thus with many who do not love God, and have never yielded to the entreaties of His grace. They love not the hand which enriches them, they praise not the Lord who daily loadeth them with benefits.

Furthermore, this goodness of God has not only come to you in a temporal form, O impenitent man, but it has also visited you in a spiritual manner. Myriads of our fellow-men have never had an opportunity of knowing Christ. The missionary's foot has never trodden the cities wherein they dwell, and so they die in the dark. Multitudes are going downward, downward; but they do not know the upward road; their minds have never been enlightened by the teachings of God's word, and hence they sin with less grievousness of fault. You are placed in the very focus of Christian light, and yet you follow evil! Is this a small thing?

What is more, you have been favored with a tender conscience. When you do wrong you know it, and smart for it. What mean those wakeful nights after you have yielded to a temptation? What means that miserable feeling of shame? that fever of unrest? You find it hard to stifle the inward monitor, and difficult to resist the Spirit of God. Your road to perdition is made peculiarly hard; do you mean to follow it at all costs, and go over hedge and ditch to hell? You have not only been aroused by conscience, but the good Spirit has striven with you, and have been almost persuaded to be a Christian. You have scarcely had a stripe, or a frown, or an ill word from God; His ways have been all kindness, and gentleness, and longsuffering from the first day of your memory even until now. "Despisest thou the riches of His goodness?" O man, answer this, I implore thee.

The apostle then dwells upon the riches of "*forbearance.*" Forbearance comes in when men having offended,

GOD WITHHOLDS THE PUNISHMENT

that is due to them; when men, having been invited to mercy, have refused it, and yet God continues to stretch out His hands, and invite them to come to Him. Patient endurance of offences and insults has been manifested by God to many of you, who now hear these words of warning. The Lord knows to whom I speak and may He make you, also, know that I am speaking to you, even to you.

Some men have gone back to the very sin of which for awhile they repented: they have suffered for their folly, but have turned again to it with suicidal determination. They are desperately set on their own ruin, and nothing can save them. The burnt child has run to the fire again; the singed moth has plunged again into the flame of the candle; who can pity such self-inflicted miseries? They are given over to perdition, for they will not be warned. They have returned to the haunt of vice, though they seemed to have been snatched from the deep ditch of its filthiness. They have wantonly and wilfully returned to their cups, though the poison of former draughts is yet burning in their veins. Yet, despite this folly, God shows forbearance toward them. Did you ever think what is included in the riches of forbearance. There are quick tempered individuals who only need to be a little provoked, and hard words and blows come quick and furious; but, oh, the forbearance of God when He is provoked to His face by ungodly men! By men, I mean, who hear His word, and yet refuse it!

Our apostle adds to goodness and forbearance the riches of "*longsuffering.*" We draw a distinction between forbearance and longsuffering. Forbearance has to do with the magnitude of sin; longsuffering with the multiplicity of it; forbearance has to do with present provocation; longsuffering relates to that provocation repeated, and continued for a length of time. Oh, how long doth God suffer the ill manners of men! Forty years long was He grieved with that generation whose carcasses fell in the wilderness. Has it come to forty years yet with you, dear hearer? Possibly it may have passed even that time, and a half century of provocation may have gone into eternity to bear witness against you. Yet for all that, here you are on praying ground and pleading terms with God; here you are where yet the Saviour reigns upon the throne of grace; here you are where mercy is to be had for the asking, where free grace and dying love ring out their charming bells of invitation to joy and peace! Oh, the riches of His goodness, and forbearance, and longsuffering. Threefold is the claim: will you not regard it? Can you continue to despise it?

I should like to set all this in a striking light if I could, and therefore I would remind you of who and

WHAT GOD IS

who has exhibited this goodness, forbearance, and longsuffering to men. Remember how *great* He is. When men insult a great prince the offence is thought to be highly heinous. We cannot bear that a beloved ruler should be publicly insulted. And what think you of the sin which provokes God? which to His face defies Him? and in His very courts resists Him? Shall this always be forborne with? Is there not a limit to longsuffering? *Goodness* also adds another item to the provocation; for we naturally say, "Why should one so good be treated so cruelly?" Those words of Jesus were extremely touching when He pointed to His miracles, and asked, "For which of these things do you stone me?" When I think of God I may well say—for which of His deeds do you provoke Him? Man's sin must have been terribly offensive to God from day to day, and yet still He shows kindness, love, forbearance. This adds an excessive venom to man's disobedience. How can he grieve such goodness? How can divine goodness fail to resent such base ingratitude?

Think also of God's *knowledge;* for He knows all the transgressions of men. All this while, remember, the Lord is great in *power.* Some are patient because they are powerless; they bear and forbear because they cannot well help themselves; but it is not so with God. That wicked heart would have failed to beat if God had withdrawn His power, and that rebellious breath would have ceased also. Had it not been for longsuffering you unbelievers would long since have known what it is to fall into the hands of an angry God. Will you continue to grieve the God who so patiently bears with you?

Be it never forgotten that sin is to God much more intolerable than it is to us. He is of purer eyes than to behold iniquity. Things which we call little sins are great and grievous evils to Him; they do, as it were, touch the apple of His eye. "Oh, do not," He says, "do not this abominable thing that I hate!" His Spirit is grieved and vexed with every idle word and every sensual thought; and hence it is a wonder of wonders that a God so sensitive of sin, a God so able to avenge Himself of His adversaries, a God who knows the abundance of human evil, and marks it all, should nevertheless exhibit riches of goodness and forbearance and longsuffering; yet this is what you, my ungodly hearer, have been experiencing many a long year.

II. Come with me, friend, and let me speak to thee of *the sin of which thou art suspected.* Hear me, unconverted sinner; the sin of which thou art suspected is this—"Despisest thou the riches of His goodness and forbearance and longsuffering?" The Lord's goodness ought to be admired and to be adored, and dost thou despise it? Some despise God's goodness, forbearance, and longsuffering, because they *never even gave a thought to it.* God has given you life to keep you in being, and He has indulged you with His kindness, but it has not yet occurred to you that this patience is remarkable or worthy of

THE SMALLEST THANKS.

You have been a drunkard, have you? a swearer? a Sabbath-breaker? a lover of sinful pleasure? Perhaps not quite so; but still you have forgotten God altogether, and yet He has abounded in goodness to you; is not this a great wrong? Why, you have no such forbearance with others as God has had with you. You would not keep a dog if it never followed at your heel, but snarled at you. As for yourself, you are fearfully and wonderfully made, both as to your body and as to your soul, and yet you have been of no service to your Maker, nor even thought of being of service to Him. Still, He has spared you all these years, and it has never occurred to you that there has been any wonderful forbearance in it. Assuredly, O man, thou despisest the longsuffering of thy God!

Others have, perhaps, thought of it, but *have never seriously meditated thereon.* When we offend a man, if we are right-minded, we not only note the fact with regret, but we sit down and weigh the matter, and seek to rectify it; for we would not be unjust to any person, and if we felt that we had been acting unfairly it would press upon our minds until we could make amends. But are there not some of you who have never given half an hour's consideration to your relation to your God? He has spared you all this while, and yet it has never occurred to you to enter into your chamber and sit down and consider your conduct toward Him. It would seem to be too much trouble even to think of your Creator.

His longsuffering leads you to repentance, but you have not repented; in fact, you have not thought it worth your while to consider the question at all; you have thought it far more important to inquire, "What shall I eat and what shall I drink?"

BREAD AND BROADCLOTH

have shut out the thought of God. Ah me, you will stand at His judgment bar before long—and then? Perhaps ere this week is finished you may have to answer, not to me, but unto Him that sits upon the throne; therefore I do implore you now, for the first time give this matter thought. Despise no longer the goodness and longsuffering of God.

Some even get to think that the warnings of love are so much wind, and *that the threatenings of God will never be fulfilled.* They have gone on for many years without being punished, and instead of drawing the conclusion that the longer the blow is in falling the heavier it will be when it does come, they imagine that because it is long delayed the judgment will never come at all; and so they sport and trifle between the jaws of death and hell. They hear warnings as if they were all moonshine, and fancy that this holy Book, with its threatenings, is but *a bugbear to keep fools quiet.* If thou thinkest so, sir, then indeed thou hast despised the goodness and forbearance and longsuffering of God.

Do you imagine that this forbearance will last forever? Do you dream that at least it will continue with you for many years? I know your secret thoughts; you see other men die suddenly, but your secret thought is that you will have long space and ample time; you hear of one struck down with paralysis, and another carried off by apoplexy, but you flatter yourselves that you will have plenty of leisure to think about these things. Oh, how can you be so secure? How can you thus tempt the Lord?

FALSE PROPHETS

in these evil days play into men's hands and hold out the hope that you may go into the next world wrong, and yet be set right in the end. This is a vile flattery of your wicked hearts; but yet remember that even according to their maunderings centuries may elapse before this fancied restoration may occur. A sensible man would not like to run the risk of even a year of agony. Half-an-hour of acute pain is dreaded by most people. Can it be that the very men who start back from the dentist's door, afraid of the pinch which extracts an aching tooth, will run the risk of years of misery? Take the future of the impenitent even on this footing, it is a thing to be dreaded, and by every means avoided. I say, these flattering prophets themselves, if rightly understood, give you little enough of hope; but what will come to you if the old doctrine proves to be true and you go away into everlasting fire in hell, as the Scripture puts it? Will you live an hour in jeopardy of such a doom? Will you so despise the longsuffering and forbearance of the Lord?

"Despisest thou the longsuffering of God?" Dare you do it? I tremble as I think of a man despising God's goodness. Is not this practical blasphemy? Darest thou do it? Oh, if thou hast done it hitherto, do it no more. Ere yon sun goes down again, say within thy heart, "I will be a despiser of God's goodness no longer; I will arise and go unto my Father, and I will say unto Him—Father, I have sinned. I will not rest until in the precious blood He has washed my sins away."

III. In closing this sermon I desire to remind thee, O ungodly man, of *the knowledge of which thou art forgetful.* Read my text: "Despisest thou the riches of His goodness and forbearance and longsuffering; *not knowing that the goodness of God leadeth thee to repentance?*" Dear hearer, I would remind you that God's patience with you is

MEANT TO LEAD YOU

to repentance. "How?" say you. Why, first by giving you an opportunity to repent. These years, which are now coming to a considerable number with you, have been given you in order that you might turn to God. By the time you were twenty one you had sinned quite enough; perhaps you had even then begun to mislead other youths, and to instruct in evil those under your influence. Why did not God take you away at once? It might have been for the benefit of the world if He had done so; but yet you were spared till you were thirty. Did not each year of your lengthened life prove that the Lord was saying "I will spare him, for perhaps he will yet amend and think upon his God. I will give him more light, and increase his comforts; I will give him better teaching, better preaching; peradventure he will repent." Yet you have not done so. Have you lived to be forty, and are you where you were when you were twenty? Are you still out of Christ? Then you are worse than you were; for you have sinned more deeply and you have provoked the Lord more terribly. You have now had space enough.

WHAT MORE DO YOU NEED?

When the child has offended, you say, "Child, unless you beg pardon at once, I must punish you;" would you give a boy so many minutes to repent in as God has given you years? I think not. If a servant is continually robbing you, if he is careless, slothful, disobedient, you say to him, "I have passed over your faults several times, but one of these days I shall discharge you. I cannot always put up with this slovenliness, this blundering, this idleness; one of these times you will have to go." Have you not so spoken to your female servant, and thought it kind on your part to give her another chance? The Lord has said the same to you; yet here you are, a living but impenitent man; spared, but spared only to multiply your transgressions. This know, that His forbearance gives you an opportunity to repent; do not turn it into an occasion for hardening your heart.

But something more is here; for I want you to notice that the text does not say, "The goodness of God *calleth* thee to repentance," but "*leadeth* thee." This is a much stronger word. God calls to repentance by the gospel; God *leads to repentance* by His goodness. It is as though He plucked at your sleeve and said, "Come this way." His goodness lays its gentle hand on you, drawing you with cords of love and bands of a man. God's forbearance cries, "Why wilt thou hate Me? What wrong have I done thee? I have spared thee; I have spared thy wife and children to thee; I have raised thee up from the bed of sickness; I have loaded thy board; I have filled thy wardrobe; I have done thee a thousand good turns; wherefore dost thou disobey Me? Turn unto thy God and Father, and live in Christ Jesus."

If, on the other hand, you have not received rich temporal favors, yet the Lord still leads you to repentance by a rougher hand; as when the prodigal fain would have filled his belly with husks, but could not, and the pangs of hunger came upon him; those pains were a powerful message from the Father to lead him to the home where there was bread enough and to spare. "The goodness of God leadeth thee to repentance." Oh, that thou wouldest yield to its sweet leadings, and follow as a child follows the guidance of a nurse. Let thy crosses lead thee to the cross; let thy joys lead thee to find joy in Christ.

I close now, but I am sorry so to do, for I have not pleaded one half as I could have wished. Yet what more can I say? I will put it to yourselves.

IF YOU WERE IN GOD'S STEAD,

could you bear to be treated as you have treated Him? If you were all goodness and tenderness, and had borne with a creature now for thirty or forty years, how would you bear to see that creature still stand out, and even draw an inference from your gentleness to encourage him in his rebellion? Would you not say, "Well, if my longsuffering makes him think little of sin, I will change my hand. If tenderness cannot win him, I must leave him; if even my love does not affect him, I will let him alone. He is given unto his evil ways—I will cease from him, and see what his end will be?" O Lord, say not so, say not so unto any one in this house, but of thy great mercy make this day to be as the beginning of life to many.

HERE IS THE WAY

of salvation: "Believe in the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved." You know how the Master bade us put it. "Go ye into all the world and preach the gospel to every creature; he that believeth and is baptized shall be saved." First, we are to preach faith, whereby we lay hold on Christ; then baptism, whereby we confess that faith, and own that we are dead and buried with Christ that we may live with Him in newness of life. Those are the two points He bids us set before you, and I do set them before you.

Weary, but not quite wearied out, O impenitent man, I plead with thee! Though thou hast so often been pleaded with in vain, once more I speak with thee in Christ's stead, and say—Repent of thy sin, look to thy Saviour, and confess thy faith in His own appointed way. I verily believe that if I had been pleading with some of you to save *the life of a dog* I should have prevailed with you a great while ago. And will you not care about the saving of your own souls? Oh, strange infatuation—that men will not consent to be themselves saved; but foolishly, madly, hold out against the mercy of God which leads them to repentance. God bless you, beloved, and may none of you despise His goodness, and forbearance, and longsuffering.

[*Might not the distribution of this sermon be useful? If the Christian reader think so, will he favor the preacher by placing copies of it in the hands of persons who need just such appeals. The prayers of God's people are entreated that this discourse may bear fruit unto life eternal. C. H. S.*]

GEORGE FIRMIN'S REFORMATION.

(*See Illustration on page 268.*)

In a room plainly and neatly furnished a boy of fourteen years of age sat one Sunday evening in summer, with a book of photographs before him. He was a strong, sturdy lad, not intellectual, but his face and the shape of his head showed that he was quick, resolute, and good-tempered. Not a lad whose training would be easy, but one whom a sympathetic and adroit guardian would be able to guide and manage, providing he did not try to "drive" him.

The boy was evidently in trouble. As he looked at the photograph before him the tears were silently chasing each other down his cheeks, and now and again his breast heaved with a violent sob. The picture he was looking at was that of a lady, whose soft gray eyes looked lovingly at him from under long silky eyelashes. Ha! how many times had George Firmin seen those eyes so rest upon his face; how many times had his head been pillowed on that bosom where it would never rest again! It was the picture of his dear, dead mother, and as he looked at it the memory of the gentle, winning words she had spoken to him before she died came into his mind. "Love God, George," she had said, "and hate sin." He could almost hear her voice now, and he wondered if her gentle spirit could be near him.

"George," said a sharp, firm voice which jarred painfully on the boy's ears, "have you learned your catechism?"

"No, aunt," he said, without turning around to look at the lady who addressed him; for he did not wish her to see his tear-stained face. "No, aunt, but I shall know it soon;" and he furtively concealed the album and bent still lower over the book on the table.

He was a big boy to be learning the catechism, but Aunt Virginia would have insisted on his learning it had he been older than he was, if she had been responsible for his right training. Prim and stately, and strictly conscientious, the New England lady was trying to do her duty, as she understood it, by her nephew's

Aunt Virginia looks at the Album.

Mr. Delaney's Prayer Overheard.

orphaned boy. How Robert and that Southern child-wife he had married could have neglected their only son's education as they clearly had done, she could not understand. The boy was densely ignorant, and she feared, inclined to be obstinate. When she adopted him on the death of his parents, and took him North to her home in New Hampshire, she little knew how serious a task she had undertaken. But she had decided opinions on the subject of education, and having undertaken to bring up the orphan boy, she was not one to draw back and abandon her task. She had implicit faith in her system, and was satisfied that in time it must prevail. But, meanwhile, the struggle was a sore one both for herself and George.

"Go and wash your face, George," she said, walking majestically round to a point where she could see the face from which the boy had tried to wipe the tears away with his knuckles. Some such salutation George always expected from Aunt Virginia. His hair always needed combing, or his pants needed brushing, or his collar was soiled and must be changed, or his nails were not clean, or some other negligence was detected whenever Aunt Virginia looked at him.

His life seemed to him one perpetual harrass. There was not a day nor an hour when he could enjoy the delicious boyish freedom of his Southern home. No word of sympathy or encouragement ever met his ears; nothing but cold, stern reproof and correction. Yet he knew Aunt Virginia was doing it all for his good, and he wished he could be a better boy and not vex her so often with his careless habits. He often wondered whether, if Aunt Virginia had ever married and had boys of her own, she would have been so hard to them, or perhaps they would have been good boys who could keep themselves neat and clean.

It was with a downcast spirit that George descended to the best room in which his aunt and he always sat on Sundays after meeting. He hoped there was no cause for complaint left, now that he had made himself tidy, and he would try to learn his catechism.

"What book was that you hid away, George," said his aunt, "when I came in? I hope you were not reading a story book on the Lord's Day, instead of learning your catechism."

"No, aunt, it was not a story book, and I know some of the catechism, but not quite all. I shall soon know it now," he added timidly.

"Let me see the book you were reading," said Aunt Virginia suspiciously. George knew it was of no use to resist, and he handed it to her reluctantly. It opened to the page which George so often looked at now—the page on which his mother's picture was.

"This is your mother, is it not? I never saw her but once, but this is like her, I think."

"Yes, aunt," said the boy, turning so that he could keep his eyes on his treasure, lest in some way it should be spirited away from him.

It was a cold, critical, not an approving look that Aunt Virginia bent on the page. She looked at it in silence for a minute or two, and then said with that sharp, sudden manner of hers that always seemed to George like the click of a steel trap, "Did you love her, George?"

The tears welled up into the boy's eyes, as he said, "Oh, so much, but not so much as I should do if I could have her back again. She was very good to me." He could say no more; his desolation overpowered him, and he put his arm on the table, and leaning his head upon it, he wept bitterly.

"There," said Aunt Virginia, "do not cry any more. Go out into the garden now and let the catechism go for to-day." George obeyed in silence, too much surprised that he was not reproved, to say anything. And Aunt Virginia left alone with the picture before her sat and pondered.

Presently George entered the room again to say "Good-night," before retiring. "Come here, George," said his aunt, "do you know, where your mother is? She is in heaven now and you will see her again if you are a good boy. Kiss me now, and I will try to help you."

After that night a change come over the stern old lady. She had found the point in which George was vulnerable. He was not quite the hard, obstinate, headstrong boy she had thought him. Words of kindness and encouragement won from him a response that amazed her. His warm Southern temperament expanded under the genial treatment, and he became tractable and docile.

She commenced to love him, and the consciousness of her love unlocked the door of his heart that had remained firmly closed under reproof and correction. Though the boy never forget his mother, his aunt held the next place in his heart, and when, in after years, he closed her eyes in death, he knew that he had lost a wise and affectionate friend.

A VICIOUS ELEPHANT.

(*See Illustration.*)

On Thursday, April 5th, Pilot, the large elephant in the menagerie of Mr. P. T. Barnum, was killed by order of the managers of the collection, it having been found impossible to subdue his vicious temper, and it being considered dangerous to the keepers and the public to permit him to live.

One of the long catalogue of Pilot's misdeeds is depicted in the illustration on page 269. He was on exhibition in Madison Square Garden, New York, when one of his periodical fits of ill temper came over him. He was successful in concealing his ill humor until *a keeper named Morgan* passed in front of him, when he struck the man with his trunk, and then encircling him with it drew him close to his feet, and flinging him heavily to the ground attempted to trample on his victim with his huge feet. Happily Colonel Artingstall was within call, and the cries of those who witnessed the affair summoned him in time to save Morgan's life.

Pilot was a native of Ceylon, and was about thirty years of age. He was captured in 1873 and sold to an English collector who exhibited him for four years. But in 1877 he attacked his keeper in the same way as he attacked Morgan, and there being no one within call, Pilot trampled the life out of him. Pilot was then chained to the ground, and in this condition was purchased by Mr. Barnum and removed to America.

Pilot's last escapade, which cost him his life, was an attack on another elephant. On April 4th, Pilot, Albert, and Gypsy, the last a female elephant, were being led to the troughs in Madison Square Garden to drink. Suddenly and without the least warning, Pilot made a furious lunge at Albert, and gave him a blow which toppled him over on his side. As Albert rose again he was received by another blow, which again upset him, and by this time the entire troop of elephants were bellowing with excitement. Gypsy, in the mean time, had tried to force her way in between the two brutes, but was pushed gently aside by Pilot, and the two male elephants came together again with a crash. In the "butting" struggle which followed, three of the posts supporting the floor of the amphitheatre above were knocked down. The beams forming these posts were sixteen inches square, and they were firmly braced both above and below.

As soon as the fight began Mr. Newman, the

trainer in charge, hurried to the spot, and by vigorously beating Pilot succeeded in driving him back to his stall, and chaining both his fore feet to the floor. While this was being done the elephant stood with his trunk and tail uplifted, and his huge ears spread wide open, but he made no effort to resist the chains. As Mr. Newman arose, however, after securing the brute, Pilot made a lunge at him with his head, and struck him in the mouth with his tusks, breaking one of the upper teeth and loosening the others, and knocking the trainer half senseless to the floor. Pilot made a second blow at him with his trunk, just touching his cheek, which left a bruise as the mark of the blow, and then seeing Newman's hat, which had dropped from his head as he fell, the elephant vented his rage on this, tearing it to shreds in his mouth in an instant, and then stamping upon it viciously. This outbreak sealed Pilot's fate, and he was shot by order of his owners.

Pilot Attacking the Keeper.

MR. DELANEY'S PRAYER OVERHEARD.

(*See Illustration.*)

Hartfield House was rented to a new tenant. An elderly lady was observed issuing from the gates and walking toward the village. There she inquired her way to the house of an Episcopal clergyman well known and respected by the inhabitants, and being directed she found the house and entered. That was Mrs. Delaney.

What her business was with the clergyman was soon learned. Presently the Rev. Thomas Southey, or the Dominie, as he was called in the village, was seen leaving his house with Mrs. Delaney. They went together to a house on the outskirts of the village where lived one Edward Cowley, a man who bore the reputation of being the laziest loafer in the village.

"Ah! Cowley I am glad to find you at home," said the clergyman. "Here is a lady who wants some one to work, and you are just the man, I believe, to suit her."

"It is not hard work," Mrs. Delaney said, in a soft, sweet voice. "My husband has come to live at Hartfield House, the place on the South road with a large garden. You know it, I suppose. He has been an invalid for some time and is unable to walk. We have an invalid's chair on wheels, and as Mr. Delaney cannot walk, we want some strong man to draw it around the garden for an hour or two every day."

Cowley thought that work would agree with him much better than digging or hoeing or stable work, which were the occupations he generally had to perform. He therefore simply asked, "Wot's the pay?" That was settled to his satisfaction, and the next day he reported himself for duty at Hartfield House.

Mr. Delaney, Cowley's new employer, was a clergyman whose hoary locks showed that he was approaching the age when strength is only "labor and sorrow." He had fought a good fight and was near the time of deliverance. His lower limbs were paralyzed, and it was therefore necessary to lift him in and out of his chair.

Cowley was impressed with this helplessness, and felt something akin to pity as he lifted the aged clergyman for the first time. That sentiment grew day by day as he became better acquainted with Mr. Delaney.

One day Cowley presented himself at the clergyman's house with evident indications of having only just slept off the effects of a heavy drinking bout. This was the first he had been guilty of since Mrs. Delaney engaged him, and he was evidently ashamed of it. When out in the garden Mr. Delaney having the man all alone asked him gently and kindly about the matter, and Cowley being treated kindly, told his story. Mr. Delaney listened attentively, and when he had finished pleaded with him earnestly to abandon his wicked habit, and ask God to give him a new heart.

The wheeled chair was at this time under the shadow of several large trees, and the sunlight flooded the luxuriant growths of the garden around. The balmy air of the summer morning was very refreshing, and Mr. Delaney said, "I should like to stay here a while quietly. Go you back to the house and have some dinner, and come back to me in half an hour."

Cowley had no appetite for dinner, and beside he was in no mood for conversation, so instead of going to the house he walked away a little distance, and then flung himself on a grassy bank where Mr. Delaney could not see him, and sat still. The clergyman was sitting quietly in his chair for a few minutes, and then Cowley heard him speaking. He listened. Mr. Delaney was praying. Yes, he was praying that God would give Cowley a new heart. The man had never heard such pleading before. He was amazed that this good old man whom he had known but a short time should be so in earnest for his salvation. Cowley was not concerned about his soul as this good man was concerned for him. It was a revelation to him. Presently Mr. Delaney ceased, and soon Cowley rose and went to the chair.

"I've been thinking over that 'ere advice o' yourn," he said, "and I'm going to do it. I believe it'll kill me, but I won't touch another drop."

"God be thanked," said Mr. Delaney. "Pray to Him, Cowley, He'll keep you. I am over seventy years old, and I never knew Him fail any one yet."

Cowley did pray, and before many days had passed Mr. Delaney was rejoicing that in the days of his feebleness, and when he believed his work for the Master was done, God had given him yet another soul.

PETER BLAKE'S VOYAGE.

A SERIAL STORY BY HESBA STRETTON.

(*Continued from page 254.*)

A Wife's Anxiety.

The articles were signed early the next morning in Penrose's office. Peter was careful to inquire the name of the owner of the Dolphin, and was told that it was James Blackburn—a name quite strange to him, but it satisfied him that the ship was not the property of Penrose. Within the last few years Penrose had lost a large number of vessels, and prudent seamen fought shy of sailing in one of his boats.

Yet as the day wore on, busy as he and Victor were, he grew somewhat uneasy about the coming voyage. From one side of the bow-window overlooking the river he could see the lading of the Dolphin. Every hour she was sinking lower and lower in the water; yet still the cargo was being stowed away in every spare foot of room. If the vessel was sound and seaworthy, and if the weather was fair, the trip might be made with safety; but he could see plainly that no margin was being left for unforeseen casualties. It was quite clear, too, that there must be some cargo on deck; and he knew very well how greatly that would add to the difficulty of managing the ship.

He was a brave man; and he had a sincere, hearty trust in God. But he did not look to God to work a miracle in order to avert the consequences of man's negligence or covetousness. Perhaps he had been too hasty in signing articles; yet he had been satisfied at the time—satisfied by his own slight inspection of the Dolphin, and by the assurances of Captain Norcott

and Fleck. Moreover, he had lately declined to go aboard two or three doubtful boats, and his funds were well-nigh exhausted. He knew that Bessie had only a little money in the purse before he had brought her the instalment of his wages, paid over to him as soon as he had signed his articles.

He could hardly bear to look round from the window from which he had seen the greedy overloading of the Dolphin, upon those dear to him in the home he was so soon to leave. His mother and wife were busy, almost too busy for sorrow. Bessie was washing, and his mother stitching away with swift fingers at the clothes he and Victor were to take with them. The baby lay on the hearth, kicking his heels against the floor and babbling soft little baby-sounds, which passed unnoticed in the general press of work. His little girl had been in his arms, clinging round his neck, while he pointed out to her the pretty ship he was going to sail down the river in.

He knew that all the comfort and happiness of these helpless women and children depended upon his life; and he was about to intrust his life to the heavily-laden ship, now sinking lower and lower in the water. But there was no help for it. If he ran back now, he would not only be branded as a coward, but he would be imprisoned for three months in the common jail, among a vile horde of criminals. He felt that he could never get over that. He knew what a rowdy crew in the forecastle of a vessel was; but he shrank none the less from the degradation and contamination of a company of convicts and criminals.

"What ails you, Peter; what makes you so low?" said Bessie, the tears starting to her eyes as she asked the question.

"Why, it's quitting thee, lass," he answered, trying hard to speak cheerfully; "thee, and mother, and the little young creatures. How'd you like me to be as gay as a lark just now?"

"It's nought else?" she asked again; "there's nought against the ship, is there?"

"Everybody says she's a good ship," he said; "Fleck told me he'd sailed in her twice, and he's willing to sail in her again, though he's careful of his neck, Fleck is. And Captain Norcott's a very cautious man; I never heard a word against our captain."

"Fleck's nobody to go by," said Bessie, sadly; "he'd be no loss to anybody. But the captain spoke well; and you're very cautious yourself, aren't you, Peter? I'm certain sure that if it was me that was going, and you that had to stay at home with the children, thinking all the while, 'Maybe Bessie's lying at the bottom of the sea this very minute,' you'd never, never let me go out in a ship that wasn't trusty."

"Bessie," said her husband, tenderly, "we know who takes care of thee and me."

"Yes," she sobbed, "yes, my dear; but I think sometimes, *if God Almighty could be worn out* and wearied, it's with the prayers we women pray to Him, to take care of our men at sea. There's days and days when the cry is never out of my heart, like as if I was a poor helpless baby, crying and moaning to Him. I know He loves us all, and cares for us all; and yet men are drowned at sea, and their wives never see them any more, and never hear their voices call to them; and they have to fight their way through the world all alone. You are sure she's a good ship?"

"She's a beauty," put in Victor, eagerly; "a regular beauty. She's the prettiest boat in the river at this minute, that's what she is. Don't you be afraid, Bessie; nor you, mother. There isn't half as much danger on board as there is down High Street; not a quarter. I'm more afraid for Nannie going along the street, than you need be for us. Why, it's certain that God is with every one of us."

Victor's face flushed deeply, and his eyes sparkled as he spoke. The last words were not uttered as if they were a mere form of speech. He did not even say them with that half mistrust of their truth with which Peter and Bessie had spoken of God's care. His voice faltered and fell a little; but he felt sure of what he was saying.

"Jesus Christ knows what it is," he went on, tremulously. "He knows what storms are, and how boats are tossed up and down, and how men are at their wits' end; and he's heard their cry, 'Lord, save us, or we perish.' It isn't as if Jesus had never come down into this world, and been a man like us. I daresay His mother was fearfully frightened the night there was that great storm at sea, and she didn't know how He could be saved. But He came home safe in the morning; and He'd see how terrified she'd been, and He'd comfort her and make much of her. It isn't as if He did not know exactly. I suppose He loved His mother, the same way Peter and we do; only ten thousand times better. I'm glad Jesus knows what it was to go away and leave her; ay, and come back again too."

"Victor speaks true," said the old mother, lifting up her brown, wrinkled hands; "the Lord Jesus, He knows all about it, and the good God sent Him to be made like us. I will make a little prayer to Him many, many times by night and by day."

There was nothing more said for a time. The last hours were slipping quickly away, and the moment for parting came too soon at last. Bessie and little Nannie clung weeping to Peter. The old mother looked pale and anxious; but she neither cried nor spoke much. Already she had lost her husband at sea; and she knew how impossible it was for her sons to guard against the same perils. She had lived among seafaring folk all her life, and was not afraid of the necessary dangers of a seafaring life; but there was always a secret dread in her heart that the vessel her sons sailed in was not seaworthy. That they might have intrusted their lives to some rotten old hull was what gave the greatest bitterness to seeing them sail from any English port.

"Is it a good ship?" were her last words to Peter, as she held his sunburnt face between both her hands, and gazed earnestly into his eyes.

"Ay, mother; don't be afraid," he answered, though his voice was nearly choked in speaking to her.

At the last moment two of the crew refused to sail in the Dolphin, on the score of her being overladen. The pilot was on board, and all was ready, but they steadily resisted every effort to get them to set a foot upon her. The river police were called to urge them to their duty or to take them into custody, but they declared loudly they would rather spend the next three months in the worst jail ashore than run the risk of sailing with such a cargo. Captain Norcott argued and stormed by turns, and such of the men as were not drunk overwhelmed them with abuse, excepting Peter Blake, who stood by in silence. By the desertion of these two, the dangers they feared to face were considerably increased for those who remained, as there was now no time to fill up their places, and the Dolphin would be undermanned.

"Captain," said Peter, as the two men were led away by the policemen, "I'd give all the world if you'd let Victor off."

"Hold your tongue, you coward," answered the captain passionately, "if any other soul goes it shall be to jail like those rascals yonder."

The Dolphin sailed slowly down the river, tugged by its little pilot-boat. It was growing dusk, and Peter and Victor could see the light already shining through the bow-window of their home. In a little while they saw too the heads of those who were looking through it at the passing vessel. There was Bessie, with the baby nestling up against her neck, and the dear old mother, holding Nannie, as if to keep her from falling through the open casement. They had lit the lamp that Victor and Peter might see them more clearly. "Thank God!" said Peter to himself, "they don't know what's been going on at the wharf."

But it could not be long before they heard the bad news. The gossip soon spread from one to another throughout Wapping that two sailors had gone to jail rather than sail in the Dolphin. Bessie's cousin, the sailmaker, came in to tell her the first thing in the morning.

"So Peter's off in the Dolphin," he said, significantly. "Well, well, they tell me she was only a few inches above water amidships, and that was in the river, where the water's as smooth as a pond. Dear! dear! to think that men with wives and children will run such risks! But he had always a fine spirit, had Peter, afore he married. He's been more timorous since, but his spirit is showing itself again now. How ever could you let him go in the Dolphin, Bessie?"

"Captain Norcott said it was a very good ship," answered Bessie, trying hard not to let herself be frightened. She knew the old sailmaker was a man who made the worst of everything, and took a pleasure in trouble, especially in the trouble of other people. A day was irksome to him if it did not bring the excitement of hearing of some calamity; and a terrible shipwreck with great loss of life was an event of the utmost interest to him.

"Captain!" he said, in a tone of contempt; "what's a captain's word worth? He wanted a first-rate seaman like your Peter, and he'd swear his head off that the Dolphin was the very best boat in the river."

"Victor's gone, too," said Bessie, trying to speak calmly.

"Victor! Well now, I am sorry," exclaimed the old man. "I shall miss him sore, singing his songs about the house. Madam, why did you let Victor go? Well, I shall never look to hear his voice again. You've heard that two of the crew are gone to jail rather than venture in her."

"No!" cried Bessie. "No. It can't be true. You're frightening me, and it's not kind of you. I'm that shaken I can't bear up against bad news."

"I'm only telling you what they've told me," said the sailmaker, slowly; "everybody is talking about it in High Street. They're all telling the same tale. Why! what's the woman going to do?"

Bessie had started from her rocking-chair as he spoke, and almost tossed the baby into the cradle. All the color had died out of her face, but she was not rendered passive or languid by the shock of dread. She tore down her shawl from the nail behind the door, and before the sailmaker could speak again she had fled from the house, as though by some mighty effort of will and energy she could bring the vessel back to its moorings.

There were plenty of men employed about High Street whom she knew well; for she had lived all her life in Wapping. She seized the arm of the first man she met, and held it with a convulsive strength.

"The Dolphin!" she gasped; "is it a good ship?"

"Ay! ay! good enough," answered the workman, kindly. "Peter's gone aboard her—hasn't he? Don't frighten thyself, Bessie. She's a fairly good ship, and he's a right good seaman."

"But there were two men," she sobbed, "wouldn't go—'ud rather go to jail—is it true?"

"Well, they say so," he answered, reluctantly; "there are always some cowards and fools. But Peter's neither coward nor fool, I reckon. Fleck's gone, and his wife's as content as can be."

"Fleck's wife's not like me," cried Bessie, "and Fleck's not like my Peter. Oh, if any harm comes to him, what shall I do?"

"What harm's to come to him?" asked the man, with a gruff kindness. "He's as safe there as here, and safer may be, if you reckon on the lifeboats. We men can't be shut up in safety-boxes, Bessie Blake. Men must work, and not be too nice about danger. But you keep your

mind on the lifeboats, if any storm comes up; and the Dolphin is all right as long as this weather lasts."

(To be continued.)

PETER PREACHING TO THE GENTILES.

S. S. Lesson for May 6, Acts 10: 30-48. Golden Text, ver. 35. By Mrs. M. Baxter.

Education and Labor Simultaneous—Peter had Much to Learn—Cornelius a Type—His Genuine Character—God Teaching Peter—Salvation not the Exclusive Privilege of the Jews—An Audience Gathered — Peter's Disclaimer —His Practical Question — What Cornelius Wanted to Hear—What God had Commanded —The Sermon Followed by Instant Decision—Astonishment of the Jews—Peter Recognized the Work—Diversities of Administration.

In all the course of that glorious work of grace which is described in the Acts of the Apostles, we see how the education of His worker is carried on by God at the same time as the work which He permits him to do. We have seen Peter as the great spokesman on the day of Pentecost, the discerner of Ananias's duplicity, the instrument of healing to a marvellous degree, and used of God also in the raising of the dead; yet this same

PETER HAD MUCH TO LEARN;

and God had His own way of bringing him up to the lessons which, as yet, he knew not.

There was a centurion of Cæsarea, and therefore a Gentile, who was seeking after God. Already he feared God, with all his house, no doubt he was a very puritan in his life, liberal in almsgiving, conscientious in making everything a matter of prayer, and yet unsaved. There are such to be found now; men upright in their lives, having the greatest respect for God, most conscientious, men whose lives no man can blame, and who, nevertheless, are unsaved, who pray but receive no answers, their words and deeds irreproachable, and they still unsaved, unable to rejoice in sin forgiven. But one day while he was in prayer, quite unexpectedly to him, *there came an answer* to his prayer. Startled and afraid he cried, "What is it, Lord?" And the messenger of God told him how his prayers and alms were "come up for a memorial before God." But he was not saved through them, he must send men to Joppa to seek Peter, who should tell him words whereby he and all his house should be saved.

Cornelius was *a real man;* and such are always teachable. Some people are offended if any one suggests that they do not know all that is to be known, or experience all which is to be experienced; and they would rather he thought to be right than really be so. But Cornelius was real to the backbone. No sooner had he found out there was something for him to learn than he told two of his servants and one of his soldiers, of God's revelation to him, and he trusted them to be his messengers to Peter.

Meanwhile God was preparing Peter. He was in prayer, and became very hungry, and while they were making ready, God sent him a vision of a great sheet knit at the four corners, containing all kinds of four-footed beasts, wild beasts, creeping things, fowls of the air, etc., and a voice called to him, "Rise, Peter; kill, and eat."

PETER'S JEWISH CONSCIENCE

immediately refused. "Not so, Lord; for I have never eaten anything that is common or unclean. And the voice spake unto him again the second time, What God hath cleansed, that call not thou common." This was three times repeated, and Peter recognized that God had spoken, but could not at once discern His meaning. While thinking about it, the messengers from Cornelius came and inquired for him. And with their inquiry that voice from heaven which he knew so well; "the Spirit said unto him, Behold, three men seek thee. Arise therefore, and get thee down, and go with them, doubting nothing; for I have sent them." It did not take him long to discover that they were Gentiles, and sent to him by a Gentile seeking the salvation of his soul.

Up to this time Peter had looked upon salvation as *the exclusive right of the Jew.* In spite of the command of Jesus to go and disciple all nations, the apostles had remained at Jerusalem; they only went as far as Samaria, where they heard how God had been working there independently of them, and now God had to send a special revelation to Peter in order that he should understand the Scripture, "It is a light thing that Thou shouldest be My Servant to raise up the tribes of Jacob, and to restore the preserved of Israel; I will also give thee for a light to the Gentiles, that Thou mayest be My salvation unto the ends of the earth." (Isa. 49: 6). But Peter, once fully persuaded that it was the will of God the Gentiles should be saved, went fearlessly forward; the barrier of prejudice was broken down, he was at the disposal of the Holy Ghost; he lodged the men from Cæsarea, and on the morrow went with them accompanied by some brethren from Joppa.

Meanwhile Cornelius had not been idle, he "had called together his kinsmen and near friends." Up to this time he had never known what it was to receive a message from God. Everything must give way to this. And so, regardless of any plans which they may have made, or of any business in which they were engaged, he gathered together all his relations and all his near friends. It is probable that Cornelius had spoken with them before this time, about his convictions that the God whom the Jews worshipped was the only true God; there may in this way have been a preparation beforehand for the visit of Peter. Oh, that men were more in earnest for the salvation of their friends!

When Peter met Cornelius, he immediately forbade any honor of himself, and then told out frankly the lesson which God had been teaching him, that he should not call any man common or unclean. "Therefore came I unto you without gainsaying, as soon as I was sent for: I ask therefore,

FOR WHAT INTENT

ye have sent for me?" *This was practical.* Well would it be for every preacher and every congregation to face this question every time they meet. For what intent am I here to preach to this people? For what intent am I here to listen to this minister? There would be more direct preaching, and there would be less criticism of sermons. Peter, having told his experience, Cornelius began to tell his. Oh, how soon men get near one to another when they each have something to tell of what God has done for them. Cornelius ended in saying, "Now therefore are we all here present before God, *to hear all things that are commanded thee of God.*" Men in such a position cannot fail to obtain blessing. The terrible powerlessness of most of the preaching in our day, comes from the preacher not knowing for what intent he is there to preach, not recognizing just what God would have him do, and also from the people being present before man to hear what he has to say, instead of before God to hear what He has commanded to be said. With such an audience as that in Cornelius's house, with such a preacher as Peter just full of his new lesson, no wonder the whole company was saved and filled with the Holy Ghost.

PETER'S FIRST WORDS

in preaching were to recognize that God is no respecter of persons, but in every nation he that feareth Him, and worketh righteousness is accepted with Him. This truth, new to Peter, was just that which the Gentiles wanted as a ground on which to go forward, for if the Jews were the only elect, then the seeking after God on their part was only so much lost time. Then Peter spoke of his Lord, "The word which God sent by Jesus Christ (He is Lord of all, both Jew and Gentile) . . . how God anointed Jesus of Nazareth with the Holy Ghost and with power, who went about doing good, and healing all that were oppressed of the devil, for God was with him." This was his message —Jesus, Jesus anointed, Jesus blessing, Jesus healing, and then Jesus slain, Jesus risen, Jesus the Judge of quick and dead. But this was not all discourse, there was testimony also, "We are witnesses of all things which He did."

There was no prejudice in the minds of the hearers, they were open to receive all the instruction which could be given. There was no kicking against the truth, and the truth was there. But as Peter spoke of Jesus ordained of God to be the Judge of quick and dead, they, with the light of eternity just breaking in upon them, must have felt themselves in an awfully perilous position. It may be that some were even then raising up a prayer, and saying, "Is there then no way of escape? Must we be condemned and confounded? Did this Jesus assuage suffering on earth and yet make no provision for eternity?" But the preacher went on "To Him give all the prophets witness that through His name whosoever believeth on Him shall receive remission of sins." Here was just what they wanted. Would they believe and be saved? or would they be like thousands in our own day, and turn aside to consider about it? After that sermon there was

INSTANT DECISION

on the part of every soul present, men, women, children, servants, soldiers. While Peter yet spake these words (these words about believing) the Holy Ghost fell on all them which heard the Word. They believed; they were baptized with the Holy Ghost.

The Jews who had not learned the same lesson as Peter, could not understand this. "They of the circumcision which believed were astonished, as many as came with Peter, because that on the Gentiles also was poured out the gift of the Holy Ghost." And yet they could not deny it, for "they heard them speak with tongues, and magnify God." There was no doubt as to the fact, the evidence was so plain, but to a Jewish mind it was all wrong, it ought not to have been. Then answered Peter the once strongly prejudiced Jew, "Can any man forbid water, that these should not be baptized, which have received the Holy Ghost as well as we? And he commanded them to be baptized in the name of the Lord."

PETER RECOGNIZED THE WORK

of the Holy Ghost, he knew that no course of religious instruction would have done for this people that which the Holy Ghost had done instantaneously. Oh, for more of Holy Ghost work among us! In this history we see how completely *prejudice had to give way,* how fully pliable in the hands of the Spirit of God Peter was, in order to be so used. And then the Cæsareans were so receptive that there was no difficulty on their side, and thus God had His way fully, and the glorious work was done. Again we see the faith of Peter in taking with him the very men who would be likely to condemn his preaching to the Gentiles, because he counted on God to justify him. Any failure in faith on the part of the instrument whom God uses may hinder the work of the Spirit of God.

Again we see that the Holy Ghost is not always given in the same way. The disciples received Him on the day of Pentecost in the shape of a mighty rushing wind and cloven tongues of fire sitting upon each of them, the Samaritans received the Spirit by the laying on of hands, while the Cæsareans received Him simply through believing while the gospel was being preached to them. "Now there are diversities of gifts, but the same Spirit. And there are differences of administrations, but the same Lord. And there are diversities of operations, but it is the same God which worketh all in all" (1 Cor. 12: 4-6). But that which we have to remember is that "the manifestation of the Spirit is given to every man to profit withal." The most precious gift of the Holy Ghost is to the Church and for the Church not to the individual. Were there more men like Peter, given up to the Holy Ghost and to the work of God, there would be more conversions like those we have just read of in Cæsarea.

FOREIGN TOPICS.

The Coronation of the Czar of Russia is now definitely fixed to take place on May 27th. The festivities will be continued until June 8th. The cable brings intelligence of immense preparations. In the Kremlin, where the ceremony will take place, all the towers on the outer wall are surrounded by scaffolding, and even on all sides of the "Great Ivan," the highest point of the ancient castle, workmen can be seen high up in their hanging seats. The electric illumination has been completed, and every night a powerful light is displayed over the principal tower like a great star. The inner parts of the Kremlin are also still barricaded with scaffolding for the erection of three large stands, next to the church with the imperial sepulchres. The highest officials of the Empire, the Council of State, the Ministerial Committee, the Senate and the Holy Synod will take up their temporary residence at Moscow during the coronation. For the safety of the city a special guard will be formed, consisting of 50,000 citizens, who will be selected from each division. The total strength of the troops at Moscow during the coronation is now fixed at 55,000 men, with no fewer than 121 generals and 2417 staff officers. Numerous arrests of suspected Nihilists continue to be made.

Daniel Curley, the Second Member of the gang charged with the murder of Lord Frederick Cavendish and Mr. Burke, was tried and convicted in Dublin last week. He was sentenced to be hanged on May 18th. An attempt was made by the defence to prove an alibi, but it broke down hopelessly. Two of the witnesses gave contradictory evidence testifying that they saw the prisoner at the hour the murder was committed, in different places widely separated from each other. Carey, the town councillor, who has turned informer, was again the principal witness for the government. He admitted that he had himself been engaged in *twenty attempts to take the life of Mr. Forster*. He said that he would not have called Mr. Forster's "removal" a murder. He also said that the conspirators had arranged for the assassination on the 4th of May last of Lieutenant-Colonel Hillier, then Inspector General of the Royal Irish Constabulary, and Mr. Burke. Carey said he did not think that Mr. Burke deserved to be murdered, but he would not have cried at anything that happened to Mr. Forster. Curley stated in court that he belonged to the Fenian organization. The trial of Timothy Kelly, another of the prisoners charged with being concerned in the same murder, resulted in a disagreement of the jury. They stood eleven for guilty, and one for acquittal.

Another Secret Society has been Discovered in Ireland. It is called the Vigilants. The first clue to the existence of the conspiracy was obtained by the confession of a man named Tubridy, who has given full particulars in court of the murder of a man named Kennedy by assassins who were brought from a distance to perform the deed. Tubridy states that he belonged to a secret society, in which he was obliged by threats to continue. In January, 1882, the society was reorganized with *the special object of killing landlords, agents and spies*. The local leader was a man named MacInerney. He introduced to the members a stranger from Dublin who said he had travelled all through other countries, and formed societies. He stated that *the Land League would supply the society with arms*, and promised that the League would pay MacInerney the expenses incurred by men who were sent out of their own districts. He also said members might have to go to various parts of Ireland and even to England to shoot landlords and agents.

The Eight Dynamite Plotters Arrested in England underwent a preliminary examination in London, on April 19th. As is usual in all Irish trials, one of the number volunteered to make a confession and testify against his companions. Norman, the man first arrested, who stated that his real name was Lynch, made a detailed statement averring that he was employed by a club in New York to go to England and assist in the dynamite explosions. He received his passage money from Dr. Gallagher, of Greenpoint, L. I., who is one of the prisoners, and was informed that O'Donovan Rossa would pay him further sums. In London he met Gallagher by appointment, and walked with him past the scene of the recent explosion in the Government offices at Westminster. He asked, "Is that what we are going to do?" Gallagher replied, "Yes; and it won't be child's play, either." They passed half way over Westminster Bridge, when Gallagher, who had been viewing the Houses of Parliament, remarked: "*They will make a great crash* when they come down." Gallagher also pointed out other buildings that it was intended to destroy. Subsequently he was sent to Birmingham to procure the explosive materials, and on his return was arrested. He revealed the passwords of the society, and gave other important information. It is stated by English journals that the facts disclosed will enable the English Government to claim the extradition of O'Donovan Rossa, and that Mr. Parnell is implicated by some of the confessions. The statute under which the prisoners are arrainged permits the judge, in the event of conviction, to pronounce a sentence of penal servitude for life.

The Triple Alliance Continues to be the subject of conjecture in Europe. The provisions of the treaty are kept secret, but the correspondent of the London *Times* states that the agreement between Germany, Austria and Italy was reached in June last, at which time a triple note was drawn up guaranteeing the respective territories and maritime rights of the three countries against aggression. The agreement is to last for six years. It is evident, however, that these statements are not authoritative.

The Malagese Envoys have Arrived in England from America. A deputation composed of several members of Parliament and other prominent men waited on them on their landing, and congratulated them on the satisfactory result of their visit to the United States, and expressed the hope that it would lead to an *entente* between the United States and Madagascar. The deputation also wished the envoys success in their negotiations with France. The chief envoy, in reply, spoke in *warm praise of the kindness which the envoys received in America*. As an instance of the interest of the United States Government in the Welfare of Madagascar, he cited its intention to promote its agent in Madagascar to the rank of consul. Advices from Zanzibar state that the British war sloop Dragon has been ordered to Madagascar.

The French Movement on the Congo is viewed with hostility by several European countries. Portuguese journals state that the French have occupied Porta Negra, on the Congo, after some resistance on the part of the natives. In the Portuguese Chamber of Deputies a despatch from the Governor of Angola was read. It stated that the French occupied Porta Negra and Loango on the 28th of March. The natives protested against this action to the captain of the Portuguese cruiser, Bengo, who made a formal protest to the French authorities. It is expected that a conflict with the French will follow, and that Mr. Henry M. Stanley will require a ship and forces for his protection. The European correspondent of the *Sun* says: There is a strong feeling in support of Stanley in England, and the vigorous and aggressive policy of the French in south-western Africa is regarded with great hostility. It is evident that a serious conflict is imminent between De Brazza and Stanley, and it is probable that the latter will be reënforced at once. He is not in a position, at present, to dispute the territory with the French, whose forcible occupation of Ponta Negra shows clearly what their intentions are. The tone of the French papers is significant. They say that De Brazza is no longer a half-clad, penniless explorer, but the commander of a French man-of-war, with a regiment of trained troops and 20,000 stand of arms at his command, and able and anxious to requite Stanley's insolence. British interests on the coast are important and increasing, and Stanley has such a large commercial following that his progress is watched with great anxiety. An English man-of-war will probably be ordered to the Congo in a few days.

A Bill Prohibiting a Practice which has directly tended to the increase of drunkenness, has been introduced into the British House of Lords. It has long been the custom of certain firms, especially railroad contractors and employers, whose workmen are engaged at a distance from the headquarters of the firm, to arrange to pay the men at the nearest tavern. The men with their pockets well lined would then spend a considerable sum in rum instead of taking the money home to their families. No rule is more strictly observed by the ordinary British workingman than that which requires those who make use of a gin-palace to drink for "the good of the house." Lord Shaftesbury's intimate knowledge of the working-classes made him a warm supporter of the bill. Lord Bramwell, a judge, affirmed that on Saturday thrice as many offences were committed as on any other day in the week.

Mr. Francis Murphy, the American Temperance advocate, whose portrait and life appeared recently in this journal, is now laboring at Swansea in Great Britain. In a letter to a friend in New Orleans, Mr. Murphy intimates that he will visit that city upon his return to the United States. He says of the temperance "cause" abroad: "The work in England has gone on apace until the Queen has said 'well done.' Millions of the people have signed the pledge, reducing the revenue £2,500,000, and the Postmaster found it in the savings of the people in pure gold."

The Recent Earthquake at Cyprus was of a more serious and alarming character than the first reports made it appear. A gentleman who was on the spot at the time says it lasted about fifty or sixty seconds. At Limasol the houses swayed and rocked in the most appalling manner, and uncemented walls fell to the ground. An English regiment, which was on parade at Polemedia, was hurriedly dismissed, and ran from the parade-ground, headed by the sergeant-major, strong fears being entertained that the ground would open. A most ludicrous scene was enacted in the streets, people rushing about in nightshirts, or with great-coats hastily drawn over them. The mules and horses staggered about as though in fits, and altogether it was the severest shock which has been recorded for many years. This is only another of those terrestrial phenomena heralding the more alarming portents of the closing days of the dispensation.

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The Prophetic News and Israel's Watchman (London), for April, may be obtained at the office of The Christian Herald, price six cents, postage paid.

An Illustrated Work on the Unfulfilled prophecies of the Bible, by the Rev. M. Baxter, entitled: "Forty Coming Wonders," may be had from the office of The Christian Herald, 63 Bible House, New York, by remitting one dollar. It is a book of 528 pages, is handsomely bound in cloth and contains fifty full-page pictures and diagrams representing the scenes described in the prophecies of Daniel and in the book of the Revelation. It also contains a resumé of the opinions of other expositors, and extracts carefully collated from the works of all the most eminent writers on prophecy, from the earliest ages of the Christian era down to those of recent date. It thus forms the most useful and complete guide the student can have in entering on the study of that portion of the Word of God. The book may also be obtained for one dollar from any bookseller, who can procure it from the American News Company.

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD AND SIGNS OF OUR TIMES.

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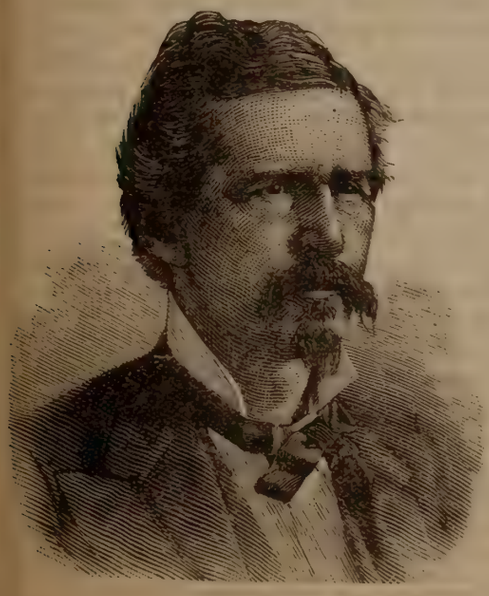
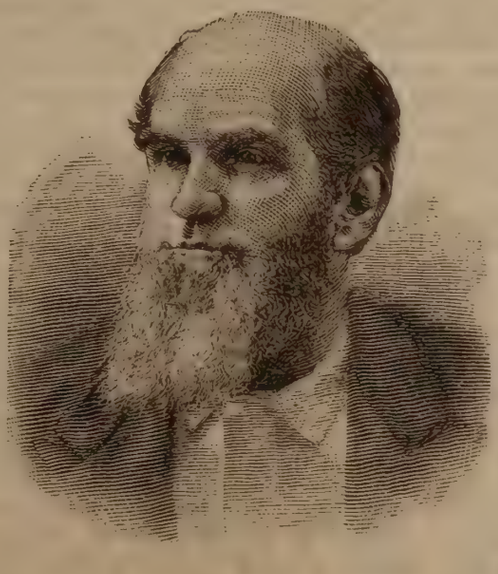


THOMAS M. BOWEN, OF COLORADO.



RICHARD COKE, OF TEXAS.

PRESTON B. PLUMB, OF KANSAS.

SIX NEWLY-ELECTED UNITED STATES SENATORS.

A GROUP OF U. S. SENATORS.

THE portraits on the first page of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD this week, for which we are indebted to *the courtesy of Messrs. Harper & Brothers*, are those of six of the United States Senators elected this year, and who will with the Forty-eighth Congress commence their six years' term of office. Of the six, only two are strangers to the Senate Chamber. Senator Colquitt, of Georgia, and Senator Bowen, of Colorado, will take their seats as Senators for the first time in December. The other four have been re-elected, and one of them more than once. Senator Anthony has now served four terms and is about to commence his fifth; Senators Coke, Hoar and Plumb have served one term each.

The freedom of press criticism which under our free institutions is carried to its utmost limit, has often led young people and even people whose years should have given them sufficient experience to have preserved them from the error, to think and speak less highly of our public men than they deserve. It is our habit to disparage men who occupy high places in the government; and to such an extent has this habit been indulged that foreigners who read our newspapers and visitors who mix in our society are apt to conclude from the animadversions launched against the administration and Congress that they are uniformly unprincipled, unscrupulous men who "fear not God, neither regard man." This is an evil because it is unjust to the men so criticised, and it tends to lower the national character in the eyes of other nations. In other lands it is the custom to criticise the measures introduced into the legislatures and to urge their adoption or rejection, as the case may be. The politicians who are responsible for their introduction are blamed or praised for bringing them forward, and they are held to have proved thereby their fitness or unfitness for the exalted position they occupy. To speak of them as swindlers, thieves and plunderers, as is often done here, is a practice known nowhere else. When condemnation is called for in other lands, it generally takes the form of a charge of incapacity, of weakness of mind, or of stupidity, and it would be deemed a monstrous outrage on decency to charge them with acting and voting from corrupt motives, or of wilfully setting their own private interest above the public good.

Unhappily for us, there has been in isolated cases cause for us so to suspect and to condemn. Men have occasionally succeeded in imposing on their fellow-citizens, and have hypocritically concealed their real character until secure of election, and have then acted in such a manner as would, could their conduct have been foreseen, have prevented their election. In other cases the elevated position in which they find themselves placed has turned a brain too weak for their position, and they have fallen through a moral weakness neither they nor those who elected them previously suspected. In other cases again, they, or those who were prominent in advocating their election, unwittingly pledged themselves to a line of conduct or to the advocacy of particular measures which, when elected, they would willingly have repudiated, when they find that the fulfilment of their pledges is antagonistic to the national interest. In that position they have been placed in an awkward dilemma, out of which they have seldom come with credit to themselves.

Such instances as these have led the public to look on all public men with suspicion, and to class all under one common condemnation. Yet in doing so we are often guilty of injustice. We ought carefully to avoid condemning the innocent with the guilty, and we ought also, in criticising the conduct of public men, to exercise Christian charity, and remembering the temptations that abound in political life to be careful while denouncing evil and wrong doing, not to judge mercilessly or uncharitably. It is also the Christian's duty to pray that God would direct us in the choice of men to conduct the business of this great country, and to beseech Him continually to guide and direct them, to give them the strength and wisdom they need, and to keep them from evil.

For the information of our readers in other countries it only remains to add that under our constitution all U. S. Senators are elected by the legislatures of the respective States. Each State, whether it be large or small, whether its population be numerous or few, is entitled to two seats in the Senate, and no more. New York with over five millions of population sends two Senators, and Nevada, with her sixty-two thousand citizens, has two Senators. The senatorial term is six years, and the elections are so arranged that one third of the Senate shall retire every alternate year. The salary of a Senator is five thousand dollars a year. The mileage allowed for each annual session is twenty cents per mile each way, and there is an additional allowance of $125 a year for stationery and newspapers. These remarks do not, of course, apply to State Senators, but only to the statesmen elected to the United States Senate.

SENATOR COLQUITT,
Of Georgia.

Alfred Holt Colquitt, who has been elected to the United States Senate for the term beginning last March, was born in Walton County, Ga., April 20th, 1824. His grandfather, a native of Virginia, settled in Georgia in 1801. His father, Walter T. Colquitt, was a brilliant member of both branches of Congress. The Senator-elect was graduated at Princeton College in 1844, and in 1845, after studying law with his father, he was admitted to the bar at Columbus, Ga. He began to practise at Macon.

In 1847 he served with the army in Mexico as a major, acting at Buena Vista as an aid to General Taylor. He returned to his profession in 1848, and four years later he was elected to the Thirty-third Congress as *a Democrat*. He made a good impression in Congress, but he declined a renomination on account of the death of his wife. In 1856 and 1860 he was a delegate to the National Democratic Conventions, and in the latter year he was an elector on the Breckenridge and Lane ticket.

Under the institution of slavery, when he was himself a large slave-holder, he used to gather the negroes together and read and explain the Bible to them on Sabbath evenings; and his earliest interest in Sunday-school work, with which his name is now so prominently connected, was as a teacher of a colored class in the Sunday-school of the church where he held his membership.

The negroes loved him as their best friend, and when the war broke out, and he was called away to the battle-fields of Florida, he left his wife and children to their unaided protection, *no white man being near them*. And his confidence was abundantly justified; for one of the first letters that reached him by the uncertain postal communication of those four years of disorganization and war contained a little passage in words like these: "Godfrey carries on the meeting every evening as usual, and last night —— passed by the room and heard him praying for you. He said, 'O Lord God, bless our good master. Protect him in de war, and if it is in accordance wid dy will, quickly bring him back to his dear wife and de children.'"

After the emancipation, when the freedmen wished to have a larger number of churches of their own, instead of worshipping in the white churches as they had been generally in the custom of doing, *the first church* that was built for them was erected by Governor Colquitt.

He entered *the Confederate Army* early in the war as a captain in the 6th Georgia. He rose rapidly in rank, becoming a brigadier-general September 30th, 1862. As a brigadier he had command of the 6th, 19th, 23d, 27th and 28th Georgia regiments, the brigade being attached to Hill's division of Lee's Army of Northern Virginia. He took part in all the great campaigns in Virginia, performing signal services at Antietam and Sharpsburg. He was in command at the battle of Ocean Pond, or Olustee, Florida, and there he won the title of "Hero of Olustee" for his dash, coolness and fine generalship. During the engagement he *rode a white horse*, and was a marked figure throughout the battle. Returning to Virginia he commanded a division at Drewry's Bluff. In the campaigns aroung Petersburg he won his commission as a major-general, but in the confusion incident to the close of the war it never reached him.

Many incidents are remembered of General Colquitt's behavior during those awful and trying times, when men's characters were tested and their inner nature exposed. During the bombardment of Charleston by the Federal ships of war, James Island, in the harbor, was fortified by the Confederates for the defence of the city.

The exchange of fire was kept up for many days and nights, and the command of the island was held week about by General George P. Harrison, Jr., now of Alabama, General Hagood, now Governor of South Carolina, and General Colquitt. The strain of mind from the prolonged imminent danger and from the responsibility was terrible, and General Colquitt said one day, on being relieved by Harrison, "I would rather face all the forces of the enemy in the open field at once than stand my week of this." But he did his duty sternly.

It was also observed that he had the tenderness of Wellington, which has been often contrasted with the callousness of Napoleon, and that while brave in the face of battle himself, he was *careful about his soldiers*. On one occasion his brigade was filing past him in a manœuvre preliminary to making a dangerous charge, and the brave fellows, on the brink of a deadly engagement, raised their caps and saluted him with repeated cheers. The sight was too much for him who was to lead many of them to certain death, and a friend who was riding near saw great tears come up to his eyes and roll down his cheeks as the emotions of the moment convulsed his heart.

After the war General Colquitt was engaged for some time in the insurance business, but for a number of years he has been a leader of agricultural and *religious progress* in Georgia. For a long time he declined all political office, except a few that carried only honor with them.

In 1868 he was a delegate to the National Democratic Convention, and in 1870 he was on the same day made President of the Democratic State Convention and of the State Agricultural Society. He was a delegate to the Baltimore Convention in 1872, and four years later he was elected *Governor of Georgia*. His administration as Governor of the State has been a creditable one, and of benefit to the State. Toward the freedmen General Colquitt has always shown a kindly feeling, and he has often addressed them from the pulpit. He is a member of the Methodist Episcopal Church South, and holds very decided religious views. As a member of the Agricultural Society of his State, he was the first man who had the wish or courage to take publicly a determined stand against racing and gambling at the State fairs. In person, General Colquitt is a fine specimen of physical manhood, and is dignified in every movement. His face bears the stamp of kindness and good nature, but he is not wanting in positiveness, zeal and purpose.

On the 23d of July, 1856, Governor Colquitt was married to Sarah B. Tarver, widow of Mr. Frederick Tarver, his first wife's brother, and a planter and gentleman of wealth, formerly of Twiggs County, Ga. This lady has been a strong support to her husband, thoroughly identifying herself with his interests, using her exceptional energy for the promotion of his welfare, and presiding at the Executive Mansion, and dispensing its hospitality with genial grace. They have five handsome and well-trained children, all of whom, except the youngest, a boy of nine years, are members of the Church.

his mind, and they made him miserable with the thought of his own sins. Knowing where to seek a remedy, he now read the Bible, and came on the promise in John 5 : 24, 'Verily, verily, I say unto you, he that heareth My word, and believeth on Him that sent Me, hath everlasting life, and shall not come into condemnation, but is passed from death unto life.' This verse gave him what he needed, and he became a happy, zealous Christian."

Holding on by a Rag!—The Rev. G. L. Carstairs said : "It struck me on Saturday last that people don't really believe how far away they are from God. I was then speaking to a man who was far astray through drink. At one time he had attended an earnest Gospel ministry, and knew the Bible well. In reply to my urgent entreaties, he said, 'I have been in the lock-up, I don't know how often, and in every sense of the word I have been a thorough blackguard,' and so on. He continued speaking against himself, but in such a manner that it showed he did not think he was unable to pay God anything for his salvation, and that without the exercise of Divine mercy he was a lost sinner. To rouse him to the realization of his awful state, I said, 'Yes, and it seems to me that *you are a blackguard still!*' 'Yes, I am,' he assented with cool cheerfulness. Nothing moved him ; it was plain he thought he had something wherewith to pay his debts to God.' What do you think it was? Why, he said his prayers. He cursed his horse, his acquaintances, and got drunk all the same, but *he held on to that rag* to save him from the consuming frown of an angry God, and from sinking beneath the dark waves of everlasting doom—he *said his prayers!*"

THE ENDUEMENT OF POWER BEFORE THE SECOND ADVENT.

By E. H. Fielder.

Anxious Condition of Christians—The Expected Sign—Success : Purity : Faith—The Doctrine of Quietists—Sloth and Indolence Rebuked—The Church Exhorted—The Cheer of Inspiration—The Armor and Might of True Disciples—The Bride Brought to the King—The Privilege of God's Sons and Daughters—Latter-day Splendor—The Satisfaction of Christ.

TRUE Christians are at the present moment in an anxious, bewildered condition—an uncertain sound is given by every trumpet that man raises to his lips ; and while expectation is at its height the most unsatisfying conjectures are current. All this while the voice of God booms over the waters of the word, and the prophetic horns combine in one volume of grandly solemn measure which is blessedly intelligible to "the wise virgins" (Matt. 25 : 6)—for "the wise shall understand." (Dan. 12 : 10.)

The children of the great King are looking for the glorious "sign of the Son of Man" (Matt. 24 : 27–30) to appear shortly in visible effulgence—even the direct illumination by the Holy Ghost of the faithful witnesses for Jesus "in heaven"—*i.e.*, among His saints, the Church of Christ, who are now individually seated with Him in heavenly places, indwelt by His Spirit, enjoying sensible communion with the Most Holy. These are strong in the strength of the Lord, whose power is all-potent "in heaven and on earth." (Matt. 28 : 18.) They are "partakers of the Divine nature, having escaped the corruption that is in the world through lust." (2 Peter 1 : 4.) They securely rest in His love and participate in His fulness, who has promised to abide with them alway until the end of the age. (Matt. 28 : 20.)

SUCCESS : PURITY : FAITH.

Sanctified watchmen see the light arising on every hand, the morning breaking, which shall usher in the day of God. Heralds of the cross, who have received the anointing as co-workers with Christ, are blessed with marvellous success in His harvest field, even to the gathering of countless sheaves into His garner. Purity is not ashamed to avow her consecration of body, soul, and spirit to the Master's use. She has laid hold on the seamless mantle of Jesus, which His enemies failed to rend—so perfect was the flow of love, joy, peace, long-suffering, gentleness, goodness, patience that clothed our Redeemer.

Faith is bearing abundant fruit, the gifts of healing have been restored, and the edifice of Bethshan, the Bethesda of the nineteenth century, is occupied with prostrates at the feet of the great Physician, who spoke thus in connection with the outpouring of His Spirit that should incubate the events of which we are cognisant : "Verily, verily, I say unto you, He that believeth on Me, the works that I do shall he do also, and greater works than these shall he do, because I go unto My Father." (John 14 : 12.) "Greater than these!" Here is a Divine incentive to follow on to know more and more of their risen Head, till they "reign in life by Him ;" and it behoves the King's sons who have "the secret of the Lord"—are "sealed with that Holy Spirit of promise," to go forth conquering and to conquer, since all things are theirs, and they are Christ's, and Christ is God's.

THE DOCTRINE OF QUIETISTS.

The doctrine preached by quietists, that persuades men to rest on their lees until the Lord shall come to restitute all things, and rule over their enemies with a rod of iron, besides fostering apathy and negligence, and evoking a spirit of domination, abhorrent to the mind of Christ, is utterly at variance with the teaching of Holy Writ. The rod of iron with which our King will govern the nations is the undeviating principle of gospel truth, fixed and beautiful, which cannot bend or bear the curve of any false system ; His sceptre of righteousness with which the clay must be broken, as described by the Psalmist (2 : 9), and earthliness shivered to atoms ; that emancipation from pride, anger, malice, and all uncharitableness may be complete, and the begotten of the Lord rise to newness of life, in perfect union with the Thrice Holy.

SLOTH AND INDOLENCE.

Instead of a lullaby for which there is no warrant in Scripture, the Church has her slumbers interrupted suddenly—consult the prophetic record. (Isaiah 52.) Her sloth and indolence are rebuked ; and God the Holy Ghost, with a voice that wakes the dead, shakes her from the lethargy and decrepitude into which she has fallen ; tells her to get up from the earth, where she has been grovelling ; to loose herself from the Babylonish chains, the lusts, and vanities that encircle her neck, and cause shame and confusion of face ; to flee out of Egypt, the area of bondage to the world, the flesh, and the devil, where, naked and despised, she has lain among idols, bowed down before the things of time and sense, and been exposed, like a fair slave in the open market, to the jeers and criticisms of beholders.

THE CHURCH EXHORTED.

The Spirit shows her right, through purchase, to holy "garments for glory and for beauty" (Ex. 28 : 2)—that await her wondering view—the righteousness of her risen Lord and her gracious Redeemer. He exhorts her with prepared feet to travel the gospel highway, carrying good tidings, publishing peace, taking upon herself the weariness and responsibilities of the watchman, lifting up her voice like him continually, bearing with clean hands the vessels of the Lord, whose name and fame she must celebrate in her life and conversation—her songs of praise issuing from lips touched with a live coal from off the altar, burning with love and compassion for perishing souls, that nations yet unborn may confess the miracle His blood hath wrought as they behold the graces of the glorious Bridegroom reflected in His Bride.

Listen to the cheer of inspiration : "Arise, shine, for thy light is come, and the glory of the Lord is risen upon thee ; for, behold, the darkness shall cover the earth, and gross darkness the people." (Here is the midnight of Matt. 25 : 6.) The thick darkness of religious ambiguities, refined subtleties, scientific speculations, and false god-isms (which shall extinguish the lamps of certain unprepared and "foolish virgins," for the wisdom of this world is "foolishness with God") ; but the Lord shall arise upon them, and the Gentiles (*i.e.*, the uncircumcised) "shall come to Thy light, and kings to the brightness of Thy rising." (Isaiah 60 : 1–3.)

ARMOR AND MIGHT.

So soon as the disciples of Jesus accept His precepts, heed His word, and watch with Him one hour (Matt. 26 : 40), they will become alive to His interests, and allow no traitor to betray their Lord—upheld by the Strength of Israel (Matt. 28 · 18–20) ; and, taking the whole counsel of God for their panoply, they will stand against the wiles of the Devil, and quench all the fiery darts of the wicked.

The blood-washed and sanctified throng who have been quickened to receive the fact that their implacable foe, though mortally wounded by the Captain of their salvation, has concealed himself in their very midst, and defiled the heavenlies with his presence—the Church, in resurrection might, will expose his hiding-place, tread the old serpent under her feet, and cast the reptile out of her assemblies. Then shall the shout of the Archangel, who leads the hosts of the Lord, inspire her song of victory : "Now is come salvation, and strength, and the kingdom of our God, and the power of His Christ, for the accuser of our brethren is cast down which accused them before our Lord day and night." (Rev. 12 : 7–10.)

THE BRIDE BROUGHT TO THE KING.

After this, the Bride, fragrant from her consecration, baptized with the Holy Ghost, obtaining favor in the sight of all them that look upon her (Esther 2 : 15)—the King's daughter, all glorious within, her clothing of wrought gold—shall be brought to the King in raiment of needlework ; the virgins, her companions, that follow her (those she has won by her pure walk in the testimonies of Jesus) shall be brought to thee ; with gladness and rejoicing shall they be brought ; they shall enter into the King's palace. (Psalm 45 : 13–15.)

The time is at hand when the Lamb's Wife, appropriating the promises of the Father, as yea and amen in His Son, will shine as a city that is set on an hill that cannot be hid.

Isaiah 62 : 1-3 is expounded, and expanded by the Word of the Lord : "Blessed are they which do hunger and thirst after righteousness, for they shall be filled" (Matt. 5 : 6) ; and shows how full salvation, even the enduement of power from on high, is the exalted privilege of the sons and daughters of the Lord God Almighty. The literal rendering of the quotation from the prophet runs thus : "For Zion's sake (*i.e.*, from the dry and thirsty) will I not withhold peace ; and for Jerusalem's sake (*i.e.*, the foundations of peace) will I not rest until the righteousness thereof go forth as brightness, and the salvation thereof as a lamp burneth ; and the Gentiles (*i.e.*, the uncircumcised) shall see thy righteousness, and all kings (*i.e.*, the great ones of the earth) thy glory ; and thou shalt be called by a new name (Matt. 1 : 21), which the mouth of the Lord shall name ; thou shalt also be a crown of glory in the hand of the Lord, and a royal diadem in the hand of thy God."

In meditating upon these things we perceive that the generally accepted estimate of a commendable Christian life is thrown into shade by the

LATTER-DAY SPLENDOR.

Transparency of motive—which is heaven-born, and walk and work illumined from above, will characterize the new creation, attract sinners from the error of their ways, and convince men that the unction of the Holy One rests upon His saints ; this the indubitable sign of the Son of Man (Matt. 24 : 30), the earnest of which was given to the beloved disciple. (John 1 : 31–34.)

When the Holy Ghost descends and remains upon His Church, all men will bear record that they are the sons of God. In that hour shall Jesus rejoice in spirit ; He shall see of the travail of His soul and shall be satisfied. (Luke 10 : 21 ; Isa. 53 : 11.)

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CURRENT EVENTS.

The President's Health Appears to Have been fully re-established. He was reported last week to be in his usual robust condition. The reports telegraphed North during his visit in Georgia were officially contradicted, and it was stated that the serious nature of his attack had been exaggerated. Dr. Black, the surgeon of the Talapoosa, however, confirms the telegraphic reports, and says that the President when suffering on board that vessel was for two hours "a very ill man."

The Appointments of Dr. B. Randolph Keim, of Pennsylvania, to be chief examiner of the Civil Service Commission, and of W. W. White, of Atlanta, Ga., as clerk to the same commission, have been made by the President. The commissioners in recommending the former appointment to the President, express themselves in an apologetic tone not encouraging to the friends of Civil Service Reform. They say they would have been glad to fill the place with a man of experience and one whose qualifications were more widely known and appreciated; and made earnest efforts to find such a man who would accept the appointment, but failed. In recommending Dr. Keim, they say: "From the investigations that we made we have become satisfied that Mr. Keim will make a good Chief Examiner; he was highly recommended to us as a gentleman of excellent character and habits, of strict integrity and fair intellectual ability, and a man, moreover, who possesses a wide acquaintance with men and affairs, together with a knowledge of the methods of doing public business. It is not true in any sense that his selection was due to personal solicitation or to political influence—in the ordinary meaning of that term—from any quarter. He applied for the place, as several others did, and he filed written testimonials as to his character and capacity from prominent members of both political parties, notably Senators Bayard, Hawley, Pendleton, Anthony, Logan, Cameron, of Pennsylvania, and Windom, and Representatives Randall, S. S. Cox and others; but there was no political solicitation or influence brought to bear, and had it been it would have produced no effect." The duties of the Chief Examiner will be to act with the various examining boards, to secure accuracy, uniformity and justice in their proceedings. All the authority conferred by the act is vested in the commissioners themselves.

The Destructive Tornado which Swept Over the West and South-west on Sunday, April 23d, caused a loss of life and a destruction of property that are truly appalling. In Mississippi alone eighty-three persons were killed and three hundred wounded. In Iowa the cyclone tore up trees, overturned houses and wrecked a church. At Chattanooga, Tenn., the damage amounted to $10,000. On the following day the hurricane raged through Georgia inflicting damage to the extent of a million dollars, and causing much loss of life. At Georgetown, Miss., the Methodist congregation had an escape almost miraculous. The cyclone struck the church, and one of the side walls fell in on the worshippers. They fell on their knees, and the benches protected them from fatal injury. The storm made its first appearance in Idaho on the morning of April 20th. During the day it moved into Colorado, developing great energy, houses being unroofed and many miles of telegraph poles being blown down. Violent winds also prevailed in Texas, Kansas, Nebraska and Dakota. During the 21st the storm remained almost stationary, changing its centre only from Colorado to western Nebraska. On Sunday morning the storm centre moved into Kansas, and during the day moved south-eastward over the Southern States. A relief committee has been formed, and bedding and provisions distributed to families rendered destitute by the storm. Late reports received at the close of last week report many more deaths among the wounded. The scalp injuries predominate, and are generally fatal.

A Spasmodic Effort to Enforce the Law against liquor saloons in which business is done on Sundays, and against notorious gambling houses, has been made in New York. The fact that only a few old-fashioned and damaged articles were seized in the gambling houses, that none of the proprietors were arrested, and that every one who desired to obtain liquor on Sunday could find a side door open, will render obvious to the public the degree of sincerity there was in the movement. Mr. Robert Graham and his friends have aroused the conscience of the community, but the Police Commissioners are mistaken, if they expect that they will satisfy it by half-hearted measures of the kind hitherto adopted.

The Irish Convention which Held its Sittings in Philadelphia last week, disappointed the best friends of Ireland as much as it did the dynamite section. The former hoped to have learned that the League authoritatively and unequivocally repudiated the doings of the skirmishers, denounced the use of explosives and condemned assassination. O'Donovan Rossa and his friends would have preferred that the convention expressed its approval of extreme measures. The convention did neither. Neither in its proceedings, nor in the despatch Mr. Parnell sent to it, was there a word of reproof or of repudiation of the foul crimes which have startled the whole world. This is a matter for regret. The silence on this question, when a few words of condemnation, uttered in such a place and at such a time, might have been the means of checking crime, cannot fail to alienate American sympathy. It was evident, and the fact is so regarded throughout the country, that the Irishman was right, who said the convention had practically said to all the members of the Irish race in America, "Thus far shalt thou go—in your war on England" and had ended there, omitting to add the words "and no farther." The convention pledged itself to legitimate methods, but, apparently, any member who chooses to use illegitimate methods of war is at liberty to do so, *on his own responsibility*. As another Irish-American observed, "Any Irishman who hates England was a good enough Irishman for the convention." Americans when asked to contribute to the funds of the League are not likely to forget this attitude of the convention.

The Fourth Reunion of the Christian Commission, the Sanitary Commission, and the Chaplains of the Federal and Confederate Armies, will be held at Ocean Grove, N. J., commencing on Sunday, July 22d, and continuing three days. Mr. George H. Stuart, President of the United States Commission, in issuing the call for the reunion, explains the object and intention of the reunion. The meeting will undoubtedly be one of great interest in all its bearings, and, as much more time is to be devoted to the exercises of the occasion than at any former meeting, it will be more important in its influence.

The Tewkesbury Almshouse Investigation commenced on account of the charges made by Governor Butler, of Massachusetts, has revealed atrocities which would have been incredible had they not been sworn to by reliable witnesses. They testified that at the State almshouse at Tewkesbury, the infants were half starved, were drugged with morphine to stupefy them and prevent their crying, and that they were shamefully neglected and ill-treated. Of seventy-three infants in the institution at the commencement of the year only one remained alive at the close. Evidence was also given that the adult female inmates were grossly ill treated, and certain witnesses testified that they had seen on the persons of the women large bruises, the result of blows and kicks. Another abuse was that of the sale of dead bodies for purposes of dissection. It was stated that this traffic was concealed by holding mock funerals, and that empty coffins, and coffins filled with sand, were frequently buried, while the bodies supposed to be in them were lying on the dissecting table, and the ten or twelve dollars for which they were sold reposed in official pockets. In proof of this allegation several coffins were exhumed, and were found to be empty or filled with earth and rubbish. It was also alleged that it was the custom to take all children, except small babies, from their parents when received, and one Canadian woman was *punished for crying after her child*. She was put into a cell for three days, and after that in the insane hospital.

Prohibition in Business has been Adopted by a prominent firm in Kansas. The following notice has been posted in the workrooms: To our workmen: *Whereas*, Having suffered great trouble and annoyance in consequence of some of our emloyés injuring themselves, by the use of alcoholic liquors, thereby causing distress and suffering in their families, and defrauding their wives and children of the comforts of home, we hereby give notice that any of our emloyés who are seen in or hanging around drinking saloons or gambling houses, whether during working hours or at any other time, or are known to use alcoholic liquors or other intoxicating beverages in any form or degree, shall be immediately discharged by us without notice.

A New York Cashier whose Dissipated Habits have on several occasions led the firm who employ him to consider the advisability of discharging him, has recently professed his faith in Christ, and has become a total abstainer. His surpassing business abilities and his extraordinary capacity for work, as well as his remarkable accuracy, secured for him the respect of his employers, who were inexpressibly grieved at the prospect of discharging him; but his frequent outbreaks rendered the act a necessity. They are grateful that his reformation has relieved them of the unpleasant duty, and are convinced that his amendment is permanent. The cashier ascribes his conversion to the blessing of God on an article he read in a copy of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD providentially lent to him.

An Unworn Wedding Suit was Found after more than half a century, a few days ago in Ohio. On the death of a wealthy citizen of that State recently, a search was made for his will which could not be found among his papers. In searching through the house a box was found that appeared to contain something that had been highly prized by the man who was dead. Its contents were taken out, and among them was the long-sought will. It was placed between the folds of a wedding suit which had never been worn. The suit had lain there for fifty-nine years. At that time the Ohioan was twenty-one years old, and the day for his marriage being fixed, his mother gave him a roll of home-made woolen cloth, *spun by her own hands* and woven by a neighbor, wherewith to have a wedding suit made. Before the day arrived, however, the expectant bride was taken ill and became demented. The bridegroom laid his wedding suit away, and no one saw it again until he died an octogenarian, and his executors found it carefully treasured up. If the disappointed bridegroom became a true Christian he is now wearing a robe which, like that he never wore, was spun by the loving Giver—the robe of Christ's righteousness which all must wear who sit down at the marriage supper of the Lamb (Rev. 19 : 8).

Six Snakes, Apparently Dead, Suddenly Recovered vitality last week to the amazement of the engineer at Central Park, New York. The snakes, one python, two cobras, and three black-snakes—arrived in the city after a long ocean voyage, addressed to a dealer in this city. Their attendants on board the vessel were incompetent, and instead of placing blankets in their cage to keep them warm, simply sprinkled a handful of hay under them. The floor of the cage became wet, and *the serpents froze*. They were lifted from the cage like walking-canes. They were sent to the superintendent at Central Park. He believing them to be dead told the engineer to place them in the engine-room to thaw them out, so that he might procure their skins to stuff. The engineer stood them up in a warm corner, and thought no more of them. Shortly after they disappeared, and investigation disclosed the fact that they had quietly crawled away. They were found a short distance off, preparing to attack the engineer's dog, and were secured with some difficulty. Serpents have often been regarded as a living type of sin and Satan, and this incident reveals a characteristic which renders the type strikingly perfect. Besetting sins frequently remain dormant in the winter of adversity, and we think they are dead, but in the warmth of prosperity they revive and attack us with renewed energy (Deut. 32 :15-18).

A Discontented Traveller's Experience in Texas is described in the *Youth's Companion*. It is stated that a visitor to that State having business in a certain town arrived on his way there at a place where two roads met. Not knowing which was the better, he asked direction of one of the citizens who slowly said, "Well, stranger, you'll have to judge for yourself. If you go thar," pointing to the right, "you'll wish you'd gone thar," pointing to the left; "and if you go thar," reversing his gestures, "you'll wish you'd gone thar." The traveller finding there was so little difference turned to the right, and walked to the tavern, which seemed destitute of all the comforts and most of the necessities of life. He entered and remained for the night, but the food was so bad he could not eat it, and the bed was infested with vermin which prevented his sleeping. As he tossed about sleepless, he said, "I wish that I had gone to the other house!" Not long after this, the gentleman had occasion to go over the same road. Again at dark he came to the cross-roads, but did not hesitate to go in the direction contrary to that he had chosen before. The tavern he found on that road had all the discomforts of the other, and in addition he found that great gray rats made his bed-room a gymnasium, and scampered over his bed all night long. In the midst of his torment, the gentleman burst out laughing. "The old man spoke truly, when he said, 'If you go there, you'll wish you'd gone there; and if you go there, you'll wish that you'd gone there.'" The traveller on the journey of life is not placed in that dilemma. He knows on infallible authority what he may expect on the broad and on the narrow way, and there has never been a man who, choosing the latter, has at the end of his journey wished he had taken the other (Matt. 7 : 13, 14).

An Atrocious Act of Cruelty has been Perpetrated by a boy in Texas. It appears that at Brick House Gully, nine miles from Houston, resided a colored boy named Adams. He was under the impression that a plot was being concocted against him by a party of white boys, and grew mad with fear and rage. Finding a boy named Nelson alone on April 25th, and suspecting that Nelson was the leader of the plot against himself, he seized him and tied a rope around his waist. He then mounted a horse, tied the other end of the rope to the pommel of the saddle, and galloped off across the prairie, dragging Nelson at the horse's heels until the poor lad was dead. The negro was captured at Houston while attempting to escape by the railroad. The fiendish act of cruelty shocks every reader, but there are many youths and men engaged recklessly in a course even more ruthless. There are hundreds of victims of vice on our streets to-day, whose first step on the downward road was taken at the instigation of professed friends, who did them a fouler wrong than that of which the Texas boy was guilty (Luke 17 : 1, 2).

A Citizen of Mississippi Saved his Wife and child in the recent tornado, in a manner singularly suggestive. The moment he saw the danger coming, he called his wife and little boy into the yard and made them lie flat on the ground and grasp some small shrubs which stood within reach: "I put one arm about my wife," he says, "while with the other *I clasped a small tree*, and made my son lie close up to me, and then I said to them, 'Hold on, hold on! It is for life!' and then the wind came. There was a whirl and a roar. I was shaken, and heard the crash of my falling house. An instant and it was over. I still held my wife in my arms, but she was insensible, and my boy was still nestling close up to me, but bruised and bleeding." All three escaped without serious injury, thanks to the husband's presence of mind and the prompt obedience of his wife and child. There are other storms in life from which we are anxious to shield those we love. When they approach, this citizen's example should not be forgotten. Not trusting in his own strength, he clung to a tree. So may we, while clasping the dear ones, cling to Him who is mighty to save (Isa. 25 : 4).

An Unconscious Sermon in a Fish Market was once preached by an eminent preacher. Among the reminiscences of Dr. Lyman Beecher, recently published, is an interesting incident. The great preacher was seen one Monday morning leaving his house with a basket in his hand which he was carrying to the fish-market, and in which he intended to carry home a fish for the family table. Unknown to him a young man of undecided religious principles was following and watching him. The minister soon came to the fish-market. Here Dr. Beecher picked up a fine-looking fish, and asked the fisherman if it was fresh and sweet. "Certainly," replied the man, "for I caught it myself yesterday," which was the Sabbath. Dr. Beecher at once dropped the fish, saying, "Then I don't want it," and went on without another word. We are not informed whether the preacher obtained his fish, but when the young man who was following him that morning, related his experience some time afterward, on his admission to the Christian Church, he stated that Dr. Beecher's consistency evinced in the fish-market had been the turning point in his career. It convinced him of the power of religion in life, had induced him to attend the ministry of the man who had won his respect, and under that ministry he was converted (2 Cor. 1 : 12).

YOUNG MEN IN CHRIST.

A New Sermon by Pastor C. H. Spurgeon.

"I write unto you, young men, because ye have overcome the wicked one. . . . I have written unto you, young men, because ye are strong, and the word of God abideth in you, and ye have overcome the wicked one."—1 John 2 : 13, 14.

Not Literally Young Men—A Stage of Spiritual Growth—The Militia of the Church—I. They Possess Strength—Imparted to Them—Not Physically—Strength of Faith—Strong to Endure—Strong to Labor—Strong to Resist—II. They Need Strength—Will Certainly be Attacked—The Uses of Temptation—III. Their Proof of Strength — Past Victory — Finally Broken with Satan—The Vanquished Foe—IV. Their Source of Strength—The Church on Enchanted Ground—Miracle-Workers Abroad—False Christs Coming—The Approaching Hurricane—The Army the Church Needs.

WHEN I preached a short time ago upon John's message to the "little children," I explained why it was that he first said, "I write," and then, "I have written." If what I shall have to say at this time, fairly flowing from the text, shall come to you as Christ's word from His favored disciple John you will attach the more importance to it, and it will do your hearts the more good. Lifting his head from that dear bosom which gave him unexampled rest, he whispers, "I write unto you, young men." Looking down from that favored place which he now occupies so near to the throne of the Lamb, he looks over the battlements of heaven upon us, and cries, "I have written unto you, young men."

NOT BODILY AGE.

In the Christian Church there is an order of Christians who have grown so much that they can no longer be called "babes in grace," but yet they are not so far matured that they can be exactly called "fathers." These, who form the middle-class of the spiritual-minded, are styled "young men." Understand that the apostle is not writing here to any according to their bodily age; he is using human *age as a metaphor* and figure for representing growth in the spiritual life. Age, according to the flesh, often differs much from the condition of the spirit; many old men are still no more than "babes"; some children in years are even now "young men" in grace, while not a few young men are "fathers" in the church while young in years. God has endowed certain of His servants with great grace, and made them mature in their youth; such were Joseph, Samuel, David, Josiah, and Timothy. It is not age according to the family register that we are now to speak about, but age according to the Lamb's book of life.

These young men are not babes. They have been in Christ too long for that; they are no longer novices, to whom the Lord's house is strange. They have been born unto God probably now for years; the things which they hoped for at first they have to a large extent realized; they know now what once they could not understand. They have discernment, having had their senses exercised by reason of use, so that they are not so liable to be misled as they were in their infancy. And while they have been longer in the way, so also have they now grown stronger in the way. They are wiser now than they used to be. When they were children they knew enough to save them, for they knew the Father, and that was blessed knowledge; but now they know far more of the Word of God which abideth in them through their earnest, prayerful, believing reception of it. They have been under the blessed teaching of the Spirit of God, and from Him they have received an unction, so that they know all things. In knowledge they are no more children, but men in Christ Jesus. Thus they are distinguished from the first class, which comprehends the babes in Christ.

They are not yet fathers because they are not yet so established, confirmed, and settled as the fathers are, who know what they believe, and know it with a certainty of full assurance which

nothing can shake. They have not yet had the experience of fathers, and consequently have not all their prudence and foresight; they are richer in zeal than in judgment. Do not suppose that when we say they are not to be called "fathers," that they are not, therefore, very valuable to the community; for in some senses they are quite equal to the fathers, and in one or two respects they may even be superior to them. The fathers are for contemplation, they study deep and see far, and so they "have known Him that is from the beginning"; but a measure of their energy for action may have gone through stress of years.

These young men are born to fight; they are

THE MILITIA OF THE CHURCH,

they have to contend for her faith, and to extend the Redeemer's kingdom. They should do so, for they are strong. This is their lot, and the Lord help them to fulfil their calling. These must for years to come be our active spirits; they are our strength and our hope. The fathers must soon go off the stage; their maturity in grace shows that they are ready for glory, and it is not God's way to keep His shocks of corn in the field when once they are fully ripe for the garner—perfect men shall be gathered up with the perfect, and shall enter into their proper sphere. The fathers, therefore, must soon be gone; and when they are gone, to whom are we to look for a succession but to these young men?

I. The first thing that John notes about these young men is

THEY POSSESS STRENGTH:

"I have written unto you, young men, because ye are strong."

These Christians of the middle class are emphatically strong. This does not imply that any measure of spiritual strength was in them by nature; for the Apostle Paul clearly puts it otherwise concerning our natural state saying, "When we were yet without strength, Christ died for the ungodly"; so that by nature we are without strength to do anything that is good and right. We are strong as a wild bull, to dash headlong into everything that is evil; strong as a lion to fight against all that is good and Godlike; but for all spiritual things and holy things we are utterly infirm and incapable; yea, we are as dead men until God the Holy Spirit deals with us.

Neither does the apostle here at all allude to the strength of the body in young men, for in a spiritual sense this is rather their weakness than their strength. The man who is strong in the flesh is too often for that very reason strongly tempted to sins of the flesh; and hence the apostle bids his young friend "flee youthful lusts." Whenever you read the life of Samson you may thank God you had not Samson's thews and sinews; or else it is more than probable that you would have had Samson's passions, and they might have mastered you as they mastered him.

The time of life in which a young man is found is full of perils; and so is the spiritual condition of which it is the type. The young man might almost wish that it were with him as with the older man in whom the forces of the flesh have declined, for though age brings with it many infirmities it also has its gain in the abatement of the passions. So you see the young man cannot reckon upon vigor of the flesh as contributing toward real "strength;" he has rather to ask for more strength from on high lest the animal vigor that is within him should drag down his spirit.

These young men in grace are strong, first of all, *in faith*, according to that exhortation, "Be strong! fear not!" They have known the Lord now for some time, and they have enjoyed that perfect peace which comes of forgiven sin: they have marked the work of the Spirit within themselves, and they know that it is no delusion, but a divine change; and now they not only believe in Christ, but they know that they believe in Him. They know whom they have believed, and they are persuaded that He is able to keep that which they have committed to Him. That faith which was once a healing touch has now become a satisfying embrace. Oh, what a mercy it is to be strong in this fashion. Let him that is strong take heed that he glory only in the Lord who is his righteousness and strength; but in Him and His strength he may indeed make his boast and defy the armies of the aliens. Oh, that all Christians were so much advanced as to enter the enlisted battalion of the Lord's young men.

This strength makes a man

STRONG TO ENDURE.

He is a sufferer, but mark how patient he is! He is a loser in business, and he has a hard task to earn his daily bread, but he never complains, he has learned in every state to be content. He is persecuted, but he is not distressed thereby; men revile him, but he is not moved from the even tenor of his way. He grows careless alike of flattery and calumny; so long as he can please God he cares not to displease men. Blessed is that man who is so strong that he never complains of his trials, never whimpers and frets because he is made to share in the humiliations and griefs of his covenant head. He expected to bear the cross when he became a follower of the Crucified, and he is not now made weary and faint when it presses upon him.

This strength shows itself, next, in laboring for Christ. The young man in Christ is *a great worker*. He has so much strength that he cannot sit still; he would be ashamed to leave the burden and heat of the day to be borne by others. He is up and at it according to his calling and ability. He has asked his Lord as a favor to give him something to do. His prayer has been, "Show me what thou wouldst have me to do," and having received an answer he is found in the vineyard trenching the soil, removing the weeds, pruning the vines, and attending to such labors as the seasons demand. These are the men that work our reformations; these are the men who conduct our missions: these are the men who launch out into the deep for Christ. They make the vanguard of the host of God, and largely compose the main body of her forces.

So, also, are these young men

STRONG TO RESIST

attack. They are assaulted, but they carry with them the shield of faith wherewith they quench the fiery darts of the enemy. They resist temptation, and are unharmed in the midst of peril. Do you want a specimen? Look at Joseph! Where ten thousand would have fallen he stands in snow-white purity. Joseph as contrasted with David is an instance of how a young man may bring greater glory to God than an older man when assailed by a kindred temptation. Joseph is but young, and the temptation forces itself upon him while he is in the path of duty. He is alone with his temptress, and no one need know of the sin if it be committed; on the other hand, if he refuses, shame, and possibly death may await him through the calumny of his offended mistress; yet he bravely resists the assault, and overcomes the wicked one. He is a bright contrast to the older man, a father in Israel, who went out of his way to compass an evil deed, and committed crime in order to fulfil his foul desire. From this case we learn that neither years, nor knowledge, nor experience can preserve any one of us from sin; but old and young must be kept by the power of God, or they will be overthrown by the tempter.

Furthermore, these young men are not only strong for resistance, but they are strong *for attack*. They carry the war into the enemy's territory. If there is anything to be done, they are like Jonathan and his armor-bearer, eager for the fray; these are very zealous for the Lord of hosts, and are prompt to undertake toil and travail for Jesus' sake.

So have I shown you what these young men are; they are strong—strong to believe, strong to suffer, strong to do, strong to resist, strong to attack. May companies of these go in and out among us to fight the Lord's battles, for to this end hath the Lord girded them with strength.

II. Secondly, let us notice that he implies that

THEY NEED STRENGTH;

for he says, "Ye are strong, and ye have overcome the wicked one." Between the lines of the text I read the fact, that young men who are strong must expect to be attacked. If thou art weak thou shalt have no trial happen to thee but such as is common to men; but if thou be strong, rest thou assured that trials many and heavy are awaiting thee. Every sinew in the arm of faith will have to be tested.

Why does Satan attack this class of men most? I reckon, first, because Satan is not always sure that the babes in grace are in grace, and therefore he does not always attack beginners; but when they are sufficiently developed to make him see who and what they are, then he arouses his wrath. Those who have clean escaped from him he will weary and worry to the utmost of his power. A friend writes to me to inquire whether Satan knows our thoughts. Of course he does not, as God does. Satan pretty shrewdly guesses at them from our actions and our words, and perhaps even from manifestations upon our countenances; but it is the Lord alone who knows the thoughts of men immediately and by themselves.

SATAN IS AN OLD HAND

at studying human nature; he has been near six thousand years watching and tempting men and women, and therefore he is full of cunning; but yet he is not omniscient, and therefore it may be that he thinks such and such a person is so little in grace that perhaps he is not in grace at all; so he lets him alone; but as soon as ever it is certain that the man is of the royal seed, then the devil is at him. My brethren, you are strong to overthrow his kingdom, and therefore you need not marvel that he desires to overthrow you.

I think it is right that young men should endure hardness, for else they might become proud. It is hard to hide pride from men. Full of strength, full of courage, full of patience, full of zeal, such men are ready enough to believe the wicked one when *he whispers that they are perfect;* and therefore trial is sent to keep them out of that grievous snare of the evil one. The devil is used by God as a householder might employ a black, smutty scullion to clean his pots and kettles. The devil tempts the saint, and thus the saint sees his inward depravity, and is no longer able to boast. The devil thinks he is going to destroy the man of God, but God is making the temptation work for the believer's eternal good. Far better to have Beelzebub the god of flies, pestering you, than to become fly-blown with notions of your own excellence.

Besides, it prepares them for future usefulness, and here I venture to intrude the testimony of my own experience. I often wondered, when I first came to Christ, why I had such a hard time of it when I was coming to the Lord, and why I was so long and so wearied in finding a Saviour. After that, I wondered why I experienced so many spiritual conflicts while others were in peace. Ah, brethren, I did not know that I was destined to preach to this great congregation. I did not understand in those days that I should have to minister to hundreds, and even thousands, of distressed spirits, storm-tossed, and ready to perish. But it is so now with me that when the afflicted mention their experience I can, as a rule, reply,

"I HAVE BEEN THERE";

and so I can help them, as one who has felt the same. It is meet, therefore, that the young men should bear the yoke in their youth, and that while they are strong they should gain experience, not so much for themselves as for others, that in after days when they come to be fathers they may be able to help the little ones of the family. Take your tribulation kindly, brother; yea, take it gratefully; thank your King that He puts you in commission where the thick of the battle centres around you.

As you love the Lord, I charge you grow in grace and be strong, for we have need of you

just now. Oh, my brethren, take hold on sword and buckler; watch ye, and stand fast! May the Lord teach your hands to war and your fingers to fight. In these evil days may you be as a phalanx to protect our Israel. The Canaanites, the Hivites and the Jebusites are upon us just now; war is in all our borders; now, therefore, let each valiant man stand about the King's chariot, each man with his sword upon his thigh, because of fear in the night.

III. Thirdly, the text reminds us of their

PROOF OF STRENGTH;

they have overcome the wicked one. Then they must be strong; for a man who can overcome the wicked one is no mean man of war—write him down among the first three. Wicked ones abound; but there is one crafty being who deserves the name of *the* wicked one; he is the arch leader of rebellion, the first of sinners, the chief of sinners, the tempter of sinners. He is the wicked one who heads assaults against the pilgrims to Zion. If any man has ever stood foot to foot with him he will never forget it; it is a fight that once fought will leave its scars, even though the victory be won.

In what sense have these young men overcome the wicked one? Well, first, in the fact that they have broken right away from his power. Once Satan never troubled them at all. Why should he? They were good friends together. Now he tempts them and worries them, and assaults them because they have left his service, engaged themselves to a new master, and become the enemies of him who was once their god.

Moreover, these young men have overcome the wicked one, not only in breaking away from his power and in driving him entirely out of possession so that he is no longer master, but they have overcome him in the very fact of their opposition to him. When a man resists Satan, he is victorious over Satan in that very resistance. Satan's empire consists in the yielding of our will to his will; but when our will revolts against him, then already we have in a measure overcome him. Albeit that sometimes we are much better at willing than we are at doing, as the Apostle Paul was; for he said, "To will is present with me; but how to perform that which is good I find not"; yet, still, the hearty will to be clean from sin is a victory over sin; and as that will grows stronger and more determined to resist the temptations of the evil one, in that degree we have overcome sin and Satan.

But, O brothers and sisters, besides that, some of us who are young men in Christ have won many a victory over Satan. Have we not been tempted, fearfully tempted? But the mighty grace of God has come to the rescue, and we have not yielded. Cannot you look back, not with Pharisaic boasting, but with gracious exultation, over many an evil habit which once had the mastery over you, but which is master of you no longer? It was a hard conflict. How you bit your lip sometimes, and feared that you must yield! In certain moments your steps had almost gone, your feet had well-nigh slipped; but here you are conqueror yet! Thanks be to God who giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ.

Once more, in Christ Jesus we have entirely overcome the wicked one already; for the enemy we have to contend with is a vanquished foe—our Lord and Master met him and destroyed him. He is now destitute of his boasted battle-axe, that terrible weapon which has made the bravest men to quail when they have seen it in his hand. "What weapon is that?" say you. That weapon is death. Our Lord overthrew him that had the power of death, that is, the devil, and therefore Satan has not the power of death any longer. The keys of death and of hell are at the girdle of Christ. Ah, fiend, we who believe in Jesus shall defeat thee, for our Lord defeated thee! That bruise upon thy head cannot be hidden! Thy crown is dashed in pieces! The Lord has sore wounded thee, O dragon, and never can thy deadly wound be healed! We have at thee with dauntless courage; for we believe the promise of our Lord, that He will bruise Satan under our feet shortly.

IV. Now I close with my fourth point, which is, their

SOURCE OF STRENGTH.

You have seen their strength and their need of it, and their proof of it; now for the fountain of it. "The word of God abideth in you." I labor under the opinion that there never was a time in which the people of God had greater need to understand this passage than now. We have entered upon that part of the pilgrim path which is described by Bunyan as the Enchanted Ground; the church and the world appear to be alike bewitched with folly. Half the people of God hardly know their head from their heels at this time. *They are gaping after wonders*, running after a sounding brass and a tinkling cymbal, and waiting for yet more astounding inventions. Everything seems to be in a whirligig; a tornado has set in, and the storm is everywhere.

Christians used to believe in Christ as their Leader, and the Bible as their rule; but some of them are pleased with lords and rules such as He never knew! Believe me, there will soon come new Messiahs. Men are already

PRETENDING TO WORK MIRACLES,

we shall soon have false Christs; and "Lo! here" and "Lo! there" will be heard on all sides. Anchors are up, winds are out, and the whole fleet is getting into confusion. Men in whose sanity and stability I once believed are being carried away with one fancy or another, and I am driven to cry, "What next? and what next?" We are only at the beginning of an era of mingled unbelief and fanaticism. Now we shall know who are God's elect and who are not; for there are spirits abroad at this hour that would, if it were possible, deceive even the very elect; and those who are not deceived are, nevertheless, sorely put to it. Here is the patience of the saints; let him look to himself who is not rooted and grounded in Christ, for

THE HURRICANE IS COMING.

The signs of the times indicate a carnival of delusions; men have ceased to be guided by the Word, and claim to be themselves prophets. Now we shall see what we shall see. Blessed is the sheep that knows his Shepherd, and will not listen to the voice of strangers. But here is the way to be kept steadfast—"The word of God abideth in you."

"*The word of God*"—that is to say, we are to believe in the doctrines of God's word, and these will make us strong. What vigor they infuse into a man! Get the Word well into you, and you will overcome the wicked one. The promises of God's word, too, what power they give a man. I see people put respirators on in foggy weather; they do not make them look very lovely, but I dare say they are useful. I recommend *the best respirator* for the pestilential atmosphere of this present evil world when I bid you fit a promise to your lips. Then mind the precepts, for a precept is often a sharp weapon against Satan. Remember how the Lord Jesus Christ struck Satan a killing blow by quoting a precept, "It is written, Thou shalt worship the Lord thy God, and Him only shalt thou serve."

Now notice that John not only mentions "the word of God," but the word of God "*in you.*" The inspired word must be received into a willing mind. How? The Book which lies *there* is to be pleaded *here*, in the inmost heart, by the work of the Holy Ghost upon the mind. All of *this* letter has to be translated into spirit and life. "The word of God abideth in you"—that is, first to know it, next to remember it and treasure it up in your heart. It is, next, to have the word in your affections, to love it so that it is as honey or the droppings of the honeycomb to you. When this is the case you must and shall overcome the wicked one. A man instructed in the Scriptures is like an armed knight, who when he goes among the throng inflicts many a wound, but suffers none, for he is locked up in steel.

This is the sort of army that we need in the church of God—men that are strong by feeding on God's word. Aspire to it, my brethren and sisters, and when you have reached it, then aspire unto the third degree that you may become fathers in Israel? Up to this measure, at any rate, let us endeavor to advance, and

ADVANCE AT ONCE.

Are there any here who are not young men in Christ Jesus because they are not in Christ Jesus at all? I cannot speak with you this morning, for my time is gone; but I am distressed for you. To be out of Christ is such an awful thing that a man had better be out of existence. Without God, without Christ—then you are without joy in life or hope in death. Not even a babe in the divine family! Then know this, that God shall judge those that are without, and when He cometh how swift and overwhelming will that judgment be! Inasmuch as you would not have Christ in this day, Christ will not have you in that day. Stay not out of Christ any longer! Seek His face and live, for "he that believeth in Him hath everlasting life." May you be enabled to believe in Him at this moment, for Jesus' sake. Amen.

[The prayers of the readers of this Journal are requested for the blessing of God upon its Editors in America and England, and those whose sermons, articles, or labors for Christ are printed in it; and for its weekly circulation of more than 260,000 copies to be blessed by the Holy Spirit to the conversion of many sinners and the quickening of God's people. Mr. Spurgeon and Dr. Talmage especially request prayer every Sunday morning on behalf of their labors.]

JOHN BROWN,

Queen Victoria's Gillie.

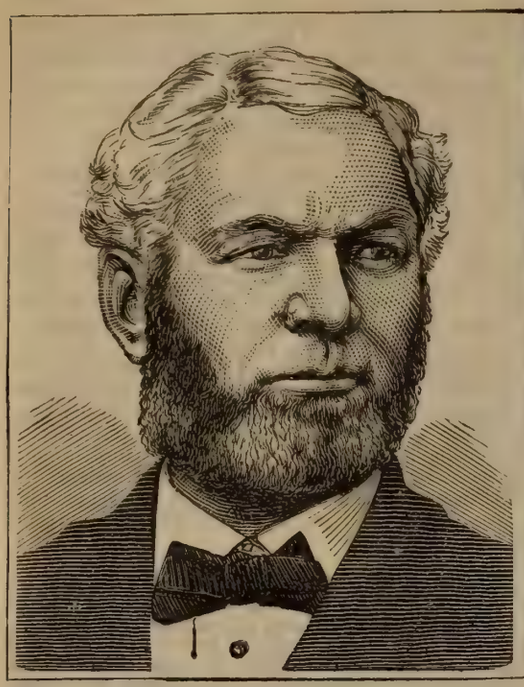
(*See Portrait on page 284 and Illustration on page 285.*)

IT has been already mentioned in this journal that Queen Victoria has recently suffered a bereavement which has caused her poignant sorrow. This is the death of John Brown, her favorite personal attendant. This week we give, with the portrait of Brown, which appears on page 284, some details of his life.

John Brown was born on December 27th, 1826. He was the son of a small farmer whose land lay near the Queen's Scotch residence at Balmoral. John spent his early years on his father's farm working in the fields and in the stables, but in 1849 he succeeded in obtaining employment in the royal stables at Balmoral. There his intelligence and activity were observed by Prince Albert, who became favorably impressed with him. After that his promotion was rapid.

The Queen in her book, "Leaves from the Journal of our Life in the Highlands," thus sketches his career: "He commenced as gillie in 1849, and was selected by Albert and me to go with my carriage. In 1851 he entered our service permanently, and began in that year leading my pony, and advanced step by step by his good conduct and intelligence. His attention, care, and faithfulness cannot be exceeded; and the state of my health, which of late years has been sorely tried and weakened, renders such qualifications most valuable, and, indeed, most needful in a constant attendant upon all occasions. He has since most deservedly been promoted to be an upper servant, and my permanent personal attendant. He has all the independence and elevated feelings peculiar to the Highland race, and is singularly straightforward, simple-minded, kind-hearted, and disinterested; always ready to oblige, and of a discretion rarely to be met with. His father was a small farmer, who lived at the Bush on the opposite side to Balmoral. He is the second of nine brothers, three of whom have died, two are in Australia and New Zealand, two are living in the neighborhood of Balmoral, and the youngest (Archibald) is valet to our son Leopold, and is an excellent young man."

After Prince Albert's death the Queen felt the need of a more constant attendance than before, in her walks and carriage drives. Her reliance on Prince Albert's judgment was great



The late John Brown, Queen Victoria's Attendant.

Hardcastle prostrated by calamitous news.

during his lifetime, but it increased after his death. When, therefore, she was considering the selection of a man to attend her, go on confidential errands for her, and undertake commissions of a like character, the recollection of the Prince's confidence in Brown decided her to appoint him. From that time forward Queen Victoria's carriage was rarely seen in London, or in the neighborhood of her Scotch retreat at Balmoral, or her southern residence in the Isle of Wight, or in Windsor Park without the familiar figure of the burly Scotchman on the front seat. In her walks, too, in the parks both in England and Scotland John Brown attended her. It has been of late years an event of almost daily occurrence for the Queen, accompanied by her devoted daughter, the Princess Beatrice, to take a long stroll in a retired part of the grounds around the place where she resided for the time being, and whenever she did so John Brown was sure to be seen following at a respectful distance. (*A sketch of one of these walks is on page* 285.)

Until a few days before his death Brown was in close attendance upon her Majesty, and it was not till Monday, March 25th, that the serious nature of the malady by which he was affected became apparent, and necessitated his remaining within his room.

The last mission he performed on behalf of the Queen was an inquiry at The Fishery, in reference to the attack upon Lady Florence Dixie. He drove from the Castle in an open vehicle, with the object of making, on her Majesty's behalf, full inquiry into the circumstances of the case. He afterward performed his usual duties at the Castle, and on Saturday, March 24th, was in the town of Windsor, apparently in fair health, although the cold which he had contracted on visiting The Fishery was apparent.

On the following Tuesday the disease took an unfavorable turn, and the patient was seen in the evening by Sir William Jenner, one of her Majesty's physicians, who pronounced his malady a malignant form of erysipelas. Medical assistance was, however, unavailing; all hopes of saving Mr. Brown's life were abandoned, and he expired at a quarter past eleven o'clock the same night.

The Queen visited the remains of her faithful servant on the afternoon of March 28th. The same evening the body was enclosed within a shell. The deceased, who was an attached member of the Presbyterian Church, was interred, by his own expressed wish, in Craithie Churchyard, where his father lies buried.

THE RUIN OF JOHN HARDCASTLE.

(*See Illustration.*)

THE sea was as smooth as a river; so still and unruffled that the stars were reflected in its surface like tiny glistening gems, and sparkled as the moon, which had just risen, sent a silver shimmer of light across the wide waste of water, and touched the sand of the beach with its soft, mysterious glow. Two men were lazily rowing a boat within a short distance of the land, enjoying the calm stillness of the evening. They were near their destination, a little hotel much frequented by visitors from a fashionable seaside resort about ten miles away. There they intended to stay and sleep and pull back early in the morning.

"How beautifully serene everything is here," said the elder of the two, a builder named John Hardcastle, who was snatching a brief respite from business, and seeking rest and recuperation by the sea. "One forgets, on such an evening as this, that not far away there are busy streets, and men toiling and perspiring in the struggle of life."

"Yes," said the younger man, Harry Bennett, a careless, easy-going fellow with no particular occupation, and with just enough money inherited from his father to maintain him in luxurious ease. "I suppose hard-working fellows like you enjoy such a scene. As for me, it seems dull and lifeless. It bores me; but then everything does bore me."

"I cannot conceive of you as a hard-worker," said Hardcastle. "You are such a luxurious fellow. If you tried it you would give it up quickly, for you would have no incentive to brace you up to overcome difficulties. Now I have a wife and a family of little children, and when I meet with an obstacle or something disagreeable, I see on the other side of it my children's bread and butter, and do not mind a little struggling nor a few knocks in trying to get it for them. Men like you with no one depending on them and anxious only to amuse themselves are of very little use in the world—from a business point of view"—Hardcastle added, apologetically.

"Well, here we are," said Bennett. "Now a good pull, and then we'll drag the boat up out of reach of the tide." That was done, and the two men sat down on a rock to get their breath again after the exertion. Then Bennett took up the conversation interrupted by the beaching of the boat. He said:

"You spoke just now disparagingly of men like me, and I don't know but you may be right, but there are times in which I think we have the advantage of you. Now I came down from the city this morning, and I saw some men there who were in a good deal of trouble. A bank has burst, and I fancy it means ruin to some folks who will have to go under. I think some of them, if they are unencumbered bachelors, will be glad that they have neither wife nor children to suffer with them."

"What bank is it?" asked Hardcastle. "I make a point when I leave business to leave it altogether, and I never open a newspaper all the while I am away. So I have heard nothing of this bank failure, but I am sorry for the sufferers all the same, though I don't know them."

"It's Rufford's Bank," said Bennett, rising as he spoke, and yawning and stretching himself as if he were bored even by the conversation. But he was startled by the sound of a deep groan, and turning around saw his companion with his head in his hands and his body writhing as if in pain. "What's the matter, old fellow," he asked. "Are you sick?"

"That bank, Harry, is the matter; every cent I have is there, and I paid in twenty thousand dollars the very day I came down here. Harry, I'm ruined."

"That is bad," said Harry, "those rascals who manage these failures ought to be severely punished; for they wreck the lives of good men, and cause innocent women and children to suffer. But come, now, let us go up to the hotel and get a good night's rest. Things may not look so gloomy in the morning."

Hardcastle rose almost mechanically and accompanied his friend to the hotel. But he had no expectation of a good night's rest. The proceeds of a life of hard, unremitting toil were swept away, and his wife and children, of whom he was so fond, were penniless. There would be no sleep for him that night. For long hours he paced his room, tortured with restless, unavailing regret.

The next morning Hardcastle was travelling as fast as an express train could take him to his home. His news was soon told. But from his wife he heard no reproaches, no lamentation, no childish repining such as some women utter over their husband's misfortunes. A sweet, womanly pity filled her eyes, and she said, "My poor, brave husband, how you must be suffering! Let us pray to God for His guidance in our trouble."

"I did not thank Him for prosperity, Helen;

it seems mean to go to Him now we are in trouble."

Helen had not said that, but when she first learned of the calamity it had come upon her as the fulfilment of a dread that had long weighed on her soul. God was not in her husband's thoughts. Now it might be that in his trial he might be led to Him. If so, welcome poverty, welcome privation and hardship. His salvation would be well gained by the loss of fortune. But of all this she said nothing, knowing well that at such a season, a sermon would be ill-timed.

The husband and wife then bent their knees in prayer to Him in whose hand are all our concerns, and Helen prayed very earnestly that spiritual good might come to both, out of worldly ill. She remained on her knees by her husband's side in silent supplication after she had finished pleading aloud, and was not a little surprised to hear her husband's voice, for the first time in her life, raised in prayer. "I acknowlege Thee," he said, "that Thou art the Lord. I confess with shame that I have forgotten Thee. Have pity on me now, I beseech Thee, and in mercy forgive my sins, and in poverty and in obscurity let me serve Thee."

For more than two hours the two had been so engaged in conversation and prayer, and when at last they left their room and descended to the cosey parlor, in which so many happy hours had been spent, but which now they must prepare to leave, Hardcastle was full of chastened hope, and the bitterness of his trial was past.

As they entered, they heard the sound of a strange voice talking to their children, and the husband at once recognized Bennett's voice. "Ha! Hardcastle," he said, as their entrance was perceived, "you see I have followed you. This husband of yours, madam," he said, turning to Helen, "was delivering a sage lecture to me before he heard of his losses, on the advantage a married man has over a single one, and I thought I would come over and see how it stood the test. I need not ask, though; his face tells the story. It has lost all the despair it bore last night. But, seriously, I have other business with you, Hardcastle, beside that. I am not such a brute as to intrude at such a time without good cause. You know what I am, an idle, careless dog, wasting my life, and as you told me last night, not much good in the world. But I have some money, and as you have brains, I thought we might work well together. Now, if you will have me for a partner I am ready to go with you, and we will see whether you can make me of some use in the world."

Hardcastle was too much affected to speak, but he wrung his friend's hand, and for the first time for many a year his eyes filled with tears.

Bennett affected to be in haste to avoid noticing his emotion, and said he must go away and get some clothes to wear instead of his yachting costume, which in his hurry to follow his friend he had neglected to change; and he would come in again shortly to hear what husband and wife thought of his proposal, after considering it.

When he was gone, Hardcastle and his wife returned to their room, and there poured out their hearts in thankfulness to God, who had heard their prayer before it was uttered, and had made a way of escape for them. There, too, Hardcastle registered a vow in God's strength which he was enabled to keep, that for the remainder of his life "he would acknowledge God in all his ways and look to Him to direct his steps."

A Walk at Balmoral; Queen Victoria and the Princess Beatrice attended by John Brown.

PETER BLAKE'S VOYAGE.

A SERIAL STORY BY HESBA STRETTON.

(*Continued from page 271.*)

The Captain Warned.

BESSIE returned home somewhat comforted. There were always cowards that flinch at the last moment, she thought; and she felt proud that her husband was no coward. It had been his name for having a high spirit that had first won her love; and she knew in her inmost heart that if she once suspected him of being a coward, both respect and love would die away. Yet she felt terribly lonely and desolate as she entered her home again. The morning sun was breaking redly through the mist, and she saw the masts of many vessels looming through it; but the Dolphin was far away by this time. Nannie was seated at the window, with her quiet calm little face turned toward the river.

"Mother," she said, in her childish voice, as Bessie stood over her, gazing sadly down upon the treacherous waters, "Uncle Victor told me God holds the sea in His great strong hand, like me holding this tiny, tiny drop of water."

She had made a hollow of her small soft hand, and as she opened it Bessie saw a drop of water lying in the little dimple.

"And, mother," she went on, "if there came a great big storm, and the wind blew hard, God could shut up His hand, and take care of father's ship, like me taking care of this tiny drop of water."

"Ay; he could," cried Bessie, hiding her tearful face on the child's curly head.

"That's my little sea," said Nannie, "and I won't let any big storm come to it. Uncle Victor said God will take care of him and father."

"But maybe God will take them to heaven," sobbed Bessie.

"Won't they be happy there?" asked the child. "Isn't God there? And Jesus—isn't He in heaven?"

"But we sha'n't be there," answered Bessie; "you and me. We shall have to wait here a long, long while, and never have them home again."

"But we'll go there, too," said Nannie. "Uncle Victor says Jesus loves us so, He wants us to go and live with Him; and we'll all go some day, mother."

"If we could only go together," said Bessie, with a sigh. But she felt comforted. Her little girl's happy, peaceful face seemed to soothe her strangely. Even the sight of the small folded hands, holding the drop of water so carefully, calmed her troubled spirit. Yes; it was true. Peter and Victor were safe in the hollow of God's hand. She could not sing yet; but over and over again Bessie whispered to herself, when her eye fell upon Nannie, sitting quietly in the sunny window:

"This, this is the God we adore,
Our faithful, unchangeable Friend;
Whose love is as great as His power,
And neither knows measure nor end."

So the wife and mother comforted herself, and as the children prattled and in their simple way discussed the situation in the light of the religious teaching they had received, her heart gradually strengthened itself in God. It was, however, an anxious trust. She knew only too well that there were men so wicked that they made a business of shipwrecks. There were shipowners who bought vessels worn and rotten with long service, and painted them to look like new vessels. They then put on board of them large cases said to contain valuables, but really full of worthless material. The ship thus laden was insured for fifty times its value, and sent on its voyage, the owner hoping it would sink and he would make a large sum by the insurance. He cared nothing if captain and crew all lost their lives. She little knew, though at that time Peter did, that the Dolphin was just such a vessel. This was how he discovered the fact:

The Dolphin ran down the river; while the crew, such as were sober, were busy putting things somewhat shipshape before entering the Channel. Upon the whole it was a fairly good and steady crew. Peter Blake welcomed with

much satisfaction two or three men who had the character of being thoroughly able seamen.

Fleck was there; a sly, foxy-looking man, whose word was trusted by none of them, but who was an active, clever sailor. It was, above all, his presence that had made Peter willing to sail in the Dolphin. He knew Fleck would serve on board no ship that he thought unseaworthy; and Peter felt that he could rely upon his judgment as to the Dolphin's sea qualities as well as he could upon his own. Fleck had sailed twice before in her, and knew her better than his house at home. Upon the whole Peter felt calmer now the die was cast, and there was no possibility of retreat.

The Dolphin was certainly heavily laden, and the crew was short of two hands. But Captain Norcott was a first-rate skipper; and as soon as they were round the North Foreland the light north-east wind would carry the vessel down the Channel like a bird. Peter felt that he could justly write a line home, to post at Gravesend, full of comfort and encouragement. Victor put in a few words, written in the highest spirits. Everything was first-rate to him; no better ship than the Dolphin had ever sailed down the Thames; and no hero had ever lived to be compared with her captain. He gave a loud, long, ringing cheer to the little steam-tug, as it fell away from them; and the men on board it answered him, but there seemed a lack of heartiness in their hurrah.

"Blake," said Fleck, as they stood for a moment or two leaning over the gunwale, and looking after the steam-tug, "Blake," and he lowered his voice mysteriously, "she's not the Dolphin."

"Not the Dolphin," he repeated; "what do you mean, man?"

"Not the old Dolphin as I sailed in before," Fleck continued. "I've been hauling her over in my mind's eye, and she's not my old Dolphin. She's another craft altogether. Aye, aye! the other Dolphin was a ship, of course she was, same as this; I'm none such a blunderhead as that. But these ain't the rigging and the sails—no, nor the masts of my Dolphin. I'm most in a maze. Is she the Dolphin? I ask my own mind over and over again; and something inside of me says, No, Fleck, she's not your Dolphin."

"Are you sure of it, Fleck?" asked Peter. It was not possible to doubt him altogether. There was terror in his small, red eyes, and his face wore an anxious look. He was telling no lie now.

"Sure enough," he answered; "I'll swear it isn't the Dolphin. If I could have got off in yonder boat, I'd have served my three months in jail with a thankful heart, Peter Blake. What made me willing to come aboard her was thinking it was the old Dolphin; the best boat Penrose had. I'd never have trusted myself to any other boat of his."

"But this isn't Penrose's," said Peter.

Fleck put his tongue into his cheek, and, in spite of his own anxieties, looked cunningly and contemptuously at Peter.

"Why, man alive! of course she's Penrose's," he replied. "Where did we sign articles? At Penrose's. Who paid your advance? Penrose. Not Penrose's! Whose is she, then?"

"The owner's name's Blackburn," he said, with a painful contraction of his heart. He seemed to see again, flashing across his mind for an instant, the bow-window, at home, with all his dear ones watching the ship sail by. Yet if Fleck was right, the Dolphin was only one of Penrose's floating coffins.

"Blackburn's naught save a bankrupt brother-in-law of Penrose's," said Fleck, half laughing. "There's only One above as can take us safe to Algiers, and bring us home again; and it'll be sore against Penrose's wishes if He does."

"Does our captain know?" asked Peter, fiercely.

"Maybe ay, maybe no," answered Fleck; "but the mate knows all about it, I swear. He could tell where we are bound for. Not Algiers, but Davy Jones's locker, I reckon."

He went away muttering the last words, for all hands were wanted; and Peter had to dismiss the painful thoughts crowding into his brain to attend to the working of the ship. It was when he was at last in his hammock that he had time to turn over what Fleck had said. How much he ought to believe, he hardly knew; but it was plain Fleck himself felt caught in a trap. Was it possible that the original Dolphin could have been lost at sea, and some old hulk bought and rigged out to take her place? It was quite possible. Quite possible it was, too, that Penrose, finding it more and more difficult to meet with crews willing to man his vessels, should have put in, as a nominal owner, his brother-in-law, whose name had not yet gathered any ill-fame.

Peter Blake had a brave heart, and his spirit was high; no man had ever accused him of cowardice. But as he thought of his position and of the risk he ran, with the almost certain death that lay before him, his spirit quailed. He was not sure that he had done all he ought to have done before signing articles. True, Captain Norcott had urged and over-persuaded him. True, Fleck, the coward, had agreed to be one of the crew. True, his funds were very low, and had he remained on shore, serious money difficulties were staring him in the face. But the thought of Bessie and little Nan, of his mother and the baby, brought the tears smarting and stinging under his eyelids. He had been guilty of real cruelty to them; and how terribly they would suffer for his over-rash courage and contempt of danger!

If he had been aboard a good ship, well laden, and with a suitable crew, there was no peril of seas he dared not confront. But how could he look up to God and ask him to work a miracle that *Penrose's old hulk* of a vessel, with its heavy cargo, might reach the appointed haven, spite of wind and weather? He was a reasonable man, and he knew that God's blessing is granted to man's best efforts; not given to avert from man the consequences of his own folly and crime.

"God forgive me!" he cried, "and God have pity on them at home!"

Peter Blake did not know it, but Captain Norcott was scarcely less troubled than himself. He had remonstrated in vain against the overlading of the Dolphin; and he had been so twitted for growing timorous in his old age, that he had retreated from the wharf in indignant silence, leaving Penrose and the ship's broker to load her as they pleased. When he came on board at the last moment, he knew that he and his crew were about to run *a very narrow chance* for their lives. If all the men had deserted, instead of two, he would not have been surprised.

But before he had been in the ship twenty-four hours he had made two discoveries which heightened his misgivings. He found that the owner was no other than Penrose's brother-in-law; and that the first mate, placed on board by them, was a near relative of Blackburn. There was, moreover, something about this man which irritated and jarred upon him. He was in supreme command himself; but he doubted whether in any hour of peril his mate would second him, or would not try rather to evade his orders.

There would be very little rest for him on this voyage. Only the most absolutely necessary repose must he take. If any man could take the Dolphin safely to Algiers, he would do it; but nothing on earth should induce him to command any vessel of Penrose's again. He almost wondered why Penrose should have offered him the post, and on terms so good as to make him careless of whose the ship was. But it would speak well for Penrose that he had sent her out to sea under a good and well-known captain, who could not be suspected of conspiracy with him. He felt himself to have been a simple cat's-paw in Penrose's grasp.

One thing he resolved upon. He would save his men. One thing he regretted. He wished he had let Victor go at the last moment, when Blake had asked him. He was almost as fond of Victor as if he had been his own son. A lad that was as bright as a bird, and as lithe and active as a monkey. His singing kept up the spirits of the men, and his happy buoyant confidence seemed like sunshine among them. But Captain Norcott wished earnestly that he had not brought him. There was a more bitter reproval to him in the boy's merry smile than in the dark and frowning faces of his crew.

Thank God it was fair weather! The sea was calm, and the wind soft and low; the only fault was that it was too calm. The Dolphin seemed to be rocked to sleep on the smooth, milky waters; and her sails flapped lazily in the almost still air. But they were making their way down the Channel. The fatal Goodwin Sands and the Dungeness Lighthouse lay behind them; Beachy Head had loomed out for a little while through the autumn mists, and the Isle of Wight was passed. If this weather held out, the voyage might be made without loss of life or vessel; but it would be a very slow one.

Peter Blake watched anxiously for a chance of speaking with the captain unobserved. But the mate seemed here, there, and everywhere, always in the way; an alert and untiring spy, never to be caught off his guard. Every man on board believed him to be a secret scout for Penrose. But Peter's chance came at last. The mate had turned in, and was safely asleep in his berth below; while the captain was in his little cabin on deck. Peter knocked at the door, and entering, closed it carefully behind him. Small as the cabin was, it had been crowded with some cases of fire-arms, which had been put on board as part of the cargo at the last minute.

"Captain," said Peter, "Fleck swears that this isn't the real Dolphin that he's sailed in twice before; and all the crew credit him. You've only to go round about her, and look her over well, and you'll see she's an older ship than she has the appearance of. In my opinion, she's naught else save a painted old Jezebel.

"What then, Blake?" asked Captain Norcott sadly.

"Why, sir," he answered, "you've known me a many years, and you can take my word now. I've not breathed a syllable to my shipmates; but I come to you, and I say run her into the nearest port, and save our lives and your own. *She's Penrose's boat;* and he's lost too many for us to trust him. The weather's changing, captain, you know. The stars twinkled too much last night; and there have been *wind-dogs amid the clouds.* There was a high dawn this morning, and the sky was red and lowering. Just look up, and you'll see scud-clouds driving across the sky at this minute. I haven't spoke a word, sir; but, O captain, run in for the shore, for the nearest port, before it is too late."

Captain Norcott seemed lost in thought, and made no answer, while Peter went on with deeper earnestness:

"Think of all the women and children belonging to us men!" he said. "There'd be a bare chance for us, and nothing more, if the Dolphin foundered, for she'd go to pieces like a child's plaything. We're no better off than rats caught in a trap, you and us, sir. The ship's meant to be cast away, and the mate's here to make sure of it. Look here, sir; these fire-arms, what are they? They are no more fire-arms than they are the Queen's crown jewels. *It's salt;* nothing but salt. The lid of one of them started a little when they were lying on deck, and I saw it; ay, and tasted it. What does that mean, captain?"

"It means roguery, if it's true," exclaimed the captain, with passionate vehemence. "Those cases are insured for $7500, and Penrose begged me to have them safe in my own cabin here. I'll look into them, Blake."

The lid of the topmost case was prized open in a few seconds, and Captain Norcott saw with his own eyes that there was only salt within it, instead of the valuable fire-arms he believed it to contain. He stood staring at it for a minute or two; and then sat down, covering his face with both hands.

Here was a terrible perplexity. What was he

to do? What could it be his duty to do? Was he justified in pursuing the voyage in the face of a coming storm, and with such evidence before him that the owner of the Dolphin was guilty of foul play? Or must he put into port, and run himself into the difficulty and trouble of bringing exposure, ruin, and disgrace on the head of his employer? Penrose richly deserved it; but would he not, by some means or other, shift the blame from himself, and make a scapegoat of some innocent person? He knew such men could often evade the law; and that not seldom those who did their utmost to bring evil practices to light were the chief sufferers for their moral courage. It would need a great amount of moral courage to fight a man like Penrose. Was he strong enough himself for the task?

(To be continued.)

THE SPREAD OF THE GOSPEL.

S. S. Lesson for May 13, Acts 11 : 19-30. Golden Text, 1 Cor. 2 : 2. By Mrs. M. Baxter.

Characteristic Exclusiveness—Peter Arraigned—His Statement and Appeal—The Shame of the Modern Church—Progress of the Work—Lay Preachers Called—True Conversion—Its Two Essentials—A Great Evangelistic Work—A Messenger Sent to Report—Barnabas-Evangelists Needed Now—Barnabas Obtains Paul's Assistance—The Christ Men—The Famine Predicted—Relief from Antioch.

It was as difficult for the church at Jerusalem as it had been for Peter himself, to understand that God had wider thoughts of salvation than for the Jewish race alone. Man's heart is very narrow, even when he is converted to God; and he wants to bring God into his narrowness, and cause the Holy Ghost to work in his own groove. Thus sects of parties believe in a work of God among themselves, but are apt to doubt it among other Christians, and to think something must be wrong with them because

THEY FOLLOW NOT WITH US.

Before our Lord's crucifixion we find them absolutely forbidding a man to cast out devils because he followed not with them (Luke 9 : 29, 50). And even after they were filled with the Holy Ghost, there seems to have been a need for them to learn on this point.

On Peter's return to Jerusalem, the apostles and brethren called him in question, saying, "Thou wentest in to men uncircumcised, and didst eat with them." Peter "rehearsed the matter from the beginning," told of the way in which he had been taught by God through the vision at Joppa, and then the wondrous results which had followed at Cæsarea. In those days, the first thought in hearing some new truth, some unexpected account of the work of the Holy Ghost, was not one of suspicion, as it too often is now.

PETER'S APPEAL

to them met with a ready response; he said, "Forasmuch, then, as God gave them the like gift as He did unto us, who believed on the Lord Jesus Christ, *what was I* that I could withstand God? When they heard these things they held their peace, and glorified God, saying, Then hath God also to the Gentiles granted repentance unto life." Why is it that in the present day testimonies to God's grace, to His teaching, to His speaking to us, and His healing power are received with so little confidence? Alas! the reason is very patent. There is so much of counterfeit, so much of naming the name of Christ without departing from iniquity, that people are on their guard. This is the crying

SHAME OF THE CHURCH

in our day. People have found that it answers their purpose to be religious to a certain extent, they can better impose upon the credulous, they can put people off their guard. The mustard seed, the external church is grown into a great tree, and most surely "the birds of the air," the emissaries of the wicked one, *do* build their nests in its branches; external Christianity is increasingly confusion and Babylon. It is strengthening to turn from the present awful state of things, where evil is the rule, and real holiness of life the exception, to the history of the early church, where evil did creep in, but as the exception to the general state of things.

God was carrying forward His work, for "the Word of God is not bound" (2 Tim. 2 : 9), and His purposes are already being carried forward, notwithstanding all the evil and confusion which is abroad. Up to this point the apostles had not understood that the Gentiles were to be saved. Although Jesus had told them to disciple all nations, and to preach the gospel "to every creature," they would confine His meaning to the Jews alone, and He had to stir up lay preachers to do the work which His chosen ones were leaving undone. At the time of the persecution about Stephen, the disciples were "all scattered abroad throughout the regions of Judea and Samaria except the apostles." Now we read, "They which were scattered abroad upon the persecution which arose about Stephen, travelled as far as Phœnice, and Cyprus, and Antioch, preaching the word to none but the Jews only. And some of them were men of Cyprus and Cyrene, which, when they were come to Antioch, spake unto the Grecians, preaching the Lord Jesus." Very probably they, not having been brought up in Jerusalem were not half so high-church as were the residents in Jerusalem. It seems strange that Peter, a Galilean by birth, should have become so stiff a Jew, perhaps the priests who had recently become converted had had some influence upon him.

When these Cyprians and Cyrenian Jews preached to the Greeks, "the hand of the Lord was with them; and a great number believed and turned unto the Lord." This is the history of every awakening which is brought about by God. First the hand of the Lord is with the instruments, be they ministers or the simplest workers for God, the hand of the Lord with them is the power by which they work, and when it is so, a great number do believe and turn to the Lord.

BELIEVE AND TURN,

this is true conversion; some believe and think themselves to be converted, but there has been in them no distinct turning to the Lord away from themselves, from sin, and the world; and thus the head is converted without the heart and the life. Again, there are some who do their very utmost to turn to the Lord, who are scrupulous about every little thing, but for want of a faith which accepts Jesus gladly and joyously, there is not a true conversion; the thoughts centre on self still, their confidence is in what they can *do* and be, not in what Jesus is and what He has done.

The church at Jerusalem, which seems to have been somewhat resting on her oars, heard of this blessed work of God, and "they sent forth Barnabas, that he should go as far as Antioch." It was God's ordering that this loving, gentle man should be

THE MESSENGER.

Had it been James, he might have discouraged these young Gentile converts; but Barnabas, the son of consolation, the man who made things right between Saul of Tarsus and the church at Jerusalem, was the very man to go there. "Who when he came, and had seen the grace of God, was glad." He saw not the instruments used, not the extension of the work itself, but he saw the hand of God and the grace of God; this he recognized above all else. He was glad his religion was full of the joy of the Lord, and this blessed work of God's Spirit was new life to him. He held some holiness meetings among them, for we read, "He exhorted them all, that with purpose of heart they would cleave unto the Lord."

Without doubt the tone of the work was much deepened through this visit of Barnabas, the converts could look up to him, he was like a father among them, "For he was a good man, and full of the Holy Ghost and of faith; and much people was added unto the Lord." When we think how powerless is often the visit of a Christian worker, how small are the results which follow it, how almost imperceptible is often the measure in which the converts are deepened in their spiritual life, we are led to the conclusion that Barnabas must have been a man such as we do not often meet with. Yet why should this be? Why should not we also be filled with the Holy Ghost and faith, and shed around us the power and blessing of our God? He is willing to do for us what He did for Barnabas. We may well believe that those who were converted during the visit of Barnabas were converts resembling him, and that from that time forward the infant church at Antioch received a great impetus forward.

Then departed Barnabas to Tarsus, for to seek Saul. There was perhaps a great affinity between the logical, intellectual, strong charactered Saul and the gentle, loving Barnabas. The latter seems to have known Saul's whereabouts, perhaps some communication had passed between them while Saul was in Arabia. "When he had found him he brought him into Antioch. And it came to pass that a whole year they assembled themselves with the church and taught much people." This was no flying visit like that of Peter and John to Samaria. Probably they saw the need there was of Bible instruction. Many in Antioch traded with other cities, and if they were deeply versed in the Word of God, they might be much more helpful to inquirers after truth in other places. It may be that Paul preached here many of the truths which were afterward embodied in his epistles, and thereby, not only the church at Antioch was benefited but the entire world where the gospel has been preached.

It was at Antioch that the disciples first took their Lord's name,

CHRISTIAN,

i.e.—Christ-man or Christ-woman was then and there first brought into use. Would to God this name had never been degraded and dishonored; would to God we had never given occasion for it to be said there is such a thing as an untrue *Christian*, a selfish *Christian*, an impure *Christian*, a dishonest *Christian*, a worldly *Christian*, a self-indulgent *Christian*, a bad-tempered *Christian*, a greedy *Christian*, an unkind *Christian*, a hard *Christian*, a discontented *Christian*, a grumbling *Christian*, an inconsistent *Christian!*

In those days came prophets from Jerusalem to Antioch. There seem to have been in those days some "prophets" who foretold things to come, and some "prophets" who simply preached the gospel. "He that prophesieth speaketh unto men to edification, and exhortation and comfort." "Ye may all prophesy one by one, that all may learn, and all may be comforted. And the spirits of the prophets are subject to the prophets" (1 Cor. 14 : 3, 31, 32). "And there stood up one of them, named Agabus (evidently one who foretold things to come, Acts 21 : 10) and signified by the Spirit that there should be great dearth throughout all the world; which came to pass in the days of Claudius Cæsar. Then the disciples, every man according to his ability, determined to send relief unto the brethren which dwelt in Judea." The famine was coming upon them as well. But they had received spiritual blessing through the Jerusalem brethren, and these brethren had sold all their possessions and given them away. Thus the Antiochans felt a strong claim upon them, and responded to it.

Oh, how unlike the spirit of the world which would say, If the famine is going to reach me here, then I must keep all I have against it comes, I cannot afford to look after others, they must look to themselves. These brethren acted in the spirit of Christ, and they chose Paul and Barnabas as their messengers to bring their present to Jerusalem. If this was the occasion of Saul's going up to Jerusalem mentioned in chap. 9 : 26, it would seem that his stay in Arabia was not of considerable length. The Lord raise up in our day men like Barnabas and Paul that His work may be more true and thorough, and that a holier, more scriptural standard of religious life may be known and lived among us.

FOREIGN TOPICS.

Renewed Excitement has been Produced in England by the discovery of another nitro-glycerine manufactory at Northampton. A house in a quiet suburb of Northampton was rented some time ago by a man who, from his appearance, was judged to be an American. He covered the windows inside with canvas, and gave out that his occupation was that of a photographer. He lately received a box by rail, and was known to be busy. He eventually despatched two suspicious looking boxes, and decamped. The house was broken into by the police. There was no furniture in any of the rooms, but many oil stains were discovered on the floors. At the preliminary examination of the dynamite plotters in London, a druggist of Birmingham testified that Whitehead, who was arrested in that city, had bought at his store 160 pounds of nitric acid, 300 pounds of sulphuric acid, and fifty pounds of glycerine. Bernard Gallagher, the brother of the Greenpoint doctor, has offered to give evidence against his fellow-prisoners, and revealed several points in the plot to the authorities. The government have not at present accepted his offer, Lynch's evidence being considered sufficient to secure conviction.

Another of the Men Charged with Participating in the Phœnix Park murders has been convicted and sentenced to death. Michael Fagan was arraigned last week on the charge of murdering Mr. Burke. The witnesses were the same as in the previous cases, and again men were brought by the defence who swore to an alibi. The jury brought in a verdict of guilty, and the prisoner was sentenced to be hanged on May 28th. An important witness in the murder cases has been obtained in a man named Devine, who was arrested for complicity in the case of the murder of Detective Cox, and has turned informer. Devine swore that he was a Fenian. He mentioned several Fenians, among whom was Sullivan, an auctioneer, of Dolier Street, who was imprisoned as a suspect. A man named Boland, of Manchester, he said, condemned Poole to death, and ordered the prisoner Kingston to carry out the sentence. Devine swore that the society of which the prisoners were members had decided upon the murder of Detective Cox and Judge Lawson. The society had also sentenced Mr. Jenkinson, director of the Irish Criminal Investigation Department, and Mr. Mallon, chief of the detectives, to death. It had plotted to destroy, by dynamite, the house in which Crown witnesses were lodged, and had murdered the informers Kenny and Bailey. Devine also stated that an Irish Member of Parliament was a member of the Assassination Society. Eight arrests have already been made in consequence of Devine's disclosures.

Mr. Gladstone Warmly Advocated the Affirmation Bill, which is introduced to permit Mr. Bradlaugh and other infidels to enter the House of Commons without taking the oath, in a speech delivered in the House on April 26th. It is stated that his speech was a masterpiece of eloquence, and extorted a tribute of enthusiastic admiration from his bitterest opponents. He boldly admitted that the identification of the Ministry and the Liberal party with the cause personified by Mr. Bradlaugh had seriously prejudiced both the Ministry and the party with the country, but declared that the sacrifice of the broad principle of civil equality, regardless of religious conviction, would be prejudicial to religion itself not less than to political liberty. The Conservative party have determined to oppose the bill in all its stages, and many earnest Christian people are praying for their success.

The French Government Persists in its Meddlesome policy in the far East and in Madagascar. It has asked the Legislature to vote an appropriation of 5,000,000 francs (about $1,000,000) for the expedition to Tonquin. The government declares that it does not contemplate an aggressive or a warlike enterprise, but merely an expedition of a limited scope sufficient to support the claims of France in that country. The expedition will consist of one ironclad, six torpedo-boats, two gunboats, and three transports for the conveyance of 1500 troops and is ready to sail. These additional troops will make the force in Tonquin 3000 men. It is considered certain that the ultimatum of Captain Kergaradec, French Envoy to Annam, will be rejected by the Annam government. On April 24th, the French papers published an authorized paragraph which declares that, whatever treaties the Malagassy envoys may make with other countries, France will not allow anything to be done prejudicing her rights in Madagascar.

The Position of the False Prophet is to be assailed by a combined force of British and Egyptian troops. The special correspondent of the New York *Herald* reports that on March 9th the entire expedition was ready at Khartoum to march against the enemy as soon as the necessary artillery arrived. This was expected daily. The El Mahdi is said to have replenished his treasury by the capture of Obeid, at which place the merchants trading with the interior had deposited a million and a half of dollars for security. This sum he confiscated, and subsequently another million was found buried near the city. Travellers who pass near his camp are plundered of all they possess, and a party of Austrian missionaries, six men and nine women, have been ill-treated and heavily ironed to compel them to renounce Christianity and become Mahommedans. The Austrian consul at Khartoum has interfered in their behalf, but without success.

The Condition of Affairs in Jerusalem is Cited by a recent visitor as an evidence of the decay of the Ottoman Empire. Hundreds of new houses, he says, have been erected here during the last few years, and many more are in process of erection; the population has doubled and is still increasing; every Christian and every Moslem nation under heaven takes the deepest interest in the place, and sends its wisest and best to worship at its shrines; the Jews with anxious and fearful hearts are trying to re-establish themselves in the land of their ancient glories, but the government which holds and rules the country can hardly be said to have made a single step in the direction of improvement, of a juster administration of laws, of intelligent care for the welfare of the peoples under its dominion. *All the good that is done, all the progress that is made, is the work of the stranger;* no one indeed dares to embark in any considerable undertaking, either for his own benefit or the benefit of others, unless he enjoys the protection of some European Consul who will defend his rights and stand by him when the intrigues and oppression of government officials threaten his ruin. The Mohammedans are themselves quite conscious of this, and lament such a condition of things as deeply as the Christians.

Large Numbers of Destitute Irish Immigrants continue to arrive in this country and in Canada. The expenses of these families is paid by the British Government in part, if not entirely. Lord Carlingford stated recently in the House of Lords that the government were favorably entertaining an offer from the Canadian Pacific Railway Company and land companies interested in the opening of the Canadian Northwest. The proposal of these companies is to settle 5000 families, numbering in the aggregate 25,000 persons, on government lands under the Homestead laws, which give to each family 160 acres free. The promoters of the scheme would become security for $5,000,000, to be advanced, interest free, by Great Britain for ten years, to be devoted to loans sufficient to start each family, or they would become security for $10,000,000, with which they would relieve the crowded districts of Ireland of 50,000 persons. The entire population of the country in 1881 was 5,159,839, in 1845 it was 8,295,061. Some light is thrown on the causes that stimulate the extensive emigration by a speech of Lord Lansdowne, in which he stated that there are in Ireland 250,000 tenants who, even if they owned the land they till, and paid no rent, could not extract from it sufficient produce to support them. It is evident that the solution of the Irish problem will not be found in emigration, as every Irishman who lands here seems to have his hatred of England stimulated and envenomed by American air.

A Resolution in Favor of Local Prohibition was passed in the British House of Commons on April 27th. An American correspondent resident in England cables to his journal that the resolution accurately reflects the growing strength of the temperance movement among people of all classes. It merely, however, records, an opinion and has no legislative force. The rapidly increasing number of profitable coffee palaces marks one extreme, and the advocacy of the movement by powerful members of the aristocracy marks the other. At a meeting on Saturday, April 21st, at Stafford House, *the Duchess of Sutherland donned a blue ribbon* among much enthusiasm. She is one of the leaders of the Court and fashionable society.

The Concluding Services of the Moody and Sankey mission in Liverpool appear to have been among the most successful as well as the most interesting of their visit to England. At one of the meetings, Mr. Moody said that he had gone to bed almost every night through the week scarcely able to sleep, his arm so ached from the handshakings which he had received after each service, these greetings being the grateful expression of hundreds who assured him of the good they had received by his former ministrations. A godly man testified that, though his son, with an oath, vowed he would never go to hear those two hypocrites when they were in England in 1875, he was induced by curiosity to go to Victoria Hall. There he was converted, and is now a medical officer of repute and piety at a hospital in a neighboring county.

A Revival is Reported from Switzerland. A letter from a Christian residing there says "There has been a religious awakening in the Canton de Berne, owing to the indefatigable labors of the missionary, Mons. Schrenck, whose efforts are crowned with marvellous success. M. Schrenck has lately felt the need of a more satisfactory conclusion to his meetings, and to meet this need, his preaching is now always followed by after-meetings and private conversations. He has worked alone, without help from the pastors, and in independent buildings, not places of worship. As a result, the newly awakened may probably be counted by hundreds. Other evangelists have received a new stimulus, the influence has passed like a breath of life over the greater number of our meetings. One, for forty years a member of the Societé Evangélique, says he has never seen anything to compare with it."

Volume V. of the Christian Herald and Signs of our Times is now ready, bound in cloth containing all the numbers for 1882 with complete index. Price $3 including postage. Ten per cent less to ministers and the trade.

The Prophetic News and Israel's Watchman (London), for April, may be obtained at the office of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, price six cents, postage paid.

An Illustrated Work on the Unfulfilled prophecies of the Bible, by the Rev. M. Baxter entitled: "Forty Coming Wonders," may be had from the office of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, 63 Bible House, New York, by remitting one dollar. It is a book of 528 pages, is handsomely bound in cloth and contains fifty full page pictures and diagrams representing the scenes described in the prophecies of Daniel and in the book of the Revelation. It also contains a resumé of the opinions of other expositors, and extracts carefully collated from the works of a the most eminent writers on prophecy, from the earliest ages of the Christian era down to those of recent date. It thus forms the most useful and complete guide the student can have in entering on the study of that portion of the Word of God. The book may also be obtained for one dollar from any bookseller, who can procure it from the American News Company.

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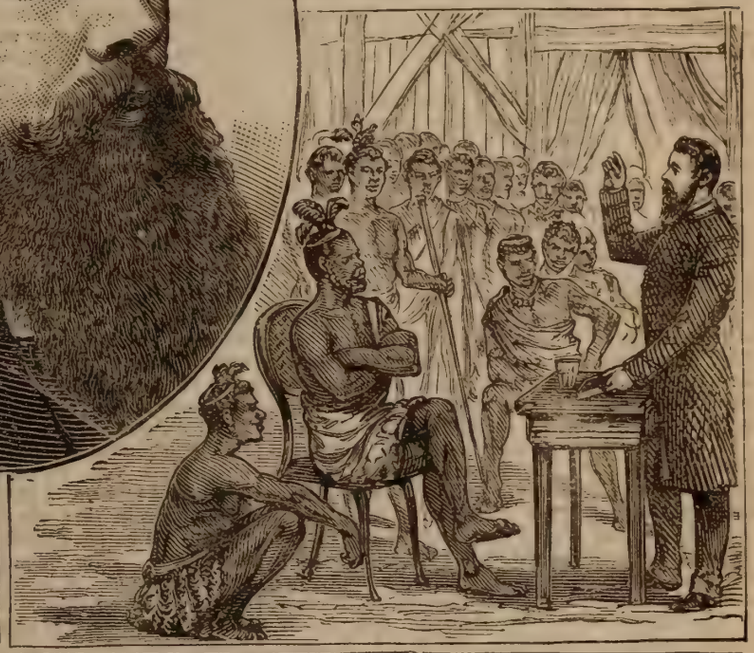

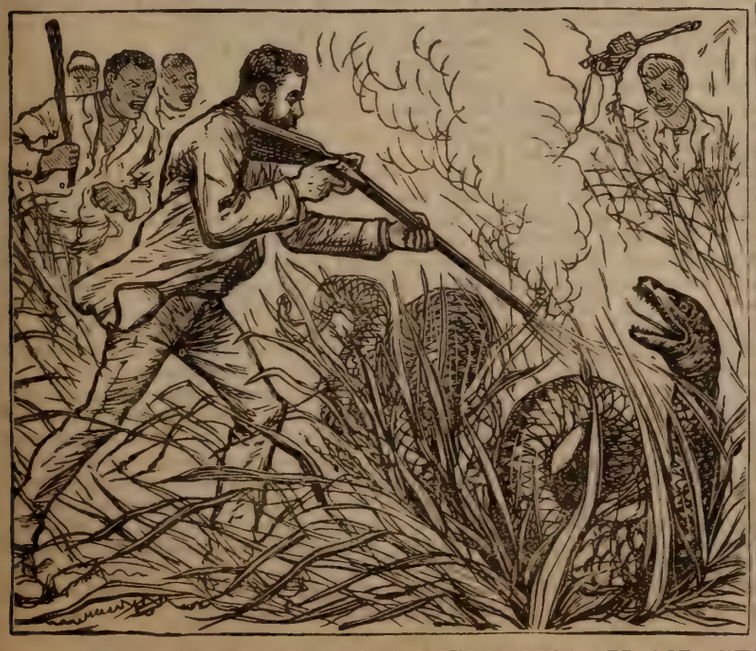

REV. C. T. WILSON, MISSIONARY IN CENTRAL AFRICA—SCENES IN HIS LIFE.

THE REV. C. T. WILSON,

Volunteer Missionary to Central Africa.

A Letter from H. M. Stanley, the Explorer—A Call for Volunteers for Africa—The Response—Dr. Livingstone's Work—Across the Indian Ocean—Arrival at the Mission House, Zanzibar—Four Hours in a Dhow—The Coast Reached—Getting Ready for a Long March—The Mouse-eating People of Mpwapwa — A Disappointed Leopard and a Startled Donkey—Thunderstorm in the Forest—An Attack by Natives—Wounded by a Poisoned Arrow—Visit to King Mtesa—Service in Mtesa's Palace—A Boa-Constrictor—A Meeting after Two Years—Needs of Central Africa.

THE mission to which Mr. Wilson (whose portrait appears this week on our front page) has devoted himself is the outcome, under the providence of God, of *American enterprise*. In March, 1875, the intrepid explorer, Mr. H. M. Stanley, the discoverer of Livingstone, was at Uganda, in Central Africa, and while there was impressed with the intelligence of the people and the courtesy and wisdom of their ruler, King Mtesa. Stanley wrote a letter which, after several narrow escapes of being lost, reached England, and was published in the English newspapers in November of that year. In this letter Stanley spoke with enthusiasm of the promising field for missionary labor which Uganda afforded, and made an earnest appeal to the Christian churches to evangelize this place; giving at the same time a list of articles required as outfit, and stating the probable expense of such an expedition.

Within a few days of the publication of Mr. Stanley's letter, donations were offered toward meeting the expense of a mission in Mtesa's country. The Church Missionary Society accepted the responsibility as a call from God, and asked for volunteers to go out to the Victoria Lake to establish two stations, one in Karagwe, the other in Uganda.

THE VOLUNTEER PARTY.

A well-equipped party, under the direction of Lieutenant G. Shergold Smith, R. N., proceeded to Africa in the spring of 1876. In May, 1877, four men, Dr. Smith, Lieutenant Smith, Rev. C. T. Wilson, and Mr. O'Neill were on the southern shores of the Victoria Nyanza. There Dr. Smith died, but Lieutenant Smith and Rev. C. T. Wilson crossed the Lake, and were cordially received by Mtesa on July 2d. Subsequently Mr. O'Neill and Lieutenant Smith were killed by the natives of Ukerewe, a large island in the Lake, and *Mr. Wilson was thus left alone.* He was afterward joined by Mr. Mackay, and in the mean while a party by the Nile route had been sent to his aid. This consisted of the Rev. G. Litchfield, Mr. C. W. Pearson, Mr. R. W. Felkin, medical missionary, and Mr. J. W. Hall. The latter was taken ill, and obliged to return home, but the other three reached Uganda safely in February, 1879. A few months later the Rev. C. T. Wilson and Mr. Felkin were sent by King Mtesa to Europe to conduct three ambassadors, whom he desired to send to England, to see Queen Victoria.

DR. LIVINGSTONE'S SUCCESSES.

As will be perceived, this mission is an effort to accomplish the desire and purpose of Dr. Livingstone. That great missionary explorer left no man qualified to follow his steps. His work divided at his death into two channels. Of these Stanley is conducting one; Mr. Wilson and his colleagues are laboring in the other. Thus the inspiration of Livingstone's life does not die with him. The continual cry of his heart to be permitted to finish his work for Christ and the perishing Africans was answered, though not in the way he anticipated.

The thrill that went through the civilized world when the death of David Livingstone and all its touching circumstances became known, did more for Africa than he could have done had he completed his task as he desired. From the worn-out figure kneeling at the bedside in the hut in Ilala, an electric spark seemed to fly, quickening hearts on every side. The *statesman* felt it; it put new vigor into the despatches he wrote, and the measures he devised with regard to the brutalizing slave trade. The *merchant* felt it, and began to plan in earnest how to traverse the Dark Continent with roads and railways, and open it to commerce from shore to centre. The *explorer* felt it, and started with high purpose on new schemes of unknown danger. The *missionary* felt it—felt it a reproof of past languor and unbelief, and found himself lifted up to a higher level of faith and devotion. No parliament of philanthropy was held; but the verdict was as unanimous and as hearty as if the Christian world had met and in the strength of the Almighty had passed the resolution—"Livingstone's work shall not die—

AFRICA SHALL LIVE."

Mr. Wilson and his coadjutors of the Church Missionary Society have nobly done their part toward the realization of the grand object aimed at; and it is mainly from the record of their doings, as published in "Uganda and the Egyptian Soudan," that we obtain materials for the following narrative.

It was on the morning of June 24th, 1876, that the mail steamer Putialla, which carried the missionary party, entered the dark blue waters of the Indian Ocean. In a short time the narrow channel into the harbor of Zanzibar was threaded, and just as the glowing sun sank behind the far-off purple hills of Africa, the flag was run up to the mast-head, two guns fired as a salute, and the anchor went with a rattling plunge into the dancing billows. A crowd of small boats soon gathered round the steamer, waiting for passengers; then a man-o'-war's boat, pulled by sturdy blue-jackets, went bounding across the harbor, and reaching the vessel, demanded the expected mail-bag.

ARRIVAL AT ZANZIBAR.

As Mr. Wilson and his companions were watching the lively scene, a man informed them that "de mission boat was comed," and looking over the ship's side, they saw one of the boats belonging to the Highland Lassie, the little mission steamer of the Church Missionary Society, and after a brief delay they entered it, and rowing across the water, reached the Mission House, situated in the suburb of Gulioni, and which had formerly been *the residence of Dr. Livingstone.*

The island of Zanzibar, which is growing in importance year by year as its trade increases, comprises an area of about 400,000 acres, and its population in 1871 was estimated at 150,000, the chief town being Zanzibar, containing 80,000 inhabitants. The population is composed of representatives of a considerable number of nationalities—Arabs, Hindus, Banyans, Persians, Negroes, Malagasies, Europeans and Americans, who are attracted there by the facilities the island possesses for communication and trade with the interior of Africa.

THE ARABS AND THEIR TRADE.

The most important class are the Arabs, to whom the island belongs, and many of them are large landed proprietors, possessing extensive plantations, and great numbers of slaves. They are also the principal traders with the interior of the continent and considerable numbers of them leave Zanzibar every year for the mainland, with large caravans and a numerous retinue, and settling down at Unyanyembe, Ujiji, or other trade centres of the interior, *buy ivory and slaves*, which they gradually collect at headquarters, returning after a lapse of time to dispose of their merchandise, and to lay in a fresh stock of goods with which to renew their trading.

FOUR HOURS IN AN ARAB DHOW.

The instructions Mr. Wilson and his friends received before leaving England were to establish a station at a place called Mpwapwa, on the western side of the Usagara Mountains, and leaving one of the party to take charge of the post, the others were to proceed to the Victoria Lake, with the view of taking up stations in the countries of Karagwe and Uganda. On July 22d all the necessary preparations on the island of Zanzibar were completed, and, *as shown in the left-hand panel of the upper section of our frontispiece*, Mr. Wilson took his place on board an Arab dhow which was bound for Bagamoyo, and which lay anchored off the Custom House. The following is Mr. Wilson's description:

"The dhow was a small, clumsy craft, with a small poop at the stern, on which a motley group of passengers, Arabs, Hindus, Banyans, Negroes, Half-breeds, and a solitary European (myself) were huddled; the hold was covered with a sloping thatched roof, and a small platform or deck, in the bows, accommodated the two or three sailors who worked the huge calico sail. The timbers of this singular-looking craft were not in the best possible condition, and leaked considerably, giving constant employment to two men in bailing out the water. Just as we were about to start, a venerable-looking Hindu, with a magnificent white beard, brought a woman and three little children on board, and requested me to look after them as far as Bagamoyo, which, of course, I consented to do. At length the order to hoist sail was given, the sailors noisily responded, and we were at last fairly on our way toward the continent of Africa."

GETTING READY FOR A LONG MARCH.

After a run of thirty miles, accomplished in a little less than four hours, Bagamoyo was reached. In the centre of this straggling little town Mr. Wilson found Lieutenant Smith, who had preceded him, busily engaged in hiring porters. A week of constant toil followed, packing and repacking loads, breaking-in refractory donkeys, hiring porters, teaching the servants to pitch tents, paying and receiving visits, and *getting all ready for the long march into the interior*, and finally writing letters for the monthly mail which was about to leave for Europe. On July 28th, however, the last load was packed, and the party set off for the first camp, only three miles distant, where they were delayed till August 14th. At length the arrangements being complete Mr. Wilson gave the order to move on, bidding a long farewell to civilization, and taking a last look at the ocean. On September 18th Mpwapwa was reached.

Mpwapwa is a district lying on the westerly slopes of the Usagara Mountains, and on the edge of the forest region which separates that country from the plateau of Ugogo. The people are of a mixed race, or rather representatives of a number of tribes. Their chief delicacy for the table is *a species of field-mouse*, and the little boys were seen frequently by Mr. Wilson coming home in the evening "with numbers of them strung like fish on a stick."

A DISAPPOINTED LEOPARD.

Leopards were found to be somewhat numerous in the locality. One evening, while some of the party were talking together in one of the tents, one of these predatory and voracious monsters approached a tembé, or small clay native hut, about fifty yards off, and getting its paw through a hole in the wall, *seized a goat by the throat*, and was attempting to drag it out, when the approach of some men frightened it off.

After this, of course, every one in the tents was on the *qui vive* for leopards, and one of Mr. Wilson's donkeys, which had broken out of camp one fine night, and was indulging in the luxury of a roll in the sandy soil, nearly lost his life at the hands of one of the occupants of a tent, who, in the uncertain light, mistook the quadruped for a leopard. He missed his mark, however, and the astonished donkey, springing to his feet, revealed his true character.

On October 7th, three of the caravans, into which the party was divided, set off for the far west, under the leadership of Mr. Wilson and Mr. O'Neill. The march was a most difficult and tedious one. The entire country through which they passed was more or less covered with forests, the open spaces being few and far between. Elephants, buffaloes, rhinoceroses, and giraffes were numerous, with various species of antelopes, and, at night, lions, leopards, and hyenas used to prowl round the camp.

stronger than *they?* The martyrs could not convert the world; can we do more than than *they?* The Church for eighteen hundred years could not convert the world; can we do it? They have preached the Gospel of Christ, so can we. They have gone to earth's remotest bounds, so can we. They have saved "some," so can we They have wept as so few believed their report, so can we. They have finished their course with joy, and the ministry which they have received to testify of the Gospel of the grace of God; we can do the same. Can we reasonably hope to do more?

"It would take to all eternity to bring the millennium, at the rate that modern revivals progress," said the venerable Dr. Lyman Beecher, before a ministerial convention, held close by old Plymouth Rock. And what hope is there that they will progress more rapidly? Is it in the Word of God? Glad would we be to find it there. Sadly we read that "*Evil men and seducers shall wax worse and worse*, deceiving and being deceived."

Has God a mightier Saviour—a more powerful Spirit? Has He another gospel which will save the world? Where is it? Is there any way to the kingdom other than that which leads through much tribulation? Is there another way to the crown besides the way of the cross? Can we reign with Him unless we first suffer for His sake?

No doubt the world might be converted if men desired to know the Lord. And so had all who heard, received with gladness the Word of God, the world might have been converted within twenty years from the day of Pentecost. If each Christian had brought a single soul to God with each successive year, the calm splendors of the millennial era might have shone upon the declining years of the apostles of Jesus Christ. But, instead of this, ages of darkness came on. The world did not repent, but

THE CHURCH APOSTATIZED.

The darkness did not become light, but much of the light became darkness; and to this hour, as in the apostles' time, the whole world lieth in the wicked one.

If the Gospel were to convert the world, we should have seen tokens of it ere this. But where are such auguries to be found? Shall we look to missionaries, who sometimes labor for years before one sinner yields to the claims of the Gospel? Shall we look to the dense darkness of the heathen world? Shall we look at the formalism of the professed Church? Shall we look at the wide extension of infidelity? Shall we look at the abounding of iniquity and the waxing cold of love? Shall we look at a world where eighteen hundred years of toil and tears have not brought one-twentieth part of mankind even to a profession of true Christianity; and when not more than one-fifth claim for themselves the dubious title of Christian nations? Shall we look over a world in which we cannot find one nation of Christians, nor one tribe of Christians, nor one city of Christians, nor one town of Christians, nor one village of Christians, nor one hamlet of Christians, save here and there, where a questionable faith has led a few, with hypocrites even then among them, to withdraw themselves from the world, and cherish the untried virtues of a secluded life? Surely, after eighteen hundred years of experiment with a system designed to convert the world, men might point to some country, to some province, to some nation, and say, "Behold the commencement of a converted world."

WHERE SHALL WE LOOK

to find the tokens of the speedy dawning of the hoped-for day of peace? Shall we look at Christendom, where for every missionary sent forth to convert the heathen, a thousand soldiers are trained and supported that they may cut each other's throats? Shall we look at the dense masses of godless, hopeless toilers, who journey on in darkness to perdition, in the chief cities of boasted Christian lands? Shall we look at those nations which claim to be mentally and morally in advance of all the inhabitants of the globe, but who spend more money for strong drink than they do for bread, and whose yearly expenditure for all religious and secular instruction, and for all purposes of Christian charity, would not pay for the cost of intoxicating drinks consumed by them in a single month?

Shall we look to the centres of Christian civilization, where squalor crowds on splendor, and where Lazarus still lies, licked by dogs, hard by the rich man's gate; where in the midst of lavished wealth and wasted treasure, thousands of helpless women make their dire election between hunger and shame, starvation and sin? Shall we explore the great cities of Christendom, where, surrounded by sky-piercing steeples and sweetly chiming bells, poor motherless, friendless outcasts wander wet and weary through the midnight hours, scorned by Simon the Pharisee and his proud wife and silk-robed daughters; finding no way to draw near to Him who calls the heavy laden to come and rest; no place in the rich man's house to bathe His feet with penitential tears; no path open but the downward way; no gate ajar but the broad gate that leadeth to destruction?

Shall we visit the gorgeous temples erected to Him, who, more homeless than the foxes and the birds, was cradled in a wayside manger, and was buried in a stranger's tomb—but the price of whose blood bought a potter's field where *strangers* might be buried?—we shall find by the smell of mint, and anise, and cummin, that the tithes are promptly paid by the proud Pharisee whose "God-I-thank-thee," echoes through the sounding aisles; but shall we not also find Fraud and Greed sitting side by side in the chief seats of the synagogue, and unclean reptiles swarming like frogs of Egypt, while the tables of the money-changers still stand right side up, and no scourge of small cords drives the buyers and the sellers from the sacred place?

Shall we look to China, along whose borders a few mission stations twinkle like tapers in the midst of a darkness wide reaching and almost impenetrable? While we rejoice at the salvation of some in the far-off land of Sinim, let us not forget that every passing day witnesses the horrible death of not less than one thousand Chinamen, diseased, debauched, degraded, murdered, by the use of that opium which is raised and sold by the British Government, and that while the British and Foreign Bible Society reports an income of *one million of dollars* per year for the diffusion of the Word of God, the Christian government of Great Britain derives an annual income of *forty-five millions of dollars from the opium trade.*

Shall we look at the far-off islands of the Southern Seas, where heathenism has been banished by the light of Gospel truth, and barbarism has given place to an enlightened civilization? We shall find that those races which lived in health and strength in spite of barbarism and cannibalism, are now slowly dying out, from unreportable diseases and vices, unknown in their barbarous condition, but which have been brought to their shores by sailors from Christian lands, and which, spreading like the gangrene of hell, are eating out the sources of the national life.

Where shall we go to find the evidence of this glad era of

UNIVERSAL PEACE AND BLESSING

which is proclaimed as so sure to come and so near at hand? It is easy on platforms and at anniversaries to speak of the spread of the Gospel and the diffusion of the Word of God, and in this we do rejoice and will rejoice with joy unspeakable; but while many are exhibiting to delighted assemblies these gracious tokens of divine favor and blessing, who keeps an account of the statistics of the work of the Prince of Darkness, the god of this world? A company of Christian people assemble and congratulate themselves upon the rescue of a dozen or a hundred men from ruin, in some great city; suppose, on the other hand, all the dealers in strong drink, and the panderers to vice and crime, should gather themselves together and count up the victims ensnared, the hearts broken, the homes desolated, the lives blighted and the souls ruined by their vile craft; suppose *their*

ANNUAL REPORTS

were issued, in which they gave the number of drunkards made during the year, the number induced to take the first glass, the number of murders and suicides due to their terrible traffic, the souls enticed from paths of innocence and peace, and led in ways of darkness and of death; suppose that such a report could be laid upon our tables or suppose it should meet us as we read our morning papers; suppose along with it were placed the statistics of wealth lavished by Christians on vanities and follies, set over against the amount doled out for purposes of Christian endeavor; would not such an exhibition as this speedily cause us to hide our faces in the very dust, and instead of boasting of the work accomplished, cry out to God for mercy and for help.

We have no doubts nor misgivings regarding the importance nor the success of Christian efforts, nor would we for one moment discourage those ardent souls who, with their sickles in their hands, are entering this widespread harvest field. But facts are facts, and it is well for the Christian soldier to know that he is summoned to service more stern than sham fights and dress parades; that the warfare of the Church is a mighty struggle, with overwhelming odds against her; and that only the Captain of Salvation can give victory to His saints. It is useless to shut our eyes to sins and dangers which exist on every hand. Let those who enter into this work of converting the world with all their souls, and it will not be strange if with others who have tried the experiment, they conclude that the world is a wrecked vessel, doomed to go down, and it is their business to launch the Gospel life-boat and *rescue all they can.*

But if the world is not converted,

WILL NOT THE GOSPEL THEN PROVE A FAILURE?

That depends upon what is to be expected of it. If the life-boat was intended to keep the ship from sinking, then it proves a failure if it only saves the crew. If the Gospel was to effect the eternal salvation of all mankind, then failing to accomplish that work is a failure of the Gospel. If the Gospel was to convert the world, it will prove a failure if that is not done. But if the Gospel was preached, "*to take out of the Gentiles a people for His name*," then it is not a failure. If it was given that God might in infinite mercy and love, "*save some*," then it is not a failure. If it was given that every repentant sinner might have eternal life, and that every good soldier might receive a crown of glory, then it is not a failure. If it was given that an innumerable company might be redeemed "*out of every kindred, and tongue, and nation, and people*," then it is not a failure. If it was given that the vales and hills of paradise restored, might teem with a holy throng who shall be "equal unto the angels, the children of God, being the children of the resurrection," then it is not a failure.

And was not this its object, rather than the exaltation of a worldly church to the splendors of earthly prosperity, while beneath the theatre of their easy triumph there slumber the ashes of prophets and the dust of apostles? Are we to hold jubilee a thousand years, while the martyr's unceasing cry, "How long, O Lord?" goes up to God? Are we to have our songs of triumph, while "the whole creation groaneth for deliverance, and while that longed-for day of the redemption of our body is postponed? Nay, verily, the hope of the body is one hope; the hope of the completeness and perfection of the Church which Christ has redeemed. It reaches beyond the splendors of temporal prosperity; it looks beyond death's shadowy vale; and the Church only finds its home and rest, with Abraham, and Isaac, and Jacob, in the kingdom of our God, and in the presence of our King.

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CURRENT EVENTS.

The Government Statement of the Reduction of the public debt shows financial progress without a parallel in the history of any nation on earth. It is thus summarized in the financial column of the New York *Times*: Since the 30th of June, last year, the public debt of the United States has been reduced $114,834,575, or, in round numbers, by $115,000,000, being an average of $11,500,000 per month, and at the rate of $138,000,000 per year. *The highest point* for the interest-bearing debt of the United States was in August, 1865, when it stood $2,381,530,295. *The reduction since made* is $1,023,715,412. The annual interest charge in 1865 was $150,977,697. At the close of the fiscal year 1882 it was but $57,360,110, and it is now some $4,000,000 less. The lowest rate of interest paid in 1865 was 5 per cent, the highest was 7.3 per cent; the average was a little over 6 per cent; the lowest rate at present is 3 per cent, the highest is 3½ per cent.

The Civil Service Commissioners have Prepared the rules which they propose to adopt for the regulation of their proceedings under the new law. They have been submitted to the President, and have been considered by him and the Cabinet at two special meetings and approved. Beside the Washington offices, the sphere of the commission embraces eleven Custom Houses and twenty-three post offices. Candidates for admission to the service will, under the rules, be examined in open competitive examination, in penmanship, copying, and letter-writing; the fundamental rules of arithmetic, fractions, and percentage; interest, discount, and the elements of book-keeping and accounts; on all of which a minimum rank of 65 per cent is required. The subjects of the elements of the English language, and of the geography, history, and government of the United States are included, but on these only 50 per cent is required as a minimum, and for the lower offices examinations will be limited to penmanship, copying, and orthography, and the fundamental rules of arithmetic, with a grade of 65 per cent at least. Special examinations may be held for appointment to offices requiring peculiar qualifications. The commission is to certify to the respective appointing officers the three persons standing highest in examinations among those eligible to the place to be filled and from these the appointment is to be made. If the appointing officer requests it, the certification will be made from those of one sex; otherwise sex is to be disregarded. Appointments are to be made first for a probationary term of six months, and detailed provision is made for securing satisfactory evidence of the conduct of the appointee during this term; if it confirm his fitness he will be absolutely appointed; if not, he will be regarded at the close of the probation as out of the service.

The Defects in the Excise Laws of New York were discussed at a mass meeting in Steinway Hall on May 4th, when the committee appointed at the previous meeting held in the same place on February 26th, presented its report. It was decided that a new excise law should be drafted, and a copy sent to the newspapers and members of the legislature, and its adoption advocated in a series of public meetings. The meeting expressed its opinion on the question of the responsibility for the present deplorable state of the city, by passing the following resolution: That as the undue preponderance of liquor-sellers in the Board of Aldermen is detrimental to the community, lowers the morale of the Excise Commissioners, and is a bar to good and pure government, we hereby pledge ourselves to support a change in their method of election or a withdrawal of their confirming power. We pledge to Mayor Edson our support in any further and fuller attempt he may make to nominate Excise Commissioners for character and fitness rather than political partisanship, and also our support to the Police Commissioners, District-Attorney and Recorder in continuing their recent vigorous action to enforce the Excise law in this city.

The New Sunday Observance Law Passed by the Legislature of New York State, is an attempt to take a middle course between the demands of those who desire a complete secularization of the Lord's day, and those who advocate its Christian observance. It allows the sale of all kinds of food up to ten o'clock on Sunday and the sale throughout the day of drugs, medicines, newspapers, fruit and confectionery everywhere, and tobacco and cigars in places where liquors are not sold. The prohibition of Sunday sale of liquor is important and welcome if it be executed, but why newspapers, fruit, confectionery, tobacco and cigars may be sold as if they belonged to the same category as medicines, is a problem only a New York Legislator is qualified to solve.

The Prohibitionists of New Jersey have called a State Convention to assemble at Trenton on May 22d. Each ward and township will be entitled to send two delegates, and in addition thereto, every church and temperance organization will be allowed to send one delegate.

Messrs. Moody and Sankey arrived in New York on Sunday last. Mr. Sankey attended Mr. Sawyer's meeting in Cooper Union in the evening, and gave a brief account of the success of the mission in Great Britain. Mr. Moody was too much fatigued to attend the meeting. The evangelists will rest at their respective homes during the summer, and hope to cross the Atlantic again in October to commence evangelistic labor in London. They are accompanied to this country by Mr. W. Hind Smith, of the London Y. M. C. A.

The Death of Rev. Josiah Henson, the Colored preacher, occurred on Saturday, May 5th. He is said to have been the person from whom Mrs. Stowe sketched the character of "Uncle Tom" in her well-known novel. Mr. Henson was in his ninety-fourth year when he died, having been born in Charles County, Maryland, in 1789. In his young days he had the confidence of his owner, who repeatedly sent him North on business, taking his promise to return. When he was thirty-nine years of age money was given him by the Methodist Church, to which he belonged, to purchase his freedom. Believing himself to have been cheated in the negotiation with his owner, he made his escape with his wife and four children to Canada, where he has since resided. He died at Dresden, Ont.

A Petition from a Workhouse, which Deserves more attention than it is likely to receive, has been presented. A local journal says: "A petition from inmates of the Allegheny County (Pa.) Workhouse, requesting the suppression of the liquor traffic because it has been the cause of the petitioners' downfall and would prevent their reformation if they were released from confinement, is one of the latest oddites of the anti-liquor movement." It does not appear in what way "the oddity" comes in. It is not very odd that people who have been ruined, and know what ruined them, should desire the suppression of the evil.

Dr. Ray Palmer, the Venerable Author of the hymn "My faith looks up to Thee," which for fifty years has been sung throughout the English-speaking world, has recovered from the illness which it was feared would end his life of service. Dr. S. Irenæus Prime, his intimate friend, publishes a letter recently received from him, in which he says: "For a whole month after I was taken ill I was forbidden to read or hear reading, to write, to talk or even to think much about anything interesting. Hard fate for a man who has for years all the while been in haste at his work, as if some other thing were pressing to be done. But my attack was nevertheless a comparatively slight one; and the last two weeks I have attended church and presided at my weekly prayer-meeting. The dear Lord has been very tender with me, and has made the sense of His presence and love very delightful through what otherwise would have been weary days."

How a Family was Transformed as the Result of one prayer, was told in a letter to the Sunday-school of the Fourteenth Street Presbyterian Church in New York, by a missionary of the American Sunday-school Union. Spending the night in a family of eight persons, he asked if he should offer prayer, but was rudely refused; the father seemed to feel insulted by the proposal, but going up into a loft to sleep, he knelt down and prayed with a son who shared his bed. Three months after, as the missionary was again passing that way, the father came out and asked him to come in and spend the night with them, and himself led in prayer; and there seemed to be an entire change in the family.

Two Sums of Money were Received last Week at the office of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD to defray the cost of sending the paper to colored ministers in the South. A subscriber at Millersville, Pa., sends *ten dollars*, and another, who has recently received an increase of income, and who desires to make, in this form, a thank-offering to God, sends *two dollars*. Twelve more colored ministers will, through the kindness of our two friends, receive THE CHRISTIAN HERALD for a year, and we pray that its perusal may be blessed of God to their use in His service. Friends in the South still continue sending us names of colored ministers to whom the paper would be useful, but who cannot afford to pay for a subscription. More than two hundred of these names have been received besides those which the fund at our disposal enables us to supply. A list is kept of them in the order in which they arrived, and should there be further contributions for the purpose, the names will be transferred to the subscription list, in that order. THE CHRISTIAN HERALD staff have been much cheered during the last few weeks by the unusually large number of testimonies received from readers, who owe to God's blessing on the perusal of recent issues of the paper their conversion, or assistance in the Christian life. We thank our friends for sending them, and at some future time we will, with their permission, publish some of the most remarkable cases.

A Singular Discovery of Buried Money is reported from Vermont. A plowman on the farm of Mr. M. T. Mott, a few days ago plowed up three pieces of ancient silver coin. These he carried in his pocket and showed to Mr. Mott and a few others. The news soon spread, and the next morning as early as five o'clock A.M. parties from the town were on their way with eager steps toward the field, with spades, shovels, hoes, etc., on their backs, to search for the hidden coin. Mr. Mott, in the mean time, had decided to reserve the mine for his own benefit and to stop the prospecting, but before he arrived upon the ground about thirty had got there and were busy at work, and had already found several pieces. He at once summarily ejected the seekers, and forbade them digging any more on his ground. About forty pieces have been found, all silver but one, which is gold. The pieces of silver vary in size from a ten-cent piece to a silver dollar. They are all Spanish coins, and the dates are from 1726 to 1779. A similar excitement would have been produced anywhere by the news that there was buried money in a particular spot. Men are everywhere ready to exert themselves in such a search. Yet the discovery by one man of happiness and joy in God, more valuable than gold, seldom moves his friends to seek in the same way the same blessing (Prov. 2 : 3-5).

A Miner's Extraordinary Escape from the Indians is described in a Western journal. It states that John Lyons, a well-known citizen of Arizona Territory, while at work in the shaft of his mine near Tres Alamos, had just put in a blast and lighted the fuse, when, on reaching the top of the shaft, he beheld four mounted Apaches rapidly approaching. Their horrible yells and hostile gestures revealed their murderous intent, and Mr. Lyons was for an instant paralyzed with terror. His first impulse was to hurl himself into the shaft and be blown to atoms by the explosion of the blast rather than perish miserably at the hands of the remorseless foe. These reflections occupied only a moment's time, but the Apaches were almost upon him. Suddenly the blast at the bottom of the shaft exploded with terrific effect, throwing a shower of rock and débris high in the air, which was followed by a dense volume of smoke rolling up from the shaft. The Indians checked their horses appalled by the unexpected and to them mysterious eruption, then with a yell of terror wheeled around and galloped off in the direction whence they came. But for the coincidence of the blast igniting at that particular moment, the man would, doubtless, have been tortured to death in the true Apache style. In the Christian life there come times when destruction seems inevitable, as it seemed to the miner, but those who trust in God experience deliverance as unexpected as his (Psa. 62 : 5-8).

A Reporter's Kind Word Issued in the Reform of a criminal in Michigan, according to the man's own story. A Detroit journal states that a man called at its office recently, and inquired for "the criminal reporter." On being brought together, the visitor said he had called to thank the reporter for being the means of his reformation. He said : "I want to talk with you. I've come a good deal over a thousand miles to see you. When I was convicted over in the Recorder's Court in the old City Hall, you wrote about me in the paper the next morning, 'Myles *doesn't look like a criminal*, but his identification was complete. It is his first offence, and he will regret it for five years at least.' I read that the next morning as I was being taken to Jackson, and those words, 'Myles doesn't look like a criminal,' made a deep impression upon me, probably for the reason that *I had not heard a kind word for a long time* before. I cut those words out and pasted them up in my cell. I have come here to-day to thank you for writing them. They helped me to become an honest man. 'Regret it'! You never wrote a truer word in your life. How I did suffer in that prison! When my time was out, I went to Chicago, and from there to St. Louis. I got work in a wholesale grocery store, and I worked hard. The boss took a fancy to me, and five years ago he sent me up into Nevada to look after a cattle ranch he and his brother own up in there. That suited me, and I became a herder, and now I am superintendent of the ranch, and get $300 a month. Good-by, old fellow! You did me a good turn, and I'll never forget it." It is too much the custom to speak hard words of criminals. This is one of many instances in which a sympathetic word has touched a heart that severity would never have softened. The duty of kindness is enjoined especially upon Christians (2 Peter 1 : 7).

A Pastor's Confession of Sin, made Recently at a conference of Christian people, conveyed a gentle reproof to his people. It is stated by a Richmond, Va., journal that as a number of Christian people were confessing their faults one to another, and asking for prayer, the pastor arose, and with deep emotion, said : "Brethren, I wish you to pray for me. Often I sin in being too anxious and burdened as to what will become of my family when I die, as my salary forbids my making any provision for the future." There are many pastors, similarly circumstanced, whom Satan assails in their hours of darkness with these doubts dishonoring to God's faithfulness. The churches to which they minister often forget how small an effort of their own would be required to lighten their pastors' burden (1 Cor. 9 : 11).

The Voice of the Aurora Borealis has been heard by an explorer now at Fort Rae. A Boston journal publishes an interview with Captain Dawson, commander of the British circumpolar expedition now at Fort Rae, in the course of which the captain, who is a most careful observer of natural phenomena, described the voice of the aurora. He said that while his party was travelling northward from Winnipeg, an aurora was observed—evidently very near—which was accompanied by a distinct swishing noise like that of a sharp squall in a ship's rigging, or that made by a whip in passing through the air. He is led to believe that the sound is heard occasionally, though rarely, but that it would be more frequently noticed were it not that the aurora is generally at too great a height. It is probable that the rarity of the atmosphere in those northern regions, and the solemn stillness of the uninhabited land, also aided in enabling the explorer to hear sounds he could not have heard elsewhere. So eminent Christians, in time of severe affliction or in the near approach of death, have felt that the world's voice was hushed, and the sounds of heaven seemed to strike their ears (Job 4 : 13-17).

Adrift on a Raft in a Raging Torrent, was the critical situation of a young man in West Virginia, last week. Two youths in that State had to cross the Cheat River to reach their homes. They were on the north side of the river, and decided, rather than to walk two or three miles up or down the bank, to secure a skiff or boat, that they would construct a raft. The raft was soon made and launched, but it proved unmanageable in the rapids. One of them jumped from the raft and swam ashore, but the other, who could not swim, clung to the raft, which went down the river at lightning speed. Down the rapids went the raft, shooting along with frightful velocity and carrying its rider to what seemed certain death. For seven miles the young man travelled in this perilous way. In some places the raft would shoot under water and then leap over rocks and glide again over the rapids at break-neck speed. At length a man on the bank saw the raft, and succeeded in flinging a rope to the youth. Drenched and almost exhausted from this terrible ordeal, the young man made one more effort, succeeded in pulling his raft, by means of the rope, into still water, and was finally saved. It is in such a headlong course that impenitent sinners are travelling. Unhappily they do not always realize their danger, or they would seize the Gospel rope when it is flung to them, and be eternally saved (Heb. 2 : 3).

OTHER SHEEP AND ONE FLOCK.

A New Sermon by Pastor C. H. Spurgeon.

"And other sheep I have, which are not of this fold : them also I must bring, and they shall hear my voice ; and they shall be one fold, and one shepherd (or more correctly, one *flock*, one shepherd)."—JOHN 10 : 16.

Two Notable Statements—The Comfort They Give—I. Christ had a People under the Worst Circumstances—The Terrible Time of the First Advent—Without Vital Godliness—Marked by Will Worship—Fierce Atheism—II. Christ's Sheep that We do not Know—Already Redeemed—May be Wandering—Or Stolen—A Divine Search-Warrant—III. The Lord Must Bring Them—How He Brings Them—The Incentive to Preaching — Assurred Success—IV. Unity Guaranteed—Individual Unity—How They are Known.

THIS verse is guarded before and behind by two notable statements. Before it we hear the Master say, "I lay down My life for the sheep," and immediately after it we meet with another grand sentence, "I lay down My life, that I might take it again." The first statement, "*I lay down My life for the sheep*" is the sheet anchor of our confidence when storms assail the vessel of the Church. The Lord Jesus has by His death proved His love to His people ; and His determination to save them is made clear by His laying down His life for them ; therefore doubt and fear should be banished and the very name of despair should be unknown among the Israel of God. We both patiently hope and quietly wait to see the salvation of God, and the performance of all His designs of love ; for that death upon the cross is a cause which will surely produce its effect. Christ did not die at a peradventure. The supposition of a Saviour disappointed in the results of His blood-shedding is not to be tolerated for a moment. So far we are cheered by the vanguard which marches in advance of our text.

But as if the poor, timid people of God would, nevertheless, at times fancy that the purpose of Christ would not be achieved, behold in the rear another sentence, "*I lay down My life that I might take it again.*" He that died, and so redeemed His people by price, lives that He may Himself personally see that they are also redeemed by power. In the risen life of Jesus assurance is made doubly sure ; now are we sure that His design must be carried out, nothing can hinder it. We dare not dream that the Son of God can be disappointed of the object for which He died, and for which He lives again. If

JESUS DIED FOR A PURPOSE

He will accomplish it ; if Jesus rose for a purpose, He will accomplish it ; if Jesus lives forever for a purpose, He will accomplish it. To me this conclusion seems to be past question ; and if it be so, it puts the destiny of the sheep beyond all hazard.

If any of you have been cast down by reason of present difficulties, let these two grand texts sound their silver trumpets in your ears. If you have been looking forth from the windows, and the outlook has seemed to be exceeding dark, take courage, I pray you, from what your Lord has done ; His death and resurrection are prophetic of good things to come. You dare not think that Christ will miss the end of His death ; you dare not think that He will miss the purpose of His glory-life ; why, then, are you cast down ? His will shall be done on earth as it is in heaven, as surely as He came from heaven to earth, and has returned from earth to heaven. Wherefore comfort one another with these words of your Lord, "I lay down My life for the sheep ;" "I lay down My life, that I might take it again."

I. There are four things in the text itself which deserve your attention, for they are full of consolation to our minds troubled by the evils of these perilous times. The first is this—our Lord Jesus Christ had a people

UNDER THE WORST CIRCUMSTANCES.

When He speaks of "other sheep," it is implied that He had certain sheep at the time ;

and when He says "other sheep have I which are not of this fold," it is manifest that even then the Good Shepherd had a fold. The times were grievously dark and evil, but a few true hearts clustered about the Saviour, and by His divine power were protected as in a "fold." It has been supposed that our Lord here alludes to the Jews as "this fold;" but the Jews, as such, were never Christ's fold. He could not have meant to call the Jews around Him His fold, for a little further on He exclaims, "Ye believe not, because ye are not of My sheep, as I said unto you." His fold was that little handful of disciples whom by His personal ministry He had gathered, and who stood folded, as it were, about their Good Shepherd. They might be sneered at as a little company, but He saith to His enemies who are standing outside the fold foaming with wrath, "Other sheep I have that are not of this little fold; these you cannot see, but I have them none the less for that; these I must in due time lead, and then there shall be one flock and one Shepherd."

See, then, that the Lord Jesus had a people in the worst times. Doubtless these days are exceedingly dangerous, and I have certain brethren round me who never allow me to forget it, for they play well in the minor key, and dwell most judiciously upon the necessary topic of the general declension of the Church and the growing depravity of the world. I would not stop them from their faithful warnings, although I can assure them that, with slight variations, I have heard the same tune for years. Be this as it may, it is clear that the days of our Lord Jesus Christ were emphatically terrible times. No age can be worse than that age which literally crucified the Son of God, crying, "Away with Him! Away with Him!" Whether the present days are better than those I will not determine, but they cannot be worse. The day of our Lord's first advent was the culmination and

THE CRISIS OF THE WORLD'S CAREER

of sin; and yet the Good Shepherd had a fold among men in the midnight of history.

There was *a sad lack of vital godliness* in those days. A few godly ones watched for the coming of the Messiah; but they were very few, such as good old Simeon and Anna. A small remnant sighed and cried for the abounding sin of the nation; but the salt was almost gone; Israel was becoming like Sodom and Gomorrah. The choice band of mourners in Zion had not quite died out, but their number was so few that a child might write them. Speaking generally, when the Saviour came to His own, His own received Him not. As for the religious teachers, their mouth was become an open sepulchre, and the poison of asps was under their tongues; and yet the Lord had a people in Judea even then. On earth there was still a fold for sheep whom He had chosen who knew the Shepherd's voice and gathered to His call and followed Him faithfully.

It was a time when *will-worship abounded.* Men had given up worshipping God according to the Scriptures, and they worshipped according to their own fancies. Then you might hear the trumpet in every corner of the street, for Pharisees were distributing their alms. To eat with unwashen hands was thought to be a crime, but to devour widow's houses was a thing which to the most self-righteous Pharisee caused no qualm of conscience. The land was filled with will-worship, and that is one great and growing hindrance nowadays; but for all that Christ had a fold of His own, and in it were those who knew His voice, and these, following at His heel, were enabled to go in and out and find pasture.

It was a day when there was the most *fierce opposition* to the real truth of God. Our Lord Jesus could hardly open His mouth but they took up stones to stone Him The rage of men against Christ was then boiling at its greatest heat, till at last they took Him and nailed Him to the cross because they could not endure that He should live among them. And yet He had His own in those dreadful times; even then He had His chosen company for whom He laid down His life. Wherefore, beloved, I gather that though at this time there is a sad decline in vital godliness, and though will-worship sweeps over the land with its tumultuous waves, and though opposition to the pure truth of Christ is more fierce than ever; nevertheless even at this present time there is a remnant according to the election of grace. Wherefore, my brethren, in confidence possess ye your souls.

Now, it is to be noticed that this little company of Christ's people He calls a "fold." Afterward they were to be a "flock," but while His bodily presence was with them they were pre-eminently a "fold." They were few in number, all of one race, mostly in one place, and so compact that they could fitly be said to be a fold. Yet you see one thing is notable here, that when Jesus had thus shut them all in, He would not allow them to become exclusive and glide into a state of selfish satisfaction. No, He opens wide the door of the sheepfold and cries to them, "Other sheep I have." Thus He checks a tendency so common in the Church to be forgetful of those outside the fold, and to make one's own personal salvation the sum and substance of religion. I do not think it wrong to sing—

> "We are a garden wall'd around,
> Chosen, and made peculiar ground;
> A little spot, enclosed by grace
> Out of the world's wide wilderness."

On the contrary, I judge that the verse is true, and sweet, and ought to be sung; but then there are other truths besides this one. To us also the Shepherd opens the door of the enclosed garden and says, "The wilderness and the solitary place shall be glad for them, and the desert shall rejoice and blossom as the rose" The fold is our abode, but it is not our sole sphere of action; for we are to go forth of it into all the world seeking our brethren. Seeing that our Lord has other sheep which are not of this fold, and these are to be found by Him through His faithful people, let us arouse ourselves to the holy enterprise.

> "Oh, come, let us go and find them
> In the paths of death they roam;
> At the close of the day 'twill be sweet to say,
> 'I have brought some lost one home.'"

I read of

THREE BRETHREN

who had to carry on a college when funds were running short. One of them complained that they had no helpers, and could not hope to succeed; but another who had more faith said to his brother, "Do you ask what we can do? Do you say that we are so few? I do not see that we are few; for we are a thousand at the least." "A thousand of us!" said the other, "how is that?" "Why," replied the first, "I am a cipher, and you are a cipher, and our brother is a cipher; so we have three noughts to begin with. Then I am sure the Lord Jesus is ONE; put Him down before the three ciphers and we have a thousand directly." Was not this bravely spoken?

What power we have when we do but set the great ONE in the front. You are nothing, brother; you are nothing, sister; I am nothing; we are all nothing when we are put together without our Lord; but, oh, if He stands in front of us then we are thousands; and again is it true on earth as in heaven, the chariots of the Lord are twenty thousand, even thousands of thousands, the Lord is among them as in the holy place. Wherefore, my friends, be ye not cast down at any time, but say unto yourselves, We are not even now come to so dark a night as once fell on this world. We are not at this painful moment in such a desperate condition as the Church of Christ was in His own day. Wherefore, my fellow-believers, be ye strong and of good courage!

II. But now, secondly, it is clear, for the text teaches it in so many words, that our Lord hath other

SHEEP NOT YET KNOWN TO US.

He says, "Other sheep I have." I want you to notice that strong expression, "Other sheep *I have*"—not "I shall have," but "I have other sheep." Many of these sheep were not even in the thoughts of the apostles. I do not suppose the apostles at that time even dreamed that their Lord Jesus had sheep in Rome. No, their most liberal notion was that the Hebrew nation might be converted, and the scattered of the seed of Abraham gathered together in one. Our Shepherd-King has greater thoughts than the most large-hearted of His servants. He delights to enlarge the area of our love. "Other sheep have I." You do not know them, but the Shepherd does. Unknown to ministers, unknown to the warmest-hearted Christians, there are many in the world whom Jesus claims for His own through the covenant of grace.

Who are these? Well, these "other sheep" were, first, *His chosen;* for He has a people whom He has chosen out of the world, and ordained unto eternal life. "Ye have not chosen Me," said He, "but I have chosen you" —there is a people upon whom His sovereignty has fixed its loving choice from before the foundation of the world. And of these elect ones He says, "I have them."

What was their state? They were a people without shepherd, without fold, without pasture, lost on the mountains, wandering in the woods, lying down to die, ready to be devoured by the wolf; yet Jesus says, "Other sheep I have, which are not of this fold." They were sheep that had wandered exceeding far, even into the most shameful iniquity, and yet He says, "I have them." Bad as this world is to-day, it must have been far worse in the cruel Roman age as to open vices and unmentionable abominations; and yet these wanderers were the sheep of Christ, and in due time they were delivered from their sins, and fetched away from all the superstition and idolatry and filthiness into which they had wandered.

This is a part of our authority for going out to find the lost sheep; for we brethren have a right to go anywhere to ask after our Master's sheep. I have no business to go hunting after other people's sheep; but if they are my Master's sheep who shall stop me over hill or dale inquiring, "Have you seen my Master's sheep?" If any say, "You do intrude in this land," let the answer be, "We are

AFTER OUR MASTER'S SHEEP

which have strayed here!" "Excuse our pushing further than politeness might allow, we are in haste to find a lost sheep." This is your excuse for going into a house where you are not wanted, to try and leave your tract and speak a word for Christ; say, "*I think my Master has one of His sheep here,* and I am come after it." You have received *a search-warrant* from the King of kings, and therefore you have a right to enter and search after your Lord's stolen property. If men belonged to the devil we would not rob the enemy himself; but they do not belong to him; he neither made them nor bought them, and therefore we seize them in the King's name whenever we can lay hands on them.

I doubt not but what there are some here this morning who neither know nor love the Saviour as yet, who nevertheless belong to the Redeemer, and He will yet bring them to Himself and to His flock. Therefore it is that we preach with confidence. I do not come into this pulpit hoping that peradventure somebody will of his own free will return to Christ; that may be so or not, but my hope lies in another quarter; I hope that my Master will lay hold of some of them and say, "You are mine, and you shall be mine; I claim you for Myself." When the good Shepherd overtakes His lost sheep He has not much to say to it. According to the parable He says nothing, but He lays hold of it, lays it on His shoulders and carries it home, and that is what I want the Lord to do this morning with some of you whose will is all the other way, whose wishes and desires are all contrary to Him.

III. Our third head contains in it much delight.

OUR LORD MUST BRING

or lead those other sheep. "Them also I must bring"—read it, and it will be more accurate, "them also I must lead:" Christ must be at the head of these other sheep, and they must follow His lead—"them also I must lead, and they shall hear My voice." Those who belong to Christ secretly must be openly led to follow Him.

First, it is Christ that has to do it, even as He has done it hitherto. The text says, "Them *also* I must bring," and this language implies that those who have already come He has brought. All that were in the fold Christ had brought there, and all that are to be in the fold He must lead there. All of us who are saved have been saved by the mighty power of God in Christ Jesus. Is it not so? Is there any one among us that came to Jesus without Jesus first coming to him? Surely, no. Without exception we all admit that it was His love that sought us out and brought us to be the sheep of His pasture. Now, as the Lord Jesus has done this for us He must do it for others; for they will never come except He fetch them.

Furthermore, He tells us

HOW HE MUST DO IT.

He says, "They shall hear My voice." So that our Lord is going to save people still by the Gospel. I do not look for any other means of converting men beyond the simple preaching of the Gospel and the opening of men's ears to hear it—"They shall hear My voice." The old methods are to be followed to the end of the chapter. Our standing orders are, "Go ye into all the world, and preach the Gospel to every creature." We are not commissioned to do anything else but continue to preach the Gospel, the selfsame Gospel which saved us and which was delivered to us at the beginning. We know of no alterations, enlargements, or amendments to the Gospel. We obey and follow one voice, not many voices. One Gospel of salvation is to be proclaimed everywhere, and no other work is in our commission.

Then it is added, "They shall hear My voice." It is promised that they shall first lend an attentive ear and then that they shall yield a willing heart to the voice of divine love, and follow Jesus where He leads. "What then," saith one; "suppose I speak in Christ's name, and they will not hear?" Do not suppose what cannot be! The Scripture says of the chosen sheep, "they shall hear My voice." The rest remain in their blindness, but the redeemed will hear and see. Do not again say, "Suppose they will not!" You must not suppose anything that is contrary to what Jesus promises when He says, "They shall hear My voice."

We have heard it said that "If Christ *must* have His people,

WHAT IS THE GOOD OF PREACHING?"

What would be the good of preaching if it were otherwise? Why, dear sir, this fact is one great reason why we preach. That which you suppose to be a motive for inaction is the strongest motive for energetic movement. Because the Lord has a people that must be saved we feel an imperious necessity laid upon us to join with Him in bringing this people to Himself. They *must* come, and we *must* fetch them; Christian brethren, do you not feel that you *must* help in compelling them to come to the wedding-feast? Is it not laid upon you that you *must* go after lost souls, that you *must* speak to them, seeing that you *must* have a hand in bringing these blood-bought ones to Christ by His Holy Spirit?

IV. But now, lastly,

OUR LORD GUARANTEES THE UNITY

of His Church. "Them also I must bring, and they shall hear My voice; and there shall be one fold and one shepherd." We hear a great deal about the unity of the Church, and notions upon this subject are rather wild. We are to have the Roman and the Greek and the Anglican Church all joined together in one; if they were so, the result would not be worth two-pence; but much evil would come of it. God has, I doubt not, a chosen people among all these three great corporations, but the union of such questionable organizations would be a dire omen of mischief to the world; the dark ages, and a worse Popedom than ever, would soon be upon us. The more those three quarrel with each other the better for truth and righteousness. I should like to see the Anglican Church standing at drawn daggers with the Roman, and coming into a more and more open opposition to its superstitions. I would to God that the national church would in all things be delivered from the Pope of Rome and his Antichristian enormities.

As a matter of experience this is carried out in believers. I do not care who the man is, if he is a truly spiritually-minded man he is one with all other spiritually-minded men. Those people in any visible church who have no grace are usually the greatest sticklers for every point of difference and every particle of rite and form. Nominal professors are soon at war, quickened believers follow after peace. Of course, when a man has nothing else but the outside, he fights for it tooth and nail; but a man who loves the Lord, and lives near Him, perceives the inner life in others, and has fellowship therewith; that inner life is one in

ALL THE QUICKENED FAMILY,

and compels them to be one in heart. Set two brethren at prayer, the one a Calvinist and the other an Arminian, and they pray alike. Get a real work of the Spirit in a district and see how Baptists and Pædo-Baptists pull together. Tell out your inward experience and speak of the Spirit's work in the soul, and see how we are all moved thereby.

Here is a brother, a member of the Society of Friends, and he likes silent worship; and here is another who enjoys hearty singing; but when they get near to God they do not quarrel over this, but agree to differ; the one says, "The Lord be with you in your holy silence," and the other prays that the Lord may accept his brother's psalm. All who are one with Christ have a certain family feeling, a higher form of clannishness, and they cannot shake it off. I have found myself reading a gracious book which has drawn me near to God, and though I have known that it was written by a man with whose opinions I had little agreement, I have not therefore refused to be edified by him in points which are unquestionably revealed. No, but I have blessed the Lord that, with all his blunders, he knew so much of precious vital truth.

What Protestant can refuse to love *the holy Bernard?* Was there ever a more consecrated servant of God or a dearer lover of Christ than he? Yet he was most sorrowfully in bondage to the superstitions of his age and of the Romish Church. Are you not all one with him who sang—

"Jesus, the very thought of thee
With sweetness fills my breast;
But sweeter far thy face to see.
And in Thy presence rest"?

The external Church is needful, but it is not *the one and indivisible Church of Christ.* Jesus as the life binds His Church together, and that life flows through all the regenerate, even as the blood flows through all the veins of the body. Drop the external, and look by faith into the spiritual realm and you will see one flock and one Shepherd.

THE PRACTICAL LESSON

is, let us belong to that one flock. How are they known? Answer: they are a hearing flock—they hear the Lord and follow His lead. Be you one of those who listen to Christ's voice, and to none besides. Keep to the one Shepherd! How do you know Him? It is Jesus; in His feet and hands are nail-prints, and His side bears yet the scar. He it is who leads the one only flock. Follow Jesus and you are right. Follow Him everywhere and you are happy. The best way to promote the unity of the Church is for all the sheep to follow the Shepherd. If they all follow the Shepherd they will all keep together. Let us go forth and try and do that, and let us long for that happy day when all disputed points shall be settled by all obeying the Lord.

Compromises would only mean an agreement to disobey the Lord. Let no man yield a principle under pretence of charity; it is not charity to call falsehood truth. We must follow Jesus fully, and we shall come together. First pure then peaceable is the rule. Oh, when shall the triple banner again float over all—"*One Lord, one Faith, one Baptism!*" O God the Holy Ghost, forgive us our errors, and bring us to Thy truth! O God the Son, forgive us our want of holiness, and renew us in Thine own image! O God the Father, forgive us our want of love, and melt us into one family. To the one God be glory, in the one Church, forever and ever. Amen.

JOHN L. ROSTAN,

Pupil and Successor of Felix Neff.

(*See Illustration on Page* 300.)

WHEN Felix Neff, the devoted evangelist of Switzerland, laid down his work exhausted with labor, it was to John L. Rostan that he confided the continuation of the most dangerous and most laborious portion. How nobly and devotedly the trust was fulfilled many a Swiss mountaineer and many a French peasant testifies. Hundreds, now grown gray and nearing the tomb, while looking forward to a blissful immortality, thank God that He sent Rostan in their youth to teach and preach in their homes.

John Louis Rostan was born in the year 1807, at St. Marcellin, a hamlet in the commune of Vars, Upper Alps. Being gifted with a good memory, he readily learned the little that was taught in the village school. His agricultural employments kept him from many temptations, and his natural timidity tended also to preserve him from the vitiating influence of ungodly company. When he was about seventeen a great transformation took place in his disposition and habits, and the gentle and submissive child, called in derision by his comrades "the little saint," was fast becoming metamorphosed into the self-willed and opinionated young man.

In the year 1824 Felix Neff visited Vars for the first time. The simple earnestness of that devoted missionary won the young mountaineer's heart. The early seriousness reappeared, and he began, although still deeply ignorant of the way of salvation, to seek after God.

In the spring of 1825, Rostan paid a visit to an aunt living in one of the Vaudois valleys. This was misspent time for him. He gave himself up to his former frivolous pursuits. But a gracious Providence was watching over the future herald of the Cross, and in the midst of his follies, he was startled by the appearance of Felix Neff. The latter had been invited to visit these valleys, and his visit, so blessed to the Vaudois churches, made a deeper impression than ever on Rostan's soul. In an agony of mind he came to Neff, and said, "What must I do to be saved? Will prayer save me?" "No," he replied, "prayer is not the Saviour; it is only the channel of salvation." He then went on to point out, in a most affectionate strain, the way of salvation. "From that moment," says Rostan, "with a broken heart, I put my hand to the plough; but," he adds, "*I put the plough before the oxen.* I succeeded in cleansing the outside of the cup, and whitening the sepulchre; but all the refuse was still within."

During the winter of 1825-6, Neff established a school in the village of Dormilhouse, in the upper part of the wild valley of Freyssinières, where his labors during the summer had been abundantly blessed. Rostan was one of his first pupils. Neff said of him, "Among the best of my scholars, as regards spiritual things and secular too, is John Rostan, of Vars; he is probably destined for the ministry; such, at least, is my hope." Intercourse with the Dormilhouse Christians opened Rostan's eyes. Still, he says, "I wished to bring to the Saviour at least a little repentance, or faith or love, but I had none to bring."

Interview with Rostan, the Alpine Colporteur.

Native Christian Work in China.

The Lord did not long leave so earnest a seeker without the consolations of His presence. One day, when he seemed to have reached the furthest extreme of anguish, that mighty word of promise fastened on his mind, "The Son of man is come to save that which was lost!" "My heart opened," he says, "and the Sun of Righteousness dawned upon it, bringing faith and, with it, grace, peace, and joy. Thus the God I sought revealed Himself to me. I felt that I had passed from death unto life."

In the spring of 1827 Neff, broken in health, reluctantly left the mountains to retire to Geneva. The person he selected to carry on his work was John Rostan, who commenced to travel as a *colporteur*, and in this work spent three years, ever laboring to the utmost of his strength, not contenting himself with the sale of his books, but, as he tells us, "sowing with hands and mouth the incorruptible seed of the Kingdom." Wherever he had opportunity he preached and taught, sometimes in public buildings, but more frequently in the homes of the peasants (*one such scene is depicted in the illustration*). In 1833 he identified himself with Christian operations in the south of France, spending the hot season in journeys through the broiling plains, and in the winter returning to the inhospitable mountains to encounter the perils of an almost Arctic clime.

For *a quarter of a century* he continued a career of ceaseless activity, which told upon his physical frame, and his sun went down while it was yet day. But he died, as he had lived, in firm reliance on the vital truths of Christianity. His dying testimony was only in confirmation of the evidence that had been afforded by his spotless life as to the power of the blood of Christ to cleanse the heart from sin.

"You have no fear?" inquired a friend. "No." "Have you any communication that you wish to make to me?" "Live the life of Jesus: *all the rest is nothing*." "I have labored in the cause of Christ," he added; "I have not spared myself; I have not counted my life dear unto myself. I know that God will be the Husband of the widow and the Father of the fatherless." At one o'clock in the morning of July 25th, 1859, the sanctified spirit of J. L. Rostan returned to God who gave it.

NATIVE CHRISTIAN WORK IN CHINA.

(*See Illustration.*)

Mr. A. Randle, a missionary laboring under the auspices of the China Inland Mission, in a letter recently received, thus describes the work carried on by a converted Chinaman, and a scene of which is shown in the illustration on this page:

"Mr. Pan, who is now one of our most successful native assistants, is forty six years of age, and is a native of the prefecture of Kiu-chau in Western Cheh-kiang. He was for some years the manager of a little party of theatrical performers, and travelled about with them, making arrangements for their public plays; but at the time he first heard the Gospel he had settled as a farmer. His interest in the truth, and subsequent conversion, were brought about in a most interesting manner.

"A Christian colporteur called at his house, and induced him to buy a book. The two men chatted together about the new doctrine, that was so strange to the one, but so real to the other, though perhaps even the latter was far from profound in his knowledge of the truth. Nevertheless, God blessed that conversation, and Pan was led to come to Kiu-chau, some forty miles from his home, to inquire more fully about what he had heard. After having learned the elementary truths of the Gospel, he was led to make a public confession of faith, and in a few simple words he stated that he had been brought to trust in Christ alone for the pardon of his sins. He was, in due time, received into fellowship, and was baptized in September, 1877, by Mr. A. W. Douthwaite, my predecessor in the work here (Kiu-chau).

"After a time, his walk and testimony being consistent, he was tested as a colporteur for a few months, and was subsequently appointed as a native helper and evangelist.

"He has now the care of more than twenty converts in two villages, *Ling-ting-ling* and *Peh-shi-kai*, which are only a mile apart, the one being in the Cheh-kiang, and the other in the Kiang-si province. The former village is his native place, but it is at the latter (*Peh-shi-kai*) that the converts assemble. We have rented a small room there, past which many travellers go daily, and hundreds of coolies carry their goods between the two cities of *Chang-shan* and *Yok-shan*. In this room Pan converses with any passers-by who will listen to him, and whom he induces to step in and listen to the Gospel message."

DORA BERTRAM'S LETTER.

(*See Illustration.*)

Judge Bertram sat alone in his private study. His decision in an important case was to be given in court the following day, and the judge was engaged in carefully revising the manuscript he intended to read, so that any point which might be obscure might be rendered lucid. A very conscientious man was Judge Bertram, who thought less of his reputation as a lawyer than of his duty to the citizens who had elected him to his honorable office, and his responsibility before God for the just and righteous conduct of his court. Like the famous Abbot Samson, Judge Bertram was not to be moved from the straight course by specious arguments of counsel nor by consideration of the wealth or influence or political power of suitors, either plaintiff or defendant. The majesty of the law must be vindicated, was his maxim, and if he believed that it had been outraged in a case brought before him, he gave judgment without fear or favor. Undoubtedly a just judge whose decisions were sound, but a judge whose severity might sometimes have been advantageously tempered with mercy. Inflexible justice without mercy characterized the court in which he held sway.

The manuscript was at length completed to his satisfaction, and the judge was turning away from his writing table, when a timid rap on the door attracted his attention. "May I come in, papa," said a low, musical voice, which had in it an accent of agitation, telling of a spirit moved by strong feeling.

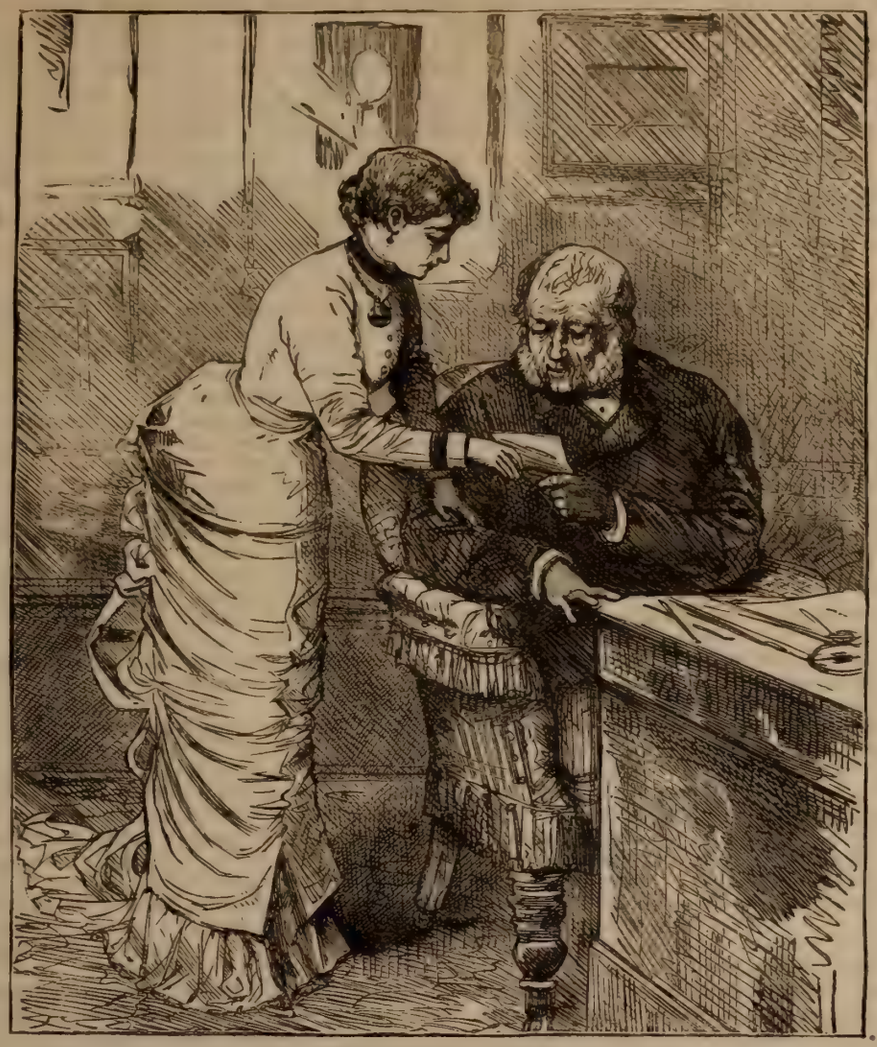
"Yes, Dora," said the judge, wondering what cause could have been potent enough to brace his daughter's courage to the point at which she would venture to disturb him in his sanctum.

The door opened, and a beautiful girl of eighteen, fashionably attired, entered timidly. She looked eagerly in her father's face for indications of the humor with which her intrusion would be borne, but seeing there no sign of impatience, she stepped quickly to her father's side, and in an agitated voice said, as she placed an open letter before him, "Do read this, papa."

The letter was in a lady's hand. The tale it told was one of joy and gratitude to God. "Edward," the writer said, "has become a new man. He has not touched a card or been in a gambling house, or tasted a drop of intoxicating liquor for more than a year. He is devoted to me, and we have both joined a Christian church. Edward is prospering in business, too, and has laid aside a small sum toward repaying the loss of that dreadful time. But he is hungering for reconciliation with his father. Dearest Dora, tell me is there any hope of that. It is the one drop needed to fill our cup of happiness?"

So far the judge read, and then turned sadly away to his writing-table. Edward was his own son, his only son, the pride of his heart; he was brilliant, clever and accomplished, but years ago

he had become infatuated with the gambling-table, had lost large sums, and had embezzled the money of the firm who employed him, to pay his losses. He had confessed his sin to his father, and had pleaded for mercy; but the judge would have no mercy, and would have had him in prison that day had not Edward rushed from his presence and made good his escape. Then Judge Bertram had visited the firm his son had robbed, and had sorrowfully written a cheque to cover the defalcation. He then went to his son's wife and told her all, and invited her to come to his house and make it her home. But that Alice would not accept. She waited patiently, believing her erring husband would surely write for her, and resolved that when he did so she would go to him without delay. Her confidence was justified, and since she had left to rejoin her husband the judge had heard nothing of them. It was like opening again an old wound when Dora showed him the letter.



"Do read this, papa."

"Papa, you will not refuse to forgive Edward, now he has repented and reformed. It is blessed news; let me write and say that you will forgive him."

"Certainly not, Dora," said the judge, in his sternest tone. "You have the defective sense of justice inherent in the female mind. Repentance and reformation are no atonement for a crime. I am glad for his own sake that Edward is living an honest life now; f he were not he would probably be in prison. ut his honesty now does not make good the ast."

"But, papa, Alice says he is saving money to epay that sum he took; surely that is atonement."

"No, my child, no. That is but a small part f the trouble. I have already replaced all that, nd if Edward could repay me he could not undo he wrong. He broke the law. His offence is gainst his country and against society; that an never be set right until he has taken his lace in the dock and suffered the punishment he law inflicts for his crime. No, Dora, he is n escaped criminal, and I will not forgive him. I did I should act inconsistently."

Dora turned away, disappointed. She knew gument with her father was useless, and be- de, she knew he was right in what he had said. et she could not help thinking it would have een better for all if the judge could have for- ven his son. She sat down and wrote her sis- r-in-law an encouraging letter full of love and pe, but advising that for the present no appli- tion should be made by Edward to his father r a reconciliation.

Months passed away, and a correspondence tween Dora and the exiles was kept up. Once twice she mentioned to her father that she d heard from them, and that Edward still con- ued to lead a faithful life; but the father gave sign of relenting. A severe winter was ex- ienced that year, and for the first time in his Judge Bertram was laid on a bed of sick- s. It was only a severe cold with a little in- nmation, but he deemed it wise, at his time of , to follow his physician's advice and take e of himself for a few days. But the cold s obstinate. The few days which the judge had given himself to recover stretched to weeks, and both he and Dora realized with serious misgivings that he was growing weaker daily. The physician spoke hopefully of the effect of the coming spring, but it was evident that he, too, was losing confidence.

There were times during those weeks of sickness when the judge would lie silent for hours, lost in thought. At other times he would have Dora beside him reading the newspapers or some new book. One day he asked her to read to him a chapter out of the Bible, and after that it became a custom every day for her to read the sacred book to the sick man. The judge had never been a religious man; always strictly honorable, priding himself on his unflinching integrity, but never believing in the doctrines which with some scorn he called the theology of the evangelical school. But it was evident that he was troubled by some doubts, for he asked Dora many questions as to her own belief, and she detected that he was applying to his own case before God the principles of justice which had guided him in his judicial career.

One day as Dora sat by his side reading the epistle to the Romans, which above all other portions of the Bible the judge liked best, following with his acute mind the masterly argument of the great apostle, he said: "Dora, you would like to write to Edward, would you not? you may write now. I want to see him."

The letter was quickly written and despatched. Dora wrote urgently, for Edward was in the far West, and it would take him more than a week to travel home, and his father's days were evidently numbered. The judge had calculated the time it would take to bring his son, and as he lay weak and suffering he feared he would not live to see him.

That fear was shared by Dora and the physician, who saw that the sands of life were running out fast. After an unusually bad night, Dora ventured to ask her father if he would forgive Edward when he came. "Yes, my child, yes," said the dying man. "My eyes are opened now. If I do not live to see him, tell him he has my full, free forgiveness, as I hope to be forgiven." Soon afterward the change which experienced nurses recognize as the near precursor of death passed over the sufferer's face, and he sank into a state of insensibility.

They stood around his bed watching him, Dora weeping and longing for Edward's arrival ere it was too late. There was no change in the vacant face for over an hour, but then it was lighted up suddenly. The eyes were still closed, but the dying judge spoke. "I plead guilty," he said; then, after a pause, he added, as if in answer to a question: "Nothing but the merits of Jesus, the law of the Spirit of life in Christ Jesus, hath made me free from the law of sin and death." Then there was silence for a few minutes. Dora bent over the dying man to kiss him. She saw his lips move, and heard the words feebly uttered, "Atonement through Him — full atonement," and with those words the spirit passed away. The unblemished life, the honorable record, the unstained reputation of the just judge had been accounted worthless in that crisis; but the atonement of the Saviour of sinners had availed.

PETER BLAKE'S VOYAGE.

A SERIAL STORY BY HESBA STRETTON.

(*Continued from page 287.*)

An Unconscious Hostage.

CAPTAIN NORCOTT had almost forgotten Peter Blake's presence, so absorbed was he in his painful thoughts, when suddenly the clear voice of Victor rang down from the mizzen-top-mast.

"Boat astern! Stop her!" he shouted.

In a moment both the captain and Peter were out on deck. Victor was swinging down the mast as swiftly as a monkey, and presented himself almost breathless before the captain. "There's a boat drifting, please, sir," he gasped; "only one man in her."

Captain Norcott walked up with his telescope, Victor following him closely. He ordered a boat to be lowered at once, and Fleck and Peter, with Victor at the tiller, to hasten to the rescue, while the Dolphin lay to until they could return.

It was more than half an hour before they came alongside the little boat, which, tossing as it was upon the waves, plainly made no attempt to meet them. But when they reached it at last they found a young man sitting well-nigh exhausted on the thwart and hardly able to speak to them.

"I lost one of my oars," said the young boatman, faintly, "and the boat drifted out with the tide."

"Look here, Peter!" cried Fleck, pointing to the name painted in letters of green and gold on the prow of the pleasure-boat; "what do you call that, eh?"

"The Penrose!" exclaimed Peter.

"That's my name," said the stranger, faintly; "I'm Arthur Penrose."

"Are you the son of Penrose, the ship-owner, who has a wharf and warehouse down at Wapping?" asked Peter, eagerly.

"Yes," he answered.

"Yonder's one of his ships," put in Fleck, "and we're part of the crew. The Dolphin she is, sir."

"But the Dolphin was lost at sea," said young Penrose, putting his hand to his head, and still looking about him confusedly.

"Ay, ay, sir!" cried Fleck; "yet there she is, and you'll soon be aboard of her; one of your father's own ships, sir. There's something to think about!"

He grinned as he spoke, and glanced aside at Peter, with a gesture that said plainly that the lad of twenty whom they had just rescued was a poor blockhead, with no more wits than a baby. He looked delicate and feeble, and sat shivering in the boat, until Victor stripped off his blue jacket and wrapped it about his shoulders. Victor felt as if he had rescued him from death. If he had not been at the mast-head looking keenly round about him, the chances were great that young Mr. Penrose would not have been seen by any one of the crew.

"Safe now, thank God!" murmured the young man again.

"Ay, thank God!" said Victor. Never had he felt so happy. God had chosen him to save the life of a fellow-creature, and his heart leaped with a triumphant gladness such as he had never felt before. He sprang on board the Dolphin and rushed aft to the captain, crying in an exultant voice—

"We've saved him, sir; and it's young Mr. Penrose!"

"Peter," said Fleck, as they went forward to the forecastle, while young Penrose and the captain descended to the cabin, "Peter, lad, we're all saved now."

"How?" asked Peter, shortly.

"How! Won't the skipper be bound to run into port with the young owner yonder? and then, why, man alive! which of us men'll be fool enough to sail out again in this crazy old cockleshell?"

"And how far are we from port?" asked Peter, gloomily; "haven't we run into the Middle Channel? and how's the wind blowing? Maybe I could catch a sight of land from the mast-head. Did you see the sea last night, Fleck, all ablaze? And the sky's no longer blue, but white; and what do yonder tall clouds mean? The sea's going to pay up its old debts. There are no birds about, and this morning at daybreak I saw a flock of them flying southward fast, as if they were scared. They're in port by now, I guess; but I doubt whether all of us will set foot on shore again, though young Mr. Penrose is aboard."

"Don't you say so," cried Fleck, terrified, "we'll run in for shore at wunst; ay! if there were fifty mates and captains on board. Stir up the crew, Peter; they don't need more than a word from you to stir 'em up. It's for our lives, lad, and our poor girls at home."

Peter Blake did not answer immediately. He stood shading his eyes with his hand, and gazing across the unbroken expanse of sky and sea. The water was still tranquil, but it was leaden-colored, and the sky above it looked wan and sickly. The clouds he had pointed out to Fleck stood up in tall, threatening pillars, towering behind a massive wall of dull gray. The wind had shifted since morning, and there was a low sighing in the air. Not a sail was in sight, not one of those little coasting vessels which run from port to port, and are careful not to put out in the face of a threatened storm.

"God help us!" he said, "and God help the women at home!"

"Stir up the men," urged Fleck; "it's not too late to run in, maybe. Stir up the men, and let's go to the captain at wunst."

"And be had up for mutiny!" answered Peter. "No, no; I'll wait for orders, Fleck. They'll run no risk they can help, with young Mr. Penrose on board."

It was three o'clock in the afternoon; and the sun set before five. With a heart torn with anxiety, Peter waited to hear orders given for changing the ship's course. Any breeze, with such a ship, would be fraught with danger; and there was every sign of a gale rising. Night was coming on, too; night, which multiplied every peril tenfold. And still no orders came. Could the captain know what he was about?

But Captain Norcott and his mate were having a stormy discussion in the cabin below. No one knew better than the mate what an unfortunate dilemma they were placed in by the unexpected presence of the owner's son on board the Dolphin. That they must run for port was evident; yet it was certain that every man of the crew would desert, had they a chance given to them. Then the exposure and the scandal, how was Penrose to be saved from that? The mate did not care to lay the difficulty in plain words before his employer's son; but Captain Norcott told him that the crew were on the point of mutiny, declaring the Dolphin to be unseaworthy.

"What's the matter with her?" he asked; "she's one of my father's finest ships, isn't she?"

"Some of the men say she's not the true Dolphin," replied the captain; "she was lost at sea, they say, and an older vessel has been named after her and put in her place. I can say nothing of my own knowledge about either Dolphin."

"But what do you think, captain?" asked young Penrose.

"I think she's a vamped-up, unseaworthy, infamous old cheat!" exclaimed the captain, losing for a moment his forced self-control.

"Do you mean my father knew it?" asked young Penrose, hotly.

"If it's true, he must have known it," he answered. "The old Dolphin was his own ship. Blackburn here can tell you more than I know. They'd not dare to tell me."

"It's a lie, sir!" cried young Penrose; "and you shall answer for it. Blackburn, you know my father, and there isn't a better man living. A kinder-hearted man couldn't breathe; he never denied me anything, never. No! you shall not run the Dolphin into port. I will go on with you wherever you are bound for. I shall feel no fear in one of my father's ships. And when we reach home in safety, I'll disgrace you publicly, captain; ay, if I can only do it by horse-whipping you in the streets of London."

The passion of the owner's son was so great, that it tended to calm Captain Norcott. He shook his head, sadly and silently. The mate, too, was silent; and in a minute or two young Penrose spoke again, less angrily.

"You don't know my father," he said, with a half sob, "but Blackburn knows him. What do you say about all this, Blackburn?"

"I say," he replied reluctantly, "we'd better make for port, if we can, and chance the crew deserting. He has no other son but you, Mr. Arthur, and it would be the death of him if you were lost."

"Do you mean there is real danger?" he asked, with a face of dread.

"A little, perhaps," answered the mate. "It's true the old Dolphin was lost, and they put this in its place. But if the weather keeps fair it will be right enough; and if anything happened her, it would be by accident of the sea, and nobody to blame."

"Then we'll go on," said young Penrose. "You shall not run into port for me. I'm not afraid of any ordinary peril by sea, and there can be no other in one of my father's vessels."

"Mr. Penrose," said Captain Norcott, "under God I'm master of this vessel for the present voyage; and no soul on board shall meddle with my authority. The Dolphin was meant to be cast away; she's laden for it, and she's manned for it. I'm going on deck now to run her ashore, and I shall not quit the deck for one moment till I see her safely anchored in the nearest haven. You and your father may do what you choose, and what you can. Only, please God, it may not be too late to save her!"

Both captain and mate hurried on deck, and in a moment all hands were at work. There was busy tramping about the ship; men ran aloft into the rigging cheerily, for the gloom of inaction and hopelessness was gone. A new spirit of vigor and obedience pervaded the crew, so lately on the verge of mutiny. Peter Blake worked with the energy of a man roused at last from despondency. The hope shone before him of returning to those whom he had left at home, and of restoring Victor to them. If the storm would but delay its coming, the freshening breeze would serve to waft them the more speedily to port. A ceaseless, though silent cry went up from his most inmost heart to God, that they might not perish on the sea.

But the night seemed to close in upon them more quickly than usual. A pall of thick clouds spread over the west, hiding the sun as it sank behind them The wind had quickened to a moderate breeze, and with full sail set the Dolphin was making about five knots an hour. But the captain found himself further from the coast than he thought, and both wind and tide were dead against him. If the wind continued to rise it would soon be impossible to carry all sail.

A thick darkness came on, with heavy rain. The breeze freshened until it was necessary to reef all but a few sails. But it was not a gale yet—nothing like it, the men said to one another; every one of them had been out in worse weather. Victor's voice, chanting somewhere in the darkness, fell clearly upon Peter Blake's ear through the whistling of the shrouds. He was singing his loudest to outvie the wind, a psalm that Bessie and he had often chanted together at home: "The floods have lifted up their voice, O Lord, the floods have lifted up their voice; the floods lift up their waves. The Lord on high is mightier than the voice of many waters; yea, than the mighty waves of the sea!"

"That lad chants well," said a voice close at hand; and Peter could make out in the gloom the figure of young Penrose beside him. There was no one else near, so the remark must have been made to him.

"It's my brother, sir," he answered, "and it's a bitter grief to me that he's at sea this night."

"Why?" asked young Penrose. "You don't mean to say there's any danger, with no more breeze than this."

"Not if the Dolphin was what she should be," he replied; "but she'll split up like a little match-box, as my poor mother says, if she only grazes a rock. Pray God we may keep in deep water while it's dark!"

"Do all the crew think as you do?" asked young Penrose. Peter could not see his face, but his voice was sad and faltering.

"To a man!" he answered; "every one among us. We knew there'd be little chance for us if any bad luck came. Oh, Mr. Penrose, sir, if ever you live to be a shipowner yourself, I pray God you may remember this night, and think of the poor sailors afloat, and their wives and children ashore, whose lives are in your hand! There's four belonging to me at home, and scarce a man among us that hasn't as many, or more, looking to him for bread; and here we're floating away toward death in a rotten old coffin. Think of that, sir. And God Almighty will hold your father to account for this night's work; ay! and many a night like it, when crews have been lost at sea, and all gone down to the bottom, cursing him bitterly. Think of it, sir; and may God forgive him, if he can be forgiven for such a sin."

It was past midnight when, amid the thick rain and darkness, Captain Norcott saw, or fancied he saw, the lights of some vessel riding at anchor three or four miles away. The sea had grown rougher every hour, and the heavily-laden ship had become unmanageable, and would no longer answer her helm, though much

of the deck cargo had been thrown overboard. Now and then flashes of lightning playing across the horizon revealed white lines of surf, breaking along a rocky cost, or some sunken reef, toward which they were helplessly driving.

(To be continued.)

HEROD AND PETER.

S. S. Lesson for May 20, Acts 12. Golden Text, Ps. 50 : 15. By Mrs. M. Baxter.

Trial the Seed of Power—Restraints on Satan's Agents—The Possession Herod could not Touch—Peter Arrested—Equanimity in Prison—Faith above Circumstance — Deliverance in the Saviour's Touch—A Lapse of Faith—The Midnight Prayer-meeting—Inconsistency of the Intercessors—Peter Preaching—Herod's Miserable End.

WHILE Barnabas and Saul were being blessed of God at Antioch, trouble was coming upon the Church at Jerusalem. "Every branch that beareth fruit, He purgeth it, that it may bring forth more fruit" (John 15 : 2); "Now for a season, if need be, ye are in heaviness through manifold temptations" (1 Pet. 1 : 6). It is in trial that we become more closely acquainted with God, and we can put to the proof His precious promises and tell others, not as a theory, but as the testimony of fact and experience, what a Deliverer He is.

Herod the king was the instrument stirred up by Satan; he "stretched forth his hands to vex certain of the Church." But he did not know how limited were his powers, and how completely

HE WAS RESTRAINED

from going beyond what God permitted. The same God who said to Sennacherib through Isaiah "I will put My hook in thy nose and My bridle in thy lips, and I will turn thee back by the way by which thou camest" (Isa. 37 : 29), put a limit also to King Herod's power. The king, it is true, "killed James the brother of John with the sword;" thus far might he go. But had not Jesus said to the seventy, "Nothing shall by any means hurt you" (Luke 10 : 19)? How then was it possible that one who was fully trusting in the Lord, should be not only hurt but killed? Thank God, to such men as can say, "To me to live is Christ," it is always equally true, "to die is gain" (Phil. 1 : 21). The sting of death is sin (1 Cor. 15 : 56) but "whosoever abideth in Him sinneth not (1 John 3 : 6) and to him death is gain. When Herod himself came to die, his body eaten of worms, his soul eternally the companion of demons, to him to die was not gain but irreparable loss. He thought to take from James all he had, but Herod could not touch the real spring of life which was in the disciple, and

JAMES LIVED STILL

in the power of an endless life which God had given him.

Herod was seeking popularity, and everything must be sacrificed to it; justice and right were nothing in his eyes, himself was the all-important one. Therefore "because he saw it pleased the Jews, he proceeded further to take Peter also. (These were the days of unleavened bread)," the anniversary of the crucifixion. But Peter knew a living risen Jesus, and although he was apprehended, put in prison, kept by four quaternions of soldiers, he knew that "all things work together for good to them that love God," and we can well believe there was joy in that prison, and that Peter's faith did not fail. What did it matter to him whether he lived or died? that was of consequence to the Lord to whom he belonged, not to himself. What was it to him whether he served God without those walls preaching or healing, or whether he served God within them by rejoicing in suffering for Jesus' sake, and by praying continually for the persecuted Church? How could he have a will about the matter? he had given himself up, and was entirely at God's disposal.

PETER IN PRISON.

Some days passed, and meanwhile "instant and earnest prayer (see margin) was made of the Church unto God for him." Some of those who prayed, laid hold of God, not all. There was no anxiety in the mind of Peter; the night before his proposed execution he "was sleeping between two soldiers, bound with two chains;" he could not move in his sleep without waking them both; but no feverish dreams made him restless or wakeful; his mind was in peace and his Lord was nearer to him than the soldiers to whom he was chained.

Oh, how independent God's children may be of circumstances! It is not circumstances which make us happy or unhappy, but the measure of our faith in God, which does or does not lift us above them. If we are fully persuaded in our own minds that the things which are happening are working together for our good, how can we be disturbed by them? Disturbance in our minds proceeds from a belief that things are wrong, and at heart we believe God has made a mistake in permitting them; or, we are not recognizing God at all; unbelief and anxiety go hand in hand.

Peter's sleep, however, was destined to be disturbed, but how blessedly, "the angel of the Lord came upon him, and a light shined in the prison; and he smote Peter on the side, and raised him up, saying, Arise up quickly. And his chains fell off from his hands." There is

DELIVERANCE IN THE TOUCH

of Jesus, no chains can retain the hands which He sets free. The soldiers slept on, the light which shone was for Peter only. How often God is doing great things in the very presence of somebody who is completely unconscious of what is passing between the Lord and another in the very same room. It is only those who are spiritual that can discern spiritual things, the unspiritual sleep on through light and sound from God, unconscious and unawakened. "The angel said unto him, Gird thyself, and bind on thy sandals. And so he did. And he saith unto him, Cast thy garment about thee, and follow me. And he went out, and followed him; and wist not that it was true which was done by the angel; but thought he saw a vision."

How was this? Had Peter forgotten how once before when he and the rest of the apostles had been cast into prison "the angel of the Lord by night opened the prison doors, and brought them forth" (Acts 5 : 19)? How is it that Peter was so dull and his faith so small? Very probably he was looking at the death of James, and thus circumstances were blinding him, and hindering him from the full exercise of faith at the moment. It is very clear that his faith

HAD NOT TAKEN HIS LIBERATION

from the hands of God. "When they were past the first and the second ward, they came unto the iron gate that leadeth unto the city; which opened to them of his own accord; and they went out, and passed on through one street; and forthwith the angel departed from him."

Mechanically, almost unconsciously, Peter had obeyed and followed until now; but this was no dream, here he was at liberty, and God had done it. "When Peter was come to himself, he said, Now I know of a surety, that the Lord hath sent His angel, and hath delivered me out of the hand of Herod, and from all the expectation of the people of the Jews." It is not only Peter who is slow to recognize the hand of God and His blessed deliverances. Often we are for days in the enjoyment of some blessed intervention of God before we wake up to the fact that "Himself hath done it."

THE MIDNIGHT PRAYER-MEETING.

"And when he had considered," and this with Peter meant taking counsel with God, "he came to the house of Mary, the mother of John, whose surname was Mark; where many were gathered together praying." The dear people could not sleep while their beloved Peter was in prison, about to be executed on the morrow, so they united together to pray, but as the event shows, they had not arrived at believing he was to be set at liberty. In answer to Peter's knock, a damsel named Rhoda came to the door, and hearing Peter's voice, regardless of the danger in which he was placed, she left the door closed in her astonishment and ran in to tell the little praying company that their prayer was answered and that Peter stood before the gate. And they who had been up to this moment praying for his release, now that they heard he was free said to her, "Thou art mad." Oh, how strange that even in these early days when the Church was so much more pure than now, there could have been so much unbelief among the disciples! "When she constantly affirmed that it was even so" they suggested that Peter was dead and it was his angel. But what had they been praying for? Was it not that Peter might be saved from the fate awaiting him and delivered from the malignant tyranny and persecution of Herod?

And you, dear reader, are you more consistent than they were? How do you act when you pray? Do you count certainly on the answer, and when it comes, do you take it as a matter of course? Can you praise God for it before you have any more proof than His own word for it? He teaches us "whatsoever things ye desire

WHEN YE PRAY BELIEVE

that ye receive them and ye shall have them." This is the secret, "*When* ye pray," at the very hour, then and there believe and ye *shall* have. But how do we know that our requests are pleasing in the sight of God? If we are thoroughly given up to God, then the Spirit of God dictates to us only such prayers as please Him. To have any power in prayer, we must know first whether that which we pray is according to His mind, and once sure of this, there is no room for the least doubt in our prayer. In measure as we learn how to pray our whole life becomes one prayer, it becomes the instinct of our being to put all things as soon as they arise into the hands of God, and to experience His deliverances habitually as our daily portion. In measure as we do this we do know that "peace of God which passeth all understanding," we know the entering into God's rest and ceasing from our own works as He did from His (Heb 4 : 10).

All this time that the company in Mary's house were doubting, and discussing whether or not it was Peter, he was kept standing in the street, in great danger to human eyes, of being again apprehended; so inconsiderate is unbelief. At last they did open the door and to their great astonishment their prayers were answered, Peter did stand there. Without doubt there were others in Jerusalem who had prayed and claimed his deliverance, but God sent him as a special messenger to the doubting ones, that they might learn from henceforth to pray with faith. Peter "beckoning unto them with the hand to hold their peace, declared unto them how the Lord had brought him out of the prison. And he said, God shew these things unto James, and to the brethren. And he departed, and went into another place." God's hand was in all this. He sought to scatter elsewhere the light of the Church which had been kindled in Jerusalem.

THE PUNISHMENT OF HEROD.

And what about Herod the persecutor? God could use him as a vessel of wrath fitted to destruction. But the unhappy man could not persecute the children of God without bringing down judgment upon himself. He caused the poor innocent soldiers who had kept Peter to be put to death, because he would not see the hand of God in his deliverance. Herod would recognize none in earth or in heaven as greater than himself, and when the inhabitants of Tyre and Sidon, knowing the king's weak side, flattered him and imputed to him divine eloquence, saying, "It is the voice of a god and not of a man," immediately the God whom he rejected and despised smote him, and the would-be deity "was eaten of worms" and died. What a contrast to his intended victim Peter, whom God delivered from bolts and bars and quaternions of soldiers! Even on earth how much better is the lot of the persecuted, than that of the persecutor!

FOREIGN TOPICS.

The Affirmation Bill was Rejected by the British House of Commons on May 3d by a majority of three votes. It was introduced to enable Mr. Bradlaugh, the infidel member of Parliament, elected by the borough of Northampton, to take his seat without taking the customary oath. In spite of the fact that Mr. Gladstone warmly supported the bill in a speech said to be the most eloquent he ever delivered in Parliament, 292 members voted against the measure. The Conservative party voted solidly against the bill, and they were aided by seven Liberals who usually support Mr. Gladstone, but voted against him on this question from conscientious motives, and by forty-five Irish members who did not care one way or the other, but saw an opportunity to express in Irish fashion their gratitude to a statesman who has served Ireland well and faithfully. The rejection of the bill is illogical, but English Christians generally approve it, as it indicates the strength of public opinion against the notorious blasphemer and his ways. The movement which keeps Mr. Bradlaugh out of the British Parliament is the same, in origin and principle, as the movement which kept Robert Ingersoll out of the gubernatorial chair of Illinois. It may be illogical, but it is eminently wholesome and salutary.

True Bills against Sheridan and Walsh and Tynan, charged with murder, were found by the Grand Jury of Dublin on May 3d. As Sheridan and Walsh are known to be in America, and Tynan is believed to be here, it has become the duty of the British Government to ask for their extradition. It is not known whether the demand will be made, as the British Foreign Secretary believes the evidence against them is not strong enough to insure their extradition. The evidence proving their complicity in the crime of murder is complete, but it cannot be shown that the crime was prompted by personal malice, and was not a political offence which latter ranks in the category of crimes for which the accused cannot be extradited. Should the demand be made it will be submitted to the State courts to decide, firstly, whether if the crime had been committed here the evidence would have been sufficient to convict; and secondly, whether the crime is covered by the extradition treaty. The case may afterward be carried to the United States Court on appeal on the second question involved, but not on the first. If the decision is against the accused in all the courts, it still remains for the President to decide whether the prisoners shall be surrendered. It is within his prerogative to refuse the surrender on questions of law and fact, but in these cases it is not probable that President Arthur would overrule the decision of the courts. It is doubtful whether, if assassins of the class of Sheridan and Walsh from a European country sought a refuge in England, the English law would admit of their being surrendered. Lord Beaconsfield said that Hartmann would not be given up to Russia.

Important Light has been Thrown on the Irish dynamite conspiracies by Professor Morton, of the Stevens Institute of Technology, who explained to a reporter of the New York *Herald* the probable object of using *rubber bags* to contain the explosive. He said he believed the conspirators' scheme was to attack the Houses of Parliament from the water side, or perhaps by exploding dynamite in one of the large sewers beneath them. Indeed, the finding of so many large rubber bags gives color to the surmise that the plan decided upon was to attempt to place the explosives where water had to be guarded against. London is a city of sewers and tunnels, there being no less than eighty-five miles of new, large sewers on either side of the river Thames. It would not be an impossible matter to tap a sewer running under a building to be destroyed at a point distant from it and toward the head. Following a rainfall rubber bags partly filled with dynamite and partly inflated with air might easily be floated under the building, the time fuse being regulated by the force of the drainage current and the distance to be travelled. Everything points to the fact that the public buildings along the Thames were to be the object of attack. The Houses of Parliament front for 900 feet on the river. Their external masonry consists of magnesian limestone, this variety of stone being selected with great care, from its well-known durability. Three one-pound cartridges of No. 1 dynamite would blow a gap in any of the walls large enough through which to drive a Broadway stage.

Two Prisoners Charged with Participating in the murder of Lord Frederic Cavendish and Mr. Burke have pleaded guilty, and were condemned to be hanged on June 2d. One of them said: "I was brought into this at first foolishly, not knowing what it was. *I was forced from my work* to go to the park. We had to obey the orders of the society or take the consequences. When I got in the park I could not get away. I saw the murders committed, but took no part in them. I went to the park on Kavanagh's car. *He speaks the truth. So does Carey.* The murders were committed by Joe Brady and Timothy Kelly and by nobody else." It is evident that the tyranny of the secret societies has been intolerable. The confessions should operate as a warning to Irishmen in America, where branches of the same societies flourish.

The Statue of Liberty Enlightening the world, intended to be placed in New York Harbor, is rapidly approaching completion in Paris. This magnificent gift to the Empire City will be the largest statue in the world, three times as large as the colossal statue of Bavaria at Munich. M. Grévy, the President of the French Republic, and several members of the Cabinet, on May 5th, inspected the statue, which is set as far as the waist. Thirty men are constantly engaged in fixing the huge copper plates which connect the separate parts of the statue.

The Triple European Alliance has been Made the subject of interrogatories in the French Senate. The Secretary of Foreign Affairs in replying, said he believed in the sincerity of the declarations of Signor Mancini, the Italian Foreign Minister, and Herr Tisza, the Hungarian Premier, that no idea of aggression against France was entertained. He believed that the alliance would not in any way change the relations of France with the Powers. France, he said, must be prudent, for a vanquished country which is regaining its strength and which is condemned to maintain a large defensive force, must not be surprised to find itself exposed to jealousies and distrust. If the formation of the triple alliance has the effect of inculcating lessons of prudence, it will do a useful work. France appears lately to be in need of such lessons.

The Czar of Russia Intends to Make His coronation memorable in the annals of the country. The information is given out from official sources that upon the occasion of the coronation the poll tax will be reduced an aggregate amount of 16,000,000 rubles (about $10,500,000) for the entire empire, and that there will be a remission of various fines, sentences and penalties. The St. Petersburg correspondent of the London *Daily News* writes that the ceremonies will be the grandest and most magnificent of their kind of the present century. The Russian Government is spending millions for the preparations, and the rich nobility, patricians and merchants of "Whitestoned Moscow," are vying with each other to give to His Majesty a brilliant reception. Besides the festivities in the Kremlin, the great fêtes for the people will be one of the most interesting parts of the coronation programme. The enormous Chodynski plains, where they are to come off, are now the scene of the most busy preparations. Booths, tents, barracks and all other components of a great Russian fair are being erected, with stands for the spectators and an imperial pavilion opposite to the Petroffsky Palace, from which the Czar and Court can survey the entire field and the populace at their amusements. It is believed that at least 400,000 persons will be present. Drink and food for the people will be distributed from one hundred and twenty decorated railway baggage cars, transformed into temporary bars and drawn up in one long row.

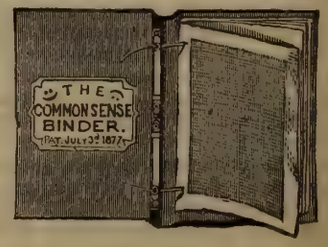
An Album as a Souvenir of the Frenchmen who died at Yorktown fighting for American independence has been sent by the citizens of Providence, R. I., to the President of the French Republic. It was presented on May 2d to President Grevy by Mr. Morton, United States Minister to France. The President was deeply touched both at the gift itself and at the manner in which it was presented, and requested Mr. Morton to convey to the citizens of Providence his kindly regards and thanks for the patriotic gift.

A Severe Earthquake in Persia Partially destroyed the city of Tabreez on May 14th. The despatch reporting the disaster states that the earthquake destroyed a great many houses, and caused the death of a large number of persons. Tabreez is the capital of the province of Azerbaijan, and is a miserably built city inclosed by a brick wall about three and a half miles in circumference. It has seven gates, and in the suburbs are fine gardens said to be thirty miles in circuit. The population numbers about 100,000, and a large trade is carried on between India, Russia, Constantinople and the Black Sea. There are several silk factories in the city.

The French Expedition to Tonquin has Produced in China a hostility to the French name, so decided that for the protection of merchants there it is deemed prudent to retain several French ironclads near Shanghai and Hong Kong; therefore only a portion of the squadron in Chinese waters will proceed to Tonquin. It is expected that Captain Kergaradec, French Envoy to Annam, will be appointed Lieutenant-Governor of Tonquin when a protectorate is established. It is stated that the French Minister to Pekin, who was ordered to return home, has been instructed to remain at Pekin until further orders.

The Defeat of the False Prophet of the Soudan is announced in a telegram from Cairo, datec May 3d. It states that a communication wa received by the Khedive of Egypt from Colone Hicks, reporting that on the 29th ult. he had a engagement with 5000 rebels. The battle, whicl lasted half an hour, resulted in the defeat of th rebels, with 500 killed, including the Lieutenant General of El Mahdi, the False Prophet, an many wounded. The Egyptian loss was slight Colonel Hicks praises the gallantry of the Egyp tian troops. It is said that the victory of Col onel Hicks has cleared the Province of Sennaa of rebels, but the statement is not credited b persons well informed on Egyptian affairs.

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD BINDER.



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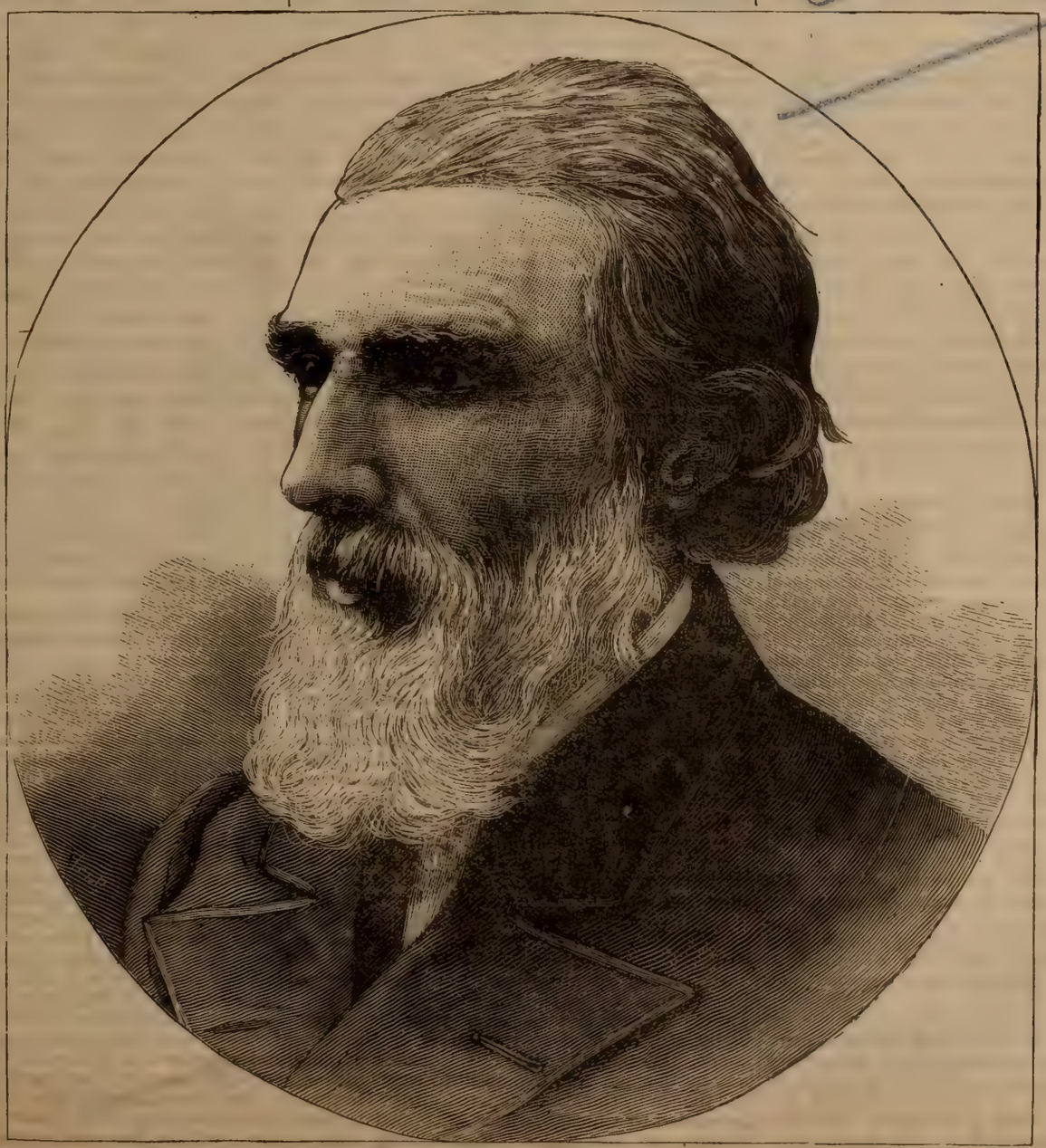

THE LATE PROFESSOR B. F. COCKER, D.D., LL.D., OF MICHIGAN UNIVERSITY.

THE LATE BENJAMIN F. COCKER, D.D., LL.D.,

Of Michigan University.

A Loss to Michigan—A Youthful Preacher—Voyage to Australia—Business Life—Successes and Reverses—Voyage to Fiji—Attacked by Cannibals—Preparations for the Feast—Providential Escape—Shipwreck Averted—Return to Australia—Voyage to Peru—An Earthquake Shock—Shipwreck—Arrival at New Orleans—Reception at Adrian—Ministerial and Academical Labors—Results of Special Training—Illness and Death—Associations of a Shawl.

THE loss which fell on Michigan University on April 8th, when Professor Cocker breathed his last, is one not easily repaired. As a professor, a minister and an earnest Christian, he won the love and confidence of all with whom he came in contact, and his death is to-day deeply mourned by a host of attached friends. He was enabled by God to do a great work for the cause of Christ in his State, and especially for the Methodist Episcopal Church, with which he was connected. Ten years he labored in the ministry, and fourteen years in the university, and during all that time he was growing in the respect and affection not only of Christians of his own denomination, but of the servants of Christ of other sections of the Church, and also of men in public life who admired his shrewd commonsense and practical wisdom.

The Rev. W. George, pastor of the M. E. Church of Dexter, Mich., Dr. Cocker's intimate friend, to whom we are indebted for materials for this sketch of his life, thus writes of Dr. Cocker:

"The 'boys' all looked up to him as a father, and eagerly sought the wise counsel and assistance which were never refused. His influence over them was unbounded, and to-day in every part of the country they mourn his loss, and with grateful affection cherish his memory. Nor did the students only look up to him and love him. Every citizen of the town and State, young and old, rich and poor, felt that in him they had a friend and counsellor. The roughest and rudest men and women were quelled and respectful in his presence. The secret of this influence was found not only in his varied scholarship and great aquirements, but in his uniform kindness, pure, transparent life, and noble Christian character. He was, as the University President said at his funeral, 'more than a minister or a professor. He was a vital moral force in the University.'"

Dr. Cocker *was born* at Almondbury, Yorkshire, England, in 1821. His parents were members of the English Wesleyan Church, in which his father was a local preacher. The young man was converted in early life, and became a local preacher at about eighteen years of age. His father had designed him for one of the learned professions, and gave him the advantages of a good English education at King James's grammar school. Having a taste for business life, he was placed in a German business house. He afterward engaged in the manufacture of woollen goods, in which occupation he remained for seven years. In 1850 he was led, through failing health, to seek a change of climate. He resolved on going to Australia, and notwithstanding the misgivings of his friends, as to the effect of a long sea voyage, he found himself, after the hardships and privations of a passage of sixteen weeks, a stronger man for the experience. He settled at Launceston, Tasmania, where he remained about a year as an agent for an English shipping house. The discovery of gold changed the current of trade, and Mr. Cocker removed to Melbourne, where he carried on a large and successful mercantile business.

VISIT TO THE SOUTH SEA ISLANDS.

The great panic of 1856, which involved nearly the whole colony in financial ruin, proved disastrous to his enterprise, and losing nearly all of his accumulations, he purchased a small vessel and went on a trading voyage to New Zealand, Tonga, Fiji and Tahiti. During that voyage he made the acquaintance of the gallant band of missionaries who were laboring to win the South Sea Islands for Christ. Among them were James Calvert, John Hunt and William Wilson. They had toiled for several years with many tokens of success. Thakombau, one of the chiefs, had been brought, through the blessing of God on their preaching, from heathenism into the glorious light of the Gospel, and many other trophies had been granted them. On several of the islands, however, idolatry still held sway, and cannibalism was practised.

During this visit Mr. Cocker had a narrow

ESCAPE FROM CANNIBALS.

He accompanied his friend, William Wilson, on an excursion to one of the smaller islands of the group, where no Christian mission had yet been established. Mr. Wilson was seeking opportunity to extend the mission to that island, and the visit appears to have been for the purpose of reconnoitring the position of the enemy of souls. The two Christian soldiers soon found that their mission would be attended with danger. There was a hostile demonstration made by the natives, and the two white men, in order to escape observation, entered an idol temple, hoping that when the excitement without was allayed they would be able to effect their escape.

The hiding-place, however, was detected; the savages swarmed into the building, and Cocker and Wilson were dragged out and bound. Then commenced the wild orgies which precede the horrible feast on human flesh. The intended victims looked on while the weird dance was performed, and listened to *the death song* which heralded the entrance of the executioner. Death seemed very near, but the two Christians were resolved to meet it as became the followers of the Saviour. They raised their voices in prayer to God for deliverance, if that were possible; if not that by their death the cause of Christ might be advanced.

Suddenly from some cause they never understood, but which was clearly the work of Him who numbers the very hairs of His children, the attention of the savages was diverted. The intended victims saw the opportunity, and with one desperate effort they burst their bonds and ran. Though hotly pursued they succeeded in reaching their boat, and were soon pulling vigorously away from the island. William Wilson, Dr. Cocker's companion in this peril, still lives, but his missionary colleague, John Hunt, received a martyr's crown in Fiji.

Mr. Cocker's business concluded, he embarked on a ship to

RETURN TO AUSTRALIA.

On this voyage Mr. Cocker had another experience of the efficacy of prayer. He often described with animation in after years a moment of supreme peril he experienced. The vessel encountered a severe storm and became unmanageable. To the horror of all on board they saw right on the course on which they were drifting a line of jagged reefs, the wind bearing the ship swiftly to her destruction. The captain and seamen were helpless; not so the Christian passenger. He knelt on the deck and besought Him who made the sea, for deliverance. To the surprise of all, even as he prayed, the wind changed, as if by miracle, and the vessel glided unharmed past the fatal rocks.

On landing in Australia he found employment as clerk in a lumber business, and remained there some time. He subsequently made an expedition to the Friendly Islands, and on his return to Australia, the ship on which he sailed suffered wreck, and Mr. Cocker and his fellow-passengers lost all they had, barely escaping with their lives.

Mr. Cocker's next voyage was to Callao, Peru. During that voyage the shock of an earthquake was experienced and caused no small alarm, but no disaster resulted to the vessel or those on board. Landing at Callao, Mr. Cocker made his way by Panama and Aspinwall to New Orleans, and thence by the Mississippi to Cairo. He then proceeded to Chicago, where he hoped to find employment, but failed. Recollecting that a minister whom he had known and befriended in Australia was settled at Adrian, Mich., he made his way thither, hoping to obtain temporary assistance. His condition on his

ARRIVAL AT ADRIAN

was pitiful in the extreme. Weary, penniless, and in deep affliction, he carried in his arms the dead body of his child who had *died on the way* to Adrian, and was still unburied. But his friend had forgotten him. Disappointed and depressed, he hardly knew were to turn for help. But the God in whom he trusted had reserved for him an open door, and his extremity was God's opportunity. He applied for aid to a minister of his own Church, and was cordially received. He at once commenced Christian work, and after a brief interval was appointed pastor of a church in the small village of Palmyra. From thence his fame and reputation as a preacher rapidly spread, and he was called in succession to Adrian, Ypsilanti, Ann Arbor, and then again to Adrian and Ann Arbor. In 1869 he was appointed to the Central Church, Detroit, but in the same year the chair of philosophy in the University became vacant, and it was offered to Dr. Cocker, who accepted it, and resigned his pastorate.

Dr. Cocker's work

AT THE MICHIGAN UNIVERSITY

was as congenial and inspiring to him as it was beneficial and creditable to the institution. He possessed a breadth of research, an enthusiasm of truth, and a magnetism of soul, which eminently qualified him to hold and to mould the better type of students. As Professor of Moral Philosophy, he seemed to feel himself especially charged with the responsibility of maintaining and defending the verity of Divine Revelation, and the currents of thought that sweep over such institutions rendered him an important factor in the religious influence of the University. He was a firm believer in Christianity. He had for himself entertained the momentous question of its truth and necessity, and he had not only bowed to its authority, but had consecrated his life to its propagation. It was to him the one truth, in the light of which all other truth had its manifestation.

His thorough acquaintance with science and with all forms of scepticism, and his lucid and fair-minded statement of religious truth, imparted great interest to his Sunday afternoon lectures and his Bible class talks, and drew crowds to hear him. But it was not only in giving a general stability and aggressiveness to the religious forces of the University that he made himself felt. Instances of his ability to resolve the doubts of sceptical students, and to lead them into a Christian life and into the ministry, attested his spiritual power, and showed that he continued true to his divine commission.

A STRANGE PROCESS.

Dr. Cocker's literary eminence is especially remarkable, when considered in connection with his opportunities. That he received in boyhood a liberal education is admitted. The school he attended was remarkable for the thoroughness of its training; but on leaving it, he at once plunged into the engrossing struggle of business life in which few men are able to continue their purely literary education. Business is itself an education, but it is of the moral qualities rather than the intellectual. Yet when at the age of thirty-six Mr. Cocker abandoned commercial pursuits, and, at the call of God, devoted himself to the ministry, his intellect seemed to have gained in power as well as to have increased its store of learning. There are many young men fresh from college, the ordeal of graduation but recently passed, who do not possess the literary knowledge which Mr. Cocker possessed, when at the age of thirty-six, he relinquished business. It shows how firm a grip his mind had on facts and processes it had once received, and how strongly it had held and used them.

The Christian who sees in all the events of life the working of his Father's will, may profitably dwell on the events of this dead professor's life. God evidently prepared him to fill the place he afterward occupied, by a training well

ted that day. As he was dressing for the meeting at night, this dark record fell out of his pocket on to the floor of his room, where his mother found it. She wrote across it, 'The blood of Jesus Christ His Son cleanseth us from all sin,' and laid the paper on her son's dressing-table. That night the young man came home as dark as ever, although the evangelist minister and missionary had spoken to him and tried to lead him into the light. On entering his room, the paper attracted his attention, and he read the words written by his Christian mother. Sitting down, he took the Bible and turned to the passage in it. Then the darkness fled away like the morning mist before the rising sun. Now he is successfully preaching Christ to others, and leading many into the peace of salvation."

How Two Ladies Found Peace.—"I was in Liverpool with Mr. Moody, and one night, after he had been preaching half a dozen times in the course of a few hours, he was so tired that he could not speak. Our hotel was crowded with people anxious to converse with him, but at last we got them all away. About half past nine two ladies came to see him. I went down to the public room to see them, and told them that it was impossible for them to see Mr. Moody. 'Oh,' said one, 'my sister and I have come from a great distance, and we must be satisfied. Can you tell us how to obtain peace with Christ?' 'I cannot tell you anything more than what you know already. What you have to do is to give your heart to Christ.' 'We have done so every night for the last twenty years,' they answered. 'It is impossible,' I replied; 'that is a libel on religion.' 'I tell you, sir, that every night my sister and myself have knelt down and offered our hearts to Christ, but yet no peace has come to us.' 'Your prayers, I have no doubt, were all right, but you just laid your hearts at His feet, and when you rose from your knees you have taken them back again. Go home, and pray as usual, but this time *leave* your heart at the feet of Christ,' was my advice. 'Why wait till we go home, sir? Can we not do it here and now?' We three knelt down in the public room, and in prayer these ladies gave their hearts to the Lord Jesus, and left them with Him. They went away in the possession of the 'peace which is unspeakable, and full of glory.'"

A PROPOSAL TO BELIEVERS.

From the Prayer Union of Melbourne, Australia.

Bases of the Suggestion—1. The Injunction to Pray for Israel—2. Scriptural Injunction Pleasing to the Holy Spirit—3. A Blessing Assured to Watchful Christians—4. Exact Correspondence between Our Position and that of Anti-Advent Believers—5. And that of the Disciples before Pentecost—6. The Ease with which Branch Unions may be Formed—The Great Pre-requisite.

FELLOW-WATCHERS, of all nations, in all lands—if your hopes are built on the coming of Christ, will you unite with us in prayer that He may come speedily? We have only just awakened to the consciousness of a grand omission. What has hitherto been done in secret, we believe should have been done openly. We have at last "agreed together" to pray for that which, above all other things, we most desire. We celebrated the morning of the new year by meeting together for this one purpose—to intreat the Lord Jesus not to delay His coming. We had never heard of nor read of a similar gathering; but it was so scriptural, so satisfying, so divinely blessed, that while our hearts are full, our lips must speak. It may be that thousands in other parts of the world may wish to do as we have done; we therefore make an urgent appeal to all who look for a personal Saviour, to form themselves at once, without delay, and without ceremony, into prayer unions, or praying bands. We base this suggestion upon the following grounds:

SUPPLICATION FOR ISRAEL.

1. We are taught in the Old Testament to pray for the coming of Christ to reign over the House of Jacob. The Lord Jesus has pledged Himself in the most solemn and public way, never to rest, never to hold His peace till Zion shines again "as a lamp that burneth." He has, moreover, appointed the "Watchmen" and "Remembrancers," who are never to keep silence, who are to co-operate with Him in perpetual intercession until God makes "Jerusalem a praise in the earth." (Isa. 62 : 1-7.) These "watchers" and "remembrancers" are not necessarily Jews. All who "make mention of the Lord" should pray for the peace of "the city of the Great King." Supplication for Israel, therefore, being an eminently scriptural exercise, should form an integral part of every union.

WHY PRAY FOR CHRIST'S COMING?

2. We are taught both in the Old and in the New Testament to pray for the coming of Christ, to take away His waiting people. (*a*) The legitimacy of a prayer union for the restoration of Israel involves the legitimacy of prayer for the return of Jesus. When Jesus comes to deliver Jerusalem, it will be *after* He has come to take away His saints. They are to "follow Him" when He issues out of heaven "to smite the nations with a sharp sword." (Rev. 19.) They are to be "with Him" when His feet stand on the Mount of Olives. (Zech. 14.) Prayer for the second blessing comprehends prayer for the first. He cannot rebuild Zion until He has translated His Church. (*b*) We are not only directed to pray for the Lord's appearing in the New Testament, we are given the very words of the prayer—"Thy kingdom come." "Amen. Even so, come, Lord Jesus." What the whole creation "groans and travails" for, we may surely ask for. "Make haste, my Beloved, and be thou like a roe or a young hart upon the mountains of spices." (Cant. 8 : 14.) (*c*) The Lord Jesus Himself is "Our Hope." (1 Tim. 1 : 1.) We have no other. If He does not come, things will continue as they are, and things as they are are well nigh intolerable. "And shall not God avenge His own elect, which cry day and night unto Him? I tell you that He will avenge them speedily." (Luke 18 : 7, 8.) (*d*) This daily and nightly cry is not the fruit of mere sentiment or of selfishness; it is wrung out of us by necessity.

SATAN'S KINGLY SEAT.

He is the "God of this world;" he goes about as a roaring lion, as a venomous serpent, as an angel of light, revelling in seduction and slaughter. Working Christians are indeed earnestly busy. Here and there, they "save a few with fear, pulling them out of the fire," but the great majority idle their life away considering *themselves* instead of "considering Him," giving moments to God instead of months, and pence instead of whole burnt-offerings.

They are not all gathered in, and that is because of our culpable indolence and because of our self-will. "The harvest truly is plenteous, but the labors are few." As soon as the last effort is made, and the last of the elect is gathered, Jesus will come. Unbelief may cause us to lose countless treasures from the superabundance of grace; but no unbelief can possibly sunder the Bridegroom from the bride—"All that the Father giveth Me shall come to Me." (John 6 : 37.)

"Hallelujah! who shall part
Christ's own Church from Christ's own heart?"

3. A union of this kind must be infinitely

PLEASING TO THE HOLY GHOST.

We need not dwell on the joy it will convey to the Lord Jesus Christ Himself to know that He is so sorely missed. When He says, "Arise, My love, My fair one, and come away," He adds, "Let Me hear thy voice"—the sweet voice of prayer—the "Turn, My beloved" (Cant. 2 : 13-17), for "How can I come to Thee except Thou return to me." But we must dwell on the joy which a world-wide Second Advent Prayer Union will convey to the Holy Ghost. It is now His delight both to glorify Jesus and to quicken souls; and will not Jesus be *more* glorified, and will not *more* souls be quickened after the Second Coming than before? We may, therefore, be sure of His presence if we gather together with our hearts set on *this one thing*—the glorious return of God's dear Son.

A PECULIAR BLESSING ASSURED.

4. There is a promise of peculiar blessing connected with the attitude into which this union must inevitably throw us. One evangelist alone records it. In Luke 17 : 7, the Saviour describes an earthly master, and his earthly method with his servant. The laborer must work *in the field* until meal time, and when his work in the field is done he has still to continue working *in the house*. He must get ready his master's supper, gird himself and serve him, before he attends to his own wants. But in Luke 12 : 37, we find something very different. It is not labor added to labor, service in the house following service in the field, attending to his lord first and then attending to himself. No! Jesus will interrupt and change this natural order—"Blessed are those servants whom the Lord when He cometh shall find watching; verily I say unto you, that He shall gird Himself, and make them to sit down to meat, and will come forth and serve them."

OUR POSITION AND ATTITUDE.

5. There is an exact correspondence between our position before the Second Coming of Christ and the position of Old Testament believers before His first coming. The hope of Christ filled their minds, and colored their whole life. He was what they longed for. Jacob cried, "I have waited for Thy salvation, O Lord!" (Gen. 49 : 18.) Hezekiah wept sore, because, he said, "I shall not see the Lord, even the Lord, in the land of the living" (Isa. 38 : 11); and of all the watchers about the time of the incarnation, from the aged Simeon to Joseph of Arimathea, Anna was the chief, and she "departed not out of the temple, but served God with fastings and *prayers* night and day"—prayers that ripened into *thanksgiving* when she saw the child Jesus. (Luke 2 : 25-38; 23 : 51.) To ask that He may come quickly, is simply to do what others have done who desired Him above everything, and to obey the prophecy, "Prayer also shall be made for Him continually." Him for whom we daily pray, we shall most surely look for, and daily praise. (Ps. 72 : 15.)

IDENTITY OF POSITION.

6. There is an exact correspondence between our position before the coming of Christ and the position of the disciples before the coming of the Holy Ghost. The promise of the Spirit was given in Luke 24 : 49, but the time of His coming was not named. The Lord Jesus said, "Not many days hence," but He did not say *how many*. Acts (1 : 5.) Prayer was, however, begun at once, and was continued until it was answered. Now, the promise, "Surely I come quickly," in Rev. 22 : 20, is as real a promise as that in Acts 1 : 5, so that the Church, in order to imitate the practice of the early disciples, should have continued "instant in prayer" throughout the whole of the dispensation. If this most early exercise has been so long and so sinfully neglected, ought we not, with all the intenser earnestness, to give ourselves to it now?

7. Lastly, the immediate formation of branch unions is attended with no difficulty whatever. They may exist with or without cards of membership, with or without public meetings. Minister may join with minister, brother with brother, sister with sister, friend with friend, as well as multitude with multitude. The one, the great pre-requisite is for two or three in every place to be inwardly convinced that Jesus personally present is what they want, what the Church wants, what the world wants—that the whole creation is quivering in pain beneath the "rod of her oppressor," and that there will be a daily increase of calamity, until that Blessed One comes back whose right creation is, and whose shall be the kingdom and the glory forever and ever.

Signed on behalf of the members of the Melbourne Prayer Union by five ministers of the Colony.

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CURRENT EVENTS.

The Government Report of the Exports and imports is published by the Chief of the Bureau of Statistics in his ninth monthly statement for the current fiscal year. He says the excess of the value of exports of merchandise was as follows: Month ended March 31st, 1883, $16,912,703; three months ended March 31st, 1883, $50,900,163; nine months ended March 31st, 1883, $105,475,632; twelve months ended March 31st, 1883, $166,284,097. The total values of the imports for the twelve months ended March 31st, 1883, were $742,442,259, and for the twelve preceding months, $700,842,874, an increase of $41,599,385. The exports for the same periods were $808,726,356, and $790,809,020, showing an increase for the year ended March 31st, last of $17,917,336.

The Selection by the Civil Service Commission of Mr. Keim as examiner-in-chief, was severely criticised by the press of both political parties, and was evidently generally unpopular. Mr. Keim had an interview with the President on Thursday, and in consequence of what passed between them, wrote the following day withdrawing his name from the contest. This result is very welcome, chiefly because the success or failure of the Civil Service Reform bill largely depends on the sincerity and earnestness and capacity of the examiner. The unequivocal expression of public opinion, in reference to Mr. Keim's appointment, proved that it would have caused a loss of confidence in the work of the Commission. On Friday the President appointed Mr. Charles Lyman, of Connecticut, as chief examiner. Mr. Lyman has been known for several years as an advocate of civil service reform, and served on the Civil Service Board appointed by General Grant. He was appointed to a clerkship in the Second Auditor's office, Treasury Department, in 1864, and was subsequently promoted to be assistant chief of the stationary division, and in 1877 was made chief clerk of the Treasurer's office, which latter position he now holds. This selection has been well received. It is a significant indication of the power of the press that Mr. Keim's appointment was promptly withdrawn in deference to its protest.

The Peace Congress to which Mr. Blaine, when Secretary of State, invited the nations of North, South, and Central America to send representatives, appears to have been favorably regarded by those nations. Mr. Blaine's New York organ states that the forthcoming annual volume of diplomatic correspondence will show that the invitation was accepted by nearly every government to which it was sent. Mexico accepted with great cordiality, declaring that "the object deserved the most sincere approbation and applause." Guatemala, Salvador and Honduras accepted at once, without reservation. Nicaragua and Costa Rica cordially approved the design, but deferred formal acceptance until they could learn definitely that the Congress would assemble. Venezuela accepted in a most enthusiastic response, believing that the labor of the congress would be beneficial to peace throughout America, and thence exert an influence upon Europe. Even in Chili, where extraordinary objections were anticipated, the Foreign Secretary replied that the laudable purpose for which the Congress was invited must meet the approval of all nations. Brazil, the only American monarchy, accepted the invitation cordially, the emperor's government declaring that Brazil was deeply interested in the movement. It will be remembered that the project was abandoned when Mr. Blaine left office, his successor believing that it would involve complications injurious to the country.

A Clause in the Extradition Treaty Recently concluded between our government and that of Belgium may be commended to the notice of certain plotters as indicative of the opinion of the President and the Senate on the subject of assassination. The treaty, after excluding from the list of extraditable crimes all political offences, has this clause: "An attempt against the life of the head of a foreign government or against that of any member of his family, when such attempt comprises the act either of murder or assassination or of poisoning, *shall not be considered a political offence* or an act connected with such an offence." This limitation is especially significant just now, because in extradition proceedings the result largely depends on the attitude of the President.

An Address by an Indian Boy at the Union League Club in New York last week gives the Indian idea of the policy best adapted to solve the Indian problem. "Educate the Indians so that they may take care of themselves," he said. "Don't keep them cooped up on reservations which, as everybody knows, are composed of the worst lands in the country." The speaker was one of about twenty Indian boys and girls whom Captain Pratt had brought from the Indian Training School at Carlisle, Pa., for the purpose of letting New Yorkers see what progress was being made at that school. These children represented many different tribes, and *three years ago none of them could speak English.* They entertained the audience with orations, recitations, songs, lessons in geography and arithmetic, and instrumental music. It was evident from the entertainment given, that the policy adopted at Carlisle is having the most beneficent effects.

Raids on the Opium-Smoking Dens of Mott Street, New York, were made last week, and four proprietors of joints were arrested. It is charged that the Chinamen have distributed candy containing opium to young girls with the object of creating an appetite for the drug. Father Barry, supported by the Roman Catholic Young Men's Association, asserts that members of his congregation living in the Chinese quarter, know of numbers of girls from twelve to sixteen years of age, children of respectable parents, who have been thus ruined, and have become opium habitues, and visit the joints every day. The police agree with Mr. Jenkins, of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children, in believing that there is no truth in the candy charge, and say that the report has been started by the Irish to arouse public feeling against the Chinese. It is certain, however, that numbers of American girls and women, some of them elegantly attired, are regular visitors to the joints, and that an aristocratic establishment uptown, which is *ostensibly a millinery store*, is in reality an opium den, and is extensively patronized. As is usual in all inquiries into the existence of vicious resorts, the proprietors claim that they have paid the police regularly for immunity. The better class of Chinese residents of the city assembled on Friday, and formally offered the Police Commissioners their assistance in rooting out the evil.

An Extraordinary Scene in McGlory's Dancing saloon in New York was witnessed on Sunday night, May 6th. The character of the saloon is known everywhere, and a more unlikely place in which to hear prayer and praise does not exist in the city. On Sunday night, however, the workers from the Florence Night Mission, the organization of which was recently announced in these columns, obtained permission to hold a meeting there. The usual habitues of the place were present in large numbers, and observed order throughout the service. The Moody and Sankey hymns were sung, and the parable of the Prodigal Son was read and explained. At the conclusion of the service Mr. Allen induced all present to join in the Lord's prayer. Three hundred young girls were there, who probably had never offered that prayer since they were children. Another service was held last Sunday night.

The May Anniversary of the American Bible Society was held in the Bible House on May 10th. It was the sixty-seventh annual meeting of the society. The report stated that the receipts of the past year were $598,641.91, and $53,000 have been added to the trust fund, only the interest of which is available for general purposes. The disbursements amounted to $599,206.89. The report also stated that the work of translating and revising the Bible in foreign languages has been continued with success. During the year 1,273,657 copies of the Bible or parts of it, were issued from the Bible House, and 402,575 copies abroad. For the blind, 307 Bibles were printed. In sixty-seven years 42,083,816 volumes have been printed by this society. There are 311 colporteurs engaged in distributing the general supply of Bibles in the United States.

The National Temperance Society Celebrated its eighteenth anniversary on May 10th, when Dr. Theodore Cuyler preached in the Broadway Tabernacle, New York. Mr. J. N. Stearns, the energetic secretary, read an abstract of the annual report of the society. It had made rapid progress during the past year, he said, in every department of its work. Seventeen States had made constitutional amendments prohibiting the manufacture or sale of intoxicating liquors as a beverage, and the decision against the amendment in Iowa would only result in a more complete and substantial victory in the near future. The increased activity of the liquor fraternity showed that the work of the society was felt. The report of the treasurer, W. D. Porter, showed that the total receipts for the year were $60,568.32, and the total expenditures $61,649.70.

Telegraphing for Prayer.—A City Missionary stated at a recent meeting that having occasion to visit a Christian merchant a short time ago, he found him very sad. A message had come from a secluded spot among the mountains, where a sick daughter was seeking health, to say that that daughter was dying. The missionary reminded the merchant that God was omnipotent, and the healer of our diseases, and suggested that he telegraph to the daily noon meeting in Fulton Street, New York, asking the friends there to pray with him that God would stay the disease and heal the daughter. A telegram was sent, prayer was offered, and the prayer of faith saved the sick.

A Fatal Prize was Captured by a Hawk near Long Branch, N. J., last week. Some visitors, strolling on the beach, observed a large fish hawk swoop down into the waters of the bay and strike its talons into a huge plaice. The bird rose with its prey, but its weight proved too great and dragged him down. Several times the bird struggled to ascend, but failed, and, exhausted, it finally fell into the water still clinging to its captive. Its talons were so embedded in the fish that it could not release them, and it was drowned. The fish died of its wounds and both were washed ashore, where with difficulty they were separated. The death of the hawk in this effort to carry off its prize is typical of a disaster very common in life. Covetousness and avarice only too often prompt men to struggle for a great financial prize, and in the struggle they sacrifice honor, integrity, and sometimes even life, natural and eternal (1 Tim. 6 : 9, 10).

A Shower of Birds is among the Remarkable news reported from the West. The Davenport *Gazette* states that in the night of May 1st a singular phenomenon occurred at Independence, Iowa, during a heavy thunder-storm. Many citizens were aroused by a pelting against the windows, and supposed it to be hail ; others thought it was caused by bats. But the next morning *thousands of birds* were found all over the city, some dead and some alive. Wherever a door had been open the place would be full of them. It was a literal shower of birds, and how and whence came they ? One theory is that they were drawn into the vortex of a Southern cyclone and carried as far as Independence, where they were dropped. The terrified creatures in that storm appear to have neglected no refuge open to them, but in the great tempest coming on the earth, it will be found that many who boast of greater intelligence than birds, have neglected the wide and secure refuge now open before them (Isa. 4 : 5, 6).

A Saved Man was Lost in South Carolina recently in an effort to save himself. A Press Association telegram, from Columbus, reports that on May 4th a break for liberty was made by nine of the convicts working on the Georgetown and Lane's Railroad. The guards fired on them, killing one man outright. Another was shot in the river and drowned, and a third was shot and is supposed to have drowned. Of the six that escaped, two were afterward captured. One of the convicts shot was a white man named Coles, who, it is supposed, instigated the whole affair. He was serving a life sentence for murder. *One of the negroes killed had been pardoned* by Governor Thompson, but notice of the pardon had not been received at the convict camp, until after the escape and death of the pardoned man. If the pardoned convict had but known that his pardon had been issued, he would not have risked his life in an effort to save himself. The work of all preachers and evangelists is just that. They have to tell condemned sinners that they cannot save themselves, but that their pardon is given them freely (Rom. 8 : 1).

A Magnificent Mausoleum is being Prepared by a wealthy citizen of Connecticut to receive the remains of a beloved daughter who died in February last. The body, which was embalmed at the time, lies in a coffin heavily draped with white broadcloth in the parlor of her father's house as it did on the day of the funeral ceremonies. *A marble sarcophagus* is being cut to hold the coffin, and it will be supported by four marble pedestals. For the present the floor of the mausoleum, in which it is intended to place it, will be carpeted, but later in the season it will be laid with marble tiles. At the east side light will be given by three windows of glass of brilliant colors. The vault will be closed by heavy iron doors, over which will be a transom light of stained glass. The mausoleum is in the midst of a grove of pines, some of which have been cut down so that the rising and the setting sun may cast its rays into the interior. Many parents love their children so well that they also would, if they could afford it, build such costly structures to receive their remains. But those who have, as well as those who have not the means so to show their love, may well consider that a still better proof is open to them. By leading them to the Saviour during their lives they may inhabit a house not made with hands eternal in the heavens (Acts 2 : 39).

Three Years' Vicarious Imprisonment Terminated last Thursday, when Governor Blackburn issued a pardon for a man lying in a Kentucky penitentiary. It appears that in 1880 a man, named James S. Sizemore, was tried for murder, and convicted. He made no defence, and he was accordingly sentenced to six years in the penitentiary, where he has since been incarcerated. Sizemore, however, was not guilty. The crime was perpetrated by his brother, a man who had a large family, and Sizemore when arrested knew that his brother was guilty, but moved by compassion for the helpless children who would suffer by their father's arrest, he kept silence, and voluntarily suffered for him. His brother when dying recently made a declaration of his guilt, and gave such unmistakable proof of the truth of his confession that the governor issued a pardon at once when the facts were made known to him. Such a proof of fraternal love and self-sacrificing devotion has seldom been chronicled. As we read of it we are assisted in our efforts to realize the love of Him who, while we were yet enemies, actually died in our stead (Rom. 5 : 7 and 8).

The Detection of a Murderer through a dream is recalled to memory by the death of the criminal on Friday last in the State Prison at Wethersfield, Conn. He was a colored man named Randolph, and the crime of which he was guilty was that of the murder of his wife. He was a crafty man, and after he had killed the poor woman he went to her father's house, and pretending that he thought she was there, said he had come to fetch her home, as she had been away several days, and he could not get along without her any longer. A few nights afterward the father of the murdered woman had a very vivid dream in which he saw his daughter fall, slain by her husband's hand, and afterward saw him burying her. When he awoke he was so impressed with his dream that he persuaded his son to go and dig in the spot he had seen in his dream. He did so, and there found the mutilated remains of the dead woman. Randolph was arrested, tried and convicted, and was imprisoned for life. He died in prison on May 11th, having been there since September, 1856, nearly twenty-seven years. He confessed his guilt before he died. Doubtless Randolph expected by his craft to escape detection, forgetting, as sinners do, that the omniscient God sees crime, and has inexhaustible means of bringing it to light (Isa. 26 : 21).

A Six-Cent Patch which Led to a Shoemaker's fortune is an incident related in a Sing-Sing journal. It states that a gentleman at Tarrytown, who commenced life as a shoemaker, recalls an acquaintance he made in business with satisfaction and pleasure. As he was at work at his bench one day a gentleman wearing a peculiar blue cloth cloak, dropped into the shop and asked what the charge would be to put a patch on his boot. The six-cent charge was satisfactory ; the boot was removed from the foot, and the customer sat by entertaining the shoemaker during the job. He afterward called at the shop very frequently, and took pleasure in giving to the shoemaker introductions which established him in a better business and on the road to fortune. It was a trivial incident to form the foundation of a fortune, but then the customer he served was not an ordinary man. The shoemaker did not know it at the time, but he learned afterward, that he had had the honor of working for Washington Irving, and it was to Irving's friendly interest that he subsequently owed his fortune. It reminds us of the apostolic injunction respecting hospitality (Heb. 13 : 2), which is far too generally disregarded among us. We entertain the great and wealthy, but strangers and poor people do not find us obeying our Master's command (Luke 14 : 12-14).

THE MARVELLOUS MAGNET.

A New Sermon by Pastor C. H. Spurgeon.*

"I, if I be lifted up from the earth, will draw all men unto me. This he said, signifying what death he should die."—JOHN 12 : 32,33.

The Main Attractive Force—It Lay in Christ's Death—An Odious Death—Reserved for Slaves—A Disgraced Author's Name Changed—I. The Attractive Force in a Crucified Saviour—Himself to Himself—Mission Work in Greenland—The Point to Begin with—Drawing the Heathen—Men of All Sorts—A Reclaimed Knight-of-the-Garter—What the Force is—Incarnate Love—Rest Provided—The Change it Works—The Power of Suffering—II. How the Force is Exercised—Through the Holy Spirit—Nails on a Magnet—The Drawing Sometimes Gradual—Secretly—Gently but Effectually—The Norway Maelstrom—III. What is Implied—Natural Separation—Assured Welcome.

JESUS is the spokesman here. He tells of His own death by crucifixion, and of the result which will follow. It appears, then, that our Lord's power to draw all men to Himself lies mainly in His death. By being lifted up from the earth upon the cross He was made to die, and so also was He made to draw all men unto Himself. There is an attractive power about our Lord's person, and about His life, and about His teaching ; but, still, *the main attractive force* lies in His death upon the cross. Most certainly this is rare and strange ; for when a great religious leader dies, a large measure of his personal power is gone. The charm of the man's manner, the impressiveness of his personal conviction, the lofty tone of his daily enthusiasm—these are immense helps to a cause while they are with us ; to lose them is a fearful drawback such as makes it perilous for a religious leader to die.

Men may remember a leader's life for a time after his death ; they will do so most emphatically if he has been eminently good. We say of the righteous, "Even in their ashes live their wonted fires." From many a tomb there rises a silent voice more eloquent than the choicest speech : "He being dead yet speaketh." But there is a measure and bound to

THE INFLUENCE OF A MERE MEMORY.

How often is it the case that, after a little while, the leader having gone, the feebler folk gradually drop away, the hypocritical openly desert, the lukewarm wander, and so the cause dies out. The man's successors desert his principles, or maintain them with but little life and energy, and, therefore, what was once a hopeful effort expires like a dying taper. For a man's work to prosper it is not desirable that he should die. Is it not strange that what is so often fatal to the influence of other men is a gain to our Lord Jesus Christ ; for it is by His death that He possesses His most powerful influence over the sons of men ? Because Jesus died, He is this day the mightiest ruler of human minds, the great centre to which all hearts are being drawn.

Remember, too, that our Lord Jesus Christ died by a most shameful death. We have come to use the cross as an ornament, and by some it is regarded as an object of reverence ; but the cross, to speak very plainly, was to the ancients what the gibbet is to us—an odious instrument of death for felons—exactly that, and no more. The death of the cross was one never allotted to a Roman citizen except for certain heinous crimes. It was regarded as *the death-penalty of a slave*. It was not only painful, it was disgraceful and ignominious ; and to say that a man was crucified was, in our Lord's time, exactly tantamount to saying in our speech to-day that he was hanged. It means just that ; and you must accept the death of the cross with all the shame that can be connected with the gibbet and the tree of death, or else you will not understand what it meant to Jesus and His disciples. Now, surely, if a man is hanged there is an end to his influence among men.

* Preached on an evening when the regular hearers, at Mr Spurgeon's request, left their seats to be occupied by strangers.

When I was looking through all the Bible commentaries in the English language, I found one with a title-page attributing it to Dr. Coke; but on further examination I perceived that it was the commentary of Dr. Dodd, who was executed for forgery. After he had been hanged, of course the publishers could not sell a commentary under his name, and so they engaged another learned doctor to take it under his wing. The man was hanged, and therefore people would not read his book, and you are not at all surprised that it should be so. But herein is a wonderful thing. The Lord Jesus has lost no influence by having been hanged upon the tree; nay, rather it is because of

HIS SHAMEFUL DEATH

that He is able to draw all men unto Himself.

Let us never be ashamed, dear friends, to preach Christ crucified—the Son of God lifted up to die among the condemned. Let those of us who teach in the Sunday-school, or preach at the street corner, or in any other manner try to set forth the Gospel, always keep a dying Christ to the front. Christ without the cross is no Christ at all. Never forget that He is the eternal God, but bind with that truth the fact that He was nailed to a Roman gibbet. It is on the tree He triumphed over Satan, and it is by the cross that He must triumph over the world. "I, if I be lifted up from the earth, will draw all men unto Me. This He said, signifying what death He should die."

The great truth of the text I have stated to you; let me enlarge thereon.

I. I shall try to speak first upon the attractive force which lies in a crucified Saviour. You will observe that it is briefly summed up in these words:

HIMSELF TO HIMSELF.

"*I* will draw all men unto *Me*." I dare say that you have heard the oft-recounted story of the missionaries

AMONG THE GREENLANDERS.

Our Moravian brethren, full of fire and zeal and self-denial, went right away among the ignorant folk of Greenland, as those people then were, longing to convert them. Using large prudence, they thought, "These people are so benighted that it cannot be of any use to preach Jesus Christ to them at first. They do not even know that there is a God, so let us begin by teaching them the nature of the Deity, showing them right and wrong, proving to them the need of atonement for sin, and setting before them the rewards of the righteous and the penalties of the wicked." This was judged to be most fit preparatory work. Watch for the result!

They went on for years, but had no converts. What was there in all that fine preparatory teaching that could convert anybody? Jesus was being locked out of the Greenlanders' hearts by those who wanted Him to enter. But one day one of the missionaries happened to read to a poor Greenlander the story of Jesus bleeding on the cross, and how God had sent His Son to die, "that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life;" and the Greenlander said, "Would you read me that again? What wonderful words! Did the Son of God die for us poor Greenlanders that we may live?" The missionary answered that it was even so; and, clapping his hands, the simple native cried, "*Why did you not tell us that before?*"

Ah, just so! Why not tell them this at once, and leave it to clear its own path? That is *the point to begin with*. Let us start with the Lamb of God which taketh away the sin of the world. "God so loved the world, that He gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life." To my mind that is the point to begin with and the point to go on with; yes, that is the truth to conclude with, if there can ever be any conclusion to the grand old story of the incarnate God who loved His enemies, and gave Himself to die in their stead, that they might live through Him.

The text says that Jesus Christ will draw all men unto Himself. Now, all men who hear of Jesus Christ at all are drawn, but they do not all yield. Some of them pull back, and the most awful thing that ever happens to a man is when he pulls back till Jesus lets him go. What a fall is that, when the drawing power is taken away, and the man falls backward into a destruction which he himself has chosen, having refused eternal life, and resisted the Saviour's power! I suppose that all of you have felt a measure of that drawing. Why, it is not merely those that hear the Gospel, but whole nations have been drawn, in other respects, by the all-pervading influence of Jesus and His love. At this instant the influence of Christianity is being felt in every corner of the earth to an extent which it is not easy to exaggerate. If I had an orator's power, I would picture my Saviour casting golden chains of love over all nations, wherever the missionary goes preaching His name.

The Lord is taming the nations as a man by degrees subdues wild beasts. Jesus is gradually

DRAWING THE HEATHEN

to Himself. He has had a long tug at India. That dead weight still lies in the furrow. But it must come; it must yield. All those that watch it see that if there is any cause that does make progress in India it is the cause of Christ. The East appears never to move, but if there be any move it is Christward. Jesus is drawing China slowly. Japan is being drawn as in a net. Where the testimony of Christ has been borne the idols begin to shake, and their priests confess that a change is coming. Every century sees a marked advance in the world's condition; and we shall progress at a quicker rate yet when the Church wakes up to a sense of her responsibility, and the Holy Spirit is poured out upon the Church to turn us all into missionaries, causing us all in some way or other to preach the Gospel of Christ. Jesus is drawing, drawing, drawing.

But all men are not saved. No, for when drawn they do not come. Yet Christ crucified is drawing some

MEN OF ALL KINDS AND SORTS

to eternal life. When Jesus died on the cross it was not for my lord and lady only; nor was it for the workingman alone; it was for all sorts of people.

> "While grace is offered to the prince,
> The poor may take their share.
> No mortal has a just pretence
> To perish in despair."

He that is best taught and instructed has often been drawn to Jesus by the Lord's overpowering charms. Some of the most learned of men have been delighted to come to Christ. But the most illiterate and rude have equally been drawn by Jesus, and it has been their joy to come. I love to hear of the Gospel being preached to the poorest of the poor; and so preached that it reaches those who never were reached by it before. God speed every effort by which Jesus is set before the fallen and degraded; so long as it is the Gospel, and not mere rant, we wish God-speed to the most irregular of witnesses: our fears begin only when Jesus is no longer in the van.

We greatly need to have the Gospel preached in the West of London, and so preached that our great ones may receive it, and find life through Jesus Christ. May such a movement soon take place. How I should like to hear of a converted duke telling out the Gospel, or *a reclaimed knight-of-the-garter* proclaiming mercy for the chief of sinners! Why not? And, blessed be God, the Saviour, lifted up, draws all sorts of men to Himself—some of every kind; not the Jew alone, as at the first, but the Gentile too.

> "None are excluded hence but those
> Who do themselves exclude.
> Welcome the learned and polite,
> The ignorant and rude."

There is no exclusion of any class or creature from the mercy of God in Christ Jesus. "I, if I be lifted up, will draw all men unto Me;" and the history of the Church proves how true this is; the muster-roll of the converted includes princes and paupers, peers and potmen.

But

WHAT IS THIS FORCE

that attracts men to the crucified Saviour? They do come; there is no doubt about it. Look ye, sirs; there is nothing in the world that men will hear so gladly as the Gospel. How many years have I stood in this place to preach to a congregation precisely similar to the present! The crowds have been here as regularly as the hours, Sunday after Sunday, morning and evening, year after year. Suppose that I had been appointed to preach upon a scientific subject; could I have gained or held such audiences? I should have been spun out a long while ago if I had been bound to draw upon myself for my matter. If I had preached any other than the doctrine of Christ crucified, I should years ago have scattered my audience to the winds of heaven. But the old theme is aways new, always fresh, always attractive. Preach Jesus Christ. That is the recipe for catching men's ears and laying hold upon men's hearts. Whence this universal attractiveness?

Well, first, it is

THE FORCE OF LOVE;

for Jesus Christ is incarnate love. In Him you see one who divested Himself of all His glory, that He might save the guilty—who came down upon earth, not seeking wealth and fame, but simply seeking to do good by saving men—who, having laid aside His honor and His glory, at last laid aside His life, and all for love; for love which met a sad return; for love which has, however, saved its objects with a great salvation. One of the school-men says that, whenever we know that another person loves us, we cannot help giving back a measure of love in return; and I believe that the statement is true. If I were asked the secret of the attractive power of the crucified Saviour, I should answer that it is invincible love.

No doubt there is also this about the crucified Saviour—that He draws men by *the wonderful rest which His death provides for men*. The most earnest Christian man must sometimes have his doubts as to whether all is right with him. The more sincere a man is the more does he tremble lest he should deceive himself. You, good brother, have your personal anxieties; certainly I have mine. But when I turn my eyes to Jesus upon the cross, and view the thorn-crown, and the sacred head, and the eyes that were red with weeping, and the hands nailed fast to the wood, and the feet dripping with gore; and when I remember that this shameful death was endured for love of me, I am so quiet and so happy in my spirit that I cannot tell how peacefully my life-floods flow. God *must* forgive my grievous fault, for my Redeemer has so grievously answered for it.

Has not your soul come to an absolutely perfect rest when it has gotten to Christ? When He Himself has drawn you to Himself, have you not entered into rest? Because men perceive that such a rest is to be had, therefore they come to Christ. He Himself uses this as an argument why they should come; remember His cheering words, "Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest."

Then I am sure that there is a great attraction about Christ, when we see *the change which He works in men*. Have you known a drunkard become a Christian, or a thief become upright? Have you seen a harlot made chaste? Have you marked any of the modern miracles which are always going on around us in the form of conversions? If you have taken pleasure in these signs and wonders, I know that you have said, "Lord, I, too, will come to Thee to be converted." The sight of His power to elevate and sanctify has attracted you to Jesus.

I could continue thus to show what this attractive force is; but, lest I should weary you, I will only say that it lies much in *His sufferings themselves*. Is it not a strange thing that suffering attracts? Yea, more; lowly suffering conquers;

she sitteth as a queen upon her throne, and reigneth by the royalty of her resignation. Are any of you unconverted, and do you wish to be converted? I cannot suggest a better exercise than to read over the story of the death of Christ, as it is told by the four Evangelists. When you have read it once, read it again; and as you read it, say, "Lord, I must have a sadly hard heart, or else this would move me to tears. I pray Thee, change my heart." Then read the story again; for sure at last it will touch you. God the Holy Spirit blessing you, it will move you, and you will be among the "all men" that shall be drawn to Jesus by His own personal force. So much, then, about what this force is.

II. Very briefly, my second head is to be—

HOW THE FORCE IS EXERCISED?

This force is exercised through the Holy Spirit. It is the Spirit of God who puts power into the truth about Christ; and then men feel that truth, and come to Christ and live. But our blessed Lord and Master *uses instruments*. The force of Christ's love is sometimes shown to men by those who already love Him. One Christian makes many. One believer leads others to faith. To come back to my metaphor of a magnet; you have sometimes seen a battery attached to a coil; and then, if you take a nail and put it on the coil, the nail has become a strong magnet. You notice that

THE NAIL TURNS INTO A MAGNET;

for you take another nail, and you put it on the end of it and it holds the second nail fast. Now number two is turned into a magnet. Try it. Put a third nail upon it. See, it is held fast! Number three has become a magnet. Try the next nail; it holds on to it like grim death; and now number four has become a magnet. Bring another nail within the influence. Number five has become a magnet. And so it continues. On and on and on the magnetism goes, from one nail to another.

But now just go to your battery, and detach one of your wires, and the nails drop off directly, for the coil has ceased to be a magnet, and the nails have ceased to be magnets too. All the magnetism comes from the first place from which it started, and when it ceases at the fountain-head there is an end of it altogether. Indeed, Jesus Christ is the great attractive magnet, and all must begin and end with Him. When Jesus lays hold upon us we get hold of a brother, and ere long He turns into a magnet also; thus from one to another the mystic influence proceeds; but the whole of the force abides in Jesus. More and more the kingdom grows, "ever mighty to prevail;" but all the growing and the prevailing come out of Him. So it is that Jesus works—first by Himself, and then by all who are in Him. May the Lord *make us all magnets* for Himself. Jesus says, "I, if I be lifted up, will draw all men unto Me;" but He leaves room in His figure for the co-working of all grateful hearts.

Jesus draws men *gradually*. Some are brought to Christ in a moment; but many are

DRAWN BY SLOW DEGREES.

The sun in some parts of the world rises above the horizon in a single instant; but in our own country, at this season of the year, it is beautiful to watch the dawn, from the first gray light to the actual break of day. Is it dark, or is it light? Well, it is not quite dark; it is darkness visible. By-and-by there is light. No sun is up as yet, but yet the light increases till the East begins to glow, and the West reflects the radiance; then, by-and-by, up rises the great king of day. So does the Lord bring many to Himself by gentle degrees. Do not say, "I am not converted, for I do not know the moment of the great change." I knew an old lady once who did not know her birthday; but I never told her that she was not born because of that, for there she was. And if you do not know when you were made a Christian, yet, if you are a Christian, it little matters how. If you are really born of God, the date of your new birth is interesting to curiosity but not important to piety. Salvation is often accomplished by a lengthened process.

Moreover, the cords of our Lord's drawings are very *secret*. By a secret power does Jesus draw home the strangers and the foreigners whom His grace has chosen; they say to one another, "Come, and let us go up to the house of the Lord; let us seek the face of the Saviour." The mystic attractions of the power of Christ are secretly drawing many who knew Him not; and now they ask their way to Zion with their faces thitherward. Look how the sun draws along the planets. He hastens on in his mighty career in space—I know not whither, but drawing with him all the worlds which compose the solar system; all these silently attend his majestic marches. Such is Christ, the great central sun; all His people follow, for He draws.

Fail not to observe *how gently* He does it! But, oh, how *effectually!* I thought, as I mused upon my text, that I saw a great whirlpool like the maelstrom in the north of Norway. I thought I saw an enormous whirlpool so huge that all the souls of men, like ships of diverse forms, were being drawn toward it. With strained sight I gazed upon this monstrous death! Woe to those who are sucked in by that dreadful whirlpool, for there is no escape; the abyss has no bottom, destruction is sure to all who are caught in the tremendous down-rush! Even ships far out at sea on other tacks, though they escape this maelstrom, are hindered in their course by it; for this one monstrous devourer labors to absorb all, and leaves no bay, nor harbor, nor foreign main unaffected by its perpetual draught.

As I was thinking of this giant evil, and wondering how I could navigate my own bark so as to avoid this mouth of hell, I saw a hand that had the mark of a nail upon its palm, and lo, it held a mighty magnet which attracted every vessel with a force greater than any born of sea or storm. This magnet attracted many ships so that they flew to it at once, and were gently drawn toward their desired haven in the very teeth of the maelstrom. I saw other vessels in which the mariners hoisted sail to try to escape the influence of this magnet, and even put out their oars to strive to get away; and some of them did so escape. Alas, they floated farther and farther into the maelstrom's destructive power, to be sucked down to their perdition. These were so besotted that they labored against mercy, and resolved to be destroyed; we are glad that all are not left to act so madly.

III. I shall conclude by drawing one or two lessons. Then I have done.

WHAT DOES ALL THIS IMPLY?

"I, if I be lifted up, will draw all men unto Me." Well, it means this first—that *men, by nature, are a long way off from Christ*. You were not born converted. Of that I am sure. Nor were you born a Christian either; and, though they took you to the font, and said that they made you a "member of Christ, a child of God, and an inheritor of the kingdom of heaven," there was not a word of truth in it, for you were such a child of God that you loved sin, and such a member of Christ that you knew nothing of Him, and such an inheritor of the kingdom of heaven that, unless God saves you, you will never get there. I may say of Christians who are made in that way, "Eyes have they, but they see not; mouths have they, but they speak not, neither speak they through their throats;" and I fear that I must add, "They that make them are like unto them; so is every one that trusteth in them." It is a poor Christianity that is created by such monstrous folly. "Ye must be born again," and ye must be born again of the Spirit of God, or ye cannot enter the kingdom of heaven. Man is a long way off from Christ, and Christ must draw Him. Friend, ask Him to draw *you*.

I gather another lesson—that *men will not come to Christ unless He draws them*. Sometimes, when I am trying to prepare a sermon to preach, I say to myself, "Why must I take all this trouble?" If men were in their senses they would run to Christ without calling. Why must we put this business so temptingly? Why must we plead? Why must we be so earnest? Because men do not want to come, not even to their own Saviour. They do not wish to have their sins forgiven. They do not wish to be renewed in heart; and they never will come—no, not one mother's son of them—unless He that sent Christ to them shall draw them to Christ. A work of grace in the heart is absolutely necessary before the sacrifice of the Lord Jesus will be accepted by any one of us. Jesus said, "Ye will not come to Me that ye might have life." What our Lord said is true to this hour; man has not improved an atom.

But, then, learn another lesson. If there is any man here that Christ is drawing, he need not say, "May I come?" Of course you may, if you feel drawn to come. Are you coming? Come, and welcome. Christ never yet turned away a soul that came to Him—not one. "Him that cometh to Me, I will in no wise cast out." If He is drawing you, run, for you have scriptural warrant for so doing.

This is

THE WAY OF SALVATION:

trust Christ, and you are saved. Rely wholly upon what Christ is, and what He has done; and you are saved. In that very act there is a change effected within you which will show itself forever in your character; for he that believes in Jesus Christ, the Son of God, is born again. The faith which looks to Jesus and the life which lives upon Jesus come together. I cannot tell you which is first—the new birth, or faith. Can you tell me which spoke of a wheel moves first? No. And these are spokes of one and the same wheel. "He that believeth in Him hath everlasting life." Oh, believe Him. Trust Him. Lay hold upon Him. Accept Him, and go your way; and the mountains and the hills shall break forth before you into singing, and all the trees of the field shall clap their hands. Amen. So let it be!

[The prayers of the readers of this Journal are requested for the blessing of God upon its Editors in America and England, and those whose sermons, articles, or labors for Christ are printed in it; and for its weekly circulation of more than 260,000 copies to be blessed by the Holy Spirit to the conversion of many sinners and the quickening of God's people. Mr. Spurgeon and Dr. Talmage especially request prayer every Sunday morning on behalf of their labors.]

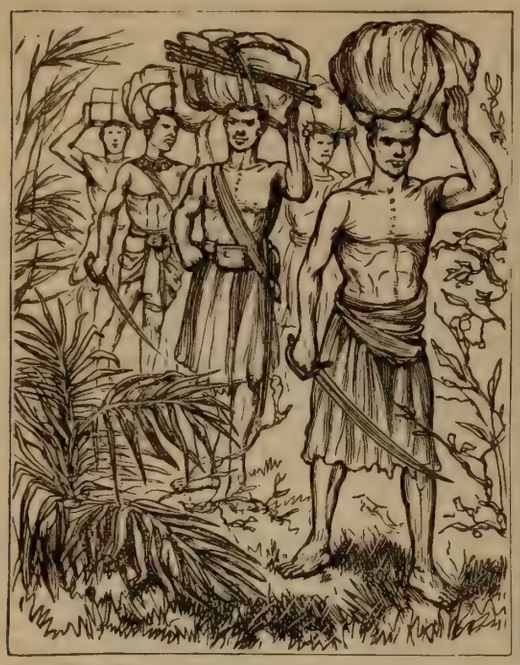
T. L. JOHNSON,

Colored Missionary in Africa.

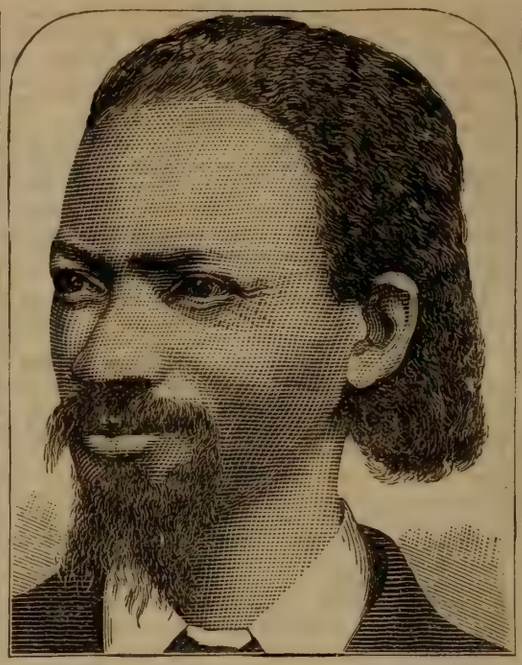
MR. JOHNSON, whose portrait appears on page 316, who has been enabled to labor successfully among the benighted members of his race in Africa, was born in Virginia in 1836. Until the close of the Civil War he lived in slavery, but he attended the revival services which in 1857 not only in Virginia but throughout the Union were so wonderfully blessed. Johnson was converted, and when the war was over he engaged in Christian work among his own people.

He felt deeply the need of some educational training to fit him for the duties of the ministry, on which his heart was set. From his former owner, Mr. Brent, and his family, he had heard of *Mr. Spurgeon, the English preacher*, and of his college. When he was free his thoughts reverted to the subject, and as soon as he could save sufficient money to defray the cost of a passage across the Atlantic, he embarked for England. He was cordially received by Mr. Spurgeon, and at once commenced a course of study preparatory to his entering on the labors of a missionary in Africa.

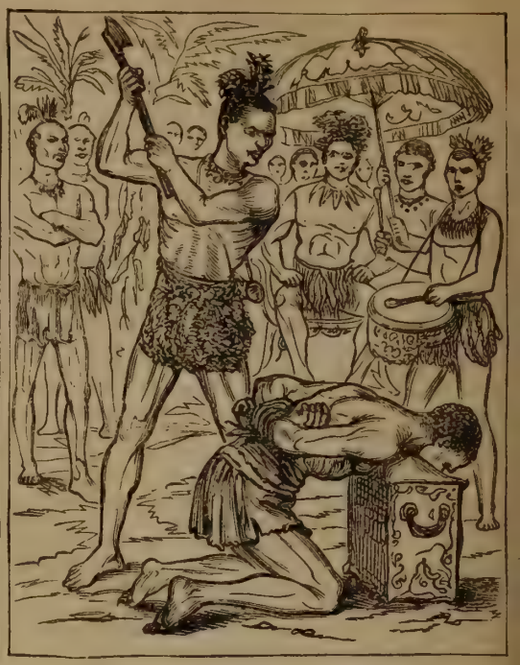
In a pamphlet recently published, Mr. Johnson thus describes his experience: "It is impossible to tell how much benefit I derived by going to the Pastors' College, for which I shall ever feel grateful. I regard this as being a turning point in my history. Much as I have loved Africa, and been desirous of serving her for Christ's sake, I am quite sure that I never could have labored efficiently in this work, had it not been for the advantages experienced in that institution.



Travelling in an African Wilderness.



T. L. Johnson, the African Missionary.



Human Sacrifices in Dahomey.

ON OUR WAY TO AFRICA.

"We went under the auspices of the Baptist Missionary Society. On November 6th, 1878, my wife and I bade farewell to the dear, kind friends in London. On the afternoon of November 9th we sailed from Liverpool on the steamer Kinsembo, and on the evening of November 22d we came in sight of Cape Verd, on the west coast of Africa. As soon as I caught sight of the peak, nearly thirty miles off, I went into my cabin for my telescope. For years my prayer had been that I might see Africa, the land of my fathers, and now my prayer was answered.

ASHANTEE.

"In travelling on the west coast of Africa, you often hear of Ashantee, a very powerful kingdom. The Ashantees are said to be most numerous, warlike, and powerful. Information given by Bowdich, Dupuis, and others shows how these travellers were impressed with the display of gold in remarkable profusion which had been found in Ashantee, and had been worked into ornamental devices years ago. They found the attendants of the king laden with ornaments of gold. Everywhere there were signs of wealth. The common articles for daily use were made of gold. The travellers, however, describe not only the gold they saw, but the customs of the people which were horrible and repulsive. The people were still barbarians, and kept up the practice of

OFFERING HUMAN SACRIFICES.

These travellers saw at the king's palace the royal executioner, with his hatchet on his breast, and the fatal blood-stained stool before him, (see illustration), ready, at the sound of the death-drum, to do his fearful work. They heard that the king had recently murdered, over his mother's grave, three hundred victims. On the death of a royal person, many hundred people are still massacred. In late years, through the influence of missionaries and the authorities at Cape Coast Castle, there has not been so much of this wholesale slaughtering of human lives, yet many, it is to be feared, are yet murdered.

TRAVELLING IN THE INTERIOR.

"The best roads in the interior of Africa are mere foot-paths through the forest, from town to town, on which the natives walk single file, a few yards from each other, each man with his load on his head and his cutlass in his hand or at his side, to defend himself against any beast or serpent that may be in the path. (*See illustration on this page.*) This was the way we started out of Victoria when we commenced our long journey of eighty miles through the wilderness to Bakundu, the station assigned us for missionary operations."

Mr. Johnson's work in Africa being interrupted by the death of his wife and his own ill-health, he was advised to make a journey to England. He did so, and in 1880 he returned to that country. Later in that year he paid a visit to America, and commenced a preaching and lecturing tour, with the object of raising funds for the Baptist Missionary Society, under the auspices of which he labored in Africa.

THE VICTIMS OF THE RUMSHOP.

From Mr. Moody's Last Address in Liverpool.

IT may be that there is a poor wretch who has come in here to-night discouraged and disheartened and with his clothes in rags. He is there up in the gallery behind a post to-night. He is looking down upon the people, and sees a good many of the people looking happy. He says to himself, "My home is dark and wretched, and I have made it so." Ten years ago he led a young lady to the altar and swore he would love and protect her. But now for some years past he has turned out to be a confirmed drunkard, and instead of being a comfort to her he has become a curse. Many a day she has borne upon her body marks of his cruel blows. Her children are in rags, and the publican has got the wages he ought to have given to her. The little children are trying to earn something by selling newspapers in the streets, and he will perhaps go and take their money and spend it in strong drink.

Perhaps he is now saying, "I will not go down to a drunkard's grave. I will become a child of God." He goes straight home. His wife says, "John, I hope you have not been to the public-house to-night." He says, "No, Mary, I have been at the circus to-night, and do you know I have heard something I have never heard before." He may have heard it, but it never came home to him until to-night. "*I have heard that American say, that I*, a poor drunkard, can become changed, that God can turn me against strong drink, that I can become not only a temperate man but a Christian, and,

MARY, CAN YOU PRAY?

I wish you to pray for me. Before you pray I want you to read the third chapter of John." Mary, who is hardly able to credit what she sees and hears, takes down the Bible and reads.

I can imagine the poor drunkard saying, "Wife, did you ever hear anything so sweet as that? God is not going to condemn me. He has given Jesus to save me. He is going to lift me up. Mary, won't you pray for me?" I can see the poor drunkard's wife getting down upon her knees. It is not an eloquent prayer she makes. But it needs not eloquent prayers to bring down the power of God and bring down heaven's blessing. Her cry is, "God save us as a family. God have mercy upon my husband; and, O God, break the fetters that are binding him to sin."

The next morning the man gets up early and goes off to his business or to find work. At the close of the week he brings her home his week's wages.

A GREAT CHANGE

then takes place in the home. His little children are bright and happy. They are pleased with their father. They have now got as good and as kind a father as any child. Three months after, the home that was once so dark and wretched is now a little Bethel upon earth. His children rush to meet him as he comes home, they no longer hide themselves from terror of him. If you were in his home you would hear of an evening no longer the song of the drunkard, but the songs of Zion. You would hear them singing, "Rock of Ages," "Just as I am." What a change! Thank God, that is taking place all over England. Homes are being changed, drunkards are being saved, harlots are being reclaimed. Oh, let it be our prayer to-night that the Christians may take the glad tidings of salvation into the courts and alleys of Liverpool, and tell these men that they can be saved. The devil has blinded them long enough. Let us tell the man that has lost all hope, that the Son of God can save him.

LOTTIE NELSON'S MENTORS.

A DULL, awkward girl was Lottie Nelson, without proper spirit, or proper pride, or proper regard for the proprieties of life. It must have been so, for Mrs. Lonsdale, Lottie's eldest sister, made that statement often. And Mrs. Lonsdale was an accepted authority in the best circles of the great city in which she lived. Mrs. Lonsdale could introduce her protegés into the most exclusive society, and the fact that a young lady was approved by Mrs. Lonsdale was sufficient to procure for her invitations to balls and parties, and to insure her a cordial welcome in houses at which a passport of some kind was needed.

But she could not conscientiously give Lottie Nelson a passport, much as she would have liked to do so. Lottie would have disgraced her, would have caused her judgment to be de-

rided. Mrs. Lonsdale was in despair. Lottie was eighteen, and knowing well that in the quiet New England village where she lived she was little likely to marry well—that is to marry a wealthy and aristocratic suitor—she had written to her mother, a woman as ambitious as herself, urging that Lottie be sent to her at once, and promising to "form her" and introduce her to fashionable society. Lottie was accordingly sent, but somehow she had not been "formed."

"I can do nothing for you, Lottie," she said one day after her discipline had been in operation nearly two months. "You are a hopeless case, I believe. You do not even dress as other girls do. You just hang your clothes on any way, as if you did not care how they look. I have given you dresses that are fashionable, but when you put them on they look as if they were on a lay figure—as if they did not belong to you. And last night when we had invited young Gould on purpose to meet you, you had scarcely a word to say, and left him to talk to the curate about Sunday-schools and the sick poor. You will never secure an eligible husband in that way."

"But I don't want an eligible husband, Clara, and I was much more interested in Mr. Watkins's description of his missions than I ever could be in Mr. Gould's account of the amateur theatricals."

Lottie Nelson Receives an Invitation.

"I am surprised at you, Lottie," said her sister; I can scarcely believe you are my sister. Do you suppose I should ever have married Mr. Lonsdale or have occupied the position in society I do if I had acted as you are doing? You have a far better opportunity of getting on than I ever had. I had no sister to introduce me, and yet you do not care to make the slightest effort to improve it. You will never do as well as I, unless you change your ways."

"Indeed, Clara, I do not wish to do as you have done. You do not seem to me at all a woman to be envied. You are constantly striving after things that do not seem to me worth struggling after, and you are elated and depressed by occurrences that I should think very trivial—not worth a thought. I would rather be of some use in the world."

Lottie's outburst astounded her sister, who had never doubted for a moment that the young village girl regarded her as the very highest ideal of a successful and happy lady. She supposed that Lottie admired and envied her, and was only prevented following her example by sheer incapacity. That Lottie did not admire her, or her life, or her position, argued a degree of stupidity almost incredible in its density. "I have no patience with you, Lottie," she said at last, "you had better become a hospital nurse at once. I believe that would be nearer your idea of a happy life."

"It would, indeed," said Lottie, "and I think it would be a much better life than that you and your friends are living. I do not believe you are really happy after all, and I am sure you are doing no good."

"We do not need a simple school girl's criticism and advice at any rate," said Mrs. Lonsdale, sweeping out of the room in which the conversation had been held, indignant at the assurance this girl, so much her inferior in all that makes a woman charming, had shown in sitting in judgment upon her. Mrs. Lonsdale did not like to admit herself defeated, but it seemed very much as if she who had succeeded in so many contests requiring tact and skill, and in which she had contended with women of the world, adepts in all its arts, would be foiled in her efforts to improve her own sister. It was very annoying and vexatious, and it must not be if she could help it. Lottie must be humored, it was evident, rather than lectured, and she must be lured gently into the stream of fashionable life. So Mrs. Lonesdale decided and arranged in her mind a course of action suited to her plan. She could not take Lottie to the homes of her most fashionable acquaintances, but she could take her to the theatre and to a few of the places where her shyness and awkwardness would not be so conspicuous, and so she might be gradually initiated into the ways of good society.

Later in the same day Mrs. Lonsdale was surprised by the information that Mrs. Hardy had called to see her. The Hardies were known to her, but they were not in her, set and there had never been any visiting between them. They were wealthy and of good family, well educated and very much respected by good people, but very eccentric. But wealth has claims on the homage even of the people of Mrs. Lonsdale's class, unless it is allied with vulgarity, which it certainly was not in Mrs. Hardy's case, and so Mrs. Lonsdale received her visitor with the outward deference due from one who knows the ways of the world.

"I came to speak to you," said Mrs. Hardy, "about your sister. We should be so glad if you would bring her to call upon us. Mr. Watkins, the curate of St. George's, has told us how very interesting she is." Mrs. Hardy did not add, as she might have done, that Mr. Watkins had told her that he feared a precious soul was in danger of being led into temptation by a worldly woman, and urged her to make an effort for the poor girl's rescue.

Mrs. Lonsdale knowing nothing of this, promptly sent for Lottie, rightly conjecturing that there might be some affinity between her sister and this wealthy lady; who herself dressed in a style long discarded by fashionable society. Lottie soon appeared; looking, as her sister thought, more dull and sheepish than usual. Mrs. Hardy, however, did not appear repelled by Lottie's uninteresting appearance, nor even to notice her loose shaggy hair and ungraceful style of dress, but greeted her with kind cordiality. Lottie, who had been accustomed to the thinly-disguised contempt of her sister's visitors, and to that display of superiority which wounded her sensitive nerves and rendered her more conscious and ill at ease than she generally was, was pleasantly surprised by the manner of this new acquaintance, and was at once drawn toward her by a grateful acknowledgment of sympathy.

It was quickly settled that Lottie should accept Mrs. Hardy's invitation, and then Mrs. Hardy, by a few simple questions, drew from the girl an account of what she did in her village home. The class she taught in the village school, the cottages of the poor, the little efforts she had made to brighten cheerless homes, and the sufferings of certain favorite humble friends, were all described with a brightness and interest that astonished Mrs. Lonsdale, who had never seen her sister so animated before. Finally Mrs. Hardy carried Lottie off with her on a round of visits she was then making, and Mrs. Lonsdale returned to her own room, wondering at the odd fancies some people had, and their strange notions of what constitutes pleasure.

The acquaintance with the Hardies ripened, and many an evening when Mrs. Lonsdale was shining resplendent with lace and jewels, the queen of some aristocratic assemblage, Lottie was in the Hardy mansion discussing with Mrs. Hardy and her daughters the weighty matters connected with the cutting out and manufacture of certain homely garments destined to make glad the heart of some poor distressed Christian. Mrs. Lonsdale never succeeded in "forming" her sister Lottie, but the attempt was made, and very successfully, by Mrs. Hardy's eldest son, who found Lottie not so uninteresting nor so dull as Mrs. Lonsdale considered her, but declares that she is the best wife a clergyman ever had, and a blessing to the parish. It is only fair to add that his opinion is indorsed in hundreds of poverty-stricken homes.

PETER BLAKE'S VOYAGE.

A SERIAL STORY BY HESBA STRETTON.

(*Continued from page* 303.)

Night and Despair.

PETER BLAKE was growing fearfully anxious. Never had life seemed so precious to him. Victor kept near to him, for there was nothing for the boy to do. But Captain Norcott gave orders for lighting up a signal fire on deck, and with almost fierce activity and haste Peter threw his whole strength into the task. A red flame soon blazed up high into the thick gloom of the night; they must keep that flame alight, or no eye could see them in the blackness. The minute-gun boomed across the dark waters. In the lurid light of the burning tar-barrel, the swarthy, weather-worn faces of the crew could be seen, drawn and pinched with fear, as they heaped upon the flame every combustible they could lay their hands upon. Peter Blake did not rest for a moment, or pause to cast a glance

at the sea. That flame seemed to be the only link between him and Bessie, with the other helpless ones, dependent on him, at home.

"Is there much danger, Peter?" asked Victor, as he followed him about the ship.

"Ay, my lad," he answered.

"Peter," said the boy, "suppose we are cast upon the rocks, and there's a chance for you, don't you think of me. Try your best to save yourself, for their sakes at home. Don't you lose any chance for me. Promise me, Peter."

"What will mother say?" asked Peter, with a heavy sob.

"It's for mother, and Bessie," he answered, "and baby, and little Nan. I'm not afraid. I'm thinking of what some great captain said once, 'We are as near to heaven by sea as by land.' I should only get there first, where Jesus Christ is, and you'll all come some day."

"Oh, Victor, my lad!" cried Peter, "it would break mother's heart, and mine."

"It would break all their hearts," he said, in a brave, unfaltering voice, "if both of us were lost at sea."

"God keep us off the rocks!" cried Peter again.

But almost as he spoke the words, the strange ripping sound of timbers crushing against a sunken reef grated through the ship. The Dolphin shivered and trembled like some living creature that has received its death wound. A loud, hoarse, simultaneous cry from the crew rang shrilly through the noise of the falling spars and the crashing of the masts. The white waves, which played ceaselessly about the hidden reef, leaped upon the deck, drowning the signal fire, which flickered and burned lower every minute.

There was a wild confusion on board, for now each man thought only of saving his own life; and the dense darkness increased tenfold the confusion and the difficulty. Not one among them expected the ship to hold together for more than a few minutes. The bows were held fast by the rock which had pierced them; but the hinder part was beaten and broken by the waves. As the last gleam of light was dying out, Peter saw Victor's pale young face beside him, and felt his arms thrown round his neck.

"Save yourself," he said, "for their sakes at home. Good-by."

"I cannot leave you," cried Peter. But in an instant Victor had loosed his hold, and was out of the reach of his brother's hand. He could no longer be seen in the darkness; but Peter heard his voice calling to him out of it.

"Good-by," he said. "Tell little Nan that I told her true; the sea is in the hollow of God's hand. I'm not afraid."

The next moment a second loud crash was heard, mingling with the despairing cries of drowning men. The Dolphin was broken in two; and Peter himself was swept away into the black trough of the sea.

But all the crew were not lost.

The point of rock that had pierced the hull still held the bows firmly. The foremast was left, though the main and mizzen masts had been carried away. How long this small fragment of the Dolphin would hold together against the play of the surf, who could tell? The wreck shivered at every fresh gust of wind, and every dash of the tide against it; while the mast leaned and swayed to and fro over the tossing waters.

Fleck, when the second shock came, was clinging in abject terror to this mast, crying for mercy more loudly than any of his shipmates. When the hull parted amidships with a terrific crash, he clambered up into the shrouds, and peered wildly into the darkness, where the white foam of the surf was the only thing to be seen. For some minutes nothing could be heard amid the grinding of the spars, and the creaking of the crazy mast to which he clung, mingling with the roar of the waves far and near, thundering over a rocky coast. But by-and-by he heard voices beneath him; and he called out with a momentary feeling of relief and hope.

"Who's there?" he shouted, loudly, "who's left?"

"It's me," answered Victor, "me and Mr. Penrose."

"Nobody else?" shouted Fleck.

"Nobody!" he replied.

"We're all lost," cried Fleck, "every soul of us. We may go to the bottom any minute. I'm coming down, for this mast 'ill lurch over before long. All through old Penrose, curse him!"

"Hush!" said Victor, "hush! he's here, holding on by me."

"I wish he was here," answered Fleck, descending from the tottering mast, "I'd sink more content if he was alongside of me."

But Arthur Penrose did not speak a word. He had tasted a bitterness worse than that of death during this terrible night. He had no wish to be rescued now that he had been the witness of the sudden death of many men, hurried out of life to satisfy his father's greed of gain. How could he ever forget it? If he lived, must he forever see those despairing faces and hear that despairing cry? No; he would rather die than live with such a burden.

"He doesn't know what he's doing," said Victor. "Perhaps he's like those men that crucified our Lord, and he prayed for them, 'Father, forgive them, they know not what they do.' He doesn't know, or he'd never do it again."

Did his father know what he was doing? The question pressed heavily on young Penrose. He could remember now, while he was clinging for bare life to the poor frail refuge left to them, how little concern he had felt when the news came that one of his father's vessels had been lost at sea. How many could he remember? The names came up before him clearly and distinctly, and he could not keep himself from checking them off upon his fingers. Some of them had never been heard of. What did that mean? Was it true that so many of his father's ships had foundered, with the loss of all the men on board? All the men! Not one to live and return to tell the tale of his shipmates' doom. His brain began to wander. He fancied that he could see amid the surf the white, fierce faces of drowning men, jeering and mocking him, and stretching out long skeleton hands to drag him down to them. These were the men his father had drowned; his father, who was always so good and kind to him, but whose hands were redder with blood than any murderer's.

A gray light broke at last upon the surging sea, but with the coming dawn the wind was rising. All about they could see miles of white breakers, dashing roughly against the reefs lying under the shallow waters. The jeering faces no longer haunted him, but the morning brought with it a feeling of profound sadness. He recalled the time when he had been used to kneel on his mother's lap in the early morning, and say "Our Father." But how long it was since then! How long it seemed since he had repeated that prayer, though it was but three days since he had joined in the words at chuch. He could not say "Our Father" now. His calamity had come, and God would mock at him. There was no chance for life, yet he did not dare to call upon God, as the little cabin boy beside him was doing. For, from time to time during the long dark hours he had heard Victor praying, and now and then singing softly to him, but he himself could not pray. His misery and despair were too great.

"Look! look!" cried Victor, as the morning light strengthened; "a lifeboat! a lifeboat!"

Arthur Penrose and Fleck sprang to their feet. Out a little distance from them a boat was cruising hither and thither, as if in search of the wreck. But the white foam about them was tossing in showers of spray higher than the one mast that was left, and seemed to conceal them from the view of those on board the boat. It was in vain they called and shouted; the din of the waters drowned their voices. Yet from time to time, as the boat rose on the crest of a wave, they could see it plainly, before it fell back into the trough of the sea. The hope that had taken possession of them died away, as they felt they could make themselves neither to be heard nor seen.

"Lad!" cried Fleck, hoarsely, "run up the mast. It'll hold a light weight like thee. Up with thee! Up! We shall all be lost if they miss catching sight of us."

"No, no!" said Arthur Penrose; "the boy shall not go. It would be certain death to him."

"Up! I say;" shouted Fleck, in a frenzy of terror; "there is no other chance. They must see him on the mast. Up, Victor!"

"I'll go," cried Victor, with a white, set face; "it's better for one to die than all of us. God's kept the mast from falling perhaps on purpose. Jesus Christ didn't save Himself."

"Up quickly, lad," urged Fleck; "they'll go away and lose us. Up!"

But Victor was already climbing the tottering mast. A wild sea lay all round him. As far as his eye could reach rapid breakers were foaming to and fro over sunken reefs, and pointed rocks, which lifted themselves like needles above the surface. Two or three miles away lay an island; but between it and them there was a stormy wilderness of waters. If he could not make himself seen or heard by the crew of the lifeboat, they must all perish.

"Take care of mother, and them at home," he called out, looking down for a moment at the up-lifted faces of Fleck and Arthur Penrose.

"I will," answered Penrose; and Fleck shouted, "Ay, ay, lad!"

Cautiously, but swiftly, he climbed as high as he dared climb on the mast. He could feel it tottering and swaying with his weight; but it still held in its socket; and below him Fleck was urging him to mount still higher. The surf almost blinded him as it swept across his face, and the roar of the breakers deafened him. He clung with all his might to the mast, as he wiped the salt water from his dimmed eyes. Did they see him; the crew of the lifeboat? Were they steering toward them, or away? His young, clear, shrill voice rang above the din of the waves.

"O God! let them hear me," he prayed, with a deep, heavy sob.

Yes! they heard. He could see them signal back to him that he was seen. They were drawing nearer and nearer. As long as he kept his perilous post they could steer directly toward them; but if he left it, they might lose sight of the wreck again in the wash of the sea. Once more Victor lifted up his voice.

"Oh, come quickly," he cried.

"We're coming as quickly as we can!" they called back again.

Now he might go down; but just then a great sea which had been rolling toward them unnoticed, tossed itself high against the rocks, and broke over the wreck with resistless force. The tottering mast bent like a reed before it. Arthur Penrose saw Victor clinging to it as it swayed over, and heard him cry, "Our Father!" Then he himself lost all consciousness of his own perilous position.

When Arthur Penrose came to himself, with a painful sense of effort to struggle back to life, he opened his eyes upon a group of strangers surrounding a bed on which he was lying. One of them appeared to be a doctor, for he was counting the beatings of his pulse, though he, as well as all the others, had the look of rough and weather-beaten men.

"Where have you taken me to?" he asked, fancying for a moment that he had been picked up in his little pleasure-boat, and carried to shore in England.

"You are in my house, sir," said one of the group; "in the island of Alderney, among friends. Our life-boat rescued you, and brought you here. We will do our best for you, be sure."

In Alderney! He turned his face toward the light, and through the uncurtained window he could see the rough and tossing sea, and that

only stretching up to the distant horizon. He felt sick and giddy at the sight of it; and as if he read the story on the stormy scene, all the memories of the terrible time he had passed through flashed, with intense vividness, through his mind.

"Are there any others saved?" he inquired, in a faint undertone.

"One seaman, who gives his name as Fleck," answered the doctor. "Come, come; you must forget all that for a little while. Here, drink this."

(To be continued.)

PAUL AND BARNABAS IN CYPRUS.

S. S. Lesson for May 27, Acts 13: 1-12. Golden Text, ver. 7. By Mrs. M. Baxter.

Apostolic Apathy as to Missions—A Church with Five Teachers—Its Spirituality—An Erroneous Notion—The Missionaries Chosen—The Kind of Men God Calls—Why Men Abandon Work—The Holy Ghost's Messengers—Opposed by a Sorcerer—Satan's Numerous Instruments and Devices—Spurious Holiness—The Hand of God on Elymas.

"GOD so loved *the world* that He gave His only begotten Son;" our Lord's express command to His disciples was that they should "go into all the world, and preach the Gospel to every creature" (Mark 16: 15), that they should "go and teach [or disciple] all nations" (Matt. 28: 19) "that repentance and remission of sins should be preached in His name among all nations, beginning at Jerusalem (Luke 24: 47). Yet there seems to have been a strong tendency in the early Church to settle down and remain where God had blessed them; beginning at Jerusalem was to them settling down at Jerusalem There seems never to have arisen among the apostles in Jerusalem a burning desire to carry the precious truth of God to "those who lay in darkness and in the shadow of death." It was through the disciples of Jerusalem, and not the apostles, that Samaria was evangelized. God had to give Peter a special revelation in order that he should be made willing to preach his first sermon to the Gentiles at Cæsarea; men of Cyprus and Cyrene were the first messengers of Christ to the city of Antioch, and even Paul himself needed to be thrust forth, full as he was of the constraining love of Christ, in order that he should understand his call to break up untried ground among the heathen.

"There were in the church that was at Antioch, certain prophets and teachers; as Barnabas and Simeon that was called Niger, and Lucius of Cyrene, and Manaen, which had been brought up with Herod the tetrarch, and Saul." Five teachers in one church! No doubt the fellowship of spirit and the union in prayer among them was most blessed, but was this fully carrying out the mind of the Master? While Antioch was being so well cared for, and many souls there were reaping the spiritual fatness which was the result of this strength of workers, what was becoming of hundreds of thousands of lost souls elsewhere?

These men were, however, ready to learn the mind of God.

"THEY MINISTERED TO THE LORD, AND FASTED."

Something must have led them to do so, there must have been a conscious need which drove them to come thus apart. We cannot believe that they were actuated by the spirit which prompts some believers to force God to answer their prayers by fasting and praying until He does so, evidently thinking that God is unwilling, and has to be compelled. Oh, how contrary is such an idea to the truth, for the Lord waits that He may be gracious unto us (Isa. 30: 18). It is in the days when the Bridegroom is taken away that the instinct of a soul is to fast and to wait upon the Lord for a further revelation of Himself and of His will. It is rather, "The Lord has something to say to me, therefore I will set myself apart to listen," than, "I want something from God, therefore I will do violence to myself that He may be compelled to attend to me." The former idea is befitting the teachable child of God, the latter conveys a wrong impression of our most loving Father.

MISSIONARIES CHOSEN.

"As they ministered to the Lord, and fasted, the Holy Ghost said, Separate Me Barnabas and Saul for the work whereunto I have called them." Here was the reason of the impulse to fast to which their spiritual instincts had recognized and responded. This was indeed a Holy Ghost call; would that every minister, every missionary, every evangelist had such a distinct call of God as this. Some are chosen by men because they can pay for their university education, some because it would be a credit to the family to have a clergyman among them. Some are chosen as preachers because they have a facility in expressing their ideas, without reference to their spiritual condition; some choose preaching as a profession because they think it is easier work than the labor of their hands, and it brings them more into prominence. The Holy Ghost has nothing whatever to do with the call of such.

God called Samuel; no man would ever have thought it wisdom to trust a mere child such as he was with the declaration of the mind of God, but no fitter instrument could have been found. God called Moses, not when he was in the zenith of favor at court, and in the full exercise of learning, but just when he was a nothing and a nobody in the land of Midian. God called Isaiah just when he had discovered he was "a man of unclean lips" (Isa. 6: 5-9); Jeremiah when he was a child (Jer. 1: 5-7); Ezekiel when he fell upon his face before the manifestation of his Lord (Ezek. 1: 28; 2: 1-7); Amos when he was following the flock (Amos 7: 14, 15); truly, God's ways are not as our ways. If we are doing any work for God, let us be sure that the Holy Ghost has called us to that work, and then neither difficulties, hindrances, nor even impossibilities will hold us back, for God, who has sent us is equal to them all. Discouragement cannot find room in a man who is sent of God.

Our hearts are often saddened when we hear of those who have put their hands to the plough and have turned back. We hear of men educated for the ministry, but going into business; we hear of missionaries, after remaining a year or two out in the field turning back and getting some comfortable post at home; we hear of Scripture readers and Bible-women finding that they did not get as much personal advantage as they expected, and just turning back to another line of life, as though the winning of souls were only one means, out of many, to gain a respectable livelihood! We see those who have joined the more novel methods of reaching the masses, and who have become officers in the various armies now engaged in fighting the devil, who, instead of first settling whether they were ready to count the cost and accept all risks, trusting God to supply all their needs, soon lose courage and turn back again, and thus the unbelievers mock at the call of the Holy Ghost, as though it were a mere imagination, and the work of our God deteriorates. Few of these, we fear, have really known the call of the Holy Ghost.

When the elders of the Church at Antioch had fasted and prayed, and laid their hands on Barnabas and Saul, "they sent them away. So they, being sent forth by the Holy Ghost, departed into Selucia; and from thence they sailed to Cyprus."

BEING SENT FORTH BY THE HOLY GHOST.

If I am sent forth by the Holy Ghost, then He who sends me forth is responsible for all the consequences of my going forth, strength, talent, wisdom, judgment, as well as food, lodging and clothing, become His responsibility; He does not send us a warfare on our own, but on His, charges. Being sent forth by the Holy Ghost they came to Salamis, in the island of Cyprus, and "preached the Word in the synagogue of the Jews." They did not take up this work because they thought they would like it, but because God liked it. Nothing is told us of the fruit of their labors in this place.

"And when they had gone through the isle nnto Paphos, they found a certain sorcerer,

A FALSE PROPHET,

a Jew, whose name was Bar-jesus; which was with the deputy of the country, Sergius Paulus, a prudent man, who called for Barnabas and Saul, and desired to hear the Word of God." It was no light thing in these early times to find a ruler among inquirers after Christ. It might be productive of most blessed results, if this man's soul were saved, and if he himself became an ardent friend of the Gospel. But the devil saw the advantage, and had *his instrument ready*. Elymas was his tool, and this wretched man, in league as he was with the powers of darkness, saw how contrary Christianity was to his own practises, and he withstood God's messengers, seeking "to turn away the deputy from the faith." This is *no uncommon thing*, wherever a work of God is going on in power there the devil is close at hand to withstand it. His instruments are diverse. Sometimes he introduces controversy about some doctrine, Calvinism and Arminianism, infant or adult baptism; sometimes he seeks to injure the truth by a current of asceticism, sometimes by *the introduction of fanaticism*, but in the present day his favorite way of marring the work of God is by the painful inconsistencies of those who preach and those who testify for Christ. By men who profess to have a clean heart, and yet retaliate everything which is said against them, showing that the heart is not cleansed from self-love, who praise God that self is destroyed in them, and yet are as much pained as any one else is when there is the smallest disparagement of anything they say or do; those who say they are ready to go all lengths for Christ, and yet cannot take an injury which man does them from His hand at all; men who sing about giving all they have to Jesus, and yet live in the greatest ease and comfort. These are Satan's favorite instruments in our day.

What would Saul do? He could not stand against the power of the devil in Elymas by virtue of any power which was in him, but he knew, by blessed experience, the power of God. Thus, "filled with the Holy Ghost he set his eyes on him, and said, Oh, full of all subtilty and all mischief, thou child of the devil, thou enemy of all righteousness, wilt thou not cease to pervert the right ways of the Lord. And now, behold, the hand of the Lord is upon thee, and thou shalt be blind, not seeing the sun for a season." Elymas was a Jew, and had had knowledge about the true God, but never had the hand of the Lord consciously come upon him, and now it must be in judgment not in mercy. God did not delay to respond to His servant; "Immediately there fell upon Elymas a mist and a darkness, and he went about seeking some to lead him by the hand." The deputy could resist no longer, the power of God was manifest in his very presence; "when he saw what was done [he] believed, being astonished at the doctrine of the Lord."

It has been the promise of Christ since the time He was on earth to confirm His word "with signs following." Men who dread the interference of God above all things, declare that there is no need now for signs and miracles, that the age is too enlightened to require startling things such as strike the vulgar, but the real fact is, men are far more unbelieving in proportion as the pride of knowledge increases, and the fact which is seen by all who have any experience of the hand of God in faith healing, is this, that those unconvinced of God's claims upon them, of His love and power, and of His great salvation, are more readily brought into contact with God when they see His works of healing, than in any other way. But in this present, unbelieving age, every argument is tried to prove that God does not interfere now to do works of healing; men are afraid of having God too near them, they would rather keep Him at a distance. Well may our Lord ask the question, "When the Son of man cometh, shall He find faith on the earth?" (Luke 18: 8).

FOREIGN TOPICS.

The Condition of Tenant Farmers in England is at last to receive the long-promised attention of Parliament. Their grievances are very heavy, and have been borne with exemplary patience. Their titled landlords have in many cases acted the oppressor's part, and have imposed restrictions upon them which have made it extremely difficult for them to maintain their families, although in the majority of cases they could obtain men to labor on their farms at the starvation wages of two dollars a week. A first step toward the relief of the farmers was made on May 10th, when a member of the administration introduced a bill in the House of Commons, by which agricultural tenants will be entitled to receive, when their tenancies expire, compensation from landlords for improvements they may have made to the lands they occupied.

Dr. Gallagher and the Other Prisoners charged with conspiracy to blow up public buildings in England with dynamite were, on May 10th, held for trial, with the exception of O'Connor, whom the prosecution failed to connect with the others. He was released, but was immediately arrested again and carried to Liverpool to answer another charge. The other prisoners were committed for trial on the charge of treason-felony, conspiracy to damage public buildings, and unlawful possession of nitro-glycerine. The trial will be begun on the 28th of June at the Old Bailey. Confirmation of the suspicion that the object of the plots was the Houses of Parliament was given by the officers who arrested Dr. Gallagher. They testified to having found in the prisoner's clothes orders for admission to the House of Commons.

A Decided Feeling against Secret Societies is reported from Ireland by the special correspondent of the New York *Sun*, who states that "the societies in Ireland have received a death blow through the success of the Crown in prosecuting the conspiracy cases. The entire press of Ireland concurs in its approval of the result, and in expressing the hope that Irishmen will hereafter be deterred from the insane and criminal folly of joining such organizations. They join without any idea of their purpose, and in every instance the moving spirits have been among the first to betray their dupes. The conviction of Kelly has produced a profound sensation, and there seems to be a revulsion of feeling with regard to the trials and their significance." It may be hoped that the societies in America will also take heed, for treachery appears to have been as prevalent here as in Ireland, and the British Consul in New York was duly *informed by Irishmen* of the proceedings of the secret societies after every meeting.

The Roman Catholic Archbishop Croke, who has taken a prominent part in the Irish agitation, is said to have received a reprimand from the Pope for his attitude on the question. It was conveyed in a communication from Cardinal Jacobini, the Papal Secretary of State, to which the Archbishop replied, maintaining that his conduct in relation to the agitation in Ireland had been perfectly regular, and that his object was not to stimulate revolt, but to obtain for the people right and justice. The explanation of the Archbishop, it is said, was not deemed satisfactory at the Vatican. The *Moniteur*, of Rome, now states that it has reason to believe that an important and very categorical document has just been sent by the Vatican to all the Irish bishops, and that Archbishop Croke has promised the Pope that he will in the future conform to the attitude of Cardinal McCabe with regard to Irish affairs.

The Rocks Ahead in French Policy are Described by a writer in Paris in a cable letter to the New York *Herald*. He says: "It is evident that on the Congo, in Tonquin and Madagascar, France is being led into a series of petty foreign adventures which are covering her chagrin at the loss of her influence in Egypt. It will be difficult for her to come out without burned fingers. Paris is certainly just now anxious to hear from the Congo. It is pretty certain that if M. De Brazza ventures to pull down the international flags near Stanley Pool, or attempts to assert by force French supremacy on the Upper Congo, he will come into conflict with Stanley. Should this occur France must be prepared to support M. De Brazza in a campaign against the foreign Powers, who are responsible for the welfare of the International African Society. But the Tonquin question is fraught with more danger than that of the Congo. Judging by President Grévy's autograph letter calling upon the Emperor of Annam to submit his dominions to a French protectorate, France has evoked the hostility of China, so that carefully worded journals such as the *Siècle* and the *Temps* warn France that the danger of war with China should be earnestly taken into consideration." He also expresses his conviction that all the expeditions have been undertaken to restore French national self-respect, which has been lowered by her Egyptian blunders.

The Malagasy Envoys have been Cordially received in Germany, and it is hoped that German influence may hold in check the unjust attempts made by France to impose her yoke in Madagascar. The envoys write that they are greatly pleased with the reception they met with in Berlin and hope to sign a treaty with the government. They claim that the commerce of Germany with Madagascar exceeds that of France. Herr Kock, a merchant at Tamatave, the capital of Madagascar, has been appointed German Consul at that place.

Dr. Moffat, the Venerable Missionary, has written a letter denouncing the English policy in the Transvaal. Dr. Moffat has spent the best years of his life in the near neighborhood of the colony, and therefore speaks with authority. He says: "Our government are verily culpable; they talk of removing the sufferers; but where to is the question; and to pension the plundered chiefs is an idea too disgraceful to be entertained. First, to promise to shield and defend them against Boer aggressions, then leave them to be plundered and murdered. I cannot contemplate the future of the Bechuana tribes without deep sorrow, especially as it is all the result of the maladministration of a nation—the wisest in the world. In order to get quit of these deeply-wronged tribes, it is proposed to remove them to another locality, that the lawless Boers may have unrestricted right to rule according to their own ideas of right and wrong; but where can these suffering people be placed? I know the whole of the country. The whole affair is a disgrace and shame, and will remain a blot in England's escutcheon, which long manufactured speeches will never erase."

The Annexation of New Guinea by Great Britain appears to have caused little remark among other nations. The government of Queensland took formal possession of New Guinea in the Queen's name, pending the decision of her ministers. The excuse for this precipitate and daring act is the necessity of anticipating foreign Powers, especially Germany, which is said to have been maturing a plan for the colonization of the country. New Guinea, or Papua, is *the third largest island in the world*, containing a territory 274,000 miles in extent, one third greater than that of France. Its interior, comprising mountain ranges and table lands, has never been explored; and its sparse population consists of various tribes, some tractable, and others fierce and untameable. It is rich in tropical vegetation and mineral wealth, while its coast regions are humid and unhealthy. The large number of islands England now possesses in every part of the world is a significant fact which students of prophecy have noted as confirmation of the opinion that she is the Tarshish and the isles of the sea so often mentioned in prophecy.

A Bishop's Testimony to the Value of the work in which Messrs. Moody and Sankey have been engaged in Great Britain was given on a public platform, recently. Dr. Ryle, the Bishop of Liverpool, who presided at a meeting held in that city, while the American evangelists were there, noticing the smallness of the attendance, attributed it to the attraction of the services at the Circus, conducted by Messrs. Moody and Sankey, and said he did not wonder at it. He was one of those who thanked God extremely for Mr Moody. He thanked God for the testimony Mr. Moody bore to the simple Gospel of Jesus Christ. There was nothing sensational, no beating of drums and blowing of trumpets; but he simply told in very simple language the story of the cross, and brought out the truth of the Word of God, and did it not for any party, not for any sect, not for any particular church, but for the cause of his Lord and Saviour. He thanked God for any man who could get the ear of the people in the way Mr. Moody did. Mr. Moody was only following the steps marked out by the evangelists who turned the world upside down.

The Evangelistic Work of M. Von Schluembach in Berlin is meeting with remarkable success. German papers say that those who have been blessed, and the ministers whose hearts have been stirred by its means, are arranging for its continuance. A new Y. M. C. A. has been started, which, if rightly conducted, may become a power for good all over Germany.

A Mouse's Nest made of Bank Notes.—A French workman was disagreeably surprised recently to find that a sum of 2000f. ($400) in bank notes he had hidden in a cellar for safety had disappeared. The pocket-book which had contained the notes was there, lying open, but there were no signs of the notes. On searching well, however, some small fragments of paper were seen lying about, and it was suggested that mice might be the thieves. Following the direction of the fragments, the flooring was taken up of a room above in which a fire had been lighted, and there near the stove was found a mouse's nest lined with the precious paper, nibbled into small pieces. These were collected and taken to the Bank of France, where the notes will be reconstituted if possible; and if the numbers can be ascertained, other notes will be given by the bank in exchange. The workman, however, is little likely to recover all his property, and the loss will probably be a serious blow to him as he is obviously of a miserly disposition, or he would have deposited his money in a bank. It may be hoped that he will be led by his loss to follow the Saviour's injunction (Matt. 6 : 19–21).

The Bible is Claimed by an English Temperance journal as a total abstinence book on the ground that in it the word *wine* occurs 261 times; 121 times it contains warnings; 71 times warnings and reproofs; 12 times pronounces it as poisonous and venomous · five times totally prohibits it.

The Prophetic News and Israel's Watchman (London), for May, may be obtained at the office of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, price six cents, postage paid.

Volume V. of the Christian Herald and Signs of our Times is now ready, bound in cloth, containing all the numbers for 1882 with complete index. Price $3 including postage. Ten per cent less to ministers and the trade.

An Illustrated Work on the Unfulfilled prophecies of the Bible, by the Rev. M. Baxter, entitled: "Forty Coming Wonders," may be had from the office of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, 63 Bible House, New York, by remitting one dollar. It is a book of 528 pages, is handsomely bound in cloth and contains fifty full-page pictures and diagrams representing the scenes described in the prophecies of Daniel and in the book of the Revelation. It also contains a resumé of the opinions of other expositors, and extracts carefully collated from the works of all the most eminent writers on prophecy, from the earliest ages of the Christian era down to those of recent date. It thus forms the most useful and complete guide the student can have in entering on the study of that portion of the Word of God. The book may also be obtained for one dollar from any bookseller, who can procure it from the American News Company.

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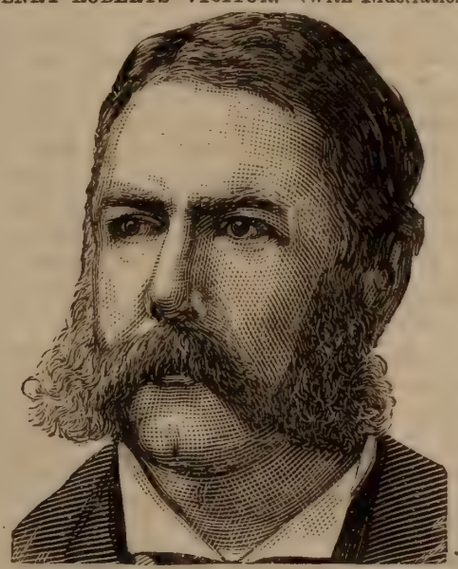
SETH LOW, MAYOR OF BROOKLYN.
(FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY ALVA PEARSALL.)



PRESIDENT ARTHUR.

F. EDSON, MAYOR OF NEW YORK.
(FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY KURTZ.)

THE BROOKLYN BRIDGE—OPENED MAY 24, 1883.
(FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY ROCKWOOD, UNION SQ., N. Y.)

PRESIDENT ARTHUR.

THE events of the life of Chester A. Arthur, President of the United States, whose portrait appears this week on our front page, have been so widely published and were so thoroughly canvassed during the Presidential campaign, that it is unnecessary to do more here than present a brief summary of them. He has promised to be present at the opening of the bridge to-day, and will naturally and properly by reason of his exalted office, be the most conspicuous personage at the ceremony. His picture, therefore, and a brief sketch of his life are therefore appropriate at this time.

General Chester A. Arthur was born in Franklin County, Vt., October 5th, 1830. He is the oldest of a family of two sons and five daughters. His father was the Rev. Dr. William Arthur, a Baptist clergyman, who emigrated to this country from the County Antrim, Ireland, in his eighteenth year, and died October 27th, 1875, in Newtonville, near Albany.

General Arthur was educated at Union College, and was graduated in the Class of '49. After leaving college he taught a country school during two years in Vermont, and then, having managed by rigid economy to save about $500, he started for New York, and entered the law office of ex-Judge E. D. Culver as a student. After being admitted to the Bar, he formed a partnership with his intimate friend and roommate, Henry D. Gardiner, with the intention of practising in the West, and for three months they roamed about in the Western States in search of an eligible site, but in the end returned to New York, where they hung out their joint shingle, and entered upon a successful legal career. General Arthur soon afterward married the daughter of Lieutenant Herndon, United States Navy. Mrs. Arthur died only a short time ago, deeply lamented by her husband and children.

General Arthur was a delegate to the Convention at Saratoga that founded the Republican party. Previous to the outbreak of the war he was Judge Advocate of the Second Brigade of the State Militia, and Governor Edwin D. Morgan, soon after his inauguration, selected him to fill the position of Engineer-in-Chief of his staff. In 1861 he held the post of Inspector-General, and soon afterward was advanced to that of Quartermaster-General, which he held until the expiration of Morgan's term of office.

At the expiration of Governor Morgan's term, General Arthur returned to his law practice. Business of the most lucrative character poured in upon him, and the firm of Arthur & Gardiner prospered exceedingly. Much of their work consisted in the collection of war claims and the drafting of important bills for speedy legislation, and a great deal of General Arthur's time was spent in Albany and Washington, where his uniform success won for him a national reputation. For a short time he held the position of counsel to the Board of Tax Commissioners of this city, at $10,000 per annum. Gradually he was drawn into the arena of politics. He nominated, and by his efforts elected, the Hon. Thomas Murphy a State Senator. When the latter resigned the Collectorship of the Port of New York on November 20th, 1871, President Grant nominated General Arthur to the vacant position, and four years later, when his term expired, renominated him, an honor that had never been shown to any previous Collector in the history of the port. He was removed by President Hayes on July 12th, 1878, despite the fact that two special committees made searching investigation into his administration, and both reported themselves unable to find anything upon which to base a charge against him. In their pronunciamentos announcing the change, both President Hayes and Secretary Sherman bore official witness to the purity of his acts while in office. A petition for his retention was signed by every judge of every court in the city, by all the prominent members of the Bar, and by nearly every importing merchant in the collection district, but this Gen. Arthur suppressed.

After General Arthur's removal from the Custom House, he engaged in the practice of the law, and in the direction of Republican politics in the State, being Chairman of the Republican State Committee. At the Chicago Convention of 1880 he was nominated to the second place on the Republican ticket, and elected. When President Garfield died on September 19th, 1881, General Arthur became his constitutional successor, and was duly sworn in as President of the United States. In person he is over six feet in height, broad-shouldered, athletic, and handsome. He is a member of the Episcopal Church.

FRANKLIN EDSON,

Mayor of New York.

MAYOR EDSON, whose portrait appears on the front page, was elected to the position he occupies in November, 1882. He comes of an ancient family. He traces his pedigree back to Deacon Samuel Edson, one of the early Puritans, who resided in Salem, Mass., prior to 1639, and removed to Bridgewater in 1650.

Colonel Josiah Edson, one of his descendants, was noted for his loyalty to the British crown during the Revolutionary War. He did not believe that he could honorably break his repeated oaths of allegiance. He was colonel of a regiment of militia, and was obliged, to escape his incensed neighbors, to take refuge under the British flag. His large estate at Bridgewater was confiscated. Opher Edson was born in Grafton, Windham County, Vt., but early in life removed to Chester, where he became a farmer. He married Soviah Williams, a descendant of Roger Williams, of Rhode Island. His son Franklin was born at Chester, Windsor County, Vt., on the 5th of April, 1832.

His early life was spent on his father's farm. He attended a district school during the winters, working during the summers, until he was fourteen years old. Subsequent to that and until he was seventeen he went during the autumn months to the Chester Academy, an institution which had a high reputation, and during the winter taught school, still continuing to do farm work in the summer. In February, 1852, he went to Albany, N. Y., and joined his brother Cyrus, who was already established in business there. He had saved some of his wages and had a capital of $60. After three years of clerkship he became his brother's partner, but one month later Cyrus was killed by the explosion of a boiler at his distillery, and Mr. Edson assumed the conduct of the business, retaining it for fifteen years. He held many positions of trust and honor in Albany, among them a director of the New York State Bank, vestryman of St. Paul's Episcopal Church and president of the Young Men's Association.

In 1866 he sold his business in Albany, and, removing to New York, became a commission merchant. In 1871 he was elected a member of the Board of Managers of the Produce Exchange, and in 1872 he was made chairman of the Trade Committee and of the Committee on By-Laws an Annual Report. One of the most important services rendered by Mr. Edson to the members of the Exchange was the distinct organization of each of the different branches of the produce trade and the establishment of rules under which their differences could be arbitrated. He was elected president of the Exchange in 1873 and re-elected in 1874. He was again elected to the chair in 1878. During his first two terms he devoted great attention to the transportation and grading of grain. He is the founder of the system of inspection now in vogue here, which is an invaluable safeguard for merchants. He labored indefatigably to secure the reduction of the canal tolls, and for years advocated their total abolition. Mr. Edson is a director of the Bank of New York, and was formerly a trustee of the Pacific Mutual Insurance Company and of the common schools in the Twenty-fourth Ward. In 1856 he was married to Miss Fanny C. Wood.

SETH LOW,

Mayor of Brooklyn.

MR. LOW, whose portrait completes the trio which most appropriately accompany the picture of the bridge, was elected to the Mayoralty of "the city of churches" in 1881. His election was a mark of unusual honor, because Brooklyn was then about to make a critical experiment. The control of the city and the appointments were vested in the Mayor, who thus acquired a power rarely confided to one man. It will be readily perceived how important, under such circumstances, it was that the man selected for the office should be wise, sagacious, and of unimpeachable integrity. The fact that Seth Low was elected, is, therefore, a tribute to his mental and moral character of no mean order.

Mr. Low was born in Brooklyn in 1850, and is the son of Abbott A. Low, a well-known merchant in Burling Slip. He was graduated from Harvard College in 1870. He then entered business with his father, and has managed the affairs of the firm, in which he is associated with his father, for several years. Mr. Low has taken an active part in Republican politics in Brooklyn, and has been a delegate to the General Committee of Kings County from the First Ward. In all municipal affairs he has shown much interest, and the Bureau of Charities, systematizing the benevolence of churches and individuals, is largely due to his efforts. His influence has always been on the side of decency and purity in politics, and he has been a conspicuous advocate of reform in the civil service. In the late canvass he refused to make pledges or committals of any sort, beyond a general promise that he would, if elected, use all his influence in furtherance of the public interests without regard to partisan affiliations.

THE BROOKLYN BRIDGE.

Necessity for the Bridge—The First Project—Death of the Engineer—The Difficulties to be Surmounted—Building the Towers—The Foundations Laid on a Floating Raft—The Cables—Fixing the Beams—Conclusion of the Work—Its Permanence.

THE magnificent triumph of engineering skill, which is to be placed this day at the service of the people, has been thirteen years in building, and has cost more than fifteen million dollars. No such bridge exists in the whole world, and its completion places the United States in the van of the nations in the march of human conquest over natural difficulties.

THE FIRST PLAN

of a bridge to connect the cities of New York and Brooklyn was drawn in 1865, when the people of the two cities had grown weary of the tedious travel across the East River in the ferry-boats. The grievance was not a fanciful one. The merchants and professional men of New York had long before been driven across the river by the need of purer air and the high rents of New York. During part of the year the ferry-boat trips were made with sufficient regularity, but the presence of a dense fog blown from the sea was not an unfrequent occurrence, and then the time at which the ferry-boat would start and the time it would occupy in crossing, were matters of speculation. In the winter huge blocks of ice would float down the river and would freeze into a solid mass around the slips, and then, too, traffic would be delayed to the annoyance and sometimes serious loss of the travellers. A demand was consequently raised for a bridge, and a company of capitalists set themselves to the task of constructing one.

MANAGERS.

Before the work was well commenced, however, it was generally felt that a work so stupendous ought not to be left to private enterprise, and it was arranged that the cost of the structure and its management should be placed in the hands of the two cities. By an act of the legislature this scheme was effected, and it was decided that two-thirds of the cost should be defrayed by Brooklyn and one-third by New York, and that the work should be managed by a

board of trustees appointed by the Mayor and Comptroller of each city.

In September, 1867, the plans prepared by the engineer, John A. Roebling, were ready for inspection, but it was more than two years later that a practical commencement of the gigantic undertaking was made. Before the first stone was laid a sad accident deprived the trustees of the services of their engineer. While superintending the preparations for laying the foundation of one of the towers, Mr. Roebling received an injury which produced lockjaw, and he died after an illness of sixteen days. He was succeeded by his son, Washington A. Roebling, who has been chief engineer throughout. It is, however, a sad fact that, though superintending the work, he has been obliged to rely on the reports of subordinates, and has scarcely seen the bridge which has been built under his directions. While engaged in directing the early progress of the work he spent some considerable time down in the caisson (a structure which will be described in its place), and was seized by the mysterious "caisson disease," from which he is still a sufferer.

DIMENSIONS.

The two points selected as the termini of the bridge are 1595 feet apart, a distance never before crossed by a single span, and it was necessary, according to law, that the roadway of the bridge should be 135 feet above mean high water mark, which involved the erection of a tower on each shore 277 feet high. These figures will convey to the mind some idea of the enormous difficulties to be surmounted, especially when it is realized that the foundations of these enormous piles of masonry must be laid under the water of the river.

The process of

LAYING THE FOUNDATIONS

of the towers, which is one of the most interesting chapters in the history of the work, is thus described by Mr. William C. Conant in *Harper's Magazine*: "Probably to the end of time thoughtful spectators unversed in the mysteries of engineering will pause, as they now do, before these gigantic towers, more wonderful than the Pyramids, with the everlasting sea beating their mighty bases, and will perplex themselves in vain to imagine by what means the granite masonry could have been laid so solid and true beneath not *forty feet depth of rushing tides* alone, but eighty feet below their surface, on the rock which those tides had not touched for untold ages. To explain this mystery in one word, the submarine portion of the tower was really *built above-water*, in the open air, and then sunk toward its bed as soon as built. But this is to put a new mystery in place of the first, for how could such a mass of masonry be set firmly to a hair's-breadth in its bed against the mighty current, or how could its bed be excavated to this enormous depth to receive it?

"The principle of the diving-bell, supplemented by the air force-pump or compressor, is the solution of the difficulty. Only the diving-bell must be a peculiar one, made to carry on its back the giant tower as it dives to the bottom, as it delves into the bowels of the earth, and as it reposes at length and forever on the rock. It is technically called a *caisson* (having been first used in France), from its resemblance to an inverted chest. Imagine your diving-bell or caisson, made of an oblong form, corresponding to the shape and size of its burden, with a margin of eleven feet excess on all sides. You must, of course, also have it built with sufficient durability of material and strength of mass both to carry down the masonry entire, without flinching, and to *rest under it forever* without yielding or decay. To obtain sufficient strength and rigidity in the structure for its tremendous back-load, let its entire top, 102 feet by 172, be built to a thickness of 21 feet of dense Southern pitch-pine in timbers twelve inches square, laid in solid courses crossing each other, fastened with powerful through-bolts, and all the joints and seams filled with pitch. Let the sides be eight feet thick at their junction with the top, built in the same manner, but tapered on the inside down to an iron-shod edge only eight inches thick. Finally, let the whole cavernous interior be lined with boiler iron, seamed air-tight, for its perfection as a diving-bell, and for protection against the danger of fire, which experience in building the first or Brooklyn tower of this bridge has shown to be imminent at all times while working by gas-light and with blasting explosives in compressed air.

"While the caisson with its entrances and appurtenances approaches completion in the shipyard, arrangements must next be made for placing it in position on the bottom of the stream. First a slip or dock must be built to fix it in the exact position of the intended tower. The "water-lot" marked for occupation is levelled as well as possible by dredging, and a row of piles is driven as deep as possible along the landward line, making three sides of an oblong inclosure or stockade. Into this inclosure the caisson is towed. The exact lines of the pier foundation are mathematically fixed by the engineers, and the caisson is placed in the proper position to a hair by blocking and wedging on all three sides. It now rises and falls with the tide, however, and is therefore not yet capable of being exactly and finally placed.

"The next business, accordingly, is to commence the foundations of the pier on the massive platform or raft of solid timber 22 feet thick and 102 by 172 feet square, which we have figuratively called the back of the submarine monster which is to carry the whole burden down to its final bed. The huge squared blocks of granite are now laid at leisure in hydraulic cement in uniform courses, and soon their weight overcomes the buoyancy of the caisson, and settles it to the bottom, with its top still visible above water. The compressed air is now let into the diving-bell interior, forcing the water out beneath the iron-shod edges of the sides where they rest on the bottom. This done, the workmen can go down into the very wet cellar, and complete the levelling of the earth under the supporting edges of the structure.

"Now, while the caisson barely touches bottom by its weight, but does not rest too heavily, the engineers can, with their mathematical instruments and wedges, finally adjust the mass in exact position, and by easing away the bottom under it wherever required, with much patience, they at length get it level, and uniformly supported by blocking placed under its cross partitions. A few more blocks of granite laid on will make it immovable. Many formidable difficulties have thus been surmounted, and the curious observer now sees how everything so far can be done by the puny hand of man when guided by his mighty mind. The last operation, after laying bare the bed-rock, and testing its soundness and solidity at all points, is to fill up the caisson with a solid hydraulic concrete, which will harden into rock and unite itself immovably with the rock on which it rests, becoming to the caisson what a tenon is in a mortise. This concrete is rammed as tightly as possible under the roof of the caisson; but if it be impossible to drive it as tight as if the weight of the tower actually rested on it, this is not amiss. For the continued and increasing weight on the wooden supports will certainly compress them further in time, and will eventually, in all probability, bring the weight of the tower firmly, if not altogether, upon the incompressible concrete with which the caisson is filled.

"With regard to the danger of decay in wood, which presents itself to most minds in this connection, experience has long since shown that, when buried beyond reach of air and changes of temperature, wood is perfectly incorruptible, and will endure, so far as we can judge, as long as stone. Oxygen, chemically free as it is in air, is the agent of decomposition, and in its absence all substances are alike incorruptible. The sea-worms make no trouble at the depth below the bottom where we have left our timber platform. It may safely be trusted to support the bridge between New York and Brooklyn as long as there shall be need of it." The first caisson was towed into place on May 2d, 1870, and on June 15th the first granite blocks were laid. It was not until July, 1876 that the two towers were finished.

THE CABLE.

The next step was to unite the two towers by the huge wire ropes stretched across the river from which the structure was to be suspended. *An immense anchor shaped like a star* was imbedded in New York, and another one exactly like it in Brooklyn, 930 feet back from the towers inland, and on the top of the anchor a pile of masonry was built in each city, weighing 60,000 tons each, to keep the anchors firm and immovable. To the anchors the cables were attached, rising from them in a graceful curve to the top of the towers on which they rest, but to which they are not fastened, and so across the river.

The four cables are composed of single wires not twisted, but laid parallel to each other and are threaded like a skein of thread, around gigantic pieces of metal shaped like horseshoes. Each wire is an eighth of an inch thick. The wire was wrapped over the horseshoe on the New York side, carried over the tower, across the river, over the Brooklyn tower to the horseshoe on that side, and then brought back to the New York side. This was continued until there were *five thousand* thicknesses of wire, which were then rounded by a process well known to engineers into a compact circular mass and formed one cable. There are four cables, and consequently *twenty thousand* thicknesses of wire to support the floor of the bridge.

The floor is slung from the cables by vertical ropes, which were attached by iron bands which surround the cables. The iron bands are five inches wide and five-eighths of an inch thick. They securely clasp the cables, and have an ear at their lower edge to which the rope can be fixed. To the ropes are attached floor beams running parallel with the towers, and on these is placed the flooring of the bridge. That is 85 feet wide, which gives space for a promenade for pedestrians a double line of rails for steam cars, and a further space on the outermost edge on each side for two lines of vehicles. The promenade is raised above the other spaces, so that the pedestrians can look clear over the tops of the cars on each side.

THE FIRST TRIP.

The first man to cross from tower to tower was Mr. E. F. Farrington, the master mechanic, who superintended the fixing of the cables. He made the passage on Friday, August 25th, 1876, in a boatswain's chair, which is simply a piece of board slung by its four corners to a grooved wheel which ran along the top of the suspended rope. His passage was greeted by the firing of cannon, and watched with thrilling interest by thousands of spectators on each shore and on the ferry-boats.

The history of the building of this gigantic structure is the history of innumerable difficulties overcome, and is interesting in its minutest details. Here we have had only space to sketch some of its most remarkable features which, however, indicate the consummate skill which has been displayed throughout. It is now completed, and at the date of writing this sketch, the date of opening is fixed for the day on which this issue of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD will be in the hands of its readers.

European engineers, who have examined the structure, confidently endorse the plans of its builders, and predict that at the end of four centuries it will still be a safe means of transit from city to city. Students of prophecy do not believe that when four centuries have rolled over this world any such bridge will be required. But of this we are well assured, that the pathway by which men may travel from earth to the better land above, the one and only road through Christ will never fail, and they pray continually that, while it is open, increasing numbers may avail themselves of it, until that day when there shall be no more sea.

THE SPICERY OF RELIGION.

Dr. Talmage's Sermon, Preached Last Sunday Morning, May 20, 1883.

"Of spices great abundance: neither was there any such spice as the Queen of Sheba gave King Solomon."—II CHRON. 9 : 9.

The Splendor of the Jewish Court—Solomon's Wisdom—A Queen's Riddles—Threading a Diamond—Filling a Goblet—The Queen's Visit—The Voice of the Spices—Spice Needed in Religion—In Business—In the Home—Insipidity in Religion—Spice in Preaching and Teaching—Sesquipedalian Nuisances—Spice in Work—Spice in Music—The Coming Heavenly Music—Religion is Spice—The Great Catholicon—A Widowed Mother in the West—The German Christian at Prayer—The Tomb of an Empress—The Spiritual Temple.

WHAT is that building out yonder, glittering in the sun? Have you not heard? It is the House of the forest of Lebanon. King Solomon has just taken to it his bride, the princess of Egypt. You see the pillars of the portico, and a great tower, adorned with one thousand shields of gold, hung on the outside of the tower—five hundred of the shields of gold manufactured at Solomon's order, five hundred were captured by David, his father, in battle. See how they blaze in the noonday sun!

Solomon goes up the ivory stairs of his throne, between twelve lions in statuary, and sits down on the back of the golden bull, the head of the bronze beast turned toward the people. The family and the attendants of the king are so many, that the caterers of the palace have to provide every day one hundred sheep and thirteen oxen, besides the birds and the venison. I hear the stamping and pawing of four thousand fine horses in the royal stables. There were important officials who had charge of the work of gathering the straw and the barley for these horses. King Solomon was an early riser, tradition says, and used to take a ride out at daybreak; and when, in his white apparel, behind the swiftest horses of all the realm, and followed by mounted archers in purple, as the cavalcade dashed through the streets of Jerusalem, I suppose it was something worth getting up at five o'clock in the morning to look at.

THE KING'S WISDOM.

Solomon was not like a great many of the kings of the present day—crowned imbecility. All the splendor of his palace and retinue were eclipsed by his intellectual power. Why, he seemed to know everything. He was the first great naturalist the world ever saw. Peacocks from India strutted the basaltic walk, and apes chattered in the trees, and deer stalked the parks and aquariums with foreign fish, and aviaries with foreign birds; and tradition says these birds were so well tamed, that Solomon might walk clear across the city under the shadow of their wings as they hovered and flitted about him.

A QUEEN'S RIDDLES.

More than this, he had a great reputation for the conundrums and riddles that he made and guessed. He and King Hiram, his neighbor, used to sit by the hour and ask riddles, each one paying in money if he could not answer or guess the riddle. The Solomonic navy visited all the world, and the sailors, of course, talked about the wealth of their king, and about the riddles and enigmas that he made and solved; and the news spread until Queen Balkis, away off south, heard of it, and sent messengers with a few riddles that she would like to have Solomon solve, and a few puzzles that she would like to have him find out. She sent among other things, to King Solomon, a diamond with a hole so small that a needle could not penetrate it, asking him to thread that diamond. And Solomon took a worm and put it at the opening in the diamond, and the worm crawled through, leaving the thread in the diamond. The queen also sent a goblet to Solomon, asking him to fill it with water that did not pour from the sky, and that did not rush out from the earth; and immediately Solomon put a slave on the back of a swift horse and galloped him around and around the park until the horse was nigh exhausted, and from the perspiration of the horse the goblet was filled. She also sent to King Solomon five hundred boys in girls' dress, and five hundred girls in boys' dress, wondering if he would be acute enough to find out the deception. Immediately Solomon, when he saw them wash their faces, knew from the way they applied the water that it was all a cheat.

THE QUEEN'S VISIT.

Queen Balkis was so pleased with the acuteness of Solomon, that she said: "I'll just go and see him for myself." Yonder it comes—the cavalcade—horses and dromedaries, chariots and charioteers, jingling harness and clattering hoofs, and blazing shields, and flying ensigns, and clapping cymbals. The place is saturated with the perfume. She brings cinnamon, and saffron, and calamus, and frankincense, and all manner of sweet spices. As the retinue sweeps through the gate, the armed guard inhale the aroma. "Halt!" cry the charioteers, as the wheels grind the gravel in front of the pillared portico of the king. Queen Balkis alights in an atmosphere bewitched with perfume. As the dromedaries are driven up to the king's storehouses, and the bundles of camphor are unloaded, and the sacks of cinnamon, and the boxes of spices are opened, the purveyors of the palace discover what my text this morning announces: "Of spices, great abundance; neither was there any such spices as the Queen of Sheba gave to King Solomon."

THE VOICE OF THE SPICES.

Well, my friends, you know that all theologians agree in making Solomon a type of Christ, and in making the Queen of Sheba a type of every truth-seeker; and I shall take the responsibility this morning of saying that all the spikenard, and cassia, and frankincense which the Queen of Sheba brought to King Solomon is mightily suggestive of the sweet spices of our holy religion. Christianity is not a collection of sharp technicalities, and angular facts, and chronological tables, and dry statistics. Our religion is compared to frankincense and to cassia, but never to nightshade. It is a bundle of myrrh. It is a dash of holy light. It is a sparkle of cool fountains. It is an opening of opaline gates. It is a collection of spices. Would God that we were as wise in taking spices to our Divine King as Queen Balkis was wise in taking the spices to the earthly Solomon.

SPICE NEEDED IN RELIGION.

The fact is that the duties and cares of this life, coming to us from time to time, are stupid often, and inane, and intolerable. Here are men who have been battering, climbing, pounding, hammering for twenty years, forty years, fifty years. One great, long drudgery has their life been. Their face anxious, their feelings benumbed, their days monotonous. What is necessary to brighten up that man's life, and to sweeten that acid disposition, and to put sparkle into the man's spirits? The spicery of our holy religion. Why, if between the losses of life there dashed a gleam of an eternal gain; if between the betrayals of life there came the gleam of the undying friendship of Christ; if in dull times in business we found ministering spirits flying to and fro in our office, and store, and shop, every-day life, instead of being a stupid monotone, would be a glorious inspiration, pendululming between calm satisfaction and high rapture.

IN THE HOME.

How any woman keeps house without the religion of Christ to help her, is a mystery to me. To have to spend the greater part of one's life, as many women do, in planning for the meals, and stitching garments that will soon be rent again, and deploring breakages, and supervising tardy subordinates, and driving off dust that soon again will settle, and doing the same thing day in and day out, and year in and year out, until the hair silvers, and the back stoops, and the spectacles crawl to the eyes, and the grave breaks open under the thin sole of the shoe—oh, it is a long monotony! But when Christ comes to the drawing-room, and comes to the kitchen, and comes to the nursery, and comes to the dwelling, then how cheery become all womanly duties. She is never alone now. Martha gets through fretting and joins Mary at the feet of Jesus. All day long Deborah is happy because she can help Lapidoth; Hannah, because she can make a coat for young Samuel; Miriam, because she can watch her infant brother; Rachel, because she can help her father water the stock; the widow of Sarepta because the cruse of oil is being replenished.

O woman, having in your pantry a nest of boxes containing all kinds of condiments, why have you not tried in your heart and life the spicery of our holy religion? "Martha! Martha! thou art careful and troubled about many things; but one thing is *needful*, and Mary hath chosen that good part which shall not be taken away from her."

INSIPIDITY IN RELIGION.

I must confess that a great deal of the religion of this day is utterly insipid. There is nothing piquant or elevating about it. Men and women go around humming psalms in a minor key, and culturing melancholy, and their worship has in it more sighs than raptures. We do not doubt their piety. Oh, no. But they are sitting at a feast where the cook has forgotten to season the food. Everything is flat in their experience and in their conversation. Emancipated from sin, and death, and hell, and on their way to a magnificent heaven, they act as though they were trudging on toward an everlasting Botany Bay. Religion does not seem to agree with them. It seems to catch in the wind-pipe and become a strangulation instead of an exhilaration.

All the infidel books that have been written, from Voltaire down to Herbert Spencer, have not done so much damage to our Christianity as lugubrious Christians. Who wants a religion woven out of the shadows of the night? Why go growling on your way to celestial enthronement? Come out of that cave, and sit down in the warm light of the Sun of Righteousness. Away with your odes to melancholy and Hervey's "Meditations among the Tombs."

"Then let our songs abound,
And every tear be dry;
We're marching through Emmanuel's ground
To fairer worlds on high."

SPICE IN TEACHING.

I have to say, also, that we need to put more spice and enlivenment in our religious teaching; whether it be in the prayer-meeting, or in the Sabbath-school, or in the Church. We ministers need more fresh air and sunshine in our lungs, and our heart, and our head. Do you wonder that the world is so far from being converted when you find so little vivacity in the pulpit and in the pew? We want, like the Lord, to plant in our sermons and exhortations more lilies of the field. We want few rhetorical elaborations, and fewer sesquipedalian words; and when we talk about shadows, we do not want to say adumbration; and when we mean queerness, we do not want to talk about idiosyncrasies; or if a stitch in the back, we do not want to talk about lumbago; but, in the plain vernacular of the great masses, preach that Gospel which proposes to make all men happy, honest, victorious, and free. In other words, we want more cinnamon and less gristle. Let this be so in all the different departments of work to which the Lord calls us. Let us be plain. Let us be earnest. Let us be common-sensical. When we talk to the people in a vernacular they can understand, they will be very glad to come and receive the truth we present. Would to God that Queen Balkis would drive her spice-laden dromedaries into all our sermons and prayer-meeting exhortations.

SPICE IN WORK.

More than that, we want more life and spice in our Christian work. The poor do not want so much to be groaned over as sung to. With the bread, and medicines, and the garments you give them, let there be an accompaniment of

smiles and brisk encouragement. Do not stand and talk to them about the wretchedness of their abode, and the hunger of their looks, and the hardness of their lot. Ah! they know it better than you can tell them. Show them the bright side of the thing, if there be any bright side. Tell them good times will come. Tell them that for the children of God there is immortal rescue. Wake them up out of their stolidity by an inspiring laugh, and while you send in practical help, like the Queen of Sheba also send in the spices.

TWO METHODS OF HELP.

There are two ways of meeting the poor. One is to come into their house with a nose elevated in disgust, as much as to say: "I don't see how you live here in this neighborhood. It actually makes me sick. There is that bundle—take it, you poor miserable wretch, and make the most of it." Another way is to go into the abode of the poor in a manner which seems to say: "The blessed Lord sent me. He was poor Himself. It is not more for the good I am going to try to do you than it is for the good that you can do me." Coming in that spirit, the gift will be as aromatic as the spikenard on the feet of Christ, and all the hovels on that alley will be fragrant with the spice.

SPICE IN MUSIC.

We need more spice and enlivenment *in our church-music*. Churches sit discussing whether they shall have choirs, or precentors, or organs, or bass-viols, or cornets; I say, take that which will bring out the most inspiring music. If we had half as much zeal and spirit in our churches as we have in the songs of our Sabbath-schools, it would not be long before *the whole earth would quake* with the coming God. Why, nine-tenths of the people in church do not sing; or they sing so feebly that the people at their elbows do not know they are singing. People mouth and mumble the praises of God; but there is not more than one out of a hundred who makes a joyful noise unto the Rock of our Salvation. Sometimes when the congregation forgets itself, and is all absorbed in the goodness of God, or the glories of heaven, I get an intimation of what church-music will be a hundred years from now, when the coming generation shall wake up to its duty.

I promise a high spiritual blessing to any one who will sing in church, and who will sing so heartily that the people all around cannot help but sing. Wake up! all the churches from Bangor to San Francisco, and across Christendom. It is not a matter of preference; it is a matter of religious duty. Oh, for fifty times more volume of sound than has ever yet rolled up among these arches. I have been told that sometimes they hear our singing on Fulton Street. I wish we could get in such a headway of praise to God that they would hear us half way to the ferry! German chorals in German cathedrals surpass us, and yet Germany has received nothing at the hands of God compared with America; and ought the acclaim in Berlin be louder than that in Brooklyn?

INVINCIBLE MUSIC.

Soft music, long-drawn-out music, is appropriate for the drawing-room and appropriate for the concert; but St. John gives an idea of the sonorous and resonant congregational singing appropriate for churches when, in listening to the temple service of heaven, he says: "I heard a great voice, as the voice of a great multitude, and as the voice of many waters, and as the voice of mighty thunderings. Hallelujah, for the Lord God omnipotent reigneth."

Join with me in a crusade, giving me not only your hearts, but the mighty uplifting of your voices, and I believe we can, through Christ's grace, sing five thousand souls into the kingdom of Christ. An argument, they can laugh at; a sermon, they may talk down; but a five-thousand voiced utterance of praise to God is irresistible. Would that Queen Balkis would drive all her spice-laden dromedaries into our church-music. "Neither was there any such spice as the Queen of Sheba gave King Solomon."

Now I want to impress this audience this morning with the fact that religion is sweetness and perfume, and spikenard, and saffron, and cinnamon, and cassia, and frankincense, and all sweet spices together. "Oh," you say, "I have not looked at it as such. I thought it was a nuisance; it had for me a repulsion; I held my breath as though it were a *mal* odor; I have been appalled at its advance; I have said, if I have any religion at all, I want to have just as little of it as is possible to get through with it.

RELIGION IS SPICE.

Oh, what a mistake you have made, my brother. The religion of Christ is a present and everlasting redolence. It counteracts all trouble. Just put it on the stand beside the pillow of sickness. It catches in the curtains, and perfumes the stifling air. It sweetens the cup of bitter medicine, and throws a glow on the gloom of the turned lattice. It is a balm for the aching side, and a soft bandage for the temple stung with pain. It lifted Samuel Rutherford into a revelry of spiritual delight, while he was in physical agonies. It helped Richard Baxter until, in the midst of such a complication of diseases as perhaps no other man ever suffered, he wrote "The Saint's Everlasting Rest." And it poured light upon John Bunyan's dungeon—the light of the shining gate of the shining city. And it is good for rheumatism, and for neuralgia, and for low spirits, and for consumption; it is *the catholicon for all disorders*. Yes, it will heal all your sorrows.

Why did you look so sad this morning when you came in? Alas! for the loneliness and the heart-break, and the load that is never lifted from your soul. Some of you go about feeling like Macaulay when he wrote: "If I had another month of such days as I have been spending, I would be impatient to get down into my little, narrow crib in the ground, like a weary factory child." And there have been times in your life when you wished you could get out of this life. You have said: "Oh, how sweet to my lips would be the dust of the valley," and wished you could pull over you in your last slumber the coverlet of green grass and daisies. You have said: "Oh, how beautifully quiet it must be in the tomb. I wish I was there."

I see all around about me widowhood, and orphanage, and childlessness; sadness, disappointment, perplexity. If I could ask all those to rise in this audience who have felt no sorrow, and been buffeted by no disappointment—if I could ask all such to rise, how many would rise? Not one.

A WIDOWED MOTHER,

with her little child, went West, hoping to get better wages there; and she was taken sick, and died. The overseer of the poor got her body and put it in a box, and put it in a wagon, and started down the street toward the cemetery at full trot. The little child—the only child—ran after it through the streets, bare-headed, crying: "Bring me back my mother! bring me back my mother!" And it was said that as the people looked on and saw her crying after that which lay in the box in the wagon—all she loved on earth—it is said the whole village was bathed in tears.

And that is what a great many of you are doing—chasing the dead. Dear Lord, is there no appeasement for all this sorrow that I see about me? Yes, the thought of resurrection and reunion far beyond this scene of struggle and tears. "They shall hunger no more, neither thirst any more, neither shall the sun light on them, nor any heat; for the Lamb which is in the midst of the throne shall lead them to living fountains of water, and God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes." Across the couches of your sick, and across the graves of your dead, I fling this shower of sweet spices. Queen Balkis, driving up to the pillared portico of the house of cedar, carried no such pungency of perfume as exhales to-day from the Lord's garden. It is peace. It is sweetness. It is comfort. It is infinite satisfaction, this Gospel I commend to you.

Some one could not understand why an old German Christian scholar used to be always so calm, and happy, and hopeful, when he had so many trials, and sicknesses, and ailments. A man secreted himself in the house. He said: "I mean to watch this old scholar and Christian;" and he saw the old Christian man go to his room and sit down on the chair beside the stand, and open the Bible and begin to read. He read on and on, chapter after chapter, hour after hour, until his face was all aglow with the tidings from heaven, and when the clock struck twelve, he arose, and shut his Bible, and said: "Blessed Lord, *we are on the same old terms yet*. Good-night. Good-night." Oh, you sin-parched and you trouble-pounded, here is comfort, here is satisfaction. Will you come and get it? I cannot tell you what the Lord offers you hereafter so well as I can tell you now. "It doth not yet appear what we shall be."

THE TOMB OF AN EMPRESS.

Have you read of the Taj Mahal in India, in some respects the most majestic building on earth? Twenty thousand men were twenty years in building it. It cost about sixteen millions of dollars. The walls are of marble, inlaid with cornelian from Bagdad, and turquoise from Thibet, and jasper from Punjub, and amethyst from Persia, and all manner of precious stones. A traveller says that it seems to him like the shining of the enchanted castle of burnished silver. The walls are two hundred and forty-five feet high, and from the top of these springs a dome thirty more feet high, that dome containing the most wonderful echo the world has ever known; so that ever and anon travellers standing below with flutes, and drums, and harps, are testing that echo, and the sounds from below strike up and then come down as it were the voices of angels all around about the building. There is around it a garden of tamarind, and banyan, and palm, and all the floral glories of the ransacked earth. But that is only a tomb of a dead empress, and it is tame compared with the grandeurs which God has builded for your living and immortal spirit.

Oh, home of the blessed! Foundations of gold! Arches of victory! Cap-stones of praise! and a dome in which there are echoing and re-echoing the hallelujahs of the ages. And around about that mansion is a garden—the garden of God—and all the springing fountains are the bottle tears of the Church in the wilderness, and all the crimson of the flowers is the deep hue that was caught up from the carnage of earthly martyrdoms, and the fragrance is the prayer of all the saints, and the aroma puts into utter forgetfulness the cassia and the spikenard, and the frankincense, and the world-renowned spices which the Queen Balkis, of Abyssinia, flung at the feet of King Solomon.

"When shall these eyes Thy heaven-built walls
And pearly gates behold,
Thy bulwarks, with salvation strong,
And streets of shining gold?"

Through obduracy on our part, and through the rejection of that Christ who makes heaven possible, I wonder if any of us will miss that spectacle? I fear. I fear. The queen of the South will rise up in judgment against this generation and condemn it, because she came from the uttermost parts of the earth to hear the wisdom of Solomon, and behold, a greater than Solomon is here!

May God grant that through your own practical experience you may find that religion's ways are ways of pleasantness, and that all her paths are paths of peace—that it is perfume now and perfume forever. And there was an abundance of spice; "neither was there any such spice as the Queen of Sheba gave to King Solomon."

[Dr. Talmage's sermons on The Star, The Betrothal, The Last Judgment, Guiteauism, The Ministry of Tears, The Twelve-gated Gospel, and other subjects—twenty-six sermons in all—in a neat paper cover, with portrait, may be had from the Office of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD. Price thirty cents, postage paid.]

ANECDOTES RELATED AT THE MOODY AND SANKEY MEETINGS IN EUROPE.

A Fortunate Island.—At a Recent Meeting Mr. Jack said: "I will tell a fact which I am sure will gladden the heart of Mr. Deware. We have a nice little girl from the island of Easdale living with us at present, who told my wife that owing to the faithful preaching of the former and the present Free Church ministers of the island, that there is not a single middle-aged or young person within its sea-girt borders who drinks alcohol in any shape, and only a few of the old people who touch it."

As Clever as the Devil.—Mr. Deware said: "I recently met a young man who made a profession of religion, but I was rather doubtful about him, and therefore asked him, 'How do you feel about sin and the devil?' 'Oh,' he replied, 'I am not troubled with that now; *I am up to the devil's quirks.*' These were his very words. 'How long have you been converted?' I inquired. 'About six weeks.' 'Well; the devil has been practising his quirks for about six thousand years, yet you profess to be *up to them* in six weeks! Take care that he is not playing one of his "quirks" upon you at present.' I have not seen the young man since, but I would impress upon you the want of feeling about sin is not a sign that we are free from it, but rather that our spirits are not enlightened and made alive and sensitive by the Holy Spirit."

Offering to Sell a Child for Drink.—The Rev. James Scott said: "The power of drink is something which those who have never felt it, or come into close contact with those who are under its influence, cannot realize. It rouses all the evil passions of men and women. Again and again have I heard men say, 'One year or two years ago I could take it or want it, but now I am helpless.' It makes the father forget his offspring, and the mother ready to part with her children. I have been offered by a mother her child for half a crown (sixty cents), and have not a doubt but that she would have sold it had it not been that in her more sober moments she knew that more money could be made by begging on the street with it. Let us by every means bring the Gospel to bear upon these people, who are perishing without Christ."

Two Converted Highlanders.—The Rev. D. Colvin, of Renton, said: "The work is going on with great vigor in the vale of Leven. Not a week but souls are being brought to the Saviour. As many of you know, my work is principally among the Highlanders in the vale; I will tell you of an interesting episode which I witnessed at the close of a meeting of Highlanders in Helensburg. A young friend who was with me waited to see an old companion of his, whom he expected there. When they saw each other they cordially grasped hands. His companion, without preface, put the question in Gaelic to my friend, 'Have you found Jesus?' 'Yes, I found Him last autumn; that is just the question I was going to put to you.' 'I found Him last year also,' was the satisfactory reply. Those whom the Lord has filled with the Holy Spirit must speak about Him."

Expecting the Prince and Princess.—The Rev. M. Ewing said: "When I was a boy, just after the marriage of the Prince and Princess of Wales, it was announced that they were to visit the town in which I lived. On the appointed day a rumor spread among the expectant crowd that their route was changed for some reason, so that it was probable they would not come. I shall never forget the appearance of the streets and houses. The streets were thronged with working-men, shopkeepers, merchants along with their wives and daughters; the windows and the roofs of the houses were filled with anxious people. They wondered whether the royal pair would come or not, but very few went away. Many had stood there for six hours when the word came, 'They are coming in two hours.' Did the crowd disperse? No, they waited long and patiently to see a face bowing from a carriage window. The Prince never did anything for them, nor did they expect him to do anything for them, but still they waited, and when he passed, rent the air with cheer after cheer to show their loyalty. How many Christians are waiting longingly for the coming of their Prince and King? How many watch for Him? I fear that they are very few."

A Surprised Visitor.—"An Hour or Two ago I was visiting, and came to the house of two old ladies, who always welcomed me, and with whom I often conversed about the glory which awaits us. It was getting late when I reached their door, and I took out my watch to see if I had time to spare, and I thought to myself, 'I shall be kept here twenty minutes, or half an hour; shall I ring? I will.' The servant who opened the door was dressed in black, and when she showed me in, said, 'There is a great change since you were here last, sir; both my mistresses are dead!' A lady whom I visited upon another day was very busy, so I, not to detain her, said, 'I will look back again.' I did so, and was just in *time* to see her breathe her last on earth. Friends! 'In the midst of life we are in death; watch, for ye know not when ye will be called hence.'"

The Minister's First Convert.—Mr. Jack said: "A young minister told me that the first convert he had was a newly-married man, who asked if there was a text on which he could found his faith for the conversion of his wife. 'Of course there is,' he replied; 'to-day has salvation come to this house.' The man went home, and his wife and he spoke about this great salvation until the morning sun broke in upon them. The wife accepted the Saviour, and retired to rest, but the man was so full of joy that he could not sleep, but went to the minister's house and knocked at the door, until the minister opened his window and demanded, 'Who's there?' 'I've come back to tell you that salvation has come to my house.' I can tell you he had a sympathetic hearer, and at that early hour these two mingled their praises to God for His great goodness."

The Worst Woman in Scotland Changed.— Mr. Jack said: "Last Friday night we had a meeting in our little village, in the house of a woman who without exception was *the most degraded woman in all Scotland* a twelvemonth ago. She had not a stick in her house, nor any clothing, except the few filthy rags she wore on her back. A week ago to-night, twenty-five Christians met in her house for mutual edification. She was respectably dressed, and her house comfortably furnished. I saw three of her children, and more beautiful children I never saw. The eldest girl was sitting listening to the conversation of her elders with a quiet, modest manner which spoke volumes for the change in her mother. I do not believe in anything being so powerful as the grace of God in raising fallen humanity. The Christ who has saved this woman is able to save even unto the uttermost, all who come unto God by Him."

A Conquering Consumptive.—The Rev. Mr. Andrews said: "I was asked to visit a young woman who was dying of consumption. I knew her in Busby, where I had my first charge. Often had I asked her, 'Mary, will you not accept the Saviour, and follow Him?' but never had the pleasure of hearing her say, 'Yes, I will.' Upon entering the house, I noticed that her face was radiant, notwithstanding the pain and weakness. I asked, 'How is it with you, Mary?' 'I am happy in Jesus,' was her reply. I said, 'I am *so* glad; how did it come about?' 'While I was lying ill, my husband, who is a Christian, was sitting at the fireside singing the hymn, "Will you go to the Eden above?" Just when he was going over the refrain, an inexpressible yearning came upon me. I thought it was the voice of Jesus calling me, and I said, "Yes, Lord, I *will* go!" Immediately I was filled with delight. *The Lord has got me after a long chase.*' I went back to see her last night, when she remarked, 'I hope I am not sinning, but I can't help thinking Jesus is a long time in coming to take me to the Eden above.' People, when they are on their dying-bed, generally speak the truth, and this was her testimony. Will you believe it? Will you follow her example, and turn your steps to the Eden above?"

Dying on a Common Stair.—Another Brother said: "It is seven years since I was brought to the knowledge of the truth, as it is in Jesus. I was working in the Saracen Foundry at the time. I once noticed a fellow-workman apparently in the last stage of decline. I pressed upon him the need of giving his heart to the Saviour. He replied, 'Very true; I will see you again,' and parting from me, went up the stairs to his own house, which he never reached alive, for he broke a blood-vessel and bled internally, and was suffocated, thus dying on a common stair. If I had not spoken to that man I would have felt his blood on my head. It was on my conscience to speak to a certain man in the week, but I put it off till the next day. That day he was paid off, and I have never seen him again. Thus I lost my opportunity to speak for the Master. Another man to whom I spoke is a worker in the Townhead Church. Friends, speak out bravely and kindly for your Master."

A Good Leaf to Turn Over.—A Member of the Mizpah Band said: "Some years ago, ere I was converted, one of my children lay sick, and was ready to die, I bent over the bed, torn with sorrow at parting with one of my dear ones. She lifted up her feeble arms and twined them round my neck in a loving parting embrace. My heart seemed to be broken. I went into another room and prayed, unconverted as I was, that the Lord would make my little one better, and promised to turn over a new leaf. God heard the agonizing cry from a father's breaking heart, and soon my child was quite well. For a few weeks my good resolutions remained firm, but when the feeling of gratitude grew dim, and at last faded away, I fell, because I trusted in my own strength, and the new leaf which I had turned was quickly soiled, and worse-looking than the previous page of my history. Now, thanks be to God, for twelve months I have served Him, and He has kept me all the time, and He *will* keep me, because He is faithful that promised."

WATCHFULNESS.

By Dr. A. J. Gordon, of Boston, Mass.

THE shadow of sin always precedes the substance, to give us warning of its approach. Let us take heed from this premonition, and flee. We have seen the shadow of a flying bird fall on the ground, and instantly have heard the mother hen sounding the shrill note of alarm, and calling her brood about her. Let us seek to have our spiritual instincts equally keen and quick to discern the first approach of sin; for sin always sends out its scouts in the form of milder and more innocent temptations, before making a full advance. If the Spirit of God dwells within us we shall be on the alert, and keenly alive to these first appearances of evil.

We want not only a conscience void of offence, but a conscience sensitive to the least suggestion of wrong-doing. The surface of the body is all covered over with little sentinels which we call nerves, which give warning of the slightest approach of danger. We need not strike a man with a walking-stick in order to wake him up; it is sufficient only to draw a horse-hair across his skin, and instantly he will start from his slumbers. And we are sure that, as Christians, we ought not to wait till we are knocked down by temptation before we can realize its presence. And so beware, young Christians, against the first approach of evil-doing.

We know how accustomed we are to reason about certain things in this way: "What is the harm of going now and then to the theatre, to hear one of Shakespeare's plays? *And what is the harm of dancing-parties and card-playing?*" Considered by themselves, these things might not be very harmful; but all experience shows that, as a matter of fact, these indulgences lie in the suburbs of the City of Destruction. A converted actor declares that he could not be a Christian and remain on the stage; and that he

never could see Christians in his audience without feeling that they were out of place. The real secret of the evil is that the theatre and the dance often start sinful suggestions which result in sinful indulgences: "Then when lust hath conceived it bringeth forth sin; and sin, when it is finished, bringeth forth death."

"*Blessed is he that watcheth, and keepeth his garments,*" saith the Scriptures. But sin rarely seizes our garments and tears them from us bodily, as the wife of Potiphar did the vesture of Joseph. It first unravels them about the edge, by slight indulgences and questionable yieldings; and then weaves in, little by little, the filling of worldliness and transgression. Therefore let the young Christian beware of the beginnings of worldly conformity. Black sins and deep-dyed transgressions are never the ones that come to us first. It is the neutral tints of evil which are first presented to us, and often the eye becomes accustomed to them; then that which is still darker is put forward. Therefore, the most wholesome exhortation we can urge is this: "Abstain from all appearance of evil."

SIGNS OF HARVEST.

The Divine Scheme Comprehends—I. The Preservation of All the Chosen People for the Completion of the Design—II. Preparation for Their Part in Its Fulfilment—III. The Preparation of the World: Politically, Intellectually, and Materially.—The Hebrews' Experience during the Past 2500 Years—The Result of It both to Jews and Christians—The Growing Wickedness of the Age—Current Works of Faith and Answers to Prayer—Signs: Political, Commercial, Social and Religious—A Double Harvest Ripening—The Marvellous Preservation of the Jews—The Russian Chief Rabbi's Recent Affirmation—The Land of Palestine—Universal Inability Demonstrated—The Solemnity of the Times.

THE divine scheme is a vast and comprehensive one, involving: 1. The preservation of all the chosen people, by means of whom the design was to be carried out. 2. The preparation of the chosen people, in all essential ways, for their part in the fulfilment of the design. 3. The preparation of the world at large—politically, intellectually, and materially, for the use and possession of the chosen people, when they, and those joined to them, shall be ready for the Kingdom.

PREPARATION FOR THE FUTURE KINGDOM.

Now, inasmuch as the Hebrews showed themselves in every way unfit for their high national position and destiny 2500 years ago, the Lord God has since then been putting them through an experience of discipline and training that shall make them fit and qualified, when the Kingdom and Holy Nation shall be finally and permanently established. This discipline and training are of a compound character; but chiefly and essentially spiritual, according to the principle and power of faith. It has also been political, social, commercial and intellectual. For most of the time, and to most of the people, it has been bitterly painful in every one of these departments—"through many tribulations we must enter the Kingdom"—and to the experience of both Jew and Christian, both nationally and individually, the tribulations have indeed been many. Both Christians and Jews have had full measures of political subjugation, social discomfort and disgrace, trading and commercial disaster and loss, and educational disadvantage and detriment. And now, many of them are enjoying the exact reverse of all this, and to such marked degree that Jews and Christians stand at the head of all mankind in all spheres of human life. This surely is a sign of the times!

THE RESULT OF 2500 YEARS' TRAINING.

Equally significant do we regard what we believe to be the fact, that after all the vicissitudes of religious experience during the same 2500 years, individual spiritual character in both Jews and Christians has attained a higher standard and quality than ever before. It is a natural result of the long discipline of these centuries that faith has reached, in some of God's people, a higher development, and shaped into a more nearly perfect type, than formerly; so that in this respect it is true of many who are last in being called, that they shall be among the first in the Kingdom.

In comparison with the mass of mankind, these will doubtless be very few in number. The present are days of spreading unbelief, infidelity, and libertinism, and answer to the condition implied in the King's words: "When the Son of man cometh, shall He find faith on the earth?" He evidently did not anticipate finding much; but the harvest of faith which He will reap with His own living ones will surely answer to all the pains He has bestowed upon its cultivation, and yield Him fruit, in some thirty, in some sixty, and in some even a hundred-fold.

CURRENT WORKS OF FAITH.

There are works of faith being done, and answers to prayers of faith being received now, which equal and surpass anything of the kind ever before recorded. Many of Christ's people have proved His words true which He said to some who marvelled at His miracles: "Greater works than these shall ye do, because ye believe in Me." Christian ministers, preachers, philanthropists, nurses, and others, can testify to miracles of conversion, of healing, of help, and of deliverance, the record of which, were it all compiled together, would astound even those who believe. The Holy Spirit of God is working mightily in these last days, and fulfilling the Divine promises in such measure as to set many of His people looking for the outpouring, while it demonstrates to them the presence of the hand of God, and the truth of His Word. On the whole, therefore, we are constrained to think that the present times are showing such signs as are indicative of ripening unto harvest.

SIGNS, POLITICAL AND COMMERCIAL.

Politically.—Every system of government possible by man has been tried and found wanting. In no country, and among no nation, is there assured peace, safety, and comfort, much less happiness.

Commercially.—The trading relations of the world are full of all manner both of subtle and open fraud and roguery, forming a system of which the only principle is that supremely selfish and unrighteous one, "every man for himself." The principles of righteousness are absolutely ignored in the great majority of commercial transactions, most of the men engaged in them being filled with the consuming desire to make haste to be rich.

The advantages of mechanical and electrical science have been availed of solely to help to more haste in this effort; and so rapidly now are men endeavoring to get their business done, and their money "made," that the mental and nervous strain is fast becoming greater than human nature can sustain. Numbers of men are daily breaking down under it, and adding to the multitude of drunkards, lunatics, suicides, and the prematurely dead.

SOCIAL AND RELIGIOUS SIGNS.

Socially and Religiously.—Every phase of doctrine, every form of ecclesiasticism, every effort of philanthropy, and every theory of reform, has been exhausted in the effort to amend the world in its social and moral conditions, and they have all miserably failed. The total sum of human misery is no less, certainly, if it is not greater, than it ever was before. Civilization, highly vaunted as it is by many, is seen by others to be a sham, except in so far as it has borrowed from the morals of Christianity some saving truths and maxims.

For five thousand years the cleverest, ay, and many of the best of mankind, have been trying their utmost, in these and various other ways, to remodel the state of human affairs and perfect the conditions of human life. But the world is unsaved by them yet—the efforts and schemes are all failures; and although the world is wealthier and more civilized than ever before, there is also in it more wretchedness and iniquity, inveterate, widespread, subtle, and insidious. There is, in fact,

A DOUBLE HARVEST RIPENING

around us—one the crop of good seed, the other the crop of tares. Not only has the mystery of the Kingdom of heaven been gradually developing and ripening, but the "mystery of iniquity" (2 Thess. 2 : 7), or lawlessness, has been working also, and a great harvest for the fire it will afford.

God's nation, Israel of the ten tribes, has been sifted through the world, preserved in most marvellous manner, yet disciplined and taught, by historical, political, commercial, ecclesiastical, and spiritual experiences, for their high destiny. Out of them, by means of the Gospel of the Lord Jesus Christ, He has been taking for Himself, generation by generation, a people of "Israelites indeed," each one personally saved and purified through faith and the Holy Spirit. To these He has joined like believing ones, taken in like manner out of every other nation, and kindred, and tribe, and tongue; for to all these the Gospel has been preached.

THE MARVELLOUS PRESERVATION OF THE JEWS.

He has also preserved, in no less marvellous, yet more open and distinctive manner, the Jews, who are the House, or nation of Judah and his fellows. These have exhibited the effects of their severe discipline and training, in having continued, for a longer period than ever before, true to the worship of the God of their fathers; and they have been punished and blessed according to the Covenant, in proportion to their faithfulness and righteous obedience. In this connection it is significant that the chief Rabbi of the Jews of St. Petersburg, lately charged upon the Russian Jews that their recent dreadful sufferings were, in his opinion, a divine punishment for their general sinfulness, and disobedience of the laws of their God, whom they profess to serve. On the other hand, the more favored Jews in England and Western Europe, having among them some of the most God-fearing men now living, are being blessed under the Covenant, and are the financiers of the world.

THE LAND OF PALESTINE.

God has also kept the land of Palestine from being a profitable or happy possession to any of the nations who have subdued it. Yet in recent years He has restored the long-withheld "latter rain," and is causing the land to revive and show signs of renewed fertility; thus bringing it into readiness for the use and occupation of the people to whom He gave it for an everlasting possession, and to whom it has belonged all the time, although they have been absent from it.

He has given the nations of the world time and opportunity to try every form of government and every mode of philanthropy possible to man, and by their failure has demonstrated the utter inability of man to save himself, or rule aright. He has also let them, and all mankind, have full experience of all kinds of evil, and permitted Satan to test and try them with all his subtle and sensual powers, insomuch that those who were not indisposed to let Satan lead them captive at his will have even become "children of the evil one." On the other hand, these evil powers and influences have also tried and tested the faith and virtue of the children of light, showing them the wickedness of sin, promoting in them an abhorrence of all evil, and a love of all that is good. So the mystery of the Kingdom and the mystery of iniquity have been working side by side; the one to the perfectness of righteousness and holiness by faith, and eternal life; the other to all deceivableness of unrighteousness and eternal death.

THE SOLEMNITY OF THE TIMES.

Because the time of the end of this age is near; because iniquity abounds; because the acceptable year of the Lord is closing; because the day of vengeance of our God is at hand; and because the Kingdom of heaven is nigh—even at the doors; we are constrained to say to each of our readers: "Flee from the wrath that is coming." "Seek first the Kingdom of God and His righteousness." "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ and thou shalt be saved," "There is salvation in none other,"

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CURRENT EVENTS.

The Postmaster-General has Issued a Regulation by which it is hoped a repetition of the Star Route frauds may be prevented. The chief difficulty encountered by the government in the detection of the frauds consisted in the fact that the routes had been sub-let, and it was therefore difficult to discover the amount actually paid for the service. The regulation now issued requires that contractors must in all cases secure *the permission of the Postmaster-General* before making a sub-contract on any route. The application to sub-let *must be made separately* for each route, specifying the number and terminal points thereof. A sub-contract must be executed for service upon the whole route and for a period not less than one year, or for the balance of the contract term when less than one year, and it must be filed by the contractor in the office of the Second Assistant Postmaster-General within thirty days after the time when service is to begin under it. It must be executed in the form prescribed by the Postmaster-General, and must specify *the rate to be paid* per annum under it in case the service shall be changed. It is believed that if this regulation is honestly enforced there will be no more such cases of injustice as have been brought to light in the cases now being tried.

The Instructions Given by the Civil Service commissioners to their chief examiner and secretary have been published. They are exceedingly minute and thorough. It will, of course, be possible to evade them, but if they are obeyed in the spirit and the letter, absolute impartiality will be secured. The examination of candidates is to be conducted, as far as possible, in writing. The papers are not to be marked with the candidate's name, but a number or letter is to be inscribed thereon which will correspond with a similar mark on a sealed envelope in which the candidate's name is to be placed, and which is not to be opened until the examination papers have been inspected and passed. Minute directions are also given to preclude the possibility of candidates receiving assistance during the examination. It is stated that President Arthur's experience in the Custom House of New York enabled him to render the commissioners valuable assistance in the preparation of the rules.

The Mystery Connected with the Recent raids on the opium dens in New York, which puzzled the public, has been explained. It was a surprise that the police found the dens comparatively empty, although people living in the locality stated that large numbers of young girls and men and women visited them continually. The problem was submitted by a reporter, to a girl who a few nights after the raid was found leaving one of the dens. She quickly solved it by saying, "We all had the straight tip to keep out of the way on that night." No other light was needed, but if any part of the mystery remained it was removed when the reporter, walking on down the street, saw the policeman of the route in conversation with the hag who keeps one of the worst of the dens. It would be difficult to find any city on earth in which the police force is made up of the class of men employed in that capacity in New York and Brooklyn.

The Burning of the Granite State, a Steamer plying between New York and Hartford, Conn., on Friday last caused the death of three persons at least, and it is feared that other passengers must have lost their lives by the disaster. The steamer left New York on Thursday afternoon, and arrived at Godspeed Landing about five o'clock the following morning. She was within two minutes of the landing when the fire was discovered, but as she had on board a number of barrels of petroleum and a quantity of fireworks, her destruction was rapid and complete. The passengers were immediately aroused, and rushed on deck as the steamer was made fast. By that time the saloon and state-rooms were filled to suffocation with the dense smoke. Many of the passengers, despairing of reaching the wharf in any other way, jumped overboard, and were rescued by boats put off by the humane inhabitants. Three were lost in the attempt, but it is impossible to learn whether any of the passengers died by fire or suffocation below deck, as the records were burned with the ship. The hawser holding the boat to the wharf parted as the fire spread, and the Granite State drifted down with the tide and burned to the water's edge.

The Convention of Young Men's Christian Associations, which held its sittings last week at Milwaukee, Wis., decided after a protracted debate to continue New York as the head centre of the international organization, although it was strongly urged by many members that it would be more convenient to have the centre moved to some city in the West. The International Committee's report stated that for the current year the committee has received subscriptions to the amount of $14,648. The expenses of the committee for 1883 to the date of the convention have been $10,791.93. All are paid, and there remains in the treasury $293.65. There is needed for the remainder of the current year the sum of $19,600, for which the convention was asked to provide. The budget for the current year, as made up on careful estimates, calls for an expenditure of $30,000.

Disastrous Storms Raged through the Western States last week. On Sunday, May 13th, several cities in Missouri suffered severely. At Kansas City fifty buildings were blown down, and more than two hundred badly damaged. Three persons were killed and about twenty injured. Reports from Orongo, Mo., describe that town as utterly destroyed. At Macon City five persons were killed and fifteen injured. From all parts of the State come reports of serious damage to crops and buildings. Similar reports come from Indiana and Michigan, but the tornado there appears to have been less destructive than in Missouri. On May 18th another tornado passed over parts of Wisconsin and Illinois. It is described as funnel-shaped and revolving with terrific rapidity. Racine, Wis., suffered seriously. The tornado reached that place at one A.M. on May 19th, passing through the north-western portion of the city, demolishing one hundred and fifty houses and barns, and killing about sixteen persons, besides injuring many others. An eye-witness says: "The tornado struck the earth with a noise which might be compared with the roar and rumbling of railroad trains thundering over a bridge. Brick and frame houses alike collapsed, and their sites are marked only by heaps of shapeless debris. Those in the middle of the storm centre simply fell in ruins where they had stood. Some nearer the circumference were turned around. The tornado, as it moved from the city out upon the waters of Lake Michigan, presented a grand spectacle. The whirling columns of air seemed like monster wreaths of smoke as they flew over the watery expanse, bearing with them spiral columns of water, and no ship that encountered this monster of the air could by any possibility escape destruction."

Ten Dollars were Received Last Week from a lady residing at Newark, N. J., to be used in sending THE CHRISTIAN HERALD to the colored ministers in the South. Testimonies continue to come in of the usefulness of this fund. Ministers who have received the paper write that they have been aided in their work by the Gospel teaching it contains, and that many instances of conversion have come to their knowledge as the result of the blessing of God on its pages in cases where they have lent or given it after exhausting its contents themselves. Our friends, who have kindly placed this fund at our disposal, will be pleased to learn that their money has thus already borne fruit to the glory of God.

A War on the Gambling Houses has been commenced at Nashville, Tenn., and on Thursday last five thousand dollars worth of seized gambling apparatus was *burned in bonfires* on the public square of the city by order of the Criminal Court. It is asserted that at least 500 gamblers will be driven out of the city by the enforcement of the new act of the State Legislature making gambling a felony.

Reports of Temperance Work in the South are very encouraging. Progress is especially notable in Georgia, where the Legislature recently passed a law which allows a vote on the question of prohibition in any county upon petition of a certain number of inhabitants. This if carried for prohibition is followed by a proclamation by the Governor excluding liquors from the district. It is remarkable that in the counties where there has hitherto been the most drunkenness, large prohibition votes are cast, and one of the most notorious counties in the State has just voted for prohibition by over six to one.

A Sabbath Observing Railroad is the Louisville, New Albany and Chicago Railroad, the president of which is Colonel Bennett H. Young. He has recently issued a stringent order in reference to Sunday trains. He orders that as far as possible no work shall be done, or trains be run on Sunday. The only passenger train that will be run on that day is that carrying mails, and efforts will be made to discontinue it. In cases of perishable goods or live stock, freight trains will run when necessary only. The order further says: "You will in future run no excursion trains of any kind, for any purpose, on the Sabbath. This order applies to camp-meeting trains. I am also informed that a number of the company's employés have conscientious scruples against any work on the Sabbath. There are likely others who do not feel so strongly on this subject. Under no ordinary circumstances must any employé who objects on the ground of his religious convictions be ordered or required to do any service on the Sabbath. If any difficulties arise in the execution of this regulation you will please report them to me for consideration, and you will also notify the employes of their rights on conscientious grounds to be fully protected in the observance of the day of rest."

The Perils of Lake Michigan are Graphically described by a Chicago journal. It states that the lake is more dangerous than any other of the great Northern lakes. This is owing partly to its lack of convenient harbors and sheltering islands or headlands, and partly to the peculiar suddenness and great violence of the gales that sweep over it. Two shipwrecks have already occurred this spring, both of them in the vicinity of that peculiarly dangerous locality, Grosse Point. All the precautionary arrangements for the benefit of mariners do not prevent frequent shipwrecks at that perilous place. On the north the shore is absolutely without bay, inlet, indentation, or protection of any kind against the force of the sea for a distance of fifty miles, with water so shoal fully a mile seaward that the only hope of escape from shipwreck for the vessel which is carried by a north-easter too far west to double the point is in the holding strength of its anchors. The anchorage, however, is nowhere in that vicinity very good. As the Christian reads this description, he cannot fail to be impressed with the completeness of the type this lake is of life in the world without Christ. The suddenness of the gales, the shoal water, and the bad anchorage, all are symbols of the world's dangers. Happy is the young man who, having the voyage before him, takes Christ as his guide, compass, and anchor (Prov. 1 : 33).

The Ruin of a Trusted Clerk in New York was described in the daily journals last week. During the past six years a firm, having extensive business transactions, have employed as confidential cashier and book-keeper a young man, whose family reside in New Jersey. Some time ago he contracted an intimacy with a dissolute woman, and gave her money and valuable presents. That his wife might not become suspicious from his lack of money, he used the firm's funds until he had taken nearly $13,000. Finally he became alarmed, and decided to break off with the woman who had ensnared him. But she had learned from him that he was a defaulter, and she used this knowledge in extorting more money from him. At last he resolutely refused her, and then she revealed to the firm that he had robbed them. At first the clerk denied it, but soon he admitted that her story was true. He was arrested and placed in charge of an officer, who accompanied him to his home, where he confessed to his wife The young man's father, on hearing of his son's arrest, made up the deficiency in his accounts, and the prisoner was then released. Though spared, through his father's kindness, the ignominy of trial and imprisonment, the young man has wrecked his life and brought sorrow and loss on his friends. The incident, which is only one of many such cases, ought to be a warning to young men who are fond of frequenting vicious resorts where they become acquainted with women such as the one who led this man to his ruin (Prov. 6 : 24–26.)

A Blind Sexagenarian's Eyesight has been restored to her in a Philadelphia hospital. A recent number of the *Record* states that Mrs. Harriet Holmes, a colored woman, who is sixty years old, was blind from her birth until three weeks ago. Dr. L. W. Fox, one of the surgeons at the hospital, was attracted by the peculiarity in the formation of her eyes, and made an examination, which convinced him that her sight might be restored. The old woman's consent to an operation was not obtained without difficulty. After the operation her eyes were bandaged for eight days. At last she was removed to one of the wards of the hospital which looked upon the street, and the bandage was removed. The patient started violently, and cried out as if with fear, and for a moment was quite nervous from the effects of the shock. For the first time in her life she looked upon the earth. Owing to her first impression of distance she was for some time afraid to walk with her eyes open, the ground or floor appearing a "fur way off," in strange contrast with her impression of distant objects. The blaze from a lamp excited the most lively surprise in her mind. She had no idea what it was, and when it was brought near her wanted to pick it up. When night approached upon the day when she first used her eyes, she was in a fright, fearing that she was losing the sight which she had so wonderfully found after sixty years of darkness. It would be well if the Christian, whose spiritual change from darkness to light is as marvellous to him, would also fear lest he should through sin lose even for a moment the light of God's countenance (Isa. 59 : 2).

A Curious Discovery of an Unopened Letter was made recently in New Hampshire. Workmen engaged in repairing an old house in Chester, found *a sealed letter in the wall*, inscribed to "Mrs. Sarah Taylor, Litchfield, N. H.," and marked "In haste." The letter was folded in the ancient form, without envelope, and closed with red sealing-wax, unbroken. It was dated Rumford, May ye 18, 1748, and was signed by John Taylor. One hundred and thirty-five years that letter had been written before its contents were read, notwithstanding the writer's "haste." The cause of the delay is now unknown, but it may have arisen from the sickness or death of the person to whom it was addressed. We may be certain that only some such serious cause would have prevented Mrs. Sarah Taylor reading what her husband or son had to say to her. Letters from friends are not usually left unread, as too often happens with the Bible, the message of our heavenly Father, which in spite of the treasures it contains is neglected and despised, and in consequence men fall into error and sin (Matt. 22 : 29).

Five Miners were Dashed Headlong down a mine a short distance from Scranton, Pa., on May 15th. They got into a carriage in the morning, and were about to descend, when the engineer, with his hand on the lever, asked if all was right; the men answered, "yes," and the machinery was set in motion for descent. The carriage had gone down about ten feet, when the engineer, noticing that something was wrong, stopped it suddenly. This threw the wire rope from the drum upon which it was coiled, and sent the carriage with its living load down the shaft at lightning speed. Just before it struck the bottom of the shaft, one of the men leaped for life, and managed to get away with comparatively slight injuries. The others remained on the carriage, which struck against the rocky bottom with a loud report like the bursting of a gun, and was smashed to splinters. They were all severely injured, and it is feared none of them can recover. It is impossible to realize without horror what must have been the sensations of the men in that terrible descent, yet that is one of the similes used in the Bible to describe the doom of the impenitent, which men wantonly brave (Isa. 38 : 18).

A Pimple on the Nose Led to a Suicide in Philadelphia recently, according to a Press Association telegram to the New York journals. It stated that on May 13th a young lady employed as a public school-teacher in the city poisoned herself under the following circumstances: A few weeks ago a pimple appeared on her nose. This blemish became such an annoyance that she visited a physician, who advised her to have it burned out. The operation was performed, but left a worse disfigurement than before. This result crazed the unhappy woman. A few days later she left the house and bought laudanum in small quantities in several drug stores. She then drank the entire quantity. Going to an upper room, she said to her mother, "I am going to take a long sleep." She became insensible almost immediately, and though a physician was summoned and did everything possible to resuscitate her, she died the same evening. It is probable that the whole story has not been told in the dispatch, and that there was some other cause beside the pimple to induce the fatal act. It is, however, a fact to be deplored that young people are apt to be proud of their personal beauty, and to dread as the worst calamity anything that would impair it. Parents and teachers ought to earnestly repress this tendency (Jer. 13 : 15).

CERTAIN SINGULAR SUBJECTS.

A New Sermon by Pastor C. H. Spurgeon.

"And I gave unto Isaac Jacob and Esau: and I gave unto Esau mount Seir, to possess it; but Jacob and his children went down into Egypt."—JOSHUA 24 : 4.

The Autograph of the Deity—I. History and the Hand of God in it—Precision in Apparent Tangle—The Wrong Side of the Carpet—Traces of the Hand of God — Remarkable Men at Special Periods — In all Great Events — Anecdote of Wellington — What the Sects Fight about — Why Newspapers should be Read—The Hand of God in Personal History—II. Birth and its Disappointments — Mingled Emotions over Births — Need of Prayer—III. Wordlings and their Possessions — IV. The Good and their Trials—The Blackboard of Adversity — Blossoms on the Rod.

THIS passage, though audibly uttered by the mouth of Joshua, is to be regarded as the immediate voice of God. Joshua said unto all the people, "Thus saith Jehovah, God of Israel." Jehovah reminded the tribes, and their elders and judges, of all that He had done, and of all that He had been to them; and from this He challenged their allegiance, requiring that they should henceforth be loyal unto their great Benefactor. Addressing them Himself, His argument became all the more impressive. We have here, not so much a letter dictated by God, as the actual autograph of the great Father. May the Holy Spirit give us eyes wherewith to perceive the treasures which lie before us in these words—"I gave unto Isaac Jacob and Esau: and I gave unto Esau mount Seir, to possess it; but Jacob and his children went down into Egypt."

I. The first thing that I discern here is history and

THE HAND OF GOD IN IT.

See: "*I gave;*" and then again, "*I gave.*" It is not merely that Esau and Jacob were born of Isaac and Rebekah, but the Lord says, "*I gave unto Isaac Jacob and Esau.*" How plainly does this declare that the hand of God is in human history! At first sight history seems a great tangle, a snarl, a confusion; but on looking at it more closely we perceive that it is only in appearance a maze, but in fact a marvellous piece of arrangement, exhibiting perfect precision and never failing accuracy. Our carnal reason sees the wrong side of the carpet, and it appears to be without design or order; but there is another side to history, and looked at from that standpoint it reveals a pattern wonderful for beauty, displaying wisdom and goodness unparalleled. The histories of nations are, from the human side, little more than a narration of the crimes of kings and the follies of their people; and yet, viewed from another quarter, they are the record of the dealings of God with men, the story of love's labor to reclaim the lost.

We see the hand of God in history very strikingly in the raising up of remarkable men at certain special periods. It is true, as the Lord says, "I gave unto Isaac Jacob and Esau:" children are the gift of God. This is true not only of Isaac but of all mortal men. God gave to a worthy couple, George Washington; to another pair, John Howard; and to a third, George Whitefield. Each of these, in His own special way, was a divine gift to men. Children are born with differing talents, and varied capacities, but all about them which will make them blessings is the gift of God. I shall not tarry to mention great men whose names mark

EPOCHS IN HISTORY

from which men date an increase of light and happiness; but let no man think of these friends and leaders of mankind without admitting the hand of God in their birth, training, disposition, and ability.

When the negro slave had borne long years of bondage, and hope of deliverance seemed far away, it was God that gave an Abraham Lincoln, who led the nation onward till "Emancipation" flamed upon its banners. Long before, when England, free in every corner of it, yet held slaves in its colonies, it was God that gave

Wilberforce, and raised him up to plead in Parliament the rights of men. In all such acts of righteousness the coming forth of

THE MAN AT THE HOUR

must be attributed to God's own hand. The men themselves may not know wherefore they have come to power: of them it might often be said as the Lord said of Cyrus, "I girded thee, though thou hast not known me." The mighty ones that contend for wrong, and bind the chains, and forge the fetters of the oppressed, do not know the champions who are predestined to overturn them, but God knows, and that is enough. Tyrants have always just cause to be afraid, for every birth may produce a deliverer. Somewhere in a hovel there may sleep in a rude cradle the boy who shall shake the throne of evil. As yet it has always happened in due season that Pharaoh has been confronted by Moses, and the princes of Midian by Gideon. For every Sisera there is a Jael; and for every Goliath a David. The upas tree may increase its deadly shadow, but an axe is sharpening for the felling of it.

Let us bless and praise the Lord, as we look back in history upon God's manifest interference with the course of events by the singular births of men whom He has used to effect His own divine purposes. Nobody denies that the hand of God is in the coming of men for the hour when the hour calls for the men.

So also is the hand of God distinctly to be seen

IN ALL GREAT EVENTS.

If Esau captures Mount Seir, then the setting up of the Edomite dominion, bad as it may have been, is from another point of view a matter in which God's purpose and design are to be noted, for He says—"I gave Esau mount Seir." In everything that happens, be it small or great, the Lord is present, and His will is done. It is so in all the plottings and manœuvrings of kings and princes and senates, in the stirs of public opinion, in the marchings of armies, and in all that transpires among mortal men. Though the iniquity of a man is seen abundantly, yet the overruling power of God is never absent. The world is not left to itself, given over to the lord of misrule; but in all events the hand of God may be perceived by all who care to perceive it. I reckon war to be a huge crime on man's side, but, when battalions have marched against battalions, the destiny of empires, and possibly of the whole race of man, has turned upon the health of a commander, the clearness of his eye, or the quickness of his messenger; yea, the turning aside of a bullet, or the fall of a horse, or the breaking of an axle, has become the pivot of history, the turning point of ages; *and there at the centre the Lord has been surely ready.*

It is singular how God is seen, both in dangers and preservations, in connection with crises of history.

WELLINGTON AT WATERLOO

sat on his horse, Copenhagen, all day long. A friend of mine, well known to most of you, said to him, "I suppose your horse must have been very weary." "No," said the duke, "he was so fresh that when I got off from him he threw his heels into the air, and almost struck my temples. I was not in greater danger all through the battle than at that moment." God had preserved the hero all that live-long day, and we little know what had been the result if a chance slug or ball had carried him off, and yet you see when the red mouth of war was growing silent the Iron Duke was still in jeopardy. Had he been suddenly cut off our island might have become an insignificant province of a vast Napoleonic empire; but he was immortal till his work was done. Above the awful din of war I hear the voice of God; even out of such an evil, which makes earth for the while like hell, the good Lord of all produces good.

We think of this poor world with great sadness, when we see all the crime and sin which defile it, and yet we join with Galileo in saying, "It does move though!" Truth makes progress: the right is winning. If we do not see an improvement to-day, or to-morrow, yet take any twenty years, and you will see that the world is moving — moving on to that grand day when the song shall ascend, Hallelujah, Hallelujah; for the Lord God omnipotent reigneth! As the Lord's hand was in Esau's possession of Mount Seir, so is it in the settlement of every tribe and people, and it is to be seen by all observant eyes in all the great epochs of the history of man.

Yet please to notice that whenever we say this —and I say it pretty plainly—*we*

NEVER EXCUSE THE SIN

and folly of man. We speak of predestination and foreknowledge, because we find these truths in Scripture; and they seem to us to be facts in the very nature of things. God knows all that happens; else were He no God, or a poor, blind deity; and if He knows that a certain fact will happen, then it is a fixed and settled thing, depend on that. Nothing happens other than God foreknew would happen, and therefore it is fixed. If I laid aside predestination, yet foreknowledge would be quite enough for me. Yet this fixedness is perfectly consistent with the free agency and responsibility of man. Man thinks, and resolves, and acts as freely, and as much of his own accord, as if there were no foreknowledge and no God. I can join heartily with the advocate of free agency when he talks of man's voluntariness in his acts of sin, his wilful choice of evil, his rejection of Christ and of His grace. No man can too thoroughly believe in the wilful guilt of the wicked; at any rate, I will go all lengths in such a belief.

I couple with what is called Calvinistic doctrine the other doctrine of free agency and responsibility, which seems to me to be equally true; and if this be judged to be an inconsistency the remark does not stagger me, for I see no inconsistency, and do not believe that any exists. My God is not a mere omnipotent being, who can rule dead materialism, and compel insensible atoms to do His will; but He can rule free agents, leaving them absolutely free, and yet effecting all His purposes with them. God's eternal purposes are accomplished, and yet men remain responsible free agents both in their beginning and in their ending. Do you say that you do not understand how this can be? *Neither do I, but I believe it.* There are ten thousand other things in nature and history which are too high for me to understand their "how" and "why," and yet I see them; can I not also make sure of some matters which I do *not* see? It is not for me to profess to comprehend the nature or the ways of the Infinite; if we could comprehend the Lord, He would not be the infinite God.

Do you not know that in theology—all the false part of theology—the part on which the sects stand and fight each other—consists of

SUSPENSION-BRIDGES MADE OF COBWEBS,

which are intended to bridge the distance between two awful truths which look as if they were divided from each other. The great rocky truths are in effect accepted by both parties, but the battle waxes hot concerning these cobweb-bridges which were never worth a tithe of the ingenuity which has been wasted upon them. I hold it true that God is in history, and in everything; and *I read the newspaper that I may see how my heavenly Father governs the world;* and this I believe though I most clearly see that men sin wilfully, and wickedly, and voluntarily, and that they are guilty free agents in all their wrong-doing. These thoughts come to me when I remember the character of Esau, and yet read the Lord's words, "I gave unto Esau mount Seir, to possess it."

To us, dear friends, the hand of God is very visible in our own case. No person can deny that our parentage is beyond our own power, and yet to a large extent it colors the whole future of life. Is not the hand of God in it? Why shall one be born of a long succession of drunkards and of thieves, and have within himself an insatiable passion born with him to imitate them; while another inherits a sound constitution from his parents, and, though he has no tendency to the grace of God, yet he has a tendency to morality, and naturally develops self-restraint and gentle manners? Do we not see the hand of God in the parents that He gave us? I cannot be so blind as to deny my own obligation; I shall forever bless God that I was given to a godly couple whose delight it was to lead me in the ways of God.

And do we not see the hand of God, again, in our *children?* Many of us do. Oh, how some of us bless and praise God that ever such sons fell to our lot; we never think of them without delight, for they are living in the service of the Lord Jesus, spending and being spent in the divine Master's service. Look at your children as the gifts of God, and if they are not yet all that you could desire, yet still believe that God has given them to you, even as He says, "I gave Isaac Jacob and Esau." They are not to be viewed as the unhappy fruit of an unhallowed union, but as gifts of God, to be brought up for Him, and trained in His fear. They come not as the result of uncleanness, but as gifts from the Lord, to whom marriage is an honorable estate. It were a sad thing if the sight of my child made me blush for shame; but it is a joy to look upon him as, like Samuel, asked of God, and given of God. Bring these gifts of God to God, and say, "Here, Lord, are the children which Thou hast given me. Save them of Thy grace, since in love Thou hast given them to me."

II. Secondly, we have another lesson to learn from our text, and that is upon

BIRTH AND ITS DISAPPOINTMENTS.

"I gave unto Isaac Jacob and Esau," twin children born of godly parents. In that birth there was joy, but sorrow came by it as well as joy. What joy there was in Isaac's house that day, for we read that it had been a matter of prayer in the family! See Genesis 25: 21. It had been a grief to Isaac that, married at forty years of age, he had lived twenty years in married life without a child, although he had the promise of a seed. Lo! on a day it happend that Esau and Jacob were born. There was joy; yea, double joy, because two sons had come to build up their father's house. Ah, had they known it, there was grave cause for mingled emotion in that double birth! We read that forty years after Esau married, and he took unto himself two Canaanite wives, "which were a grief of mind unto Isaac and to Rebekah." Yes, we may fondly promise ourselves that children born of godly parents will be an unalloyed comfort to them; and yet it may not be so.

Children are *certain cares, and doubtful comforts.* They may bring to their parents such sorrow that they may be inclined to think the barren happier than the fruitful. Hence it is well for us to leave our hopes of posterity with God; and if we reckon that in a childless house we have missed a great joy, we ought also to reckon that we have missed a mint of trouble by the same fact. Your children are not born in grace, but they are the children of nature; and that being the case, you may have to see in one of them—God grant it may be in no more!—an Esau, yes, a profane person, who will sell his birthright, and become an enemy of the people of God. Esau was born of admirable parents, and so an Esau may be found to your boundless grief in your own family. It has been so aforetime with others, and it may be so with you; the lion's whelp has been found in the sheep's fold, the vulture has been hatched in the dove's nest.

It is a great advantage to you, my dear young friend, to have been born into a Christian family; but I charge you, do not trust in it as though it were in itself a guarantee of salvation. Isaac, the beloved of God, has Esau for a son. Mind you that. David had to sorrow over Absolom, and Hezekiah over Manasseh. You may be the Esau of your family. Is it so? May God grant that such a dreadful portion may not be chosen by you! And, oh, you that are in the family, and have through divine mercy become a Jacob and not an Esau, ascribe it all to sovereign grace, and give God the praise; but forget

not your brother! While he lives have hope of him, and see what you can do that he also may rejoice in the Lord.

We have prayer often at dying beds; why have we not more prayer in the chamber of birth? Surely, when an immortal spirit starts upon its endless career, it is well for us to cry to God and ask others to join with us in the loving, earnest prayer that the Holy Spirit may cause the newly-born to be born again as soon as they are able to know Jesus and believe in Him. There stands the fact; in birth there is joy tempered with godly fear, hope mingled with sacred anxiety, and high advantage which may yet most sadly end in deepened responsibility and increased sin.

III. Thirdly, and very briefly, we have next to view

WORLDLINGS AND THEIR POSSESSIONS.

"*I gave unto Esau mount Seir, to possess it.*" That is to say, Esau, as compared with Jacob, appeared to have the best of it, for he had "mount Seir, to possess it;" but poor Jacob had not a foot of land that he could call his own except the family sepulchre at Machpelah, wherein afterward he slept the sleep of the righteous.

Why does God so often give possessions to ungodly men? Why do they flourish? Why do they have their portion in this life? Is it not, first, because *God thinks little of these things*, and therefore gives them to those of whom He thinks little? "Why," said Luther, in his day, "the whole Turkish empire is but a basket of husks that God gives to the hogs, and therefore He hands it over to the unbelievers." Something infinitely better is reserved for the Lord's own family. The rich blessing of true grace He reserves for His children and heirs. It shows how little God thinks of kingdoms, and empires, and great riches, for He leaves these full often to the worst of men. How few saints have ever worn crown or coronet! A holy man once said that *the kings who have gone to heaven* might almost be counted on your fingers. See what small account the Lord makes of

THE WORLD'S BEST

store. Do you wish that ungodly men should have less? For my part, I am reconciled to their present prosperity, for *it is all they ever will have*. Poor souls, let them have as much of it as they may *here;* they have nothing hereafter. Besides, they have no God; and having no God, it would take a great many fortunes to make a godless man's portion worth a straw. Let those have the treasures of this present evil world who have nothing else. Never quarrel with the Lord for saying, "I gave unto Esau mount Seir, to possess it." Besides, these comforts may lead them to reflect upon God's bounty to them; and at any rate they ought to move them to repentance.

Worldly goods have no necessary connection with ungodliness. There is no infection in harvest stores, nor iniquity in the wealth which comes of commerce. In themselves gold and silver are harmless metals. There have been men who have enjoyed the abundance of this world, and yet have inherited the world to come. Not many great men after the flesh are chosen; but there is a great difference between "not *many*" and "not *any*." Pray, therefore, that the rich may be brought to Christ. *Why should not that fish be taken which hath the silver shekel in its mouth?* There is no evil in having goods; but there is great evil in making those goods our chief good.

Yet, brethren, so it is that the men of this world usually have the most of it; I do not say the best of it. It is, and always will be, a mystery as long as the world stands, that the wicked often flourish and the righteous suffer. Read the Book of Job; read the thirty-seventh Psalm; read the seventy-third Psalm; and see how holy men and wise men have been perplexed and troubled by the method of the divine providence. To see wickedness on a throne and righteousness in a dungeon, pride enshrined in honor, and holiness rolled in the kennel, is a serious trial of our confidence in God, and yet there are weighty reasons why it should be so for awhile. Not without wisdom doth the Lord say, "I gave to Esau mount Seir, to possess it."

IV. Now, comes the fourth point, and a great mystery too. Here are

THE CHOSEN AND THEIR TRIALS.

"I gave unto Esau mount Seir, to possess it; *but Jacob and his children went down into Egypt.*" That is their portion. They must go down into Egypt because of famine, and they must suffer there under a tyrant's iron rod, so that they may become familiar with the drudgery of slaves. Is not this a strange thing? To him whom God loves best He allots the hardest condition. Esau's sons are dukes, but Jacob's seed are drudges. The worldling would read the Scripture as if it said, "As many as I love, I caress and pamper;" but the Lord speaketh not so; His word is, "As many as I love I rebuke and chasten." ("Whom the Lord loveth He chasteneth, and scourgeth"—that is a very hard word—"scourgeth every son whom He receiveth." To carnal reason this seems strange; faith alone can explain it.

But Israel and his children went down into Egypt, first, for their *preservation*. So God brings His people into trial often to preserve them from the world and its evil influences, from themselves and their natural pride, from Satan and his puffings up. By sorrow and adversity the children of God are driven to their knees, brought near to their great Father, and kept in fellowship with Him. Sanctified afflictions are spiritual promotions. The salt and bitterness of sorrow often preserves men from the gall and bitterness of sin.

They went down into Egypt, next, for their *improvement;* for the family of Jacob was in a mournful condition, and by no means fit to be used of the Lord. The story of Jacob's family is a strangely sad one; perhaps Scripture does not contain a more mournful page. The evil influence of polygamy is clearly seen, blended with the errors of Laban's house, and envenomed by the foul example of the Canaanites among whom they sojourned. It was *time that they should shift their quarters;* they were neither getting good nor doing good. It looked as if the patriarch would found an ignorant, quarrelsome, vicious race; and so they were sent down into Egypt that trouble might teach them better manners. God often thrusts His people into adversity that He may improve them, arouse them, instruct them, and ennoble them. See to it, brethren, that the Lord's design be fulfilled in you to the full.

They also went down into Egypt for their *education*. The chosen seed needed teaching; they were getting to be rustic, not to say barbarous, in their manners; acquirements and knowledge were scant among them. They must go down into the seat of ancient learning to acquire arts and sciences, and civilization. The Lord teaches us on

THE BLACK-BOARD OF ADVERSITY,

and we are often rapped over the knuckles by the stern master. It is wonderful what we learn when we are taken among the thorns. I hardly think that I have learned anything except in affliction; at least, this I know—I owe more to the hammer, and the anvil, and the file, and the furnace than I do to all the green meads and flowing brooks and singing birds that I have ever seen or heard. I fear that I have learned little beyond *that which has been whipped into me;* and though I am not fonder of the rod than you are, I confess that such sweet fruit grows on the bitter bough of trial that I would fear to be long without it. For future usefulness it is well that we bear present sorrow, and like Jacob go down into Egypt.

And they went down to Egypt, again, that *God might display His great power in them*. I would not care to be Esau on Mount Seir when once I see Pharaoh's hosts drowned, and Israel marching through the depths of the sea, and when I hear the song of the Israelitish maidens, and the shouts of the men, "Sing ye to Jehovah, for He hath triumphed gloriously; the horse and his rider hath He thrown into the sea." It is worth while to go down into Egypt to come out of it with a high hand and an outstretched arm. Little boots it that Esau has Mount Seir for a possession; Israel has her God. No foot of land perhaps you call your own; you do not know where your next suit of clothes will come from, and God has kept you on short commons, and multiplied your straits and needs; never mind—yours is the lot of the chosen; for "Jacob and his children went down into Egypt."

That is where the story ends, according to my text; but you know the story does not end there after all; for out of Jacob and his children came the Star, the Sceptre, and the Throne. The Godhead took up the seed of Israel; and now to-day he that sprang of Jacob's loins, according to the flesh, sits on the highest throne of God, and reigns supreme. The Shiloh has come, and it matters nothing what Egypt brought of sorrow unto Jacob's seed, seeing that out of them at the last came the King and Saviour of men. If Jesus be ours, the rest is a small affair. Give me Christ, and I ask nothing else. Having faith in Jesus, I can leave all things else with the great Disposer of events. Christ and a crust; the promise and a parish coat; grace and an almshouse! Cannot a saint be more than content with these?

So have I set before you the varying lots of God's own people and of the wicked. I hope that you are ready to say that you would rather suffer affliction with the people of God than enjoy the pleasures of sin for a season. God help you to make that wise choice, and to make it at once. May His Spirit lead you to take the Lord Jesus to be your all in all. Amen.

[The prayers of the readers of this Journal are requested for the blessing of God upon its Editors in America and England, and those whose sermons, articles, or labors for Christ are printed in it; and for its weekly circulation of more than 260,000 copies to be blessed by the Holy Spirit to the conversion of many sinners and the quickening of God's people. Mr. Spurgeon and Dr. Talmage especially request prayer every Sunday morning on behalf of their labors.]

THE OPIUM SMOKER'S PROGRESS.

(*See Illustrations on Page 332.*)

OUR illustrations on the next page represent the downward progress of the victim of the vice which has worked most disastrous results in China, and is fast spreading among the better classes of society in our own land. The first picture depicts the Chinaman at the commencement of the habit. A luxurious, wealthy man who knows nothing of the toil which makes the sleep of a laboring man sweet, procures a small quantity of the drug which he places in the pipe and smokes. He is soon wrapped in delicious slumber. How grateful he is for the drug that brings him the blessing only those understand who have tossed on beds from which sleep has been banished by physical or mental suffering. So far, opium has proved a blessing, and physicians know how great a blessing it is to patients, who, without it, must sink under continuous pain which prevents recuperation of sleep.

But there is another side to the picture. Let the patient be taught how to use the drug himself, either by smoking it, or eating it, or injecting it under the skin, and he has at hand a remedy to which he is apt to fly for every ill, mental or physical. Has he a toothache? opium will give him relief. Has he a headache? opium will soothe the throbbing brain. Is he exasperated and annoyed? opium will calm the perturbed spirit. Is he distressed and anxious? opium renders him equable and philosophical. Is he overworked and weary? opium relieves the strain. The potent remedy for all these ills is sure to be brought into frequent use in a world so full of trouble.

Then comes the revelation to the victim. Opium has become a necessity to him. He can do nothing without it. He needs it to give him nerve for his daily business, and he needs it to

The Opium Smoker's Early Pleasures.

The Opium Smoker's Need of Charity.

give him repose at night. Take away his opium, and he sinks into a poor, trembling wreck. When the hour comes at which he is accustomed to take it, he must have it. His hands tremble, his knees bend under him, his face assumes a deadly pallor, he yawns and gapes and starts, his eyes have an unnatural craving fire in them, and his voice becomes husky and hoarse. Woe to the man who tries to exert his influence then and restrains the victim from recourse to opium. Though the victim be ordinarily the kindest and most genial of men, he will strike his best friend in those moments, or commit any crime to obtain the drug which has become to him the staff of life.

The man is a slave. Self-emancipation is hopeless. His only hope is to place himself under medical treatment and restraint. Then the ordeal is terrific, and many a man has gone mad, and many another has died under it. Few have the courage or physical stamina to endure it, and rather than undertake it they continue slaves to the habit until they die. In the city of New York to-day there are hundreds of men who are doing their work on this wretched support.

The second illustration depicts a later stage of the habit. There the Chinaman has sunk into the debauched condition. He spends his time in sleeping and smoking. He is careless of his affairs, and they have drifted into confusion. Poverty has come upon him like an armed man. He is without energy and is wrapped up in a semi-idiotic stupor. The once wealthy Chinaman is now dependent on charity, and sits openly receiving it, as seen in the picture.

The so-called pleasures of opium do not attend this stage of indulgence. The agent that brought relief and pleasant dreams has cast off the mask, and is now a relentless, vindictive oppressor. Let any who are tempted from motives of curiosity to try the effects of opium, listen to the narratives of the miserable victims, and they will be deterred.

It is time these facts were more fully known, for the empire of opium is rapidly extending. Let the reader stand for an hour and watch the door of an opium-den in New York or San Francisco, or almost any great city, and see the victims of the drug pass in and out, and he will witness a spectacle more distressing even than that terrible one of the victims of alcohol.

RECALLED FROM REASON TO FAITH.

A YOUNG man was sitting in his own room busily engaged with books and papers which littered his table and the floor around his chair. His thoughtful face showed him to be a hard student and one who, if all went well with him, would be likely to make his mark in the world. He was studying medicine, and the time was near at hand when he hoped to receive his diploma and commence practice. He was even now engaged in preparing for his examination. In the midst of his labor a knock had been twice given on his door without eliciting from him any response. Now the door was quietly opened, and a subdued voice said :

"Sorry to disturb you, Mr. Henry, but a lady is waiting to see you. She is in the library."

"All right," said the young man, "tell her I will be down presently." He sighed heavily, annoyed at the interruption to his work, but accepting the inevitable, he rose and went at once to ascertain who his visitor was, and what she wanted.

"Ah! Mrs. Wilson," he said, as he entered and saw the lady who was seated near the open window of the library, "I should not have been vexed at being called if I had known it was for the pleasure of seeing you. How is Alfred? Is he coming home soon?"

"Yes, Mr. Roberts, I am expecting him today. I have come over to the city to meet him. The most delightful thing has happened, which I expect will be as great a surprise to you as it was to me. I know you have not heard of it, for Alfred says in his letter to me that he has not told you, although you are so intimate. He is bringing home his wife, and she is of all the girls I know the very one I should have chosen for him. I want you to come and see them soon, and I thought I would call upon you myself to make sure of your coming, as I so seldom travel away from home now. You will find Alfred a great deal altered, I expect. A blessed change has taken place in him since you saw him. He has given his heart to Christ, and is a very happy young man. It was the father of his bride who was the means God used for his conversion, and I believe his young wife is also a devoted Christian. I cannot tell you how deeply grateful I am that this change has been brought about. Alfred will know now a happiness he could never have enjoyed any other way in the world."

"It is indeed a surprise," said Henry Roberts, "and I am glad that you are glad, but is it not rather premature, Mrs. Wilson, to predict Alfred's happiness so confidently because he has gone in for religion and won a wife? I can understand happiness being the product of the latter arrangement, but as to the former, I do not think, as a rule, that religious people are the happiest people."

"There I think you are wrong, Mr. Roberts. I base my hopes of Alfred's happiness on his religion rather than on his marriage, although I think that will add to it. How can it be otherwise? The man who loves and trusts God is raised above the ordinary trials of life. They come to him as to other people. Indeed, he frequently suffers more than other people, but consider his consolations. He knows that God is watching over him, and that not one of his trials comes without the consent of his heavenly Father, and that every one is permitted to fall upon him for some special purpose. He trusts his whole life into God's hands, and he is content knowing that there is no need for worry, or distress, or anxiety, but that God will do all things well."

"Yes, it is a comfortable doctrine, I suppose, if a man can bring himself to believe in it, but I have generally found that religious men are as anxious about their business and their prospects as other people. I do not think the majority of religious people enjoy such serene peace as you describe. As for myself, I am drifting farther and farther away from faith altogether."

"I am sorry to hear that, Mr. Roberts, for I am sure you are drifting farther and farther from happiness. And, what is still more serious, you can have no hope of heaven. Have you never considered what will become of your soul after death?"

"Yes, that used to trouble me once, and, in fact, it was the starting point from which I drifted to my present condition. I could find nowhere in my anatomical studies any evidence that man possesses a soul. In the dissecting room we can find his brain and all the organs of life, but there is no trace of what you call the soul, and so far as I can discover or men far more learned than I have ever found out, the thing you call soul is but the breath. I am not at all certain that man when he dies will ever live again or has any existence apart from the body. In fact, I think all the evidence points the other way."

"I cannot argue that question with you, Mr. Roberts," said Mrs. Wilson, "but I can pray for you, and I shall do that. If you are seriously seeking for truth, God will take care that you find it. Now you will certainly come to see my boy and his wife, and in the mean time I shall pray that Alfred's influence may draw you in the same direction."

Henry Roberts returned to his books puzzled by the interview. It seemed strange to him that Mrs. Wilson should feel so certain of her faith and should be so anxious that he also should

come to feel the same conviction as to himself. She had said she should pray for him; he wondered whether the darkness of scepticism and materialism, so fatally closing around his mind, would be lifted by her prayers. Would he feel any result from them? No, he thought not; it was all superstition, a theory good for women, but not one to be held by men of reason and students of science. It was a pity to disturb such faith; he would not do it for the world, but he could not accept it himself. That, too, was a curious fact, he thought. Here was he in his enlightenment looking down scornfully on the faith of others, yet reluctant to bring them to the position he occupied, and here was this Christian lady so happy and joyous that she desired to draw him into the same happiness she enjoyed. It would seem that her condition was the enviable one. So he puzzled and argued with himself, and his books were forgotten. He had in earlier years prayed at his mother's knee, and read the Bible as God's Book, and it was but lately that he had abandoned faith and trusted his bark on the rapids of reason and materialism. He would certainly see his friend, Alfred Wilson, at the earliest opportunity, and learn from him how religion had affected him.

Henry Roberts' Visitor.

Not many days had passed away before Alfred himself looked him up. He greeted his old friend heartily, and congratulated him on his marriage. For a time they talked of lighter topics, but Alfred Wilson was eager that his friend should come to know of the light that had shone in upon his soul, and persuaded him to go home with him and spend a few days quietly where he would have opportunities for more serious thought. Henry readily consented, and leaving his studies he returned with his friend.

The results of that visit were momentous ones for him. Alfred, like his mother, would not argue with the young philosopher. "I want you to know this joy, Henry," he said, "and that knowledge will not come by argument." He was right. It was by loving conversation, earnest pleading, and agonizing prayer that the light entered Henry's soul. Like the blind man our Saviour healed, he could say, "One thing I know, that whereas I was blind, now I see." When he left his friend's house he was rejoicing in a peace and joy no doubts could move and no philosophy could have given.

THE COMING TEN-KINGDOMED ALLIANCE.

By Rev. M. Baxter.

THE *Triple Alliance* of Germany, Austria, and Italy is a straw showing the direction of the wind. The object is avowedly to promote the peace of Europe by a strong offensive and defensive alliance against the aggressiveness of France. The latter Power seems at present to be almost isolated, and therefore unlikely ever to venture on a war against Germany, as the latter would be assisted by Austria and Italy.

Nevertheless we know from Daniel and Revelation that a *Ten-Kingdomed* (not merely a *Triple*) *Alliance* will soon be organized in Europe, as prefigured by the Ten-Toed Image and the Ten-horned Wildbeast in Daniel 2 : 35 ; 7 : 24.

There must soon be a war between France on the one hand, and Germany on the other—resulting in the defeat of Germany and enlargement of France to the Rhine, and formation of Britain, France, Spain, Italy, Austria, Greece, Egypt, Syria, Turkey, and Hungary into a Ten-kingdomed Alliance.

The emblematic representation of Cæsar's Roman Empire in the last days as *a wild beast—one* corporate body—with *ten horns*, which are stated to signify *ten kings*, plainly implies that those future ten Rulers of its entire territorial area will be *allied together in one confederacy*, forming a diversity in unity. Ten horns on *one body* cannot be otherwise than organically and federally united, and must move concurrently in the same direction. Where one horn goes, the others must go. One will not be able to act independently of another, as is the case at the present time, when almost all those kingdoms are standing apart from each other; and as regards Britain, France, Spain, Italy, Austria, Turkey, etc., there is actually no formal alliance between any two of them.

The same federal union of the ten kings as *component parts of one political corporation* is symbolized by their being represented as the *Ten Toes of a Human Image* in Nebuchadnezzar's prophetic dream. They are all like branches on one trunk—limbs of one body, federated and integral.

Some extraordinary events must ere long come to pass in order to produce such an astounding result as an offensive and defensive Alliance and Confederacy of the ten nations of the Roman Empire. It is puzzling to conceive *why* they should ever resort to such a step, unless it be for mutual defence against some common foe, and where can there be found an antagonist sufficiently formidable to provoke the uprising against itself of such a ten-kingdomed confederacy, unless it be either North Germany or Russia, or both Powers combined, as they are the only Great Powers in Europe that are *outside* the Roman Empire, and which therefore will not form part of the Confederacy.

The transformation of all the existing twenty-three countries of Cæsar's Roman Empire into exactly *ten* kingdoms does not necessarily involve an alliance or confederacy being made between even any two of them. This transformation might be effected, and yet each of the ten might stand aloof from the others in isolated independence, just as at present Britain, France, Spain, Italy, Austria, etc., are independent of each other.

Hence the prediction that the latter-day ten kingdoms are to be compactly allied together so as to form a Ten-kingdomed Confederacy, is a further and distinct fact in addition to the prediction that their number is to be exactly *ten*. As the thirty-eight States of the American Union under their separate Governors form *one United States*, so in much the same manner the future Ten Kingdoms under their separate Ten Kings will form *one United Confederacy*.

PETER BLAKE'S VOYAGE.

A SERIAL STORY BY HESBA STRETTON.

(*Continued from page* 319.)

The Pangs of Remorse.

AFTER Arthur Penrose had swallowed the draught he found himself falling asleep, with a strange and pleasant feeling of rest and forgetfulness stealing over him. When he awoke, some hours later, he felt stronger and better, though none the less miserable. He lay still for some time without stirring, brooding over the calamity, with all its agonizing details, through which the Dolphin had been lost. Presently he could bear his solitude no longer, and he sprang up in haste. He was feverishly impatient to see Fleck, for Fleck was the only one who had been saved. He crept down-stairs tremulously, feeling all his nerves unstrung. The house was a large one, and evidently an hotel. As his footsteps made themselves heard, the watchful landlord appeared, and opened the door of a private room.

"I've ordered a fire in here for you, sir," he said; "it's more cheery, though it is not a chilly day. This is a very awkward place to be in in stormy weather. Our communication is cut off sometimes for days together, and there's not much chance of running over to Guernsey at present. Our steamer brought us in the mails yesterday, just before the storm. You'll be anxious to communicate with your friends, I fear, sir?"

"There is no hurry," answered Penrose, mournfully.

"Well, well!" said the landlord. "Fleck, the sailor that was saved with you, sir, says you'd be wanting to charter our Queen of the Isles, cost what it would, and I have been sending out

to see if I could find a crew. But not a man in the island will risk his life at present. You'll be forced to stay for awhile."

"I have no wish to leave," said Penrose.

"That's well," he continued; "we're going to bury the poor little cabin-boy to-morrow, and perhaps, if you feel well enough, you'd choose to follow him to the grave. But just as you please."

"Where is he?" asked Penrose, waking up to more interest in his landlord's conversation.

"He's lying up-stairs," he replied; "the crew of the life boat picked him up in the water, but he was quite dead, poor little fellow. It was all over with him when they found him."

"Let me see him," said Penrose.

Victor's body was lying in a westerly room, and the light of the setting sun shone full upon his face as Penrose stood looking down upon it. He asked the landlord to leave him alone with it. The pale placid face, with the eyelids closed over the eyes that had been so bright yesterday morning, wore a smile, partly of surprise, partly of joy. It looked very young and untroubled; there were no hard lines or wrinkles in it. The boy might have been sleeping, and dreaming happy dreams. It was almost as joyous as it had been when he was steering the boat that had gone to the rescue of Penrose.

He sat down beside the corpse, with his eyes fastened upon it, thinking. There seemed to come around the bed the images of those men who had formed the crew of the Dolphin. Strange that he should know all their faces as well as though they had been familiar to him all his life! But they were his father's victims, and he could not forget them. How many more had been hurried away into the same great and silent mystery of death, sinking unseen and unheard into the gloomy and secret depths of the sea? Their number he would never know. All he knew was that a fearful debt of crime against his fellow-men, and against God, lay to his father's charge, and descended to him by a fell inheritance.

He had been daintily fostered and unstintingly indulged upon the proceeds of these men's agonies. He had not eaten a meal or clothed himself with a garment that had not been bought with blood. His whole past life, that merry boyhood and sunny, pleasant youth, which had only ended yesterday, became a loathing to him. He longed to rid himself of it; to change lots with the poorest and meanest of men; to shake off his father's name and his father's claims upon him. In his utter wretchedness of soul he felt that he could never bear to look into his father's face again.

Why had he not died a few years ago while he was like this pale, quiet, smiling boy beside him? If he had but gone away while he loved and trusted his father, and knew no wrong in him! There was no one else in the world whom he had loved so much—no one who loved him so much. Yet he shrank painfully from going back to him, or of entering into any communication with him. No! he would never return to England. It was a good thing that he had been cast upon the coast of Alderney, whence he could pass either to Guernsey or France, and fade away from his father's ken, leaving no clue behind him by which he could be traced. He would never taste another morsel of his father's bread, nor set his foot across his father's blood-stained threshold.

The sun went down while he was still brooding over his despair. All night long the same thoughts and memories haunted him. When he was following Victor's rough coffin to the grave, he walked behind it as in a painful dream. He listened absently to the funeral service read over it, hearing little except the words, "In the midst of life we are in death; of whom may we seek for succor, but of Thee, O Lord, who for our sins art justly displeased." Yes! God was full of anger against sin, and what fearful sins had not his father committed against God! sins that must be visited upon himself, which were already being visited upon him!

He lingered behind, after every one else was gone away. The stormy sky was dark with clouds drifting rapidly before the westerly wind. The low and ceaseless roll of the waves breaking all along the rocky coast sounded mournfully in his ears. Scuds of rain followed one another at short intervals, and if the sun gleamed out for an instant, it shone through a mist upon the coffin which would hide forever the face of Victor from those who loved him, and who were still watching for him to come home to them, unconscious of their loss. Penrose lifted up his hand, and, as if addressing a crowd of witnesses, he said aloud, though in a low and awe-stricken voice:

"I swear to God that I will never look upon my father's face again, nor touch a penny of his money, until he repents, and makes what restitution he can for these crimes!"

After that he left the open grave with the autumn raindrops falling into it. He felt a miserable sense of satisfaction in his own fixed resolve. It seemed to him that he was doomed to be the avenger of blood against his own father, and that he was entering upon his doom, to suffer and to inflict a wretchedness that would in some measure meet the demands of justice. Human laws, at least in his own country, took no cognizance of such crimes, but divine laws did. His father had filled many a home with misery; now his own home should be desolate. He had robbed mothers of their sons, and he would never hear again his son's voice call him "Father." Many a heart-sickened woman was looking still for the return of those who could never come back; it was only just that his father's heart should sicken, and long in vain to know the fate of his only son!

That night Penrose matured his plans for the sad future that stretched before him. He found that he had nearly 50*l.* about him, besides a valuable watch and some jewelry. Half of his little fortune he must intrust to Fleck for the use of Victor's destitute family; and Fleck, too, must carry the news of his miraculous escape to his father. That should be all; he should not even know where he was going, so that no clue might be afforded for following him. As soon as the steamer began to ply again between Guernsey and Cherbourg, he would go to one place or the other, and then cut off every trace of his future steps.

Several days passed before there could be any communication with the outer world. The sea boiled like a great cauldron all about the island, and the strong westerly winds blowing over it from the Atlantic were charged with heavy rains. Fleck loudly declared his determination not to trust himself aboard any vessel again, as long as there was a chance of foul weather. It was his secret intention never to trust himself at sea again in the best ship afloat, after he had once reached England in safety. How he should get his living he could not tell; he had been bound to the sea from his boyhood, and he was now too old to learn any other craft. But he would rather beg his bread in lanes and by-ways, when he was out of sight of the police, than face the perils of the sea again.

At length came a partial calm. The little steamer made its way across to Guernsey, carrying a few passengers who had been weather-bound in Alderney, on their way from Cherbourg. But neither Penrose nor Fleck went in her. The young man, so lately the happy, prosperous son of a wealthy father, was suffering from a terrible fit of despondency, which had completely overmastered him. For Fleck the sea still wore too stormy a surface; besides, he did not care to stir until the owner's son was ready to go home. He was very anxious to keep in with young Mr. Penrose, who could put him into many a snug and safe berth on shore. So he made himself as attentive and necessary as he knew how to the broken-spirited gloomy young man, who did not seem in the least grateful that his own life had been spared.

The steamer brought back, among other things, fresh newspapers from Guernsey. Penrose sat down to read them listlessly. There was a long catalogue of casualties at sea, as there always is when the weather breaks up suddenly and autumn gales set in. His eye ran over these, but found no mention of the Dolphin. But as he turned the paper over, he caught sight of a paragraph headed, "Loss of a Ship and Crew in the Channel." He read it mechanically, and almost tranquilly, till he came to the closing sentences:

"The steamer Ellen, of Portsmouth, has picked up the mate of the ship Dolphin, outward bound to Algiers. He was found in an insensible condition, firmly lashed to the mizzen-mast. He states that the Dolphin was caught in a sudden squall in the Middle Channel, on the night of the 18th instant, and driven violently on the rocks surrounding the Channel Islands. There was no time to lower the boats, and the crew, numbering twelve men, besides captain and mate, must all have perished. There was also on board at the time the only son of James Penrose, Esq., a wealthy shipowner and wharfinger, well known in the London shipping trade. This gentleman, upon suddenly hearing the sad intelligence, was seized with an access of disease of the heart, to which he has long been subject, and is now lying in a hopeless condition at his residence in Onslow Square."

For a few minutes Penrose sat stunned and bewildered. This possibility had never entered his thoughts. He had not even known that his father was suffering from any disease, though he knew that he always lived a very moderate, careful life, sharing in none of the luxuries and splendors his wealth could purchase. He had harbored the idea of his father mourning over himself, either as dead or as lost to home in voluntary exile; but it had never crossed his mind that a man, who could quite tranquilly send crew after crew afloat in rotten vessels, could not bear the shock of hearing that his only son had been cast away, and had perished at sea. A sudden revulsion of tenderness toward his dying father came over him. It could not be true what Captain Norcott and the crew of the Dolphin had asserted. Surely he knew his father better than any one of them.

He lost no time in chartering the little steamer to run over again with him to Guernsey, whence he could sail the next morning for Southampton. Fleck was thrown into perplexity by this sudden decision. The water was still too rough for him to venture on it without an almost intolerable dread, yet he must stick close to young Mr. Penrose. He could not let him leave him behind in Alderney. But as he set foot upon the deck of the little boat, which tossed to and fro in the short chopping sea, he vowed that starvation itself should never drive him to a seafaring life again, let him once land in England in safety.

It was nearly midnight the next day when Penrose and Fleck reached London, after a tempestuous passage across the Channel. Even now Fleck would not part from his young master, as he called him; but, like a faithful though humble friend, he climbed up to the box beside the cab driver who took them up at Waterloo Station. Penrose was too preoccupied to notice him. All day long, sitting silent and comfortless on the paddle-box of the steamer, he had been pondering over, in his troubled brain, what he should say to his father, and how he could find out the truth or falsehood of the statement made by the captain of the Dolphin.

He had asked Fleck what he knew and thought about the ship, and Fleck had declared that he could say nothing against the Dolphin, and he had never been told that her owner was Mr. Penrose. He had sailed many a time in Penrose's ships, and right good ships they were, with good skippers in them, and the best of grog. The best times he had known as a seaman had been in Penrose's ships; that was true, if they were the last words he ever spoke in this world.

Fleck's assertion had cheered his spirits, though it did not perfectly reassure him. As he drove toward Onslow Square, he resolved to

say nothing about his sad suspicions, until his father had quite regained his usual health. No doubt entered his mind that he would not recover, as soon as he found his lost son again, safe and sound.

There was no light about the house when they reached it; and he sprang out of the hack to ring the bell himself, softly, lest it should disturb his father. He felt very tenderly toward his father, whom he had been wronging by his suspicions. It was a long time before the low though continuous ringing, brought any answer. Then there came a gleam through the fanlight, and the door, with the chain on, was opened by the old butler.

"Let me in, Simmons," he said.

"Who is it?" asked the old servant, cautiously.

"Who is it?" he repeated. "Don't you know me, Simmons? How's my father?"

"It can't be Master Arthur!" exclaimed Simmons.

"It is," he answered; "I was saved from the wreck. Be quick, and let me in."

(To be continued.)

AT ANTIOCH IN PISIDIA.

S. S. Lesson for June 3, Acts 13: 13-16 and 43-52. Golden Text, ver. 32. By Mrs. M. Baxter.

Progress of the Work—Mark's Fickleness—Paul's Sermon—Limits to the Power of Persecutors—The Touchstone of Doctrine—Glad Tidings Proclaimed—A Company of Inquirers—The Result of a Gospel Sermon—Persecution Stirred up.

THE work of the two evangelists in Cyprus was done, Sergius Paulus was left behind to care for the disciples who had been made there. Their next move was to Perga in Pamphylia, a province of Asia Minor, and here John (or Mark), the evangelist, (in the house of whose mother prayer was made for Peter on the night of his liberation) "departing from them, returned to Jerusalem." This young man had not counted the cost of a missionary's life, he was *not yet entire for God.* Their next station was Antioch in Pisidia (quite another than that Antioch in Syria where the disciples were first called Christians). Guided, doubtless, by God, they went into the synagogue on the Sabbath day, and sat down waiting for Him to open a door for them.

Perhaps some rumor of them had preceded their visit; in any case, "the rulers of the synagogue sent unto them, saying, Ye men and brethren, if ye have any word of exhortation for the people, say on." Paul was the spokesman, and led by the Holy Ghost, he took the Jewish audience back to their early history, and the way by which God had led them as a nation; His choosing of their fathers, His exalting them "when they dwelt as strangers in the land of Egypt" and bringing them out with a high arm, His suffering their manners in the wilderness, and after destroying seven nations in the land of Canaan His dividing their land to them by lot. Thus Paul drew the eye of these Asiatic Jews to God s dealings in faithfulness and love with His chosen people as told in the books of Exodus, Numbers, Deuteronomy, and Joshua. He then showed how after the time of the Judges, four hundred and fifty years, they denied a king, and after Saul's reign God "raised up David to be their king, to whom also He gave testimony, and said, I have found David, the son of Jesse, a man after Mine own heart, which shall fulfil all My will." Now Paul gets to his point, "Of this man's seed hath God according to His promise raised unto Israel

A SAVIOUR, JESUS."

Paul was preaching to a Bible-knowing and Bible-loving people, and it was necessary that he should prove his testimony to Jesus from the Scriptures themselves. The fulfilment of the promises of God seems to have been his strongest argument. How far his hearers had heard of Jesus, we know not. Doubtless news had gone abroad throughout the then known world about the sect of the Nazarenes, but probably the rumors which had reached them contained more of error than of truth. Thus, it may be they listened to Paul with no small curiosity. He spoke of John the Baptist as though he expected them to know to whom he was referring, and said how he had testified to Jesus, and then made his appeal, "Men and brethren, children of the stock of Abraham, to you is the Word of this salvation sent." God had raised up to Israel a Saviour, had fulfilled His promises in doing so, the Saviour had come and brought with Him salvation: now how would they treat both the Saviour and His salvation? Oh, we cannot, we may not get away from our responsibility. If God has raised up for us a Saviour, then

WE OUGHT TO BE SAVED

in every sense of the word. If He has wrought for us salvation, then we ought to be in possession of His salvation, and if we are not so, we are guilty. In whatever way the Lord reveals Himself, we are bound by that very revelation to accept Him as that which He reveals Himself to be, whether it be as He who pardons, He who cleanses, He who anoints with the Holy Ghost, or He who heals the body. God never meant us to speculate about or to discuss His truths, we are responsible to accept them; "to you," He says, "is the Word of this salvation sent."

Paul went on boldly stating the facts which had happened, "For they that dwell at Jerusalem, and their rulers, because they knew Him not, not yet the voice of the prophets which are read every Sabbath day, they have fulfilled them in condemning Him." Oh, how mad are those who oppose themselves to God! He had before determined the length to which the enemies of His Son should go. And even now no wicked man can go one inch farther than God permits him, in working any injury to His children, the wicked are never really

THE MASTERS OF THE SITUATION,

they are but instruments permitted to work out some purpose of God in trying His children.

Paul continued, "And though they found no cause of death in Him, yet desired they Pilate that He should be slain. And when they had fulfilled all that was written of Him, they took Him down from the tree and laid Him in the sepulchre." Paul most carefully noted that all which happened to Jesus had been foretold. Probably he pointed out the very Scriptures which spoke of His sufferings and death. Ps. 22, 69; Isa. 53, etc. Thus he spoke of the resurrection, "But God raised Him from the dead, and He was seen many days of them which came up with Him from Galilee to Jerusalem, who are His witnesses unto the people." The resurrection was always

THE TOUCHSTONE

both with Jew and Gentile. If it could be proved that this Jesus of Nazareth had risen unaided from the dead, He must be God, and they could no longer consistently disbelieve in Him. This Paul knew, and after having asserted that there were witnesses to the fact, he applied it to his audience, proving still from Scripture all which he asserted, "And we declare unto you glad tidings, how that the promise which was made unto the fathers, God hath fulfilled the same unto us their children, in that He hath raised up Jesus again."

Perhaps the Antiochan Jews had looked upon all which they had heard of Jesus, and the sect of the Nazarenes as a curious item in the news of the day, but which had no way to do with them. But now, this strange teacher established a connection between themselves and this Jesus. Many are ready to discuss any religious doctrine with all the facility with which they would pronounce on anything in science which was a favorite matter of study. But what babbling it is, when they have not the experience! Men will talk about holiness, a clean heart or entire sanctification, judging and condemning right and left those who know by experience the plague of their own hearts, and who have learned the blessed secret of their own nothingness, and of a real absolute counting upon God to cleanse and keep them clean. They will condemn as sinful or fanatical those who abandon their bodies to the Lord as their Healer, and who find thereby precious spiritual and physical blessing; and all the time they are speaking of things which they know not, and to which their very spirit shows they are strangers.

Paul gave two Scripture proofs of Christ's resurrection, "Thou art My Son, this day have I begotten Thee" (Ps. 2: 7), and "Thou shalt not suffer Thine Holy One to see corruption" (Ps. 16: 10); and Paul thus argued, "For David, after he had served his own generation, by the will of God, fell on sleep, and was laid unto his fathers, and saw corruption; but He, whom God raised again, saw no corruption." Here was proof positive that the Holy One referred to was Christ, proof positive also that that Holy One, being dead, was not subject, as other human beings are, to the ordinary law of corruption and decay, that His death was the fulfilment of Scripture which prophesied, "The Lord hath laid on Him the iniquity of us all" (Isa. 53: 6), and therefore the salvation of man was an accomplished fact. This was

THE GLAD TIDINGS,

which Paul proclaimed, pressing it on their acceptance, and saying, "To you is the word of this salvation sent." Reader, be you Jew or Gentile, Mahommedan or pagan, *to you* is the word of this salvation sent, *to you* has God sent His only begotten Son to forgive and to deliver you from all sin. If you are not forgiven and delivered, it is because you do not, will not receive God's Son as your Saviour, you will not have to do with Himself, and unless you do you cannot be saved. "Be it known unto you, therefore, men and brethren, that

THROUGH THIS MAN

is preached unto you the forgiveness of sins, and by Him all that believe are justified from all things, from which ye could not be justified by the law of Moses." Through this Man! Prayer, repentance, confession, offerings of all kinds were familiar to them, but salvation through God made flesh, they had never understood. No credit could accrue to them from a salvation of this kind, they must be nothing, and Jesus all. What should become of all their righteousness, their keeping of the law, their position as children of Abraham, had they no claim to be justified thereby? No, it was only "*through this Man.*"

The Jews went out of the synagogue, but the Gentiles, who had not so much reputation to maintain, begged that these words might be preached to them the next Sabbath. But when the congregation was broken up, there came round the preacher

A COMPANY OF INQUIRERS,

Jews and religious proselytes, *i.e.* Gentiles who had embraced the Jewish faith. Paul and Barnabas had no prejudice against inquiry meetings, they spoke with them, and persuaded them to continue in the grace of God. This made a great stir in the place; and the next Sabbath almost the whole city turned out to hear the Gospel. This was too much for the Jews, *they* never had such congregations; envy took possession of them, and they spoke against those things which were spoken of Paul, contradicting and blaspheming. It was no personal feeling, but a solemn burden of the Lord which made him say, "It was necessary that the Word of God should first have been spoken to you; but seeing ye put it from you, and judge yourselves unworthy of everlasting life, lo, we turn to the Gentiles, for so hath the Lord commanded us, saying, I have set Thee to be a light of the Gentiles that Thou shouldest be for salvation unto the ends of the earth." Oh, how the hearts of the Gentiles rejoiced, how they glorified God, believed and "published throughout all the region the glad news which had made them free." So much for the results of a single sermon full of Scripture and of the power of the Holy Ghost. Of course persecution followed, the Jews stirred it up, and they expelled Paul and Barnabas, but the disciples far from being injured, "were filled with joy and with the Holy Ghost."

FOREIGN TOPICS.

An Address has been Sent by the Pope to the Roman Catholic bishops in Ireland, which is expected to produce a marked influence on the National League agitation. The circular is couched in explicit and imperative language. In it the Pope says: "While it is lawful for the Irish to seek redress for their grievances and to strive for their rights, they should at the same time seek God's justice and remember the wickedness of illegal means in furthering even a just cause. It is the duty of the clergy to curb the excited feelings of the people and to urge justice and moderation. The clergy are *not permitted to depart from these rules* and join and promote movements inconsistent with them. Collections to relieve distress are permitted, but subscriptions to inflame popular passions are condemned. *The clergy must hold aloof* when it is plain that by such movements hatred and dissension are aroused or distinguished persons insulted, and when crimes and murders go uncensured and when patriotism is measured by the amount subscribed, for the people are thereby intimidated. *Therefore the Parnell fund is disapproved*, and no clergyman should recommend subscriptions thereto or promote it." The Irish leaders are exasperated by the Pope's circular, and are appealing to the people *to boycott the Pope* by cutting off his supplies of Peter's Pence. They declare that the circular has been obtained from the Pope by misrepresentation, and urge that the people should take their religion but not their politics from Rome.

Two of the Phœnix Park Murderers were hanged last week in Dublin. Joe Brady was executed on Monday and Daniel Curley on Friday. They were respectively the actual murderer of Lord F. Cavendish and Mr. Burke, and the commanding officer of the gang who did the bloody work. Both of them displayed firmness at the scaffold, and the ghastly office of the executioner was so mercifully performed that death was instantaneous. A large crowd assembled outside the jail at the time of the execution, and when the black flag rose above the walls in token that the drop had fallen, the immense throng simultaneously uncovered and commenced reciting the Popish prayers for the dead. They afterward dispersed in an orderly manner, but showing clearly that in the struggle between the government and the criminals their sympathies went with the latter.

The Release of James Carey, the Man who was one of the leaders in the Phœnix Park assassinations, and who turned informer and was the principal witness against his companions during their trials, was released from custody on Saturday. Carey declares that he intends to remain in Dublin, and, further, that he will vigorously prosecute those of the tenants occupying his premises who have refused to pay their rent since he became an informer. Ever since Carey turned informer his house has been guarded by policemen, and on his liberation the guard was doubled. It is announced by the press in Dublin that Carey's return to his home is only temporary, and that the Crown still holds him as a witness to testify in other cases. The Crown proposes to distribute the reward offered for the detection of the Phœnix Park murderers among the informers. It is believed that it will also send abroad forthwith all informers who desire to leave the country. It is doubtful whether Carey in giving his evidence to save himself at the expense of his colleagues has earned more detestation from Irishmen or Englishmen.

Another Nihilist Plot has been Discovered by the Russian police. A St. Petersburg cable dispatch says: "The police have been informed of the existence of a plot to frighten the horses of the Czar at some favorable opportunity during the procession at Moscow on his coronation, and in the confusion which would no doubt follow to kill the emperor. An officer of the Erivan regiment, who was recently arrested on suspicion of being engaged in the revolutionary movement, was subjected to a severe examination, during which he mentioned the names of several officers of the guards who, he declared, belonged to a revolutionary club. He stated, however, that the club pursued special objects and had no connection with the terrorists. The Czar on learning of this confession decided to postpone the date of his coronation, but was dissuaded from so doing."

A Treaty of Peace between Chili and Peru, it is reported, in a telegram from Valparaiso, has been made. The details are not given, and the account is so vague as to have occasioned doubts of its being genuine. It is, however, stated that the treaty has been signed by General Novoa and General Iglesias, and is said to have been confirmed. Peru cedes Tacna and Arica for ten years. At the end of that time a plebiscite is to be taken to determine to which country those provinces shall belong. The country acquiring them will pay indemnity.

The Malagese are Actively Engaged in strengthening their position to resist the expected attack of the French. The *Times* says: "The French on their part appear to be hanging back from any actual commencement of hostilities, 'their forces being inadequate to cope with the natives.' In this respect the experience of Russia in the Caucasus, of Holland in Sumatra, and of France herself among the Algerian mountains, is anything but encouraging. The warlike Malay race now inhabiting Madagascar will find formidable means of defence in its dense forests and pathless swamps, the deadly malaria of which will be a terrible weapon against the invader. Moreover, the north-western sea-board, which France wishes to seize, is under the sway of half a dozen independent kinglets, who will not be affected by any reverse of the Hova Government now presiding at Antananarivo."

The Throne on which the Czar and Czarina of Russia will take their seats at the coronation is the subject of an elaborate description sent by the St. Petersburg correspondent of the New York *Herald*: "In the right corner rises a throne of carved black oak, its roof supported, for it is almost a building in itself, by four pillars and raised on three steps. The whole is covered with crimson plush, backed with draperies of cloth of gold and ermine. A small table, which is also covered with crimson plush, stands before the imperial seats. On it their Imperial Majesties will be served with the first glass of champagne by the Grand Marshals and the highest dignitaries of the Court. The Byzantine frescoes on the walls, which have been restored from designs from illuminated manuscripts by native artists, represent scenes in the career of Joseph and his brethren."

Social Democracy in Prussia.—The Annual Busstag, or day of national fasting, prayer, and penitence, was announced in Prussia to be held on April 18th, but there were few signs of its observance in the way originally appointed. The churches seemed to be the very last place of public resort, while all the beer-gardens drove a roaring trade. Moralizing on this day, which was intended to give the Prussian people an annual opportunity for religious self-examination, the *Kreuz Zeitung* remarks: "If we look at the moral condition of our country, must we not be horrified in our inmost soul? What an increase of coarseness and bestiality! Every newspaper tells us of murder, of suicide, of terrible derangement in houses and families, of unheard-of atrocities, of a moral degeneracy which must fill us with horror. And turning to our social state we see ourselves going downward on the path of destruction. Our social institutions are in course of dissolution. Nihilism, it is true, may not be impudent and shameless, as in Russia and France; but we are on the road to a similar state of things. Our Social Democracy is not very far removed from Nihilism. And how is it with our political life? How much has the old feeling of loyalty disappeared! Revolutionary thoughts fill the minds of many. How few still look upon authority as by God appointed! And then as to our Church affairs. How great is the falling away from the living God and estrangement from His Church! How many men literally live without prayer, without God's Word, and think they have made great progress in being able to live outside the shadow of His house! Materialism and Paganism dominate only too many, and that, too, among the educated; but still more among the half-educated classes." The *North German Gazette* is also moved by this religious occasion to comment in a horrified tone on "the demoniac spirit of destruction which now possesses large classes of the population of all countries."

An American Lady Physician is Reported to be receiving high honors in China. Dr. Mary Howard attended the mother of Prince Li, Hung Chang, and although she did not save her life, she showed so much skill that she was called in to treat the wife of the great minister. From all parts of North China letters from the wives of mandarins and high officials are pouring in on her intreating her to come to them or to "send other wise women from America." Eastern women of rank die with obscure diseases rather than submit to operations performed by male surgeons. An American physician who spent some time in Turkey was called in to prescribe for the wife of the Bey ill with typhoid fever. The patient was wholly covered with a sheet in which one hole was cut large enough for him to put his fingers in to feel her pulse, and another through which she thrust her tongue. Dr. Howard has been loaded not only with fees by her grateful patients, but jewelry, furniture, and priceless curios in profusion as gifts.

Mr. Spurgeon in a London Fog.—A Fog Settled over the Tabernacle during the morning service on Sunday, February 25th, rendering the aid of artificial light indispensable. Mr. Spurgeon remarked that, as the weather was very dull, they would cheer their hearts by singing the hymn commencing "Thou whose almighty word." Mr. Spurgeon went on to observe—by way of a hint to the person in charge of the gas—that before proceeding to sing it would be necessary to have a little more light. Here came a pause; but, strange to relate, instead of the officer turning the gas up—a glimmer having been left on—he actually turned it completely out, with the exception of a few burners. This unlooked-for incident or accident occasioned a general smile, but the hymn was heartily sung through, despite the semi-darkness. Happily, the fog lifted shortly afterward, and when giving out the next hymn, Mr. Spurgeon said: "Our friend who was asked to give us more light misunderstood us, and gave us none at all. Now, however, in the providence of God, we shall be able to do without him."

The Prophetic News and Israel's Watchman (London), for May, may be obtained at the office of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, price six cents, postage paid.

Volume V. of the Christian Herald and Signs of our Times is now ready, bound in cloth, containing all the numbers for 1882 with complete index. Price $3 including postage. Ten per cent less to ministers and the trade.

An Illustrated Work on the Unfulfilled prophecies of the Bible, by the Rev. M. Baxter, entitled: "Forty Coming Wonders," may be had from the office of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, 63 Bible House, New York, by remitting one dollar. It is a book of 528 pages, is handsomely bound in cloth and contains fifty full-page pictures and diagrams representing the scenes described in the prophecies of Daniel and in the book of the Revelation. It also contains a resumé of the opinions of other expositors, and extracts carefully collated from the works of all the most eminent writers on prophecy, from the earliest ages of the Christian era down to those of recent date. It thus forms the most useful and complete guide the student can have in entering on the study of that portion of the Word of God. The book may also be obtained for one dollar from any bookseller, who can procure it from the American News Company.

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PASTOR EMILE COOK:

The French Missionary.

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WHEN ten years ago the distressing news of the wreck of the Ville du Havre reached New York, there were many words of gratitude offered to God in prayer, that among the few lives that were saved was that of M. Emile Cook, who was returning to France in the ill-fated vessel, after having attended the meetings of the Evangelical Alliance as a delegate from his native land. M. Cook during his short visit to this city made many friends who will be interested in reading a brief sketch of his eventful life, and a narrative of the events of that terrible night when two hundred and twenty-six men and women found a watery grave.

Emile Cook was the son of a French Protestant missionary, and was born in 1829, at Congénies, a small village of considerable beauty in the south of France. Though the strictness of Emile's parents amounted almost to severity, yet the home appears to have been a very happy one.

The house itself was unique. It was nearly all taken up with a great stone-paved chapel, open from the ground to the roof, and furnished with rush-bottomed chairs and a high pulpit. It was here that Emile's father preached the Gospel, and the influence of this chapel seemed to pervade the whole house with an air of solemn joy.

Emile and his brother Paul and sister Marie grew up merry, light-hearted, as all healthy children are, yet early self-restrained, performing kindly offices for one another, and the poor.

Next to the Bible stories, Emile loved to hear his mother tell about the missionaries who had gone to preach the Gospel of Christ to the heathen. He was never tired of asking questions about them, and his young mind was full of thoughts which his mother's stories awakened.

A CHILDREN'S PRAYER-MEETING.

Emile's character, though exceedingly gentle, was full of strength, and from the very beginning exerted a strong influence upon others. One evening, when the three children had been playing in the garden with a little friend, the mother noticed all at once an unwonted quiet. It was growing dark, but they had surely not come into the house. She looked through all the rooms for them in vain. As she passed along the upper corridor, she thought she heard voices in the chapel, and opening a door which led into a little gallery above the pulpit, she stepped in. The chapel was quite dark, but some one was speaking in the darkness below. She listened; it was Emile praying earnestly that God would give him a new heart, and make him fit for heaven.

When he ceased to pray, Paul began, and then Marie, and then the little boy who had been playing with them. The mother listened silently, joining in their prayers in her heart. When their prayers were finished they came quietly out of the chapel, saying nothing on the subject to any one. But Mrs. Cook noticed that every evening, as it was growing dark, the children went softly into the chapel. When their father returned from an evangelistic tour, she told him of this little prayer-meeting, and, though they never spoke of it to the children, evening after evening these happy parents went silently into the gallery and united their prayers with those which the dear little ones were offering in the dark chapel below.

REMOVAL TO NISMES.

When Emile was seven years old the family removed from Congénies to Nimes, or Nismes, which is a large city in the south of France, not very far from their first home. Nîmes is one of the oldest cities in France, having been founded by the Greeks before the Christian era, and is full of interesting ruins and relics of ancient times—more full than any other city in Europe except Rome. Emile learned much of history from the stories his father and mother told him in their walks to the ruined Tour Magne and the temples and porticos, and especially to the amphitheatre, which still exists in a state of marvellous preservation.

Not only ancient history, but many a story of modern times, the father told his children in this amphitheatre—stories of cruel persecutions of the Huguenots; stories of the valiant struggles for religious liberty which had taken place among the mountains of the Cevennes, which could be seen from the topmost step of the amphitheatre where they sat. Telling them how, after

THE MOST HEROIC ENDURANCE

of trial and hardship, the Protestants lost their cause, and vast numbers of them were taken and put to horrible torture in this very city of Nîmes. Many a time, in Emile's walks, he trod the Place de la Boucarie, where those terrible instruments of torture had done their worst upon the bodies of Protestants, and his whole soul burned with an unquenchable desire to preach the Gospel for which the brave Huguenots had suffered and died.

Emile infused his own spirit of love for souls into his companions. The missionary stories which his mother would relate by the hour already began to bear fruit. He told them again and again to his playfellows, until, not satisfied with seeking their own conversion, these children longed to do something for the heathen. They talked it over among themselves, debating many different plans of earning money; and at last, after many grave deliberations, they formed themselves into

A SOCIETY OF BOOTBLACKS.

For a whole year the little fellows carried on their amateur trade, blacking the boots of their parents, and of such friends as would employ them. People of that country and in that time were not lavish with their money. They would have thought it extravagant to pay to children as much as they would have given a man for the same service, and it needed a whole year of patient toil to collect, sou by sou, the sum of twenty-five francs, or about five dollars. This sum they joyfully brought to Mr. Cook for the evangelization of the heathen.

In the midst of all his zeal for Christ and love for souls, Emile was not at rest. No doubt he already loved the Saviour, but he ardently longed for a more perfect sense of forgiveness. For a time his anxiety was extreme. As his health became more delicate, his solicitude for a thorough and conscious submission to the divine will became greater. One day his anxiety was so overwhelming that on his return from a prayer-meeting he was seen to be in a high fever, and was put at once to bed. But he could not rest there; he felt that he must seek the Lord until he found Him.

He only waited until his mother, having gently smoothed the coverlet and laid a cool, perfumed handkerchief upon his forehead and drawn the curtains, had softly left the room. Then, rising from the bed, he knelt beside it, and saying to the Lord, "I will not let Thee go until Thou bless me," he literally agonized in prayer. Soon a sweet peace stole over him, and, returning to his bed, he slept quietly, with the happy faith that he was at last the child of God through faith in Jesus Christ. Though little more than a boy at this time, he always believed this to have been the day of his conversion, and from this period he lived the life of a true and devoted Christian soldier.

HIS SCHOOL-LIFE.

In 1842 Mr. Cook was called to Lausanne, in Switzerland, and removed thither with his family. In May, Emile and his brother Paul arrived. The academy of that city is one of the most celebrated Protestant institutions of learning on the continent of Europe, and Emile made rapid progress in his studies. His influence was felt to be most powerful for good, and he had not been long in school before, as in Nîmes, and in Congénies, he began to feel that his companions were his parish. He talked with them about the love of God in Christ, and finally, with the help of Paul, he began a little series of prayer-meetings somewhat like those they had held in other places. He also took a class in Sunday-school, in which he displayed a sagacity and zeal which, in one so young, were really marvellous.

BEGINS TO PREACH.

At the age of eighteen Emile Cook began to preach the Gospel of Christ. At Meauzac, a village not far from Montauban, lived an uncle of his, who was pastor of the Reformed Church. It was this uncle who first invited his nephew to preach for him, and the Sunday of his first sermon appears to have been a most momentous day to him. He says: "When I went into the pulpit I trembled with fear. I began, however, to speak with considerable freedom upon the words: 'Enter ye in at the strait gate,' but presently there was a moment when I did not know what I was saying. I suffered horribly, having forgotten what I meant to say next, and even what I was talking about. However, God had pity on me, and restored me my senses, so that I was able to finish without breaking down. I felt fatigued and quite overcome until the second service, when I was enabled to speak with considerable freedom upon the sacrifice of Isaac."

RESCUES A MAN FROM DROWNING.

One day, as Emile was walking on the bank of the river Tarn, at Montauban, he heard a loud cry for help. It came from a man who was struggling in the water. Emile was a noted swimmer, and in an instant he had thrown off his coat and was swimming toward him. Sustaining the man with one arm, he tried to swim back with the other, but the current was rapid, and the man's weight far too great for his strength. Emile felt that both must perish unless he made some new effort. A thought suddenly occurred to him. It needed but a moment to explain it to the man, who, fortunately, had not lost presence of mind. Summoning all his strength, Emile gave the man a vigorous push in the direction of the shore. The reaction sent Emile to the bottom, but he came up again, and near enough to the man to repeat the experiment. A third strong push brought the man to where he found standing-ground, and his life was saved. (*See frontispiece picture on the left of portrait.*)

In January, 1848, having resolved upon serving the Lord in the ministry, Emile Cook commenced a three years' course of study at the theological seminary of Richmond, England. He was nineteen years and a few months old when he arrived there. He began preaching at once as he had opportunity, and had been but a few months at Richmond before his labors had met with such favor that he was called upon to preach regularly, and sometimes two or three times on a Sunday. At the close of his college curriculum, Emile was appointed to labor for Christ at Vigan, in the Cevennes, France. Nearly twenty towns, villages, and hamlets were included in the district to which he ministered, and he was expected to visit them with a certain regularity. Such a life, active, varied, full of adventure, in which study alternated with journeyings to and fro, suited the young minister perfectly, and he conducted his work with a holy and deepening enthusiasm.

As the result of the divine blessing resting on his preaching,

A REVIVAL

of religion commenced, and the whole district was aroused. People forsook the cafés, the billiard-saloons, the wine-shops, and other places of low resort, and thronged the places in which the services were held. The loss of custom infuri-

wife came home after eleven o'clock, having been out since ten in the morning; she was raving drunk, and would have killed her baby outright if her patient husband had not taken it from her. As he snatched the child from imminent danger, she in her frenzy lifted a heavy instrument and struck him with it so severely that this morning the magistrate declared that a more heart-rending story he never heard before. What a demon must inhabit a woman's heart before she can be brought to do so monstrous a thing!"

A Stone to be Rolled Away.—The Rev. James Scott, speaking of the necessity of each individual giving up drinking for the sake of others, said: "I know a case just now where the wife is exceedingly anxious about her husband. She asks Christian friends to speak personally with him, and takes him to meetings. Yet she shrinks from taking the first step toward his reformation, that is, to become a total abstainer herself. Why? Because when she mixes with her friends and is offered wine, as is customary, she knows that if she refuses, they will ask the reason, and she fears to expose her husband by saying 'I am doing it for the sake of my husband.' I think she is wrong in so acting; every one should roll away the stone which prevents the dead being raised, for though we cannot raise the dead we can roll away the stone."

A Prayer in a Stable.—"On Wednesday last a member of the Band who is here to-night came to my meeting to return thanks to God for His merciful kindness to him that day. He was out in a field during the cold east wind, and was numbed and stiff. His comrade tempted him, saying, as he handed the flask, 'Take a sup, man; it will warm you.' The temptation was terrible; it rushed into his innermost soul, until his flesh shook, and his knees trembled with the struggle to overcome the fell destroyer. Fortunately, there was an open stable near at hand, and to that place of shelter he ran, and falling on his knees, prayed that God might take away the desire which was in him. That man testified that if he had not prayed, he could not have been true to his colors, but would have fallen. Verily, God is the hearer and answerer of prayer."

A Despairing Death-Bed.—"I Remember a meeting where a young married man was awakened, the Holy Spirit strove mightily with him, but the devil and the flesh prevailed, so that he did not decide for Jesus. Months after he fell ill, and sent for the minister, to whom he vowed, 'If I recover from this dreadful illness I will be a Christian.' He recovered, but did not repent. Twelve months after he lay dying. His wife came to the minister, saying, 'He does not want to see you, but come.' When the minister spoke to him, the dying man said, 'It's no use, my damnation is clear. I might have been saved; it's too late now.' 'I will pray with and for you; do join, I intreat you, in a cry to God for mercy on your soul.' When the hand of death tightened on him, his wife bent over and listened to the last words which in fearful anguish he whispered, 'The—harvest—is—past—the—summer—is—ended—and—I—am—not—saved.'"

A Worldly Young Lady was Brought to Christ in a singular manner. She feared that a minister in the house would speak to her about religion, but for some time he said nothing. One day he said, 'Don't they often bother you about religion?' 'Oh yes, they do.' 'You had better put it off for forty years yet.' 'Oh no, not so long as that; I may not live till the end of that time.' 'Put it off for thirty-five years then.' 'But I may not live all that time.' 'For twenty years then.' 'I don't know that I may life for that time even.' 'For a year then.' 'No.' 'For a month; surely you can put it off for so short a time as that.' 'No I can't, I may be dead.' 'For a day then.' 'No, not for ten minutes, I may not live till then.' 'Well, settle it now.' In a minute they were on their knees praying that the Lord who had opened the eyes of the blind might open her eyes. God heard the prayers, and gave her a sight of Christ as her Saviour, and He became to her the supreme joy of her life."

THE LORD'S COMING: THE GRAND CONSUMMATION.

The Power of Faith in the Truth of the Lord's Coming—The Practice of the Thessalonians—The Day-Star of Christian Hope—The Practical Results of Holding the Truth—A Stimulus to Fidelity and Diligence—The Three Great Topics of Gospel Testimony—Excuses for Neglect—Reasons for Urging Them.

WE find in the Scriptures that the Holy Ghost not only calls our attention to the fact of the coming of the Lord, but also urges us by it to the performance of every duty, the endurance of every trial, and the forsaking of every sin. Thus is this grand motive continually before the Church and the world. This is the warning to be uttered; this is the exhortation to be spoken; this is the comfort to be administered; this is the Gospel to be preached. Nowhere in the Bible are we bidden to prepare to *die*. The Gospel recognizes death as a universal fact, "but after this, *the judgment*." The resurrection, the coming of the Lord, the everlasting glory, and the eternal doom, are the objects to which it directs our gaze.

The Thessalonians "turned to God from idols to serve the living and true God, and to wait for His Son from heaven, ... even Jesus which delivered us from the wrath to come." The grace of God taught primitive Christians to "live soberly, righteously, and godly in this present world," and to look for "that blessed hope, and the glorious appearing of the great God and our Saviour Jesus Christ." The Hebrew Christians were taught that "to them that look for Him shall He appear the second time without sin unto salvation." And the Apostle Paul declared that there was a crown laid up for him, which the Lord, the righteous Judge, should give him in that day, and not to him only, "but unto all them, also, that love His appearing."

THE DAY-STAR OF CHRISTIAN HOPE.

And to the succeeding Church in every age and every land, the appearing of the Lord has been the day-star of their souls in hours of darkness, and the morning of their joy beyond this night of tears. It has roused the slumbering, quickened the tardy, cheered the disconsolate, strengthened the weak, and cast the sunshine of eternal glory upon the sorrows of the Church, and the shadows of eternal doom upon the mirthful madness of a sinful world. Thus this great thought touches and pervades Christian life at every point, and applies itself to all the needs and interests of the Church of God.

Are *strifes* and *grudgings* to be done away? It is written: "Grudge not one against another, brethren, lest ye be condemned: behold, the Judge standeth BEFORE THE DOOR." Would the apostle warn his Corinthian brethren against *judging* and *evil speaking?* He says, "It is a very small thing that I should be judged of you, or of man's judgment. Therefore, judge nothing before the time, until THE LORD COME, who both will bring to light the hidden things of darkness, and will make manifest the counsels of the hearts; and then shall every man have praise of God." Is brotherly love to be fostered and encouraged? The apostle prays: "And the Lord make you to increase and abound in love one toward another, and toward all men, even as we do toward you; to the end He may establish your hearts unblamable in holiness before God at the coming of our Lord Jesus Christ with all His saints."

A STIMULUS TO FIDELITY.

Are brethren exhorted to *fidelity* and *diligence* in the work and worship of God? It is said: "Let us hold fast the profession of our faith without wavering; for He is faithful that promised; and let us consider one another, to provoke unto love, and to good works, not forsaking the assembling of ourselves together, as the manner of some is; but exhorting one another; and so much the more as ye see the day approaching." Does the apostle give his brethren caution against all *rashness* and *excess?* He says to them, "Let your moderation be known to all men. The Lord is at hand." Would the Saviour encourage His Church to *stedfastness* in His service? He says, "Behold I come quickly; hold that fast which thou hast, that no man take thy crown." Thus every Christian duty is enforced by this great and solemn consideration.

And what other motive can take the place of this? Much as men pride themselves on the improvements of these latter days, I fear that every alteration of the Gospel of God will prove a dire mistake. Three things form the burden of the Holy Spirit's work in convincing the world; sin, righteousness, and judgment. Three topics formed the burden of that testimony which made the haughty Felix tremble, as Paul "reasoned of righteousness, temperance and judgment to come." And no preaching can be apostolic in its character, or profitable in its results unless, with the other facts and doctrines of divine revelation, it presents the solemn verities of

A COMING JUDGMENT AND A COMING LORD.

We know the excuses that men frame for neglecting these momentous themes. But their excuses will not save sinners here, or justify their own unfaithfulness in the day of doom. Men may shrink from opposition; but when was God's Word known to be palatable to a wicked world? Said the holy Fletcher of Madeley, "I know many have been grossly mistaken as to the years; but because they were rash, shall we be stupid? Because they said 'to-day,' shall we say 'never?' and cry 'peace, peace,' when we should look around us with eyes full of expectation? Let us not judge rashly, nor utter vain predictions in the name of the Lord; but yet let us look about us with watchful eyes, lest the enemy take advantage of us, and we lose the opportunity of rousing people out of their sleep, of confirming the weak, and of building up in our most holy faith those who know Him

IN WHOM THEY HAVE BELIEVED."

The old path is the good way, and we are persuaded that good and not evil, would be the result of learning, like the Thessalonian Christians, to serve the living God, and to wait for His Son from heaven. No doubt such a faith and hope might interfere with some of the ambitious schemes and plans of worldly men in Church and in State. No doubt it would draw the line between a world doomed to destruction and a Church waiting for redemption. No doubt it would disquiet formalists and disturb hypocrites to be warned that "the coming of the Lord draweth nigh," and "the Judge standeth before the door." No doubt the votaries of the world, the flesh, and the devil, besotted amid the lust of the flesh, and the lust of the eyes, and the pride of life, would be displeased to hear that the world is to pass away and the lust thereof. No doubt the servant who says

"MY LORD DELAYETH HIS COMING,"

and smites his fellow-servants, and eats and drinks with the drunken, would be angry to know that his doom was impending, and his Lord was near. No doubt pride, ambition, honors, titles, and fame, for which men seek, would shrivel in the light that flashes from the great white throne, or crumble into dust at the mention of impending wrath; but though wood, and hay, and stubble perished, gold, silver, and precious stones would remain. Men would not grudge one against another while beholding the Judge standing before the door; they would exhort one another as they saw the day approaching; they would be full of mercy and good fruits, as they realized the solemn certainty and nearness of that day when the Judge shall say, "I was hungry, and ye fed Me; I was thirsty, and ye gave Me drink;" they would warn sinners to "flee from the wrath to come," and would labor with a zeal too little known, to save men "with fear, pulling them out of the fire, hating even the garment spotted by the flesh."

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CURRENT EVENTS.

The President's Appointment of Mr. Walter Evans, of Kentucky, to be Commissioner of Internal Revenue, was made on May 21st, after a prolonged delay. Mr. Evans is a native of Kentucky, and is about forty-six years of age. He is a lawyer by profession, and although he has at times taken an active part in politics, he has never before held any office. In 1878 he was a candidate for Congress and was defeated; in 1880 he was again defeated, being then the Republican candidate for Governor. In 1876 Mr. Evans was a warm advocate of the nomination of Secretary Bristow for the Presidency. In 1880 he was a delgate to the Chicago Convention and, it is said, was among those who voted for General Grant on every ballot. By one who knows Mr. Evans well he is described as a lawyer of ability, a man of pure character, of high integrity and of great firmness and determination—one who will perform the duties of the office with vigor and intelligence. His appointment, it is said, will not, probably, be very satisfactory to the whiskey interests of his own and other States, but that is a result which will be learned with equanimity by the public.

The Opening of the Great Brooklyn Bridge last Thursday was the occasion of a general holiday in both cities. President Arthur and his Cabinet, and Governor Cleveland took part in the ceremonies, and general enthusiasm prevailed. Dr. Richard S. Storrs, who spoke on behalf of Brooklyn, closed his eloquent oration with the following suggestive remarks: "Surely, we should not go from this hour, which marks a new era in the history of these cities and which points to their future indefinite expansion, without the purpose in each of us that so far forth, as in us lies, with their increase in numbers, wealth, equipment, shall also proceed, with equal step, their progress in whatever is noblest and best in private and in public life; that all which sets humanity forward shall come in them to ampler endowment, more renowned exhibition; so that, linked together as hereafter they must be, and seeing 'the purple deepening in their robes of power,' they may be always increasingly conscious of fulfilled obligation to the nation and to God; may make the land at whose magnificent gateway they stand their constant debtor; and may contribute their mighty part toward that ultimate perfect human society for which the seer could find no image so meet or majestic as that of a city, coming down from above, its stones laid with fair colors, its foundations with sapphires, its windows of agates, its gates of carbuncles, and all its borders of pleasant stones with the sovereign promise resplendent above it: 'And great shall be the peace of thy children.'"

The Reorganization of the Republican Party in New York State is a work which, it is stated, will shortly be consummated. Probably there is no State in the Union in which at present the division between the two sections of the party is so wide, or in which there have been stronger manifestations of hostile feeling. The immense Democratic majority which swept the State at the November election was a sufficient evidence of discontent which Republicans could not afford to ignore. *The Tribune*, however, announced on May 23d that a plan for reorganizing the party had been adopted by the Committee of Eighteen, which was generally approved by Republicans. Even the machine men, who might be considered as surrendering under it the privileges they now enjoy, spoke favorably of the plan, and expressed the belief that the Executive Committee of the Republican Central Committee would recommend to the latter body the adoption of the report without change.

The Arguments for the Defence in the Star Route trials were closed on May 25th, when Colonel Ingersoll finished his long speech. It is the fashion to speak of the notorious infidel as a clear and cogent reasoner, but neither by the secular nor religious press is that opinion indorsed in this case, which would naturally call forth his best effort. The New York *Times*, which certainly must be considered as not biassed against the colonel on religious grounds, thus comments on the speech: "Colonel Bob Ingersoll's remarks in the Star Route trial indicate that he has only one dialectical method, whether it is the Christian religion or the testimony of witnesses for the government that he happens to be assailing. The force of Peorian agnosticism, as anticipated by Tom Paine and expanded by Bob Ingersoll, is rather rhetorical than logical. It may amuse the jury to be told that Colonel Ingersoll 'abhors slimy things that crawl in the dark,' that the witness Moore 'had the claws of his avarice in the persons of a United States Senator and an Assistant Postmaster-General,' and that 'the worst thing he could say about another witness was to call him Mr. Rerdell,' seeing that 'the worst thing said after that would have the taint of flattery.' But, regarded merely as sarcasms, they do not seem to be withering, while their probative force is very small indeed. They have no traceable bearing upon the question which Colonel Ingersoll is ostensibly discussing, whether Dorsey did or did not enter into a conspiracy to defraud the government."

Mr. Moody's Presence at Cooper Union on Sunday evening, May 20th, attracted an immense audience. The eminent evangelist made an earnest appeal to the Christians present to labor to bring the masses under the power of the Gospel. He said that Christians must go into the cellars and garrets of the people and bring light into their homes by hard, courageous work. Laymen should take the cause in hand, for it was by laymen rather than by ministers that the masses would be eventually reached. "We want heart, and God will give us the qualifications." "If some reporter," he said, "had been around the Temple and had seen the poor widow drop in her mite, he would have said it didn't amount to anything, and 'I won't put it in the Jerusalem *Times*,' but the Lord sat opposite the Treasury and took note of it." Mr. Moody expressed his conviction that the world was ripe and ready for the lay workers. "We must not be disheartened at the loss of our helpers," he said, "and although Thurlow Weed, Mr. Morgan, and Dr. Bishop have gone since I was last here, there are others to take their places." He advised the opening of theatres, circus tents, and every place of amusement for the religious instruction of the people, and said that religion was the only thing which would keep our city from communism. Mr. Moody announced that $5000 had been subscribed to enable Mr. Sawyer to continue the Cooper Union meetings by ten gentlemen present, and that they required yet more for the work to be performed.

Mr. Robert Balmer, the English Temperance orator, whose work in Massachusetts has been so remarkably successful, is now visiting New York, where he will remain for two or three weeks before returning to England. Any Temperance organization desiring to avail itself of his services prior to his departure may send letters of application to the office of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, and they will be forwarded to him.

A Great Poet's Opinion of Prohibition may be learned from the following letter received recently from Mr. John G. Whittier by one of his intimate friends: "In answer to thy note let me say briefly and decidedly that I have never swerved in my hearty approval of the labors of the friends of temperance, especially the Woman's Christian Temperance Union, for prohibition, the ballot for women, and the waking up of the people to the danger of intemperance and the sale of intoxicating liquors. I know of no instrumentality more potent than the Union in rendering prohibition practicable by educating the masses of the people, and especially the young, preparing them to not only vote for prohibition but to enforce it when it becomes a law. Of the right and duty of prohibition I have never doubted, but we can only have it effectual when the people are made to see and feel its necessity."

The Programme of the Socialists, as Defined by Herr Most deserves the notice of every citizen. The doctrines he is preaching in our great cities tend directly to the overthrow of government and social order. To a St. Louis reporter, he said last week: "Every city in America has now its English-speaking section of the Socialists' party. They are not forward or demonstrative, in fact they hardly appear upon the surface, but they exist, and are at work. They are thinkers and quiet workers, and will be heard when the time comes. That time will be when Socialism prevails. That will mean when the wealth of the world belongs to society and is worked for the common good, when hunger and want are no more, when concentrated capital is no more. It will be brought about by the spread of the doctrine of Socialism; by the spread of the doctrine of Communism in its true sense, peacefully if possible, forcibly if must be—anarchy if you will." The existence of such teachers as Herr Most and the formation of the societies which support him, are an evidence that we are living in the closing years of this dispensation.

The Useful Work of the Society for the Suppression of Vice was described by Mr. Anthony Comstock on May 3d, at a meeting in Boston, Mass. He said that during the past ten years the society had destroyed over twenty-five tons of villainous literature and over seven tons of gaming instruments. In New York last year over 450 boys and girls were arrested for felony, most of whom had been educated for a criminal life by reading sensational stories.

Waiting for Death.—Miss Louisa M. Alcott, in a recent letter to Prof. Russell, of Waterbury, Conn., writes of the condition of her father, A. Bronson Alcott, saying: "Six months have about spent his vigor, great as it was for his age, and any change may be expected now, the doctor says. He does not suffer except from weariness, and often says, 'I am so old, so tired; let me go.'"

The Capture of a Train Wrecker in Pennsylvania, on May 19th, has led to an astonishing confession of depravity. It was found shortly after the accident on the Reading and Columbia Railroad, in which Mr. Hain was pinned under the engine and slowly roasted to death, that the disaster had been caused by a plank securely fixed across the track and weighted with stones. The police obtained a clue to the perpetrator of the horrible deed, and after a fierce struggle in which they were forced to use their revolvers succeeded in arresting him. When lodged in prison, the prisoner made a full confession of his guilt. He said to the officers that he put the plank on the track, and then went and stationed himself on a bridge near by and waited for the fated train to plunge into the obstruction. He says he did it for spite, as he was put off the train and was going to have his revenge for it. He said when he saw the plank the idea came to him that it would be a good plan *to have some fun*, and at the same time pay back the train hands for what they had done to him. He took the plank and swung it across the track, and then fastened it securely with heavy stones. We are appalled by such depravity. The prisoner is one of the class Solomon describes (Prov. 10 : 23). As we see men decking places of temptation in our great cities and rendering them attractive with music and other allurements, we may well ask ourselves whether they who are trying to wreck souls are not far worse than the miscreant. (Luke 17 : 1, 2.)

The Life Preservers were Forgotten by the passengers on board the steamer Granite State when the catastrophe occurred, which we described in these columns last week. A Hartford journal, in reporting the disaster, says: "One singular fact in connection with the loss of the steamer Granite State is that in the excitement of the moment, when the peril of death was imminent, not a person on board, so far as evidence shows, secured a life-preserver; yet fifteen or twenty people who found themselves cut off from escape by the stairway and gang-plank plunged into the river, and those who went in first and foremost could not swim. And yet the boat was provided with these necessary helps. In every state-room there were at least two, and upon every door leading thereto were printed directions how to use them. Even when the alarm was given at the state-room doors by the officers of the boat, no attention was called to the life-preservers." The fact is remarkable, because the life preservers are generally the first objects sought by alarmed passengers in a steamboat disaster, but in this case neither at the critical moment nor before then, do the passengers appear to have thought of them. Probably no one expected there would be any need of life preservers, or their location and the directions for use would have been carefully noted. In such case no one would have acted as men too often do in spiritual matters, who, knowing that death is certainly before them, do not avail themselves of the salvation offered them. (Heb. 2 : 3.)

A Pitiful Spectacle was Witnessed in a Philadelphia court on May 25th, when a white-haired man was placed at the bar for sentence, he having been convicted of embezzlement. The prisoner approached the bar with faltering steps. He said that he had never been in a court-room before except as a spectator. The judge began to make some remarks before imposing sentence. Before he had finished, the prisoner, who had been trembling violently, fell in a swoon. Two officers carried the old man out into the freer air of the hallway, and when he revived he was told that the judge had decided to defer the sentence until another day. The old man, however, with tears in his eyes, begged to have the matter over at once; he said that he was quite strong again, and would try to bear up. The court decided to gratify him, and he was brought to the bar a second time. He trembled, however, in spite of himself, and as the court imposed upon him a sentence of nine months' imprisonment and a fine of $100, he fell again into the waiting arms of a tipstaff. He was not unconscious, but so affected that he could not stand, and when, after a little time, he was led to the rear of the court-room, the tears were rolling in big drops down his cheeks. One could have wished that if it had been possible consistently with justice, some mercy might have been extended to the old man, but doubtless there were reasons for the infliction of the sentence. If pardon had been offered to the poor creature before his trial, how eagerly would he have accepted it, and then he might have looked on the judge without trembling. Yet pardon is offered now to people who one day will stand in greater terror before the Judge of all the earth, and they neglect it. (1 John 4 : 17.)

A Brave Woman's Heroism Involved the Loss of her life at a fire in New York last week. She was a manufacturer of artificial flowers and fruit, and occupied the first floor of a house in Greene Street. When the fire broke out there were a number of her own employés and the employés of two lodgers in the house. She was one of the first to discover the fire, but thinking nothing of the risk to her life or of saving her stock in trade, which was of considerable value, she ran up-stairs and, rushing through the passages, alarmed all the inmates. They were all saved, but the woman to whose courage they owed their lives fell down on the staircase overcome by her exertion and the smoke she had inhaled and was burned to death. It was a sad termination to an effort for the benefit of others, and caused general lamentation among the rescued. This self-sacrifice the brave woman, of course, could not have foreseen, but her care for the safety of others before herself reminds us of the voluntary sacrifice of Christ, who gave Himself to die that we may have eternal life. (Mark 15 : 31.)

Death was Chosen Rather than Blindness by a New Jersey lady last week. A local journal states that a lady well known in society died on May 17th, from the effects of a dose of corrosive sublimate which she had taken in dread of the calamity of blindness. About a year ago her eyesight began to fail, and her physician finally told her she would become totally blind. Thereafter she had fits of despondency. She went to a drug store, purchased the corrosive sublimate, saying she wanted it for rats, and then went home and swallowed the poison. Three physicians were called, and she told them what she had done. They tried all the resources in their power, but failed to save her life. The poor lady had probably suffered her mind to dwell on the impending calamity until she lost her reason, and was insane when she made her fatal choice. It is difficult to believe that any one in the possession of their reason would deliberately prefer death to blindness. Nevertheless, we know that thousands are daily by their actions saying that they prefer eternal death to endless life in heaven. (Ezekiel 18 : 23.)

A Destructive Torrent has Swept away one half of the Town of Deadwood, Dakota, destroying houses, mines, and causing the loss of many lives. A leading journal, commenting on the occurrence, says: "The destruction of a large part of the city of Deadwood is a costly lesson to those who fixed the site of that thriving town at the intersection of two narrow gulches, thus placing the settlement at the mercy of the resistless spring floods that pour down almost without warning from the hills. Houses might be placed with as little promise of safety under the dam of some huge reservoir known to be insecure. But miners seeking for gold and silver have no time to waste in choosing safe places for their dwellings. Mushroom settlements spring up around the mines, and the disadvantages of the location are not thought of until the floods come and wash away in an hour the accumulations of many years. The remarks are very true, but the editor need not have confined them to miners. Other people seeking gold and silver in our stores, exchanges, stock markets are also in too great haste for wealth to care for their far more precious souls. (1 Tim. 6 : 9.)

THE TENT DISSOLVED AND THE MANSION ENTERED.

A New Sermon by Pastor C. H. Spurgeon.

"For we know that if our earthly house of this tabernacle were dissolved, we have a building of God, an house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens."—II. CORINTHIANS 5 : 1.

Paul's Enviable Lot—Emotion in Proportion—Solid Happiness Needs a Foundation—Paul's Confident Attitude—I. The Catastrophe He Saw Possible—The Taking down of the Tent—The Fraility of the Body—Special Signs in Paul's Case—The Gypsy's Tent—An Irish Clergyman's Theory—The Huts of the Swiss Shepherds—II. The Provision He knew of—Not Purgatory nor Unconsciousness—How Paul Knew—He had been There—III. The Value of His Knowledge—The Best Help—Forgetting to Stir the Sugar—A Foolish Fancy.

PAUL ranks among the bravest of the brave. We note also with admiration how the hero of so many dangers and conflicts, who could glow and burn with fervor, was yet among the calmest and quietest of spirits. He had learned to live beyond those present circumstances which worry and disturb; he had stolen a march upon the shadows of time, and entered into possession of the realities of eternity. He looked not on the things which are seen, but he set his whole regard on the things which are not seen; and by this means he entered into a deep and joyful peace which made him strong, resolute, steadfast, immovable.

I would to God that we had all acquired

PAUL'S ART

of being "always confident"—his habit of having the inward man renewed day by day. Paul's life was rough and stormy, yet who might not desire it? Had there been no life to come, he would have been of all men the most miserable, for he was one of the poorest, most persecuted, most despised, most slandered, most wearied, and most suffering of mortals; and yet if I had to put my finger upon happy lives I should not hesitate to select among the foremost the life of the Apostle Paul, for whom to live was Christ.

It is also to be specially noted as to his happiness that he had a reason for it. My text begins with the word, "For." Paul is always argumentative, the leaning of his mind is in that direction; hence, if he is cast down he has a reason for it, and if he is calm he can show just cause for his peace. Some religionists are deliriously happy, but they cannot tell you why. They can sing, and shout, and dance, but they can give no reason for their excitement. They see an enthusiastic crowd, and they catch the infection; their religion is purely emotional; I am not going to condemn it, yet show I unto you a more excellent way. The joy which is not created by substantial causes is mere froth and foam, and soon vanishes away. Unless you can tell why you are happy you will not long be happy. If you have no principle at the back of your passion your passion will burn down to a black ash, and you will look in vain for a living spark.

I see in the text before us, first of all, *a catastrophe which Paul saw to be very possible*—"If our earthly house of this tabernacle were dissolved:" secondly, *the provision which he surely knew to be made* should that catastrophe occur—"We have a building of God, a house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens;" and thirdly, I shall dwell for a minute or two upon *the value of this knowledge to Paul and to the rest of us in our present trying condition.*

I. First, then, consider

THE CATASTROPHE

which Paul saw to be very possible: "1. our earthly house of this tabernacle were dissolved." He did not fear that he himself would be dissolved; he had not the slightest fear about that. The catastrophe which he looked forward to is known among us by the name of "death:" but he calls it the dissolving of the earthly house of his tabernacle; the taking down of *his tent-house body*. He does not say, "If I were to be

destroyed," or "If I were to be annihilated;" he knows no supposition of that character; he feels assured that he himself is perfectly safe. There is latent within the text an element of deep quiet as to his real self. "*We* know that if *our* earthly house of this tabernacle were dissolved, *we* have a building of God." The "we" is all unharmed and unmoved; if our house were dissolved *we* should not be undone; if we were to lose this earthly tent we have "a building of God, eternal in the heavens."

Paul was not absolutely sure that his body would be dissolved. He hoped that he might be alive and *remain at the coming of the Lord*, and then he would be changed and be forever with the Lord, without passing through death. Still, he was willing to leave this in the Lord's hands, and when he saw it to be possible that he should be numbered among the blessed dead who die in the Lord he did not shrink from the prospect, but bravely found a metaphor which set forth the little fear which he entertained concerning it.

The apostle perceived that the body in which he lived *was frail in itself*. Paul was accustomed to make tents. I do not suppose he ever manufactured any very large or sumptuous ones — probably he did not own capital enough for that, but he was a tent worker and mender. When a tent is newly placed it is but a frail structure, very far removed from the substantiality of a house; in that respect it is exactly like

THIS FEEBLE CORPOREAL FRAME

of ours, which is crushed before the moth. Paul felt that his body would not need any great force to overthrow it; it was like the tent which the Midianite saw in his dream, which only needed to be struck by a barley cake, and lo! it lay along. A house of solid masonry may need a crowbar and a pick to start its stones from their places, but feebler tools will soon overturn a tent and make a ruin of it.

The body is liable to dissolution from causes so minute as to be imperceptible—a breath of foul air, an atom of poisonous matter, a trifle, a mere nothing, may end this mortal life. When we think of the brittle ware whereof our bodies are made it is not strange that they should soon be broken. Is it not a wonderful thing that we continue to live? much more wonderful than that we should die? Dr. Watts has wisely said:

"Our life contains a thousand springs,
And dies if one be gone;
Strange! that a harp of thousand strings
Should keep in tune so long."

Some small affair interferes with a minute valve or organ of secretion, mischief is engendered by it, the whole current of life is hindered, and by-and-by death ensues. It is a very delicate process by which dust remains animated; a thousand things can stay that process, and then our body is dissolved. Paul, therefore, because he saw his body to be frail as a bubble, looked forward to the time when the earthly house of his soul would be dissolved.

When he was writing this epistle *he had many signs about him that his body would be dissolved.* His many labors were telling upon him; he was worn down with fatigue, he was spent in his Master's service. He was so full of the heavenly fire that he could never rest; after he had evangelized one city he was forced to hasten to another; if he was driven out of one village he hurried to the next, for he was eager to deliver the message of salvation.

HE WORE HIMSELF OUT

with labor, and he felt, therefore, that the day would come when his body would give way under the intense excitement of his life-agony. He felt that one of these days in all probability the house of his tent would come down through the violence of his persecutors. Once he most touchingly spoke of himself as "such an one as Paul the Aged;" and aged men cannot get away from the consciousness that their body is failing. Certain crumbling portions warn the old man that the house is dilapidated; the thatch which has grown thin or blanched tells its tale. Hence, then, Paul was led to feel that both from the natural frailty of the body, and also from the injuries which it had already sustained, there was before him the evident probability that the earthly house of his tabernacle would be dissolved.

Besides, Paul's frail body had been subject to exceeding great perils. I saw the other day *an encampment of gypsies* out upon the common; many of this wandering race were sitting under a coarse covering sustained by sticks, I should exaggerate if I called them poles; and I could not help feeling that such an abode was all very well on a warm day, but not at all desirable when the east wind was blowing, or a shower of sleet was driving along, or a deluge of rain descending. The apostle's body was a tent which was subjected to great stress of weather. *God had not screened him;* though one of the most precious men that ever lived, yet he was exposed to more danger than almost any other of the Lord's servants. Well might he reckon that ere long his poor shepherd's shanty would give way under such rude blasts.

THE ART OF BEING IMMORTAL.

Besides, Paul knew that so many others whom he had known and loved had already died, and he gathered from this that he would himself die. There used to sit in this house a brother who has often assured me that he should not die, and that if any Christian man did die it was because he grieved the Lord. I am sorry to say that I have missed that brother for many months; I hope he has not yet disproved his own theory; but I am sure that he will do so sooner or later unless our Lord should hasten His advent.

Whenever I meet with an enthusiast who boasts that he shall never die, I find it best to let him wait and see. *One fine old Irish clergyman* has frequently sought to instruct me in the art of being immortal, and he has been grieved and angry because I never set much store by the long life which he offered me. Though an old man, he assured me that he should never die; he expected in a short time to throw out all the infirmities of his years in the form of a rash, and then he should be as vigorous as ever. Alas! the good rector is buried, and his crazy brain is at rest. It is appointed unto men once to die. This earthly house of our tabernacle will be dissolved; all things unite to warrant the belief.

Now, brethren, this was all that Paul did expect on the sad side; and truly it is not much. Is it? Certain

SWISS PEASANTS

not very long ago were feeding their flocks on one of the lofty upland valleys. On one side of the pasturage stood a number of *châlets* or wooden huts, in which they were accustomed to live during the summer, poor shelters which were left as soon as the winter set in. One day they heard a strange rumbling up in the lofty Alps, and they understood what it meant; it meant that a mass of rock or snow or ice had fallen, and would soon come crushing down in the form of an avalanche. In a brief space their fears were realized, for they saw a tremendous mass come rushing from above, bearing destruction in its course. What did it destroy? Only the old, crazy *châlets:* that was all. Every man of the shepherds was safe, and untouched; the event was rather to them a matter which caused a Te Deum to be sung in the village church below than a subject for mourning and sorrow. They said, "The avalanche is terrible, but it has not slain the aged mother, nor crushed the babe in its cradle; it has injured none of us, but only buried a few hovels which we can soon rebuild."

Their case is a picture of ours. The avalanche of death will fall; but O ye saints, when it comes this is all it will do for you—your earthly house will be dissolved! Will you fret over so small a loss? No evil will come nigh to you; the poor hut of the body will be buried beneath the earth, but as for yourself, what will you have to do but to sing an everlasting Te Deum unto Him who delivered you from death and danger, and raised you to His own right hand? Death, as it pulls away our sackcloth canopy, will reveal to our wondering eyes the palace of the King wherein we shall dwell forever, and, therefore, what cause have we to be alarmed at it? I have set out the whole catastrophe before you, and surely no believer trembles in view of it.

II. So now we pass on to the second head,

THE PROVISION

of which the apostle Paul most surely knew. He knew that if his tent-dwelling was overthrown he would not be without a home; he knew that he would not have to open his eyes in a naked condition, and cry, "Woe's me, whither am I to fly? I have no dwelling-place." No, he know that if this tent-house were gone he had "a building of God." Paul was *not afraid of going to purgatory;* though of late some even among Protestants have in a modified form revived that grim fiction, and have told us that even believers will have much to bear before they will be fit for eternal happiness. The apostle held no such opinion; but, on the contrary, he wrote, "We know that if our earthly house of this tabernacle were dissolved, we have a building of God." He did not expect to be roasted alive for the next thousand years, and then to leap from purgatory to Paradise; but he did expect to go, as soon as ever his earthly house was dissolved, into his eternal house which is in the heavens.

He had not even the thought of *lying in a state of unconsciousness* till the resurrection. He says, "We know that if the earthly house of this tabernacle were dissolved, we have [we have already] a building of God." He says not "we shall have it," but "we have it;" "we know that we have it." The picture seems to me to be as though one of you should dwell in his garden in a tent for a while. Somebody inquires what would happen if a gale of wind should blow your tent away in the night. "Oh," say you, "I have a house over yonder; I should go within doors and live there." What a comfort to know that, whatever occurs to our temporary gear, we have a fixed and settled abode to which we can at once repair. This makes us feel independent of all dangers, and helps us joyfully to welcome the inevitable, come when it may.

What did the apostle mean, however? for this text is said to be a very difficult one. He meant, first—the moment his soul left its body it would at once enter into that house of which Jesus said, "In My Father's house are many mansions; if it were not so, I would have told you." Do you want to know about that house? Read the Book of the Revelation, and learn of its gates of pearl, its streets of gold, its walls of rarest gems, of the river which windeth through it, and of the trees which bear their fruit every month. If after that you desire to know more concerning this house, I can but give you the advice which was given by John Bunyan in a similar case. One asked of honest John a question which he could not answer, for the matter was not opened in God's word; and therefore honest John bade his friend live a godly life, and go to heaven, *and see for himself*. Believe no dreams, but bide thy time, believing in the Lord Jesus, and thou shalt shortly know all about the house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens.

Paul, however, did mean that in the fulness of time he would again be clothed upon with a body. He regarded the waiting time as so short that he almost overlooked it, as men forget a moment's pause in a grand march. Ultimately, I say

HE EXPECTED TO BE HOUSED

in a body; the tent-house which was blown down and dissolved would be developed into a building, so rich and rare as to be fitly called "a building of God, a house not made with hands." This also is our prospect.

Let us pass on to consider how Paul could say he knew this. This wonderfully enlightened nineteenth century has produced an order of wise men who glory in their ignorance. They call themselves "*Agnostics*," *or know-nothings*,

When I was a boy it would have seemed odd to me to have met with a man who gloried in being an ignoramus, and yet that is the Latin for that Greek word "Agnostic." Is it not singular to hear a man boastfully say, "I am an ignoramus?" How different is our apostle! He says "we know." Whence came this confidence?

HOW DID HE KNOW?

First, Paul knew that he had a Father in heaven, for he felt the spirit of sonship; he knew also that his Father had a house, and he was certain that if ever he lost the tent in which he lived he should be sure to be welcomed into his own Father's house above. How do our children know that if ever they are in need of a house they can come home to us? Did they learn that from their tutors at school? No, their childhood's instinct teaches them that our house is their home, just as chickens run under the mother-hen without needing to be trained. Because they are our children they feel that as long as we have a house they have a house too; Paul, therefore, unhesitatingly said, "We know;" and, brethren, we know the same through like confidence in our Father's love.

Paul knew, again, that he had an elder brother, and that this brother had gone before to see to the lodging of the younger brethren. Paul remembered that Jesus had said, "I go to prepare a place for you, and if I go and prepare a place for you, I will come again, and receive you unto Myself, that where I am ye may be also." So Paul had no question whatever. Doubtless, Paul also thought of the Holy Ghost, that blessed One who deigns to live with us in this frail house of clay, which is in many ways an uncomfortable and unsuitable abode for Him by reason of the sin which has defiled it. He condescends to dwell in these mortal bodies, and, therefore, when we leave our earthly house He will leave it too; and and we are persuaded that a place will be found where we may still abide in fellowship.

Besides, let me tell you something. Paul knew that when he died there was a Paradise prepared, for

HE HAD BEEN THERE ALREADY.

You remember how he locked up that story till he could keep it no longer, and, then, fifteen years after its occurrence, he let out the blessed secret. Let me read his words, "I knew a man in Christ above fourteen years ago, (whether in the body, I cannot tell; or whether out of the body, I cannot tell; God knoweth;) such an one caught up to the third heaven. And I knew such a man, (whether in the body, or out of the body, I cannot tell; God knoweth;) how that he was caught up into paradise, and heard unspeakable words, which is not lawful for a man to utter." He says he was taken up to the third heaven; it was, therefore, idle to tell Paul that there was no home for him hereafter, for he had seen the place.

Yet, again, dear brothers and sisters, you and I know that when this earthly tabernacle is dissolved there will be a new body for us, because our Lord Jesus Christ has risen from the dead. In my mind the ultimate answer to my deepest unbelief is the fact of the rising of Jesus from the dead. No matter of history is anything like so well attested as the fact that our Lord was crucified, dead and buried, and that He did upon the third day rise again from the dead. This I unhesitatingly accept as a fact, and this becomes my anchorage. This we are also sure of, namely, that if our Lord Jesus be alive and in a place of rest He will never leave His chosen and redeemed ones without house or home. Where He has found a throne His people shall find a dwelling. Delightful is our old-fashioned ditty:

"And when I shall die, Receive me, I'll cry,
For Jesus has loved me, I cannot tell why;
But this I do find, we two are so joined,
He won't be in glory and leave me behind."

There is such an attachment between Christ and the believer; yea, more, such a vital, essential, indissoluble, tender marriage union that separation is impossible.

"Ah," says one, "but

HOW IS A MAN TO KNOW

that *he* has an interest in all this? Suppose I do know that the children of God are thus favored, how am I to know that I am one of them?" I invite you to self-examination on this point. Dost thou believe in the Lord Jesus Christ with all thine heart? Then it is written, "He that believeth in Me though he were dead yet shall he live. He that liveth and believeth in Me shall never die." Having believed in Christ the apostle knew that he was safe; for the promises are to believers, and if any man be a believer every promise of the covenant belongs to him. We obtain further assurance of this by our possessing the new life. Dear friend, have you entered into a new world? Do you feel within you a new heart and a right spirit? Have old things passed away, and have all things become new? Are you a new creature in Christ Jesus? Then it is all right with you; that new life cannot die, your new-born nature must inherit everlasting bliss. These are the ways in which believers know that they are believers, and then by the Word of God they know that all things are theirs, so that if their earthly house should fail they would be received into everlasting habitations.

III. Lastly, as to *the value of this knowledge to us.* To be sure that when this body dies all is well, is not that worth knowing? Secularists twit us with taking men's minds away from the practical present that they may dream over a fancied future. We answer that

THE BEST HELP TO LIVE

for the present is to live in prospect of the eternal future. Paul's confident belief that if his body should be dissolved he would be no loser, kept him from fainting. He knew what the worst would be, and he was prepared for it. Great storms were out, but the apostle knew the limit of his possible loss, and so was ready. All we can lose is the frail tent of this poor body. By no possibility can we lose more. When a man knows the limit of his risk it greatly tends to calm his mind. The undiscoverable and the unmeasured are the worst ingredients of dread and terror; when you can gauge your fears, you have removed them.

The prospect of his heavenly house made his present trials seem very light; for he felt like a man who sojourns for a night at a poor inn, but puts up with it gladly because he hopes to be home on the morrow. If we were trying tent life for a season we should probably cry out, "A fearful draught comes in at that corner! How damp it is under foot! How cramped up one feels!" Yet we should smile over it all, and say, "It will not be for long. We shall soon be in

OUR HOUSE AT HOME."

Ah, brethren, an hour with our God will make up for all the trials of the way. Wherefore, be of good courage, and press on. This changed for Paul the very idea of death; death was transformed from a demon into an angel; it was but the removal of a tottering tent that he might enter into a permanent palace Some of God's own children are much troubled through fear of death, because they do not know what it is. If they were better taught they would soon discover in their present source of sorrow a subject for song. I would like here to say that I have known some of my Master's doubting and fearing servants die splendidly. Do you remember how Mr. Feeble-mind, when he crossed the river, went over dry-shod. Poor soul, he thought he should surely be drowned, and yet he scarcely wet the soles of his feet. I have known men of God go like Jacob all day long weary and faint, feeling banished from their Father's house; and yet when they have laid their head down for their final sleep they have had visions of angels and of God. The end of their journey has made amends for the rough places of the way. It shall be so with you, brother believer.

As I have thought of some of my dear brothers and sisters that I have seen die very sweetly, and I have remembered that they were, in life, lowly and self-distrustful, I have compared them to persons who, when they drink their tea, *forget to stir the sugar* at the bottom of the cup. How doubly sweet the drink becomes as they near the bottom; they have more sweetness than they can well bear. Would it not be wise to stir the tea at once and enjoy the sweetness from the brim to the bottom? This is the benefit of faith as to the future, for it flavors the present with delight.

In Martin Luther's time, and before his era, men who had lived evil lives were often in great fear when they came to die, and in their terror they would send to a monastery and procure a monk's dress in which to be buried. What

A FOOLISH FANCY!

Yet so it was that they hoped to fare better in the day of judgment for being wrapped in brown serge, and covered with a cowl! Be ours a better garment. Here is a wish of holy Rutherford: "His believed love shall be my winding-sheet, and all my grave-clothes; I shall roll up my soul, and sew it up in the web of His sweet and free love." Is not that your idea! It is surely mine! If we are laid to sleep in such a cerecloth, there will be no fear of our waking. It will happen to us as to the man who was laid in Elisha's grave, and at once arose as soon as he touched the prophet's bones. No man can lie dead if wrapped up in the love of Christ, for His love is life. He that has touched the love of Christ has touched the heart of the life of God, and he must live. So let us give ourselves up to that Divine love, and trusting in our Lord, let us go onward to eternal bliss till the day break and the shadows flee away; let us triumph and rejoice that there is prepared for us a "building of God, a house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens."

A CONVERTED CHINESE PRIEST.

(*See Illustration on Page* 348.)

PASTOR LIN, of T'ai-chau, a missionary evangelist connected with the China Inland Mission, has sent to Mr. Hudson Taylor the following interesting narrative of the conversion of a native priest, who has recently died happily in the Christian faith:

He was born, his mother informs me, in the year 1828, in the city of Sien-ku, and was the eldest of eight sons. His father was a schoolmaster, and superintended his education until he was eighteen years of age, when his father died, and the family was left destitute. He was not old enough to teach a school, had no trade, and had never done any work, so did not know what to do for a living.

Being of a religious turn of mind, he made up his mind to become a Buddhist priest, and at once commenced the necessary preparation. He first went to a temple outside the south gate, where his head was shaved and he assumed the priestly garb; there he taught the young priests, and helped to cultivate the ground belonging to the temple. In 1852 he went to a temple at Hwang-yen, where he received some money as well as his rice and clothing for his services. Here he saved his money that he might be able to go to the sacred island of Pu-du, and be installed a priest of full orders. This he did in 1860. After the usual examination he took the vow of perpetual consecration, and then *six spots were burned on the top of his head*, and a paper was given him bearing the seal of the abbot of the temple, which gave him the right of lodging and food in any Buddhist temple which he might visit in any part of the empire.

The diploma cost him about fifty dollars. He returned to his place at Hwang-yen, where he was promoted, and remained there until the year 1868, when he came to this city (T'ai-chau) to take charge of the temple of the God of Medicine. His salary was worth about six dollars a week. Although a priest professes to have no relations, or to take no notice of them if he has, this man out of his income frequently helped his widowed mother.

A Converted Chinese Priest as a Candy-seller.

Street Preaching in India.

In the seventh moon of 1875 I was one day passing the temple, and went in. He met me just inside the inner door, and received me very politely, asking me to take a seat. I accepted and entered into conversation with him, and there and then told him of salvation through the blood of the Lord Jesus. He listened attentively, and seemed pleased to hear. From that time I often visited him, and spoke to him about the way of salvation. The next year he came now and again to the chapel, and there heard more of the Gospel, and after a few months became a regular attendant at the week evening meetings as well as the Sunday services.

In the year 1877 he had a dream, doubtless the result of his meditations on the preaching and conversation of his Christian acquaintances, in which he saw that all those who worshipped God were in the light, but that the worshippers of idols were all in darkness. This made him very sad, but he did not like to give up *all* for Christ. At the end of the next year, however, he made up his mind to give up all connection with the temple and idolatry, and to give the rest of his life to preaching the Gospel. He became very diligent in reading the New Testament, and he gave notice to the heads of the temple, asking them to relieve him of the responsibility of his post. They tried to persuade him to remain, but he was not to be deterred. He left the temple, and maintained himself by cooking rice for some students, until his hair was grown long enough to wear a queue, when he changed his dress, and commenced *selling candies on the streets.* (*See illustration.*)

He then went to Sien-ku to fetch his mother to live with him, anxious that she should hear the Gospel; but she only stayed a few days, and returned to her home.

A few days after this he was taken with ague, which soon turned to dysentery, and he grew weaker daily. He asked the Christians to pray for him, and was very earnest in prayer himself. We saw that he was not likely to get better, and sent for his mother, who soon came, but his brothers would not come near him. His mother wanted him to go to her home, but he was unwilling, as he knew she would have but one remedy for his sickness and that a superstitious sacrifice to the idols, and if he should die, would practise idolatrous rites at his funeral; so he preferred to stay among Christians. He became worse, and could hardly speak, but even then he exhorted his mother to believe in Jesus.

One morning he sent for me early, and when I arrived he told me he should not get better. We knelt by his side and prayed. At four o'clock next morning he fell asleep in Jesus.

STREET PREACHING IN INDIA.

(*See Illustration.*)

OUR picture on this page represents a scene often witnessed by the Christian missionary in India, and in which he takes a prominent part. To win the stolid Hindu and the fatalistic Mohammedan to accept the verities of the religion of Christ, is a matter which requires the most skilful tact and consummate ability. From the recent report of a Baptist missionary, we learn the method which experience has justified for securing an audience to listen to the preaching of the Gospel. The missionary begins thus:

"Suppose you were down in a deep pit, stuck fast in the mire, and your brother by your side said, 'Never mind, brother, I will get you out of the pit.' You would reply, 'How can you do it? You are as badly off as I am; get yourself out of the pit first, and then you may be able to get me out.'

"Just so; we all are in debt to God, and we need some one who is not himself in debt to God to free us; we all are stuck fast in the mire of sin, and we need a deliverer who is not stuck fast in it. In other words, we are all sinners, and we need a sinless Saviour. Where shall we find one? Where shall we find the sinless one?" Then he speaks of Christ's life, character, teaching, death, resurrection, ascension, and says, "This is just the Saviour that you need."

Hereupon a man in the crowd interposes with a question, "Sahib, you say that Jesus was sinless, and yet that He died; how can that be?" Such a question comes very opportunely. To answer the question why Jesus, a sinless Being, had to die, the missionary must preach the Gospel, and taking this question of the objector as his text, the people listen with the more attention *because it is an answer to an objection.*

Hereupon another man interposes, with a malicious look on his face: "Sahib, you say that the true religion is known by its effects?" "Yes." "And that Christianity is proved to be the true religion by its saving men from sin?" "Yes." "Then how about the Christians that get drunk, and do all sorts of bad deeds?"

This is an awkward question, because the bad lives of nominal Christians is one of the greatest obstacles in the way of Christianity. The missionary replies: "In a certain village there were two sick men; the doctor went to them and gave them medicine. They thanked him, and said they would certainly take it; but, as soon as the doctor had left, one man drank the medicine and recovered; the other man threw away the medicine and died. Whose fault was it—his or the doctor's?' 'His.' 'Why?' 'Because he only pretended to take the medicine.'

"Just so; and these 'Christians' as you call them, who get drunk only *pretend* to take the medicine; they are not real Christians."

THE VICAR'S STRANGE HEARER.

(*See Illustration.*)

A LOVELY summer morning in the village of Cleethorpe. It was Sunday and the old gray stone church was filledas usual with the farmers and their families, the farm hands and the few store-keepers of the village.

This morning, however, in a pew farthest away from the pulpit sat a stranger. She was attired in deep mourning and seemed desirous of avoiding the inquisitive looks of the people. She kept her veil down during the earlier portion of the service, but the vicar could see that she was weeping bitterly. Who could she be? The vicar asked himself the question, not in idle curiosity but because he felt drawn toward her in a strange unaccountable manner. He did not give the question a second thought, however, but resolved that if a wounded heart had come there for comfort he would with the help of the Holy Spirit endeavor to administer it.

Mr. Fairbairn's sermons were not of the polished carefully-prepared type. His hearers would not have understood them if they had been anything but what they were, the simple exposition of the word and the offer of salvation made in the plainest and most homely language. It cost him no effort to lay aside the sermon he intended to preach and leaning forward on the cushion as his manner was when very much in earnest he spoke from the words "Come unto Me all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest." But a few words had been spoken when the vicar noticed that the strange lady put aside her veil and looked at him steadily drinking in every word.

Earnestly and pathetically he pleaded with the sorrowing and despairing preaching Jesus as the Redeemer the panacea for all woe. He preached no theory, no doctrine; it was the Saviour who had comforted his own heart in many a bitter hour that he held up before his people, and urged them to apply to the same source for relief as he had himself found unfailing.

The service concluded, Mr. Fairbairn waited in his vestry until all the congregation had left the building hoping that his strange hearer

might confide to him the story of the sorrow he felt sure filled her heart. But she did not come, and at last he rose to return to his home.

As he passed through the churchyard he looked a man whom one might well confide in. A refined, gentle face, his white hair telling of ripe experience, and his bent form speaking of years that had not been passed without their tale of trouble. Yes, he was a man who would sympathize with the despairing, and one whose heart was breaking watched him as he wended his way between the gravestones and vaguely hoped that he might sympathize with her.

He had been at home some two hours when he was informed that a lady desired to speak to him. He at once divined who was his visitor, and entering his library he found there the hearer whom he had seen in his church that morning. She rose as he entered, and he, extending both hands in cordial greeting, said, "I am glad to see you; you were in church this morning, and I feared you were suffering under some bitter sorrow."

"I am indeed, sir," she answered; "it is too deep for healing, but I thought I would like to tell my story to you before I die. I meant to have carried my secret to the grave untold, but your sermon this morning drew me toward you and I should like to confide it to you."

"I wish my sermon had drawn you toward Jesus, my dear lady; 'He has carried our sorrows.' I can do little for you but if I can lead you to Him you will find peace."

"There is no hope of that, sir, there is no peace in this world for such as I. I do not deserve it if there were. But you will hear my story?"

"Assuredly, but it can contain no evil that the Saviour will be unable to relieve."

She told her story, one of the saddest this world of sadness sees, but which it sees only too often. It was one of a deserted home, she had left loving parents, tempted by a wicked fascinating man; she had enjoyed the pleasures of sin for a season and then had drunk to the very dregs the bitter cup of shame, humiliation and remorse. In her agony she resolved on suicide but determined once more to look on the home she had deserted seven years before and if possible see her father and mother again before she died. Travelling on wearily on foot for her money had been exhausted in the long journey, she had passed through the village of Cleethorpe on her way and had rested for an hour on the bank of the deep swift river. Arrived at her village home she found the farmhouse where she was born closed, and learned that both father and mother were dead. Then her heart broke utterly and she travelled back to Cleethorpe drawn by the recollection of that river by which she had rested. That she resolved should be her grave. She arrived on the Sunday morning and had entered the church that she might hear a prayer before she died, feeling herself too sinful to pray for herself.

It was in truth a pitiful story and the sorrow of it was that she had returned too late. Her father and mother could never know now that she had been sorry and had come back. Mr. Fairbairn listened attentively and with much sympathy. He knew that the balm of consolation would not be readily received into a heart so torn by unavailing sorrow. He must have time. Gently he pleaded with her and finally induced her to remain for a few days as his guest at the vicarage she giving her solemn promise not to make any attempt to commit suicide.

The few days stretched to weeks, and Mr. Fairbairn saw with gratitude a more hopeful spirit springing up within her. His wife grew to love her as a daughter and in the quiet atmosphere of that Christian home the girl's soul thawed from its icy bonds. It was long before she would admit that there was a possibility of forgiveness for her but at last the light broke upon her and she was melted in a flood of grateful tears. Mr. Fairbairn succeeded in procuring employment for her in the village and he had to the end of his life no more devoted friend than she whose soul had been given him from the verge of the grave.

"The Vicar passed through the Churchyard to his Home."

PETER BLAKE'S VOYAGE.

A SERIAL STORY BY HESBA STRETTON.

(*Continued from page* 335.)

Sorrow and Treachery.

THE door of Arthur Penrose's home was opened to him as quickly as the man's shaking hands could unfasten it; and he stepped across the threshold with eagerness.

"Good heavens, Master Arthur!" cried the old servant. "We gave you up for lost; and the poor master's gone too. He's dead, sir!"

It was all over then, and he had reached home too late. The words of his vow, taken so rashly at Victor's grave, flashed reproachfully across his memory. He never now would look upon his father's living face, though he would give worlds to see it smile once more upon him.

"He died yesterday," said the servant, in a low voice.

A few days ago such a shock would have bewildered and unnerved Arthur Penrose; but now it served to make him more master of himself and those about him. He bade Simmons discharge the cabman and take Fleck down into the kitchen; and then he turned into the dining-room, where he and his father had so often sat together, chatting pleasantly. He could not remember a single harsh or cold word that he had ever spoken to him, and yet he had made up his mind to forsake him! He sank down on his usual seat, opposite to the high-backed comfortable chair where his father always sat. How vividly he could see him sitting there now, with the smile upon his mouth, and the pleasant glow of contentment on his face!

After awhile Penrose dragged himself slowly and silently up-stairs to his father's room. A low light was burning there, for the dead are seldom left in darkness before they are laid in the utter darkness of the grave. He turned down the covering which hid his father's face. It looked suddenly aged and worn, beyond anything he could have thought of. The hollow cheeks and temples bore plainly the traces of great anguish. Victor had looked as if he had been sleeping, and dreaming happy dreams. This face was the face of the dead, cold and hard as marble, bearing only the mysterious and inviolable seal of death.

True or false what the crews of many ships charged the dead man with, he had gone at last to his account. There was neither punishment, nor repentance, nor self-vindication possible for him now. His accusers might say what they would, his tongue could frame no answer. If troops of shipwrecked men and weeping wives and orphans came about him, his ear must be deaf both to their curses and their cries.

Were the widows and orphans of the Dolphin's crew now cursing the dead ship owner? Some of them did not yet know of the disaster. As yet even in Peter Blake's home there was peace and hope.

For three or four days after her husband had left her, Bessie, in spite of the anxiety caused her by the desertion of two of the crew, was almost as content and happy as she ever felt while he was away at sea. He and Victor would soon be at home again, for the voyage was not a long one, such as some he had undertaken; and as long as the wind was fair, and the river smooth, her spirits were good. The old mother was always in a gayer mood than Bessie, being naturally lighter-hearted and more hopeful; and she sang ancient Norman ballads to little Nan and the baby, as he lay placidly listening in his great old cradle. It was a happy little household, in spite of the old French woman's rheumatism, caught amid the English fogs.

But when the calm weather was gone, and the river ran by in a swollen, sullen tide, driven and pressed by the hurrying winds, which moaned and wailed around the bow-window, and along

the passages and store-rooms of the sailmaker's old house, and thick clouds were driven across the sky in dark troops—then Bessie's heart sank, and the old mother's voice faltered, as she still sang her merry songs to please little Nan. Nan herself often stood with folded hands, and a grave little face, looking up to the black clouds which hid the blue, and at the stormy gusts of rain that beat against the window-panes. It was a good thing that the father and Uncle Victor were in the "hollow of God's hand" now, and that He was holding them there safely for her and her mother. The little child was not troubled by a moment's doubt.

The news of the utter wreck of the Dolphin quickly spread through Wapping, as soon as it was brought by the rescued mate. There were two other Wapping men in her, besides Fleck, and Peter, and Victor Blake; thus somewhat more than ordinary excitement was aroused by the calamity. The people in Wapping dwell in a little world of their own, shut off from London by the great docks, and the sluices leading up to them; and the sense of neighborhood is deeper among them than in other parts of the great city. It was not yet known that Fleck was saved; and his wife and children were loud in their lamentations, proclaiming themselves everywhere as a desolate widow and orphans. On the other hand, Bessie Blake kept her grief to herself, shrinking from every expression of sympathy; and she was left pretty nearly alone in her trouble.

The blow fell, as all such blows fall, as if it had been altogether unforeseen, unthought of. Though Bessie had never let Peter leave her for a voyage without the sorrowful prediction that he was going away forever, and though she had dreamed hundreds of times that he was drowned, yet, now that the thing she had dreaded had come upon her, she could not believe it. The mate had been saved; and why should not Peter, her own good, loving, God-fearing man? Surely, surely God had take care of him! Not a step sounded on the staircase that did not make her heart leap with a hope that was as full of pain as of pleasure; for beneath the hope there lay a secret lurking dread that she dared not face.

When Fleck came home at the end of the second week, her dying hope sprang into new life. A great stir was made about him in Wapping, where he was received as one come back from the dead. Everybody who had seen the Dolphin as she sailed out on her fatal voyage held his own opinion, and was eager to hear it confirmed by Fleck. But Fleck swore confidently that the ship was as good as a ship could be, and was neither overladen nor undermanned. All men's minds had been softened by old Penrose's sudden and unhappy death, and they were reluctant to speak damaging words against the dead. Fleck's steady asseverations concerning the loss of the Dolphin stopped the mouths of the few, who were still ready to cast blame on the owners; and it was admitted to have been one of the unavoidable accidents of the sea.

Late on the evening of his reappearance in Wapping, Fleck made his way to Bessie Blake's dwelling-place. She had been waiting for him in feverish impatience, anxious to have her hopes confirmed. Little Nan and the baby were fast asleep; but the old mother was sitting up to hear the news, with a flush of color on her withered cheeks, and a bright light in her sunken eyes.

The Dutch clock struck twelve before Fleck came; then he slunk into a seat by the low fire, burning down to embers, and hung his head, as if he could not look either of them in the face. He fancied he saw Victor hesitating to climb the tottering mast, and he heard himself saying, "Up, up, lad!" The words would not leave off ringing through and through his brain.

"Only tell me Peter was not lost!" cried Bessie, with parched lips that could hardly speak.

"No, no, my poor lass!" answered Fleck, shaking his bowed head; "he went down with the rest of 'em, poor fellow! I did my best for Peter, for old shipmate's sake; but, bless you! we ran on a rock as sharp as any needle, and the Dolphin broke through amidships. Most of 'em were aft, lowering the quarter-boat, and there wasn't a chance for e'er a one of 'em Me and the young master we e in the forecastle; that saved us and Victor."

"Victor!" said the old mother; "is my son Victor safe?"

"No," said Fleck, with a troubled voice, "we did all we could for him; if it was the last breath I said it in, we did all we could for him, young Mr. Penrose and me; and we gave him a good funeral in Alderney; for the boat picked him up, only he was dead. Young Mr. Penrose followed Victor to his grave; and he'll do everything he can for you all. He's sent you a pound by me, and he'll come and see you himself some day."

Bessie's white face was hidden in her apron. The house was very quiet, with an awful death-like stillness. There was no noise from the street, where all labor had long ago ceased, and there came no sound from the silent river. Even the wind, which had been moaning restlessly and incessantly for the last few days, was hushed. Fleck's words rang in her ears, as if he had been shouting them at her through the din of a storm. She shuddered when he stretched out his hand, with the sovereign in it, and touched her.

"Money!" she said with a wild, confused air; "what's that for?"

"Mr. Penrose sent it to you," he answered.

"Penrose!" she repeated.

"Ay! young Penrose," he said. "Old Penrose is dead, you know, and he's come into everything. He's promised to take care of you, and madam here, and the children; and he's sent you this."

"Did old Penrose's son send that?" she asking, pointing to the gold coin that glittered on Fleck's open palm.

"Ay! to be sure," he answered.

"Tell him, then," cried Bessie, "I'd rather starve to death in the streets than touch it with only the tip of my finger! Tell him God's curse rests on him and his ill-gotten gold. It's *bought with the lives of men;* of men like my Peter! Tell him his money is no better than the thirty pieces of silver that Judas threw away before he went and hanged himself."

"Chut! chut!" said the old mother softly and tremblingly.

"Mother," said Bessie, in a sharp, shrill voice of agony, "send him away! Why is he here, instead of my husband? Oh, why did God save him, and leave my poor Peter to be drowned? Send him away; and pray God I may never, never see him again, or I shall go mad!"

"And you won't take the money!" exclaimed Fleck, scarcely believing that he had heard aright.

But the old Frenchwoman was already holding the door open, and beckoning to him to leave Bessie to herself, and go away. His finger closed cautiously over the sovereign, and he slunk down-stairs and into the open street, glad enough to get away from the sight of the women's grief.

But the question came to him what he must do with the money? It was mere folly to return it to Mr. Penrose, who had already more than he knew what to do with. Besides, he could not return it to him without delivering Bessie Blake's terrible message; and that would be downright cruelty and ingratitude. Young Penrose was almost broken-hearted; and the only comfort he seemed to take was in the thought of seeking out and relieving the families of the lost crew of the Dolphin, especially that of Peter and Victor Blake. He appeared to feel an extraordinary interest in Victor, and he had been very earnest in impressing upon him that he must take that money at once.

There was nobody in the world to tell young Penrose where to find Bessie Blake but himself; unless, indeed, which was most unlikely, he made very diligent inquiries after her about Wapping. It would be very hard for him, hard and harsh and cruel, to hear such bitter words as Peter Blake's wife had just uttered. Would it not be better if he never saw her at all?

Slowly a dim idea was forming in Fleck's cunning brain. He turned away from the door of his own house to take another stroll through the deserted streets. Bessie had been a proud hussy, always holding herself aloof from her natural neighbors, like his wife. He would not harm her; but if she would rather die than take charity from Penrose, what a pity it would be for such kindness to be spurned and refused! Could no way be hit upon to save him from the trouble her conduct would cause him? It would do nobody any harm if he could only think of some plan to spare Penrose the pain, and reap a little benefit himself.

There was his own wife, about Bessie's age, and there were his two youngest children, and his wife's mother; why should not they take up the part Bessie Blake refused to fill? With a little care and contrivance there would be no risk of young Penrose discovering the scheme; and it would be a relief and consolation to him to believe that he was supporting Victor's people. For himself he was resolved never to go to sea again, and how his family were to be kept he could not tell. But if they played this game well there would be no need for him to trouble himself as long as they could keep it up. Penrose would see that none of them came to want.

The idea had not occurred to him until after Bessie had refused to accept the money; though it had been burning in his pocket all day long, and he had been longing to appropriate it. Now as he rambled about the quiet streets, turning over his plot, and arranging all its details, his fingers played with the gold coin, till all was settled in his busy, crafty brain. It was a clever dodge, he said to himself, and with very little risk in it; and Bessie Blake had only herself to blame for it.

For the first few days Bessie seemed stunned and paralyzed by her trouble. After her few household duties were done she would sit in the bow-window, looking out with a wan, set face upon the vessels passing to and fro, up and down the river. Never more would she, and Peter's mother, watch for his ship sailing homeward; never more would she bid the children clap their hands and shout "Father!" as if he could hear them call amid the noises on deck What was there left for her and them but to die, as her husband had died, to swell Penrose's riches?

But before the week was over a fresh calamity aroused her from her despair. The sailmaker handed over his stock and house of business to his creditors, and she had notice to quit as soon as she could find another dwelling-place. It was high time to wake out of the dull stupor of grief, for their stock of money was well nigh spent; and she had a helpless, ailing old woman, and two little children, all looking to her for the bare necessaries of life.

(To be continued.)

AT ICONIUM AND LYSTRA.

S. S. Lesson for June 10, Acts 14: 1-18. Golden Text, ver. 15. By Mrs. M. Baxter.

A Terrible Direction Obeyed—The Visit to the Synagogue—Wherein Paul's Success Lay—Persecution Invariably with the Awakening—Paul and Barnabas Awaiting Orders—No Reservation in Paul's Consecration—No Man's Work Indispensable—The Christian's Returned Lessons—His Travel Prolonged—A Crisis in Iconium—The Cripple at Lystra—Personal Faith Indispensable—Faith Put to the Test—Worship Tendered.

PAUL and Barnabas, in leaving Antioch, obeyed the direction of their Master to His apostles, "Whosoever shall not receive you, nor hear you when ye depart thence, shake off the dust under your feet for a testimony against them" (Mark 6: 11). "They shook off the dust of their feet against them, and came unto Iconium." But their persecutors had miscalculated; the truth of God would not die out with the departure of Paul and Barnabas, it was not tied to

apostles; the disciples whom they left behind, instead of falling into discouragement and despondency "were filled with joy and with the Holy Ghost." What could Paul and Barnabas want more?

The two missionaries on their arrival at Iconium went, as they usually did on their arrival in a new city, into the synagogue, if there happened to be one; and in each city they gave their testimony to the Lord Jesus. Here at Iconium they

"SO SPAKE

that a multitude both of the Jews and also of the Greeks believed." Paul was perhaps the greatest preacher, judging by results, that the world ever saw; yet this man "came, not with excellency of speech or of wisdom" (1 Cor. 2 : 1); the critics of his time declared his speech "contemptible" (2 Cor. 10 : 10). *Wherein then lay his unparalleled success?* Let him speak for himself, "And I, brethren, when I came to you, came not with excellency of speech or of wisdom declaring unto you the testimony of God." Here is the first element of his success: he was declaring "the testimony of God," and no ideas of his own; his subject-matter was God-given, he was "a man sent from God." "For I determined not to know anything among you save Jesus Christ, and Him crucified." Here we see he did not admit of distraction, he had one thought, one message, one aim, which was all-absorbing, "Jesus Christ, and Him crucified." "And I was with you in weakness, and in fear, and in much trembling;" no personal power or influence, he saw only nothingness in himself; "And my speech and my preaching was not with enticing words of man's wisdom, but in demonstration of the Spirit and of power; that your faith should not stand in the wisdom of men but in the power of God" (1 Cor. 2 : 1–5). In Paul's ministry there was nothing to exalt man, and to attract people to himself; all tended to attract every eye to Jesus, to occupy every thought with Jesus, not with Paul; with the message, not the messenger. Here then was the secret of his success.

But there never was an awakening yet, where the element of persecution was absent. "The unbelieving Jews (the professors of that day) stirred up the Gentiles." Thus it is always; those who make an outward profession without having the real thing, are more bitter than any others in persecuting those who have an experimental knowledge of God. Those who have little or no experience of the grace, and power, and love of God, take the greatest pains to prove that no one else has any more experience than they have, and that those who speak of real experience are either hypocrites or self-deluded. Those who have the deepest experience of spiritual things are always stretching out for more, and they never condemn that which they have not examined, lest they should lose some unfolding of the grace of God. Prejudice and shallowness go together, and so do depth and teachableness.

What should Paul and Barnabas do? A spirit of suspicion had been stirred up against them by the Jews, and it prevailed among the Gentiles also; should they leave so unpromising a field of labor? We find that many of our officers in the Blue Ribbon Gospel Army, as soon as they meet with a little unkindness and suspicion on the part of the people, want to be moved to another station. We want men such as Paul and Barnabas among us.

LONG THEREFORE ABODE THEY,

working against wind and tide, not moving an inch until they had *orders from Headquarters*, a distinct intimation from God that they were to go. Was it pleasant? Perhaps not, but when Paul said to his Lord on the way to Damascus, "Lord, what wilt Thou have me to do?" he had never appended a codicil to that will of his which made himself over to God, stipulating that nothing unpleasant should happen to him. Paul knew what a living sacrifice meant, and he never backed out of all which it involved. He and Barnabas spoke boldly in the Lord, and our faithful Lord, on His part, bore witness to these two apostles. He "gave testimony unto the Word by His grace, and granted signs and wonders to be done by their hands."

We must not forget that while our Lord lovingly condescends to make use of us for His service, He can just as

EASILY WORK WITHOUT US;

we are by no means indispensable to Him; and while He uses us, He is carrying on our education and preparing us for Himself. Had He removed Paul and Barnabas to a more promising field of labor as soon as the Jews had stirred up the Gentiles against them, very probably there might have been a great awakening in their new sphere of labor; but the precious lessons of dependence upon God, and of patience and forbearance toward man might not have been learned, and thus they would be short of much which would not only fit them for future labors, but also for eternal companionship with God. Oh, how much workers for God need to learn Moses' lesson who "endured as seeing Him who is invisible" (Heb. 11 : 27).

We should not get so many *returned lessons* as we do, if we invariably accepted everything which happens from the hand of God. He has to take us, like the children of Israel, the long way instead of the short way into the promised land, forty years instead of a few days, because, in our unbelief we measure all which happens by ourselves instead of measuring it by God. Things may be indeed beyond our resources, but are they beyond God's? Demands may be made upon us far beyond our strength, but if it is a settled matter with us that the Lord is our Strength and we know by experience that "they that wait upon the Lord shall renew their strength," then it becomes a simple matter to refer all to Him, and then, when we are clear about His will, to go forward mounting up with wings as eagles, running without weariness and walking without fainting (Isa. 40 : 31). When we learn to see God in everything, we learn, too, that nothing is impossible to us (Matt. 17 : 20). Oh, for more confidence in our God, that He doeth all things well, that He makes all things work together for good to them that love Him (Mark 7 : 37; Rom. 8 : 28).

At last things came to

A CRISIS IN ICONIUM,

"When there was an assault made both of the Gentiles, and also of the Jews with their rulers, to use them despitefully, and to stone them, they were ware of it, and fled unto Lystra and Derbe, cities of Lyconia, and unto the region that lieth round about." "When they persecute you in this city, flee ye into another," was the Lord's own command, and we see how implicitly these two dear men of God obeyed Him. They did not run away when things were disagreeable, uncomfortable, or inconvenient, they waited until there was danger to their lives, and then only fled at the command of Jesus. But would they persist in preaching the Gospel, when, instead of being appreciated, honored, and sent away with presentations of money and flattering speeches, the ungrateful people sought their blood? Yes, a thousand times yes; for these men were real, for life or death, for joy or sorrow, for ease or pain, for success or for persecution, these men were the Lord's. We do not hear of their complaining because somebody had complained of them; no, with their lives in their hands and their reputation in their hands too, "there they preached the Gospel." What that Gospel was is proved by the results. There is no doubt that Paul preached full salvation, full enough to take in spirit, soul and body, and no doubt he preached entire sanctification for the whole being as he afterward did by letter to the Thessalonians. "The very God of peace Himself sanctify you wholly; and may your spirit and soul and body be preserved entire, without blame at the coming of our Lord Jesus Christ."

We are *not* told whether there was a synagogue at Lystra, nor yet, if there was not, how and where they gathered a congregation, but we *are* told something of one of their auditors: "There sat a certain man at Lystra, impotent in his feet, being a cripple from his mother's womb, who never had walked; the same heard Paul speak; who, steadfastly beholding him, and

PERCEIVING THAT HE HAD FAITH

to be healed, said with a loud voice, Stand upright on thy feet." We find practically that the larger number of those who write to us at Bethshan concerning faith-healing shrink from all personal responsibility, and are almost offended and ready to rank us with impostors, if we tell them the truth, that it is only as *they* yield to God, and *themselves* exercise faith in Him, that they can be healed. The majority seem desirous rather to deal with man than with God, and they seem to think some talent, or power, or property dwells in those who can only lead sick souls and bodies to Him who is the Saviour and the Healer of His people. Salvation by faith lies between God and the sinner, no minister or evangelist saves any man's soul; sanctification by faith lies between God and the believer; He may use one of His children as a finger post in both instances; exactly so, faith-healing lies between Jehovah Rophi, the Lord that healeth thee (Ex. 15 : 26), and the sick one, we may again be finger posts but nothing more, just to direct the sick one to the Healer.

Paul did not either see or feel in himself the power to heal the impotent man at Lystra, but "perceiving that he had faith to be healed, said with a loud voice, Stand upright on thy feet." Up to that moment, the lame man had only been drinking in the glorious news of full and free salvation; now was his

FAITH PUT TO THE TEST,

he must choose whether to act according to what he felt, and had always felt and experienced, or whether according to the glad news which he had heard. Losing sight of himself, filled only with the consciousness of God with him, he acted faith, for "he leaped and walked." But how could he? How could you, believer, first lay hold of Christ as a Saviour? how could you leap into eternal life? You believed, and you found yourself in a new world. So with this man. He knew now what the life of God was both in soul and body. We should like to ask the many who declare that it is wrong for invalids to desire healing, whether this man most showed forth the glory of God in his crippled state, or when walking on both feet he praised his God, and showed in his outward man, as well as in a changed heart, the greatness of the love of God?

The people of the city, seeing what was done, immediately concluded that Paul and Barnabas were their gods, Jupiter and Mercury; and were about to offer sacrifice and divine honors to them. This was terrible to these men of God, who "ran in among the people, crying out, and saying, Sirs, why do ye these things? We also are

MEN OF LIKE PASSIONS

with you, and preach unto you that ye should turn from these vanities unto the living God, which made heaven, and earth, and the sea, and all things that are therein." Paul wanted to bring the people in contact with God, and to turn them away from helpless men such as he and Barnabas were. And truly we can say that this is our aim at Bethshan. Oh, how it grieves our hearts when letters come to us asking for "advice," as though we were doctors, and offering us a fee! with no recognition of the Lord Jesus our great Physician—letters again which say, "Do what you can for me," as though we could do anything! Some there are who appear to have the impression that there is some special efficacy in our prayers, as though there were a magic or charm about them! Poor souls, the virtue is not in the prayer, but in the answer, which the Lord is waiting to bestow upon all who look to Him, through that blessed One who was wounded for our transgressions, bruised for our iniquities, who took our infirmities and bore our sicknesses (Isa. 53 : 5; Matt. 8 : 17). O Lord attract the eyes of Thy sick ones to Thyself, and glorify Thyself in them.

FOREIGN TOPICS.

The Czar Entered Moscow for the Coronation ceremonies on May 20th. He was received with unbounded enthusiasm and the city was gorgeously decorated and brilliantly illuminated in his honor. The special correspondent of the New York *Herald* thus describes the appearance of the streets and public buildings: "All the first hotels and public edifices have special decorations. The palace of the Governor of Moscow is covered with garlands and sweet fir leaves festooned from the windows to the ground. In the centre is a monogram of the initials 'A. M.,' ten feet high, in rose blossoms. Every detail of door or window is picked out in colored lamps, which at night will transform the façade into bowers of brightness, while the portico is of forest fir boughs and flowers. Every shop is resplendent with huge gold letters on a black ground, the characters being in Russo-Greek or antique Slav. These add something cabalistic to the magic of the whole, while the resplendent profusion of the church porches and the fretwork of light iron canopies over every hotel door vary the outlines until the whole scene becomes a marvel of novelty and varied attraction." The Emperor's procession was a strange and picturesque sight, as it comprised representatives of the Asiatic dominions of Russia, who were clad in splendid robes and sparkled with glittering jewels. "The Czar and Czarina were received with deafening shouts by the loyal crowds. Alexander looks very noble, happy and satisfied. His dress was the dark green uniform of a Cossack general, with a black wool cap on his head. He was followed by his staff of 200 men of every regiment, nation, and uniform it is possible to imagine. Eight white horses, veiled in cascades of gold fringe and ridden by postilions, draw the splendid vehicle in which the handsome young Empress is seated in her imperial robes. She wears the Russian tiara. Her carriage is worthy of note, not only for the detail and lavish decoration in crimson velvet of the roof and painted panels, but because it was built for the great Catherine and used at her coronation." The expenses of the coronation will, it is expected, amount to nearly seven million dollars.

The Pope's Circular to the Irish Bishops forbidding them to collect money for the Parnell fund or to aid the Land League agitation is still causing bitter feeling in Ireland. Archbishop Croke, who has recently returned from Rome, after vainly endeavoring to enlist the Pope's sympathies on behalf of the Parnell cause, was received with enthusiasm by the people of his diocese, who illuminated the hills and villages of Limerick County in his honor. The Archbishop, replying to an address of welcome presented to him at the Wicklow depot, said it was the Pope's great love for the Irish people that caused him to be so solicitous for their welfare. He was confident that when the Pope understood the situation better the efforts of the priesthood and of himself for the Irish would be crowned with success. Time would prove the correctness of his representations to the Pope. Meanwhile he urged the people to submit to the Vatican.

Difficulties Between the Pope and the European courts are again reported. The European press is full of rumors of ruptures between Rome and France, Rome and Germany, and Rome and Ireland. The *Soleil* and other French anti-republican papers hint that there are impending difficulties which may place the Elysée in the same position in relation to the Holy See as was the Court of Berlin after the promulgation of the laws of May.

The French Forces have Already Commenced hostilities in Madagascar by bombarding the town Majunga. The engagement lasted six hours, when the French troops landed and occupied the place. The Hovas suffered great loss. A Paris dispatch says: "Advices have been received from Madagascar that a French detachment landed and carried several military posts which had been erected by the Hovason Sakalava territory in defiance of French rights. It is also stated that Admiral Pierre has occupied the Custom House at Majunga, thus securing the road and waterway leading to Tananarivo, the capital of the island." It is semi-officially stated in Paris that the object of the French expedition to Madagascar is to obtain the payment of sums due the French government from Madagascar by holding the custom-houses there as security for the amount. France will surely suffer retribution for this iniquitous attack.

The Governor-Generalship of Canada, the English newspapers say, has been offered to the Marquis of Lansdowne and accepted. It is expected that the Marquis of Lorne will return to England in October or November next, and that his successor will immediately undertake the duties of the office. Lord Lansdowne takes from the peerage of Ireland the titles by which his family is best known. He is credited with great wealth, but the depreciation of Irish estates may have largely reduced his resources. He is thirty-eight years old, and has several times held office under the liberals. He was a Lord of the Treasury from 1869 to 1872, Under Secretary of War from 1872 to 1874, Under Secretary for India in 1880. He married the youngest daughter of the Duke of Abercorn.

Queen Victoria's Injured Limb is Pronounced well by her physicians, but cable dispatches aver that she has been a prey of late to fits of deep depression, which neither her physicians nor the members of her family have been able to alleviate. The former have strenuously opposed her going to the Highlands, as likely to be followed by the worst results, but she refuses their advice abruptly, and sits in gloomy contemplation. Her condition causes a great deal of anxiety, owing to the fact that her grandfather, King George III., suffered from insanity.

Martin Luther's 400th Anniversary.—Great preparations are already being made to celebrate the 400th anniversary of Luther's birth, in next November, when, among other things, *tableaux vivants*, representing the chief events in the great German Reformer's life, will be exhibited at Erfurt, his birthplace. At the beginning of August there is to be a preliminary celebration in the shape of an historical procession, representing the reception of Luther on his way from Weimar to Worms, by the citizens and University of Erfurt; and this will be followed by an excursion to the neighboring Wartburg, and popular festivities.

Messrs. Moody and Sankey appear to have commanded increasing confidence and love during their recent evangelistic campaign in Great Britain, and their return in October or November is anticipated with prayerful and sanguine anticipation. It is said that in Liverpool alone there is fruit enough to refute a thousand times the suspicion that the work eight years ago was evanescent. The Free Breakfasts, the Carters' Mission with its *two thousand* professing converts, the Cocoa Palace Company with its *forty thriving establishments*, all rose out of the 1875 Mission; and, according to the testimony of many ministers and superintendents of Christian work, the evangelistic and other agencies connected with these and with many chapels, churches, and missions, are largely manned by the converts of that year. Mr. Moody, before leaving for America, visited Edinburgh, and laid the foundation-stone of new buildings for Carrubber's Close Mission, the site for which adjoins John Knox's house.

A Rival Lecturer in India.—A Missionary recently returned from India mentioned at a London meeting an incident which shows that the more thoughtful classes in that country are awakening to the truths of Christianity. He said: "It was our custom in Masulipatam to have Sunday morning lectures on different aspects of Christianity, attended by 200 or 300 intelligent hearers. Of course this provoked opposition, and after my first lecture *a native barrister* advertised *a rival lecture* for the following Saturday. In a clever speech, he discarded all book revelations. This led to a discussion at the close, and the next day his chairman, who also presided for me, said with much earnestness, 'I wish to take this opportunity of saying that I entirely disagree with the lecture of yesterday. Christianity has its Bible, Mohammedanism its Koran, the Hindoos their Vedas. It is not for us to say that all are alike false, but to read and search in order to know which is the true revelation of God.' He concluded with the wonderfully pathetic and solemn words, 'My friends, we devote far too much time to the consideration of things of this life. Let us devote a little more to the things of eternity.' At the end of the course of lectures, fifteen or twenty persons were found willing and eager to join a class for the study of God's Word."

The Mission of a Shop-Window.—The Window of the Bible Society's depot in Warsaw, Poland, has been made very attractive; it has a mission of its own. A gentleman was one day noticed standing for above half an hour reading all the different passages exposed to view. He then entered to inquire about these "interesting story-books." The depositary was surprised that one who seemed a well-educated gentleman should make the frequent mistake of common people. "You mean a Bible or New Testament?" he asked. "No," he said; "who would think of reading the Bible in the nineteenth century? I mean the interesting books in your window. They remind me of things told me in my youth." A serious conversation followed. This gentleman had attended no divine service for above thirty years. The Bible had become to him like a long-forgotten dream, and he was drawn to it again by the shop-window! Not long afterward he was led by the Holy Spirit to accept Christ as his Saviour.

Losing a Lover for Christ's Sake.—In Connection with the effective ministrations of the Waldensian Mission, nearly five hundred conversions have been secured during the past year, and these mainly from the Church of Rome. A young lady, a catechumen in the church at Turin, Italy, was engaged to a young man, a Roman Catholic, who could offer her a good position in life. Feeling sure of the girl's strong affection, he thought it would be quite easy to induce her to renounce the Gospel, and used by turns entreaties and threats, but all in vain. His betrothed resisted all, saying, "I love you, but I love my Saviour much more." Irritated by a resistance which he did not expect, he offered her the alternative: "If you remain in the Roman Catholic religion in which you were born I will marry you; but if you persist in becoming an evangelical, all is at an end between us." The young girl nobly decided to be a servant of the truth as it is in Jesus, and in her decision showed that like Mary, the friend of Christ, of Bethany, she had chosen the good part which shall not be taken away from her.

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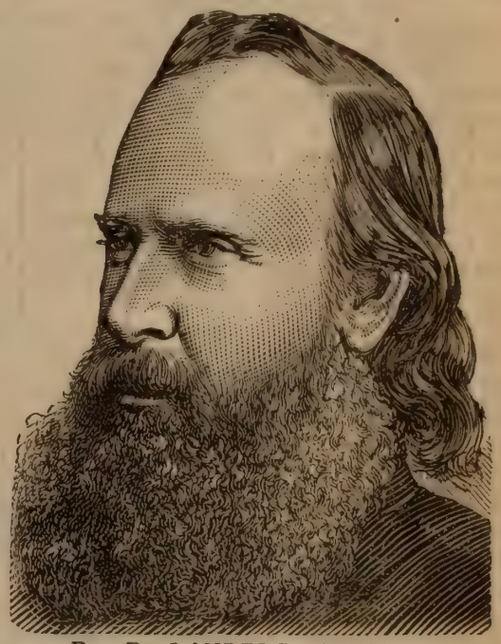

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THE REV. J. P. CHOWN,

President of the Baptist Union of Great Britain.

Born in 1821—First Pastorate at Ravensthorpe in 1844—Enters Horton College in 1846—Becomes Minister of Sion Chapel, Bradford in 1848—Succeeds Dr. Brock at Bloomsbury in 1875—His Popular Personal Qualities—Important Services Rendered—Interest in Temperance Work.

JOSEPH PARBERRY CHOWN, the President of the English Baptist Union, whose name is well known in Baptist churches on this side the Atlantic, is the popular and beloved minister of Bloomsbury Chapel, London. He is now in the sixty-second year of his age, having been *born* in December, 1821, at Kingsthorpe, Northamptonshire, England. At a very early period he devoted himself to Christ as his Saviour and Lord, and his natural gift of oratory, combined with fervent and consistent piety, marked him out distinctively for the work of the Christian ministry.

HIS FIRST PASTORATE.

Without a higher intellectual training than was supplied by a fair school education, and an early love of literature, especially of a poetic and imaginative kind, Mr. Chown, at the age of twenty-three, accepted the pastoral oversight of the Baptist Church, Ravensthorpe, situated about seven miles from his birthplace. At that period Ravensthorpe could not boast of a population far above six hundred people; but, small as it was, it certainly showed the young pastor that he had need of all the intellectual and spiritual strength he could acquire, to discharge the responsible duties belonging to a Christian minister's position.

ENTERS COLLEGE.

Mr. Chown's labors in his first pastorate were very brief, not exceeding a period of two years. The very success of his ministry among the villagers had awakened within him an intense desire for yet higher qualifications of a mental character, and therefore, in the year 1846, he resigned his pastorate to the grief of the people, and entered Horton (now Rawdon) College, Bradford, as a student and a stranger; little imagining that he had actually reached the town where he was destined to spend so many of the most fruitful years of his life.

His college course was brief, but marked with characteristic energy. The ordinary curriculum in those days extended over four years, and Mr. Chown has since regretted that he was not permitted to avail himself of the provision to the fullest extent. In after years he said that he had seriously suffered all his life long through the too-successful importunity of the church of which he became the minister to accept its generous invitation.

SION CHAPEL, BRADFORD.

The Baptist Church at Sion Chapel, Bradford, having been left destitute by the resignation of its esteemed pastor, the Rev. Thomas Pottenger, sought the services of the eloquent Horton student, and in June, 1848, he accepted the pressing call of the Church to become its pastor, and sustained the important charge for *twenty-seven years*. This long period of service came to a close when he removed to London to succeed the late Dr. Brock, at Bloomsbury Chapel, in 1875.

The field of ministerial operations in connection with Bloomsbury Chapel is extensive, its agencies are multifarious, and the labor involved arduous; the minister, therefore, who can there perform successfully the functions of his office must have the advantages of a good natural physique, great bodily vigor, and lengthened experience, as well as power of heart and brain. These advantages Mr. Chown certainly possesses in an eminent degree, as the result of his many years of labor in Bradford proves.

POPULAR PERSONAL QUALITIES.

In addition to his pulpit labors Mr. Chown is exceedingly active and attentive in the discharge of private pastoral labors in which he has shown how true and tender the Christian pastor can be. No public work with him has ever been an excuse for the neglect of the poorest or most obscure in his congregation. He takes a perpetual delight in proving himself to be the friend, the comforter, and the helper of all. In connection, too, with larger and public interests, he has exemplified the truth that a Christian pastor may take his part in the community, not as a priest, but as a man, and while regarding as of paramount importance the spiritual concerns of men, is also mindful of secular interests, and, like his Divine Master, cares for the bodies as well as for the souls of men.

IMPORTANT SERVICES.

Mr. Chown's great power has lain from the first in the pulpit and on the platform. In Bradford he was one of the very few men who, single-handed, could fill the colossal St. George's Hall. Several times he has preached the great anniversary sermons of the Baptist societies, as well as for the London Missionary Society, and the Wesleyan Methodist Society. But, whether before enthusiastic thousands, in the metropolitan pulpit, or away in some rural village, he has always the same message to deliver, in the same frank, manly, energetic style. Jesus the one and only Saviour and salvation by Him alone he proclaims on all occasions. The audience invariably feel that they are in the presence of an earnest man, speaking of living realities; and the power which belongs to the Word of God, so uttered, never fails.

INTEREST IN TEMPERANCE WORK.

Independently of his exacting pulpit labors and numerous pastoral engagements, Mr. Chown has always lent the weight of his influence on the platform and elsewhere to the advancement of the Temperance cause, and in this way, also, has been the means in God's hands of effecting a large amount of good. He has been *an abstainer about forty years*, and takes considerable interest in the work of the Baptist Total Abstinence Society. He was one of the speakers at the special meeting convened by the National Temperance League, and held on February 20th last, in Mr. Spurgeon's Tabernacle, for the purpose of directing "attention to the progress of temperance in English Christian churches of all denominations."

THE REV. WILLIAM LANDELS, D.D.

Born in 1823—Conversion and Early Studies for the Presbyterian Ministry—Becomes a Baptist—Pastoral Charges—Becomes President of the Baptist Union in 1876—Noble Efforts on Behalf of Poor Ministers.

DR. W. LANDELS, whose portrait appears on the preceding page, is an ex-President of the Baptist Union, and is one of the foremost and most deserving men in the Baptist denomination in Great Britain. He has just removed from London to accept an important pastorate in Edinburgh. He is sixty years of age, having been born in 1823 at Eyemouth, in Berwickshire.

Dr. Landels owed little to external advantages in his youth; and the story of his early years would furnish a touching and impressive example of the pursuit of knowledge under difficulties. Having been *converted* to Christ among the Presbyterians in his youth, he felt himself called by God to devote himself to the ministry, and became a student under the Rev. Dr. James Morison, of Kilmarnock, more recently of Glasgow. It was, we believe, before the close of his curriculum at the Theological Hall in Kilmarnock that he was led to believe in the tenets of the Baptist denomination, and at once identified himself with that body, of which he has since become a conspicuous ornament.

PASTORAL CHARGES.

His first pastoral charge was at Cupar-Fife, and so attractive and successful was his early ministry that overtures were frequently made to him from churches in different parts of Great Britain who had heard of his worth and fame. Eventually he was induced to remove to Birmingham, where he became pastor of one of the largest congregations in that important town, the institutions associated with the Circus Chapel flourishing under his genial superintendence. Occasional ministrations in London subsequently led to his being asked to take the oversight of Regent's Park Chapel.

WORK AT REGENT'S PARK.

It was in 1855 that Dr. Landels commenced his work at Regent's Park Chapel, and as the late eminent judge, Sir Robert Lush, who was one of the deacons of the church, stated some little time ago, "No one can estimate the amount of blessing which has radiated from this centre of light and activity." The fact that the late Sir Robert Lush was for years one of the deacons at Regent's Park, and that Principal Angus, of Regent's Park College, one of the members of the New Testament Revised Company, was also a member of the church, is sufficient of itself to establish both the high culture and the superior character of the congregation to which Dr. Landels ministered with the best results for about twenty-seven years.

PRESIDENT OF THE BAPTIST UNION.

In 1876 Dr. Landels was elevated by his brethren to the Presidency of the Baptist Union, and his term of office was distinguished by the most practical piece of work which any Chairman, Moderator, or President has ever accomplished. He canvassed England, and raised the splendid sum of $250,000 as a fund for the sustenance of poor ministers and their widows and orphans. His brethren in the ministry, in the spring of 1877, presented Dr. Landels with a testimonial expressive of their gratitude for his self-denying and most arduous labors in their behalf.

Dr. Landels is the author of many religious volumes, and as a lecturer he has enjoyed a large measure of popularity in England and Scotland. His oration on "The Covenanters" was one of the most eloquent ever heard in Exeter Hall.

"HOW MEN ARE MADE"

is the title of another lecture he delivered, which has probably done more good in the development of mind and character among young men than any other lecture. It has been published, and its circulation is enormous. To students for the ministry, and young men generally, he is a true and stanch friend. His very name is reverenced by the poor, to whom the members of his late church, at Regent's Park, dispensed the fruits of the noble generosity which their minister's words and example evoked.

THE REV. C. H. SPURGEON'S ENCOMIUM.

The Rev. C. H. Spurgeon recently said on the occasion of the presentation ceremonial referred to: "We shall all rejoice to see you spared for many, many years among us. What you have done the ages shall know. You have by your disinterested effort in Christ's name, brought the Baptist denomination into a more thorough unity, for we are never united except we have some grand practical object in view. You have proved that those who lead the way in the larger spheres *do* care for the poorer men."

BIBLE DISTRIBUTION STANDS.

The Origin of the Scheme—The Original Stand at the Great Exhibition of 1862—The Aggregate of Five Months' Work—Growing Success—Illustrations of Good Done: A German Roman Catholic Converted; A Dutch Jew and His Family Baptized; A Frenchman Led to Christ; An Infidel Converted—Transference of the Stand to the Crystal Palace, Sydenham—The Paris Exhibition of 1867—Agents Employed—The Naples Bible Stand in 1871—The Second French Exhibition in 1878—Last Year's Work at the Crystal Palace, Sydenham.

A WORK with which both the ministers, whose lives have been briefly sketched on this page, are in hearty sympathy, is that of Bible Distribution at places to which the travellers of all nations are attracted by exhibitions, artistic and industrial. The scheme originated in the mind of Mr. William Hawke, an earnest Christian, who in 1862, while dwelling on the project of the great exhibition in London, was led to see in it an opportunity to disseminate the good seed of the Kingdom. He promptly sketched a plan upon paper for a Bible stand, from which the Scriptures in different languages might be cir-

culated, and although there was no money that he could command for the furtherance of this work of faith and labor of love, yet he induced two or three gentlemen, together with others who voluntarily contributed, to contribute a necessary fund for starting operations. The work proceeded very quietly, and with God's most manifest blessing. The following small books, chiefly portions of the New Testament, were given away from June 9th to November 1st, 1862: English, 81,806; French, 21,349; German, 13,355; Italian, 11,494; Hebrew, 3625; Spanish, 3555; Swedish, 1991; Dutch, 242; Portuguese, 100; Danish, 101. Also 2,364,000 Scripture cards in seven different languages, and 715,000 leaflets in English.

THE ORIGINAL BIBLE STAND,

which is now in the Crystal Palace, Sydenham, *and is shown on page* 364, is of Gothic design, divided into seven compartments, and over each was painted on gilded glass panels the words "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ and thou shalt be saved and thy house." Beneath each quotation of this passage, which was translated into the different languages, was the name of the country, and above it the flag and arms of the particular nation. In the centre was the flag of England with an open carved Bible, on which was written the texts, "*Thou God seest me,*" and "*Because I live, ye shall live also,*" and over the Bible the quotation "*Search the Scriptures.*" On each side of that standard were those of France, Italy, Germany, Sweden, and then over the compartment farthest on England's right there was a blank, and above that a flag upon which was written in Hebrew the word "Israel," under which, on the gilded panel, was the Gospel promise in Jewish characters. *Israel has no country;* and in the gathering of the nations, the most ancient of them all could only be known by the name which, of old time, God Himself gave them, viz., "Israel." And that one word "Israel" was enough. Without coat of arms, or banner, or name of fatherland, it caught the eyes and hearts of the scattered ones, and drew them to the spot.

MORE THAN TWO THOUSAND JEWS,

from almost every part of the world, called at the Hebrew division of the "Bible Stand," and asked for copies of the Word of Life, and, having received it, many generously contributed their mite toward this Christian effort for their own evangelization. It was pleasing to see how God was by this means employing this extraordinary people as missionary agents—Jews from France, Italy, Germany, Hungary, Holland, Russia, Palestine, Africa, Australia, India, and even from China, took away portions, and in many cases the whole of the New Testament, and thus conveyed them to regions where probably no missionary had ever penetrated. On the facia running from end to end of the "Bible Stand" was the text, "Glory to God in the Highest, on earth, peace, good-will toward men," while on the frontispiece to the covering of the stand was written, in bold gold letters, the text from Revelation, "*Behold He cometh with clouds, and every eye shall see Him; and they also which pierced Him,*" the word "pierced" being in blood red, under which, "*Surely, I come quickly. Even so, Come Lord Jesus.*" Two large flags towered above all, one at each extremity of this covering.

GROWING SUCCESS OF THE WORK.

This work and labor of love increased as it became known, the distribution in August exceeding that of July, September considerably that of August, while October surpassed them all. The Word of Life was received by the foreigners with thankfulness and seeming gratitude, as well as by the English generally; but in many instances, and to the extent of some thousands, the Scripture *cards were torn up* and strewed on the pathway near the stand. Among the many instances of blessing to individuals, the following cases may be mentioned.

INCIDENTS OF THE WORK.

A German Roman Catholic, after much hesitation, came up to the stand and received two separate Gospels; a fortnight after he returned and had another one, and wished to be pointed to a Christian place of worship. He was taken to a German Church in the Strand, and there recommended to a Protestant minister; after this he wrote a letter, in German, saying he was so very happy, for he had found Christ in a foreign country, through the reading of God's precious Word.

A Dutch Jew, after having received the gift of "The New Covenant" for the first time in his life, in a few days returned and said he had been reading it with his wife and two daughters; and they were struck with the beautiful things contained in it, and with the good and holy words which Jesus taught the people, and that he was fully convinced of the truths of Christianity and desired to be baptized.

A Frenchman was found earnestly reading the second chapter of the Book of Revelation under a lamp in the neighborhood of the Haymarket, between ten and eleven o'clock at night, on a leaf which had been torn out from one of the little books, which he picked up. He was presented with a Gospel in French, which he gratefully received, and there was reason to believe he was brought to the knowledge of Jesus as his Saviour.

AN INFIDEL LED TO CHRIST.

A poor woman, once a fallen sister, but brought to Jesus before the opening of the Bible Stand, received a few of the Scripture cards, and gave one of them to *an infidel* friend of hers. The truth upon that card was brought home with saving power to his soul. Soon after receiving it he was taken ill, and when on his death-bed he sent for his sister, and as a last request entreated for that very card to be buried with him in his coffin. He fell asleep in Jesus, and the poor body and card lie quiet together in the grave.

A paper, signed by more than *fifty Italians*, resident in England for many years, was received, offering their grateful acknowledgments for the interest felt in their salvation, as evinced by the gratuitous distribution of the Scriptures among them; and expressing a hope that their brothers might carry back the "Word of God" with them into Italy, and that it might be the means of enlightening their countrymen who were in such gross darkness.

But the International Exhibition has passed away, yet the work of Bible distribution has not ceased; for the Bible Stand, and the distribution of the Word of God to foreigners, in seven different languages, still continues in

THE CRYSTAL PALACE,

Sydenham, and although the distribution of books and cards is much smaller than at the Exhibition of 1862, or any subsequent Exhibitions, yet there is a steady daily application on the part of nearly all the foreign visitors for the "Bread of Life," which they receive with thankfulness and gratitude, expressing, in many instances, their surprise and astonishment that the English people should take so great an interest in their welfare as to give them the Scriptures gratis.

BIBLE STAND AT THE PARIS EXHIBITION OF 1867.

The success, so far exceeding the most sanguine anticipations of those engaged in the work, which attended the distribution of the Word of God at the English Exhibition of 1862, induced Mr. Hawke and his friends to endeavor to obtain and employ a similar opportunity in connection with the Exposition Universelle of 1867. The commodious and picturesque building was in due time erected by the Committee of the Crystal Palace Bible Stand.

The Committee were happy also in the selection of their *agents*, for on their fitness for their work and devotion to it much depended. A pastor from Italy; a student from Germany; a prisoner, for conscience' sake, from Spain; an officer from Russia; a devoted Christian from Sweden; a missionary to the Jews from Algiers; a civil engineer who had labored much in Spain; "an Israelite indeed," from Poland; a medical student from Dublin. These all labored in connection with men of like precious faith, French, Dutch, and English, during the seven months the Exposition lasted. Such were the working bees in this busy hive-like building. Such was the united company of brave soldiers of the Cross of Christ encamped beneath this tent-like roof. (*A picture of the Stand is given on our frontispiece.*)

MARVELLOUS DISTRIBUTION.

These men, officered by Mr. Hawke, gave to the multitudes, sometimes so thronging them on every side as to require a barricade to resist the pressure, upward of *two millions and a quarter* of copies of God's Word; chiefly the Gospels and the Epistle to the Romans, in *seventeen different languages.* The proportion of these as to language was something like the following: 2,000,000 French; 55,000 German; 20,000 Italian; 15,000 Spanish; 10,000 Russian; 7000 Hebrew; 3000 Arabic; 1000 Turkish; 50 Chinese. Not fewer than 80,000 French soldiers received Scriptures and tracts. Many a Spanish soldier, too, carried back to his own land a copy of God's Word, and probably some other Christian book. Thus, in the knapsacks of some of her own army did Spain, whose rulers proscribed and refused all entrance to the Book of Truth, receive that precious gift within her frontiers.

THE NAPLES BIBLE STAND.

In 1871 a Bible Stand, under the same auspices, was erected at the Exhibition at Naples, on which occasion, though the work was exceedingly difficult, and had to be conducted with the most exemplary prudence, no fewer than 141,800 Gospels were distributed. (*A representation of the Stand used is given in the upper portion of our frontispiece.*) In 1878, again, when the *second* French Exhibition was held, Mr. Hawke and his friends, Christian representatives and laborers of different nationalities, once more engaged in the work of giving to the visitors, who would accept them, tidings of the Divine mercy in Christ, in the language in which they were born. The number distributed at this time was 1,411,648 Gospels and portions of Scripture, in twenty-two languages.

LAST YEAR'S WORK AT THE CRYSTAL PALACE.

The year 1882 was one of great activity in the work of distributing the "wonderful words of life." From the Bible Stand, Crystal Palace, there were issued, in fifteen languages, 5501 Gospels, 17 Bibles, 78 New Testaments, and 200,018 Text Books, Cards and Leaflets, not including the *sale* issue, which numbered 823 Bibles, 847 New Testaments, 1928 Portions, and nearly 7000 Text Books, Cards, etc. There were forwarded also from the same centre of hallowed activity thousands of Portions of the Word of Truth to sailors, soldiers, and emigrants in various ports of the United Kingdom, and at fairs and races. In addition to all this, the postal system has been wisely and successfully utilized, and more than 614,000 Portions have been circulated by this and other agencies during the past year, in Belgium, Rome and other centres in Italy, France, Spain, Sierra Leone, and North Africa. The aggregate circulation of the Bible, either whole or in parts, since 1862 to the last day of December, 1882, was no less than 17,928,492. What hath God wrought!

An Interesting Incident Occurred on May 24th at the Baptist Bible Convention assembled at Saratoga, N. Y., when Dr. George Dana Boardman, president of the Missionary Union, presented the society with a gavel. The gavel is made of *sacred wood*, and on one side of the handle is an imbedded stone from the monument erected over the grave of the late Dr. George Dana Boardman, and on the other side is *a piece of wood taken from the cage* in which Dr. Judson was at one time imprisoned in the Burmese Empire. Both relics are appropriately inscribed. The church of which Dr. Boardman is pastor is the one in which the Missionary Union was organized sixty-nine years ago.

GREAT ACCIDENTS.

Dr. Talmage's Sermon, Preached Last Sunday Morning, June 3, 1883.

[Four days after the catastrophe on the Brooklyn Bridge, when twelve persons were trampled to death and forty others injured.]

"Go to now, ye that say, To-day or to-morrow we will go into such a city and continue there a year, and buy and sell, and get gain; whereas ye know not what shall be on the morrow. For what is your life? It is even a vapor that appeareth for a little time and then vanisheth away."—JAMES 4 : 13, 14.

The Eighth Wonder of the World—The Bridges of Antiquity Eclipsed—A Great Tragedy—The Safest Course in a Panic—The Worldly Lesson of the Calamity—Keep Cool—Unfair Abuse—A Pure Accident—The Religious Lesson—A Great Heresy—How to Live Right—A Lesson of Sympathy—The Great Chord of Coming Harmony—Life's Rare Staccato Passages—What is Life?—A Test—An Apprenticeship—A Conflict—Only One White Tent—A Prophecy—A Preparation—A Great Uncertainty—The World not Ruled by an Autocrat—Personal Testimony—The Great Voice—Sympathy and Congratulation.

THE eighth wonder of the world had been built. Multitudes of people either through their own eyes or through vivid description had gazed upon it. People who had been compelled to spend all their lives in these cities and had not seen many of the wonderful sights of the world, had the satisfaction at last of seeing the greatest. Trajan's bridge across the Danube, Xerxes's bridge across the Hellespont, Cæsar's bridge across the Rhine, Darius's bridge across the Bosphorus, Nicoris's bridge across the Euphrates, the *Pons Ælius* across the Tiber seem to be eclipsed by the greater wonder uniting these two great cities. The opening ceremonies had just closed, the roar of the cannon had hardly ceased its reverberation, the two cities had hardly taken off their gay girdle of bunting, when all our hearts are shocked with

A GREAT TRAGEDY.

Twelve lives sacrificed. Forty people reported as wounded. A long roll of casualties that will never be known. A woman stumbles and falls, and there is an outcry, and people imagine there is something the matter with the bridge, and others are impelled by a morbid curiosity, and there is a rush, and a trampling, and a massacre, and a bereavement of many households—fathers and mothers and brothers and sisters pushed out of life in most sudden and horrible manner.

Was there anything the matter with the bridge? No. That stands firm as the eternal hills. The next century will have no power to weaken it. This generation will cross it, and the next, and the next, and the next. In that case, as in nine hundred and ninety-nine cases out of a thousand, there was nothing the matter—absolutely nothing. When will people learn that amid great excitements

THE SAFEST AND THE BEST THING

is to sit or stand still? What a sad thing it is that one fool or one ruffian can turn thousands of people into a herd of buffaloes.

Our deepest commiseration is aroused for the suffering, and our prayers for the bereft. Oh, the sudden reversal from hilarity to heart break. To go out on bright excursion and come home with only part of the family! Some of us know the horror of the contrast. Those people who were sacrificed were in no wise to blame, but they were the victims of a heedless crowd, the victims of a vast number of people rushing there to see what was the matter. So we have seen again and again. A person taken ill in some public assembly—five hundred people rising to see what is the matter. A person carried out—a great crowd gathering around to see what is the matter, until resuscitation is almost an impossibility. Horses running away with a vehicle—who get hurt? Those who jump. Who come off with few scars? Those who sit still. These people trodden under foot by a great crowd of heedless ones rushing ahead to see what is the matter.

There are, in this great calamity, *a worldly side* and a religious side, and the worldly side says:

"KEEP COOL,

don't lose your equilibrium, never go to see what is the matter unless you can be of practical help." If there be a riot on Fulton Street, go down Schermerhorn Street. If people fall on a bridge, walk the other way, and give them an opportunity to get up. Your curiosity will only make things worse. Some say that all this was the result of the work of pickpockets, and others charge it to the incompetency of officials. It was a pure accident, and no precaution could have hindered it. As good and as wise men as there are in these cities gave their entire time to the consideration of the subject for a long while before, and made every reasonable precaution. Curiosity to see what was the matter on the part of a great multitude trampled these poor victims to death.

The tendency at such a time is to blame the bridge trustees, and such blame at this time is especially unfair. After twelve or fourteen years of suffering, of calumny, being charged with taking too long to build the bridge, and too much money to build the bridge, and not liking this, and not liking that, and not liking the other thing, I tell you they need no new instalment of abuse. They did their work grandly, magnificently—did it under all possible discouragements, and were no more to blame for the disaster than you are, or I. Oh, how wise people are after anything has happened. "I told you so!" To hear us talk you would think we were better engineers than Roebling, and that the bridge trustees made the great mistake of their life when they did not call us into their councils.

Who are the critics of these bridge trustees? The people who put their thousands and their tens of thousands of dollars into the enterprise? No. Not one of them made a larger investment than one cent of toll at the gate, and having paid that one cent of toll they think they have bought the right to boss everything. I have my ideas as to how the bridge might be bettered, and there are five hundred thousand people in these cities who have their ideas as to how the bridge might be bettered, and if the Board of Trustees of the Bridge Company would only take all our advice, what a bridge we would have! The present wonder eclipsed by the greater curiosity spanning the East River! My hope is that as those men have had strength given them to endure the abuse which came before the bridge was opened, they will have the strength to endure the abuse that comes after the bridge is opened. The applause of dedication day has its recoil. It is always so. The cry of hosanna always followed by the cry of "crucify Him!"

But this calamity has *a religious side*, and some people immediately say we ought to live as though every day were our last, which is

THE GREAT HERESY

of the age. You put that theory into practice and you will be a nuisance to the world instead of a help to it. Live as though you were to have a long life on earth, laying out all your plans with reference to a long life and the eternity that comes after it. It ought to be *our ambition to live right*, and then we will die right, whether we go through long decadence of our faculties, or through sudden calamity, as did the unfortunates of last Wednesday. Healthy and intelligent Christians do not set grave diggers' spades on their sideboard, nor go worrying about quick transit from this world to the next. You consecrate to Jesus Christ your life and do your best to make people happy, and your death will be a beautiful peroration.

It seems to me there is in this great calamity a good solid

LESSON OF SYMPATHY.

We opened the papers and read the list of the wounded and the dead. The first question in your mind and mine was, "Did we know any of them?" They were all strangers to me, perhaps they were to you, and yet our heart thrilled with sympathy. Their grief our grief, their calamity our calamity. Oh, it is beautiful to see this chord of sympathy running through all human hearts. Mines in Wales fall in upon workmen, and all nations feel the suffocation Prince Albert dies and Queen Victoria has th sympathy of all Christendom. Earthquak rocks down a Mexican city, and all the worl sympathizes. Famine stalks across Ireland and all nations send cargoes of breadstuffs. Ou President lies wounded at Long Branch, an simultaneously people gather at the bulleti boards in Washington, in Savannah, in Ne Orleans, in San Francisco, in Paris, in Londor in Berlin, in St. Petersburg—all nations at onc reading: "Better," "worse," "dying," "dead!

So there is *one great chord* of sympathy run ning through all our hearts, and it is that chor of sympathy which thrilled last Wednesda when we heard of the misfortune, which is ye going to bring all nations into accord, bindin them all together and then binding them to th heart of God. And the ship of war that lie anchored in the harbor will be turned into merchantman, or swing into the navy yard as specimen of barbarous times, to be looked a just as we examine scalping knives or thumb screws. And the great towers that tolled alarn and woe will strike another sound—Scotch kir and American church and mission chapel an great St. Paul thundering tones of Christ's vic tory, and Marsellaise hymn and Bonnie Doo and God save the Queen mingled in one grea doxology, rolling like the surges of the sea, rol ing like the thunders of the sky. "Hallelujah for the Lord God omnipotent reigneth!" Oh it is the chord of sympathy. Paul struck it righ when he said: "Of one blood all nations tha dwell on the face of the earth."

But there is in this great calamity a back ground for the better understanding of th question of my text:

"WHAT IS YOUR LIFE?"

In most of our lives there are *few staccato pa sages*. Most of our days and years are in a mon otone. If you are forty years of age, you hav lived fourteen thousand six hundred days, an without a memorandum you could not give a account of fifty of them. We rise in the morning we breakfast, we go to our occupations, we at tend to the business of our life, we lunch, w dine, we come home, we sleep. Wednesday i a copy of Tuesday and Thursday an echo o Wednesday, and it needs some great arousa some great calamity, some great misfortune t arouse in our soul the question of the text "What is your life?"

Well, if in the presence of this great sorro you press that question, I answer,

LIFE IS A TEST.

Every new ship must have a trial trip. If yo take some one into your employ and a crisi comes where his behavior will make or brea you, you say, "Now, I will test him; now I wi see what is in him." And, my friends, our who life is a test, and we are all on a trial trip. Me angels, devils the spectators. Heaven, eart and hell watching. Every word spoken an every action having ten thousand echoes. Yo are watching me to see if I am faithful or u faithful, I am watching you to see if you a faithful or unfaithful. Every man and woma in solemn, unmistakable, stupendous test.

If you still further press the question of th text, in the presence of this calamity, "What your life," I tell you it is

AN APPRENTICESHIP.

We study eight or ten years and we get o profession. We work five or six years and v get our trade, and then we go forth to the wo of life. But this world is not our worksho Have you any idea that those people who pe ished on the bridge were annihilated? Oh, n They only passed into another state. This wor is to be destroyed, but do you suppose th because this world is to be destroyed all the a fairs of the universe are to stop? How ma hands and feet and eyes are necessary for t carrying out of the business of this world, an how many activities will be required for the bu ness enterprises of eternity? That woman, th Christian woman who is busy taking care of t sick in the back alley will be regnant in a rea

of light and love and joy celestial. That man who this morning could hardly get to church on crutches will be a ministering spirit flying to the furthest outpost of God's dominion. We are only getting ready to work in this world. We are apprentices, and we have to serve our time out. We are students, and we have to get our diplomas. *Death is graduation day.* Death is commencement day.

But if in the presence of this great calamity you still farther press the question of the text, "What is your life?" I tell you it is

A CONFLICT.

Have you not found it so? Struggling, those people were, in the last moment of their life. Their whole life had been a struggle. So has yours. So has mine. There is no person in this life to whom life has been happier than to me, no one who has had more kindness than I have had bestowed upon me, no one who has had better health, no one to whom the world is brighter than this world is to me now, and yet, I have found it a conflict. Is it not so with you, my brother, my sister?

If you have never tried to curb your temper, if you have never tried to subdue your passions, if you have never tried to be better men, better women, then you know not what I mean; but if you have tried to do better, and wanted to be better, and struggled to be better, then you know that Paul was not only graphic but accurate when he described life as war with the world and war with the flesh and war with the devil. It may have been a conflict with yourselves, it may have been a conflict with poverty, it may have been a conflict with higher social position, with an unhappy family name, with the persecutions of the world, but I warrant you life has been to the most of you a hand-to-hand fight. There is only *one peaceful encampment* in this world, and that is the white tent, the white tent of the grave. Life a conflict—so the Bible declares it. Life a conflict—so your own experience ratifies it.

"Must I be carried to the skies
On flowery beds of ease,
While others fought to win the prize
And sailed through bloody seas?"

But if in the presence of this sorrow, this great calamity, you still further press the question of my text, "What is your life?" I answer, it is

A PROPHECY.

What you are now you will in all probability be forever, only on a larger scale. On banks of celestial light walks the consecrated Alfred Cookman. In dungeons of starless night sits John Wilkes Booth. Are all your preferences toward the bad? The probability is they will be so forever. Are your preferences toward the good? Do you want to be better? Do you long after God as an eternal portion? I tell you plainly that you are on the way to grandeurs which no summer night's dream had ever power to depict.

But in the presence of this great calamity you still further press the question of the text, "What is your life?" I answer, it is

A PREPARATION.

If we are going on a long journey we must get ready, we must have a guide-book, we must have apparel. If we are going among dangers we want to be armed. We have all started on a road which has no terminus, and once started we will never come back. *Are we armed?* Have we the robe? Are we ready for the future? When Death shuts the door of the sepulchre the angel of repentance never opens it. "As the tree falls so it must lie." As far as I can understand your case, my brother, your great need is to have your sins pardoned. I know of no way to do that, or have that done except one: "The blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth from all sin," and though you may feel yourself the worst sinner you may by the grace of God become the best saint. "Where sin abounded grace may much more abound."

But if in the presence of this calamity you press the question of my text a step further, and ask me, "What is your life?" I answer, it is

A GREAT UNCERTAINTY.

Of those people who perished on the bridge, there was not one who expected to quit life in that way. Some no doubt had said: "Well, I shall leave the world under this disease, or under that disease." Another person said, "There are so many perils in my style of business, in that way I shall come to the end of my earthly life." Not one ever expected to go in that way, to perish on the bridge, and to every man the step out of this life is a surprise.

I never knew any one to go in the way he expected. You see some one who has been an invalid for twenty-five years, and he always departs suddenly. You hear of some friend who after thirty years of illness has departed, and you say, "Why, is it possible." Our life is struck through with uncertainty. Our friends change, our associations change, our circumstances change, our health changes. All change. We know not how our children will turn out. We do not know what we ourselves may be tempted to do. Better men than you and I, naturally better, have made shipwreck for this life and the life to come. I do not like to hear a man say: "I couldn't have done this, or I couldn't have done that." *Do not have any braggadocio* about this life. If God should let you go you could do anything which is bad. So life is struck through with uncertainty.

But blessed be God there is a rock on which we can stand, the Rock of ages. It is no autocrat at the head of the universe.

MY FATHER IS KING.

Though the mountains may depart and the hills remove, His kindness and His love and His grace will fail us never, never. In that hope I have lived over thirty years, and though I should be very sorry to think that there is in this house any one who has been more unworthy than I have been, still I know enough of this religion to commend it to all the people. And I tell you that the grandest and the lovingest and the best friend a man ever had is Jesus Christ. I know Him. He has never betrayed me and He will never betray you.

But do not take my testimony. Take the testimony of those who have been long in the Christian service. Ask those who are in the very evening of their life when Christ betrayed them, by what sick bed, in what dark passage, in what awful crisis. Just ask them. They will tell you, "When I was sick the best physician was Christ, and when I took the last kiss from lips that never again could speak to me, and when I stood by a grave so deep it buried all, Christ was my comforter." And those persons would go on and give you testimony that their brightest anticipation of the future is the presence of Him whom having not seen they love, and in whom believing they rejoice with joy unspeakable and full of glory.

Oh, my friends, is life a test, make it a successful experiment; is life an apprenticeship, make it an industrious one; is life a conflict, fight the brave fight; is life a prophecy, let it foretell glorious results; is life a preparation, make sure work; is life a great uncertainty, get the divine insurance. You say, "I will do this," and "I will do that," and "I will go into the city and get great gain there, as you know not what shall be on the morrow; for what is your life? it is even a vapor that appeareth for a little time and then—vanisheth away."

THE STOUTEST VOICE

that comes from that calamity says: "Be ye also ready." Your first, your second, your hundredth, your thousandth, your last necessity is a heart changed by the converting grace of God. I do not think that cowardice is a characteristic of my nature, but I tell you plainly that I would not dare to take another step in life, I would not dare to pass down the street, I would not dare to cross that river, I would not dare to live another hour did I not feel that whatever happens to my body my immortal soul shall go free. Choose God for your eternal portion. The air is full of perils. Perils flying this way, perils flying that, perils above, perils beneath, perils on all sides. Oh, you want God's protection as a canopy and marshalled around you like an armed host.

And oh, you men and women of God, take congratulation this morning that the revolution of the days and years is bringing you toward your last hour of earth and your first hour of heaven. Waking, sleeping, your heart is beating the double quick step of an immortal spirit. See you not through the fogs and mists of earth looming up the shore on which the white robed walk? and hear you not coming across the waters the sound of harps that never felt the twang of woe, and the trumpets pouring forth the victory of uncounted multitudes? See you not the trees of life and resting under them the toil-worn of earth looking down toward you, ready to shout at your coming amid the rustling of palms and the clang of towers, "Hail, hail, hail!" Sympathy for those who stay. Congratulation for those who go.

A Modern Moses is the Title Given by the Kentucky newspapers to a child found during the recent floods. It appears that a man who was rowing around in search of wreckage saw a cradle floating on the surface of the water, and on rowing up to it was surprised to find a beautiful infant, about three months old, gazing up at the sky in open-mouthed wonder. The little waif was comfortably and warmly dressed, and had not received the slightest harm. It was taken care of by the finder to await the discovery of the parents. If when this "modern Moses" grows to years of discretion he is moved by God to follow the example of the great deliverer, he will find no lack of opportunity. Wherever he may be placed he will find men groaning under the bondage of strong drink and other vices, and who need to be led under God's guidance to the land of promise (Rom. 10 : 59).

An Early Acquaintance of President Arthur died recently. In recording the death of Mrs. Betsey Sherman, at the age of eighty-two years, the St. Albans (Vt.) *Messenger* says that she used to teach school in Fairfield, that State, and had a distinct recollection of President Arthur's father, as he used to come, leading his little son Chester by the hand, on Sundays and preach in the school-house where she first taught school. In her last year it was very pleasant to her to remember the fact of seeing the bright and playful boy at meeting, who, in after years, became her President. Probably she would have been incredulous in those days had any one told her that the boy she knew would one day hold the highest office on earth, but she lived to see it. So it will be in the last great day, numbers of those of whom little account was taken on earth will be welcome by the great Judge, and highly placed to the surprise of those who despised them here. (James 2 : 5.)

A Solemn Scene in a Swamp was described recently at a public meeting in London by a missionary recently returned from India. Speaking of the "Noble High School" and the District Mission Schools of Masulipatam, India, he said: "I wish I could convey to you some idea of the influence which a mission-school of this character has throughout the whole district as being a centre for information. Let me tell you one story by way of illustration. Two of our pupils came to me and said, 'There is a young man in the village near this who wants to know more of the Gospel.' I asked what were the circumstances, and I found that he had received a tract in some chance manner, and was anxious to know more about that which the tract contained. He at once instinctively appealed to two pupils in our schools. The very position of having to be teachers created in them a greater interest than ever they had shown before I gave them portions of Scripture and tracts. They afterward reported that all one Sunday night they had sat up reading the Gospel, and as morning dawned they had retired to a swamp in a neighboring village where they would not be observed, and prayed to God to lead them all three into the light."

OUR BOY JACK.

A Temperance Story by Rev. Charles Courtenay.

IN TWO PARTS—PART II.

IT was the first real trouble Tom and Bridget had had since their marriage. Things had mostly gone smoothly with them until now. Oh, it was a terrible, terrible blow.

Neither did it lessen the force of the blow that they had themselves to blame for it, and that they had helped to mix the bitter cup with their own hands.

At first they did not realize their own guilt, and thought it hard that they should be called upon to bear such a heavy burden. But a little thought on the subject, a little tracing of the ugly torrent to its source, convinced them that they had only too much to do with it.

Bridget was the first to discover the fact.

"D'ye think, Tom," she asked, "we've trained him wrong?"

Tom answered with a heavy sigh, fetched up from deeper depths than ever sigh of his had come before.

"Lass, it's just wat I'm thinkin', we've been and made a rare mess of it."

"If we could only train him over again!" said Tom wistfully.

"Aye, if we only could!" replied Bridget.

Poor things! Their hearts were sadly torn and weary, the world had become so dark to them. There was scarcely a more miserable couple on earth.

"I wish we'd got somebody to give us a helping hand," said Bridget after a long and busy silence. "I'd like to do something, if I only knew what."

Tom suggested asking their neighbor, who seemed a man to be depended on. "Besides," as he remarked, "he's the father of a family as have turned out well, and all boys too."

The next evening Tom and Bridget found themselves in their neighbor's house. Bridget was spokeswoman, and told her story with not a few tears, ending up with—

"Please help us. We don't know what to do, we're that upset." And Tom nodded his head in confirmation of his wife's request.

"Well, neighbors," said Robert Jackson, for that was his name, "your duty's plain, at least *I* think so, and as you've come for a bit of advice, I can only tell you what I thinks straight out. I don't want to harry up your feelin's, but 'tis plain as a pikestaff that if father and mother had been a little better eddicated in the temperance line that lad of yours would have had a better chance. He's never had a fair chance, hasn't that chap of yours. Now, look here, you jest turn Teetotaler, both of ye, and be quick about it. He'll have plenty o' temptation out o' doors without having it at home too."

At this piece of plain speaking Tom and Bridget looked at each other with an exceedingly surprised expression on their countenances. Such advice they had never dreamed of. They certainly did not relish it.

"What d'ye mean to say *you loves yer beer more than yer boy?*" said their neighbor in a tone which said even more than his words.

There was evidently a struggle going on, for Bridget fidgetted with her toe, and Tom twirled his hat with great energy. At length Bridget spoke out, and declared her intention to have done with the beer for her boy's sake, while Tom, who was always not a little swayed by his wife's example, became suddenly and emphatically converted to her new way of thinking, and said:

"I'd give my right arm to save that boy o' mine. And I'll give up beer, every drop of it."

"That's right," said his neighbor, "depend upon it. You've done what's right, and if you ever regret it, why I'll take to drinking myself. I can't put it stronger than that, can I?"

That very night they began their Temperance course, and signed the pledge in their neighbors' kitchen.

Bridget and Tom Searle never knew how little respect Jack had for their authority until they tried to make him a Teetotaler. The young man had been so petted and fondled, and his wishes so respected, that he was master.

"Be a Teetotaler! Not I. I'd be hung first," was his blunt reply.

"But we are, dear Jack; we're never going to touch it no more."

"More fools you!" was the rejoinder.

They had made their bed and were lying on it. They had pickled the rod for their own shoulders.

"It's my opinion," said their Teetotal neighbor in his own blunt way, "that you've shut the door after the steed 's stolen. I don't want to go and throw it into your teeth, but if you'd only set him your Teetotal lesson afore, rather than arter, things would have been a goodish bit different now. Howsoever we'll all have a try. A good pull altogether will do no harm any ways.

"You know," he continued, "I've got great faith in prayer. I'm what my mates call a religious man; and if that boy o'yourn is to be laid hold of, *the Lord can do it* better nor we."

"You're right, neighbor," said Tom; "you've hit the right nail on the head there, neighbor."

"Well now, we'll have a right good prayer jest here, on this very spot."

Down on their knees, on the clean kitchen floor, they all went, and very simply and earnestly the whole trouble was poured into the loving Father's ear.

"And now," said Robert Jackson, "we'll all put our shoulder to the wheel and push. Praying without working ain't right nohow. The Lord'll help those who help themselves, *I* find."

The plan the neighbor had proposed was that his lads should somehow gain Jack's confidence, and so by degrees get an influence over him, and by God's blessing land him safe and sound on the side of temperance.

Well, for many months not a single step did they seem to gain. A more wilful, obstinate young customer never walked in shoe leather. Indeed, so difficult a patient did he prove that nearly everybody was in despair about him.

But the longest lane has its turning, and even Jack Searle was conquered in time, though not quite in the way they expected.

It happened thus. His mother was one day, with but little warning, struck down with illness. It seemed even to the doctor a sickness unto death, and he hinted as much to the husband and the son. Still, there was a measure of hope.

"If only her mind could be easier I don't say that she wouldn't recover," the doctor said. "But low spirits will destroy every particle of chance."

And now how father and son tried to look cheerful and to speak hopefully; never men tried harder. All the force of their love was up in arms, for even Jack's heart at the bottom was a very tender one toward his mother.

But it seemed of no avail. She kept steadily sinking, in spite of all their efforts. She was going fast, they felt sure. What would not Jack give to undo his bad past! He had been only too bad a son. Had he treated her as a son should? Had he shielded her from pain and sorrow? Had he made any returns for her love? Alas! conscience told him only too plainly that he had been a cruel, selfish, wayward son.

"Mother, mother," he said, "forgive me. Say you forgive me before you die."

And she smiled sweetly on him, kissed him, and called him her darling boy.

Poor Jack could not stand it. He hurried from the room, and sitting down by the kitchen fire gave himself up to uncontrollable grief. Presently he felt a hand upon his shoulder. Looking up, he saw their neighbor, who said—

"Jack, lad, have ye told her that you're going to give up the drink and sign the pledge?"

In a moment Jack was in his mother's room to tell her that he was going to break with the drink altogether, and that he would go into their neighbor's and sign the pledge.

Oh, you should have seen the joy that lit up her face. You should have heard the fervent "Thank God!" which issued from her pale lips.

And all that day she was thanking God who had so mercifully heard her prayers.

Later on the doctor came, and as soon as he saw his patient he said,

"Why, what's happened? Something has happened. What is it?"

The patient herself answered his question—

"*My boy's turned Teetotal.*"

"Yes," said the doctor, "and I hope has saved his mother's life. You've taken a decided turn for the better."

The doctor was right. She did begin to mend from that very day, and before long was herself again.

It will require but a short chapter to tell the rest of the story about "our boy Jack."

From that time he cut the acquaintance of strong drink for good. And never to the very end of his life would he touch it. He gave his heart to the Lord too, and became an earnest Christian. Yes, and Jack began to work at his old trade in good earnest, never again giving his master cause for complaint. Indeed, before long, he became the best workman in the shop. He had become a man to be depended upon.

OLD TESTAMENT LIGHT ON NEW TESTAMENT PROPHECY.

By Rev. Richard Chester.

The Opening of the Seals — What is the Interpretation?—Past Historical Events not of Sufficient Fulfilment—The "Four Horns" and the "Four Carpenters" of Zechariah—Correspondence of Zechariah with Revelation—Three Seals not Referred to—The Man-Child Symbolized in Zechariah—Comparison with Revelation—The Futurist System of Interpretation.

THERE is no portion of the Apocalypse upon our right apprehension and interpretation of which that of the entire book must depend more than upon

THE OPENING OF THE SEALS

in chapter 6. Have these seals been already opened? Did the opening of these seals actually and altogether consist in a symbolical representation being thereby vouchsafed to the Apostle John of events which the visions made in each seal to pass before his eyes were intended to symbolize, and which, having long since taken place, are now matters of history? If so, then the historical mode of interpreting the Apocalypse as the true and consistent one, has, so far firm ground upon which to stand.

Or is the opening of the seven seals, as prefigured in vision to John, and by him recorded and handed down to us, a yet altogether *future* event? Does it thus set before us a wonderfully solemn and glorious scene, which shall yet be witnessed in all its stupendous reality, in heaven, by the raptured saints as represented by the twenty-four elders of chapter 5, and also by the innumerable company of angels, when He who has redeemed this earth from the destroying power of the evil one, shall at length come forth to take possession of His ransomed inheritance, and, previous to so doing, shall establish His right to do so, by receiving from His Father's hand the title-deeds of that inheritance and then publicly opening them, seal after seal in the presence of the vast assemblage—the opening of each seal being accompanied by a corresponding judgment, war, famine, pestilence, etc., inflicted upon and "destroying them that destroy the earth." See Jeremiah chapter 32. If so, the futurist mode of interpretation, as a true, if not the only true one, cannot well be called in question.

WHAT IS THE INTERPRETATION?

As a help toward decision upon these important points, it cannot be amiss to turn back to Old Testament prophecy, and see if we may not get some amount of light and guidance therefrom. And, first, that the opening of the seal upon the seven-sealed roll, does not merely signify a divulgence to the Apostle John, and through him to us, as historical interpreter usually assume, of the prophetic contents of the

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Book of Revelation, becomes, as it seems to me, most manifest when we look at the prophetic Book of Daniel, which we find he was expressly commanded "to seal, even to the time of the end." (Daniel 12 : 4-9.) Yet the contents of the Book of Daniel are nevertheless, and have ever been, just as widely divulged and promulgated as are those of Revelation.

The sealed prophecy in the one instance and the prophecy whose seals have been broken in the other instance have been equally circulated and made known, and their respective contents have been long, and are at this present moment equally the subjects of study, and commentary, and interpretation, throughout the length and breadth of professing Christendom. Surely there can be no clearer proof than this, that some other signification than that of the revealing and opening out of the prophetic contents of the Book of Revelation must be sought for as a correct and full interpretation of the opening of the seven seals.

PAST HISTORICAL EVENTS.

But it further seems to me that conclusive evidence that the occurrences symbolically seen by the Apostle John to take place at the successive opening of these seals have not received at all events their exhaustive fulfilment in any of the past historical events adduced as so fulfilling them by our exclusively historical interpreters, but that they are yet finally to be fulfilled in the wars, famines, pestilences, and other judgments which they so evidently seem to portend, and which our blessed Lord has so plainly foretold as the precursors of His Advent, may be gathered by a comparison of Rev. 6 with Zechariah chapter 1 : 7-21, and chapter 6 : 1-7.

In the former of these two passages we read, verse 8, of "horses, red, speckled," or, as rendered in the margin, "bay" and "white," a vision so far very closely resembling that of the opening of the first four seals of Rev. 6 : 1-8. From the explanation of this vision, given by the angel, Zech. 1 : 9-21, we learn that these horses represent judgments, or rather the spiritual agencies employed for the infliction of judgments sent by the Lord "to walk to and fro throughout the earth," a further feature of striking similitude between this vision and that of the opening of the seals in Rev. 6 : 1-8, while verses 16, 17 connect these judgments with the "return of the mercies of the Lord to Jerusalem," and the rebuilding of its temple.

THE "FOUR HORNS," AND "FOUR CARPENTERS."

In verses 18-21 we find a further vision of "four horns" and "four carpenters," with the angel's explanation that these four horns represent the four kingdoms or powers of the Gentiles "which have scattered Judah," and that these four carpenters represent the judgments by which these four powers are to be utterly overcome and destroyed. So much for the vision of Zech. 1. In chapter 6 we read of another vision of four chariots, the first with red horses, the second with black, the third with white, and the fourth with grisled and bay horses. To the query "what are these?" verse 4, we read the angel's answer that they are "the four spirits" (or "winds," margin) "of the heavens, which go forth from standing before the Lord of all the earth," while in verse 7 we read the charge, precisely similar to that of chapter 1, verse 10, "to walk to and fro through the earth," given to some of these. Then, in verse 8, we read that those of the chariots and horses who have gone to "the north country" have "quieted the Lord's Spirit," that is (as is evident from a comparison of the passage with Ezekiel 16 : 41, 42) have appeased His righteous indignation by the judgments which they have inflicted. Finally, we learn from verses 10-15 of the same chapter, that all this infliction of judgment through the instrumentality of these four spirits is (as in the former instance) in immediate connection with, and in immediate precedence of, blessing to the Jewish people and to Jerusalem, as also of the rebuilding of the temple and of the Advent and the kingdom of the Lord Jesus Christ.

CORRESPONDENCE OF THE VISIONS.

Now that these two visions of Zech., chapter 1 : 7-21, and the further vision of chapter 6, all refer to judgments yet to be poured out upon this earth; and to be so poured out as precursors of blessing to Israel, and of the coming of the kingdom of the Lord, at whose Advent these blessings are to be bestowed, can scarcely be questioned by any intelligent and unprejudiced student of God's sure prophetic Word. The four horns of Zech. 1 : 18-21 representing, as we are expressly told, the four Gentile powers, which have scattered Judah, are unquestionably identical with the four Gentile empires of Daniel, the Babylonian, Medo-Persian, Grecian, and Roman, by which the scattering of the once supreme power of the Jewish nation has been, as we all know, effected and maintained.

The "four carpenters"—evidently corresponding with the judgment horses and chariots of chapters 1 : 7-21 and 6 : 1-7, no less manifestly represent the agencies by which these empires, in their then existing representatives, shall be wasted and overthrown, to make way for the return of the kingdom to Judah and Jerusalem, and of the "one Lord who shall be king over all the earth."

The further correspondence of these visions with the opening of the first four seals in Rev. 6 : 1-8, is surely indicated with sufficient clearness by the significant colors of the horses, which are common to them all, white-red-pale, or grisled and black. While the language of Rev. 6 descriptive of the riders of these horses would seem to leave no room for doubt as to the nature of the judgments—namely, those of war, famine, pestilence, and subsequently earthquakes, great signs and fearful sights from heaven. (Rev. 6 : 12-14.) And the fact that the Lord Himself, Matt. 24 : 6-8, predicts these very judgments, and in the exact order in which we find them thus symbolized in Zechariah and Revelation, as the near precursors of His Advent, would seem to preclude the possibility of any doubt or controversy upon the subject.

THE THREE REMAINING SEALS.

It may be objected, indeed, that we only so far account for four out of the seven seals of the Book of Revelation as having corresponding symbols in these visions of Zechariah, and that there being nothing in these visions to correspond with the last three seals is a sufficient reason for calling in question the existence of any real parallelism between the two prophecies. To this, however, it may be replied that it is only the first four of the seven seals of Revelation (with the exception of the sixth, which we shall notice presently) that can, properly speaking, be regarded as judgment seals, and with which accordingly the four horses and four carpenters of Zechariah do unquestionably correspond.

The opening of the fifth seal is accompanied only by the cry of the souls of the martyrs from under the altar for the infliction of a judgment which they are told must for a little season be delayed. The opening of the seventh seal has no distinctive feature immediately connected with it, but that of "silence in heaven for the space of half an hour," while the judgments pertaining to the opening of the sixth seal are manifestly those of a period of "the day of the Lord," altogether further on, and nearer to its climax than are those of the wars, famines, and pestilences of the first four seals which are specified by our blessed Lord as being but "the *beginnings* of sorrows." Any representation of such judgments would therefore have been out of time and place in the visions and symbols of Zech. 1 and 6.

FURTHER ACCORDANCE.

How the sequel of the Book of Zechariah, in its predictions of the restoration and conversion of the Jewish people—the trials through which they shall have to pass—the last siege and the deliverance of Jerusalem—the Advent of the Lord with all His saints in judgment to the Mount of Olives, and the consequent glorious Millennium—how all this accords with the teaching of the Book of Revelation throughout, cannot but be evident to every unprejudiced student of prophecy who is at all in the habit of "comparing spiritual things with spiritual."

I should like, ere concluding, to notice the remarkable agreement between Zechariah chapter 2 and Revelation chapter 11, in the measuring of Jerusalem which is common to both. Also, and especially, the correspondence, not so patent, but, I feel persuaded, not less real, between Zech. chapter 3 and Rev. chapter 12. In the former chapter, Joshua the High Priest—the representative of the believing portion of the Jewish people is shown in vision to the prophet, verse 1, "standing before the angel of the Lord," whom verse 2 indicates as the Lord Himself. Satan is further shown "standing at his right hand to resist him"—a position from which he is repelled by the angel. Joshua is then accepted before the Lord. His "filthy garments," and the "iniquity" of which they were the fitting emblem and expression, are made "to pass from him." He is clothed with "change of raiment." A "fair mitre" is set upon his head, and "charge" is given unto him, "to judge the Lord's house and to keep His courts."

THE "MAN-CHILD."

He is further told, verse 8, that he and "his fellows who sit before him are men wondered at" (compare Isaiah 8 : 18, Hebrews 2 : 13) and that the not yet accomplished removal of the iniquity of the land of Israel will be effected "in one day." Again when we turn to chapter 6 : 10-14, we find that "crowns" are to be set upon the heads of Joshua and his fellows, and that he is to "sit and rule upon his throne, and he shall be a priest upon his throne." We find in Revelation 12 "a Man-child caught up to God and to His throne"—corresponding so far with Joshua as here represented standing before the angel of the Lord. We find there Satan, "the accuser of the brethren," in deadly hostility to this Man-child, but overcome and cast down from heaven to earth as the result of this hostility. We find here Satan in like manner standing before the Lord at Joshua's right hand to resist him; but silenced and overcome as in Revelation 12.

Now if the Man-child of Rev. 12 is to be regarded as solely representing the Lord Jesus Christ ascended into the heavens, as some interpreters affirm; or as representing the visible Christian Church exalted into political power, as taught by others, it were not easy to establish any parallelism, or any correspondence, whatsoever between Zech. 3 and Rev. 12. But if the Man-child represents, as is the belief of many students of prophecy, the entire body of "the dead in Christ" raised, and the living in Christ who shall be changed, and both together caught up to meet Him in the air—or if, as I have suggested in the article above referred to—he is to be rather regarded as a portion of the Jewish people—of "the remnant according to the election of grace" incorporated by conversion to Christ into the Church of this dispensation—and thus "brought forth"—"born again," and then, "caught up to God and to His throne," in the rapture of the risen and living saints of 1 Thess. 4—then, in either of these cases, I submit that this vision of Zechariah 3 corresponds.

We have in it the position consequent upon the rapture, "standing before the Lord." We have also the resistance and defeat of Satan. We have further, in fuller confirmation of this view, the acceptance, the change of raiment, the crowning, and the assignment of authority both kingly and priestly (compare Rev. 5 : 10, "Thou hast made us unto our God kings and priests")—all constituting features of resemblance between the two visions apparently far too marked and striking to be accounted for by mere coincidence, or to lead to any conclusion short of identity between them. If so, the prophecies of Zechariah may surely be regarded and studied as shedding no small amount of light upon those of St. John, and as affording no trivial confirmation of the correctness of their futurist interpretation.

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CURRENT EVENTS.

The Shocking Calamity Which Occurred on Decoration Day on the Brooklyn Bridge, has sent a thrill of horror through both cities. The day being a legal holiday, a crowd, variously estimated at from fifteen to twenty thousand people passed the gates. They moved easily in two streams, each taking the right hand side of the roadway, so that there was no difficulty in the column walking from New York passing the one from Brooklyn. There was, however, a little pressure at the points where the roadway narrows to allow the cables to pass through the flooring; but no apprehension was felt of any disaster resulting. About four o'clock, when the people were returning from the cemeteries, there was a great crowd on the steps which lead from the anchorage on the New York side to the floor of the bridge itself. These steps are fourteen in number; they are in two flights, and their aggregate height is nine feet. Here the crowd mingled, and those ascending were pushed by the people descending. In the confusion a woman fell down the steps with a scream, and another woman at the top of the steps, who saw her fall, also screamed. Then a policeman mounted the low wall and called to the people to keep back. A panic at once ensued. People thought the bridge was falling, and rushed forward with headlong speed. The woman who had fallen raised herself on her hands, but the crowd rushed down the steps upon her, pushing, fighting, struggling like maniacs. She fell forward again, and people who did not see the steps, or who were forced down them by the irresistible pressure in the rear, stumbled over her and fell, until there were more than forty prostrate bodies at the foot of the steps, and the stream of people continued its mad career trampling on the fallen. At last two workmen knocked away the barrier between the foot road and the rail-track, and placed planks on which the throng could pass to the roadway for wagons, and thus the pressure was relieved. Then the work of raising the fallen commenced. Forty persons, injured more or less seriously, were lifted up and placed on passing wagons and carried to the hospitals. *Twelve dead bodies* trampled almost beyond recognition were taken from the pile of throbbing flesh and blood and removed to the police station. Then the bridge presented a ghastly spectacle. The flooring and the stone work were spattered with blood, and little pools of it lay here and there testifying to the awful character of the struggle. It looked like a battle-field on which the fallen had been the weak and helpless. The dead were four men and a boy of thirteen, six women and a girl about fifteen years old. The latest reports of the injured encourage the hope that they will all recover.

The Responsibility for the Appalling Disaster will have to be settled by the coroner's jury, but the statements of survivors of the calamity all prove that there was negligence on the part of those responsible for the management. When the crushing commenced there was no one present to check it, and crowds were still passing in at both entrances to the bridge at the rate of a hundred a minute, and were still allowed to pass and increase the danger even after the toll-takers were informed of what was occurring. Then a gang of pickpockets were at work, and purposely increased the jam in order to put in their work. A group of stupid young men formed themselves into a wedge-like column, and proclaiming their ability to "*go through anything*," fought and pushed, reckless of the harm they did. It would be a good thing if those fellows, who think they are able to go through anything, could be found now and given an opportunity to exercise their talents in the penitentiary. These facts show that had a few experienced policemen been placed on the bridge there would have been no lives lost; but the trustees had no police worthy of the name there.

A Raging Flood Passed through Council Bluffs, Iowa, on Friday night, June 1st. It commenced with a heavy rain storm of uncommon violence. Indian Creek, which runs through the centre of the city, rose rapidly and overflowed the streets. A block away from the banks it was waist deep, and it rose so suddenly that it was with difficulty passengers escaped with their lives. Cries for help could be heard in every direction, but the swiftness of the current rendered assistance impossible. Many business men found it impossible to reach their homes, and a number narrowly escaped death from drowning while endeavoring to do so. A press telegram from the city says: "All the bridges as far down as Eighth Street are gone, including two stone bridges, which alone cost nearly $20,000. Hundreds of families living adjacent to the creek were driven from their homes, and many houses were more or less damaged. In many cases the furniture in the houses is a total loss. A number of *houses were dashed to pieces* as they floated off. One heavy iron bridge, with a fifty-foot span, was carried bodily a distance of more than two blocks, and its heavy iron girders and stringers were bent and warped as if they had been mere wire ropes." The Mayor has received offers of asistance from other cities, but thinks that the liberal contributions of the citizens will suffice to take care of the sufferers.

An Order Issued last Week by Postmaster-General Gresham will, it is hoped, lead to a much-needed reform in the post-offices throughout the Union. It has probably been suggested by the recent disclosures of the negligence of postmasters appointed in Virginia through the influence of Senator Mahone, some of whom have done no duty at all, but left their offices to be managed by incompetent clerks. The following is the order which, if obeyed, will remedy the abuse in Virginia and elsewhere: "Postmasters at first and second class offices will hereafter give their personal attention to the business of their offices and not absent themselves therefrom without authority granted upon written application to this Department. A violation of this order will be deemed sufficient cause for removal."

Colonel Ingersoll's Appeal to the Sympathy of the Star Route jury received a crushing rejoinder last week from Mr. Merrick at the opening of his speech for the government. He said, Colonel Ingersoll's appeals to them not to ruin the defendants were temptations held out to beckon on to infamy and disgrace. The scales of justice must contain nothing but the cold and naked facts, and the rules of law as given by the court. In that way only could the jury discharge with honor and satisfaction to their consciences the duty imposed upon them by the law of the land. It was true that there was no spectacle more solemn than the human being wrecked, or the blackened home, but what wrecked the man and blackened the home? *Not the verdict of the jury, but the commission of the crime.* By a verdict speaking their sympathies and not their judgment, the jury would commit a crime, and give to their consciences a ceaseless and eternal reproach. There have been many cases tried lately, notably those of homicide, in which the juries appear to have lost sight of this view of their duty.

The Question of Free-Trade as the Chief Po-litical issue in the next campaign was a short time ago regarded as inevitable. It was so treated by newspaper editors in all the great cities and in both the great parties. It is remarkable that the recent conventions in Kentucky should have effectually disposed of the issue. There is a general unanimity witnessed since the conventions in considering the subject indefinitely postponed. If the political prophets are right in their recent predictions the election will be contested, not on principles nor on any proposed change of financial policy, but on the merits of the respective parties.

Timely Words were Uttered in the General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church (North) at Saratoga, N. Y., last week, on the subject of biblical criticism. Dr. Crosby, speaking for the Committee on the Higher Criticism, said: "The denial of the authenticity or truthfulness of the Holy Scriptures is a denial of their inspiration, and any teaching that suggests such denial should be not only carefully avoided but studiously repelled. The Assembly would not discourage the full use of all light in critical study, nor does it assume that any erroneous teaching is welcomed or offered within the bounds of the church, but it would warn all pastors and teachers of the danger to young and inexperienced minds in the free use of crude theories and unproved speculations on the part of religious instructors, and would remind them of the paramount importance of sustaining in positive doctrine the authenticity, integrity, truthfulness and inspiration of the Holy Scriptures against the unsanctified learning by which an unbelieving world, through nominally Christian channels, assaults the church of God."

Seventeen Dollars have been Received at the Office of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD in aid of the fund for sending the paper to the colored ministers of the South. It was sent in two separate sums of fifteen and two dollars, and seventeen ministers' names have accordingly been added to the mailing list, and a statement of the names forwarded to the subscribers. *Our thanks are due to our friends* in all parts of the country for their exertions in making the paper known in their localities. They will be pleased to learn that the circulation of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD has *largely increased* since the commencement of the year, and its list is now higher than at any time since it was established. There are some towns, however, in which only one or two copies are taken; if our subscribers there would show the paper to their friends they might be the means of extending the circulation still more widely. Letters reach us almost every day informing us of conversions which have resulted from the blessing of God on the reading of the paper, and expressing the gratitude of the writers that THE CHRISTIAN HERALD was placed in their hands.

The Remarkable Sequel to a Dream is Related in the Boston *Globe*. It appears that a relative of the late Marshall Jewell residing in Boston had a dream recently, in which she distinctly saw an undertaker drive up to her residence with a hearse. He was a peculiar looking man. His queerly shaped nose, which looked as if it had been broken and was twisted to one side, gave his countenance an expression which would have made identification easy and certain. He came directly toward her, and, as he said, "*Are you all ready?*" she suddenly awoke. The dream seemed a peculiar one, but did not attract very much attention in the household, until a few days or a week later, it was repeated with exactly the same characteristics, down to the "Are you all ready?" and the awakening. Some little time afterward the young lady was visiting in Cincinnati and went to an apartment hotel to call upon a friend. She stepped into the elevator with others, and was startled to hear "Are you ready?" from the man in charge. She was still more startled on looking around and beholding the exact picture of the man of the dream, even to the misshapen nose. It made such an impression upon her mind that she requested to be let out of the elevator at the first landing. She stepped out, and the other occupants went out at the next landing, and the man remained. The elevator machinery gave out; suddenly the car went up, and then down, and the man was instantly killed. The strange coincidence it is not easy to explain, but the question heard in the dream and in the elevator was one that it would be well for every man to ask himself. The case of those who neglect its consideration will be deplorable indeed (Luke 12 : 40).

The Burial of a Dog in a Family Lot at Greenwood Cemetery attracted much notice recently, owing to the costliness of the coffin used and the deep grief of the two ladies who followed as mourners. The circumstances are explained by a correspondent of the New York *Tribune*. He states that during life the two ladies displayed warm affection for the dog, which was a noble Newfoundland, evidently aged and infirm. For some years past they have been seen passing daily through Ninth Street to Prospect Park with the animal, which usually walked slowly and painfully between them. They often stopped for the dog to rest, only moving when he evinced his desire to proceed. They were permitted to bathe him in the Park lakes. Inquiry revealed that several years ago, the ladies, mother and daughter, were wrecked on the Jersey coast. While being transferred with the dog from the ship to the beach the boat was capsized. *The dog rescued the daughter* and, returning through the surf, aided the Life Saving crew in bringing the half-drowned mother ashore. That fact explains the devotion of the two grateful ladies to the animal in old age and after death. Every one who hears of the rescue sympathizes with them in an affection they might otherwise despise. When men, however, abandon the pursuit of wealth and honor to serve Jesus, society wonders, and often calls it fanaticism; but those who realize that the Saviour died to save their souls know that no devotion is too great to express their gratitude and love to Him (Rom. 12 : 1).

Revenge has been Taken on a Usurer in Georgia for his extortions. About two weeks ago in Upson County, the house of a money-lender was entered by twelve disguised men. In the presence of his wife they stripped the usurer and beat him unmercifully with hickory switches until he fell from sheer exhaustion. They broke up everything in the house. The lady, who was in a delicate condition, is lying at the point of death, and her husband is in a precarious condition. The attack was made in revenge for the hard terms the money-lender made in loaning money and in forcing collections. The marauders also carried off a large sum of money. Usurers are notorious for the high rates they charge borrowers, and for the pitiless way in which they compel payment; but that fact was doubtless known to the men when they made their bargain, and they received the loan on those conditions. Their violence was therefore unreasonable and inexcusable. It will be found at the last that, like the usurer, Satan is a hard master, and those who have enjoyed the pleasures implied by the phrase "sowing wild oats" will discover that a heavy penalty has to be paid, far worse than that which exasperated the Georgian debtors (Prov. 5 : 11-13).

Fifty Thousand Dollars were Found by a Boy in a hotel yard in Philadelphia recently. The boy was looking for a lost baseball in the yard of the Commercial Hotel on Saturday, May 26th, when he found a package of bonds, deeds, cheques and notes amounting to $50,000 wrapped up in a newspaper. The police after considerable inquiry discovered that the property belonged to one John Stockwell, and was stolen from the office at No. 15 South Seventh Street several years ago. The thief took $70 in money also, but none of the paper was negotiable, and he must therefore have thrown it away to avoid detection. The boy received the reward of $30 which was offered at the time of the robbery, with the observation that it was a better business than finding baseballs. It may be hoped that the boy will learn that there is a better business still. If he will search he may find a treasure which also is not negotiable, but which is beyond all price (Prov. 3 : 13-18).

"Almost to Heaven," is the Translation of the Indian name which it is proposed to give Washington Territory upon her admission to the Union as a State. Washington is a name so honored among us that nearly every State and Territory has a county of Washington and also a town called Washington. Should Idaho and Washington be admitted as States, with North Idaho as an adjunct of her Western sister, and with names unchanged, we would have the distressing anomalies of a Washington County in Idaho and an Idaho County in Washington, besides a town of Washington in Idaho County, State of Washington. It is therefore suggested, to avoid confusion, that Washington Territory should be called Tahoma, a name signifying "almost to heaven," which the Indians gave to Mount Ranier on account of its great height, said to be 14,000 feet above the level of the sea. It may be hoped that if the name Tahoma should be given to the Territory it may not be a still greater anomaly than the one avoided. There are many places whose natural beauty and whose Christian privileges might suggest the name, but for which the name would be a misnomer by reason of the wickedness of the inhabitants (Matt. 11 : 23).

The Daughter of a Prussian Statesman Died by her own hand in a hotel on the Bowery, New York, on May 28th. She was utterly poor and friendless, and in her despair she extinguished the gas in her bedroom, and having closed every crevice in the room she turned on the gas again without lighting it, and deliberately lay down to die by suffocation. The Rev. J. W. Geyer, Pastor of the Houston Street Reformed Dutch Church, who had befriended the woman and knew something of her history, said she was the daughter of von Mauschwitz, once a Minister at the Prussian Court. She was born November 25th, 1843, and on the day of her christening the Princess Wilhelmine was godmother and Secretary Adamie, one of the Court attachés, was godfather. She studied at the Royal Medical College of Saxony, and was awarded, in 1880, a diploma as nurse and midwife. The year after she came to this country to practise her profession. She was unfortunate from the beginning, and, finding only occasional employment, was reduced to the verge of starvation. Among her effects was a copy of the New Testament, with the fifth chapter of Second Corinthians marked in red pencilings and a turned-down page. The poor woman was probably crazed by disappointment and anxiety before she committed her awful crime. If she had studied the next chapter to the one she marked, she would have found that a rank far above her own was offered her with unlimited privileges (2 Cor. 6 : 18).

SHUTTING, SEALING, AND COVERING.

A New Sermon by Pastor C. H. Spurgeon.

"Seventy weeks are determined upon thy people and upon thy holy city, to finish the transgression, and to make an end of sins, and to make reconciliation for iniquity, and to bring in everlasting righteousness, and to seal up the vision and prophecy, and to anoint the most Holy."—DANIEL 9 : 24.

The Time of the Lord's Coming—A Time of Peace—A Time of Expectation—Indications of The Second Coming—The Divided Prophetic Week—I. Messiah's Work—The Overthrow of Evil—Shut up—Sealed up—Covered—The Setting up of Righteousness—Brought in—Imputed and Imparted—Sealing Visions and Prophecies—II. Our Participation in the Work—The Believer's Special Privilege—Sin Struggling in Prison—III. The Results of Participation—Security—Reconciliation—Sin Awfully Finished.

THE Lord God appointed a set time for the coming of His Son into the world; nothing was left to chance. Infinite wisdom dictated the hour at which the Messiah should be born, and the moment at which He should be cut off. His advent and His work are the highest point of the purpose of God, the hinge of history, the centre of Providence, the crowning of the edifice of grace, and therefore peculiar care watched over every detail. The studious mind will be delighted to search out the reasons why the Messiah came not before, and why He did not tarry till yet later ages. Prophecies declared the date; but long before infallible wisdom had settled it for profoundest reasons. It was well that the Redeemer came; it was well that He came in what Scripture calls the fulness of time, even in these last days.

Note, again, that the Lord told His people somewhat darkly, but still with a fair measure of clearness, when the Christ would come. Thus He cheered them when the heavy clouds of woe hung over their path. This prophecy shone like a star in the midst of the sorrows of Israel; so bright was it that at the period when Christ came there was a general expectation of Him. Holy men and women, diligent in the study of the Scriptures, were waiting for Him; Simeon was waiting for the consolation of Israel, and Anna looked for redemption in Jerusalem with others of like mind. Not only the Jews, but the Samaritans expected Him, for the woman at the well exclaimed, "I know that Messias cometh, which is called Christ!"

Even in heathen lands there was a remarkable cessation from stir and battle; an unusual peace reigned over all the nations, and the hush of expectation ruled the hour—

"No war, or battle's sound,
Was heard the world around:
The idle spear and shield were high uphung;
The hookèd chariot stood
Unstained with hostile blood;
The trumpet spake not to to the armèd throng;
And kings sat still with awful eye,
As if they surely knew their sovran Lord was by."

Men were looking out for the coming One; for the corn of earth was ripe for the reaper. Men were on the tiptoe of expectation, and wondered when the promised Prince would arrive. Alas, they knew Him not when He appeared. After this fashion are things at the present moment with regard to

THE SECOND ADVENT

of our Lord Jesus Christ. "Of that day and of that hour knoweth no man;" but it is known unto God, and fixed in the roll of His eternal purposes. He has given us suggestive hints as to that glorious appearing; and He has plainly taught us to be looking for and hastening unto the day of the Lord. Among His last words are these, "Surely I come quickly;" these are words of consolation as well as of warning. He bids us *watch constantly* for the coming of the Lord, that it overtake us not as a thief in the night; and He assures us that He will descend from heaven with a shout, with the voice of the archangel, and the trump of God; wherefore comfort one another with the glad tidings, and

whenever your hearts sicken because of abounding sin, hear ye with the ear of faith the voice of promise: "Behold, the Bridegroom cometh."

The first advent of our Lord is spoken of in our text as ordained to be ere the seventy weeks were finished, and the city should be destroyed; and so it was even as the prophet had spoken. I shall not occupy your time by attempting to fix the beginning and the end of the period intended by *the seventy weeks*, and the seven weeks and three-score and two weeks. That is a deep study, requiring much research and learning, and I conceive that the discussion of such a subject would be of no great practical use to us this Sabbath morning. You will be better nourished upon the Lord Himself than upon times and seasons. Suffice it to believe that Jesus Christ our Lord, the Messiah, came exactly as it was prophesied, and remained on earth as it was foretold He should do; in the middle of the predestined week He was cut off, when He had completed three years and a half of saving ministry, and within another period of like length the Gospel was preached throughout all nations, and Messiah's peculiar relation to Israel was cut off. At another time it may afford you profitable contemplation if you consider the four hundred and ninety years from the decree of the king for rebuilding to the overthrow of Jerusalem.

We will at this present hour survey the work of the *Messiah*—that is His Hebrew name, or of *Christ*, which is the Greek interpretation thereof. *Let us survey the work of the Anointed.* Secondly, *let us inquire as to our participation in it;* and then, thirdly, *let us contemplate the consequences which follow upon our being sharers in it, or upon our not being participants in it.* Oh, for a measure of the anointing, that we may fitly meditate upon our great theme. Come, Holy Spirit, and rest upon us.

I. First, let us survey the

MESSIAH'S WORK.

According to my text it divides itself into two grand works, which two works subdivide themselves in each case into three particulars.

The first work of our Lord Jesus Christ is the overthrow of evil, and it is thus described: "To finish the transgression, and to make an end of sins, and to make reconciliation for iniquity." But our Lord's labor is not all spent upon down-pulling work; He comes to build up, and His second work is the setting up of righteousness in the world, described again by three sentences: "To bring in everlasting righteousness, and to seal up the vision and prophecy, and to anoint the Most Holy."

The first work of the Messiah is the overthrow of evil. This overthrow of evil is described by three words. If I were to give you a literal translation from the Hebrew I might read the passage thus: "To shut up the transgression, to seal up sin, and to cover up iniquity." According to learned men, those are the words which are here used, and the three put together are a singularly complete description of the putting away of sin. First, it is *shut up;* it is, as it were, taken prisoner, and confined in a cell; the door is fastened, and it is held in durance; it is out of sight; held to a narrow range; unable to exercise the power it once possessed.

But it is not enough to shut up the vanquished tyrant, unless he be shut up forever; and therefore, lest there should be any possibility of his breaking loose again, the next sentence is, "*To seal up.*" The uses of the seal are many, but here it is employed for certainty of custody. Just as when Daniel was thrown into the lions' den the king sealed the stone with his own signet and with the signet of his lords; or, better still, as when our divine Master was laid in the grave, they rolled the stone to the mouth of the sepulchre, and His enemies set a seal and a watch, lest His body should be stolen by His disciples. Thus is sin placed doubly out of sight; it is shut up and sealed up, as a document put into a case and then sealed down. "Finished" and "made an end of" are the two words used in our authorized version, and they give the essence of the meaning.

Yet, as if this might not suffice, the next term in the Hebrew is *to cover up;* for the word to make reconciliation or expiation is usually in the Hebrew to cover up. "Blessed is the man whose transgression is forgiven, whose sin is covered." Christ has come to cover sin, to atone for it, and so to hide it. His glorious merits and substitutionary sufferings and death put away sin so completely that God Himself beholds it no more. He has blotted it out, cast it into the sea, and removed it from us as far as the east is from the west. The two former sentences speak of finishing transgression and making an end of sin, and these expressions are full and complete, while this third one explains the means by which the work is done, namely, by an expiation which covers up every trace of sin. The three words might be put into one word by saying Christ has made

A CLEAN SWEEP OF SIN

of every kind.

Observe, dear friends, that the terms for sin are left in an absolute form. It is said, "to finish transgression," "to make an end of sins," "to make reconciliation for iniquity." Whose transgression is this? Whose sins are these? Whose iniquity is it? It is not said. The mass of evil is left unlabelled, that any penitent sinner may look to the Messiah and find in Him the remover of sin. What transgression is finished? Transgression of every kind. But what sins are made an end of? Sins of every sort—against law and against Gospel, against God and against men, sins past, sins present, sins to come. And what iniquity is expiated? Every form of iniquity, whatever falls short by omission, whatever goes beyond by commission. The Messiah came to wipe out and utterly destroy sin, and this is, and will be, the effect of His work. Put all the three sentences into one and this is the sum of them.

Indulge me for a few minutes while I take the sentences separately and press each cluster by itself. And first notice that it is said He came to

FINISH THE TRANSGRESSION.

As some understand it, our Lord came that in His death transgression might reach its highest development, and sign its own condemnation. Sin reached its finis, its ultimatum, its climax, in the murder of the Son of God. It could not proceed further; the course of malice could no further go. Thy finis is written, O transgression! written by the pierced hand!

Now take the second sentence, which in our version is, "*To make an end of sin.*" Messiah has come to proclaim so free, so rich, so gracious a pardon to the sons of men that when they receive it sin virtually ceases to be; it is made an end of. The man that is in Christ, and hath Christ for his covenant head, is this day so delivered from all sin whatsoever, that he may boldly ask the question, "Who shall lay anything to the charge of God's elect?" If Christ has made an end of sin there is an end of it; the matter is ended, and no more is to be said. *Down among the dead men* let sin lie, forever buried by the right hand of the conquering Saviour.

But the Hebrew has it "to seal up sins." Now I take it to mean just this. There are certain handwritings which are against us, and they would be produced against us in court, but by the order of the judge all these handwritings are

SEALED UP,

and regarded as out of sight; no man dare break the seal, and no man can read them unless the seal be broken; therefore they will never be brought against us. They have become virtually null and void. Everything that can be brought as an accusation against God's people is now sealed up and put out of the way once for all, never to be opened and laid to their charge before the living God. Or, if you regard sin as a captive prisoner, you must now see that by Christ's death the prison wherein sin lies is so sealed that the enemy can never come forth again in its ancient power. The mountain of the Lord's house is this day exalted upon the top of the hills, and though as yet all nations do not flow unto it, yet a glorious company comes streaming up to the temple of the living God, and that company shall increase from day to day.

But now, the last expression is in English, He hath come "*to make reconciliation for iniquity*"; that is, to end the strife between God and man by a glorious reconciliation, a making again of peace between these twain; so that God loveth man, and, as a consequence, man loveth God. In the blessed atonement of Christ, God and man meet at a chosen meeting-place. Oh, glorious reconciliation which Christ has made by honoring the law in His life and in His death.

I fail to describe this triumphant overthrow of sin and Satan. I have neither wisdom nor language answerable to such a theme. I invite you now for a few minutes to consider the second work, namely,

THE SETTING UP OF RIGHTEOUSNESS.

This is set before us in three expressions: first, in the words "to bring in everlasting righteousness." And what is that? Why, His own righteousness which is from everlasting to everlasting, and will never be taken away from those who have it, and will never cease to be their beauty and their glorious Jesus. The work of Christ in His life and death is by God imputed to His people; indeed, it is theirs because they are one with Christ. He is the Lord their righteousness, and they are the righteousness of God in Him. Saints are so righteous in Jesus Christ that they are more righteous than Adam was before he fell, for he had but a creature righteousness, and they have the righteousness of the Creator; he had a righteousness which he lost, but believers have a righteousness which they can never lose, an everlasting righteousness.

Nor is that all the meaning of our text; those to whom God imputes righteousness, to them also *He imparts* righteousness. He makes them pure in heart, He changes their desires, He makes them love that which is right and just and good, and so He gives them grace to lead godly, sober, honest, and holy lives. This righteousness shall not be crushed out of them, for the work of the Spirit shall continue until they shall become perfect, and be meet to dwell with God in light. Happy are those spirits to whom Christ gives an everlasting righteousness, for theirs is the kingdom and in it they shall shine forth as the sun.

Next, in order to the setting up of a kingdom of righteousness He is come that He may "seal up vision and prophecy." That is, by fulfilling all the visions and the prophecies of the Old Testament in Himself, He ends both prophecy and vision.

HE SEALS UP VISIONS

and prophecies so that they shall no more be seen or spoken; they are closed, and no man can add to them; and therefore—and that is the point to note—the Gospel is forever settled, to remain eternally the same. Christ has set up a kingdom that shall never be moved. His truth can never be changed by any novel revelation. Until such time as Christ Himself shall come the canon is complete; and though there be many voices crying, "Lo, here!" and "Lo, there!" and some so fascinating that they might deceive, if it were possible, the very elect, yet those whom Christ has chosen know the Shepherd's voice, and "a stranger will they not follow, for they know not the voice of strangers." Brethren, there always was something better yet to come in all times till Christ arrived; but after the best there cometh none.

This, then, is an essential part of the setting up of that which is good—namely, to settle truth on a fixed basis, whereon we may stand steadfast, immovable. The candles are snuffed out because the day itself looks out from the windows of heaven. Rejoice in this, beloved. God makes you righteous in Christ and with Christ, and in order that you shall never be perplexed with change, He sets aside all other teachers, that Christ may be your all in all.

Then, as if this were not enough, and truly it would not be enough, He is also come *to anoint*

the Most Holy, or the Holy of holies, as you may read it. And what means this? Nothing material, for the Holy of holies, the place into which the High Priest went of old is demolished, and the veil is rent. The most holy place is now the person of the Lord Jesus Christ; He was anointed that God might dwell in Him. Together with Christ the Holy of holies is now His Church, and that Church was anointed or dedicated when the Holy Ghost fell at Pentecost, to be with us, and to abide in us forever. This is Christ's work, for which He came, and for which He ascended on high, to set up the truth, to set up righteousness, and to make it everlasting by the dwelling of the Holy Ghost in the Church of God in the midst of the sons of men.

Thus you see, in six ways, which condense themselves into two, our Lord set about His lordly enterprise. Heaven rings with the praises of the Messiah who came to destroy the work of sin, and to set up the kingdom of righteousness in the midst of the world.

II. Let us now inquire as to

OUR PARTICIPATION

in these two works. I will put a few questions as briefly as I can, and I pray God, the Holy Ghost, that every one of us may honestly answer them. First, dear brethren, Christ has come into the world to do all this good work, but has He done it for us? God loved the world, and therefore He gave His Son. But to what end did He give His Son? Here is the answer, "That whosoever believeth in Him might not perish, but have everlasting life." There was a special eye to believers. Come, then, have you believed?

The first question that is to help you to answer that inquiry is this: Is your sin shut up as to its power? "Sin shall not have dominion over you" if Christ is in you. How is it between your soul and evil? Is there war or peace? Once you loved sin; you could not have enough of it. Is it so now? Do you still delight in evil? For if you do, the love of God is not in you. Can you still put forth your hand to iniquity as you once did? Then do not pretend that Christ has done anything for you.

If you are a believer, your sin may not be absolutely dead, but it is shut up for dead; it is fast held in the condemned cell. It may still breathe, but it is crucified with Christ. How it tugs to get its hands loose from the nails! How it struggles to get its feet down from the tree! But it cannot, for He that nailed it there knew how to drive nails, and how to fasten the offender to the tree. Do you begin to grow weary of iniquity? Is it distasteful and unpleasant to you? And when looking over the day you perceive where you have spoken unadvisedly or acted hastily, or in any other way soiled your character, do you feel as if you would fain wash out every spot with tears? If it be so, Christ has begun with you; He has come to shut up your sin, and to end its reign; it shall no more have dominion over you. It may be in you, but it shall not be on the throne; it may threaten you, but it shall not command you; it may grieve you, but it shall not destroy you. You are under another master; you serve the Lord Christ. Judge you how this matter fares with you.

The next question arising out of the text is, Is your sin sealed up as to its condemning power? Have you ever felt the power of the Holy Spirit in your soul, saying to you, "Go in peace; thy sins which are many, are all forgiven thee"? Have you clutched that promise, "He that believeth in Him is not condemned"? Have you believed in Jesus? and has that blessed word, "There is therefore now no condemnation," breathed a deep calm over your spirit? Some of you do not know what I mean; but others of you do. He has made an end of sin. Come, dear hearer, do you know anything about this? If you do not, it is the one thing you want to know, and until you know it you will never have any rest to your spirit, but you will be tossed to and fro as upon a raging sea. "There is no peace, saith my God, to the wicked." There is no peace to any of us till Christ hath made an end of our sin. How is it with your hearts?

And next,

IS YOUR SIN COVERED

as to its appearance before God? Has the Lord Jesus Christ made such an expiation for your sin that it no longer glares in the presence of the Most High, but you can come unto God without dread? Can you hopefully say, "Lord God, Thou seest no sin in me, for Thou hast covered me with the righteousness of Christ, and washed me in His blood"? Did you ever feel the sweetness of that? It is rapture! Have you ever felt it? You will feel constantly if Christ comes to dwell with you; you will then be assured in your heart that He has made an end of your sin.

Further, let me question you about the next point. Has the Lord Jesus Christ made you righteous? Do you glory in His blood and righteousness, and do you now seek after that which is pure and holy? "Be not deceived; God is not mocked; for whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap." If we continue in sin we shall perish in sin. He is saved who comes out from evil and seeks to live honestly, righteously, soberly, after the manner of the godly and the saintly. Is it so with you? Is there a great and deep change in your spirit, so that you now love those good things which once you despised and ridiculed in others? Oh, if you cannot answer my poor questions, how will you stand before the judgment-seat of God when He shall test you as with fire?

III. Lastly, we have but a brief interval in which to speak of

THE RESULTS

of participating in all this. The results! I want a week to speak of them in. They are, first of all, *security*. How can that man be lost whose transgression is finished, and whose sin has ceased to be? What is there for him to dread on earth, in heaven, or in hell? If Christ has put away my sin, I cannot die; if Christ has washed away my guilt, I cannot be condemned; I am safe, and may triumphantly sing:

"More happy, but not more secure,
The glorified spirits in heaven."

Wherefore, rejoice in this.

And now, inasmuch as you are secure, you are also *reconciled to* God, and made to delight in Him. God is your friend, and you are one of the friends of God. Rejoice in that hallowed friendship, and live in the assurance of it. Now you have the anointing, do not doubt it. Christ has made it yours by His death. The Spirit of the Lord resteth upon you; you are fit for service; set about it without further question. The anointing is upon you; you are most holy to the Lord; so let your life be wholly consecrated. Your heart ought to be, and shall be by the Spirit's power, as holy as that innermost shrine into which no unauthorized foot ever intruded, into which only once in the year the high priest went, and then not without blood. God dwelleth in you, and you in God. Oh, blessed consequences—you shall soon dwell with Him forever!

But now suppose when I put the question you had to shake your head and say, "No, it is not so with me." Then hear these few sentences. If the Messiah has not done this for you, then your sin will be finished in another way; sin, when it is finished, bringeth forth death. An awful death awaits you—death unto God, and purity and joy. Woe, woe, to you. Death on the pale horse pursues you, and will overtake you soon. Then will one woe be past, but another will follow it. If Christ has never made an end of your sin, then mark this, your sin will soon make an end of you, and all your hopes, your pleasure, your boasting, your peace will perish.

Have you never had the righteousness of Christ brought in? Then mark this, your unrighteousness will last forever. One of these days God will say, "He that is unholy, let him be unholy still; he that is filthy, let him be filthy still." That will be the most awful thing that can ever happen to you. You have heard of *the fable of Medusa's head:* whoever looked upon it when it was held up was turned to stone; and one day, sinner, you shall look at death, and it will petrify your character so that it shall be forever what it is when death came to you. Where death finds you, there judgment shall find you, and there eternity shall leave you. Oh, wretched soul, to have nothing to do with the everlasting righteousness of Christ!

Lastly, will you never be anointed to be most holy? Then remember, holiness and you will stand at a distance forever, and to be far off from holiness must necessarily be to be far off from heaven and happiness. Sin is misery; in it lies both the root and the fruit of eternal woe. Purity is paradise; to be right with God is to be right with yourself and all created things; but if ye will not be holy, then must ye by force of your own choice be forever tossed about upon the restless sea of wretchedness. God save you, brothers and sisters; God save you for Christ's sake. Amen.

[The prayers of the readers of this Journal are requested for the blessing of God upon its Editors in America and England, and those whose sermons, articles, or labors for Christ are printed in it; and for its weekly circulation of more than 260,000 copies to be blessed by the Holy Spirit to the conversion of many sinners and the quickening of God's people. Mr. Spurgeon and Dr. Talmage especially request prayer every Sunday morning on behalf of their labors.]

GALLANT RESCUE BY A LADY.

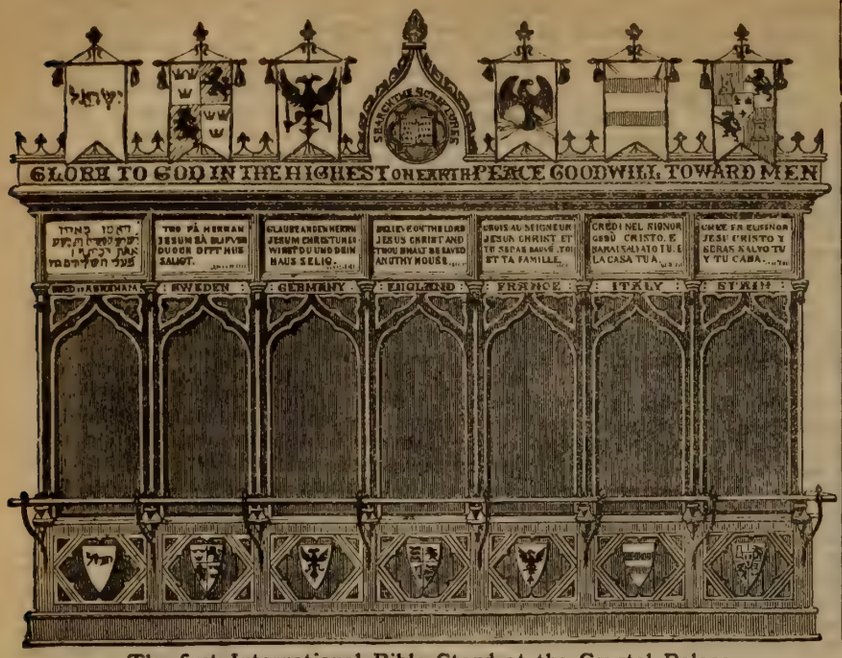
(*See Illustration on Page 364.*)

A BENEVOLENT institution which is established at the English town of Clewer for the reception of invalids that are approaching convalescence has for many years past unostentatiously afforded aid where it was most needed, without much notice from the general public. But an act of devotion and courage recently performed by one of the ladies who give their services in the hospital, has attracted considerable attention to the value of the work done there.

In July, 1882, a lady known as Sister Agnes, went to see the wife of a cottager whom she knew, in order to make arrangements for the reception of a little invalid boy just brought from London. While Sister Agnes was talking to the woman the child wandered toward a pond near the cottage, and fell into the water where it was very deep.

Without a moment's hesitation, and utterly oblivious of all personal or selfish considerations, Sister Agnes, hearing the child's shrill cry of helpless agony, at once rushed to the spot, dived into the murky insalubrious water, and rising to the surface, struck out with an energy born of true bravery, toward the drowning boy, but he had already disappeared. The air bubbles on the surface of the water told her, however, the spot where he had sunk.

Looking up to heaven, as if appealing for help, she resolutely dived again beneath the surface, and after a few moments of indescribable suspense on the part of the agonized mother, the brave lady again appeared, holding before her the child, in an almost senseless condition. The moments that passed were such as seem a lifetime to those who look on. It was a supreme crisis; for it requires no small effort when standing on *terra firma* to grasp firmly a robust, struggling child. In this case the little creature was in a paroxysm of fright and struggled desperately to save himself, and the lady, her movements impeded by her dress, had to swim with one hand and support the child with the other. It was a terrible struggle, and for some moments it seemed as if both lives must be lost. The anxious mother standing on the bank was paralyzed with alarm. She could do nothing. In her distress she tore her hair like one in frenzy and at last covered her eyes with her hands lest the sight of her drowning child should overthrow her reason. When she opened them again it



The first International Bible Stand at the Crystal Palace.

Gallant Rescue at Clewer by a Lady.

was in response to the glad cry that told her her child was saved.

It is difficult to realize the true merits of such a rescue. In order to do so it must be remembered that the rescuer was a woman, who plunged into the water with all her clothing on, and who had to incur the danger of the child's dying grasp at a critical moment. The act of this kind lady, and the success which crowned her efforts, are types of those attempts made in the strength of the Holy Spirit by those who, impelled by the promptings of a pure philantropy inspired by the love of Christ, are prepared to sacrifice all they have and hold most dear, if only from the mire and sloughs and fetid waters of sin, in all its protean forms, they are able to save the souls of immortal ones from perishing forever in hell. It was in this spirit, and with this aim of highest generosity that Christ Himself came into the world "to seek and to save that which was lost," and He now summons all who profess to love Him, to share with Him the perils and honors of the enterprise.

ADA STUART'S PERIL AND RESCUE.

(*See Illustration.*)

ADA STUART sat at her piano playing soft, dreamy music while her father lay stretched on the lounge close at hand, tranquilly enjoying his evening hour of rest. A day spent in the murky city atmosphere among journals and ledgers, controlling and directing the extensive business of Stuart, Wells & Co., prepared Mr. Stuart to appreciate his luxurious parlor, the air laden with the delicate perfume of flowers and the harmony of Ada's piano. Ada played on, though her father's silence and motionless attitude led her to think he must have dropped asleep. Her thoughts wandered away from the room and its surroundings to very different scenes.

In the village outside the garden-gates of the Stuart mansion were many houses in which poverty and hardship were well known. As Ada's fingers strayed over the keys of the piano, the notes she called forth were very plaintive as she thought of the sorrow and misery she had seen on that and other days, but which she could not alleviate. She was able in simple, modest fashion to point the weary and heavy laden to the world's burden-bearer and to encourage the despairing to trust in Him who receives sinners; but she would have liked to have helped herself to bear the burdens, to have sent a ton of coal into one cottage, a new dress into another, and medicine and nourishment into a third. None of these things, however, could she do. Mr. Stuart objected to charity on principle. He subscribed liberally to charitable institutions and gave freely to funds raised for the benefit of the poor and afflicted, but he objected to dealing directly with the poor, and resolutely refused to give his daughter money to distribute among her poor.

It pauperized the people, he said, it discouraged thrift and self-dependence, and it generally resulted in imposition and deception of some kind. It was better far to teach them to lay up in store for a rainy day, and if the rain continued longer than the store, there were officials whose duty it was to look after such cases and prevent destitution ending in starvation. He had seen people provided for at the public expense, and they really seemed very comfortable. Private charity, therefore, Mr. Stuart considered a mistake, a voluntary assumption of burdens already provided for, and, in short, as a mischievous waste of money. Ada therefore was never able to relieve by actual gifts the distress around her, save in the few cases which could be relieved from her own pocket-money. To-day, however, she was especially depressed with this inability, and was meditating how best to overcome her father's aversion.

"What are you playing, Ada? It is the saddest air I ever heard. Some condemned prisoner pleading for life might use such strains."

Ada, startled by her father's question, answered simply, "I do not know, dear papa, I thought you were napping, and I expect my notes were the echo of my thoughts, and they were sad ones."

"What is wrong, Ada?" asked Mr. Stuart, anxiously. He loved his daughter with a passionate love, and since the death of her mother he had clung to her with all the strength of his nature; and, hard and reserved to all the rest of the world, had been always kind and tender to her. Her life, as he desired it to be, would have been a round of pleasures and gaieties, and as happy as love and money could make it. But pleasure had no charm for Ada. Her mother's memory was ever present with her, and that mother had been an eminently godly woman, who had in her youth drunk deeply of the cup of pleasure and had learned in time its bitter taste. Her care had been to lead her daughter to seek a better part, and God had blessed her efforts. Ada had, to her mother's inexpressible joy, given her heart to the Saviour about a year before Mrs. Stuart's last illness and death. Since then she had tried to take up the Christian work her mother had prosecuted during her life, and, as far as she was able, to be, as her mother had been, the light and comfort of the village homes.

Ada answered her father's question with a trembling heart. "I saw Widow Evans this morning, papa, and she is in sad trouble. Williams has told her she must leave the cottage now her husband is dead, and she is grieving about that. She was born there and lived in it before she was married, and ever since, and it seems trouble upon trouble to have to leave now. Dear papa, do tell Williams to allow her to remain."

"No, my dear, you are too sympathetic with those people; you let them impose upon you. Widow Evans will be a great deal better off in a smaller place. It is only sentiment and pride. She will soon get over it, and I want her place for the new gardener. Surely that was not the cause of your sadness, my child?"

"Yes, papa, I am very sorry for the poor woman left to struggle alone in the world. I think her lot will be very hard. I wish she might be spared this additional sorrow."

"Ada, why will you seek troubles? Your life ought to be as happy as the day. You must have trouble some day. I cannot shield you always, though I would do so if I could. But why are you so anxious to take up other people's worries? They do not concern you. In this world every one must bear his own burden, and I generally find the unhappy and unfortunate are the people who deserve to be so."

"Dear papa, I know you are wiser than I, but do not be vexed with me for trying to do a little good when I can. It is but little I can do to fill dear mamma's place in the village. The poor people do miss her so. You remember her last words to me: 'Visit the fatherless and the widow in their affliction, and keep yourself unspotted from the world.' I am trying to do that, papa, and I am happier so than at the balls and parties you think more natural for me. I should feel more delight in getting your consent to Widow Evans remaining than in all the expensive presents you give me."

"Ah! that is a matter of business, Ada, and I have settled it on that principle, though for your sake I wish I could have arranged it otherwise."

When Mr. Stuart spoke in that tone Ada knew further pressing was useless, and turning again to her piano she sought out the music her father loved, and the room was filled with sweet sounds.

Ada was an early riser, and before her father appeared the next morning she was wandering through the garden gathering flowers to adorn the breakfast table. While so engaged, a servant

summoned her to Mr. Stuart's room. She went immediately, and there found her father reclining in his chair and suffering severe pain. In stepping across the room he had slipped and sprained his ankle. The accident caused him annoyance as well as pain, as his face showed.

"Ada," he said, "this is a most unfortunate affair. I cannot go to the office to-day, and there is very serious business to be done there. I dare not trust any messenger but you, lest something should go wrong. Would you mind riding over after breakfast and taking two letters which you must put into the hands of the persons to whom they are addressed, and give them to no one else?"

"Of course I will, papa, if that will help you better than by staying and nursing your poor foot. The pony is lame, so I will take Niger, and he will soon carry me there and back."

"I am sorry you will have to take that great black brute. He is not fit for a lady to ride. You are a good horsewoman I know, but are you sure you can manage him?"

"Oh, yes, papa, I have often ridden him. I am not at all afraid."

A few minutes later Ada cantered down the village on her ungainly steed. It was true she had frequently ridden him, but it was a venturesome experiment. He was quiet enough as a rule, but any one with the slightest knowledge of horses could see that it would need a stronger wrist than Ada's to hold him if he became restive. Ada accomplished her journey safely, and was nearing her home again. She entered the village street, but when near the cottage in which Widow Evans lived and which she was so soon to leave, a sheet of paper was carried by a gust of wind from a passing wagon right around Niger's ears. His alarm would have been ludicrous had it not been dangerous. In an instant he swerved with a violence that almost threw Ada from her seat, and then tore along the road almost mad with fright. Not far ahead was an avenue of trees with low-hanging branches, and in the headlong course Niger was taking it was evident that Ada could not hope to escape with her life. Several men dashed out in pursuit, but their cries only increased the horse's speed, and there was no one ahead to check it. Widow Evans, however, with her two children was in her garden and saw what had happened and who it was that was in danger. She uttered a scream and ran to her gate; but Robert, her fourteen year old boy, was before her. Quick as thought he dashed into the road, and jumping close to Niger's side he seized the rein and hung on to it with all his weight. The ugly brute swerved aside and would have flung him off if he could, but that dead weight on the rein was too great even for his strength, and after a few futile struggles he was brought to a stand.

"The great ungainly brute swerved under Robert's weight."

Ada's nerves were completely unstrung by the excitement, and she was too agitated to do more than utter a few words of thanks to the brave boy who had saved her life. Mr. Stuart, however, had witnessed the affair from his chamber window, and it was with a heart full of gratitude that he vowed the boy, whoever he might be, should reap a rich reward for his daring.

Widow Evans still occupies her cottage, and her support is the liberal salary her eldest boy receives in the warehouse of Messrs. Stuart, Wells & Co., in which he has long been a trusted and valued employé.

PETER BLAKE'S VOYAGE.

A SERIAL STORY BY HESBA STRETTON.

(*Continued from page* 350.)

Mara not Naomi.

It had been a sad time for Peter's mother. She had never fairly felt at home in England, nor had she grown quite accustomed to English manners. Now she had lost her sons, a dreary sense of utter loneliness and desolation preyed upon her. It was a cruel country, where no one cared for brave men like her husband and her sons, but left them to perish, if other men grew richer by their death. Now this fresh blow had fallen she knew well enough that Bessie must have a desperate fight for bread for herself and the children. But if she went back to Normandy there would be no home for her except the hospital, and she shrank painfully from seeking a refuge there.

Her father had been a prosperous fisherman, owning several boats, and had given her a good sum for her marriage portion, though he had not altogether liked her wedding an English sailor. She had lived so well after her marriage, among her own people, surrounded with every English comfort, and made so much of by her English husband, that it was tenfold more humiliating to go back to her native town and there beg for a corner and a bed in the hospital.

But there was a simple courage and tenderness in her heart which would not suffer this pride to turn her aside from treading her old dignity and good fortune under her feet, if that was the right thing to do for Bessie and her grand-children. She could not be any other than a burden to Bessie if she remained. Yet to part with her and the children and place the deep and cruel sea, the grave of her husband and son, between herself and them, how hard that would be! All through the sleepless night that followed the notice to quit the sail-maker's house this question rang through her brain, "Must I go? Must I leave them?" but before the late, lingering sun rose the answer was clear to her. She must go.

"Bessie," she said, early in the morning, "I will go back to my France, my Normandy. You shall never be able to keep me; that is impossible. I go to eat the bread of charity from my own people, not from strange people. I cannot go into what you call a workhouse. I must leave you and my baby and my Nannette. It is too much of misfortune; yet the good God loves us still."

"If I could only believe it!" wailed Bessie.

"But in truth He loves us," persisted her mother-in-law, with tears in her dark eyes. "His Son, our Lord Jesus, had sorrows worse to bear. His poor mother had sorrows worse to bear. She did stand by Him and did see Him hang on His cross, the crown of thorns upon His head, and she must not try to take Him down from the cross, and she must not take one little thorn out of His crown. That must have made me die—to see Peter and Victor sinking in the sea and not to do something to save them."

"But Mary saw Him again in three days," said Bessie.

"And we shall see Peter and Victor again," she went on, "not in three days, but some day. But I shall go back to my town; I can live here no more. And I will take with me nothing but my cradle, our cradle, where I rocked Peter when he was my first eldest little baby. They will let me keep it in the hospital, if the sister Marie is still alive. The sister Marie knows me very well."

There was little time for thinking over the question. Bessie could not bear to let Peter's

mother go; but December had already set in, with bitter snowy weather and keen north-east winds, and the poor shivering ailing woman was racked with sharp rheumatic pains. She had always been fond of talking of her sunny Normandy, with its bright blue skies and its blossoming apple-orchard; and Bessie, who knew little of foreign countries, except the strange accounts brought by Peter from his voyages, thought it must be nearly always summer in France. It was best then for her to go back to Normandy. So she packed up the few possessions that her husband's mother would consent to take away with her in the heavy old wooden cradle, and had it carried to the wharf, not far off, from which a steamer was about to sail for Havre.

It was all hurriedly done, for she had but one more night to stay in her old home; and it would be a good thing for Peter's mother to be gone before she was turned out. With the baby in her arms, and little Nan clinging to her grandmother's hand, they passed sorrowfully along the old familiar streets to the wharf where the steamer lay.

"Mother," cried Bessie, "we shall never see one another any more!"

The Frenchwoman's brown face was quivering and her lips trembling, though she strove hard to speak bravely to her son's wife, whose face she was never likely to see again.

"The good God is very good," she said, "and He loves us. He is very good, though my two sons are lost, and I go away quite old, and solitary, and poor. If He does not love me, who shall be good to me? I have not one other friend. No, no. I have called Him always my good God, and He must be my good God still. He will love you and me."

"Are you going in the ship to look for father and Uncle Victor?" asked little Nan. They had neither of them found it in their hearts to tell the child plainly that both her father and Victor were drowned, though she had heard them say that they were lost. "Are you going to find father?" she asked, again pulling her grandmother's cloak.

"They'll never be found again, never, no more!" said Bessie, falling on her knees, and taking the little girl into her arms; "none of us will ever find father again."

"But God can find him," said the child. "God holds him and Uncle Victor in His hand, and He couldn't lose them. Mother, has God lost them out of the hollow of His hand?"

"No, no, my Nannette," answered her grandmother; "the good God cannot lose them. 'No one can steal them out of the hand of My Father;' that is said by our Lord Jesus. 'No one can steal them out of My hand,' He said also. There is not one of us lost in His hand. But I must part. Adieu, my Nannette, my Bessie, my poor little baby!"

Bessie put the baby into little Nan's arms, and clung weeping to Peter's mother. To part with her was something like losing him afresh. There would be no one left to talk with her about him, and to share her grief. She was such a poor, desolate, bereaved, sorrowful woman, too! How ailing and infirm she looked, as she stood leaning over the bulwark, gazing back toward them, while the steamer moved slowly off! She stayed there, on deck, waving her white handkerchief toward them, long after her own dim eyes had lost all sight of Bessie and the children on the wharf; yet as long as she thought they could see her handkerchief fluttering against the dark hull of the vessel, she would not go below, in spite of the keen wind blowing up the river.

The last thing she saw was the bow-window, now black and cheerless, with no firelight gleaming through its panes. She crept away then, as if with a fresh wound in her sorrowful heart, down into the darkest corner of the cabin. The sailors, the rigging, every sound and sight, brought to her mind too strongly her boys, whom she could never keep away from the sea. With her brown withered face turned away from the dim light, and with long-hoarded tears streaming from her eyes, she gave way at last to a paroxysm of deep and bitter grief, such as the old seldom feel.

Her brave, beautiful sons! her pleasant, loveing daughter-in-law! her pretty babies, whose cradle only she had brought away with her—all were lost. If she had but kept her boys in France, even if they had gone to sea, it would not have been in some worn-out or overladen ship. She could have borne it better if they had perished by the unavoidable perils of the sea, or if God had taken them away by one of His irresistible decrees. But they had had no chance; they had been cast away that the ship's owner might be a richer man.

It was a December morning, though soft and bright, as Peter's mother crossed over the mouth of the Seine from Havre to Honfleur. The high cliffs behind the town were clothed with trees still in leaf, and glowing with the rich crimson and amber of autumn. High among them stood the cross, beneath which she had so often sat to watch the sea, upon which her husband was sailing. Low down on the shore, so near the water that its tides beat against the thick stone walls, lay the gray hospital, with its little belfry, under which swung the deep-toned old bell, whose tolling had often sounded in her ears, as she returned in her father's fishing-boat from the low-lying, tide-swept sands, stretching out into the open sea. The little fleet of fishing-boats was sailing homewards with the tide, and she could hear the merry singing of the girls and women in them, as the steamer passed by them. Was it possible that she had once been light-hearted and gay like them, before she had met with her English seaman!

The jetty was all alive with the townsfolk, crowding down to meet the steamer. Besides these were the old fishermen and the fishwomen from the market, waiting to see what the boats would bring in. She knew nearly every face there. There was Michel, whom her father had chosen for her husband, and who had been wise enough to draw back when he found that her love had been given to Peter Blake. He was the first to see her, but in a few minutes she was surrounded by a crowd of old friends and neighbors. Most of the women had envied her in former times, and wished that they, too, could find English husbands, to carry them away to that paradise for wives which lay across the stormy Channel. But the old men still remembered the blame that had fallen on Henri Baudin for giving his pretty daughter to an English heretic.

They formed a group about her, on the jetty, with her old wooden cradle beside her, all that she had brought back from that rich England whither she had gone. Where was her husband? He was dead. Where were her sons? They, too, were dead. They had all been lost at sea.

"My husband went out in a worn-out ship," she said, her voice tremulous and low, "and he was drowned; and my sons, both of them, went out in a ship overladen, and they were drowned. There were not enough men in the ship, for two of them made themselves deserters at the last minute even; they were sent to jail, and they are in jail now. If my sons had gone to jail they would have been saved."

"But how," asked Michel, who had been listening eagerly, "did their Capitaine Expert let the ships go to sea worn-out and overladen? Did he not see that they were not good vessels, sound and safe? What sort of certificate could he give to them that the cargo was well laden and the provisions good?"

"They have no Capitaine Expert in England," she answered.

"No Capitaine Expert!" echoed half a dozen voices.

"What then!" cried Michel's wife, a sunburned, brisk-looking woman, whose long gold earrings glistened in the sunlight under her snow-white cap; "do the English women not love their husbands, that they permit them to go away to sea in rotten old ships, without enough food? Here, in France, we would see if our men abandoned us like that! We would go up to Paris, every one of us, and make them change their laws. Bah, madame! Your fine English women do not care a straw for their husbands!"

"My Peter's wife loved him with all her heart," she replied, sobbing.

"Why, then," replied Michel's wife—"why does she not go to the grand Lord Mayor of London, and cry, and pray for help? Why do not all the sailors' wives go up together, in a great troop, to the Lord Mayor's palace! Oh, if it were so here, in France, would we sit still and hold our tongues, think you?"

"My two sons sailed out to sea, and were lost," she answered; "that is all I know. Nobody will ask about them, nobody will care, except me and Bessie."

"But it is incredible!" said Michel; "England is so great a nation for ships. If they lose their sailors what can they do? It will become a nation quite small, of quite little importance. They are not wise these Englishmen."

"The Englishwomen are too cold, too tranquil," added his wife; "they have no blood in their veins; they do not love their husbands. If they loved them, would they let them be taken away to be drowned in worn-out old ships? No, no, no."

"I loved my husband well," she said, with quivering lips. How often they had stood together on this jetty, watching the boats come in, just as Michel and his wife were doing now! It seemed almost as if the last few years had been only a painful dream, and that in a moment or two she might awake to see him at her side again, and her son Peter, a boy of twelve, coming back in the boats. Was it true that they would never feel the sunshine again, nor see the river glittering in the light, nor hear the hundred cheery sounds of life mingling together all about them?

"Good day, my friends," she said, looking up, and trying to smile. "I am very tired. I must go on."

"But where are you going, madame?" asked Michel; "we will carry your baggage for you. Ah! it is the old cradle, I see; thy mother's cradle, Nannette."

No one had called her Nannette since her husband's death, and the tears started to her eyes. How could she tell Michel and his wife that she had no refuge but the hospital. Yet they were waiting for her answer, and she could not keep her bitter lot a secret. She had gone away happy and prosperous; she had come home again penniless and childless.

"I must go," she answered, with a faltering utterance. "I must go to the hospital."

There was a dead silence for a minute among all the group that surrounded her, and Michel was the first to break it.

"Madame," he said, respectfully, "we will do ourselves the honor of accompanying you. You will be very welcome there."

In another minute a little procession was formed of old neighbors and friends, who pressed about her, speaking to her in tones of sympathy. The streets along which they passed were narrow and roughly paved; but she knew every house in them, and the faces that looked through the windows at the sound of so many footsteps, and the hum of so many voices passing by, were many of them familiar to her. Was it more or less bitter to be treading these well-known streets on her way to the last poor shelter where she could lay her head? She could not tell. There was no chilling indifference, such as would have been her lot if she had gone into some English workhouse; but in England there would have been no sad memories awakened into life at every step she took.

At the great heavy door of the hospital she bade farewell to her escort. The old cradle was carried into the inner court, and she had to tell her mournful story again to the pitying Sisters, who gathered about her. But she was worn out

and exhausted; the strain upon her feeble strength had been too long and too great. A sudden dimness fell upon her, and she stretched out her hands to them as if groping for help. She forgot the words she was saying to them, and they heard her mutter, in broken sentences, "He has not lost—not lost them—not lost me—out of the hollow of His hand."

(To be continued.)

THE RETURN TO ANTIOCH.

S. S. Lesson for June 17, Acts 14 : 19–28. Golden Text, Matt. 28 : 19. By Mrs. M. Baxter.

Disinterested Service not Understood—Persecutors Narrow-Spirited—The Higher Physical Law—Paul Stoned and Quickened—Believers Privileged Witnesses—What is Christ Worth?—Elders Ordained—Dependence on the Holy Spirit—The Missionaries' Resources—Their Life of Faith—Return to Antioch—Their Testimony.

THE same spirit which prompted the heathen Lystrians to deify Paul and Barnabas, made them just as ready to persecute them later on. The apostles came to preach not themselves, "but Christ Jesus the Lord" (2 Cor. 4 : 3); this the poor heathen could not understand. "Man shall praise thee when thou doest well to thyself" (Ps. 49 : 18), and Paul and Barnabas were not doing well unto themselves, not seeking their own interests. It was inconceivable to those who had

NO IDEA OF A HOLY GOD

or of what holiness was, that men could be so devoted to an unseen God as to forego personal interest and personal safety for His sake. Thus when some of the Jews from Antioch and Iconium made it their business to come and side with the heathen against them, and persuade them, the poor ignorant people, having nothing in common with them, were easily induced to persecute them.

We have a little light here on the difference there is in dealing with those who have some measure of Bible knowledge and prayer and those who have no conception of Divine things. In almost every place where Paul preached in the synagogues, where his quotations from Scripture and his allusions to the true God were understood, we hear of immediate results, some among his audience "believed" under his first sermon, but at Lystra, where gross idolatry prevailed, it was otherwise; we read of no *immediate* results, although on his return to that city later, he found disciples there. We are not told on what ground the Jews stirred up the Lystrians, or what arguments they used. Their own hatred of the truth and of its witnesses sprung undoubtedly from jealousy and an intolerance of those who lived more in the power of God than they did, although they deceived themselves by the belief that they were serving God and their religion by opposing the doctrines of Jesus of Nazareth.

Oh, how narrow is the spirit of persecution; one might have thought that even while they themselves rejected Jesus they might at least have been thankful that the heathen should be brought from their gross idolatry to the knowledge of the true God, though it were by Christians. But no; they would rather souls should perish in the grossest heathenism than that they should believe on Jesus. And this same spirit is abroad to this day! How many, even among believers, shake their heads ominously and warn other believers against those who are teachers of holiness and healing! How many there are who attribute the present manifest power of the living God to magnetism, mesmerism, or spiritualism, which things savor of the abominations against which God warned His people (Deut. 18 : 9–13), and which must be abhorrent to all true followers of God. But whatever were the arguments used by the Jews, the people of Lystra were influenced by them, and they carried their persecution to such a length as to stone Paul, and having done so, to draw his apparently lifeless body out of the city, supposing he had been dead.

But these persecuting Jews and these men of Lystra had yet to learn that the life which Paul lived in the flesh was

SUBJECT TO HIGHER LAWS

than they yet knew, he lived by the faith of the Son of God who died and gave Himself for him (Gal. 2 : 20). The Spirit of Him that raised up Jesus from the dead dwelt in him, and He that raised up Christ from the dead quickened his mortal body by His Spirit that dwelt in him (Rom. 8 : 11). His persecutors were not there to witness the life returning into that lacerated, bruised, and bleeding body. But disciples were there, whether some who had accompanied them from Iconium, or whether some Lystrians who had already received Christ; in any case it was in the midst of those who believed that he rose up, and came into the city; and he seems to have been healed of all the effects of the stoning, for he departed the next day with Barnabas to Derbe. We are not told what the effect was upon the city of Lystra when the man left for dead, a heap of bruised flesh, came walking on his own feet into the city. In any case the few who had been brought to believe must have been strengthened in their faith very considerably, and probably the persecutors must have thought "that God who so defends His people is very different from the powerless gods we worship."

Paul and Barnabas were no ways inclined to desist from the work of their vocation because of the persecution even unto death which they had met with; arrived at Derbe, "they preached the gospel to that city," and also "taught many." Here the Jews seem to have desisted from pursuing them; they had a quiet time of it, and without doubt a blessed work of God was done among the heathen. Then a choice lay before them; should they go farther, or return to the places through which they had travelled?

GOD WAS THEIR GUIDE,

and He led them back to the very place where Paul had been stoned. Was it not madness to go there? No; it was the safest place on the face of the earth for Paul, because he was in the will of God, and God was perfectly equal to the charge of him. He and Barnabas seem to have conducted holiness meetings in Lystra, Iconium and Antioch. Notwithstanding all the opposition they had met with in either place they went thither "confirming the souls of the disciples, and exhorting them to continue in the faith, and that we must through much tribulation enter into the kingdom of God." "Is not this rather a discouraging view of the Gospel?" some may say. "How much is Jesus worth to you," we would answer, "At what price do you value Him?"

Then "they ordained them

ELDERS IN EVERY CHURCH."

This must have been from among the converts themselves. How much faith Paul and Barnabas must have had in God that He could make these untaught, untrained men, heathen but yesterday equal to the charge of the new converts! They must have believed indeed in the direct work of the Holy Ghost through such as are given entirely up to Him. They had no means of controlling these new made elders, no provision for keeping them in consistency and purity of life and doctrine, and yet they could rest quiet, knowing that the Holy Ghost Himself took real charge of each little flock. And how much better off were some of these early churches than many congregations in our own day, where the minister may be a man of learning, even of note, yet void of the Holy Ghost.

In these early churches if evil arose, God was the Counsellor, God's the authority, through His Word and by His Spirit. The offender had not to feel that the question was between him and man, but between him and God. Men had faith then in God's special direction and His special intervention, and although the odds against every new convert must have been fearful in their heathen families; and probably fortune, reputation, family position, all must be sacrificed in becoming a Christian, yet the centres of spiritual life in the churches must have been so warm, so living as to more than compensate for all they lost.

"When they had ordained them elders in every church and prayed with fasting, they commended them to the Lord, on whom they believed." What this praying with fasting was we can only surmise. But probably it was a time set apart for earnest prayer and conference about their future work which did not admit of distraction, and therefore necessarily included fasting, but in which nothing of that idea which many possess was included that by prayer and fasting we must compel God to give blessing which He gives grudgingly and unwillingly. We can well understand how Paul and Barnabas, seeing together the precious souls for which they had prayed, believed and suffered, now in uniting them into little churches and delivering to them charges from God, would be so filled with emotion that eating was out of the question. The very men who had sought to pay divine honors to them now knowing Jesus only, the very hands which had helped to stone Paul now given up to the service of God; Jupiter, Mercury, and their other gods forsaken, and their lips full of praise to the true God; it was enough to overcome the two disciples.

And after they had passed through Pisidia, they came to Pamphylia. We can little understand what these missionary journeys must have been, and for how much

THEY HAD TO TRUST GOD;

food, means of transit, etc. If they carried with them any copy of the Scriptures, it must have been too heavy for themselves to carry, each book being in itself a very large and heavy parchment roll. They had also to trust the Lord for clothing. Paul, it is true, usually worked for his living (Acts 18 : 2, 3; 2 Cor. 12 : 13–18; 2 Thess. 3 : 8), lest it should be thought that he served God for gain (1 Cor. 9 : 6–18); but in order to do this he must remain a certain time in a place. He often suffered necessities (2 Cor. 12 : 10; 11 : 27), but he says he took pleasure in them, he felt it was worth while. Had Paul lived in our day, he would rather have sold religious papers from door to door than have asked any one for money; we want men of this spirit in

THE BLUE RIBBON GOSPEL ARMY.

Their next move was to Perga; this was their second visit, and "they preached the Word." In the matter of preaching, too, how many difficulties they had to overcome! Probably among the heathen their chief audiences were in the open air, beginning by a conversation with individuals which gradually gathered a crowd. Then would come conversation and prayer with inquirers, the healing of the sick, etc., and there needed unceasing prayer and faith that in all things, in every detail, their way might be made plain. From Perga they went to Attalia, a seaport, from thence they "sailed to Antioch (in Syria), from whence they had been recommended to the grace of God for the work which they fulfilled."

They had been absent probably about four or five years, and it is not likely that many, if any, communications had passed between them and the church at Antioch. And how glorious must have been their meeting with those who had recommended them to the grace of God, who had sent them forth at the bidding of the Holy Ghost into such an unknown, untried future! Oh, how much they must have had to tell about the faithfulness of their God and His good hand over them, and how the Antiochan Christians must have been strengthened in their faith when, having gathered the church together, "they rehearsed all that God had done with them, and how He had opened the door of faith unto the Gentiles." When they told him of the stoning of Paul and his rising up alive, of the blessed conversion of the Lystrians, etc., oh, how great must have been their joy! This was no hurried visit, probably they saw their need of contact with other Christians, for "they abode long time with the disciples."

FOREIGN TOPICS.

The Coronation of the Czar was Accomplished on Sunday, May 27th, in spite of the threats of the Nihilists. The most elaborate precautions were taken to insure the safety of the young autocrat, but no hostile demonstration was made during any part of the proceedings. The correspondent of the New York *Herald*, who witnessed the ceremony, describes it as "a dream of grandeur, splendor and solemnity. No such magnificent spectacle has been witnessed anywhere in Europe in modern times as the glorious and impressive service. The most gorgeous that I have ever seen sinks into insignificance compared with that which has been brought to an end within the walls of the most sacred church in Russia—the Uspenski Sabor, or Cathedral of the Assumption." The appearance of the interior of the edifice was magnificent. In the centre, between four great columns, was a scarlet canopy, and under it the throne, and before that, the table on which was the regalia. The Emperor and Empress on entering the cathedral were received by the Archbishop of Moscow, who put the questions to the Emperor as to his religious faith. Selections from the gospels were then read, and the Metropolitans of Novogorod and Kieff ascended the dais and invested the Emperor with the imperial mantle of ermine, the Metropolitan of Moscow saying at the same time, "Cover and protect thy people as this robe protects and covers thee." The Emperor responded, "*I will, I will, I will, God helping.*" The Metropolitan of Novogorod, crossing his hands upon the head of the emperor, then invoked the benediction of Almighty God upon him and his reign, and delivered to Alexander III. the crown of Russia, who *placed it upon his own head* and assuming the sceptre and orb took his seat upon the throne. He then returned the insignia of his title to the dignitaries appointed to receive them, and called the Empress, who knelt before him; he touched her head lightly with the crown of the Emperor, and then formally crowned her with her own crown. The expression and the attitude of the Empress, as she knelt, was one of sympathy with her royal husband and touched deeply the audience. Directly this part of the ceremony was finished the bells in all the churches of Moscow rang out in chorus, a salute of one hundred and one guns was fired, and inside the cathedral the members of the imperial family tendered their congratulations to their majesties. The Bishop of Moscow said aloud in behalf of the nation a fervent prayer for the happiness of their majesties. Shouts of "Long live the Emperor!" then rent the cathedral, and were taken up by thousands outside and carried from mouth to mouth until that part of the multitude who were unable to get inside even the ample acreage of the Kremlin caught the sound and waved it in a huge volume of human gratulation to the remotest parts of the city, where it was speedily known that another Czar of the Russias had been crowned. The same evening the Czar issued a manifesto granting the remission of a large number of penalties and fines and arrears of taxes due from the poor. It also granted amnesty to Polish exiles who would consent to two years' police supervision.

The French Government have Made Arrangements for a vigorous prosecution of the war in Tonquin, which it is expected will also involve war with China. The capture of Fort Hanoi by the French has been followed by disasters. It was surrounded by the enemy, and when Captain Rivière, the French commander, made a sortie, the Annamites fell upon his little force of 400 men and almost annihilated it. Captain Rivière was killed, and fifteen men who were taken prisoners were carried off and executed with unspeakable barbarity. The French Government on receiving the news appointed General Bouet to the command in Tonquin in place of the deceased Captain Rivière, and at once dispatched reinforcements to the scene of war. China on her side is also making extensive preparations to aid her neighbor. Li Hung Chang, her ablest statesman and soldier, has been summoned to take command of the Chinese troops in the provinces bordering on Tonquin, and he is daily expected at Shanghai on his way to his new post to begin operations. He will find already assembled 6000 Chinese troops, armed in the manner of European troops, and massed on the Tonquin frontier and a fleet of torpedo boats built and armed in Germany and manned in part by German marines ready for action. That Germany is closely watching the conduct of France in the far East is evident from a dispatch sent from Berlin on May 31st, which is clearly inspired by the German Chancellor. It says. "Despite the assurances of the French that there is no danger of a war between France and China, the commerce of Germany with China has already been much disturbed by the Tonquin dispute. It is hoped in Berlin that if France declares a blockade of Chinese ports Great Britain and America will refuse to recognize it. A French blockade cannot be effective, and Germany will certainly support England and America in opposing it. The German Government are considering the question of sending more vessels to the Chinese coast."

In Madagascar the French Forces are Proceeding with their barbarous work. A dispatch from Tamatave, received on June 1st, says that the French have bombarded two ports on the north-west coast of Madagascar, causing great destruction of British and other merchandise. Two large American warehouses there are also said to have been destroyed. The French man-of-war Forhait and the British war sloop Dryad have left the harbor of Tamatave. The Malagassy authorities are pressing forward their military preparations. A decidedly hostile feeling has been aroused in Europe toward France by the bombardment. It was believed that the ports in the north-west, which are chiefly occupied by American and European merchants, would not be attacked, as France was aware that the bombardment must involve a wanton destruction of property.

Two More Executions have Taken Place in connection with the Phœnix Park murders. On May 28th Michael Fagan was hanged in Kilmainham Jail, and on June 2d Thomas Caffrey paid the forfeit of his life in the same place. Neither of the two struck the fatal blows, but both witnessed the murder, being on the spot by order of the Invincible Society to which they belonged. Caffrey made an earnest appeal to young men to keep out of secret societies, and appeared to be sincerely penitent. He pleaded guilty at his trial, and was no doubt disappointed that his plea did not save his life. He is the fourth of the gang hanged for the dastardly crime, which even Mr. Parnell denounced.

A National Monument to Garibaldi is to be erected on Janiculum Hill, the site of the general's defence of Rome against the French in 1849. The cost will be defrayed from the national Treasury by a vote of the Chamber of Deputies on June 1st. The recent anniversary of the death of General Garibaldi was commemorated throughout Italy. The Syndic of Rome unveiled a bronze bust of Garibaldi in the capital. A number of persons formed in procession and marched to the capital to witness the unveiling ceremony.

A Rebuff to Royalty is Said to have been administered by Mr. Gladstone. A cablegram published in the daily journal states that the Duke of Albany, Queen Victoria's youngest son, recently received an urgent request from Canada to consent to be the successor of the Marquis of Lorne as Governor-General of the Dominion. The Duke, after studying the affairs of Canada, wrote to Mr. Gladstone on the subject. The Prime Minister replied that *the Duke was too young for such an important position*, and also that he lacked experience in governmental work. The physicians of the Duke of Albany were of opinion that his health would not have suffered by his acceptance of the post. The affair has provoked a lively discussion in England. The Duke is over thirty years old, and is only three years younger than the Marquis of Lorne was when he was appointed to the same office. It is thought in Court circles that Mr. Gladstone was glad of an opportunity of rebuffing the royal family in return for personal slights; his friends, on the other hand, claim that his action is due solely to regard for the interests of the great Dominion.

A Fatal Result of the Gaming Table is Reported from Monte Carlo. A foreign correspondent of a daily journal writes: "The newest case of suicide at Monte Carlo has put into mourning one of the first families of Schleswig-Holstein. Its youngest son had the misfortune, during a journey to Italy, to make a visit to Monaco. He had a large sum of money with him at the time, but he lost it at roulette. Telegraphing home for more, he received it and played again, but lost all he had. He then lost his watch, his studs, and his rings and tried to borrow 500f. to pay his hotel bill. Being a stranger he could not do this, and out of shame at his failure, and out of reluctance to ask for more money from his family, he shot himself."

A Spurgeon Golden Wedding.—Mr. C. H. Spurgeon's parents have just celebrated their fiftieth wedding-day. The Metropolitan Tabernacle Pastor was their first child, and a golden wedding commemoration was arranged for at his residence on Monday, including a gathering of children, grandchildren, and great-grandchildren, to the number of nearly forty. Mr. Spurgeon's father, the Rev. John Spurgeon, although retired from the pastorate, frequently conducts service as a Congregational minister, and has six brothers living. The family has for generations past been remarkable for the longevity of its members. Mrs. Spurgeon, senior, remembers the celebration of her grand-parent's golden wedding.

Mr. Francis Murphy, the Temperance Advocate, has written to a friend in this country a letter from which the following interesting extract is taken: "Your good letter with account of Woman's Christian Temperance Union anniversary inclosed received and read with interest. The women there have done a great work in our country. Would that the same work was being done here. The women of England are not working like our women. It is most difficult to keep them together here on account of class distinction. Many of the nobility have signed the pledge and put on the ribbon of blue—the Countess Dowager of Sunderland, Lord Mount Temple, Lady Wolsey, the Duchess of Aberdeen, the Hon. Emly Kinnaird, and a host of others. The Rev. Mr. Spurgeon has signed and put on the blue, also the Rev. Canon Basil Wilberforce and the Earl of Carlisle. My son Edward and myself are going into Exeter Hall, London, commencing on the 27th inst., and continuing till June 3d. May God help us. It is the last work we do in this country if we can get away. I am longing to see my own dear land. It was stated in our country that the Rev. Spurgeon was a hard drinker. *It was false.* He was most abstemious in the use of drink. He has been very kind to myself and son."

An Illustrated Work on the Unfulfilled prophecies of the Bible, by the Rev. M. Baxter, entitled: "Forty Coming Wonders," may be had from the office of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, 63 Bible House, New York, by remitting one dollar. It is a book of 528 pages, is handsomely bound in cloth and contains fifty full-page pictures and diagrams representing the scenes described in the prophecies of Daniel and in the book of the Revelation. It also contains a resumé of the opinions of other expositors, and extracts carefully collated from the works of all the most eminent writers on prophecy, from the earliest ages of the Christian era down to those of recent date. It thus forms the most useful and complete guide the student can have in entering on the study of that portion of the Word of God. The book may also be obtained for one dollar from any bookseller, who can procure it from the American News Company.

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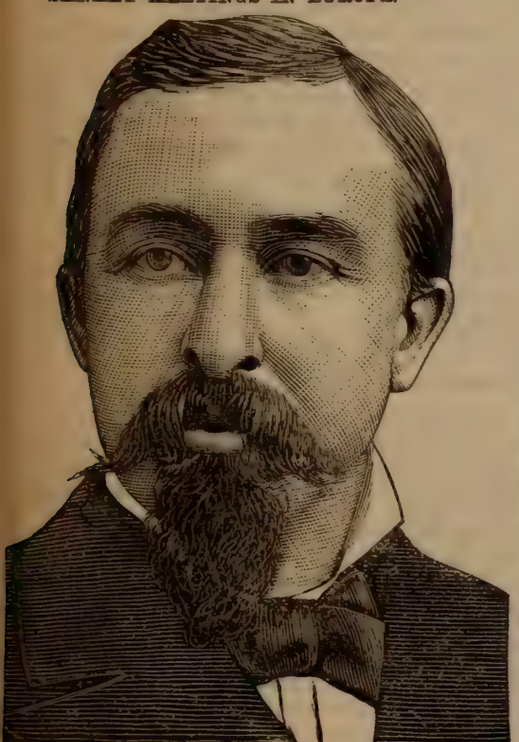

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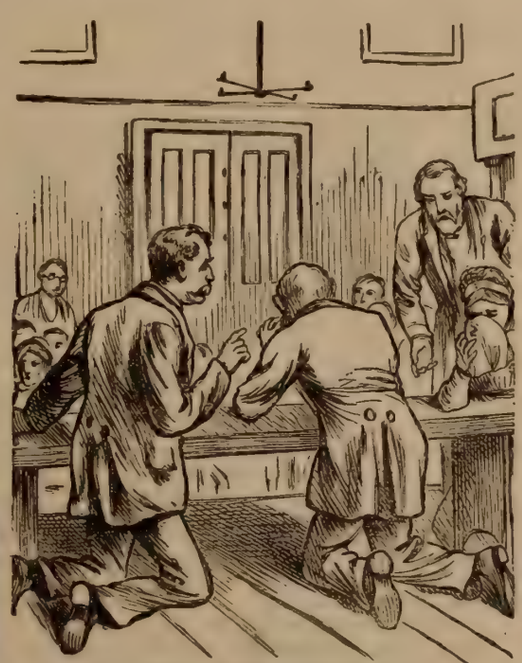

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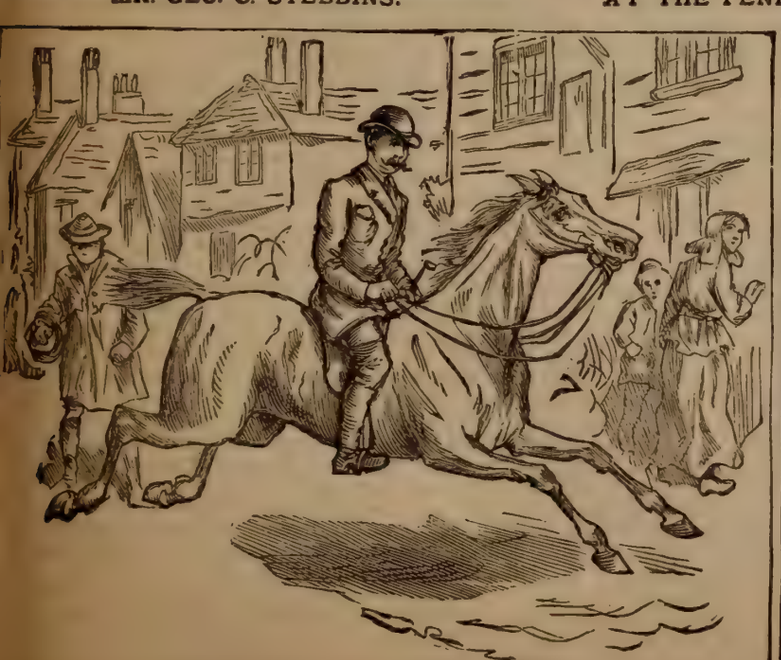

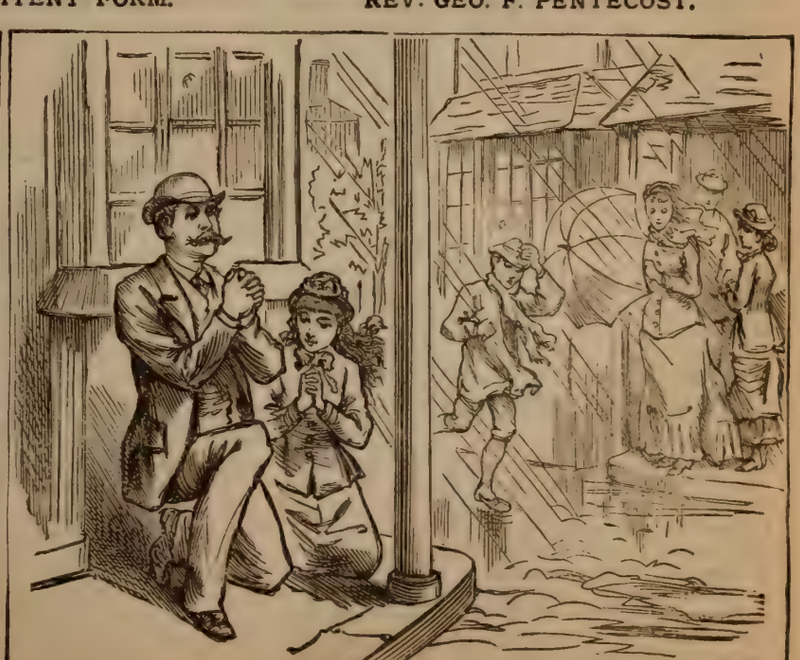

REV. GEO. F. PENTECOST AND MR. GEO. C. STEBBINS, OF BROOKLYN, N. Y.

GEORGE FREDERICK PENTECOST,

Of Tompkins Avenue Congregational Church, Brooklyn.

Ancestry—Birth and Early Hardships—Life in the West—A Costly Practical Joke—Work in the Government Printing-Office at Lecompton—A Revival in the Town—An Impressive Service—Young Lady Companion—Her Escort to Church—A Memorable Sermon—At the Penitents' Bench—Becomes a Christian—Recommended to Enter the Ministry—A Brief College Life Terminated—War Time—Public Offices—A Perilous Ride—A Pastorate Accepted—Womanly Heroism—His First Convert—Becomes an Evangelist—Pastorate in Brooklyn.

GEORGE FREDERICK PENTECOST, the eminent pastor and evangelist, whose portrait appears on our frontispiece this week, comes of a family stock in which many strands are woven. For his physical and mental characteristics he is debtor to French, English, and Jewish ancestors. The traditional *origin of the name Pentecost* is interesting and suggestive. A Bohemian went to France, was converted among the Huguenots, and became a zealous lay evangelist. His labors were always followed by so much blessing that the people among whom he labored called him *Old Pentecost*. This became the new name of the family, the members of which lapsed into unbelief, until, through a Christian mother of Hebrew lineage, the believer and evangelist again appears.

The subject of our biography was born at Albion, Ill., on September 23d, 1842. He is the third child of Hugh L. Pentecost. His only surviving brother is a prominent Baptist clergyman in Brooklyn, N. Y. Soon after the birth of George, his father failed in business, and became hopelessly dispirited. The burden of supporting the family was in consequence laid on the wife and mother, whose energy was equal to the emergency. To meet it, she took her charge to Evansville, Ill.

After two years had been passed in the public school, and when thirteen years old, George was

APPRENTICED TO A PRINTER,

and he quickly acquired skill in the business, receiving while still a boy full wages. At the age of fifteen his father died, and he removed to Kansas, dazzled by the glowing accounts he had read of certain fortune in that new territory.

Reaching Quindaro, he obtained employment in the store of a former townsman, but the following year came depression; he lost his situation, and was adrift with many others in like condition. He was driven to ask for the humblest labor; sometimes toiling with Irish workmen upon the highways; working in a saw mill, sleeping in the loft, and again, purchasing an axe, venturing into the virgin forest; indeed, he turned to whatever employment gave any compensation. He soon tired of this life, and travelled to Leavenworth, hoping to obtain work as a printer, but without success. At Lawrence, however, he found employment at good wages. It was there that he contracted the habits of dissipation which were near proving his ruin.

By his characteristic fondness for mischief, which often found expression in practical jokes, he lost his situation at Lawrence. His employer was coming up the stairway one day, and supposing him to be an associate, George threw a pail of binder's paste full in his employer's face. The words of farewell to the astonished offender were few, but exceedingly emphatic. Then came another period of idleness and poverty.

While endeavoring to obtain board at a hotel in Lecompton by a story concocted to deceive, a young man noticed his blundering embarrassment and entered into conversation with him. George frankly told him the truth and expressed his readiness to work for a living if he could obtain employment. His new friend happened to be foreman of the government printing-office in the town, and he told George that if he really wanted a situation, he could obtain it the next day. Filled with penitence at recent exploits, Pentecost determined to settle down to habits of industry and sobriety.

For weeks this resolution was kept, his purse was replenished, and new acquaintances were formed. But he was led into the vortex again, and resumed his dissipated habits. He made the acquaintance of some politicians and through their influence he obtained a clerkship in the Supreme Court.

LIFE OF DISSIPATION.

His life, meantime, was growing more dissipated! Wine-drinking, card-playing, and revelry, were the round after the hours of work. He was nineteen years of age, and had been in the territory for nearly four years. Mrs. Pentecost removed in the mean time to Henderson, Kentucky, the home of her late husband's family; and having fallen ill, desired her boy to hasten to her bedside. He started immediately, and found her convalescent. Determining to remain with his mother to whom he was sincerely attached, he secured a deputy clerkship in the district court at Henderson, and formed new friendships among eminent lawyers and influential officials. He received numerous invitations to balls and parties, became a graceful dancer and acquired skill in the amusements of fast life. His bondage to liquor increased and he was often alarmed by noticing his powerlessness to resist the seductions of the glass.

SPECIAL SERVICES.

In the spring of 1860, the Rev. G. C. Lorrimer (now Dr. Lorrimer, of Chicago), conducted a series of services in the Baptist Church at Henderson. One evening, George, accompanied by a profane associate, went to the church, listened to the sermon, and, when he went home, felt himself strangely disinclined to make light of anything he had heard or seen, though he was not aware of any serious impression.

A LADY'S INFLUENCE.

On the following Sunday morning he went again to hear Dr. Lorrimer and noticed, on entering the church a young lady who was an intimate friend of his own. At the close of the meeting Mr. Lorrimer announced that he would preach that evening to young men. George accompanied his friend home, and the conversation revealed on her part a deep interest in the meetings, which called forth his raillery. He saw the young lady was pained, and changed the subject to the preacher's stirring discourses. These had awakened earnest thought and feeling, and the girl expressed a desire to hear the sermon announced for the evening, and George offered himself as escort.

A MEMORABLE SERMON TO YOUNG MEN.

When they entered the crowded church, young Pentecost was quite unconscious of the least interest in the preacher or his subject, but the moment Mr. Lorrimer announced his text (Eccles. 11:9) George's conscience was touched. In an instant, his past and present life so exactly depicted in those graphic words, were before him; he saw his whole career—long forgotten sins came back, like ghastly, grinning skeletons from their graves. Then he seemed to stand before the Great White Throne of Judgment, without excuse, a condemned soul. The next few days were a time of agony and darkness.

AT THE PENITENTS' BENCH.

On the following Wednesday George Pentecost saw clearly the way of salvation, and gave himself to Christ. He distinctly recollects, and often refers to, the following formula of his experience: "If God is satisfied with what Christ has done for me, I ought to be, and am." This clear revelation of the Gospel to the hitherto bewildered mind was made in a moment, as one opens the eyes on a landscape. The spiritual vision was raised from self to Christ.

With a glad, peaceful heart, he went forward at the meeting he was in and kneeled down, but not to pray; for near by was a young friend, to whom George began to explain the Gospel, telling how God in Christ had done all, that God had accepted Christ for us; that there was nothing to do but to rejoice and begin serving Him. This experience has been the key-note of his ministry—salvation by the simple acceptance of Christ.

COMMENCEMENT OF CHRISTIAN WORK.

Mr. Pentecost was asked to lead the meetings of young converts, and he soon became an active worker in the church. His venerable pastor and officers urged him to study for the ministry. After prayerful deliberation, and repeated consultations with his pastor, Mr. Pentecost was licensed, at the age of twenty, to preach the Gospel, meanwhile remaining in a law office, and leading the meetings of the new converts when desired.

In the autumn of 1861, he went to Georgetown, Kentucky, to enter the preparatory department of the college there, under the patronage of the Baptists, and at the end of the term became enrolled as a regular student. His college life was brief; he left it at the end of ten months, in June, 1862, with the expectation of returning the next September. God's providence, however, wrought a change of plan which affected the whole of his after life, and led through experiences which moulded and ripened his character for future usefulness.

In August, 1862, young Pentecost entered the army as a private in the Eighth Kentucky Cavalry and served until 1864 when he was chosen *chaplain* of the regiment, with the rank of captain. On his way to Louisville, to receive his commission, he called upon an old college friend, Rev. James Bent, of Georgetown, who besought him not to abandon the ministry, warning him of the peril of apostasy, and shipwreck for eternity. Upon reaching Louisville, it was found that the last military vacancy was filled. But he was promised a commission in a few days or weeks. But it did not come, and while waiting for it, Mr. Pentecost entered the law office of his former Sunday-school teacher who had become the Provost-Marshal-General of Indiana.

A PERILOUS RIDE.

One day Mr. Pentecost was riding on a thorough-bred horse, which he had used in the army, and which, taking fright, dashed away at furious speed. He was unable to check the mad career of the animal which became more unmanageable every moment. Being a good horseman, he did not fear, but felt annoyance that he could not stop the horse from dashing along one of the principal streets of the city. He drove his spurs deep into the horse's flanks, and giving him the bit, shouted with an oath, "Run, now, till you are satisfied." In an instant the rider was overwhelmed with remorse and shame, and borne by the foaming steed through the city, Mr. Pentecost was unmindful of everything except the bitterness of repentance, and upon reaching home, fell on his face before God, to implore forgiveness.

AN INVITATION.

While he was thinking of giving himself to more active Christian service, he received a letter one morning from the Baptist Church at Greencastle to go and preach to them, though they could guarantee him nothing more than his travelling expenses. After five months' labor at Greencastle, he received, in April, 1864, when he was nearly twenty-two years old, a unanimous invitation to become the pastor, at a salary of three hundred dollars per annum. He was living at the rate of two thousand five hundred dollars a year, and how could he think of living on one eighth of that sum? He had been married but a short time to an earnest Christian young lady and he laid the matter before his young wife, who, much to his surprise, said: "Fred, since October 6th, last year, when I married you, I have been looking forward to the time when you would be settled over a church, I don't care how small or obscure. I appreciate all you are doing for my comfort and pleasure, but I would rather live in one room, on a bare floor, if you would only preach the Gospel, than live in luxury in any other calling."

This speech from the gentle young wife, who had never known hardship or want, was like the voice of God to the undecided man. He felt that of a truth God had called him to the work of the ministry, but did not see how they were

that, under the name of Tarshish, Great Britain is *specifically* noticed in Holy Writ. And not only so; for so many incidents in its career in the last days and during the Millennium are narrated that they read more like a record of past than an epitome of future events.

NAME AND LOCALITY OF TARSHISH.

The *name* of Tarshish first appears in sacred history in the pedigree of Japheth and his descendants. From Gen. 10 : 4, 5 it appears that one of his grandsons, named Tarshish, aided in colonizing "the isles of the Gentiles." He probably gave his own name to the territory which came into his possession. In accordance with the Hebrew rule in indicating geographical sites, we cannot doubt that wherever the city of Tarshish was planted, it was westward of the Holy Land.

The exact *locality* of Tarshish has caused much controversy on the part of biblical students. This has chiefly sprung from the difficulty which is found in reconciling 1 Kings 22 : 48 with 11 Chron. 20 : 36. For in the first passage it is stated that "Jehoshaphat made ships of Tarshish to go to *Ophir*;" while in the latter it is recorded that he "joined himself with Ahaziah, King of Israel, to make ships to go to *Tarshish*." In order to harmonize these conflicting statements, some commentators have suggested that there were two Tarshishes—one somewhere in India and the other lying westward of the Mediterranean. We, however, think that there is no real contradiction in the two passages, but that they may be thus reconciled; vessels of a very large tonnage were known to the Jews as "ships of Tarshish," with which city they usually traded, and by this name they were distinguished from vessels of lesser bulk, to whatever port they sailed.

KING SOLOMON'S NAVY.

We also read in 1 Kings 10 : 22 that King Solomon "had at sea a navy of Tarshish, with the navy of Hiram; once in three years came the navy of Tarshish, bringing gold and silver, elephants' teeth (margin), and apes and peacocks." As the three latter items have their birth in India, some have sought for Tarshish there. But Hales considers the ships of Solomon on this voyage proceeded westward to Cadiz on the Spanish coast, and from thence southward along the coast of Africa. He says that "this voyage might well occupy the navigators of that period during three years."

In addition to the suggestion that there were two Tarshishes, two theories are most prominent as to its locality. The first that we shall review is that suggested by the learned Bochart, and ably supported, among others by Sir Emerson Tennant in his "History of Ceylon." He says that "it seems probable that the long-sought-for locality of Tarshish may be found to be identical with that of Point de Galle. Bochart was not the first that rejected the idea of Tarshish having been a Phœnician colony situated at the mouth of the Guadalquiver; but he was the first who suggested that Tarshish must have been somewhere in the vicinity of Cape Cormorin." After mentioning the articles imported by King Solomon from Ophir, which he identifies with Malacca, he adds, "By geographical position, by indigenous productions, and by the fact that from its having been from time immemorial the resort of ships from Egypt, Arabia, and Persia, on one side, and India, Java, and China on the other, Galle seems to present a combination essential to determine the problem so long undecided, and to establish its own identity with the Tarshish of the sacred historians—the mart so long frequented by the ships of Tyre and Judæa."

THE THEORY OF BOCHART.

At the first glance at the proofs adduced, this theory would seem to be further supported by the fact that the ten tribes at last will be conveyed to Palestine by some unknown power (Isa. 18 : 1–7) "from beyond the rivers of Ethiopia." Whether by this phrase we are to understand eastern Ethiopia as it is restricted to Abyssinia, the nearest territory to Ethiopia after crossing the sea, is that which has for its boundary the River Indus, or in other words British India. So that, were Bochart's and Tennant's, and Dr. W. Smith's theory the true one, still *Great Britain would be the prophetic Tarshish.*

But three facts out of many serve to disprove this theory of Bochart and Tennant. The first is this: We necessarily infer from an episode in the history of that most self-willed and incomprehensible of prophets, Jonah: in order to escape from his mission to Nineveh, he (Jonah 1 : 3) "went down to Joppa (or Jaffa), and he found a ship going to Tarshish; so he paid the fare thereof, and went down into it, to go unto Tarshish from the presence of Jehovah." Now it is self-evident that he would not sail eastward, when by a westward voyage he would leave Nineveh far in the rear. Hence, wherever Tarshish was, we must look for it westward of Palestine.

TARSHISH WESTWARD OF PALESTINE.

Again, in Gen. 10 : 4–5, we find Elishah, or Elis, in the Peloponnesus, Kittim, or Cyprus, and Dodanim or Rhodes, connected with Tarshish in the list of the sons of Javan, by whom "the isles of the Gentiles were divided." We may presume, according to ancient custom (Ps. 49 : 11) that they gave their own names to their respective territories. If so, as it is improbable that an eastern isle would be inserted amid these western ones, even if the emphatic phrase "isles of the *Gentiles*" had not been selected to show the place they colonized, we cannot but conclude that Tarshish was located westward of Palestine, and hence we must look for its site in that direction.

But a still more important prophetic fact negatives the theory that Tarshish was an equivalent name for Ceylon or some other Asiatic city. The most cursory glance at the 48th Psalm will show that it refers to the period when Antichrist and his vassal kings will invest and be defeated at Jerusalem; for it says (ver. 4–6): "The kings were assembled—they passed by together; they saw it [*i.e.*, Zion]; they marvelled; they were troubled and hasted away: fear took hold of them there, and pain as of a woman in travail." It then proceeds to say (ver. 7): "Thou breakest the ships of Tarshish with an *east* wind." Now, were the squadron sailing westward, the wind would be favorable; but, if sailing eastward on the Mediterranean, it would be in their teeth. We must, then, infer that the navy of Tarshish will sail westward to aid Antichrist when God destroys it as He did the Spanish Armada, not by human agency, but by fierce storms. Hence, wherever it is, we must look westward of Palestine for the prophetic Tarshish.

IS TARTESSUS THE PROPHETIC TARSHISH?

The second and popular theory, and which is warmly advocated by Calmet, Michaelis, Hales, Bredow, Eadie, and other biblical scholars, is that Tartessus, a city at the mouth of the river Guadalquiver, near the Strait of Gibraltar, is the ancient Tarshish. It was known to the ancient Greeks, not only as a great commercial city, but as a territory, and as such extending westward as far as the isthmus which separates Gibraltar from Spain, colonized by the Phœnicians (see Isaiah 33 : 6 and 12), who were of Hamite descent. Its colonists were celebrated, like their Tyrian ancestors, for their skill as navigators, so noted were they among both the Greeks and the Hebrews for their large and well-manned ships, that "the ships of Tarshish" became a common phrase to describe their navy—just, indeed, as we speak of the huge trading vessels to India and China as "East Indiamen," to distinguish them from ships of lesser tonnage. They traded so far west as Cornwall, bartering their products for its mineral wealth, so that Great Britain and the ancient Tarshish were commercially connected long before the Christian era. From its position, then, abutting as the territory of Tarshish did on Gibraltar, it may now be regarded as virtually British territory. Thus replacing ancient Tarshish, Great Britain may be regarded not only as the modern synonym for the Tarshish of prophecy, but as *its legitimate heir.*

Another link in the chain of proof which identifies Great Britain with the biblical Tarshish is supplied by those *mineral products* for which it was famous in Bible annals. Thus, in his requiem for Tyre, the most celebrated seaport in Bible times, Ezekiel says (27 : 12): "Tarshish was thy merchant by reason of the multitude of all kind of riches; with *silver, iron, tin, and lead,* they traded in thy fairs." It is scarcely needful to indicate how strikingly this portrays that mineral wealth which, for a series of centuries, has aided in making Great Britain the commercial emporium of the world.

THE NATIONAL SYMBOL.

Again, as supporting the theory that Great Britain is the modern Tarshish, we would point to the national symbol, the lion. Speaking of the "latter year" of this dispensation, when Antichrist will invade the Holy Land, Ezekiel says (38 : 8–13) that, "the *merchants* of Tarshish—with all the young LIONS thereof—will say unto Gog [or Antichrist], Hast thou come to take a spoil? Hast thou gathered thy company to take a prey, to carry away silver and gold, to take away cattle and goods, to take a great spoil." Now, of no other existing nation can it be said that its "merchants" so represent the dominant commercial spirit as to be the representatives of the nation, save England; for its (Isa. 23 : 8) "merchants are princes, whose traffickers are the honorable of the earth." And no other western nation has chosen the lion for its heraldic symbol, save the minor kingdom of Belgium, which is under the quasi-protectorate of Great Britain. Though, if it stood alone, this choice of the prophetic "lion" as its emblem might be regarded as a mere coincidence, yet, when it is added to the other proofs, it becomes a striking factor in the evidence, which finds in Great Britain the Tarshish of the "latter days."

THE PROPHETIC TARSHISH.

One other fact strikingly confirms the theory that Great Britain is the prophetic Tarshish—namely, the recent virtual incorporation of Kittim, or Cyprus, with its dominions. It is true that some geographers extend the word "Kittim" to the Greek islands generally, but the best ancient authority, Josephus, who, as a Jew, must have known what his kinsmen understood by the phrase, restricted it to the Isle of Cyprus. Of the few references to Kittim or Cyprus in the Old Testament, one only need be referred to. It is a striking one, for Cyprus and Tarshish are found connected together in the last days. Thus Isaiah says (33 : 1) "Howl, ye ships of Tarshish; for it (Tyre), is laid waste, from the land of Kittim it is revealed unto them." From the fact that when the modern or revived Tyre is destroyed, it is reported to the navy of Tarshish when it reaches Cyprus, we cannot doubt that there is some intimate connection between the two countries—such, in fact, as has existed since the virtual session of Cyprus to Great Britain in 1878–9. By this acquisition, England has now a chain of forts in the Mediterranean — namely, Gibraltar, Malta, and Cyprus—and thus it has such a mastery of that sea that the prospect of its ever becoming "a French lake," as Napoleon I. dreamt, is farther off than ever. Possibly the virtual possession of this direct route to the Holy Land will make its fleet so conspicuous in the time of Antichrist. For whether it resist or aid the great autocrat of the world, its naval powers will preponderate too much for any but a supernatural power to resist it.

From these facts, then (1)—the geographical position of Great Britain; (2) its commercial features, which so remarkably correspond with those of the biblical Tarshish; (3) the regal-heraldic symbol, the Norman and Scotch "lions;" and (4) its recent acquisition of Kittim or Cyprus—we think, accumulative as is the evidence, that we are justified in the conclusion that Great Britain is the heir of ancient Tarshish, with all its pre-recorded greatness, and all its predicted prominence in the last days of this dispensation, as well as during the Millennium.

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CURRENT EVENTS.

The Decrease in the Public Debt for May as analyzed by Mr. John M. Carson, clerk of the Committee on Ways and Means, is as follows: The month's decrease is less than $5,000,000, and for the eleven months closing May 31st, less than $120,000,000—as against a decrease in May, 1882, of over $10,000,000, and for the eleven months ending with May of last year of over $139,000,000. The aggregate reduction during the last fiscal year was $151,000,000, but for the present year, which closes with the current month, the reduction is not likely to exceed $125,000,000. This comparatively unfavorable exhibit is owing to the falling off in receipts from customs, which falling off will continue until July 1st, when the new tariff act goes into effect, and perhaps for several months after July. *The silver dollars* coined during the month were 2,350,000. They were deposited in the Treasury, as no one wanted them, and more of the cumbrous coins which had been forced into circulation were returned, making the present total lying unused in the vaults nearly $109,000,000. If the coinage is kept up at its present rate there is likely to be $125,000,000 thus stored at the end of this year.

The Ohio Republican Convention which, Assembled last week at Columbus, attracted unusual attention through the country, owing to the close contest expected in that State on political grounds and to the uncertainty as to the probable decision of the people on the liquor question. An effort was made to induce Senator Sherman to accept the nomination for governor, but that, for obvious reasons, Mr. Sherman promptly and firmly declined. Judge Foraker's name was then put before the convention, and he was nominated by acclamation. The platform adopted is a document showing no little astuteness, which will be read with amusement by citizens who are familiar with the course of State and National politics. It approves "the wise and conservative administration of President Arthur," and "attests the wisdom, care and economy of the administration of Governor Foster." It declares for "a tariff system which will provide a revenue for the government and protect American producers and American labor;" it approves Civil Service Reform without mentioning Senator Pendleton's bill, and favors the repeal of the law limiting the time for applications for pensions. It will be seen from these points that there has been no lack of effort to make the platform comprehensive. On the subject of Temperance, which is the most prominent of all in Ohio now, the platform thus states the Republican position: "*Fifth*, that we approve of the action of the General Assembly of Ohio in the submission of constitutional amendments in relation to the liquor traffic, thus giving an opportunity to the people to make such changes in the organic law of the State as may be approved by their judgment. *Sixth*, that we approve of the taxation of the liquor traffic for revenue and for the purpose of providing against evils resulting from such traffic." As will be seen the Republicans thus practically indorse the principles of the Scott law, the constitutionality of which is still before the courts.

The Iowa Democratic Convention Assembled at Des Moines on June 6th, and nominated the ticket for the coming contest. The nominee for Governor is Judge L. G. Kinne, of Tama, who two years ago ran as a Republican against Mr. B. R. Sherman; Mr. Justin C. Clarke is nominated for Lieutenant-Governor, and Walter I. Hays for Supreme Court Judge. The nomination of Judge Hays is regarded by Democrats generally as a mistake, his attitude on the prohibition question, it is thought, will involve either extensive scratching or a rejection of the whole ticket by Democrats favorable to temperance legislation. The platform favors the extension of the civil service laws to every department of the Government; arraigns the last Congress for its extravagance and demands economy; indorses a tariff for revenue only and a gradual reduction of protective duties; denounces the tariff legislation of the last Congress; *opposes constitutional prohibition*, and in the interest of practical temperance *favors a well-regulated license law*, with the penalty of forfeiture of the license for its violation.

The Coroner's Jury in the Case of the Brooklyn Bridge disaster on Decoration Day, express in their verdict the opinion of the public as to the responsibility of the trustees. On that subject they say: "We find the trustees and officers reprehensible in not having the bridge and its approaches properly policed, and particularly at the steps. Had this important matter received the careful attention of the managers of the bridge, to which it was entitled, the vast throng upon the structure would have been kept moving, and the panic, which resulted in the death of twelve persons, averted; and that the construction of the footway and steps is not of sufficient capacity for the accommodation of the foot passengers. The trustees should not pass this disaster over as a special dispensation and not likely to be repeated, but give their serious attention to the problem of making the promenade absolutely safe." It is to be regretted that the jury did not recommend the removal of the steps at both ends of the bridge, but they apparently preferred leaving details to the discretion of the trustees, while in the last clause of the verdict placing the entire responsibility upon them. With a very few exceptions the verdict of the jury is heartily indorsed by the people.

Mr. Richard T. Merrick of Counsel for the Government in the Star Route cases, concluded, on Friday last, his address to the jury. The speech, which occupied nine days in delivery, was an exhaustive analysis of this protracted case. It provoked frequent interruptions from the counsel for the defence, and has drawn forth a torrent of vituperation from the newspapers controlled by the accused. It may be hoped that the next few days during which Judge Wylie will deliver his charge will be followed by a decisive verdict, and that the country may not be put to the expense and humiliation of a third trial. The confidence freely expressed by the defendants in the issue of the trial does not encourage that hope, but rather indicates that the defendants have reasons, not generally known, for expecting a disagreement. The astonishment of the people has been caused during the past week by the intelligence from Washington of *the startling fact* that the Fort Diobrara and Deadwood Route has been *let to John R. Miner*, one of the Star Route defendants, with Vaile, another defendant, as his surety. It may be hoped that the Second Assistant Postmaster-General will be required to give an explanation of such a contract.

The Opium Dens of Philadelphia have been raided by the police, who were doubtless moved to their act by the revelations in New York. In one building two young women were found under the influence of opium, and a man, a minstrel performer, who had accompanied the women. They were taken in custody, together with the proprietor and three other Chinamen. The Chinese laundry in the adjoining building was also raided, and five Chinamen captured. No opium smoking was in progress at the latter place. The prisoners were arraigned, and the proprietor of the house was held in $1000 bail for keeping a disreputable house. The two women and the man were held in $600 each as witnesses, and the rest in $300 each to keep the peace.

The Burial of the Author of "Home, Sweet Home" took place in the Oak Hill Cemetery, Georgetown, on Saturday last. The coffin containing the remains of John Howard Payne has remained since it was brought from Tunis in the little chapel within the cemetery gate, but on Saturday morning, the anniversary of the poet's birth, it was placed in a hearse and taken to Washington. Thence later in the day it was taken to the cemetery for re-interment. The hearse was preceded by a military procession, soldiers of the regular and volunteer service with reversed arms, and bands playing funeral marches, and followed by carriages containing the President, the members of his Cabinet, representatives of the diplomatic corps, the Supreme Courts of the United States and of the District, and by Mr. Corcoran, to whom the removal is chiefly due, and many specially invited friends. The procession marched up Pennsylvania Avenue over to Georgetown, up the prettily shaded hillside to the cemetery, where under the monument erected to Payne's memory the remains were finally deposited.

The Plea for a Five-Cent Subscription to Aid in building a church at Smithville, Clay County, Mo., which was published in these columns on April 5th, has elicited many responses from the readers of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD. Mr. Shafer writes that he has acknowledged by mail the receipt of all subscriptions in cases in which the senders gave their address. He desires us to express his thanks to others who gave no address. The friends at Smithville are still earnestly at work endeavoring to raise funds that their little church may be opened free of debt.

The Convention of Colored Men.—The Committee, of which Frederick Douglass is chairman, appointed to make arrangements for a national convention of the colored people of the United States, decided on May 23d to change the place for the proposed convention from Washington to Louisville, Ky. The convention will meet on the day previously agreed upon, September 24th, next.

Ten Dollars were Received at the Office of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD last week from a lady who desired that acknowledgment should be made here of their receipt, but who wished that her name should not be published. They will be used in accordance with her wish, in defraying the cost of sending THE CHRISTIAN HERALD to ministers who cannot afford to pay a subscription. It is gratifying to the proprietors of the journal to find that God is blessing it and inclining the hearts of His people to aid them in placing it in the hands of those who through its means are assisted in their ministerial labors.

A Fetish in a New York Court last Week Failed in its function. Its possessor believed that it would preserve him from harm here and hereafter, but notwithstanding its supposed virtues the owner was convicted and punished. He was a sailor, and had been arrested for a misdemeanor. When he was searched in the station-house, a small piece of shrivelled skin and bone was found in his possession. He said it was the forefinger of *the right hand of a dead friend*, named John Brown. They had been shipmates together in a dangerous voyage, and at one time they were certain they would never return alive. The result of many conferences they held before the mast was that the survivor should detach the forefinger from the hand of the one dying first and carry it about with him as an omen of good luck. With this, acting as a fetish, they were sure one of them would escape all harm there and forever. They escaped on that occasion, but subsequently, when Brown died, his shipmate carried out the ghastly arrangement. No one would have supposed that in this age of enlightenment superstition so gross could have existed. Numbers of people, however, are, in trusting for their eternal welfare to their good works, or to Church ordinances, or the absolution of priests, relying on a hope as unworthy of confidence as the sailor's fetish (Jer. 3 : 23).

An Immigrant's Fatal Stupidity was Evinced on a steamboat on June 1st. As the steamer Rhode Island, of the Stonington line, was passing through Fisher's Island Sound on her way from New York to Boston, an unknown man, an immigrant, about twenty-five years old, jumped overboard. The captain at once ordered the steamer stopped, two boats were lowered, but after an unsuccessful half hour's search, the Rhode Island proceeded on her way. Early in the evening the man informed the steward that his family and friends were on the Fall River steamer, and he got on the Stonington steamer by mistake. He appeared crazed with grief. The steward tried to ease his mind by telling him he would reach Boston in time to meet his friends, but this had no effect on him, as he evidently believed he was separated from his friends forever and did not care to live without them. It is remarkable that the man could not grasp the idea that the two steamers had the same ultimate destination, and that if there were no accident he would meet his friends in the morning. Bereaved parents and husbands and wives might often reflect with advantage on this immigrant's folly. Only it is essential that they should be certain, before death separates them from those they love, that their destination is the same, and that the place where there will be no more partings (II Samuel 12 : 23).

A Panic in a Circus Caused some Consternation in Chicago, on June 7th. Barnum's show was exhibiting in the city, and the tents were completely packed, over 15,000 persons being present. The grand entry was being made, when one of the elephants, attached to a chariot, became frightened and went bellowing around the ring, dashing into the procession and smashing one or two of the chariots. To add to the confusion, one of the women charioteers abandoned her horses and they went dashing around the ring. The wild beasts, frightened at the uproar, began bellowing and beating the bars of their cages, and the rest of the elephants became frightened and unmanageable. The vast audience, composed largely of women and children, were greatly terrified and rose in their seats, and those near the exit made a rush for the outside. For a few moments a general panic and a fearful loss of life seemed inevitable, but the continued playing of the band reassured the frightened multitude somewhat, and the employés succeeded in getting the unruly animals out of the rings. Quiet was then restored. It is evident that but for the coolness of the musicians there might have been a fearful calamity in the circus, but the strains of music allayed the fears of the people. That was a beneficial use of the charms of music which seem to operate on the human mind more powerfully than any other agent. In that case, alarm was the chief thing to be feared, but there are cases, with which every gospel worker is familiar, in which alarm would be a welcome sign, but which is often unhappily allayed by the enchantments of Satan, and the sinner is lulled into a false security (Amos. 6 : 3-7).

A Romantic Marriage was Solemnized in New Orleans two weeks ago. A young officer in the French Army, who is visiting this country, went to Montreal last December, and called on the French consul there. During his visit he saw in an album *the portrait of a young lady* of remarkable beauty. He inquired her name and address, and learning that she resided at New Orleans, he thought nothing of the two thousand miles to be travelled, but set out immediately to seek her. On his arrival, he made the lady's acquaintance, and his admiration for the portrait quickly developed into love for the original. He proposed, and was accepted ; and on May 28th they were married. The Apostle Paul's use of the marriage relation as a type of the union between Christ and His Church is recalled by this romantic wedding. In that blessed union, however, it was the Bridegroom who was "altogether lovely," and though He came from heaven to earth to win His bride, she became complete and beautiful only in Him (Eph. 5 : 25-27).

The Value of a Boy's Leg, as Assessed by a jury in the New York Supreme Court last week is twenty thousand dollars. The boy who made the claim for damages testified that while playing ball on one of the piers he was knocked down from behind by the defendant's horse and cart, caught under the wheel and dragged about twenty feet, until the cart was stopped and he was rescued by a policeman ; he was taken to the Chambers Street Hospital, and after three months' treatment it became necessary to amputate his left leg in order to save his life. Upon this evidence the case was submitted to the jury, who, after brief deliberation, returned a verdict in favor of plaintiff for twenty thousand dollars. Large as the amount is, the boy would doubtless have preferred retaining his limb, and it is very certain that few persons could be found willing to lose a limb for that or any other sum. It is remarkable, however, that unnumbered people while so careful of their bodies which must die are so careless of their immortal souls that they voluntarily place them in peril to win much smaller sums of money (Matt. 5 : 30).

A Steamboat made of Paper is the Latest novelty of American manufacture. It is being constructed at Lansingburg, N. Y., and is near completion. The Troy *Times* gives the following description of the strange craft : Its length of keel is twenty feet ; breadth of beam, five feet ; depth of hold, three feet ; length over all, twenty-four feet ; draft of screw, twenty-four inches ; length of shaft, eight feet ; weight without machinery, one thousand pounds ; seating capacity, twenty-five persons; carrying capacity, three tons. The boat was built in two sections and jointed on the keel. The sheathing, a solid body of paper, is three eighths of an inch in thickness. A bullet from a Smith & Wesson revolver fired at the sheathing from a distance of four feet neither penetrated it nor made an abrasion on its surface. Experiments have shown that it is impossible to soak or soften the hull or increase its weight by contact with water. Its motive power is a Westinghouse engine of about six horse-power, capable of making two thousand revolutions a minute, and guaranteed to give a high rate of speed. The inventors claim that life-boats, steam launches for ships, captains' gigs, and whale boats can be constructed by this process, which will have greater durability and less weight than at present. The astonishing feature of the new vessel is its being made of a material which in its best-known form is weak and fragile. If it proves all the inventors claim for it, it will be an illustration of the fact observed in the spiritual world that the weakest part of humanity often displays in times of temptation and persecution strength no one ever supposed they possessed (I Cor. 1 : 27, 28).

CHRIST IN YOU.

A New Sermon by Pastor C. H. Spurgeon.

"Christ in you, the hope of glory."—Colossians 1 : 27.

The Gospel a Hidden Secret—Revealed only by the Holy Spirit—Spiritual Dram-Drinking—The Mystery of the Gospel—I. Christ its Essence—In His Person—In His Work—In His Offices—A Visit to a Physician—A Variation in a Parable—The Essence in no Other—Nor in Christ's Gifts—II. Christ its Sweetness—Accepted by Faith—Possessed—Experienced—Reigning—The Siege of Mansoul—Filling—A Legend of a Garden—III. The Outlook of all This—Glory for Believers.

THE Gospel is the grand secret : the mystery of mysteries. It was hidden from ages and from generations, but is now made manifest to the saints. To the mass of mankind it was utterly unknown ; and the chosen people, who saw something of it, only perceived it dimly through the smoke of sacrifices and the veil of types. It remained a mystery which wit could not guess nor invention unravel ; and it must forever have continued a secret had not God in His infinite mercy been pleased to reveal it by the Holy Ghost. In a still deeper sense it is *even yet a hidden thing* unless the Spirit of God has revealed it to us individually, for the revelation of the Gospel in the word of God does not of itself instruct men unto eternal life : the light is clear enough, but it availeth nothing till the eyes are opened. Each separate individual must have Christ revealed to him and in him by the work of the Holy Ghost, or else he will remain in darkness even in the midst of Gospel day. Blessed and happy are they to whom the Lord has laid open the divine secret which prophets and kings could not discover, which even angels desired to look into.

Brethren, we live in a time when the Gospel is clearly revealed in the Word of God, and when that Word has its faithful preachers lovingly to press home its teachings, let us take care that we do not despise the mystery which has now become a household word. Let not the commonness of the blessing cause us to undervalue it. You remember how in the wilderness the Israelites fed upon angels' food until they had enjoyed it so long, so constantly, and so abundantly that in their wicked discontent they called it "light bread." I fear me that many in these times are cloyed with the Gospel like those who eat too much honey. They even venture to call the heavenly Word "commonplace," and talk as if it were not only "the old, old story," but *a stale story too.* Are not many hungering after novelties, longing for things original and startling, thirsting after the

SPIRITUAL DRAM-DRINKING

of sensational preaching, dissatisfied with Christ crucified, though He is the bread which came down from heaven ? As for us, let us keep clear of this folly ; let us rest content with the old food, praying from day to day, "Lord, evermore give us this bread."

In our text we have in a few words that great mystery with which heaven did labor as in travail, that mystery which is to transform this poor world into new heavens and a new earth ; we have it, I say, all in a nutshell in the seven words of our text : the riches of the glory of this mystery may here be seen set out to open view—"Christ in you, the hope of glory." By the assistance of the divine Spirit, I shall speak upon this mystery in three ways. *The essence of it is "Christ ;" the sweetness of it is "Christ in you ;"* and *the outlook of it is "the hope of glory."* The words read like a whole body of divinity condensed into a line—"Christ in you, the hope of glory."

I. The eternal

MYSTERY OF THE GOSPEL,

the essence of it is Christ. I hardly know what is the antecedent to the word "which" here : whether it is "mystery," or "riches," or "glory ;" and I do not greatly care to examine which it may be. Any one of the three words will be suitable, and all three will fit best of all. If it be "the mystery," Christ is that mystery ;

"Without controversy great is the mystery of godliness: God was manifest in the flesh." If it be the word "glory," beyond all question our Lord Jesus wears a "glory as of the Only-begotten of the Father, full of grace and truth." Is He not "the brightness of the Father's glory?" If we take the word "riches," ye have often heard of "the unsearchable riches of Christ," for in Him dwelleth all the fulness of the Godhead bodily. Oh, the riches of the grace of God which it hath pleased the Father to impart unto us in Christ Jesus! Christ is the "mystery," the "riches," and the "glory."

The essence of this mystery is

CHRIST HIMSELF.

In these days certain would-be- wise men are laboriously attempting to constitute a church without Christ, and to set forth a salvation without a Saviour; but their Babel building is as a bowing wall and a tottering fence. The centre of the blessed mystery of the Gospel is *Christ Himself in His person.* What a wonderful conception it was that ever the infinite God should take upon Himself the nature of man! It never would have occurred to men that such a condescension would be thought of. Even now that it has been done it is a great mystery of our faith. God and man in one person is the wonder of heaven, and earth, and hell. Well might David exclaim, "What is man, that Thou art mindful of him? and the son of man, that thou visitest him?" Does not the "Word made flesh" dwelling among men arouse hope in your bosoms, and lead you to believe that you may yet be saved? Certainly, the fact of there being such an union between God and man is the delight of every regenerated mind.

Our Lord's person is at this day constituted in the same manner. He is still God and man; still He can sympathize with our manhood to the full, for He is bone of our bone and flesh of our flesh; and yet He can help us without limit, seeing He is equal with the Father. Though manifestly divine, yet Jesus is none the less human; though truly man, He is none the less divine; and this is a door of hope to us, a fountain of consolation which never ceases to flow.

When we think of our Lord we remember with His person *the glorious work which He undertook and finished on our behalf.* Being found in fashion as man He humbled Himself and became obedient unto death, even the death of the cross. He took upon Himself the form of a servant, and was made in the likeness of sinful flesh, because we had failed in our service, and could not be saved unless another did suit and service on our behalf. The heir of all things girded Himself to be among us as one that serveth. What service His was! How arduous! how humble! how heavy! how all-consuming! His was a life of grief and humiliation, followed by a death of agony and scorn. Up to the cross He carried all our load, and on the cross He bore, that we might never bear, His Father's righteous wrath. Oh yes, brethren, Christ's person and finished work are the pillars of our hope. I cannot think of what He is, and what He has done, and what He is doing, and what He will yet do, without saying, "He is all my salvation and all my desire."

My brethren, every one of *our Lord's offices* is a well-spring of comfort. Is He prophet, priest, and king? Is He friend? Is He brother? Is He husband? Is He head? Every way and everywhere we lean the weight of our soul's great business upon Him, and He is our all in all. Besides, there is this sweet thought, that He is *our representative.* Know ye not that of old He was our covenant head, and stood for us in the great transactions of eternity? Believers must and shall possess the covenanted inheritance because Jesus represents them, and on their behalf have taken possession of the estate of God. Whatever Christ is His people are in Him. They were crucified in Him, they were dead in Him, they were buried in Him, they are risen in Him; in Him they live eternally, in Him they sit gloriously at the right hand of God, "who has raised us up together, and made us sit together in the heavenly places in Christ Jesus."

Christ Himself, again I say, and no other. I have been trying to think what we should do if our Lord were gone. Suppose that a man has heard of a great physician who understands his complaint. He has travelled a great many miles to see this celebrated doctor; but when he gets to the door they tell him that he is out. "Well," says he, "then I must wait till he is in." "You need not wait," they reply, "his assistant is at home." The suffering man, who has been often disappointed, answers,

"I DO NOT CARE ABOUT HIS ASSISTANT.

I want to see the man himself; mine is a desperate case, but I have heard that this physician has cured the like; I must, therefore, see *him.* No assistants for me." "Well," say they, "he is out; but there are his books; you can see his books." "Thank you," he says, "I cannot be content with his books, I want the living man and nothing less. It is to him that I must speak, and from him I will receive instructions." "Do you see that cabinet?" "Yes." "It is full of his medicines." The sick man answers, "I dare say they are very good, but they are of no use to me without the doctor; I want their owner to prescribe for me, or I shall die of my disease." "But see," cries one, "here is a person who has been cured by him, a man of great experience, who has been present at many remarkable operations. *Go into the inquiry-room* with him, and he will tell you all about the mode of cure." The afflicted man answers, "I am much obliged to you, but all your talk only makes me long the more to see the doctor. I came to see *him,* and I am not going to be put off with anything else. I must see *the man himself, for myself.* He has made my disease a speciality; he knows how to handle my case, and I will stop till I see *him.*"

Now, dear friends, if you are seeking Christ, imitate this sick man, or else you will miss the mark altogether. Never be put off with books, or conversations. Be not content with Christian people talking to you, or preachers preaching to you, or the Bible being read to you, or prayers being offered for you. Anything short of Jesus will leave you short of salvation. You have to reach Christ, and touch Christ, and nothing short of this will serve your turn.

PICTURE THE CASE OF THE PRODIGAL SON

when he went home. Suppose when he reached the house the elder brother had come to meet him. I must make a supposition that the elder brother had sweetened himself, and made himself amiable; and then I hear him say, "Come in, brother; welcome home!" But I see the returning one stand there with the tears in his eyes, and I hear him lament, "*I want to see my father.* I must tell *him* that I have sinned and done evil in his sight." An old servant whispers, "Master John, I am glad to see you back. Be happy, for all the servants are rejoiced to hear the sound of your voice. It is true your father will not see you, but he has ordered the fatted calf to be killed for you; and here is the best robe, and a ring, and shoes for your feet, and we are told to put them upon you." All this would not content the poor penitent. I think I hear him cry—"I do not despise anything my father gives me, for I am not worthy to be as his hired servant; but what is all this unless I see *his* face, and know that he forgives me? There is no taste in the feast, no glitter in the ring, no fitness in the shoes, no beauty in the robe unless I can see my father and can be reconciled to him."

Do you not see that in the case of the prodigal son the great matter was to get his head into his father's bosom, and there to sob out "Father, I have sinned?" The one thing needful was the kiss of free forgiveness, the touch of those dear, warm, loving lips, which said, "My dear child, I love you, and your faults are blotted out." That was the thing that gave his soul rest and perfect peace; and this is the mystery we come to preach to you—God Himself drawing near to you in Christ Jesus, and forgiving you all trespasses. A personal grasp of a personal Christ, even though we only know Him as an infant, fills the heart to the full; but nothing else will do it.

I go a little farther still. As it must be Christ Himself, and none other, it must also be *Christ Himself rather than anything which Christ gives.* I was thinking the other day how different Christ is from all the friends and helpers that we have. They bring us good things, but Jesus gives us Himself. He does not merely give us wisdom, righteousness, sanctification, and redemption; but He Himself is made of God all these things to us. Hence we can never do without Him. When very ill you are pleased to see the doctor; but when you are getting well you say to yourself, "I shall be glad to see the back of the good man, for that will be a sure sign that I am off the sick list." Ah, but when Jesus heals a soul he wants to see Jesus more than ever. Our longing for the constant company of our Lord is the

SIGN THAT WE ARE GETTING WELL:

he who longs for Jesus to abide with him forever is healed of his plague. We never outgrow Christ; but we grow to need Him more and more. Not Thy gifts, Lord, but Thyself; Thou, Thou art the desire of our hearts.

Christ alone is enough. Mark this. Nothing must be placed with Christ as if it were necessary to Him. Some hold a candle to the sun by preaching Christ and man's philosophy, or their own priestcraft. We rejoice in Christ and nothing else but Christ; Christ and no priestcraft; Christ and no philosophy; Christ, and no modern thought; Christ and no human perfection. Christ, the whole of Christ, and nothing else but Christ; here lies the mystery of the Gospel of the grace of God.

II. Secondly, we are to consider *the sweetness of this mystery,* which is Christ in you. This is a grand advance. Christ in you—that is, first, *Christ accepted by faith.* Is it not

A WONDERFUL THING

that Christ Jesus should ever enter into a man? Yes, but I will tell you something more wonderful, and that is, that He should enter in by so narrow an opening as our little faith. There is the sun; I do not know how many thousands of times the sun is bigger than the earth, and yet the sun can come into a little room or a close cell; and what is more, the sun can get in through a chink. When the shutters have been closed I have known him come in through a little round hole in them. So Christ can come in through a little faith—a mere chink of confidence. If you are such a poor believer that you can hardly think of assurance or confidence, yet if you do trust the Lord, as surely as the sun comes in by a narrow crack, so will Christ come into your soul by the smallest opening of true faith. How wise it will be on your part when you see your Lord's sunny face shining through the lattices to say, "I am not going to be satisfied with these mere glints and gleams, I would fain walk in the light of His countenance. Pull up those blinds; let the heavenly sun shine in, and let me rejoice in its glory."

By Christ in you we mean *Christ possessed.* You see nothing is so much a man's own as that which is within Him. Christ in you is yours indeed. Men may question whether an acre of land or a house belongs to me; but the meat I ate yesterday is not a case of property which Chancery or any other court can alter. So, when the believer has Christ in him, the law has no more to say. The inclosure made by faith carries its own title-deeds with it.

It means, too, *Christ experienced* in all His power. There may be a valuable medicine that works like magic to expel a man's pains, and cure his diseases; but it is of no efficacy till it is within him! When it commences to purify his blood, and to strengthen his frame, he is in a fair way to know it without depending upon the witness of others. Get Christ in you, curing your sin, Christ in you filling your soul with love to virtue and holiness, bathing your heart in

comfort, and firing it with heavenly aspirations —then will you know the Lord. Christ believed in, Christ possessed, Christ experienced, Christ in you, this is *worth a world.*

Moreover, Christ in us is *Christ reigning.* It reminds me of Mr. Bunyan's picture of Mansoul, when the Prince Immanuel laid siege to it, and Diabolus from within the city strove to keep him out. It was a hard time for Mansoul then ; but when at last the battering rams had broken down the gates, and the silver trumpets sounded, and the prince's captains entered the breach, then on a day the prince himself did ride down the city's streets, while liberated citizens welcomed him with all their hearts, hung out all their streamers, and made the church towers rock again as the bells rang out merry peals, for the king himself was come. Up to the castle of the heart he rode in triumph, and took his royal throne to be henceforth the sole lord and king of the city. Christ in you is a right royal word.

Yes, and then Christ in you is *Christ filling you.* It is wonderful, when Christ once enters into a soul, how by degrees He occupies the whole of it. Did you ever hear

THE LEGEND

of a man whose garden produced nothing else but weeds, till at last he met with a strange foreign flower of singular vitality. The story is that he sowed a handful of this seed in his overgrown garden, and left it to work its own sweet way. He slept and rose, and knew not how the seed was growing till on a day he opened the gate and saw a sight, which much astounded him. He knew that the seed would produce a dainty flower and he looked for it ; but he had little dreamed that the plant would cover the whole garden. So it was : the flower had *exterminated every weed,* till as he looked from one end to the other from wall to wall he could see nothing but the fair colors of that rare plant, and smell nothing but its delicious perfume. Christ is that plant of renown. If He be sown in the soil of your soul, He will gradually eat out the roots of all ill weeds and poisonous plants, till over all your nature there shall be Christ in you.

It may sound strange to add that Christ in you *transfigures the man till he becomes like Christ Himself.* You thrust a bar of cold, black iron into the fire, and keep it there till the fire enters into it. See, the iron is like fire itself—he that feels it will know no difference. The fire has permeated the iron, and made it a fiery mass. I should like to have seen that bush in Horeb before which Moses put off his shoes. When it was all ablaze it seemed no longer a bush, but a mass of fire, a furnace of pure flame. The fire had transfigured the bush. So it is with us when Christ enters into us ; He elevates us to a nobler state ; even as Paul saith "I live, yet not I, but Christ lives in me." Jesus sanctifies us wholly, spirit, soul, and body, and takes us to dwell with Him in the perfect state above.

"Oh," says one, "I wish He would come and dwell in me." Then, be humble, for He loves to dwell with him that is humble and of a contrite spirit. Next, be clean ; for if they must be clean that bear God's vessels, much more they that have Christ Himself in them. Next, be empty ; for Christ will not live amid the lumber of self, and pride, and carnal sufficiency. Learn abundantly to rejoice in Christ, for he who welcomes Christ will have Him always for a guest. Jesus never tarries where He is not desired. If His welcome is worn out, away he goes. Oh, desire and delight in Him ; hunger and thirst after Him ; for Christ delights to dwell with an eager people, a hungry people, a people who value Him, and cannot be happy without Him.

III. Thirdly we are to consider that

THE OUTLOOK OF ALL THIS

is "Christ in you the hope of *glory.*" Think of it. Glory for us poor creatures ! Glory for you, sister ; glory for me ! It seems a strange thing that a sinner should ever have anything to do with glory when he deserves nothing but shame. We are neither kings nor princes, what have we to do with glory ? Yet glory is to be our dwelling, glory our light, glory our crown, glory our song. The Lord will not be content to give us less than glory. Grace is very sweet ; might we not be content to swim forever in a sea of grace ? But no, our Lord "will give grace and glory."

> "All needful grace will God bestow,
> And crown that grace with glory too."

We shall have glorified bodies, glorious companions, a glorious reward, and glorious rest.

But how know we that we shall have glory ? Why, first, He that has come to live in our hearts, and reigns as our bosom's Lord, makes us *glorious by His coming.* His rest is glorious ; the place of His feet is glorious. He must mean some great thing toward us, or He would never dwell in us. I saw a fine carriage stopping the other day at a very humble hovel ; and I thought to myself, "that carriage is not stopping there to collect rent, or to borrow a broom." Oh, no ; that lady yonder is calling round and visiting the poor, and I doubt not she has taken in some nourishment to an invalid. I hope it was so ; and I am sure my *Lord Jesus Christ's carriage never stops at my door to get anything out of me :* whenever He comes He brings countless blessings with Him. Such a one as He is, God over all, blessed forever, it cannot be that He took our nature, unless with high designs of love unsearchable. Thus we nourish large expectations upon the food of solid reason.

Besides this, Christ is He that has entered into covenant with God to bring His people home to glory ; He has pledged Himself to bring every sheep of His flock safe to His Father's right hand, and He will keep His engagement, for He never failed of one covenant promise yet. Moreover, this we do know, that the Christ who is come to live with us will never be separated from us. If He had not meant to stop He would not have entered our heart at all. There was nothing to tempt Him to come, and if in sovereign grace He deigned to live in the poor cottage of our nature, then, brethren, *He knew what He was about :* He had counted the cost, He had foreseen all the evil that would be in us and about us, and when He came, He came with the intent to stay.

Why, look ye, sirs,

CHRIST IN YOU IS GLORY.

Did we not show that just now ? "Lift up your heads, O ye gates, and be ye lifted up, ye everlasting doors, that the King of glory may come in !" You have heaven in having Christ, for Christ is the biggest part of heaven. Is not Christ the soul of heaven, and having Him you have glory ? What is more, having gotten Christ, Christ's glory and your glory are wrapped up together. If Christ were to lose you, it would be a great loss to you, but a greater loss to Him. If I can perish with Christ in me, I shall certainly be a fearful loser, but so will He, for where is His honor, where His glory if a believer perishes ? His glory is gone if one soul that trusts in Him is ever cast away. Wherefore comfort yourselves with this word, Christ in you means you in glory, as sure as God lives. There is no question about that. Go your ways and rejoice in Christ Jesus, and let men see who it is that lives in you. Let Jesus speak through your mouth, and weep through your eyes, and smile through your face ; let Him work with your hands and walk with your feet, and be tender with your heart. Let Him seek sinners through you ; let Him comfort saints through you ; until the day break and the shadows flee away.

[The prayers of the readers of this Journal are requested for the blessing of God upon its Editors in America and England, and those whose sermons, articles, or labors for Christ are printed in it ; and for its weekly circulation of more than 260,000 copies to be blessed by the Holy Spirit to the conversion of many sinners and the quickening of God's people. Mr. Spurgeon and Dr. Talmage especially request prayer every Sunday morning on behalf of their labors.]

ADVENTURE WITH A LEOPARD.

(*See Illustration on page 380.*)

IN a report issued by a missionary society a thrilling narrative is given of an adventure with a leopard in India in which Mr. Patterson, the eminent missionary was mercifully preserved from a shocking death.

The Rev. Mr. Patterson is missionary among the Santhals of India, and his earnestness and sympathetic kindness have won him the regard even of those who are most firmly opposed to Christianity.

One day several natives burst into his house with the news that a ferocious leopard was at large in the village. It had been seen lurking around the outskirts and the natives had raised a cry of alarm, when the leopard had bounded away and had taken refuge in a cow-house where it had turned at bay.

It jumped on to some tie beams on which the howdah of a car had been placed. Some ropes had been thrown into this howdah, and on these the leopard settled itself. The oxen and cows underneath, seeing their foe lying above their heads, were frightened. The farmer made much lamentation, thinking he was going to lose his cattle, but at last they ventured on opening the door and the cattle rushed out. The leopard, however, still kept his position, and they were unable to get at him with their bows and arrows, as a projection in the roof protected the animal. They could not burn the shed down because it would have endangered the village.

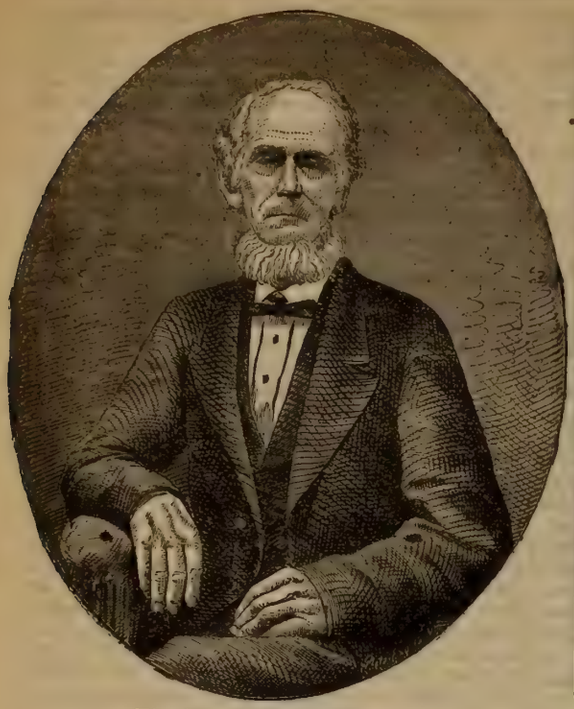
Mr. Patterson took his gun and went back with the men who had come to obtain his aid. He had to approach the cow-house very closely in order to get a sight of the animal. That involved considerable risk as the leopard might leap upon him at any moment. At length he sighted the brute, and taking careful aim he fired hitting him but not killing him. As soon as he fired the leopard sprang at him ; providentially *it got its hind leg entangled in the rope and there it hung* struggling to get at Mr. Patterson. Then he fired again inflicting another wound, but only after a third shot was it killed. Upon going into the shed they found the leopard still hanging up by one leg, and had to cut the cord to get him down. He measured six feet eleven inches from nose to the tip of the tail.

This instance of divine interposition furnishes another proof of the faithfulness of God. "The very hairs" of His servants' heads are numbered, and they are invulnerable to every danger, and delivered from every peril, *till their earthly ministry is accomplished.* As truly as He closed the hungry lions' mouths when Daniel was cast into their den, so did God save Mr. Patterson from the ferocity of the leopard, and his preserved life has been more than ever consecrated to the service of that Master, who is with His servants in every position to which duty summons them.

THE LATE ELDER ACHILLES COFFEY.

ON page 380 we publish a portrait of a veteran in Christian service, well known personally in the State of Illinois, where the bulk of his work was performed, and by reputation in all the Baptist churches throughout the country. Elder Coffey has but recently gone to his reward after a period of service covering the last half century. He died March 10th last, at the age of seventy-seven years.

Elder Coffey was by birth a Kentuckian having been born in Wayne County of that State, on July 30th, 1806. His parents continued to reside there for about six years after his birth, but when the war with the British broke out they removed to Indiana, settling in Jefferson County. The life of the family there was subject to many hardships and privations owing to the unsettled condition of the country and to the exactions of the enemy, and they therefore removed to Washington County and afterward made other changes without improving their financial position. Finally the better opportunities and prospects of life in Illinois attracted them and they removed there in 1822, making a



The late Elder Achilles Coffey.

Mr. Patterson's Shot at a Leopard in India.

permanent settlement in Saline County. There Achilles, then sixteen years of age, soon commenced to take an active interest in political, social, and religious affairs.

In 1832 came the Black Hawk trouble, and Achilles Coffey left the peaceful occupations of home life and joined the force sent out to repel the Indian incursion. He served with distinction in the campaign and returned safely at its close. The following year he made a profession of faith in Christ and was duly admitted to membership in the Baptist Church of Battle Creek. He at once commenced active labor in the Christian cause. In July, 1834, being then twenty-eight years old, he delivered his first sermon and in the following year, having proved his capacity and acceptance by fruits of his labor he received his license to preach.

It was in 1846 that on the invitation of the Baptist Church at Harrisburg, Ill., Elder Coffey settled in that town where he labored for thirty-seven years. Through all that long period he ministered with earnestness and unswerving fidelity, and the church increased in numbers and prospered under him. The messenger of death found him in the field, and when at last it became evident that his illness would terminate fatally, the old soldier of the cross was acquiescent. He had obeyed the call to labor; he was ready to obey the call to rest and reward. "I have finished my course," he said, "and am ready to be offered up." Scarcely had the words escaped his lips when he peacefully breathed his last.

Elder Coffey took a prominent part in the unhappy difficulties which arose among the Baptists of Southern Illinois and after the separation had become final he was selected by his brethren to prepare a statement of the causes which led to it and of the platform occupied by the Regular branch with which he identified himself. This history was published and had a large circulation.

MARION GREVILLE'S WEDDING-DAY.

(*See Illustration.*)

THE early sunrise of a midsummer day found the citizens of Goldville astir with unwonted animation. The ladies were busy clearing up and getting household work done up, and all neat and tidy, preparatory to donning the best dresses and little articles of finery which on ordinary days did not see the light. The children having undergone a vigorous scrubbing and hair-brushing had been turned loose in the gardens and lanes with emphatic warnings of what would happen if they came back "mussed," and the men-folks had received broad hints that they would do well to get breakfast over quickly and take themselves out of the way if they could not make themselves useful.

What was the meaning of all this stir? It was not Sunday, nor Fourth of July, nor Decoration Day, nor any day that the almanac marked as different from ordinary days. The fact was that Miss Marion Greville was to be married in the evening, and Mr. Greville being the greatest man in the village, and Miss Marion being his only daughter and a general favorite with every family, the event was not to be allowed to pass without notice. There were to be great rejoicings at the big house all day, and everybody was welcome to go and take part in them, and the children were all to have holiday and picnic in Mr. Greville's shrubbery, and spend the day in games as they liked, and in the evening all were to meet in the big hall and see Miss Marion married.

In the big house, too, preparations were going on for the ceremony. In the library the handsome presents were laid out for the guests to see, and they were well worth seeing, for they were wonderful specimens of the silversmith's work, and beautiful paintings and jewels and precious things of all kinds.

In the breakfast-room Mr. Greville sat waiting his daughter's arrival with some impatience. He was a tall, handsome man of about fifty-five years of age, of dignified presence and somewhat stern expression of countenance. Marion was his youngest daughter. All the others were married and scattered, and she too was now to go, and the house would lose its last and brightest ornament. At last she entered, and as her father looked at her she seemed indeed a daughter of whom any father might be honestly proud. Her dark curly hair, long eyelashes, and her sweet, gentle face formed a picture it was a pleasure to look at, and her tall, graceful form spoke of health and an active life. They sat down to breakfast in silence, the hearts of both being too full for speech. At last, however, Mr. Greville said:

"You will not forget me, Marion, when you go away and leave me here lonely and desolate?"

"Dear papa," Marion answered, "can you doubt me for a moment? I can never forget you. I am doing as you wish, and I hope it will make you happier."

"I know it, my child, but I hope you will be happy too. I feel sure you will. You have never known the hardships of poverty, and it would have been terrible to me to witness your suffering. You are a brave girl, and I am sure you will do your part well and thank me one day for what I am doing."

"Ah, papa, I would rather have borne the poverty and have lived frugally with you than have entered into this union, but it will comfort me to know that it brings help to you."

"My child, nothing else could save me. Drake cancels all my indebtedness to him to-day, and he has promised to be a good husband to you, and I believe he will. He has sown all his wild oats now, and you will find him a steady-going, domesticated husband."

No more was said then, but Mr. Greville had an uneasy feeling that he had sold his daughter for money, and that he was a selfish, craven-hearted man. He was giving his daughter to the wicked rake who held him in his power, and while she was going to a fate she loathed he was to enjoy the fruit of her sacrifice. Oh, it was a bitter thing to do, and though Mr. Greville tried to cheat himself into the belief that Marion would be rich and happy, he knew in his heart that the virtuous, Christian girl would be wounded every hour and that she had sacrificed herself for his sake.

As he sat and pondered over these things and reproached himself for the extravagance and carelessness which had rendered the sacrifice necessary to preserve his reputation and the honor of his name, Marion was strolling through the grounds to bid farewell to her humble friends. Not many steps from the door she met Widow Rose bearing a huge bouquet, while two little girls from her Sunday-school timidly offered her bunches of the choicest wild flowers they could find, and looked up anxiously in her face for the kind words of acceptance and love they knew would come.

"It is not much," said the widow, alluding to the value of her offering, not to its size, "but I could not let you be married, Miss Marion, and not bring you anything. It's unlucky to come in my mourning on your wedding-day, and I'd ha' stayed away if I could, and sent 'em to you, only I wanted to see you and say God bless you and make you happy. It's two years ago to-day since I was married, and a better, kinder husband

no woman ever had." Tears choked the poor woman's voice as she added: "Poor fellow, he's better off now, but it's hard for me." Then the tears were quickly brushed away and the face brightened as she said, "If you have all the joy wished you, Miss Marion, by them as you've been good to, you'll be a happy wife."

Marion took the big bouquet with a full heart, knowing well that it was the token of more love and good wishes than were represented by many of the costly gifts in the library. "Thank you, Mrs. Rose," she said, "for the flowers and all your kind wishes. We cannot expect unalloyed happiness in this world, you know, but it is very pleasant to know you desire it for me and that so many friends love me. You will pray for me, will you not? I may need grace more than you know."

"That I will, miss," said the widow, "and so will a many more."

Marion stooped and kissed the little girls with their dear innocent, wondering faces, and then turned to receive another floral gift a servant had brought from a sick villager with simple congratulations. It was all very delightful, except the one sad, woeful thought crushing her heart that she was about to wed a man who was not a Christian and who could not sympathize with her in the best and most cherished feelings of her heart. Marion knew that she was sacrificing herself for her father's sake, and it seemed to her that it was her duty to obey him in this matter. She had not yet realized that she was disobeying God's command, and in uniting herself with an unbeliever she showed her lack of faith in Him.

Widow Rose's Wedding Gift.

The leave-takings were all said at last, and the ceremonies performed; then bride and bridegroom departed amid general congratulation on their way to the seaport whence they were to sail for Europe for their wedding tour.

Many years afterward a tall, graceful lady clad in deep mourning drove through Goldville to the house in which the wedding had been celebrated. Her face was prematurely aged, and her luxuriant dark hair was thickly streaked with white. She still moved with the same easy grace as in her youth, but the elasticity and buoyancy of youth had departed long before their time. This was Marion returning to the home of her girlhood now an empty and desolate house, and she a widow. What she had suffered she never told. That the harrow had passed over her soul was plainly written on her face. She had groaned under a bitter bondage, and had learned how much the human heart could suffer and yet not break. She had not even the comfort of knowing that she had delivered her father. Not many weeks after her sacrifice, wealth in abundance had come to him through the death of a distant relative, and if father and daughter had only waited and trusted in God the sacrifice need never have been made. Now after years of grievous pain and sorrow, her father dead, her husband destroyed in a fit of delirium by his own hand, she returned a weary, depressed woman to her early home, and to the enjoyment of riches that had no charm for her. As she passed the spot where on her wedding morning she had stood and talked with Widow Rose, the thought came to her of how many years of agony she might have been saved if she had only trusted in God instead of trying by her own efforts to deliver herself and her father.

PETER BLAKE'S VOYAGE.

A SERIAL STORY BY HESBA STRETTON.

(*Continued from page 367.*)

Taken by Surprise.

ARTHUR PENROSE had vowed to himself to find out the truth concerning his father's dealings as a shipowner; but he was quickly entangled in a coil from which there seemed no clear way out. He was not yet of age, and had no legal right to push his investigations as far as he wished; while the executors of his father's will, old friends of his, assured him of his father's perfect integrity, and cast blame upon him as a son for suffering any doubts of it to linger in his mind.

Blackburn, the mate of the Dolphin, was ready to take his oath that he knew of nothing that would imperil the safety of the ship and her crew, and swore most emphatically that the cargo was not only fair but had been skilfully loaded, being neither too stiff nor too crank. Sailors, he said, always cursed the owner in any moment of danger or difficulty. Fleck asserted the same. If every timber of the Dolphin had been heart of oak, and every bolt in her of the best wrought metal, the crew would have sworn that she was rotten, and nothing else than a floating coffin. There never were such liars and scoundrels as seamen, said Fleck.

Arthur Penrose was only too willing to be assured of his father's honor, and his own right to the riches he had amassed; yet he could not shake off the deep impressions made on that terrible night, when the Dolphin, with most of her crew, had been lost before his eyes. Peter Blake's steady but mournful words, spoken with such manly earnestness to himself, in the very thick of the peril, could not be erased from his memory. Neither could Captain Norcott's passionate statement be forgotten; nor Blackburn's own admission, that if they ran ashore all the crew would desert. What was he to do? Whom was he to believe?

In the mean while Fleck's scheme prospered beyond his own hopes. Bessie Blake's removal from the sailmaker's house made him more secure in it; for if young Penrose should take it into his head to institute any inquiries on his own account, all he could learn was that Peter Blake's widow and children had left their former home. But Arthur Penrose trusted Fleck without suspicion. Fleck's wife, and her mother, and the two youngest children, clad in decent mourning, had been once to his house in Onslow Square, and had acted their part very well. Arthur Penrose found them less interesting than he had expected, but he regarded them with pity, and promised to allow them a pound ($5) a week, to be paid in advance every four weeks at the office in Wapping. This was more than Fleck had looked for, and he felt himself quite relieved from the necessity of going again to sea. It was a life that suited him well enough hanging about the wharf, and doing an odd job now and then, if he could get good pay for it, especially when he had overrun his allowance. It was really astonishing *what a little way the ill-gotten money seemed to go.*

As for Bessie, he never heard a word of her. She was as much lost as if, like her husband, she had been swallowed up by the sea. There were times when Fleck felt a little uneasy about her and the children, and he idly wished he could find some trace of her. He fancied that if he only knew where she was it would make him more comfortable to help her with a trifle occasionally, as the widow of an old shipmate. But Fleck was deceiving himself. The *heartless selfishness* and utter dishonesty of his conduct would have caused him to shun the sight of Bessie, and have hardened him against her misery, until he would have passed her by, if he had seen her starving in the streets. He did not feel quite a villain, while he could imagine that if he only knew where she was, she should share in the comforts he was robbing her of. It was a bitter, cruel winter, and the thought of her

haunted him at his own fireside, which he seldom frequented, and followed him to the tap-room of the "Ship at Anchor," which was becoming the only home he cared about.

He was sitting there one evening in March, very much at home, smoking and drinking with boon-companions like himself. It had been a bitter day, too cold for him, he said, to dawdle about the river-side, on the look-out for work. It was warm and snug in the smoky tap-room, and he was in what he considered a comfortable stage of drunkenness, not yet top-heavy, nor quite half-seas over, but a little maudlin and confused. He was telling over again the story of the loss of the Dolphin and of his own rescue, with young Mr. Penrose, the wealthy ship owner, who had been his best friend since that terrible night. The tears stood in his eyes while he spoke of Victor, Peter Blake's young brother. Most of them knew Peter, poor Peter! he said, a good shipmate and a good seaman!

"Fleck!" said a deep, agitated voice in his ear, a voice he had never thought to hear again; "Fleck, do you know aught of my wife and children?"

Fleck was sober in an instant. He dropped the long pipe he held, and shrank away in sudden terror from the hand laid heavily on his shoulder. It was neither a dream nor a mistake. There stood his old shipmate whom he had believed to be at the bottom of the sea. True, for a few weeks he had not felt altogether safe, especially as the mate had been picked up; but it was four months or more since the wreck, and all fear had faded away from his mind. But here was Peter Blake himself; a living man, no ghost. Superstitious as he was, Fleck would rather have seen his ghost.

"Do you know aught of Bessie and the children, and my mother?" he was asking again, and giving him a shake this time to arouse him from his stupefaction.

"No—no," he stammered. "Peter Blake! Is it you, Peter Blake?"

"Ay! it's Peter Blake," he answered, "boatswain of the Dolphin. The old house at home is all shut up and dark, and I'm seeking for Bessie. I came ashore only an hour ago. Does anybody here know where Bessie Blake is to be found?"

Peter looked round him with a face of the deepest anxiety. Most of the men present had crowded round, and were staring at him, curious to hear what chance had saved him from the fate of the rest of the crew. Fleck himself seemed excited and curious; and there was a strange, though unmistakable, appearance of dismay in his crestfallen and thunderstruck manner.

"Maybe they'll know something at Penrose's office," suggested one of the bystanders.

"They know nothing about her there," stammered Fleck again, in haste. He was not ready yet with any fresh scheme, but he must keep Peter away from Penrose's office till he had found some loophole of escape for himself.

"I have heard say," continued the man who had spoken before, "that Penrose was doing very handsome by the crew of the Dolphin's folks, and he'd never overlook the boatswain's family."

"So he did," said Fleck; "he sent Bessie Blake some money by me, but she wouldn't touch it—no, nor look at it. She said it was like Judas's money, the price of innocent blood; and I was to tell Mr. Penrose so."

"Bessie had always a high spirit," said Peter, with a gleam of a smile flitting across his grave and anxious face.

"Ay! so she has—so she has!" agreed Fleck hastily; "but that settled it with Penrose; and the sailmaker failed, and Bessie left Wapping. I've searched high and low after her, for old sake's sake, but never heard a word of her nor from her."

"It's a hard thing," said Peter, looking round at the men, "to come back among old neighbors, and find that not one of them has had the heart to look after your poor girl and the little ones. I'd have done it for any of you, mates, whether you'd been shipmates or no. It's hard upon a man that's been cast away at sea!"

"It's a long while since the wreck of the Dolphin," muttered one of the men.

"Near upon eighteen weeks," answered Peter; "only eighteen weeks! and nobody can tell me where they are gone to! I'd have done my utmost for your wife and children, Fleck."

"She wouldn't have it," he said. "She cursed me, and him, and his ill-gotten gold. It's no good you going to Penrose's. I'll help you find 'em to-morrow; if they're in London, I'll ferret 'em out, trust me."

"Good-night, mates," answered Peter, turning away abruptly. He could hardly control himself. Was this the welcome home he was to get, after all his peril and anxiety? He had never been one to judge his fellow-men harshly; but he felt bitterly the carelessness and selfishness of his old neighbors, which had allowed them so soon to lose sight of his poor Bessie, and the three helpless creatures dependent upon her.

"Stay!" cried one of them; "tell us how you were saved from the wreck."

"I've no time to spin long yarns," answered Peter sternly. "I'd my life-belt on, and I floated till a Dutch brig picked me up. She was bound for the Cape, and to the Cape I've been, and came home again in the first boat that was sailing. That's about all my story."

He went out into the dark streets, as the keen biting air of the spring night was cutting bitterly. It had been a long and tedious voyage out to the Cape, and the Dutch brig had not spoken with any homeward-bound vessel; but as soon as they had got to harbor, he had written to Bessie, telling her of his safety, and promising to be at home as soon as possible—perhaps even before his letter could reach her. It had never crossed his mind that any unforeseen casualty could deprive Bessie of her dwelling under the sailmaker's roof. That she must have found it hard to get bread, he had known and grieved over; but to discover that she had actually been turned out into the streets was a shock almost more than he could bear. Where was she now? What shelter had she found from this pitiless cold? Who had cared for them all?

God had cared for them—he knew that very well. The God who had saved him in the utmost extremity of peril had not forsaken them. But Peter Blake did not believe that his peril, or the bitter trials he was dreading for Bessie, were any part of God's will. They had been brought about by the negligence, the covetousness, and the vile selfishness of his fellow-men. It was so bitter to him to think of it, that his heart felt weighed down with an intolerable burden.

Was this all that Christ had done in the world by His agony and passion? Had He been lifted up upon His shameful Cross that rich men and poor men should all go on in their own way, never raising their eyes to Him, who saved others, but would not save Himself? Yes; God cared for His dear ones; but if man had not cared also, they had been drinking the same cup of sorrows of which the Saviour had drunk before them.

As he passed by the police-station, he turned in to make some inquiries there. There was not much to be learned except that his mother had been seen embarking on a steamer to Havre, and that his wife and children had left Wapping immediately afterward with a good cart-load of furniture. If Bessie had disposed advantageously of such of the furniture as she could spare, she would have made enough money by it to keep herself and the children from absolute want. That was the first gleam of comfort that had shone upon Peter since he had seen his old home shut up and deserted. His poor mother had gone back to her native place, and she would be easily traced. No doubt, too, she would know where Bessie was. As soon as he had seen old Penrose, he would cross over to Normandy.

Fleck knew that he was no longer to lie at anchor in still water, but that he was about to be driven to and fro upon a sea of troubles. His brain had been in too bewildered a state to suggest to him that he must not lose sight of Peter, until he had formed some new scheme, or come to some determination. As soon as he recovered his wits this oversight struck him sharply, but he could not meet with Peter Blake, though he spent half the night in searching for him.

As soon as Penrose's office was open the next morning, Peter presented himself to ask for the address of Mr. Penrose. That another man belonging to the crew of the Dolphin should turn up again was not altogether welcome to Blackburn, the reputed owner, who had also been manager for Penrose. Of all the doubtful transactions in which old Penrose had been engaged, that of the Dolphin had been the most knavish, and had been the only one positively fraudulent.

The sight of the Dolphin boatswain caused *the well-remembered salt swindle* to weigh heavily on Blackburn's conscience that morning. He wished heartily that the past could come back again, and he could undo what had been done. Fleck was a man easily disposed of, if he attempted any nonsense; but he could not look into Peter Blake's face without a qualm of terror. On the whole, he thought it would be best to give him Arthur Penrose's address, without appearing to make any difficulty about it.

It was still early enough in the day for Arthur Penrose to be at breakfast when Peter Blake reached his home. There was no delay in admitting him. The old servant, as soon as he heard his name, dragged him into the hall by main force, and across it to the door of the room where his young master was breakfasting, which he flung open, and, pushing his visitor before him, cried out exultingly, "Here he is himself, Mr. Arthur; here's Peter Blake. There's another of 'em saved; all the crew will come back, one by one; and you'll be all right again."

Peter Blake's surprise at this reception was increased tenfold by Arthur Penrose's excitement when he saw him. Old Penrose's son, whom he had thought lost in the shipwreck, was grasping his hand in both of his, and shaking it heartily again and again, though he could not utter a word. Peter himself could not command his voice to speak.

"Thank God!" cried Arthur Penrose, at last, "thank God! I'll take heart again now. Your wife has not seen you yet, Blake?"

"No," he answered, "she has left the old place, and I cannot find her."

"She's here," exclaimed Arthur Penrose, joyfully, "at this very instant—in this very house!"

"Here!" he repeated, "here!"

"Yes, here," he went on. "I've taken care of her; she has not known any want; and this very morning she, and your children, have come with some little petition. They are waiting to see me now."

"Here!" cried Peter again. He had not known how heavy a load of care had been weighing him down until now it was removed. The tears stood in his eyes as he shook Arthur Penrose's hand in his turn, giving it such a grip as he had never felt before. "Thank God!" he said, in his inmost heart, though the words did not rise to his lips. "Hadn't somebody better break it to her?" he said, with a tender anxiety; "she's been mourning me, and the joy maybe would be too great for my poor girl. The children won't feel it, little creatures! but Bessie—"

"Old Simmons is breaking it to her," answered Arthur Penrose, "or I am very much mistaken. They are down-stairs having breakfast; and Simmons will listen to Fleck's yarns all day long."

"Fleck!" exclaimed Peter.

"Yes," he replied, "he has been a true friend to your wife, Blake. In fact, I have not seen much of her, but he has attended to all her necessities, and taken care of her for me. He came

with her this morning, and is waiting down stairs."

"Fleck!" repeated Peter.

(To be continued.)

REVIEW OF THE QUARTER'S LESSONS.

S. S. Lesson for June 24, Golden Text, I. Peter 11 : 15. By Mrs. M. Baxter.

Foolish Ignorance Answered—God's Answer in the Life—God's Epistle—In Early Times Legible—Simon's Incongruity Easily Seen—Spurious Experience Passes Current—The Coming Ordeal—Philip's Prompt Obedience—The Called Worker Misunderstood—How to Know when God Calls—Paul Like-minded—Peter also Obedient—The First Missionary Meeting—The Call of the Holy Ghost—Paul's Standard of Soul Value.

"FOR so is the will of God, that with well doing ye may put to silence the ignorance of foolish men." Disputation is not authorized by God, He has a stronger resource than that of argument, the life of Christ manifest in our mortal bodies: suffering long and yet kind where others resent the smallest injury; free from envy where others are slaves to it; not puffed up or vaunting ourselves where others are always sounding their own trumpet; not self-seeking where others live for self alone; not easily provoked where others cannot endure the smallest provocation; thinking no evil, while others are busy in plotting it; whose joy is not in iniquity but in the truth; who bear all things against which others fret; believe all things which others doubt; hope all things about which others despair; endure all things which vex and worry others; this life, not contrary to, but above nature, this divine life, is

GOD'S ANSWER

to "the ignorance of foolish men." As Jesus, our beloved Lord and Head is the *Word* which was from the beginning, so we are called to be His language, His voice, His message to the world: "Ye are manifestly declared to be the epistle of Christ, ministered by us, written, not with ink, but with the Spirit of the living God;" "known and read of all men" (2 Cor. 3 : 3, 2).

In the early Church the writing of God's epistle was legible and distinct; the characters were so bold and clear that every one could read God in these holy men. It was this very presence of Christ in them which made it impossible for an unprincipled man like *Simon the sorcerer* to remain among the faithful, the truth would out, and the real aim of his life to be "some great one" manifested itself. Although the circumstances of his life were altered, and the object which he sought after was spiritual, it was nevertheless only for self-exaltation and self-glory; and Peter looking with the all-seeing eye of Christ, said to him, "Thou hast neither part nor lot in this matter, for thy heart is not right in the sight of God." Simon was no "epistle of Christ," he was altogether an epistle of self, and as such, could not pass current in that day of pure Christianity. Simon, instead of Christ was manifest in his mortal body, and his conversion could not pass current with the apostle Peter. Alas in this day the most

SPURIOUS EXPERIENCE

will pass; men who lay some hold of the fact that their sins are forgiven, and who yet manifest anything than Christ — selfishness, pride, envy, self-seeking, impurity in their mortal bodies, yet pass as converted men, if they can only pray and preach. But the day is coming when "every man's work shall be made manifest; for it shall be revealed by fire; and the fire shall try every man's work of what sort it is" (1 Cor. 3 : 13), and when every man also shall himself be tried. "What is the chaff to the wheat? saith the Lord" (Jer. 23 : 28). There is every appearance of breakers ahead in the political world; uncertainty, almost terror, reigns already in some hearts, and if, as is probable, violent persecution breaks out against Christians who live the life of Christ, only those who have real spiritual stamina will stand firm for God; the Lord take full possession of His people!

Again, in the case of *Philip and the Ethiopian*, we find Philip not only ready to testify the moment the Spirit called upon him, but also fully willing to leave his sphere of labor in Samaria, even when the blessing was at its height, and he himself was God's chief instrument in the work. Here was the "well doing" of our Golden Text, the immediate readiness to do the will of God without the smallest reference to his own predilections. It is no difficult thing to be willing to labor for the Lord when all is victory, and success is crowning our labors, when souls are being won continually to Christ, and the whole atmosphere is one of joy and praise, when multitudes are hanging on our lips, and it seems as though we should carry all before us. But it is quite another matter to hold on patiently when everything seems to turn against us, when our loved converts turn back again to the world, when among those who have consecrated themselves to the Lord, bitterness and strife break out, and all we say is wrested and misunderstood, and the ill-doing of others is laid at the door of our teaching. It is in circumstances such as these that we have the privilege, with

"WELL DOING"

to put to silence the ignorance of foolish men. Or in circumstances similar to those of Philip, to be quite willing to leave the press of work which seems as though it depended on us, and just retire into the desert, a nothing and a nobody, at the very time when those who have been blessed through us, tell us we are indispensable, and look upon our leaving them as an unpardonable selfishness; when really it is God Himself who calls us.

Some Christian workers say,

HOW AM I TO KNOW

it is the Lord who calls? Are you under authority? Then take the decisions of those under whom you work as from God, leaving all the responsibility to Him. If in obedience to Him, you have placed yourself under them, then you may cast on Him all responsibility as to the consequences of obeying them, and even if they err in judgment, you may trust Him to overrule it, provided only that they do not call upon you to go contrary to the written Word of God. Philip being thus right with God, doing well in the secret of His presence, had power, not in one kind of work only, but in all to which he was called; whether amid multitudes in Samaria, or with one anxious soul alone in the desert. The Lord give to those of us who work for Him a like spirit.

Again, we find *Saul of Tarsus* a man like-minded, different in character, his circumstances very unlike, and yet from the very first of his career by well doing putting to silence the ignorance of foolish men. This was manifest first toward God in his unconditional surrender, "Lord, what wilt Thou have me to do?" and his immediate obedience to the first expression of the will of God, in allowing himself to be led into Damascus by the hand, probably of some fellow persecutor, who must himself witness Saul's submission to be taught, blessed, healed, and baptized, through the means of one of the very men whom he had come to persecute. Nature would have said, "Do it quietly, don't make any stir," but "well doing" in the sight of God was to obey, obey instantly, implicitly, and at any cost, because the command was from God. In the same spirit he preached there and then in the synagogues that Jesus was the Christ. Equally with Philip, Saul set aside his own thoughts and plans, and allowed himself to be guided like a little child; and thus there was about him that irresistible power which made his presence felt wherever he was.

Our narrative next resumes *the history of Peter*, and here again we see the same entire surrender and

UNQUESTIONING OBEDIENCE.

Speaking under orders as he did, there was nothing rash or venturesome in his declaration to the sick man at Lydda, "Æneas, Jesus Christ maketh thee whole, arise and make thy bed." It would be rash for anyone to imitate Peter, and without any contact with, or knowledge of the thoughts of God, to go and say to every invalid of his acquaintance, "Jesus Christ maketh thee whole," just as it would be rash for any evangelist to go to every sinner whom he met with, and say to him, "Your sins are forgiven." We may indeed say to every sinner, "Jesus has died for you, and made a full atonement for your sins; turn your back upon them and receive Jesus," and just as fully, we may say to every sick person, "Jesus has taken your infirmities, and borne your sicknesses, turn from your own thoughts, and ways, and plans, and give yourself over unreservedly to Him, receiving Him as your Healer and your health."

Peter went on at the command of God, to raise the dead, and not rashly, but still under orders to the Holy Ghost, he said to the dead, Tabitha, arise. In his faith and obedience there was the "well doing." This is yet more evidenced in his readiness to learn how narrow he had been in thinking to confine salvation to the Jews; and on learning something of God's larger heart, in his willingness to set out at once on a preaching excursion to the Gentiles. Thank God, the stone once set rolling did not stop, and glorious fruit among the Gentiles was gathered to the Lord. And how signally that Lord owned the disciple who was so ready to own Him; neither prison doors nor chains were found sufficient to restrain a man whom Jesus would have to be at liberty, and the same God who thus released Peter caused his persecutor Herod to be eaten of worms and die. This was not the Herod who beheaded John the Baptist, but his cousin.

In the account of

THE FIRST MISSIONARY MEETING

on record, we see the same "well doing;" first in relation to God, and then as regards men. The Church gathered at Antioch in Syria, although perhaps in those days the most important company of believers except the church at Jerusalem, did not dream of choosing workers for either home or foreign missions. They responded to the call of the Holy Ghost to come apart for prayer, and in the time of holy quietude before God the Holy Ghost spoke and said, "Separate me Barnabas and Saul for the work whereunto I have called them." There was no consultation either as to their gifts, their convenience or aught else; immediate obedience left all the consequences with God.

In these two men again we find the same "well doing." Sent forth by the Holy Ghost, they had Him as their Pioneer, and needed no other; difficulties there might be, and there were, but the angel of His presence saved them; whatever God willed, they willed. Thus when Elymas the sorcerer withstood them, Paul called in the present power of God, and the man was silenced; there was no opposition of man to man, Paul preached not himself but Christ Jesus the Lord, and he used each opportunity to manifest Christ's power, not his own. In his many encounters with opposing Jews, who were in those days, as great though not as diabolical disturbers of religious meetings as the skeleton army in our own days, we never read of Paul losing patience; he waxed bold, but only to speak for God, as one under authority, declaring His counsel and in no way defending himself personally. Paul

VALUED SOULS AT GOD'S ESTIMATION,

he knew that eternal issues were at stake with every one of them, he knew by experience what life *was* without God, and he knew the difference of a life *in* God, and *for* God; and then he could have some faint idea of what it must be to live eternally without God; and he was ready at His call to venture anything in order that souls might be rescued from such an irremediable lot. Led as always by the Holy Ghost, he and Barnabas were as ready to abide long time with the disciples at Antioch in Syria, as they had been to labor among their beloved heathen. Thus their life as much as their doctrine preached Christ, and overcame opposition. Lord, revive such times and raise up such workers.

FOREIGN TOPICS.

The Appointment of Lord Lansdowne to the Governor-Generalship of Canada has called forth a protest from Irishmen in Canada and in the English Parliament. One of the Irish members, Mr. O'Donnell, who represents Dungarvan, gave notice on June 7th that he wold move that the appointment of the Marquis of Lansdowne as Governor-General of Canada was calculated to excite grave discontent both among the free Irish Canadians and the oppressed Irish in Ireland, who look upon the appointment as in no sense a conciliatory movement on the part of the Government. The cause of the opposition is that Lord Lansdowne is an Irish landlord, and has been made the subject of attacks for the management of his estates. It is a fact, however, that although he owns 95,000 acres in Ireland, the rental he charges is but fifty cents an acre a year. The hostility to him is chiefly caused by the fact that he has opposed the sub-division of the holdings. They are now scarcely large enough to support the tenants, and he has refused to consent to their being divided, especially in cases when a man gives his daughter in marriage and seeks to establish his son-in-law on the same property and in the same cottage. The correspondent of the *Tribune* states that Lord Lansdowne is a man of considerabble administrative capacity, and that his appointment is generally approved.

A Suspension of American Commerce with Turkey appears likely to ensue. The Porte recently informed General Wallace, the United States Minister, that the commercial treaty between Turkey and America would terminate on March 13th, 1884. The Turkish tariff expired on the same date of the present year. After the termination of the treaty the importation of all American meats, lard and similar produce will be prohibited. The Porte has virtually increased the duties on spirits by compelling their storage at Smyrna. It also maintains its demand relative to the storage of petroleum. It is stated that during the sitting of the Conference, the Turkish minister informed the delegates that the Porte was desirous of making a new tariff on the basis of an eight per cent ad valorem duty, but the Powers objected on the ground that the tariff was not alterable until the expiration of the commercial treaties. The Porte pointed out that this was impracticable, as the treaties expired on various dates. Almost all the ambassadors recognized the validity of this argument, and consented to appoint delegates to effect an arrangement of the tariff.

A Letter from the Czar to President Arthur had been written, according to a cable dispatch, to the New York *Herald*, expressing His Majesty's thanks for the courtesy shown in specially accrediting Minister Hunt to represent the United States at the coronation, and also to express His Majesty's gratification at Admiral Baldwin being sent on board the American frigate to attend the grand ceremony. M. de Giers concludes by saying it has been particularly agreeable to His Majesty to see this mark of consideration from a nation "united to Russia by bonds of traditional friendship."

Light on the Situation in the Far East has been thrown, by the Secretary of the Chinese Legation at Washington, who, in an interview with a reporter of the *Herald* last week, stated that there was no doubt that if France should refuse to recognize the sovereign protectorate of China over its dependency of Annam, hostilities would be inevitable; that while the cause of quarrel was strictly between the Annamise and the French, China could not afford to permit any interference of France, even if countenanced by the King of Annam, the vassal of China, and would interpose at all hazards. For this purpose the Viceroy Li had already been ordered to take command of the Chinese troops and a Chinese fleet ordered to Tonquin. He also remarked that although foreign nations had been accustomed to believe in the impotency of the Chinese as a warlike people, she had made rapid improvements in the modern arts and sciences and great progress in the art of warfare. It must be remembered, he said, that China is a different nation to what it was fifty years ago. They have now all the modern improvements in rifles, muskets, light and heavy artillery, mortars, shells, etc., besides well-drilled troops. Besides this France having no near base of operations as Russia or England would have, must necessarily fight at a disadvantage.

Rumors of Queen Victoria's Serious Illness continue to arrive, and though the English press in some cases contradicts them, there is reason to believe that there must be a foundation for them. The London correspondent of the Boston *Herald*, who asserts that he derives his information from "a member of the inner court circle," cables to his journal that severe dropsical symptoms had set in, and that the Queen's condition was considered so unsafe that her doctors all protested against the present journey to Scotland. The only reason that caused the doctors to assent to her removal was the fact that the inability of Her Majesty to get about since she hurt her leg has minimized her out-door exercise. This has been most sadly missed, but it was thought the fresh air of Balmoral would in a great degree make up for it. The immediate result of this cessation of out-door life has been fit after fit of *serious depression*. This melancholia has frightened the doctors, and, added to the internal morbidity of her system, is causing all who have knowledge on the subject to anticipate, at a no very distant date, fears of the Queen being confined a confirmed invalid to her bed.

The Irish Invincibles are Charged with Poisoning by the informers. It is now rumored that the Invincibles have been extensively using poison in removing obnoxious persons. The police are investigating a number of cases of suspicious death which have occurred in the past few years, especially the case of a hotel keeper named Jury, of Dublin, who died a fortnight after the Phœnix Park murders. From disclosures by the informers, the authorities do not doubt that Jury was poisoned. The reason alleged for the poisoning is that he inadvertently opened a letter addressed to Tynan, who was staying at Jury's hotel. Jury discovered that the letter contained directions in regard to a secret society. Fearing the vengeance of the members of the society, Jury destroyed the letter. A waiter, however, informed Tynan that Jury had received a letter for him. It is thought that Jury's "removal," was then decided upon.

The Black Hand Society of Spain, a Secret organization analagous to the Nihilists of Russia and the Invincibles of Ireland, is charged with assassination. The trial has commenced at Xeres of seventeen members of the Society, who are charged with murdering an associate whom they suspected of betraying the secrets of the organization to the government. The Public Prosecutor, in opening the case, claimed that he would submit evidence sufficient to secure the execution of sixteen of the prisoners.

The Last of the Phœnix Park Murderers, "Tim" Kelly, was hanged in Kilmainham Jail, on Saturday last. There was a larger crowd outside the prison on the occasion than at any of the other executions, except Brady's. This was mainly due to the sympathy felt for Kelly, who was only nineteen years of age, and was subject to epileptic fits. He was tried three times before a verdict was reached, the jury in two trials disagreeing. Strong efforts were therefore made to obtain a commutation of his sentence. They were, however, without avail; the fact that Kelly had actually taken part in the stabbing shut him out from any chance of mercy. Carey, the informer, stated that Brady in giving him an account of the murder had told him that when he had "finished Lord Frederick Cavendish" he turned round and "saw Tim at work on Mr. Burke's body." The other informers also stated that in such cases the actual work was left to Brady and Kelly. Now that the last of the assassins is dead, it is well that the men in America who seem anxious to follow their example, should understand that the five men who have been hung were betrayed by their comrades, and convicted on the evidence of a man who directed the crime. Whatever may be said of the Nihilists and other secret societies, Irish plotters are traitors to each other.

An Egyptian Incendiary was Hung on the scene of his crime on Saturday. The trials which took place after the burning of Alexandria resulted in the conviction of Suleiman Daoud, an important ally of Arabi Pasha, who was charged with having assisted in firing the city. An urgent appeal was made to the British Premier on Friday by several members of Parliament to telegraph the Khedive, requesting a stay of proceedings, and a leading conservative declared that the execution was being carried out in order to silence the charges Suleiman brought against the Khedive. Mr. Gladstone finally declared that Suleiman had been fairly tried, and was undoubtedly guilty, and he should therefore decline to interfere on his behalf. He added on Lord Dufferin's authority, that the charges made against the Khedive of conniving at the outrages were unfounded. As the English did not interfere, Suleiman's execution was carried out. He had to be almost carried to the scaffold, and he was nearly comatose from fright before he was finally hanged. Some persons who were present at the execution say that he died before the drop fell. On his way to the place of execution the condemned man murmured that he had been victimized by Arabi Pasha.

The Czar of Russia appears Resolved to maintain the rigor of his government. The London *News* correspondent at Berlin says the Mayor of Moscow has gone to his estate in Tambow, or, in other words, has been banished, for having expressed the hope in his speech at the banquet to mayors of cities during the coronation festivities that the Czar would institute a constitutional *régime*. The correspondents sent by English journals to describe the coronation complained on their return of the mutilation of their dispatches and the scrutiny they were subjected to. It was absolutely useless to write anything that did not tell of glory, harmony, and love of the people for the sovereign. One who had written a long letter, in the hope of getting it to London by post, cut it in two and mailed the parts to two different friends at different addresses. Only two sheets of it arrived.

Dr. Joseph Parker, the Eminent Pastor of the City Temple in London, has been elected Chairman of the Congregational Union of England and Wales for the ensuing year. He received 665 votes out of 981. The position is a very honorable one, and it has been a matter of surprise that it has not before been tendered to a minister whose talents and culture have rendered him one of the most popular Congregational ministers in Great Britain.

The Prophetic News and Israel's Watchman (London), for June, may be obtained at the office of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, price six cents, postage paid.

An Illustrated Work on the Unfulfilled prophecies of the Bible, by the Rev. M. Baxter, entitled: "Forty Coming Wonders," may be had from the office of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, 63 Bible House, New York, by remitting one dollar. It is a book of 528 pages, is handsomely bound in cloth and contains fifty full-page pictures and diagrams representing the scenes described in the prophecies of Daniel and in the book of the Revelation. It also contains a resumé of the opinions of other expositors, and extracts carefully collated from the works of all the most eminent writers on prophecy, from the earliest ages of the Christian era down to those of recent date. It thus forms the most useful and complete guide the student can have in entering on the study of that portion of the Word of God. The book may also be obtained for one dollar from any bookseller, who can procure it from the American News Company.

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HERR GUSTAVUS COHEN,

The Converted Jewish Lecturer.

Birthplace and Early Boyhood—The Rite of Jewish Confirmation—A Tragic Scene on a Bridge — Two Years' Wanderings — Return Home—Put to Business—Arrival in England—A Life of Pleasure—Settles at Nottingham—His Employer's Efforts to Benefit Him—First Step toward His Conversion—A Night of Dissipation and a Morning of Sorrow—Signs the Pledge—A Child's Memorable Evening Prayer—Efforts by Jews to Win Back the New Convert—He is Cursed—Career as a Lecturer—Valuable Testimonial—Lecturing from a Boat—Work in the Pulpit and on the Platform.

In the province of Posen, in Prussia, and about thirty miles from the Russian Polish frontier, the traveller will observe a rather old-fashioned but charming little town, surrounded by lakes, mountains, and dense forests. The town nestles in a complete valley, and a splendid bird's-eye view of the whole spot may be obtained from the adjoining hills, bringing into prominence the school-house and synagogue, where many young Jews have been brought up under the laws of Moses, educated and trained according to the Talmud, and finally prepared for a useful trade or profession. This is the place where Solomon Cohen, the father of Gustavus Cohen, had his home. There in 1853 Gustavus was born. Here he received his education, which consisted of Hebrew, German, Polish, and Russian. Here is the place where, as a leader against rival schools, he fought his battles as a boy.

It is related of him that, though not by any means the eldest boy in the school, he succeeded in carrying off all the principal prizes, and very soon became the recognized leader of his comrades. The school being Lutheran, it was naturally regarded by the boys of the Roman Catholic schools with strong party feeling, which not unfrequently culminated in a serious affray between the rival parties, at which it was the delight of Gustavus, combative even as a boy, to take an active part.

JEWISH CONFIRMATION.

When Gustavus had reached the age of thirteen he was, according to the Jewish custom, prepared for the *Bar Mizvah*, or confirmation, after having undergone which ceremony a boy is supposed to become responsible for his own sins and actions, which have previous to the ceremony been regarded as resting on the parents. The doctrine is so thoroughly believed by orthodox Jews that a mother will often fast and offer atonement for the transgressions of her son. There is no race which expends so much care and thought on the moral training of the young, as the Jewish, nor any in which the virtues of industry, sobriety, and chastity are more strenuously inculcated.

Gustavus Cohen was of an enterprising, inquiring turn of mind. He inherited from his father, who belonged to an old family of *Cohens* (priests), a sceptical incredulous temperament; his mind was ever restless, and he yearned for experiences in the world of which he had read and heard at school.

A TRAGIC SCENE ON A BRIDGE.

When between thirteen and fourteen years of age he, in company with a school-fellow, ran away from home. They soon encountered hardship; and hunger and cold soon reduced the comrade of young Cohen to a faint-hearted condition. Surely no scene more characteristic of the dramatic and grotesque forms occasionally assumed by boyish life, than that which was enacted on an old bridge spanning a rapid river, could possibly be imagined. It was here, in the centre of this bridge, that the weaker lad of the two made a stand, and declared to young Cohen that he would go no farther, and announced his resolve, not having the means to return home, to end his life by shooting himself. The desperate youth accordingly produced a loaded pistol, which had been his constant companion since he had decamped; but his strength and determination failed him, and he handed the pistol to Gustavus, entreating him to do the deed. The boy, however, was no murderer; he regarded his companion as a coward, and being himself possessed of a determination and courage which no hardships could conquer, he flung the pistol into the rushing waters, and determined to struggle on alone. (*The scene is depicted on the left-hand side of the frontispiece.*)

WANDERINGS FOR TWO YEARS.

With a generous impulse he sold everything he had, including even a spare shirt, in an hotel, to Hungarian pedlars, and handing the proceeds to his companion, bade him return at once. After this, for two years, young Gustavus, dependent only upon his own efforts, tramped through parts of Germany, Poland, Russia, Austria, and Bohemia The vagrant life in one so young had its disadvantages, but it gave to the boy a self-reliance and self-dependence which were of use to him in later years. At the end of two years of strange experiences the boy returned to his home, drawn there not by desire for ease, but by love for his mother. His father had died during his absence, and his mother and friends, and more especially his godfather and godmother, who according to Jewish custom were especially held accountable for his future, determined that he should enter upon a useful profession. After a number of vicissitudes, it was resolved to finally dispose of him by sending him to relatives in business in England. Gustavus obeyed, and at the age of eighteen years he commenced work in the factory his brother and other relatives were running in Birmingham.

Before he had been in his new sphere many months he had by close application and study mastered every detail of the business, and was in a position to undertake the sole management of the large factory. Still, he was dissastisfied; for, although he made money, he spent it quite as rapidly, and he saw no good results arising from his work. By this time he had learned the English language, and made a great many friends among the young Englishmen of his acquaintance. Being of a very sociable, agreeable, and sympathetic nature, with a fund of anecdote drawn from his strange experiences while tramping through Europe, a penniless boy, he found a multitude of

ADMIRING COMPANIONS

delighted to listen to his stories, to drink his wine and smoke his cigars, and accompany him in Sunday excursions. With good financial prospects, plenty of ready money, and abundant friends and amusements, Cohen was not disturbed by the possibility of future sorrow, or the consideration of his sinfulness before God. Judaism, as he had been taught it, he regarded as an exploded system of ceremonials, and Christianity, judged by the character of those of its professors whom he knew, he despised.

A CHRISTIAN EMPLOYER.

Having still the old boyish love of change of scene, he left his associates and his brother's factory and went to Nottingham, where he undertook the management of a wholesale clothing manufactory, and having a thorough knowledge of the business, he succeeded in winning the confidence and esteem of his employers. He again made money, and again was surrounded by a clique of friends as gay and thoughtless in character as his old acquaintances. The principal of the firm was a Christian gentleman, who, an abstainer himself, urged all in his employ, especially the chiefs of departments, to follow his example. Gustavus Cohen had heard nothing of temperance and did not like the idea of giving up his wine and ale, and whenever the principal broached the subject, his invariable answer was that he was temperate, but that if at any time he found that drinking interfered with his business, or that he was becoming a drunkard, he would abandon the habit. No arguments could induce him to become an abstainer, and the Christian employer, who was deeply interested in his young manager, prayed for him, believing finally that his prayer must be answered.

Herr Cohen was at this time living among people who were also fond of the social glass, and he was encouraged to have a barrel of beer in the cellar, cases of wine sent home, and hospitably entertain his friends. It was a respectable home, as there are many respectable homes of the same kind. There was no thought of the future or of anything but making the present time enjoyable. Theatres, concerts, operas, balls, occupied his leisure time, and his thoughts were chiefly devoted to dress and amusement, when he was not in business.

AN IMPORTANT CHANGE

was, however, impending. Repeated excesses had preyed upon his mind and wrought upon a constitution which, although healthy and active, was never robust, and after one night of exceptional dissipation with his youthful companions, he awoke the following morning more than usually serious. The recollections of the whole misspent night passed before him; he knew that he had been intoxicated, and that he had been seen in that condition by people whose respect he valued. Overcome by a deep sense of shame, he at last resolved to become an abstainer, and going to his Christian employer the same morning, told him of his resolution. Not many hours passed away before

HE SIGNED THE PLEDGE,

which the grace of God enabled him to keep unflinchingly. When his companions discovered what he had done, they thought it was only the impulse of momentary weakness; but despite every artifice and temptation they placed in his way, he remained firm to his good resolve. The people at whose house he was living expressed their surprise, and tried to induce him to return to wine and beer. They salted his food, and provoked an unnatural thirst, and tempted him in every way; but they only induced him to leave them for another home more congenial to his new and higher tastes.

And what of his companions? When they, after waiting patiently, discovered that he was firm, they jeered at and deserted him. Subsequently they did not scruple to impute to him mean motives, and even to circulate slanderous reports about him. And these were the men with whom he had spent the choicest hours of his youth, upon whom he had squandered his money, and whom he had believed his friends. It is a common experience, but it was novel to young Cohen as it is to every one who makes the discovery in his own person.

A CHILD'S EVENING PRAYER.

When, for the reasons described, he left his boarding house, he took up his quarters in the house of a Christian gentleman to whom his principal recommended him. Deeply hurt by the diffidence and desertion of all his late companions, his sensitive nature became doubly susceptible to tender influences. On one of the first few evenings that marked his new career in this home he happened to be present in the room when the little daughter of his host prayed at her mother's knee just before bed-time. She concluded her simple little prayer by "God bless mamma and papa *and Mr. Cohen*, for Christ's sake." The Christian child in her simple and beautiful way, in her innocent babyhood, praying for him, the despised Jew! (*The scene is illustrated in the frontispiece picture.*) He was deeply moved. Surely such a religion must be very beautiful.

He expressed his astonishment to the father when the child had retired, and the result was a series of long and earnest conversations on the subject of Christianity, which culminated in the conversion of Herr Cohen. He was induced first of all to attend a place of worship; then to read the Bible, which he studied deeply; the Holy Spirit flooded his mind and heart with light and conviction, and he became an earnest and devout believer. That involved a painful experience, as young Cohen well knew it would. But he had counted the cost, and did not draw back. What followed is best related in Herr Cohen's own words, spoken in the course of a public address before a Christian audience. Describing

HIS MOTHER'S FAREWELL,

he said: "When I parted from my mother her

direct divine interposition. For we learn, from Rev. 8 : 9, that when the second apocalyptic angel sounds his woe-trumpet that "a third part of the ships in the (Mediterranean ?) sea will be destroyed." This prediction applies to all vessels, but specially to Tarshish ; for we read (Isa. 3 : 12–16), "the day of Jehovah shall be on all the ships of *Tarshish*." Nor are we left in any doubt as to the agency which will be employed by God to "bow the haughtiness of man." For an inspired penman reports (Psa. 48 : 7), "Thou breakest the ships of *Tarshish* with an *east wind*." Then, as the navy of England sails westward on its godless mission, it will be met by that euroclydon, or Levantes, to which vessels on the Mediterranean are so much exposed, and it will be wrecked and submerged by the whirling gulf.

REFUGEES FROM ANTICHRIST.

But, happily, after this terrible national collapse, there is grace in store for the heir of ancient Tarshish. It would seem that a remnant at least of its inhabitants will escape that guillotine, which will slaughter wholesale the none-worshippers of Antichrist or His image ; (see Rev. 13 : 15, 16 ; 20 : 4). These will probably obey Christ's injunction (Matt. 24 : 15–18). "When ye see the abomination of desolation, spoken of by Daniel the prophet, stand in the holy place, then let them which be in Judea flee into the mountains." Though this command primarily applies to those who are in the Holy Land, it includes the *principle* of escaping if possible from the oppression of Antichrist everywhere. If so, we may well infer that, like the woman who will bring forth the man-child, to rule the nations (Rev. 12 : 6), they will be safe guarded by God, for the three years and a half of the supreme rule of the Man of Sin.

During this period not only will they be protected, but fed ; for God has promised that (Isa. 33 : 16), "His place of defence shall be the munitions (stronghold) of rocks ; bread shall be given him ; his waters shall be sure." Again it is possible that a large number of the reserve gathered at Megiddo (Rev. 16 : 16), while Antichrist and his allied ten Kings invest Jerusalem may be included in his forces, not voluntarily, but solely through that conscription which threatens to become the universal law throughout the Roman world. They, therefore, will not be voluntary supporters, much less worshippers, of Antichrist, and so will be comparatively guiltless. It is this section of the Roman army, doubtless, to which Isaiah refers (66 : 19), "I will send those that escape of them unto the nations—to *Tarshish*, Pul, and Lud, that draw the bow, to Tubal, and Javan ; to the isles afar off, that have not heard My fame, neither have seen My glory, and they shall declare My glory among the Gentiles."

We also learn from Scripture that the navy of

TARSHISH WILL BE FOREMOST

in conveying to their fatherland the long-exiled ten tribes. Isaiah was directed to indicate this important fact in two distinct prophecies—one indefinite, and the other so specific as to leave no doubt as to the nation intended. Thus in Isa. 18 : 1–7, we find an address to some maritime nation which lies "beyond the rivers of Ethiopia"—the analogue of which we have found in British India. To this honored nation he says, "Go, ye swift messengers (steam vessels ?), to a nation scattered and peeled, to a people terrible from their beginning hitherto ; a nation meted out and trodden down, whose land the rivers (Gentile nations) have spoiled." As a result of obedience to this injunction, we find that this unnamed nation will "bring a present unto Jehovah of hosts of a people scattered and peeled," to the place of the name of Jehovah of hosts, the Mount Zion—a restored and rebuilt Temple of Jerusalem.

But what Isaiah first reports in enigmatical terms as to the Gentile nation, who shall be thus honored in bringing the welcome "present" of restored Israel to the Lord in Jerusalem, he afterward indicates in unmistakable language. Thus we read (Isa 60 : 9), "Surely the isles shall wait for me, and the *ships* of *Tarshish* first (and foremost) to bring thy sons from afar, their silver and their gold with them—unto the name of Jehovah thy God, and to the Holy One of Israel."

We may infer that this prediction chiefly concerns those lost ten tribes, who people the wilds of Central Asia. For we learn from Zech. 13 : 11–13, that the tribes of Judah, Benjamin, and Levi, will be in Jerusalem when it is invested by Antichrist. We also learn (Isa. 66 : 19–20), that the remnant of the spared Gentile forces, will penetrate into Javan or Arabia, Tubal or Circassia, and Lud or Asia Minor. These will "bring all your brethren for an offering unto Jehovah out of all nations upon horses and in chariots, and in litters, and upon mules, and upon swift beasts—to My holy mountain, Jerusalem."

HOW WILL THIS MISSION BE COMMENCED ?

This honorable mission of the Tarshish navy to convey home the Iraelitish "remnant" will, we infer, spring from the national conversion of Great Britain, through the preaching of the Gospel of Messiah's glory, by the spared Gentile forces of Antichrist. For we learn from Isa. 66 : 19 and 20, that it is *after* the Gentiles who escape God's terrible judgments at Megiddo, and in the valley of Jehosaphat, have "declared Christ's glory among the Gentiles," that "they will bring the Jews as an offering unto Jehovah to 'His holy mountain' in Jerusalem."

Nor is this the last time that we hear of the alliance of Tarshish with restored and converted Israel. If there is anything which does not admit of two opinions respecting unfulfilled prophecy, it is this—that the representatives of the spared Gentile nations will keep the chief latter-day Hebrew festival in Jerusalem. This striking fact is recorded by Zechariah, who says (14 : 16) that 'It shall come to pass that every one that is left of all the nations which shall come against Jerusalem, shall even go up from year to year, to worship the King Jehovah of Hosts, and to *keep the feast* of tabernacles." We may assume that such homage will be rendered by their representatives, as it would be impossible for all the Gentiles to keep the feast in the holy city. This, in fact, is implied by the language of Isaiah who writes (14 : 32), "What shall then one answer the MESSENGERS of the nations ? that Jehovah hath founded Zion ; and the poor of His people shall trust in it." Hence wherever a British embassy is sent, there is England, so whoever are delegated to represent Great Britain at the feast of tabernacles, they will virtually be England.

THE GENTILE EMBASSAGE TO JERUSALEM.

Nor are we left in any doubt as to the reasons for this Gentile embassage to Jerusalem. For Messiah will visibly reign there, in fulfilment of the divine promise recorded by Isaiah and repeated by the angel to Mary, (compare Isa. 9 : 6, 7, and Luke 1 : 32, 33). It is to this period that Jeremiah doubtless referred when he wrote (3 : 17) : "At *that time*, they shall call Jerusalem the THRONE of Jehovah ; and *all nations shall be gathered* to the name of Jehovah, *in Jerusalem*."

Nor will the representatives of the Gentiles come empty-handed to Jerusalem to keep the feast of tabernacles. This Isaiah reports of the Gentiles at large, when he says of Abyssinians, and Ishmaelites, and Midianites "The wealth (margin) of the Gentiles shall come unto thee—they shall bring gold and incense—they shall come with acceptance on My altar ; and I will glorify the house of My glory" (see Isa. 60 : 5–7). But this fact that the Gentiles generally shall not come empty-handed to King Messiah is specially stated of Great Britain ; for we read (Ps. 72 : 10), that "the Kings of *Tarshish* and of the isles shall bring presents," or free-will offerings, to the King of kings.

For many generations, long indeed before the birth of our Lord, the Jews chanted the Great Hallel, or song of thanksgiving—which included the 113th to the 118th Psalm—at the feast of tabernacles. Though we would not urge the opinion dogmatically, we think it is probable that the Gentile delegation, as well as restored Israel, will find in these consecrated Psalms a fitting expression of the universal praise at this ancient festival. Never, indeed, will the Hallel have been sung on so glorious an occasion. For as 5 : 24 of the 118th Psalm says, "*This is the* day which Jehovah hath made ; we will rejoice and be glad in it." This Psalm was repeatedly applied by Christ both to Himself and to this period ; see (Matt 21 : 42 ; and Isa. 23 : 39). And there is no Hebrew commentator who does not intimate that for its fulfilment we must wait till the times of Messiah. Well, then, may the great Hallel be sung at the feast of tabernacles, during the Millennium, for (Cor. 2 : 17), "the DAY will break and the shadows flee away," which have darkened this earth for nigh six thousand years.

THE "FEAST OF TABERNACLES."

And here it may be intimated that the feast of tabernacles may possibly replace the Lord's Supper, during the Millennium. Precious as is the rite which so strikingly speaks of Christ's substitutionary work and of His second coming, we know that is only of temporary observance, and that it will cease when the King returns, and when again (Zech. 14 : 4), "His feet stand upon the Mount of Olives." This fact is intimated by the Apostle Paul, who says (Cor. 11 : 26), "As oft as ye eat this bread and drink this cup, ye do show forth the Lord's death, TILL He come." With a present Lord, this *rite of remembrance* will be no longer necessary ; but as personal homage will still be required, the feast of tabernacles, held as it will be in Jerusalem, will give the fitting opportunity in the very presence of the King.

It is thus seen that whether Tarshish is honored to convey to their fatherland the long-exiled Jews, or observe the feast of tabernacles in the presence of Messiah—that its idolatrous commercial spirit will cease, and all its activities be of a religious character.

BRITAIN'S INTEREST IN THE JEWS.

If we are right in our exegesis, and Tarshish is but a synonym for its heir, Great Britain, we may infer that the promise attached to those who obey God (Ps. 122 : 6), and "pray for the peace of Jerusalem—*they shall prosper who* love thee," is as true now as it will be in the Messianic age. For no people is so interested in Jewish conversion as are the British. Take away, indeed, the societies for Jewish evangelization for which Great Britain is so remarkable, it is not too much to affirm, that little would be done by other nations to save that "remnant according to the election of grace" (Rom. 11 : 5), which existed in the apostolic age, and which has been so brilliantly illustrated by Neander in our days. Nor need we fear that this care shown by Tarshish for His covenant people will be forgotten or unrewarded at the winding up of this dispensation. For the principle which God enunciated to Abraham (Gen. 11 : 3), "I will bless them that bless thee," and which Balaam in the spirit of prophecy extended to the whole Hebrew race, especially in the "latter days" (Num. 24 : 9)—is as true now as when it was first uttered. And, if there were any doubt about the question, the fact that Tarshish or Great Britain will be chief in the restoration of the Jews to the Holy Land, these predictions of Isaiah would settle the question.

The Lord hasten the gladsome day, for then the whole world—Gentile as well as Jew—will be ruled by King Messiah ; and the promise given to Abraham nigh 4000 years ago, be fully realized (compare Gen. 22 : 18, and Gal. 3 : 16)—"In thy seed (Christ) shall ALL the nations of the earth be blessed." Well, then, might David when as a prophet, he foresaw the benign sign of his divine descendant, burst into this rapturous choral (Psa. 72 : 18-19), "Blessed be Jehovah God—the God of Israel—who only doeth wondrous things ; and blessed be His glorious name forever ; and let the whole earth be filled with His glory. Amen, and Amen !"

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CURRENT EVENTS.

General Crook's Return from his Expedition against the Indians in Arizona was officially reported on June 12th. The general was then at Silver Creek, Arizona, having with him 383 prisoners including six Mexicans who had been captured and held by the Indians. His report states that after crossing the Mexican border on May 1st, he pressed forward by forced marches for two weeks, and on the 15th the Chiracahua stronghold was discovered and surprised in the heart of the Sierra Madre Mountains, while many of the warriors, under Chief Juh, were absent. Nearly all the Indians, including six chiefs, were captured, a large amount of stolen property was seized, and the village was destroyed. Some of the Indians who had escaped surrendered after the fight. Chief Juh with his band of about 250 warriors are believed to be in Arizona, and General Crook after delivering over his prisoners proposes to go in pursuit of them.

The Acquittal of the Star Route Defendants on Thursday last is regarded throughout the country as a shameful miscarriage of justice. Not one person in a hundred who followed the evidence, arrived at the same conclusion as the jury did. To ordinary, unbiassed minds, the proof of conspiracy and of identity of interest among the defendants appeared incontrovertible. It was also a significant fact that the counsel for the defence directed his efforts, not to proving his clients' innocence of the charges, but to abusing the prosecution, a mode of defence which is always a sign of a weak case. Beside that, one of the men, whom the jury have pronounced innocent, *actually admitted his guilt* on oath. By what process the jury arrived at their verdict, in consistency with the oath they had taken, has not been disclosed. The responsibility is theirs, and it is a serious one, for it may reasonably by feared that the moral tone of the community will suffer by their act. The defendants may be innocent as the jury say, even Rerdell may have perjured himself in swearing he was guilty, but that is not the general opinion. Rightly or wrongly, the public draws the inference from this trial that with the possession of wealth and the assistance of powerful friends, gigantic crimes may be committed with comparative impunity; that, as a matter of fact, the penniless thief who steals a loaf to save his child from starvation is very likely to go to prison, while the millionnaire who steals dollars by the hundred thousand will be set at liberty amid clapping of hands. That is a baneful lesson to inculcate, and one that the public cannot learn without detriment to the best interests of society. When the government sent to the court and offered one of the defendants, then upon his trial, another star route contract, they voluntarily incurred the grave responsibility of confirming the bad moral.

Another Indictment Against Brady, the Defendant in the late Star Route trial, was brought on Saturday by the Washington Grand Jury. It charges that on July 13th, 1880, the defendant made a contract with J. B. Price to carry the mail on the route from Socorro, New Mexico, to Silver City, and back seven times a week on a schedule of thirty-five hours from August 1st, 1880, to June 30th, 1881, for $41,582, and that on November 3d, 1880, the contractor paid General Brady $1250 as compensation for awarding the contract. The witnesses are John A. Walsh, J. B. Price, Joseph Cochran and J. W. Brady. This is not, like the trial just concluded, a charge of conspiracy; it is a charge against Brady of taking a bribe during his term of office as second Assistant-Postmaster-General. The contract, which is the basis of the trial, was awarded without competition.

The Ohio Prohibitionist Convention Assembled at Columbus on Thursday last. It agreed on a platform and nominated a full State ticket. Ferdinand Schumacher received the nomination for Governor, and H. T. Ogden for Lieutenant-Governor. The platform adopted condemns the policy of both Democrats and Republicans. The delegates in their resolutions denounce the policy of personal liberty advanced by the Democrats and the policy of taxation embodied in the Scott and Pond laws passed by the Republicans; also, the Republican measures repealing the Sunday law and the law prohibiting drinking on the premises. They condemn the taxation proposition of the constitutional amendment, and favor the adoption of a prohibitory clause. Public opinion is divided in the State as to the probable effect of the action of the Prohibitionists. There appears to be a general impression that the Prohibition ticket has no hope of success, but while some politicians believe that it will draw away from the Republican ticket sufficient votes to insure its defeat, others believe that it will as seriously injure the Democratic prospects. It is said that many Democrats desire the restriction of the liquor traffic, but not its prohibition, and that they, finding the Republicans in opposition to the Prohibitionists will prefer the Republican to the Democratic ticket. The Democratic Convention to be held this week is anticipated with some anxiety by all parties.

The News that N. L. Dukes had been Shot down by the son of Captain A. C. Nutt at Uniontown, Penn., on Wednesday, June 13th, excited general gratification, owing to the widespread knowledge of the case of which this slaying was the sequel. Dukes had maligned in a peculiarly mean way the character of a girl who is said to be virtuous, and when her father expostulated with him he had shot the naturally indignant man without warning. Dukes had been tried and acquitted to the indignation of his fellow-citizens, and afterward, meeting the son of the man he had murdered on the street, he had laughed at him with shameless and exasperating effrontery. It is not, therefore, surprising, that when the fact that young Nutt had shot Dukes was announced, there was a chorus of approval of the act. The general unanimity does not, however, prove that the shooting was right, and there is a danger lest that inference should be drawn from it. *Young Nutt is a murderer*, and his act a crime. Society cannot with safety delegate to any man the right to shoot a man who has done him or his family wrong. If this young man is released without punishment, as is likely, the lesson will be inculcated that there are cases in which murder may be honorably committed, and in a community in which the practice of carrying concealed weapons is prevalent, and is increasing, that is *a dangerous lesson* to teach. No one outside of the circle of his relatives and friends regrets the death of Dukes—the world is the purer for his leaving it—but all reflecting people deplore the activity of the spirit of lawlessness, which prompted the crime and the vengeance. Both acts are alike sins against God and outrages on society. Much harm may be done by approving either of them.

Dr. McCosh has been Induced to Remain President of Princeton College. It is announced that he will be relieved of a portion of his duties by Dr. J. O. Murray, who will be made Dean of the Faculty, and will also have charge of the order and discipline of the college. Dr. McCosh will continue to control the educational department of the executive office, and will preside at the faculty meetings. The School of Philosophy, for which an endowment of $150,000 has been secured, will open in September. Dr. McCosh will be at the head of the department, teaching psychology and the history of philosophy, while Dr. F. L. Patton, of the Theological Seminary, will deliver a course of lectures on "Metaphysics." The financial and educational progress at Princeton, under Dr. McCosh, has been so marked that all friends of the college will rejoice that he has arranged to continue his work there.

A Remarkable Work among Miners has been conducted by Messrs. Milligan and Turner at Lonaconing, Md. The two evangelists have been trained in Mr. Guinness's College in London, and they have come to this country with the view of carrying on evangelistic work among the miners in Colorado. They were, however, induced soon after their arrival by representations of the urgent need of help in Pennsylvania and Maryland to pay a short visit there before going to Colorado. They visited the miners in their homes and held services in one of the Lonaconing churches and in the open air. The result has been a glorious outpouring of blessing, and many remarkable cases of conversion are reported.

The Thirtieth Annual Report of the Young Men's Christian Association has been issued. Its records show how useful its work has been among the young men of the city and how thoroughly organized are all its departments. Every one who is familiar with its working indorses the statements made in the report as to its extensive and beneficent influence. The work has been extended in many ways during the year, and its expenses have consequently increased. Several large rooms recently let out by the Association are now to be used for its own work, and the income will, therefore, be materially reduced. The managers estimate that they will need over and above their usual receipts $13,000 to defray the cost of the work. That amount will doubtless be speedily contributed, as many Christians of wealth are aware of the necessities of this useful institution.

A Noble Act of Munificence is Recorded by the press. Real estate of the value of $150,000 has been presented by Mr. and Mrs. Oswald Ottendorfer to the German Hospital and Dispensary in New York. Mrs. Ottendorfer presents the land and building for a perfectly fitted dispensary, in which every convenience is offered for *the free treatment of the poor*, whatever may be their disease, and to this Mr. Ottendorfer adds the building and land for a circulating library and reading-room of an unusually extensive character. The cost of fitting the library with books and journals will be borne by Mr. Ottendorfer, in addition to the cost of land and building. The property is on Second Avenue near Eighth Street.

A Wrongly Accused Boy has been Vindicated after long delay. An English boy was charged some time ago with stealing a diamond pin from a lady in Washington in whose house he was employed. He has parents in England, and Judge Snell agreed not to imprison him if he was sent to them. This was done, and the boy left with a cloud upon his good name. A few days ago, says the Washington *Post*, the lady who charged him with being a thief found the pin wrapped up in a piece of paper and laid in a casket in which the family silver was kept. The discovery vindicates the boy, but it comes too late to make amends for the wrong which was done him. How many thousands of people have similarly suffered through the carelessness or wrongdoing of others, how many have undergone punishment through the mistakes of judges and juries no man can tell, but it is certain their number must be enormous. It is strange that even infidels do not understand that there must of necessity be a life beyond the grave in which these many wrongs may be righted (I. Peter 2 : 19-21).

The Liberated Jail-Bird who was Immortalized by Charles Dickens applied to the police in Philadelphia last Thursday for permission to return to prison. When the great novelist visited this country in 1842 he saw this prisoner, whose name is Langheimer, and, in the book he wrote describing his journey, described him with words of deep commiseration. Langheimer had been two years in jail when Dickens saw him, and since then he has been out of prison only for short periods at a time, having been convicted and sent back time after time. He was last sentenced two years ago, and his time was up on June 11th. On Thursday he turned up again at police headquarters, and asked to be committed to prison, averring that he found it *impossible to be honest*. He talked for some time with the detective, and was apparently sincere in his conviction that the prison was the only place in which he was safe from temptation. His petition was necessarily rejected, but the detective expressed the opinion that it would not be many days before he came before the courts for sentence to the place where so many years of his life have been spent. The man is now eighty-four years of age, and his confession that now he "cannot cease from sin" is a remarkable fulfilment of the scriptural warning (II. Peter 2 : 14).

A Stuffed Snake-Skin Occupies a Place of honor in the rooms of a newly-married couple. The Philadelphia *Times* in reporting a wedding relates a romantic incident. A short time before the marriage there was a church picnic at which two young men and a young lady sat down on a rock to rest. In reaching out his hand to a bed of moss, one of the young men touched something cold. Instinctively he knew that he had *placed his hand upon a rattlesnake*. At the same moment the snake was discovered by the other young man and the young lady. Both screamed and ran from the spot. Thus left alone to battle with his deadly antagonist, the young man pressed his arm downward with all his strength on the snake's throat, at the same time reaching into his pocket for a knife. Before he could open the knife with his teeth the snake had wound itself around his arm. His companions stood watching him, and the young lady appealed to the young man to go to his friend's assistance, but he dare not. "Then I'll go myself," exclaimed the young woman, springing forward. She found the young man pale to the lips with the pain caused by the tightening folds of the snake, but he was opening his knife, and in a moment he had cut off the snake's head. The snake was nearly six feet in length, and was so strong that the young man's arm was black and blue. The young lady was so impressed by the contrast in the conduct of her two suitors in the moment of danger, that her wavering ceased, and the killer of the snake became her husband. The skin is now retained as a memorial of the crisis in which the young man killed his dangerous antagonist, and by the same act won the prize he sought. So the soul united forever with Christ can often look back to a supreme crisis in life when, assailed by temptation like a deadly snake, he was enabled to overcome the tempter, who would have led him to death, and the moment of his deliverance sealed his allegiance to his Saviour (Rom. 7 : 24, 25).

A Physician's Minute Preparations for his funeral are described in a telegram from Indianapolis. It states that the physician, who died last week, was aware, some time before his death that the end was approaching. He sent for the Superintendent of the Pan Handle Railroad, bargained for a special funeral train, bought a hundred tickets, issued the invitations to his friends, and paid the hotel bills in advance for the party at the town where the burial took place. He arranged for everything, including the floral wreaths, and then resigned himself to death. It may be hoped, though the fact is not mentioned, that while making these careful preparations for the obsequies of his body, the physician did not forget the future of his soul. To have shown solicitude about trifles and neglected the affair that was to him of supreme importance would have proved him irrational in the last degree (Matt. 16 : 26).

A Novelty in Church Architecture is Advocated in a letter to the New York *Times*. The writer of the letter, after dwelling on the conveniences of the houses, let out in French flats, urges that churches might be built advantageously on the same principle. He advises that "a building be erected say 100 feet deep by 75 feet in width and twelve stories high, which will accommodate twelve different denominations, and the expense of the building would only be one-third of what it would cost to erect twelve separate church structures. The advantages of a building of this kind are very obvious, as persons desiring religious instruction could here find it and all tastes could be suited, for if one particular preacher did not meet their expectations they could take the elevator and ascend to the next story, and, if not suited there, could keep on going up until they found the man to suit." Such a structure the writer claims, in a long and elaborate argument, would be a "mighty power for good wherever it was erected." The advice has probably been given in jest, though no little trouble is taken to convince the public of its practicability. Even if the proposal is only a joke, it is an indication of the current of public feeling on the subject of religion. The people are not in these days so anxious to hear the truth as to listen to teaching that "suits" them. We are warned in the Bible that such a time would come (II. Timothy 4 : 3 Rev. Ver.).

An Interesting Incident in a Car on the Elevated Railroad in New York occurred last week. A colored man entered at one of the stations, when a rough-looking sailor apparently half asleep roused himself and asked him his name, and where he came from. The negro replied that he was raised in "ole Virginny," then the stranger grasped his hand warmly, and thus explained his sudden regard for the colored man: "I was a soldier in the war. I was a prisoner at Libby," said the sailor. "When I got out I was skin and bone, and as crazy with the fever as any lunatic. Who do you suppose saved my life? Don't know? Well, I do. It was a Southern colored man. He took me into his own little cabin. He shaved my head and nursed me, and got clothing, medicines, and food for me. I was delirious for six weeks, but I came around all right, and then he helped me to get back into the Union lines. Yes; he saved my life. Ever since that, wherever I may be, and I rove around a great deal, being a seafaring man, I shake the hand of every Southern colored man that I meet, and do something more substantial, if he's in trouble. I want to shake your hand, my boy—shake." The negro in the Elevated had done nothing for the sailor, but he belonged to a race a member of which had done a great deal for him, and the sailor thus showed his gratitude. Would that Christians would so regard their obligations and obey their Saviour's command (Luke 9 . 48)!

"KNOCK!"

A New Sermon by Pastor C. H. Spurgeon.

"Knock, and it shall be opened unto you."—MATTHEW 7 : 12.

Gradations of one Thought—Asking, Seeking, Knocking—I. The Door of Mercy Apparently Closed—The Result of Fear—Not Closed Like the Heart—May be Closed by Unbelief—The Rule of God—The Knocking a Blessing—II. A Door Implies an Opening—Sham Doors—The Door Meant for Sinners—For the Empty Handed—The Simple Way of Opening—III. A Knocker Provided—The Promises—The Name of Christ—IV. A Promise to Those who Knock—Spontaneous and Tested—For All Knockers—Malachi the Cornishman—V. A Glorious Opening.

I HAVE no doubt that, taken very strictly, the three exhortations of this verse—which, indeed, are but one—were first of all intended for God's believing people. It was to His disciples that the Lord said, "Cast not your pearls before swine;" and perhaps certain of them who were poor in spirit might turn round and say, "Lord, we have few pearls; we are too poor to have the treasures of Thy grace so plentifully. Thou hast bidden us not to give that which is holy unto dogs; but holiness is rather a thing we seek after than possess." "Well," saith the Lord, "you have only to ask and have; ye have not because ye ask not; you have only to seek and you will be sure to find, for holy things, like rare pearls, are to be discovered if you look for them; you have only to knock and spiritual secrets shall open to you, even the innermost truth of God."

In each exhortation our Lord bids us pray. Beloved, let us abound in supplication. Surely prayer must have become such a joy to you, such a necessity of your being, such an element of your life, that I hardly need press it upon you as a duty, or invite you to it as a privilege. Yet still I do so, because the Master does it by a triple exhortation. A threefold cord is not easily broken—let not my text be neglected by you. Let me urge you to repeated, varied, ever intensifying prayer; ask! seek! knock! Cease not to ask till you receive; cease not to seek till you find; cease not to knock till the door is opened unto you.

In these three exhortations there would appear to be a gradation; it is

THE SAME THOUGHT

put into another shape, and made more forcible. *Ask*—that is, in the quiet of your spirit, speak with God concerning your need, and humbly beg Him to grant your desires; this is a good and acceptable form of prayer. If, however, asking should not appear to succeed, the Lord would arouse you to a more concentrated and active longing; therefore let your desires call in the aid of knowledge, thought, consideration, meditation, and practical action, and learn to *seek* for the blessings you desire as men seek for hid treasures. Advance from asking into seeking. And if after all it should still seem that you have not obtained your desire, then *knock*, and so come to closer and more agonizing work; use not alone the voice, but the whole soul; for remember that doing is praying; living to God is a high form of seeking, and the bent of the entire mind is knocking. God often giveth to His people when they keep His commandments that which He denies to them if they walk carelessly. Remember the words of the Lord Jesus, how He said, "If ye abide in me, and my words abide in you, ye shall ask what ye will, and it shall be done unto you." Holiness is essential to power in prayer;

THE LIFE MUST KNOCK

while the lips ask and the heart seeks.

Ask as a poor mendicant who is hungry and pleads for bread. Then *seek as a merchant* who hunts for goodly pearls, looking up and down, anxious to give all that he has that he may win a matchless treasure. Conclude all by knocking at mercy's door as *a lost traveller* caught out on a cold night in a blinding sleet knocks for shelter that he may not perish in the storm.

When you have reached the gate of salvation ask to be admitted by the great love of God, then look well to see the way of entering, seeking to enter in; and if still the door seem shut against you, knock right heavily, and continue knocking till you are safely lodged within the home of love.

Once again, ask for what you want, seek for what you have lost, knock for that from which you are excluded. Perhaps this last arrangement best indicates the shades of meaning, and brings out the distinctions. Ask for everything you need, whatever it may be; if it be a right and good thing, it is promised to the sincere asker. Seek for what you have lost, for what Adam lost you by the Fall, for what you have lost yourself by your neglect, by your backsliding, by your want of prayer; seek till you find the grace you need. Then knock. If you seem shut out from comfort, from knowledge, from hope, from God, from heaven, then knock, for the Lord will open unto you. Here you need the Lord's own interference; you can ask and receive, you can seek and find; but you cannot knock and open—the Lord must Himself open the door, or you are shut out forever. God is ready to open the door. Remember, there is no cherub with fiery sword to guard this gate, but, on the contrary, the Lord Jesus Himself openeth, and no man shutteth. But now I must drop this line of things, for my desire is to use the text in reference to those who are not yet saved.

THE CLOSED DOOR.

I. First, then, dear friend, whoever you are, if you are desirous of entering into eternal life, I would expound to you the inscription over the gate, by saying, first, *the door of mercy may appear to you to be closed against you.* This is implied in the text: "Knock, and it shall be opened unto you." If to your consciousness the door stood wide open, there would be no need of knocking; but since in your apprehension it is closed against you, it is for you to seek admission in the proper way by knocking.

To a large extent this apprehension is the result of your own fears. You think the gate is closed because you feel it ought to be so; you feel that if God dealt with you as you would deal with your fellow-men, He would be so offended with you as to shut the door of His favor once for all. Your desponding feelings fasten up the gate of grace in your judgment. Yet, it is not so. The gate is not barred and bolted as you think it to be; though it may be spoken of as closed in a certain sense, yet in another sense it is never shut. In any case it opens very freely; its hinges are not rested, no bolts secure it. The Lord is glad to open the gate to every knocking soul. Had you but faith enough, you would enter in at this present moment; and if you did once enter in, you would never be put out again, for it is written, "Him that cometh to Me I will in no wise cast out." If you could with holy courage take leave and license to come in, you would never be blamed for it. Fear and shame stand in the sinner's road, and push him back; and blessed is he whose desperate need forces him to be bold.

One thing we should remember when we fear that the door is closed against us, namely, that *it is not so fast closed as the door of our hearts has been.* You know

THE FAMOUS PICTURE

of "The Light of the World." It seems to me to be one of the finest sermons the eye has ever looked upon. There stands the Ever-Blessed, knocking at the door of the soul, but the hinges are rusted, the door itself is fast bolted, and wild briars and all kinds of creeping plants running up the door prove that it is long since it was moved. You know what it all means; how continuance in sin makes it harder to yield to the knock of Christ, and how evil habits creeping up one after another hold the soul so fast that it cannot open to the sacred knocking.

Jesus has been knocking at some of your hearts ever since you were children; and still He knocks. I hear His blessed hand upon the door at this moment; do you not hear it? Will you not open? He has knocked long, and yet He knocks again. I am sure that you have not knocked at mercy's door so long as incarnate mercy has waited at your door. You know you have not. How, therefore, can you complain if there should be an apparent delay in answering your prayers? It is but to make you feel a holy shame for having treated your Lord so ill. Now you begin to know what it is to be kept waiting, what it is to be a weary knocker, what it is to cry "My head is wet with dew and my locks with the drops of the night." It will be no loss to you that the door was shut for awhile, if you do but gain a penitent heart and a tender spirit.

Let me, however, warn you that *the door can be*

CLOSED AND KEPT SHUT

by unbelief. He that believeth entereth into Christ when he believeth; he that cometh in by the door shall be saved, and shall go in and out and find pasture; so our Lord says in the tenth of John. "He that believeth in Him hath everlasting life," there is no question about that; but we read on the other hand, "So then they could not enter in because of unbelief." Forty years the tribes were in the wilderness, going toward Canaan, yet they never reached the promised land because of unbelief. And what if some of you should be forty years attending this means of grace? The moment you have trusted Him with your whole heart and soul you are within the blessed portals of the Father's house, but however many years you may be asking, seeking, and knocking, you will never enter in till faith comes, for unbelief keeps up the chain of the door, and there is no entering in while it rules your spirit.

Do you, however, complain that you should have to knock? *It is the rule of the Most High.* Am I addressing any who have been earnestly praying for several months? I can sympathize with you, for that was my case, not only for months, but even for years; through the darkness of my mind and my cruel misapprehensions of the Lord, I did not find peace when first I began to ask for it, although I also sought with much earnestness, going to the house of God every time I could, and reading the Bible daily with a burning desire to know the right way. I did not enter into peace till I had knocked long and heavily. Hearken, therefore, to one who knows your trouble, and hear from me the voice of reason.

Ought we to expect to enter into the glorious house of mercy without knocking at its door? Is it so with

OUR OWN HOUSES?

Can every straggler carelessly saunter in? is it not God's way in the world to give great blessings, but always to make men knock for them? We want bread out of the earth, but the farmer must knock at the door of the earth with his plough and with all his instruments of agriculture ere his God will hand him out a harvest. Is anything gained in this world without labor? Is it not an old proverb, "No sweat, no sweet; no pains, no gains; no mill, no meal"? And may we not expect in heavenly things that at least these great mercies should be prayed for with fervency before they can be bestowed?

Besides, *to make us knock at mercy's gate is a great blessing to ourselves* upon the spot. It is a going to school for us when we are set to plead with God for awhile without realized success. It makes a man grow more earnest, for his hunger increases while he tarries. If he obtained the blessing when first he asked for it, it might seem dog cheap; but when he has to plead long he arrives at a better sense of the value of the mercy sought. He sees also more of his own unworthiness as he stands outside mercy's gate, ready to swoon away with fear; and so he grows more passionately earnest in pleading; and, whereas he did but ask at first, he now begins to seek, and he adds cries and tears and a broken heart to all the other ways of his pleading. Thus the man, by being humbled and aroused, is getting good by means of his sorrow while he is kept for a while outside the gate.

Depend upon it, if the ships of prayer do not come home speedily it is because they are more heavily freighted with blessing. When prayer is long in the answering it will be all the sweeter in the receiving, like fruit which is well ripened by hanging longer on the tree. If you knock with a heavy heart you shall yet sing with joy of spirit; therefore, be not discouraged because for a while you stand before a closed door.

II. Secondly,

A DOOR IMPLIES AN OPENING.

What is a door meant for if it is always to be kept shut? The wall might as well have remained without a break. I have seen certain houses and public buildings with the form and appearance of doors where there were none; the sham doorway being made for architectural purposes; but nothing is a sham in the house of the Lord. His doors are meant to open; they were made on purpose for entrance; and so the blessed Gospel of God is made on purpose for you to enter into life and peace. It would be of no use to knock at a wall, but you may wisely knock at a door, for it is arranged for opening. You will enter in eventually if you knock on, for *the Gospel is good news for men,* and how could it be good news if it should so happen that they might sincerely come to Christ and ask mercy, and be denied it?

I am sure this door *must open to those who have nothing to bring with them.* If you have no good works, no merits, no good feelings, nothing to recommend you, be not discouraged, for it is to such that Jesus Christ is most precious, and therefore most accessible, for He loves to give Himself to those who will prize Him most. A man will never have Christ while he has enough of his own; but he that is consciously naked, and poor, and miserable is *the man for Christ's money,* he it is that has been redeemed by price. You may know the redeemed man, for he feels his bondage, and owns that he must remain therein unless the redemption of Christ be applied for his deliverance.

KNOCKING EASY.

Dear friends, that door of hope will be opened to you though you may be ignorant, and weak, and quite unable to fulfil any high conditions. When the text says, "*Knock,* and it shall be opened unto you," it teaches us that *the way of winning admission to the blessing is simple,* and suitable to common people. If I have to enter in by a door which is well secured, I shall need tools and science. I confess I do not understand the art; you must send for a gentleman who understands picklocks, "jemmies," and all sorts of burglarious instruments; but if I am only told to knock, fool as I am at opening doors, I know how to knock. Any uneducated man can knock if that is all which is required of him. A dumb man can knock. A blind man can knock. With a palsied hand a man may knock. The gate of grace is meant to yield admission to unscientific people since it shall be opened to those who knock.

I am sure this door will open to you, because *it has been opened to so many before you.* It has been opened to hundreds of us now present. Could not you, dear brothers and sisters, stand up and tell how the Lord opened the gate of His salvation to you? That door has opened to many in this house during the last few weeks. Well, if the door has been so often opened for others, why should it not turn on its hinges for you? Only knock, with faith in God's mercy, and before long it shall yield to your importunity.

III. Thirdly, knock, for

A KNOCKER IS PROVIDED.

When persons can be admitted by knocking, a knocker is usually placed on the door; and if not, we often see the words, *no admittance.* Before bells became so common the habit of knocking at the door was well-nigh universal, and people were accustomed to make the door resound with their blows. There was a nail-head for the knocker to drop upon, and people used to smite it so heavily that it became remarked that such blows on the head were killing, and

hence arose the mirthful proverb, "As dead as a door-nail." It betokens a hearty kind of knocking, which I would have you imitate in prayer.

Knock at heaven's gate as earnestly as people knocked at doors in the olden times. Have you not had knocks at your own doors which could be heard all through the house? Some of our friends are vigorous, and knock as if they meant coming in. It may be that gentle folks give such *tender taps* that they are not heard by the servants, and so they have to wait; but these I am speaking of never fall into that error, for they so startle everybody that people are glad to let them in, for fear they should thunder a second time. In this style let us pray; let us plead in downright fashion, and never cease till we gain admission.

I have said that the Lord has provided a knocker. What is this knocker? First of all, it may be found in *the promises of God.* We are sure to speed well when we can plead a promise. It is well to say unto the Lord, "Do as thou hast said." What force abides in an appeal to the word, the oath, and the covenant of God. If a man presents to another a promissory note upon the day on which it is due he expects to receive the amount stated therein. God's promises are bills of exchange, and He will duly honor them. He was never known to dishonor a bill yet, and He never will do so.

THE GREAT KNOCKER,

however, is *the name of the Lord Jesus Christ.* If a person were to call upon you in the name of some dearly-beloved son who is far away, if he brought you due credentials, and a letter, saying, "Father, treat the bearer well for my sake," you would be sure to show him kindness; and if the aforesaid person was authorized to receive a promised amount in the name of your son, would you not hand out the money? Now, when we go to God and plead the name of Christ, it means that we plead the authority of Christ, that we ask of God as though we were in Christ's stead, and expect Him to give it to us as if He were giving it to Jesus. That is something more than pleading for Christ's sake. I suppose the apostles at first did plead with God for Christ's sake, but Jesus says to them, "Hitherto ye have asked nothing *in My name.*" It is a higher grade of prayer, and when we get to pleading Christ's name with the Father, then do we gloriously prevail.

"Alas!" says one, "I see the knocker, for I know something of the promises and of the person of our Lord, but how am I to knock?" With the hand of faith. Believe that God will keep His promise; ask Him to do so, and thus knock. Believe that Jesus is worthy, whose name you are pleading, and so knock in confidence that God will honor the name of His dear Son. Knock with all your might, with all the vigor of your spirit; plead as for life; knock at the door as a man would knock who saw a wolf ready to spring upon him. Knock as one would knock who found himself ready to die of cold outside the door. Throw your whole soul into the work. "Knock, and it shall be opened unto you." There is the knocker.

IV. Next, to you who are knocking at the gate

A PROMISE IS GIVEN.

That is more than having a door before you, or a knocker to knock with. The promise is above the gate in plain words. Read it. You are growing faint and weary; read the promise, and grow strong again. "Knock, and it shall be opened unto you." Observe how plain and positive it is with its glorious "shall" burning like a lamp in the centre of it. In letters of love the inscription shines out amid all the darkness that surrounds you, and these are its words, "It shall be opened unto you." If you knock at the door of the kindest of men you see no such promise set before you, and yet you knock, and knock confidently; how much more boldly should you come to the door of grace when it is expressly declared, "It shall be opened unto you!"

Remember that this promise was *freely given.* You never asked the Lord for such a word, it was uttered by spontaneous goodness. You did not come and plead with Jesus for a promise that you should be heard in prayer. *This inscription has encouraged many to knock;* when they have been ready to faint and give up all further seeking, they have read again the cheering lines, "Knock, and it shall be opened unto you," and they have taken heart and made the gate resound again. Oh, that you may never stop your knocking till salvation's door is entered by you! The promise of the Lord was given freely, and on the strength of that promise we knock, therefore we are sure that the Lord will not deny His trusting servants.

The mercy is that *this promise is meant for all knockers*—"Knock, and it shall be opened unto *you.*" The Lord has not denied to you, my hearer, the privilege of praying, or declared that He will not answer your requests. You may knock, and you may expect to see the door open. I know the blessed doctrine of election, and I rejoice in it; but that is a secret with God, while the rule of our preaching is—"Preach the Gospel to every creature." I would, therefore, say to each one here, "Knock, and it shall be opened unto *you.*" The Lord knows who will knock, for "the Lord knoweth them that are His." But knock, my friend, knock now, and it will soon be seen that you are one of God's chosen ones.

Remember the story of

MALACHI, THE CORNISHMAN.

When a methodist friend had some money to give him he smilingly said, "Malachi, I do not think I shall give you this money, because I do not know whether you are predestinated to have it. Will you tell me whether you are predestinated to have it or not?" Malachi replied, "You put the money in my hand, and I will tell you." As soon as Malachi had the sum in hand he knew that he was predestinated to have it; but he could not know before he had it in possession. So the secret counsel of the Lord is revealed to our faith when it gets Christ in possession, and not before. Knock at once. If you are predestinated to enter, I know you will knock, and knock till you are admitted, for so it stands, and no exception is made to it—"Knock, and it shall be opened unto you." It is a rule with the Lord that to him that knocketh it shall be opened.

Blessed be God, this text of mine shines out as if printed in stars, and *it continues to shine from day-dawn of life to set of sun.* As long as a man lives, if he knocks at God's door, it shall be opened unto him. I sought the Lord, and He heard me; and since then I had never doubted of any living soul but that if he too will seek the Lord through Jesus Christ he will certainly be saved. Oh, that you would try it! The Lord move you thereto by His own blessed Spirit.

V. So I close with one more point. When the door opens it will be

A GLORIOUS OPENING

to you. "Knock, and it shall be opened." What will come of it then? Immediately you who have knocked will *enter.* If you have knocked in sincerity, the moment you see Christ as a Saviour you will accept Him as your Saviour. Enter into Christ by faith. Behold, He sets before you an open door, and no man can shut it. Do not hesitate to enter in. Hitherto you have thought there were many difficulties and obstacles in your way, but indeed it is not so—Believe and live. When, in answer to your knocking, you see the door move, then arise, and tarry not.

Remember that the opening of that door will not only give you entrance, but it will insure you *safety.* He who once enters into Christ is safe forever. Only pass beneath that blood-besprinkled portal, only rest in the house of the Well-beloved, and you shall go no more out forever. The life which He bestows is eternal, therefore you shall not die. The destroying angel, whenever he may take his flight, must pass you by. Only believe, and you are saved; only trust Christ with your whole heart, and soul, and strength, and salvation has come unto your house, and you have come unto the house of salvation.

I want to say this, and I have done. Some people think if they have begun to pray, and are a little in earnest, that this is enough. Now, praying is not an end, it is only a means. Knocking is

NOT THE ULTIMATUM:

you must enter in. If any of you are seeking, I am glad of it; if you are knocking, I am glad of it; but if you say, "I am perfectly satisfied to stand outside the door and knock," then I am grieved for you. You are foolish to the last degree, because you are resting in the means as if they were the end. You must enter by the door or else knocking will be labor in vain. Would any of you be content to visit a friend, and merely to stand for an hour or two outside of his door knocking. Did you ever say, "I do not want anything more; I shall sit down comfortably on the doorstep, and then get up and have another knock or two?" Knocking would not give you a dinner, nor do your business for you. Knocking is only the way of entrance, but if you stop at knocking it is poor work.

The most earnest praying is only a way of getting to Christ; the Gospel itself is, "Believe in the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved." Come, then, to Christ. If you find the door shut, knock. But oh, remember, the door is not really shut; it is only so in your apprehension! Heaven's gate stands open night and day. At once believe and live. Trust in the merit of Jesus Christ, and you are clothed with it; trust in the blood of Christ, and you are washed in it. Faith saves in an instant. It touches Jesus, and the healing virtue pours forth from His garment's hem; faith steps over the threshold, and the soul is safe. The Lord grant that you may enter in at once, and then it shall be our joy, and the angels' joy, and the great Father's joy, forever and ever, to see you rescued from destruction!

[The prayers of the readers of this Journal are requested for the blessing of God upon its Editors in America and England, and those whose sermons, articles, or labors for Christ are printed in it; and for its weekly circulation of more than 260,000 copies to be blessed by the Holy Spirit to the conversion of many sinners and the quickening of God's people. Mr. Spurgeon and Dr. Talmage especially request prayer every Sunday morning on behalf of their labors.]

SCENES IN THE LIFE OF A PRISON PHILANTHROPIST.

(*See Illustration on page* 396.)

WALTER VENNING has been well called the John Howard of Russia. His work, of which a brief account appeared in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD of April 8th, 1880, together with his portrait, is one of the few bright chapters in Russian history. On the next page are three sketches depicting incidents in his life of labor and self-sacrifice.

He was in Russia in October, 1807, when intelligence arrived requiring him to make a long journey. Letters travelled slowly in those days, and the one to Walter Venning had been long on the way. With his natural ardor, however, and quickened by the desire of fulfilling his duty without loss of time, he hired two men to accompany him in an attempt to cross the gulf on the ice, though it was nearly seven miles direct to Cronstadt.

In commencing the enterprise, they had first to traverse a pathless wood for about two miles before they reached the seashore. On their arrival they found the ice was scarcely strong enough to bear their weight. Hoping, however, that it would increase in thickness as they advanced from the shore, they proceeded, as represented in *the picture on page* 396, trying every step with poles, which often penetrated through the slightly formed ice, and betrayed how

Scenes from the Life of a Prison Philanthropist.

NEAR THEY WERE TO A FROZEN TOMB.

As they approached the current of the River Neva they found the water scarcely congealed; to advance in that line it was impossible, to return was extremely perilous; and therefore they resolved to prosecute their course by a circuit higher up the gulf. Here they found their path more firm, yet so slippery that they were thrown down every few yards of their progress, which rendered their situation more hazardous, as every fall, by increasing their weight, endangered the breakage of the ice, which would at once have plunged them into irretrievable destruction.

But the God of his fathers watched over him, and though cold, bruised, and exhausted, yet he arrived at Cronstadt before nightfall, in perfect safety, to the utter astonishment of his friends who heard of his adventure.

Mr. Venning secured the privilege of visiting the Russian prisons through the friendship of Prince Alexander Galitzin, who obtained a mandate from the Emperor Alexander authorizing him "to visit the Russian prisons at all times," on the condition that he should draw up a report of their state, to be laid before his Imperial Majesty. He assured Prince Galitzin that he should think of nothing else but prisons; and, consequently, he not only declined all commercial business, but actually absented himself from the Exchange lest he should be interrupted in his benevolent operations.

THE ABODES OF MISERY

of every name in St. Petersburg were now visited by him day after day, and many a prisoner, bowed down with affliction, was cheered, instructed, and saved by his ministration. He thought nothing of the fatigue of a journey of 520 miles, when he knew that he might obtain additional opportunities of promoting his philanthropic schemes and securing the good of his fellow-creatures.

During one of his journeys to Moscow an accident occurred which, but for the interposition of the Divine Hand, might have had a fatal termination. The darkness of night coming on before the final stage of the day's distance was covered, and the rough road through the forest being longer than was anticipated, the travelling party were suddenly alarmed by hearing most distinctly amid the death-like stillness the deep

BAYING OF HUNGRY WOLVES,

and the carriage was overturned at the same time, *as shown in our picture*, and the occupants were in danger from the predatory and voracious monsters. However, through the kind providence of an ever-watchful Father, though some of the party were much bruised, and all were greatly terrified, no life was sacrificed.

During many years Mr. Venning continued his visits of mercy to the Russian prisons. He found in them men who had languished there for crimes comparatively light for many years beyond the just punishment of their misdeeds. Others who had committed no crime at all, yet had been imprisoned in loathsome dungeons, their limbs chained to the stone which served them for a seat and a bed, and all that suffering because they had the misfortune to offend some powerful man miscalled a nobleman. Occasionally the nobles impelled by sensual passions immured in these dungeons men who stood in the way of their gratification, and their poor victims were lost to the sight of those who loved them, forever. In Russia where at that time there was practically no law but the will of the Czar, these things could be done with impunity. There was small chance of the complaint of a prisoner so incarcerated reaching the Czar's ears. Narratives of suffering almost inconceivable in bitterness Mr. Venning heard in those dungeons, and in many cases he was instrumental in obtaining the victim's release.

This good work Mr. Venning pursued regardless of his own health, and comfort, until on one occasion visiting a sick prisoner he contracted his disease. The prisoner was suffering from malignant typhus, and when Mr. Venning left the prison he was himself a doomed man. A few days afterward he was prostrated with the malady, and in spite of all efforts to save his life he died. He went, however, to hear the words of welcome from Him who had said, "I was sick and in prison and ye visited me. Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these ye did it unto Me."

THE BLIND LADY'S SONG.

(*See Illustration on page* 397.)

A LITTLE more than thirty years ago when railroads had not covered the land as they do now, and such people as did not own carriages of their own had to make their journeys in the vehicles that some enterprising citizen provided for public accommodation, strangely assorted parties often found themselves thrown into company. One beautiful summer day a wagon was being driven slowly over a country road with such a company. It contained a fashionably-dressed lady and her little son and daughter, the boy having pleaded for a seat beside the driver on the box had been so accommodated to his intense delight, while the little girl sat demurely beside her mamma. Opposite to them were two ladies, one of whom appeared to be an invalid, as her companion supported her carefully with her left arm and now and again looked tenderly in her face and asked some question of her in an undertone. The other occupants of the vehicle were a poor widow and her little boy.

The first part of the journey was performed in that silence that falls upon parties so thrown together. The widow, however, had more than once cast a kind, sympathetic, inquiring look at the invalid lady, as if she would like to speak to her if she were sure her friendly overture would not be resented as an impertinence. She tried to catch the eye of the sufferer, but though occasionally she seemed to do so and smiled pleasantly, there was no answering glance from the invalid. At length her motherly feelings gave her courage, and addressing the invalid's companion she ventured to ask, "Is the young lady sick?"

The answer came cheerfully in that subdued voice that ladies who have been much in sick chambers unconsciously use. "She is not very strong; she is only just recovering from a severe illness, and she has had to undergo a crushing sorrow. But she is better now; the pure fresh air is doing her good. Is it not, Helen?"

"Yes, dear," said the invalid. "I feel stronger now than for a long time past; this breeze seems to give me new life. We must be among trees and heather, are we not? The air seems laden with fragrance."

"You are right, Helen. I wish you could see the prospect. It is lovely. There is not a house in sight; nothing but the grass and wild flowers, the trees in their richest foliage, hills in the distance, and over all the beautiful blue sky."

Then for the first time the other occupants of the car learned that the beautiful dark eyes were sightless, and that their owner was shut out from the delightful prospect they were enjoying. The widow was deeply moved, and she said gently:

"Yours is a sad lot, dear lady; the Lord comfort you as He only can."

"He has, He has," said Helen, earnestly. "He has blessed me more abundantly than I deserve. I am happier now than I was when I could see. It was not until I lost sight of the outer world that I was able to see Him in His beauty, and know how lovely He is. Now I cannot see this beautiful world, but sometimes I seem to enjoy a more lovely scene, and see 'the land that is very far off.'"

"Ah," said the widow, "that is a blessed vision; there are many folks who have their sight that cannot see that."

The Blind Lady's Song.

The fashionable lady in the corner of the carriage who had listened attentively to this conversation, all the time intently looking at the blind lady, said earnestly, "Are you really happy in darkness? I could not have believed it possible that one who had once been able to see could be anything but miserable so shut out from pleasure."

"I am not shut out from pleasure," Helen answered with a smile, the sweetness of which confirmed her words. "There are better pleasures than any sight can give. Even now, though all is dark, and my body is weak, and my heart is bowed down with the loss of one I loved very dearly, I am still happy in the Saviour's love." Then in a soft, low voice she sang very sweetly:

"Sometimes a light surprises
The Christian while he sings:
It is the Lord who rises
With healing in His wings.

"When comforts are declining,
He grants the soul, again,
A season of clear shining,
To cheer it after rain."

It was a very touching sight to see the eloquent face of the singer as Cowper's well-known lines fell from her lips. Every face was turned to her, and even the driver turned his face to listen the better to the melody.

"That is very beautiful," said the lady. "Can you sing it all? Your voice is a very pleasant one. I am very fond of music. I never heard a voice that so affected me."

Then Helen sang the other verses of the hymn with that pathos and power only one could throw into them who had experienced the blessing they tell of. At its conclusion the lady asked for other songs, and Helen sang until weakness demanded that she should cease. Conversation then became general, and it was then explained that Helen was on her way to a hospital where a celebrated oculist was about to perform an operation on her eyes for the recovery of her sight. She was poor and had no relatives able to support her, and if in God's providence the operation was successful she hoped to earn her livelihood by sewing.

As the wagon was driven into the city the party had become friends, and none of them were glad the journey was ended. The widow and her little boy went off to their destination with many kind words and good wishes, but the lady lingered, reluctant to part from the happy blind lady whose voice and cheerful spirit had impressed her. She obtained permission to visit her in hospital, and then bade her farewell.

The impression of the drive did not fade away from the lady's mind. She was wealthy and had all the comforts of life, but of the joy that could make the blind happy she knew nothing. She wanted that joy, and her visits to the hospital were as much to gain that as to cheer the patient sufferer. The work commenced in the country drive was carried on by the Holy Spirit to her conversion, and when a few weeks afterward Helen left the hospital with her sight completely restored, it was not to earn her livelihood by sewing, but to enter the household of the lady whose soul she had been instrumental in saving, as a welcome, honored companion, bringing with her light and life.

PETER BLAKE'S VOYAGE.

A SERIAL STORY BY HESBA STRETTON.

(*Continued from page* 383.)

A Vain Search.

AS if he had heard his name, and answered to the summons, the door slowly opened, and Fleck himself crept into the room.

"Fleck!" cried Arthur Penrose, "here is Blake. Has Simmons broken the news to his poor wife down-stairs?"

"Ay, ay! he's broke the news," muttered Fleck, sullenly. "But I'm come to say it's not Blake's wife and children. I don't know where Bessie Blake's to be found, and I told him so, only last night."

"Not Peter Blake's wife!" cried Arthur Penrose; "who are they, then?"

"They're my wife and children," he answered, in a muffled, though dogged voice. "Bessie Blake called your money Judas's money, and wouldn't even look at it."

"Then you've been imposing your wife and children upon me all this time," said Arthur Penrose, with a darkening face. The imposture seemed heartlessly cruel and mean to him.

"Ay! if you like to call it by a hard name," said Fleck, insolently. "I'd made up my mind never to trust myself at sea again; not after I'd been trapped into one of Penrose's old boats. I lost all I had in the Dolphin; so now we are quits, you and me."

"No," he answered, with indignant anger, "we are not quits in this way. I shall give you in charge for imposing upon me."

"Stop a minute," said Fleck, with a cunning smile; "you might be cutting your own cable. If you give me up, I'll give you up. There's fifteen hundred pound, as I know of, that you've got by imposition, as you call it. What's that to the money you've paid me, or Polly yonder? We've had a little over twenty pound or so, and you've put fifteen hundred in your pocket. Which of us two has imposed the most, Mr. Arthur Penrose? Which of us is the biggest cheat?"

"I do not understand a word you say," he replied; "and you are only making your case worse by your insolence."

"Peter Blake knows what I mean," continued Fleck, "and our captain knew; and Blackburn, the mate, knows. There was a pretty little *lot of fire-arms* consigned to Algiers, in nice new wooden cases, insured in all to fifteen hundred pounds. What were they, eh? Nothing save cases of salt, not worth fifteen hundred pence. Maybe, the rest of the cargo was of the same value. Do you call that an imposition, eh? If you send me before the justice, I'll tell my tale, and Peter Blake will swear to it."

"It is false," said Arthur Penrose hotly; "it cannot be true, Blake!"

"It is true, sir," answered Peter, "and if I'm called on, I must swear to it. The insurance money ought to be paid back, though it wasn't you that cheated for it. Those cases were filled with salt, and I'm come to speak to your father, himself, about them."

"Oh, my God!" cried Arthur Penrose. He had sunk down upon a chair near the table, and now he hid his face in his hands from the eyes of Fleck and Blake. It was, then, true; his father, whose memory he had hoped to clear from false and envious accusations, had been guilty of, at least, one flagrant fraud. And if one, why not of all which were brought against him by his enemies? Of late he had been happier in himself, and more satisfied by the kind things said to him of his dead father. He had begun to enjoy the idea of succeeding to his position and wealth, believing that no dishonor attached to them. But if this were true—why! then he must keep his solemn vow not to touch his money until full restitution had been made for all the wrongs by which his riches had been accumulated. It was a heavy burden of crime that his father had bequeathed to him.

His face looked aged and careworn when he raised his head. Neither of the two men had spoken or stirred during these few brief minutes of his profound anguish. But now Peter Blake spoke to him in a voice of respect and sympathy.

"I didn't mean to tell you, sir," he said; "nay, I never thought to see your face again. But I promised the captain I'd see right done, and I came here to speak first to your father, the real owner of the Dolphin. Leave your father to settle all about it, sir."

"My father is dead," he answered, with parched lips.

"Dead!" repeated Peter Blake.

"It is my business now," he said, in a broken

and faltering voice, "and you must tell me all about it. Fleck, go home for the present you and your wife and children. Mark me! I cannot promise to let you off; but I'll think of it. Get out of my sight now."

Fleck was only too glad to go. It had been a forlorn hope with him that he might wring a last sum of money out of Arthur Penrose before he learned the truth from Peter; and he had brought his wife the first thing in the morning, with some well-arranged story of an immediate need of her next month's allowance. But he was glad to get away free; and leaving a message with Simmons that the woman was to follow him, he hurried out of the house, lest Arthur Penrose should change his mind and detain him.

"Stay with me," said Arthur Penrose, as Peter was about to follow Fleck. "Stay. I have not a friend in the world who will tell me the plain truth. You can help me in this trouble. Do not go away."

"Ay, I'd stay willingly," he answered, "but there's my poor girl and the little ones! When you said they were here I was lifted up so that now I'm ten times more cast down about them. I'll come back to you as soon as I have found them."

"It was a comfort to me, all the time, to think I was taking care of them for you," said Arthur Penrose, "but now that is gone. I'll come with you, and do my best to help you in the search."

But after three days' fruitless search in the vast labyrinth of London, Peter Blake resolved to cross the Channel, and seek out his mother in Honfleur. Arthur Penrose, who was restless and miserable, determined to go with him. There seemed to be more in common between him and Blake than between him and any of his former friends. The peril they had both encountered, and both escaped, united them by a close and firm tie, which was strengthened by Peter's manly and trustworthy bearing. They could share each other's anxiety and sorrow; and Arthur Penrose would not leave him to pursue his painful search alone.

They remained on the deck of the Southampton steamer after all the other passengers had deserted it for the cabin below. To Peter it seemed unnatural to seek shelter in the cabin, and Arthur Penrose cared little for the stinging cold of the easterly wind. He was too wretched to feel it, except as a slight additional element to his state of misery. He was scarcely more than a lad yet; it was hardly three years since he had left school, and entered upon a world of which he knew no more than a school boy. But now, as he leaned over the bulwarks, gazing vacantly at the dim, dark sea stretching away to the distant sky, the sea which so lately had all but engulphed him in its unfathomable and unsearchable depths, he felt as though centuries had passed over him since he was a careless, light-hearted boy.

"Blake," he said, in a low, bitter tone, "what would you do if you found out that your father had been an infamous scoundrel?"

Peter could not answer readily. His father had been a brave, honest seaman, true-hearted and tender, with hardly a fault that he could remember. He had been drowned at sea; and on such a night as this Peter Blake had often looked across the tossing surface of his father's great grave with a feeling of pride in his father's worth.

"I came of age yesterday," continued Arthur Penrose, "and they told me what he had left for me—a fleet of rotten ships, heavily insured, and estates bought by what your wife called Judas's money. I have thirteen crazy old vessels out, any one of which may be going to the bottom, with all hands aboard her, at this moment. Blake, I've bid England farewell. I'll never go back to her. I'll change my name, and get my living how I can. But all that will not give me back my love for my father."

"No, no, sir," answered Peter; "that's being rash and cowardly. You cannot run away from trouble. Just say to yourself, 'Suppose my father had repented in time, what would it have been his duty to do?' Not to run away, Mr. Arthur, nor to change his name, maybe; but to set to work and do what can be done to put things right. That is what God has set you to do."

"I cannot face the world with the name of Penrose," he cried.

"Let that be for a while," answered Peter; "let's see what you can do. Perhaps, if your father had repented, he'd have been so borne down by remorse and shame that he could have done nothing but hide himself from the world. But God Almighty took him away, and left you to stand in his place. Everybody knows you'd naught to do with it; so you can make a fresh start altogether. What would I do? I'd make myself one of the best shipowners in all England. I'd have the finest fleet of good merchant vessels sailing on the sea. I'd move heaven and earth to get wise laws made for owners and sailors. Do? I'd prove that I loved my country by helping to keep her mistress of the seas. I'd never run away and hide myself. I'd remember," and his voice fell into a quiet tone, "I'd remember that if I'd no father on earth, there is a Father in heaven, whom I could love and serve every hour of my life."

Arthur Penrose made no reply, except by giving Peter's hand a strong grip. His own hand was as cold as ice, and he was shivering with excitement and the chilling air of the night.

"Go below now, sir," urged Peter; "I'll turn into the engine-room; and if you can't sleep, just think over what I've been saying to you."

It was a fresh, pleasant spring morning the next day, when they were crossing the mouth of the Seine to Peter Blake's native place. The trees covering the slopes of the steep coast were all in their glory of spring tints. Higher up, he knew, on the great open country beyond in the orchards, and in sheltered dingles, where the sun shone warmest, the apple-trees were all in blossom—snowy blossom, if snow was but tinged through with a flush of crimson and gold.

On the highest point of the cliff stood the crucifix, which he remembered so well from his earliest childhood. Below lay the town, climbing up the slope, street above street, with the sunshine glittering on the windows. Lowest of all, on the very edge of the tide, stood the gray, old hospital; and the deep tolling of the hospital bell fell upon their ears as it had done upon his mother's amid the singing of the birds and the chatter of the passengers on board the little steamer plying between Havre and Honfleur.

It was the busiest moment of the day on the jetty when the steamer came in, for when the tide was out no boat could enter the harbor. The little knot of aged fishermen were lounging about, as usual, and instantly surrounded Peter Blake, talking to him in a language of which Arthur Penrose knew little. Old Michel was foremost among them, his weather-beaten face quivering with excitement.

"Welcome, my son," he cried, hugging him in his arms, and kissing him on the cheek; "welcome! Thy mother thought thee drowned, and Victor also. Come, come! she lives yet. Every day I knock at the door, and ask how Madame Blake is; and it is always the same thing, till to-day. But to-day she is worse."

"Where is she?" he asked, shaking himself free from the hands of the old man, who would have kept him to tell them his story.

"In the hospital," answered Michel, speaking quietly.

It was a bitter pang to hear it. In the hospital, among the lowest and most degraded! Living upon public charity! He had not thought of that. And now the dread flashed across him that Bessie and his little children might be, at this moment, in some English workhouse. He hurried away, with rapid strides, along the pier, to the street which led to the hospital, hardly conscious that Arthur Penrose was following him closely, until he spoke to him,

"Have they told you anything about your mother?" he asked.

"Ay, have they," he answered; "they tell me she's been living in the hospital, where all the beggars and lunatics are. And she such a delicate, tender creature," he said, drawing his hand across his eyes; "my father would scarcely let her put her foot to the floor, and we boys waited on her like a lady. It's been very hard upon her—in her own town, too, where she was thought so much of."

"May I come with you?" said Arthur Penrose.

"Ay, sir; come," he answered briefly. His heart was too full for speech, as he paced rapidly along the roughly-paved street to the deep-arched portal of the hospital. An old porter, in a white cotton night-cap, and with bleared, dim eyes, opened the door to his ring.

"Yes; Mother Blake is alive still," he answered, to Peter's inquiry; "they say she cannot die, poor soul! for she is a heretic, with dwelling so long in England, where there is no religion, and no fear of God."

"I must see her—this instant even," said Peter; "I am her eldest son."

"No, no; that is impossible!" replied the old porter; "she has lost her two sons, and her husband himself, in old English ships, that were left to go out to sea with no capitaine expert to see if they were good and safe. I said, 'Well, there is no religion in England.'"

"But I am her eldest son; I was not lost at sea," said Peter, urgently. The old man tottered away, across an open court, over which the cloudless blue sky was shining brightly, and called one of the nurses, who was busy in the hospital kitchen. She came to speak to the visitors in her long black robe and white cap, with flapping wings, underneath which was a peaceful, gentle old face, which Peter knew well.

"Sister Marie," he said, eagerly, "I am Peter Blake; let me see my poor mother at once."

With hushed and labored tread the two young men followed the sister down the sick ward of the hospital, between rows of beds, where worn and suffering faces lay upon the pillows. It was a dark and gloomy room, for the windows were set high and far apart in the thick stone walls. The low moaning of the sea breaking on the shore filled the air. At the farthest end of the ward, on a low, narrow bed in the darkest corner, lay Peter's mother, with her face turned toward the old cradle, which stood between her bed and the wall. Her dark eyes were half open, and fastened upon it. But she did not stir at the sound of footsteps drawing near, nor as their shadows fell across her.

(To be continued.)

JOSHUA—SUCCESSOR TO MOSES.

S. S. Lesson for July 1, Joshua 1:1-18. Golden Text, Eph. 6:10. By Mrs. M. Baxter.

The Key-note of the Book—The Death of Moses Indispensable—Joshua's Record—Failure of Believers to take Possession of the Ground—Intellectual Faith Vain—The Contract with Joshua—Boundaries of the Land—God not Joshua Invincible—The Reservoir of Courage and Strength—The Orders of the People—Questions never Considered—God Responsible—Power with God Inducing Popular Confidence.

THE name Joshua is the same as Jesus, *i.e.*, Saviour or Deliverer, and consequently the book of Joshua is full of God's deliverance. The book of the law, the five books of Moses, tell man what he ought to do, but in the book of Joshua there is power for victory, it is not "you ought" but "you can": the Lord Himself unfolds His truth to us that we may not only get head knowledge about the way of deliverance, but "that *we* being delivered out of the hand of our enemies, may serve Him without fear, in holiness and righteousness before Him all the days of our life" (Luke 1:74).

One thing was indispensable to the career of Joshua, it was the death of Moses, the representative of the law. Until we are free from the "I must, I ought" of the law, we do not know

THE GLORIOUS I CAN

of the grace of God; "I can do all things through Christ which strengtheneth me" (Phil. 4 : 13). Moses was called "the servant of the Lord;" and it was after his death that the Lord said to Joshua, Moses' minister, "Moses My servant is dead; now therefore arise, go over Jordan, thou, and all this people, unto the land which I do give them." Joshua had faithfully followed Moses for many years. When Moses went up into Mount Sinai, Joshua accompanied him after all the elders of Israel tarried behind (Ex. 24 : 13, 14), and he was with Moses on his return from the mountain (Ex. 32 : 17), and he was in the tabernacle when God descended upon it and "spake unto Moses face to face, as a man speaketh unto his friend (Ex. 33 : 11). Joshua again was one of the two faithful spies who brought up a good report of the land which they had searched unto the children of Israel, and he alone with Caleb was exempt from the judgment pronounced upon that generation, that they should die in the wilderness and not see the good land which God had promised them (Num. 14 : 6–10; 22–24; 36–38).

"Moses My servant is dead, now therefore arise." Joshua may have felt very helpless without the presence of him whom he had served so many years. And just as helpless does a child of God find himself when the impetus of "I ought" and "I must" is taken away, unless indeed he has accepted Jesus as his victorious power and strength, and has learned to glory in his infirmities that "the power of Christ" may rest upon him. Oh, how many believers there are among us who not only accept pardon in Christ but also present their bodies a living sacrifice to Him (Rom. 12 : 1), and yet fail to

ARISE AND TAKE POSSESSION

of the ground which Jesus has overcome; and who thus remain burdened, anxious, dissatisfied, powerless and inconsistent. God calls for progress in our experience, and leads us on to possession; "Go over this Jordan," let no barrier stand between you and the promises of God. "Go over this Jordan, thou and all this people, unto the land which I do give to them, even to the children of Israel. Every place that the sole of your foot shall tread upon, that have I given unto you as I said unto Moses." Every gift of God's brings responsibility upon us to accept or to reject it. All, all is grace, but God's grace is accepted grace or rejected grace with every one of us. A land lay before the children of Israel, but no inch of ground was theirs until

THEY CAME IN CONTACT WITH IT,

and bore their weight upon it. Exactly thus is it with the promises of God. We do not possess them simply by an assent to the fact that God has given them to us, we have to set the sole of our foot upon them, to put them to the proof whether they will bear or no; and then we know, with the most absolute certainty, that He has given them to us.

No man is saved simply by accepting the fact, intellectually, that Jesus died for his sins, but let a man, awakened by the Spirit of God to know he is on the way to an eternity unprovided for, and a judgment which he cannot escape, let him rest the weight of his guilty soul on the blessed fact that "the Lord hath laid on Him the iniquity of us all," and he finds that the salvation of God is his. Let a man who, under the power of some bondage to sin, longs for deliverance, lay hold of the blessed truth that "the blood of Jesus Christ, His Son, cleanseth us from all sin" (1 John 1 : 7), that "sin shall not have dominion over [us], for we are not under the law but under grace" (Rom. 6 : 14), and let him claim this cleansing and this emancipation *now as his*, and praising God for it, meet ever rising of the sin by the fact that the blood *does cleanse* him, that the sin *has not* dominion, that he *is* delivered from the power of darkness (Col. 1 : 13), and he will know that he is in possession of the inheritance. To know *about* salvation is not to be saved, to know *about* cleansing and deliverance from sin is neither to be cleansed nor delivered; and equally so is it with healing of the body. Speculation and theory are one thing, faith and experience another, and it will always be a law of faith, "Every place that the sole of your foot shall tread upon, that have I given you, as I said."

The bounds of the land to be possessed were described by God to Joshua, just as formerly He had declared to Abraham in Gen. 15 : 18 and to Moses in Ex. 23 : 31, and not as in the more limited boundary described by Him to Moses in Num. 34 : 3–12. And his faithful God said to Joshua personally that which He had formerly said to the people through Moses, "There shall not any man be able to stand before thee all the days of thy life" (Deut. 7 : 24), and added "as I was with Moses, so I will be with thee, I will not fail thee nor forsake thee." This was a promise of certain victory, and consequently Joshua never expected to be defeated; he had God's Word to rely upon, and he counted upon it. It was not promised that *Joshua* should never fail, there was

NOTHING TO UPLIFT MAN,

it was *God* who should not fail.

When shall we be weaned from the terrible and God-dishonoring tendency of our natural hearts which expects victory from our own selves, and which says like Peter, "Though I should die with Thee yet will I not deny Thee" instead of reckoning solely on the stupendous fact that the God who created us has Himself guaranteed our success so long as we look off from all else unto Him. Let us examine any failure of ours, in patience, gentleness, unselfishness, or aught else: How did it come about? Some unlooked-for circumstance arose, we determined not to fail the Lord, and perhaps did our poor best, only to be defeated. Why did we not praise the Lord, that under no provocation from men or circumstances we could find that He had failed us?

The Lord called on Joshua to "be strong and of a good courage." This was in repetition of what He had formerly said to Joshua by Moses, before he died (Deut. 31 : 7, 23), and now. He repeated the same command thrice. God never wastes words, never repeats unnecessarily. He knew that it needed strength and courage to face the giant inhabitants and the cities walled up to heaven which awaited the people in Canaan, and above all He knew that it needeth strength and courage then, as it needs strength and courage now, to obey His Word unswervingly. "Only be thou strong and very courageous that thou mayest observe to do according to all the law which Moses My servant commanded thee: turn not from it to the right hand or to the left, that thou mayest prosper whithersoever thou goest." In the midst of a world in which the majority are really unbelievers, really unconverted, it takes no small strength and courage to go against the grain of those around us,

AGAINST THE CURRENT

of society in general, and to find ourselves alone, because we will not turn from the Word of God to the right hand or to the left. But while we stand our ground, firm on the Word of God, no man can stand against us. Men may argue, may conceit themselves that in argument they have the best of it, but they cannot get away from the consciousness that there is a something about a God-filled man which is unconquerable, that behind and beneath all their reasonings there are facts and realities which they can neither explain away nor disprove. The moment we come down to man's level and argue point to point, men can get the better of us; "The children of this world are in their generation wiser than the children of light" (Luke 16 : 8). But when like our Lord with His opponents, we take them out of their depth and bring them into His presence, they cannot stand before us.

OUR REAL STRENGTH

and courage is in the constantly realized fact that the Lord our God is with us withersoever we go. Circumstances and experiences may be apparently altogether against us, what does it matter? if the Lord be with us He is equal to them all; He sees where we cannot see; and He brings the blind by a way that they know not (Isa. 42 : 16). The strength of Joshua was not in any gift imparted to him, we have no evidence of his being a learned man like Moses, and physically he was certainly less strong (comp. Josh. 23 : 1; 24 : 9, with Deut. 34 : 7). The sole source of Joshua's strength was the presence of his God, maintained by his use of the written Word. We find that although the Lord spoke to Joshua directly as He had done to Moses, nevertheless Joshua was in no way independent of the then written Scriptures (Deut. 31 : 24–26), they were not to depart out of his mouth, *i.e.*, he was to speak in Scripture language, and he was to "meditate therein day and night," *i.e.*, to let them sink into his heart and mind and conscience. Oh, how many come to the Word of God in a critical spirit as though they were masters of divine and spiritual knowledge just as they may be of some earthly science! But in the revelation of God we can understand only as we submit; our reason is not the key to it, the Spirit of God alone is the key, and only as we come to it in the Spirit are its truths clear to us, "because they are spiritually discerned" (1 Cor. 2 : 14).

Straight from his communing with God, Joshua went forth to the officers of the people and gave orders that the people should prepare food, for within three days they should pass over Jordan, to go in and possess the land which the Lord gave them to possess it. Did it strike him to think what means were to be taken to cross the river? That was

GOD'S RESPONSIBILITY;

He could not in His capacity of Father to Israel (Ex. 4 : 22), command an impossibility without Himself undertaking to make it possible; the officers and people saw that Joshua trusted God, and we do not read of one individual who disputed, or even asked a question. Joshua went, strong in the Lord to the people, and found them prepared of God to receive all which he said to them. More and more do we find in experience that in all our dealings with others, especially those who are in any way committed to our care, the more we deal with God about them, the more power we have over them; the way of the throne is always the most direct way to reach our end.

It was no easy thing for Joshua to step into the place of such a man as Moses, but God made everything perfectly easy and natural. He reminded the Reubenites, Gadites, and the half tribe of Manasseh of the word of Moses that though they had chosen their inheritance on the wilderness side of the Jordan, yet they should pass over before their brethren around all the mighty men of valor and help them until they had obtained their possession, and then return to inherit their own. This would have been just the opportunity for rebellion on the part of these tribes, but the hand of the Lord was upon them. There was a unanimous agreement among the people to submit to the man of God's choice. And they answered Joshua, saying, "All that thou commandest us we will do, and whithersoever thou sendest us, we will go. According as we hearkened unto Moses in all things, so will we hearken unto thee; only the Lord thy God be with thee as He was with Moses. Whosoever he be that doth rebel against thy commandment, and will not hearken unto thy words in all that thou commandest him, he shall be put to death; only be strong and of a good courage." What had Joshua now to fear? The walls of Jericho, the waters of Jordan were nothing compared to wills of a "stiff necked and rebellious people;" if these were subdued, God was indeed with him. Well may we believe his heart overflowed with gratitude for the faithfulness of his God. And we, standing on the ground of God's faithfulness to His promises, may know uninterruptedly the same experience of victory, if only we are "strong in the Lord and in the power of His might" (Eph. 6 : 10).

FOREIGN TOPICS.

A Shocking Disaster Occurred on Saturday last in Sunderland, England, by which 188 children lost their lives. The accounts of the calamity bear a striking resemblance to the circumstances of the recent disaster on the Brooklyn Bridge. At the close of a conjuror's entertainment in a public hall which was attended by several thousand children, twelve hundred of the little ones came rushing downstairs from the gallery. At the foot of the upper flight of stairs there was an obstruction, and one of the children fell and was unable to rise, owing to the others crowding on. The result was that a great number were pushed down, trampled on, and either suffocated or crushed to death. The scene was terrible, and no effort could stop the mad rush of the affrighted children. They came on madly pell mell, and soon 188 of them were knocked down and killed by others trampling upon them. Many of the victims and others who were not killed had their clothing torn from their bodies in the struggle. The ages of the children known to have been killed ranged from four to fourteen years.

The Trial of the Dynamite Conspirators in London has ended in the conviction of four of them and the acquittal of two. The four convicted men, Dr. Gallagher, Wilson, Whitehead and Curtin were each sentenced to penal servitude for life. The lawyer who defended one of the prisoners used language in the course of his speech which elicited the condemnation of the judges and the government lawyer. He said it must be remembered that the prisoner was a resident of Brooklyn and could not be judged by the same standard as an Englishman was. It was a matter of common knowledge that plots existed in America for the manufacture of dynamite for use against England, almost with *the connivance of the American Government.* Judge Brett declared that counsel had no right to make such a remark. He said there was no proof of the existence in America of plots or of connivance thereat on the part of the government of that country. Lord Chief Justice Coleridge also rebuked the lawyer for his remark. He said: "I think it is only due to our friendly relations with a great government that you unreservedly withdraw your statement." The lawyer then obediently made his retraction.

The Danger Impending over the Informers in the recent trials for the murder of Lord F. Cavendish and Mr. Burke has increased as the convicted men were executed. It is believed that the police are cognizant of the fact that a society has been recently formed in Dublin for the purpose of removing all informers, particularly James Carey. It is also stated that houses in which the society has held meetings have been closely watched, and a raid was made recently on a house where it was supposed a meeting was being held, but no arrests were effected. James Carey has been permitted to go out of Kilmainham Jail occasionally of late, but this has now been stopped, as the police decline to hold themselves responsible for his safety.

The Chinese Minister at St. Petersburg has been interviewed by a correspondent of the New York *Herald*, and in the course of a lengthy exposition of the international difficulty with France said that before entering upon her present campaign in Tonquin France had been explicitly warned that such an expedition would involve Chinese hostility. He said: "The Chinese Government has not allowed the French to go so far without giving them an opportunity of retiring gracefully from their untenable position. As far back as 1880 the Chinese Minister at Paris explained to the French Foreign Minister—then M. de Freycinet—the relations which Tonquin, as a part of Annam territory, bore to China. M. de Freycinet declared distinctly that the French Government had no intention whatever of doing anything in Tonquin. About the end of the same year rumors of a French expedition again cropping up, I again reminded the French Minister that the King of Annam was a vassal of China, and clearly informed him that China would not remain a passive spectator of another attempt to disturb the relations of her vassal. From then to now correspondence has been going on between the two governments."

That China is being Encouraged by Germany to resist the French advances in Tonquin is a growing conviction in Europe. The German correspondent of the New York *Herald* cables that he is assured that China will by simply leaving the Tonquin question unsettled, by secretly encouraging the warlike Tartars to take service in Annam, by making a semblance of continued preparations, by being constantly alert—in short, by executing Fabian strategy on a most gigantic scale—create *a permanent drain on the fighting strength of France* and diminish her importance as a factor in the politics of Europe. Meanwhile orders have been received from Pekin giving employment to extra hands in the Krupp factory, and telegraphic instructions have been received at Stettin from Shanghai to construct a steel cruiser, several steel guns and torpedo boats, and a floating dock. It is reported that at least five officers of the Prussian staff have received tempting offers to enter the Chinese service.

The Czar of Russia has Displayed his Clemency in a few isolated cases in honor of his coronation. He has commuted the death sentences of three Nihilists to penal servitude for an indefinite period, and reduced the life sentence of another to eight years' penal servitude, and the sentences of two women to four years' penal servitude. He has also mitigated the sentences of three less conspicuous offenders. It is stated that in consequence of the riots which occurred during the coronation week the chief of the Moscow police is about to replace the chief of the St. Petersburg police. The principal firms are required to furnish written promises *not to give their workmen a holiday* on the occasion of the Czar's state entry into the capital, the object being to prevent further disorders. Mr. George Augustus Sala, the well-known newspaper correspondent, who reported the coronation for the English press, says that the real story of the coronation pageant has not been told. *The mobs cheered by order of the police.* The officials simulated a confidence they did not feel in the loyalty of the people, but were actually in constant dread. All the telegrams sent were carefully scrutinized and adapted. The newspaper dispatches were opened and doubtful passages obliterated.

Further Details of the Treaty of Peace Between Chile and Peru are telegraphed from Lima. These dispatches state that Chile will not alter the arrangement about guano and saltpetre made in February, 1882, that the net profit of 1,000,000 tons, deducting all expenses, be equally divided between the Chilean and Peruvian bondholders. These profits only come out of the islands now worked, as future mines found in annexed territories belong exclusively to Chile, who can dispose of such newly-discovered mines at will. Chile does not hold herself responsible for any indebtedness of Peru. Chile holds the sovereignty of the Lobos Islands until sufficient guano is extracted to fulfil the sale of 1,000,000 tons. When the treaty is ratified Chile turns over to Peru fifty per cent of the net proceeds from the Lobos Islands. Lastly, the commercial relations and indemnities to Chilean citizens will be discussed afterward.

A Long Debated Reform in the English marriage laws has at length advanced a stage in the House of Lords. The English law forbids the marriage of a widower with the sister of his dead wife, and many efforts have been made to obtain the repeal of the statute. They have until last week always been defeated by the Bishops who have seats in the House, and by peers whom they influenced. On June 11th, however, the bill passed its second reading by a vote of 165 to 158. The Prince of Wales, the Duke of Connaught, and the Duke of Albany voted for it, and the two archbishops and nineteen bishops voted against it. One of the royal princes gave a reason for supporting the bill amusing for its inadequacy. When asked why he and his brothers took so much interest in the measure and gave it their support, he replied that they had seen in the colonies the frequent introduction of deceased wives' sisters into society, and that it had become necessary to adapt the general law of the empire to that which was already the law of the colonies.

An Enthusiastic Celebration in Honor of the Right Hon. John Bright took place last week in Birmingham, England, a town he has represented in Parliament for more than a quarter of a century. It commenced with a procession of delegates from various liberal societies, a mile and a half in length, which passed in review before Mr. Bright and saluted him. One of the chief features of the day's celebration was the presentation of a gold medal to Mr. Bright. The demonstrations at the railway station when Mr. Bright arrived and throughout the line of march resembled a royal progress. The route of the procession, which was five miles long, was densely crowded with people.

The Livingstone Inland Mission Inaugurated by Mr. and Mrs. H. Grattan Guinness is making progress on the Congo. Mr. Guinness writes: "Dr. Sims and Mr. Clarke [whose portraits have been published in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD] announce *the completion of our chain of stations through the Cataract Region*, by the erection of one at Leopoldsville on Stanley Pool. With the location of Dr. Sims and party at Stanley Pool ends the first section of the history of the Livingstone Inland Mission. The doubtful dream of 1878 is, thank God, the accomplished fact of 1883; our chain of mission stations and boats connects at last the coast with the Upper Congo. *Half Africa now lies open* before us, no longer shut out by an impenetrable barrier, but comparatively easy of access. The new stage in the progress of the mission which now opens before us is the transport of the Henry Reed steamer from London to Stanley Pool, and her reconstruction there. She is now ready to be launched, and is a beautiful little vessel, exactly adapted to the work and to the sphere for which she is destined."

An Eight Days' Gospel Temperance Mission in Exeter Hall, London, commenced on May 27th, and was largely attended. Mr. R. T. Booth, Mr. F. Murphy, and T. E. Murphy were among the speakers. It is estimated that about *a million persons* have put on the blue ribbon in connection with Mr. R. T. Booth's meetings since he went to England, and nearly twice the number in connection with meetings of Mr. F. Murphy and his son. Among the eminent gentlemen who presided at the meetings were four members of Parliament, each of whom wore the blue ribbon. Among the speakers were Rev. C. Spurgeon, Hudson Taylor, W. Noble, and Henry Varley. In connection with the mission there have been two noon prayer-meetings daily, which were conducted by Mr. Francis Murphy and Mr. T. E. Murphy.

Herr F. Van Schluembach, whose Work was so signally blessed in this country, is laboring successfully in Germany. He has been enabled to raise funds for the purchase of The Prince Blucher, a disreputable rumshop on the Weddingplatz in Berlin, and has fitted it up as a centre for religious work among the workingmen. It contains comfortably furnished rooms where they can find rest, refreshment, and Christian literature, and the Christian Association meetings and Sunday-schools are also held there. The Emperor and the Crown Prince contributed toward the fund for its purchase.

The Prophetic News (London) for June Contains the following articles: Fallen Angels, their Place in Past, Present and Future Ages, by Rev. T. J. Malyon LL.B.; The Last Great War and its Leader; Balylon and Rome, by Rev. E. J. Hytche; Bright Prospects of the Age to Come; Watchman! What of the Night; Passing Events from a Prophetic Standpoint; What the Jewish Papers are Saying &c. May be had from the office of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD. Price six cents.

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This Journal contains every week a Portrait and Biography of some eminent person; a new Sermon by the Rev. C. H. SPURGEON, of London, and the Rev. Dr. TALMAGE'S latest Sunday morning Sermon; also always a Prophetic Article, and a Summary of Current Events, as well as Stories, Anecdotes, etc.

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THE HON. SAMUEL H. BLAKE, EX-VICE-CHANCELLOR OF ONTARIO, CANADA.

THE HON. SAMUEL HUME BLAKE,

Ex-Vice Chancellor of Ontario, Canada.

Lessons of Successful Christian Life—Birth and Education—Uses of Commercial Life—The Industrious Student—Successful Lawyer—Early Honors—The Christian Worker—Activity and Punctuality—The Temperance Advocate.

ON the first page of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD this week appears the portrait of a gentleman whose name is held in high honor throughout the whole of Canada. The Hon. Samuel H. Blake, though still in middle-age, has won a reputation in political, social, legal, and religious circles such as few men of his years have ever attained. He is respected as an able statesman, a learned and just judge and a genial, accomplished gentleman; and above all his sterling Christian character has commanded the esteem of the whole community. It has too often happened that men, who in public life have by their splendid genius attained honorable positions, and gained the admiration of their fellow citizens, have by their private lives forfeited their esteem. Of such men we speak as the inspired penman wrote of Naaman the Syrian: "He was a great man and honorable; he was also a mighty man in valor, *but he was a leper.*" So numerous have been these sad cases in the roll of history of all countries, that men and especially young men have been led to think that success in public life is only to be won by those who have little principle and no religion. It is therefore with especial gratification that we dwell on the life of Mr. Blake, who is a conspicuous example of the possibility of

AN EARNEST CHRISTIAN

achieving one of the highest places in his chosen profession, and yet retaining his integrity unblemished and his Christian character unsullied.

Mr. Blake comes of a family eminent for its legal talents. His father, the late Hon. W. H. Blake, held for thirty years the honorable and responsible position of chancellor of the province of Ontario, and during the whole of that time conducted the business of his court, which is the most difficult of all branches of judicial work, with conspicuous ability and success. The legal profession of Canada also numbered among its honored members an uncle and a brother of the subject of our sketch.

Mr. Samuel H. Blake, who was the second son of the Chancellor, was

BORN IN TORONTO

on August 31st, 1835. He received his early education at the Upper Canada College, where the characteristics which have distinguished him through life were conspicuously displayed. It was evident there that the boy was endowed with brilliant talents and that he had the energy, application and perseverance which so many talented boys lack. He set himself vigorously to work, and he left behind him in the college a record of which any boy might be justly proud.

At the conclusion of his college course the young man entered a house of business. He had not finally decided on a career, but it was rightly judged that a few years' application to commercial pursuits would be a valuable training for him. He remained there four years, and though at the end of that period he decided on following his father's profession, there is no doubt that the four years, experience proved beneficial. In after years, lawyers and suitors alike were astonished by the rapidity with which the affairs of his court were dispatched, a result in all probability largely due to the business-like, methodical habits acquired in his brief commercial career.

SELF-IMPOSED LABOR.

Mr. Blake commenced his legal studies in the office of his uncle. He had more extensive ideas of the qualifications necessary for success than the majority of young men so situated, and he resolutely set himself to the task of acquiring them. Like Lord Brougham he had a vigorous appetite for work, and not content with the labors demanded of him in the office, he resolved to read for a University degree. The spectacle of the young lawyer's clerk thus doing double service is one that is worthy of notice. We are sufficiently familiar with the perfunctory studies of most young men so situated. A day spent in the arduous legal study necessary to insure successfully passing the examination at the end of the course, naturally leaves both mind and body weary and spiritless. It is then that the temptations of the theatre or the concert-room appeal most powerfully to the jaded youth in need of change and recreation, and none but those who have passed through the ordeal can realize the courage and resolution required to sit down again to study. It is by men capable of performing such self-imposed labor that the prizes of life are won. The young man who cannot say "no" to an invitation to a party, who yields to the solicitation of friends, who succumbs before the inevitable headache and the terrible weariness of protracted study, may manage in after life to perform his duties efficiently, but he is little likely to win the more brilliant prizes of his profession. It is only by unremitting arduous labor that such prizes are gained, and the honors that afterward fell to the lot of Mr. Blake were so purchased. It was a period of intense application and of persevering toil, and it had its reward. In 1858 Mr. Blake had gained both the honors for which he had struggled; he received his B.A. degree, and passed his legal examination admitting him to practise as a lawyer.

Mr. Blake then commenced business in partnership with his brother, the Hon. Edward Blake. He did not, however, diminish his labors; he at once commenced studying for the higher branch of the profession, which under English customs is separated from that of a solicitor. Two years of patient study carried on simultaneously with his practice as a solicitor sufficed, and Mr. Blake rose from the ranks and was

"CALLED TO THE BAR."

The duties of his new position were essentially different from those of an ordinary lawyer. The Canadian and English barrister does not attend to the routine duties of the legal profession. He appears in wig and gown in the superior courts, and there pleads from a brief prepared by the solicitor in the case. His "opinions" are sought by solicitors in difficult cases, and are paid for at high rates. Mr. Blake speedily became known as a barrister of learning and eloquence, and his services were in general requisition. Now he began to reap the fruits of the harvest he had sown in the toil and weary plodding of his early years. It was unnecessary for him to search through legal authorities before writing his opinion on the cases submitted to him, or to search for precedents before pleading in court. That work had all been done in the nights when he had stored his memory with dry facts and records, while other young men were seeking pleasure and recreation in more or less questionable scenes. He thoroughly knew all the legal lore with which the successful barrister must be familiar, and his opinions were sound and his arguments convincing. At the end of twelve years Mr. Blake had attained the most prominent position at the bar, and was invested with

THE SILK GOWN,

which marks the coveted rank of Queen's Counsel, and was entitled to append the initials Q.C. to his name.

That distinction, however, was speedily eclipsed. In December of the same year—1872—Mr. Blake was raised to the bench as Junior Vice-Chancellor. In Canada as in England the judicial office is not an elective one; the judges are appointed nominally by the Queen, but really by the Premier and his Cabinet. The honor of the appointment in Mr. Blake's case was peculiarly gratifying to the recipient. It marked in an especial manner the public appreciation of his talents and acquirements. The Premier of the day, who had the vacant office at his disposal had doubtless many political allies in the legal profession, but in making the appointment they were all passed over, and overlooking the claims of friendship and political affinity he appointed Mr. Blake, who was his uncompromising opponent in politics; thus rendering homage to proved capacity.

Mr. Blake accepted the proffered honor, though at some personal sacrifice. So splendid a reputation had he made at the bar that his annual income from his profession amounted to $15,000, while the stipend of the post he accepted was but $5000. Three years afterward a further tribute was paid to Mr. Blake's abilities and character. In 1875 he was made Senior Vice Chancellor, and was probably the first man who ever occupied that exalted position at the age of forty. On the bench as at the bar, in the lawyer's office, and at college, the same characteristics manifested themselves. Mr. Blake's most conspicuous trait of indomitable energy made itself felt in his court. Careful and painstaking as he was, anxious above all things to ascertain all the facts in a case, and to do justice without fear or favor, there was no block, no delay in his court. Concentrating all his attention on the issue before him, that was adjudicated before anything else was attended to, and by patient, methodical industry, the docket was kept clear. When in the fall of last year Mr. Blake resigned, there did not remain a single unadjudicated case awaiting his decision. The fact is eloquent in praise of his industry and judicial ability. As a leader in

THE CAUSE OF RELIGION,

Mr. Blake has been distinguished by the same characteristics as have marked his legal career. Whatsoever he has found to do, he has done with his might. *The Sunday-school* has found in him a regular, punctual, and efficient teacher, and though burdened with serious responsibilities, and having to perform duties demanding severe mental labor, he has never suffered his duties as a Sunday-school teacher to be neglected. He has also assisted other teachers by holding a class for their benefit every Saturday afternoon to aid them in the study of the International lesson for the following day. When the International Convention of Sunday-schools assembled in Toronto last year Mr. Blake was appropriately chosen President, and very ably performed the duties of the office.

The Young Men's Christian Association of the city has also availed itself of Mr. Blake's abilities and his obliging disposition. He has during the past four years held the office of President of the Association, and has labored indefatigably to promote its efficienty and extend its usefulness.

PUBLIC SERVICES.

In addition to these duties Mr. Blake has been an active and earnest public speaker in the cause of Christ. A devoted adherent of the Episcopal Church, he has taken a lively interest in all the agencies adopted by her to extend the kingdom of Christ on earth, and he has neglected no opportunity of speaking when it was thought his eloquence would be the means of stimulating Christian effort, or increasing Christian benevolence. That he has been able to fulfil so many engagements while neglecting no judicial duty has often caused the surprise of those who have observed him. He has often been seen on an evening when he was announced to speak or preside at a meeting in some distant city, sitting in his court patiently listening to counsel or delivering an elaborate judgment on some intricate case. The last train departed, and those who knew of his engagement have concluded that for once the Vice-Chancellor would miss an appointment. But punctual to the minute, the judge would be seen entering the place of meeting, having driven over in his sleigh undeterred by the cold of the winter night, after his court had closed. The subject of the meeting would have his undivided attention; he would listen and speak upon it as if it had been the one study of his life, showing familiarity with all its details, and giving wise, practical counsel on its operation; he would wait until the close of the meeting, and then wrapping himself in his familiar fur robe would ride back

quered the emotion, he begged my pardon for his conduct, and since then *every boy in the class* has professed to have given his heart to the Lord Jesus. How faithful God is! Oh, that we may be faithful to Him!"

Thankful for an Annoyance.—The Rev. Mr. Scott said: "The other day I was a little put out by a certain thing for which I was to blame. At night I was thinking over the events of the day, and of course this thing recurred to my mind. I was much troubled about it, and turned for consolation to the Word of God The text I lighted upon was 'Giving thanks always for all things.' I found it very difficult to give thanks for this annoyance, but by laying it before the Lord I was enabled to do it. We should give thanks to our Father, even when we suffer, because we know that if it were well for us, He would take away the suffering of whatever kind it might be. 'All things work together for good to them that love God.'"

A Sick-Bed Bargain.—Dr. Cameron said: "I know an instance which illustrates very graphically the insincerity of sick-bed repentance. Lately a young man was stricken with an alarming illness while in the height of this world's frivolous enjoyments. Lying on his bed in a darkened room, his mind was deeply stirred with a ghastly fear of future punishment for his sins. Moved by his selfish dread of hell, he thought he would bargain with God, and vowed that, *if he recovered, his life would be dedicated to the Saviour*, and, as a natural consequence, he would lead a different life. The Lord heard his vow, and gave him an opportunity of performing it by restoring him to health. For a month he endeavored to keep *a part* of his promise by leading a less dissipated life, but did not cast himself at the feet of Christ for mercy, or seek the new birth by the Holy Spirit, or obtain cleansing in the precious fountain of the blood of Jesus. Within thirty days of rising from his sick-bed he returned like the dog to his sin, and is now a very leader in wickedness."

How to Win the Battle.—Mr. Stewart said: "If there is one thing which pleases me more than another in the meetings in Cowcaddens, it is the perfect equality which prevails among the workers. Earnest, willing, hearty work is all that is needed to secure respect. In the battle of Balaklava, a company of Highlanders lost their officers just before a certain charge was made. Each man was therefore doing the best he could, but not one thought of turning back, or quarrelling with his comrade. One stalwart Highlander had fired his gun, and before it could be loaded again the Russians were upon them. Using the butt-end of his musket, he made terrible havoc among the Russians. While engaged in this hand-to-hand fight, an officer rode up with a message from the Commander-in-chief. Seeing no officer, he shouted, 'Who is in command here?' The Highlander shouted back, 'Hoot awa mon, we're a' commandin' oursels here.' That's how our Christian work goes on so smoothly; all are in earnest to serve Christ, and to defeat the great enemy of souls."

An Amused Artist.—Major Colquhoun said: "I remember a gentleman by birth, and an artist by profession. A few weeks ago he entered this church, and I noticed him, standing in the passage on my left among a small group of men who were urging him to give his heart to the Saviour. He was much amused at strangers taking so great an interest in him, and hardly understood the motives which caused them to do so. The minister who spoke that night was pressing home the truth upon his mind when I joined them, but the artist, in a careless sort of way, said, 'I'm not so bad as you seem to think; though I've been drinking lately, it is only once or so in the year that I give way as I have done this time.' When we parted he was impressed with the need of a change in himself, and said, 'Call upon me at my studio.' I had a feeling that if I could visit him the Lord would give me that soul to garner in. I called three times, but the door was locked each time. Again I called, and this time I left a card, saying that I desired to see him about his soul's salvation. This was the last message he received on earth about the eternal truths of the Gospel. One day shortly afterward I saw him in the street talking with a friend, and though I desired to speak with him, I could not do so. Next day a notice of his death appeared in the papers. '*Now* is the accepted time, *now* is the day of salvation.'"

A Coal-heaver Saved.—Mr. J. C. White said: "One night I met a young man in the inquiry-room, about thirty-five or thirty-six years of age, and he told me he had lost about a dozen excellent situations on account of his indulgence in strong drink; in fact, he has been brought so low that he is now carrying coals for a livelihood, and his wife is almost broken-hearted. He added, 'Three nights ago I yielded my heart to the Lord.' As I was going out of the church, he said, 'Can you tell me what to do to resist this demon of drink that has been breaking me down? for I am determined, by the Lord's grace, to overcome it.' Several Christians had conversation with him, and we have reason to believe that he is trusting in Christ to give him the victory. He was full of joy to find that salvation and deliverance lay wholly outside of himself. He remarked, 'I was allus told before that *I must do my best;* but I find I *cannot* do my best.'"

A "Silly" Girl's Salvation.—The Rev. Mr. Torrance said: "An old Scotch minister from the north of Scotland, on his way to the General Assembly, in Edinburgh, put up for a night at a roadside inn. Before going to bed he proposed to the host to have family worship. This was readily agreed to, and the inmates of the house were assembled together. The minister inquired of the host, 'Is every soul in the house or about it gathered here?' 'Oh, yes.' 'Are you quite sure?' 'Yes, I am; there's only a half-silly girl left out, and there's no use asking *her* in, as she wouldn't understand a single word you said.' 'Send for her immediately.' When she came, the minister paid her special attention, but found she was so ignorant that in the time he had to spare it was useless to try to instruct her. He knew that God could do what he could not, and asked her to repeat morning and evening the prayer, 'Lord, show me myself.' The lassie did this at first without knowing what she asked for, but soon the Lord troubled her about the daily sins of her life, and she could get no rest. On the minister's return he was gratified to see her really anxious, and told her to pray, 'Lord, show me Thyself.' God heard this cry, and showed that poor half-witted girl Jesus in all His beauty, and made her to be glad in His free and infinite salvation."

THE EARL OF SHAFTESBURY ON THE SECOND ADVENT.

AT a missionary meeting held in Exeter Hall, London, on May 10th, the Earl of Shaftesbury presided. His opening address was one of the most remarkable of his many speeches delivered on similar occasions. Its matter displayed a vigor of thought and there was a physical vigor in its delivery which could not have been expected on the part of a veteran of eighty-two. He referred to the fact that we must expect the conversion of the world, not from missionary efforts, but from the Second Advent of Christ. He said: "Missionary societies no longer claim the right and the power almost to cover the whole world with the Gospel, and to bring every soul to the knowledge and love of the Lord Jesus Christ. They now know what they can do, and what they are called to do. They are not called to convert the whole world—that is reserved for One greater; they are called to carry the Gospel to every living creature, and to preach it over the whole surface of the globe, to offer the Bible-message of heaven to every soul that breathes, that has a heart to feel, and a mind to understand. We have to present that in preparation for the greater event. And the greater event is the *second advent of our blessed Lord and Saviour*, which is the grand solution of all difficulties and the consummation of all things."

The London *Christian* remarks on some criticisms which a subsequent speaker made on Lord Shaftesbury's address:

"The question, as millenarians would put it, is, What is the part the Holy Spirit has undertaken to perform in connection with this present dispensation? Dr. Kennedy says it is to convert the world by the preaching of the Gospel. Lord Shaftesbury, and multitudes who with him study carefully the statements of the Word of God on the matter, say this is nowhere taught in Holy Writ. On the contrary, the purpose of the Gospel dispensation is an elective one, designed to gather out of the world a people for the name of Christ, a multitude whom no man can number, out of every kindred tribe and tongue.

"This purpose demands the most earnest and devoted energies of the Church to be directed to its accomplishment, and that right on until the Lord returns. It also becomes, when scripturally understood, one of the most powerful motives to missionary zeal, and personal concern for the salvation of men, it is possible to employ. We must honor the Holy Ghost when we accept His own teaching, and look to Him to perform His own work in His own time and way. That it is the function of the Church to present the Gospel to every creature, as far as it is possible to do so, no millenarian would deny; but to say that the commission of the Church is to convert the world is to assert what no word of Scripture implies, but what is contrary to its teaching throughout.

"The work of the Spirit in connection with the personal return and reign of Christ will be no less honoring to Himself, and blessed in its effects upon the world, than it is now in its relation to the mission of the Christian Church. The exaltation of Christ in personal triumph on the earth which was the scene of His humiliation will not detract from the glory of that divine Spirit whose office it is to testify of Christ and to glorify Him. The dispensational purposes of God form the grand and glorious theme of revelation, and as in the past of the world's history, so in the present age the divine Word shall accomplish, not what the crude theories of men deem most probable, or most desirable, but as Jehovah Himself has said in the prophecies of Isaiah, 'It shall accomplish that which I please, and prosper in the thing whereto I send it.'

"After eighteen hundred years and more of Church work we see to-day three fourths of the world still in darkness, and Christendom developing with frightful rapidity all sorts of rationalistic and antichrist forms of thought. From Dr. Kennedy's point of view, no wonder many speak of the Church's failure in face of her commission, failure for which in great part the Church, by reason of her apathy and divisions, is herself responsible. But in the light of Lord Shaftesbury's truly scriptural way of presenting the matter, while there is ample room and urgent call for ever-increasing consecration and effort on behalf of the claims of Christ and of a perishing world, there is no ground for the charge of failure, but everywhere cause for deep thankfulness and joy that the savor of Christ's name is being made manifest in every place.

"The bride is making herself ready, the Gospel is being preached in all the world for a witness, and signs everywhere being given of the near approach of that day when our absent Lord shall return, and take to Himself the heathen for His inheritance and the uttermost parts of the earth for His possession. Missionary societies have nothing to fear from the views the Earl propounds, and he deserves the cordial thanks of all lovers of God's truth in its dispensational aspects for having on such an occasion drawn attention to them. If they were but studied in their Bible light and accepted in their true significance, we should see the cause of world-wide evangelization gloriously sustained and advanced."

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NOTICE.

ON and after July 5th the price of single copies of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD will be five cents. We make this change in deference to the wishes of the trade. Dealers in cities distant from New York have hitherto been deterred from keeping the paper in stock by the fact that its extremely low price allowed them no adequate compensation for trouble and risk.

N.B.—*No change will be made in the Subscription Price.*

CURRENT EVENTS.

The Ohio Democratic Convention on Thursday last nominated Judge Hoadley for governor. The convention was even more uproarious than was expected, and the struggle between the friends of Judge Hoadley and those of General Durbin Ward was a severe one. The unit rule, which has been in the past a prolific source of contention, caused trouble on the first ballot, when the chairman of the Butler County delegation, which was divided, cast its vote solid for Hoadley. After a period of wild excitement Mr. McSweeney, who presided, ruled that every delegate was entitled to vote individually if he pleased. After the second ballot Judge Hoadley's nomination was made unanimous. The result is a serious disappointment to General Ward and to ex-Senator Thurman, who enthusiastically supported him, and claimed on his behalf that his splendid record of thirty years' loyal service to the party entitled him to the nomination. General Ward, in a speech delivered at a later period in the convention, intimated that he was an aspirant for a seat in the United States Senate. The Democratic candidate is said to be a vigorous advocate of unrestricted liquor traffic or of the traffic restricted only by license. The platform adopted, however, thus deals with the liquor question: "The Democratic party is, as it always has been, opposed to sumptuary legislation and unequal taxation in any form, and is in favor of the largest liberty of private conduct consistent with the public welfare and the rights of others, and of regulating the liquor traffic and providing against the evils resulting therefrom by a judicious and properly graded license system." The issue between the Republican and Democratic parties on the tariff is also sharply defined. On this question the Democrats say: "We favor a tariff for rev nue limited to the necessities of a government economically administered and so adjusted in its application as to prevent unequal burdens, encourage productive interests at home, and afford just compensation to labor, but not to create or foster monopolies." The convention also characterized the action of Congress in decreasing the duty on wool while increasing the duty on woollen goods as "iniquitous legislation discriminating in favor of monopoly and against agricultural interests." It is evident that there will be a spirited contest in the State, and a lively interest is taken in it throughout the country.

The Niobrara Contract Awarded to one of the defendants in the recent Star Route trial has been annulled. This intelligence relieves the government of a weighty responsibility. The telegram announcing the withdrawal states that it has been annulled by Second Assistant Postmaster-General Elmer. The contract was awarded on April 4th, while First Assistant Postmaster-General Hatton was Acting Postmaster-General. Judge Gresham was appointed on April 3d, and his appointment was made known on April 4th. He did not reach Washington to be sworn into office until June 11th, and when he arrived the contract was perfected. Mr. Elmer now holds that the contract was executed without express statutory authority, and that the route must be again advertised.

A Summary of the Results of the Iowa Republican county conventions yet held, on the Prohibition question, is sent to the *Times* by its Des Moines correspondent. From this it appears that so far there is a large majority in favor of prohibition. The correspondent states, however, that the majority will not hold good for the rest of the State for the populous counties of Dubuque, Clinton, Scott, Des Moines, Lee, and Pottawattomie, with probably others, will doubtless instruct against the measure, but making allowance for all opposition, it is safe now to predict that the State Convention will concede about all that was asked by the resolutions of the Temperance Alliance adopted on May 2d.

The Disastrous Rise in the Mississippi and Missouri Rivers last week has caused widespread anxiety. Until Thursday it was hoped that but little damage would be done; but on that day a heavy wind and rain storm raged in St. Louis and the vicinity, and gave new impetus to the raging waters. The Chouteau Island Levee, which protects east St. Louis, gave way, and the deluge flowed over a thousand acres. The water rose at the rate of a foot a day. On Saturday the Madison Dyke between St. Louis and Alton, Ill., gave way in two places, and the crevasses, though but small, at first rapidly increased by the force of the water, which caused an enormous loss of property. The farmers near the river have taken refuge on the bluffs, and at places five or six miles inland, taking with them only such live stock as could be quickly collected. The destruction of crops already reported will amount to $100,000.

The Practice of Carrying Pistols, to which reference was made in these columns last week in connection with the Dukes-Nutt shooting case, is again before the public in a conspicuous manner. On June 16th the Rev. B. F. Jenkins, a Methodist minister, at Mansfield, La., shot and killed the Rev. J. Lane Borden, who for two years has been President of the Mansfield Female College. The shooting was done on the street without a word of warning, and with a reckless disregard of the safety of bystanders. This murder is also claimed to be an act of justice inflicted as a punishment for crime. It is, however, a most deplorable state of society in which one minister of the Gospel shoots another minister, not even ascertaining whether he is guilty or not. Many other shooting cases were recorded last week, in one of which, reported in the *Evening Post*, two young men who attended a school exhibition, being asked not to make a noise, produced their pistols and fired at the man who spoke to them. That man, too, had his pistol ready, and promptly returned the fire. One of the combatants was mortally wounded, another badly wounded, a bystander shot dead, and one of the school-girls was struck in the cheek. In another case in New York a lady shot another lady in a physician's office. These are only a few of the many cases reported in a few days. The growing prevalence of this evil demands that all organs of public opinion resolutely and emphatically denounce the practice of carrying these deadly weapons as a disgrace to a civilized Christian community

Precautions Against Yellow Fever are Under consideration at Memphis, Tenn. *The Memphis Avalanche* calls the attention of all citizens to the necessity of taking steps in time for their own protection. It says: "If a quarantine is of any avail against the introduction of yellow fever, then it should be established without delay, and made rigid when deemed necessary. It does not seem to be generally understood that the Marine Hospital service is not authorized to expend any money on quarantine, nor indeed to expend a nickel until the fever actually appears or breaks out at some point; then a military cordon will be established around the plague-stricken place, and every effort made to stamp out the dreaded disease. To await its coming and then have the Marine Hospital service go to work, would be the ruin of Memphis. An ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure. Memphis must keep the fever out by means of a quarantine—to do otherwise would be suicidal in a business sense."

A Ghastly Discovery was made in Philadelphia on Thursday last. A family dispute was brought into court in which Dr. Hathaway, a physician, was charged with assaulting his wife and other disorderly conduct. Considerable feeling was manifested against Dr. Hathaway by one of his relatives, who made a disclosure which was reported to the district attorney. Acting upon the clue, a house the doctor had formerly occupied was searched by the police. It was found that the cellar had been used as a place of interment, and when the floor was dug up twenty-five skulls were found and other bones which were the remains of infants, and one or two adult skeletons were discovered. The doctor is over eighty years of age, and is said to have had an immense practice. The investigations are still in progress, and other houses he has occupied are being searched.

Christian Work among Commercial Travellers has been prosecuted with much success during the past two years by the International Committee of the Y. M. C. A. A report in *The Watchman* says: "In many cities the Association committees issue invitations to church and Association services and to the secular privileges of the societies. In many associations meetings are held specially for commercial travellers, either at the Y. M. C. A. buildings or in hotel parlors. Commercial travellers have been led to work for each other on the road, and attendance at and interest in the conventions has increased. Associations not doing anything in behalf of this class should write Mr. Watkins, 52 East Twenty-third Street, New York, for particulars and documents full of suggestive hints concerning the work."

Revival Services are Being Conducted with proofs of the divine blessing at Elmira, N. Y., by Mr. and Mrs. Clark Willson; at Kansas City, Mo., by Evangelist Harrison, and at Council Bluffs, Iowa, by Ben Hogan, the reformed pugilist.

Ten Dollars were Received at the Office of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD last week by post-office order from "A Friend," who desired that it might be so acknowledged in these columns. In the letter accompanying the order, the donor says that the money is sent to pay for the paper being supplied to ministers in the South who cannot afford to pay for it themselves. "Hoping it may be productive of much good, and that the eyes of many may be opened to see the true light." We are happy to inform our friends who have contributed to this fund that the colored ministers who have received the paper, through their kindness, acknowledge the valuable aid they have derived from it.

The Mysterious Disappearance of a Baby has caused some excitement in the neighborhood of Pottsville, Pa. On June 10th a farmer and his wife with two children left their home for a stroll in the woods, intending to spend an hour or two in a favorite shady resort a quarter of a mile distant. They left their baby sleeping in the cradle. The doors of the house were left unlocked, but a faithful watch-dog remained in the yard. When the family returned, they were horrified to find that the baby was missing. The parents instituted a search, which was only terminated by darkness. No trace of the child could be found. The circumstances are extremely mysterious, and the detectives are baffled in their attempts to solve the problem. There is less mystery, and unhappily less hope, of other cases in which while parents are taking their ease and enjoying themselves, Satan has made a prey of their little ones (I. Sam. 3 : 13).

The Difference in the Value of Real Estate at two dates a quarter of a century apart is often noticed. A remarkable instance was made public last week. A well-known citizen of New York, who died a few days ago, held title in 1847 to a large estate in Ithaca, N. Y. Its value in the market at that time was comparatively small, and the owner sold portions of it for trifling amounts. One section of eight acres he sold for three thousand dollars, which was then considered a fair price, but if the same section were placed in the market to-day it would readily bring $100,000 or more. When the Christian sings of his title to "mansions in the skies" he is often despised as a credulous fanatic, but though that title cannot be bought or sold, the time will come when its value in the eyes of the world will be so great that they would count all they ever possessed well paid for it (James 2 : 5, 6).

The Unintentional Mystification of a Jury was very thoroughly effected by a judge and two eminent lawyers. The incident is related in a biography recently published. The jury was empannelled to try a patent right suit at Albany, N. Y., before Judge Nelson. William H. Seward was counsel on one side. In summing up he occupied a whole day. The counsel on the other side made a long speech, and the judge charged. After the jury had been out about two hours they came into court, and the foreman said: "Your honor, the jury would like to ask a question." *Judge.*—You can proceed. *Foreman.*—Well, your honor, we would like to know what this suit is about? Both the counsel doubtless delivered very eloquent and learned speeches, and Judge Nelson's charge was probably a profound address, but as the jury did not know what the case was about after listening to all three, the harangues could not be considered successful. Sinners anxious for salvation frequently leave our churches after very learned and eloquent sermons similarly unenlightened (I Cor. 1 : 17–19).

An Aged German Lady's Long Journey is described in a press telegram from Wheeling, W. Va. It states that the lady, who is eighty-three years of age, is lying sick in that city, having travelled there on foot from a distant town in Ohio. She has until recently resided in the Ohio town with her daughter, who is a widow. But the daughter contemplated a second marriage, and the man she intends marrying stipulated that the old lady should quit the house before the ceremony. The heartless daughter complied, and on June 11th turned her mother out of doors without a dollar in her pocket. The old lady set out to find another daughter at Pittsburg, Pa., a journey of over two hundred miles. She begged food from farmhouses on her route, and arrived at Pittsburg on June 19th, having covered most of the distance on foot. Disappointment awaited her there; the daughter was dead and her husband had left the place. Weary and heartbroken, she turned back to make another appeal to her daughter in Ohio, but she could get no farther than Wheeling, where she fell ill and is likely to die. Ingratitude such as this excites universal indignation, but even the conduct of the unnatural daughter in casting off her mother to please her suitor does not equal in baseness the conduct of men who deny, to please the world, or to secure a position in society, the Saviour who died for them (Heb. 10 : 29).

A Woman's Energy Saved a Large Number of lives in New Hampshire on June 14th. She had occasion to cross the track of the Nashua and Rochester Railroad near Nashua about noon of that day, and was startled at seeing a large pile of lumber laid across the track. She knew that a passenger train would be due in a short time at the spot, and quickly realized that some wicked men had placed the obstruction there with the design of wrecking the train. She looked around for a man to remove the lumber, but in vain, and she calculated that before she could give an alarm at the depôt and the company could send a gang to clear the track, the train would have arrived. It was evident that she alone could save the train. She did not hesitate, but commenced the arduous task of removing the lumber, and had the satisfaction of dragging the last piece off the track just before the train came in sight. It was a noble act for a woman to perform; it was a type of the work that has been done in the moral and spiritual world in which gigantic obstructions have often been overthrown by apparently inadequate agency (1 Cor. 1 : 26–29).

A Remarkable Avowal was Uttered at an execution on Friday last by one of the four culprits who paid the last penalty of the law. The men had been convicted of attempting to rob a passenger train on the Little Rock and Fort Smith Railroad on March 7th. They had boarded the train near Van Buren, Ark., and soon after the train started they commenced firing their pistols, and one of them shot the conductor. They made their escape without succeeding in the robbery, but were captured and tried and convicted. Immediately before the execution on Friday, the leader of the gang, Gov. Johnson, who was the son-in-law of a minister in Illinois, declared himself *a fast disciple of Colonel Ingersoll*, but admitted that his doctrines had failed as a rule of life and would not at all serve as a basis of hope in death. He attributed his moral lapse to his acquaintance with Ingersoll's doctrines. If seamen's charts were being sold in our ports, conspicuously indorsed with a publisher's name, and there came news from a wrecked ship that one of those charts had been the cause of the wreck, no one would ever rely again on that publisher's charts. This executed man's warning is such news from a wreck, the most deplorable of all wrecks, a wrecked life (Prov. 1 : 32, 33).

A Guest's Defective Memory Led to an Interesting stratagem in Washington recently. A journal of that city says that General Sherman, who is a very popular guest in Washington society, has a very unreliable memory. "The other night he came out on his doorstep in a great hurry. He was in dinner dress, but hesitated after he came out of the door. Mrs. Sherman, who was in the hall, asked what was the matter. 'Why,' said the general, 'I was to go to dinner somewhere to-night, and to save my life, I cannot remember where.' Mrs. Sherman came to the door, and, pointing to old General Van Vliet, who was going quietly up the street, said, 'There goes General Van Vliet. He is generally at dinners where you are invited. You follow him, and go in where he goes.' 'What a splendid idea! I can't miss it following that lead. Van Vliet can be trusted.' Away walked General Tecumseh, and, as he did not return, it was safe to conclude he found the right place." It would appear from this incident that a man may not only be known by the company he keeps, but that sometimes he may find his way by following them. There are some Christians who also appear from their conduct to have forgotten whither they are bound. In their case, however, it is better not to trust to human guidance, but to rely on their Father and His word (Jer. 3 : 12).

SUPPOSING HIM TO HAVE BEEN IN THE COMPANY.

A New Sermon by Pastor C. H. Spurgeon.

"Supposing him to have been in the company."—LUKE 2 : 44.

Lessons from a Mistake—I. A Natural Supposition—Jesus Fond of Society—Never in Wrong Places—II. It Brought Sorrow—Danger of Supposing about Jesus—Spurious Evangels Do not Suppose Him to be in the Heart—Nor in the Assembly—Nor in Christian Labor—III. Instruction from the Supposition—How He would have Behaved—Singing—Listening—Helping—How He would have been Treated—His Representatives—IV. If He is in the Company: What Then?—Mr. Payson's Solemn Question—V. Jesus has been in the Company—Hearing Disputes—Seeing Tricks of Trade—Noting the Silence of Christians—Dr. Chalmers and the Highland Chief.

ALL who were present on the occasion are sure to remember our meditation upon "Supposing Him to be the gardener." Although it was only supposition, and evidently a mistake, yet it yielded us most profitable thought. Here is another supposition, a mistake again—a mistake which yielded a good deal of sorrow to those who made it; and yet in the hands of God's Spirit it may bring forth profitable instruction to us as we think it over.

I. We will begin our discourse by saying that this was

A MOST NATURAL SUPPOSITION.

That the child Jesus should have been in the company returning to Nazareth was a most likely thing. When the Jews came up from their different allotments once in the year to Jerusalem, they formed family groups at their first starting, and then as they got a little on the road these groups combined and made larger bands; and as the roads approached to Jerusalem, the people gathered into great caravans; thus they went up to the House of God in company. It was natural enough that, when all was over at Jerusalem, the child Jesus should return home; knowing the time when His parents would return, He would be ready to start with them, and failing to meet with them He would join the company with which He came, and so go back to Nazareth.

His parents did not expect to find him wandering alone: they looked for Him in the company. Jesus was a child who loved society. He was not stoical, and thus selfishly self-contained; and He was not sullen, avoiding society. He did not affect singularity. In the highest sense He was singular, for He was "holy, harmless, undefiled, separate from sinners;" but throughout His life He never aimed at singularity either in dress, food, speech, or behavior. He grew up to be a man among men, mixing with them even at weddings and funerals; no man was more truly human than the man Christ Jesus. It is to be believed that as a child He was *like other children* in all things but sin; even as a man He was like other men in all but evil. Jesus was not one whose company would be shunned because of His ill manners; rather would it be courted because of the sweetness of His disposition. He would not make Himself disagreeable, and then crown that disagreeableness by stealing away from those whom He had vexed. They knew the sweetness of their dear child's character and the sociableness of His disposition, and therefore they supposed Him to have been in the company.

This supposition would even more readily occur to us, knowing what we know about Him, which is more than His parents knew. As a man He never seemed happier than when He was in the midst of His disciples, or surrounded by publicans and sinners, or feeding famishing crowds. He was so great a lover of mankind that *He loved to be "in the company."* Living and working in such a city as this, with all its millions, the burden is enough to break one's heart as we consider the city's sin, its irreligion, its neglect of God. It is sweet to hope that He who loved to be "in the company" when He

was here, will certainly come and bless these throngs of men.

They never suspected that He would be found in any wrong place. No thought ever crossed their minds that He would be found in any haunt of vice, or in any assembly of vanity, though such could have been found in Jerusalem. We *do* expect to meet our Lord amid the throng of perishing men and women, seeking and saving them; but we know that we shall not find Him among those who find pleasure in noisy laughter and lawless mirth. We never look for Jesus in the theatre or the drinking saloon; it would be profanity to suppose Him there. We never look for Him where a question of morals might be raised, for He is undefiled. Let His example be followed by us; let us never go where our Master would not have gone.

SORROW FROM SUPPOSITION.

II. But secondly, this supposition brought them great sorrow; from which I gather that we ought, with regard to the Lord Jesus Christ, to leave nothing as a matter of supposition. By supposing Him to have been in the company, they were made to miss Him, and to seek Him sorrowing for three days. Why did they lose sight of Him at all? Why did they not abide with Him? We may not blame them, for *He* did not; but, at any rate, they fell into days and nights of trouble by supposing something about Him. Do not suppose anything about Jesus at all. Do not suppose anything about His character, His doctrine, or His work; go in for certainty on such points. I have heard of a German who evolved a camel out of his own inner consciousness; what kind of a camel it was I do not know; but many persons evolve a Christ out of their own imaginations. Do not so; for if you do this you will make to yourselves a Christ nothing like Jesus; it will be a mere image, a false Christ, an idol Christ. No human thought could ever have invented our Saviour.

We put it to all those who doubt the inspiration of the four evangelists—would they kindly write us a fifth evangel? Would they even suggest another action of Jesus which would fit into the rest and be of the same order? They cannot do it. The whole conception of Jesus is original and divine. It is not possible that the most ingenious fancy can add anything to the life of Christ which would square with that which is recorded. If you chance to read the *Prot-evangelion*, or *the Gospel of the Infancy*, which are spurious narratives of the childhood of Jesus, you will throw them into the fire, and say at once, "These do not fit in with the records of the true evangelists; the stories are ludicrously unlike the child Jesus." In fact, all the books which pretend to be a part of the canon will be detected and rejected at once by the simplest reader who is thoroughly versed in the four evangelists. Do not, therefore, *suppose* anything concerning Jesus, but read the word of God and see what is revealed about Him.

"Supposing Him to have been in the company." This supposition caused them great sorrow. Again, I say, beloved, do not take anything about Jesus at haphazard and peradventure. Let this truth apply to your personal dealing with Him; as, for instance,

DO NOT SUPPOSE

Him to be *in your hearts.* Do not suppose that because you were baptized in infancy you are therefore in Christ and Christ in you. That is a dangerous supposition. Do not say, "But I have been baptized as a professed believer, and therefore Jesus is in my heart." The inward grace is not tied to the outward sign. Water baptism does not convey the Spirit of God. Blessed are they who, having the Spirit, can use the ordinance to their profit; but do not suppose that the grace of God is tied to any outward rite. Do not say, "I have eaten at the communion-table, and therefore Jesus is in my heart." You may eat and drink at His table, and yet never know Him, and He may never know you. Outward ceremonies convey no grace to graceless persons.

Do not suppose that Jesus is in your heart because you are an elder, or a deacon, or a pastor. I will not make any supposition in my own case, for woe is unto me if, after having preached to others, I myself should be a castaway! Such things have happened; Judas was one of the twelve. Men have been sweet of voice, and yet bitter of heart; they have been taught in the word of God as to the letter thereof, but they have not known the power of the everlasting Spirit, and so they have perished. Verily, I say unto you, in Christ's name, unless the Spirit of God do actually rest upon each one of us personally, it will be all in vain for us to suppose that He is in our hearts because of professions and ordinances, for the supposition may be a damning falsehood, and may lull us into a fatal slumber. How terrible to be taken out to execution with our eyes bandaged by a supposition!

Again, dear friends, do not ever *suppose* that Christ is *in our assemblies* because we meet in this house. Do not go up to a place of worship and say Jesus is sure to be there. He may not have been there for many a day. Is it not sad that out of the tens of thousands of assemblies held on this day there will be many in which Jesus will not be present? For His Gospel will not be preached, or if preached, it will not be set forth in the living power of the Holy Ghost. Christ is not present where He is not honored. All your architecture, all your millinery, all your music, all your learning, all your eloquence are of small account;

JESUS MAY BE ABSENT

when all these things are present in profusion; and then your public worship will only be the magnificent funeral of religion, but the life of God will be far away. It brings great sorrow in the long run to a church if they take it for granted that Jesus must be among them.

Once more, let us not take it for granted that the Lord Jesus is necessarily with us *in our Christian labors.* Do we not too often go out to do good without special prayer, imagining that Jesus must surely be with us as a matter of course? Perhaps we thus conclude because He has been with us so long, or because we feel ourselves fully equipped for the occasion, or because we do not even think whether He is with us or not. This is perilous. If Jesus is not with us, we toil all the night and we take nothing; but if Jesus is with us, He teaches us how to cast the net, and a great multitude of fishes are taken.

He will withdraw from us if we fall into a careless, prayerless habit. Why was He not with His mother that day? Truly He had to be about the business of His heavenly Father, but why did He permit His human mother to miss Him? Was it not because she needed to be taught, as well as the rest of us, the value of His company. Perhaps, if we never missed Him, we might not know how sweet He is. I can picture Mary, when she had lost the dear child, weeping floods of tears. Then she began to understand what old Simeon meant when he said, "Yea, a sword shall pierce through thine own heart also." The sword was piercing her heart even then to prepare her for three other days in which she would mourn Him as dead with still bitterer grief.

Do, then, learn the lesson, brethren, as I desire to learn it for myself, that we must not take anything for granted about Jesus.

WE MUST MAKE SURE

work concerning eternal things, for if these be allowed to slip, where are we? Grasp the truth, and know that it is the truth. Never be satisfied with "ifs," and "buts," and "I hope so," and "I trust so," but make sure of Christ! If you are not sure about the health of your body, yet be sure about your being in Christ, and so healthy in soul. If you are not sure about the solvency of your firm, if you are not sure about the deeds of your estate, if you are not sure about your marriage lines, yet at least be sure that you have Jesus within your heart. If you have any doubt to-day, give no sleep to your eyes nor slumber to your eyelids until the Holy Ghost Himself hath sealed upon your spirit the certainty that Jesus is yours. Thus have I used the supposition in two ways.

III. Now for a third lesson: the supposition made by these two good people may instruct us. Let us use it at this time, and turn to "Supposing Him to have been in the company." I speak now to children who are hearing this sermon. This is for you. Jesus was about twelve years old, and you are of much the same age. Suppose He had been in the company returning to Nazareth.

HOW WOULD HE HAVE BEHAVED

Himself? Think of Jesus as an example for yourselves. I am sure when the whole company sang a psalm that bright-eyed boy *would have been among the sweetest singers;* He would have sung most heartily the praises of God His Father. I feel persuaded that Jesus would have been found in that company *listening to those who talked of holy things;* especially would He have been eager to hear explanations of what He had seen in the temple.

I feel sure also that if He had been in the company going home *He would have been the most obliging, helpful, pleasing child* in all the company; if anybody had needed to have a burden carried, this boy of twelve would have been the first to offer, as far as His strength allowed; if any kindly deed could be done, He would be first in doing it. He grew in favor both with God and men because He laid Himself out to be everybody's servant. Mary's son won the love of all around, for He was so unselfish, kind, gentle, and willing. He did all that he could to make others happy; and blessed are those boys and girls who learn this lesson well. Oh, children, you will be happy yourselves if you live to make others happy! Act thus to your parents, brothers and sisters, friends and schoolfellows, and you will in this be like Jesus. I am sure, also, that Jesus would not have done in that company as too many boys are apt to do. *He would not have been mischievous, noisy, annoying, and disobedient:* but He would have been a comfort and delight to all about Him. Take this little word home with you, dear children—ask yourselves often, *what would Jesus do?* for what Jesus would have done is the best rule for you.

And now to you elder folks, "supposing Him to have been in the company," and you had been in the company, I will warrant there is not one father or mother but what *would have been*

WILLING TO CARE FOR HIM.

Every matron here says, "I would have taken Him under my wing." You say that honestly, do you not? You mean it, I am sure. Well, you have an opportunity of proving that you are sincere; for Jesus is still in our company. *You can find Him in the form of the poor.* If you would have watched over *Him*, relieve their wants; do it to the least of these, and you have done it unto Him. You can find Jesus in the form of the sick; visit them. I wish more of God's people would addict themselves to calling upon the sick, visiting them in their loneliness, and cheering them in their needs. As you say you would have taken care of Jesus, prove it at once by remembering His words, "I was sick, and ye visited me."

Many among you have such fond maternal hearts that you would have said, "I must look after that bright, beautiful boy who is now without parents. Evidently He has lost them. Come here, child, come here!" You would have felt a joy to have kissed Him, and folded Him to your bosom. Prove it by looking after oprhan children wherever they are, and let each represent to you the Jesus of that day as He would have been had His parents' supposition been correct. Let us see that the love you feel to Jesus when you read your Bibles is not mere emotion or sentiment, but that practical principle lies at the back of it, and this day affects your life and conduct.

IV. But now I change the line of our thought altogether for a little while. Forget the child Jesus now, and let me use the words concerning

Jesus in the fulness of His power. Supposing Him to be in our company in all His gracious influence, what then? Then, brethren, first, *how happy* will such company be! For with Christ known to be in their company saints cannot but be glad. You may have seen a picture representing certain of the martyrs sitting in prison together. They are to be burned by and by, and they are comforting each other. Now, supposing Him to have been in their company, as I doubt not He was, I could wish to have been there even at the price of sharing their burning—would not you? Or see, a few poor people met together in a cottage

TALKING ABOUT JESUS,

as people seldom do now; Jesus is there, and their hearts are burning within them! How favored they are! If their hearts might otherwise have been sad, yet supposing Him to be in the company, how restful all the mourners become; how light every burdens grows, how every aching heart rejoices, for in His presence there is fulness of joy. Get but Christ into your family circle and it is a ring of delight.

Supposing Jesus to be in the company next *how united* His people will all become! Whenever Christian people fall out, it is because Jesus is not in the company. "Supposing Him to have been in the company," how *holy* they would all grow. Sin dies as Jesus looks upon it, and men's wayward passions yield to His sweet sway. How *devout* would all hearts be "supposing Him to be in the company!" What prayer there is, and what praise! There is no hurrying over morning devotion, no falling asleep at the bedside at night when Jesus is in our company. Then our heart is praying all day long, and we delight to pray together for His coming and His kingdom. How *teachable* we are, too, when Jesus is in the company, opening the Scriptures and opening our hearts; and what sweet *communion* we enjoy. When Jesus is in the company how *lively* they all are. Why, in these warm mornings some seem half inclined to fall asleep, even in the house of prayer—"The spirit truly is willing, but the flesh is weak." But when Jesus is in the company the spirit triumphs over the flesh, and we feel full of life, and power, and energy in the divine service. If Jesus be in the company, how *earnest* we grow! How zealous for His glory! How intent to win souls! I am afraid it is because Jesus is not in the company that we allow many sinners to go by us without a warning, and we neglect fine opportunities for serving our Lord.

You have heard of holy Mr. Payson,

THE AMERICAN DIVINE,

a man who walked with God in his ministry. He was out one day with a brother minister who had to make a call at a lady's house, and Payson went in with him. The lady pressed them both to stay to tea. She was not a Christian woman, and Payson had other business, and therefore he demurred; but as she pressed him very earnestly he sat down, and invoked the divine blessing, which he did in terms so sweet and full of holy unction that he impressed everybody. The lady waited upon him with great attention, and when he rose up to go he said to her, "Madam, I thank you much for your great kindness to me; but how do you treat my Master?" A work of grace was wrought in that lady by the question; she was brought to Jesus; she opened her house for preaching, and a revival followed. Now, if Jesus had not been with Payson, what had become of that woman? I fear that we go in and out among dying men and women, and we let them perish—yes, we let them be damned without an effort for their salvation, and all because we have not obeyed the voice which speaks to us as it did to Abraham, "I am God Almighty, walk before Me, and be thou perfect." We shall never be perfected as the servants of God except we walk in His conscious presence; but if we walk before Him, and He is with us, then shall we be earnest in the winning of souls.

V. Lastly, I want to dwell, for just a minute, by way of touching the conscience, upon the reflection that

JESUS HAS BEEN IN THE COMPANY,

whether we have seen Him or not. I want you now to look back upon what He has seen in your company, supposing him to have been there, when you were disputing the other night. Yes, a point of doctrine had come up, and you differed over it. Did you not wax very warm, my brother, even so as to grow red in the face? Did you not go away from that friend with whom you disputed almost hating him? You know you did. Supposing Jesus to have been in the company, He did not smile on that dispute. He was there, and He was grieved at the way in which you remembered His doctrine but forgot His spirit. You know that you did not yield a point you ought to have yielded; you knew you were wrong at the time, but your friend pushed you hard, and you said to yourself, "I will not give way, though I feel that he is right."

Although I suppose that we shall differ about many points till the Lord comes, yet when differences arise they will present fair opportunities for holy charity and mutual edification, and these will gladly be seized if Jesus be in the company. When next we argue let each one say, "Jesus is in this company; therefore, while we speak up for what we believe to be true, let us do it in a loving spirit." Our arguments will not lose force by being steeped in love. Truth is never stronger than when it walks with charity.

Then, again, it may be that some little time ago certain of you were acting in such a way that no common observer could have seen any difference between you and worldlings. You were out

IN BUSINESS,

dealing with one who was trying to do his best for himself, and you were trying to do your best for yourselves. Do I blame you? Not for being prudent and circumspect; but I hope you will blame yourselves for going far beyond this. You did nothing which I may style dishonest—but *did you not sail dreadfully near the wind?* You stated something which I must not call a lie, but still it was not true as you meant it to be understood; was it? Business men too often aim at getting undue advantage of each other; it is "diamond cut diamond," and rather worse at times. If Christian men in all their dealings would suppose Jesus to be in the company, how it would change their manners.

Think of Jesus on this side the counter along with you who sell, and on that side of the counter along with you who buy. You both need His presence, for the buyer is generally quite as intent upon cheating as the seller; he wants the goods for less than they are worth, and the seller therefore baits the hook for him. *Trade is growing rotten* right through, but the blame is not all on one side. When persons must have goods far below the price for which they can be produced, they must not marvel if they find that they are sold an inferior article which looks well enough, but turns out to be worthless. Oh, that you Christian people would always suppose Jesus to be in your company.

COWARDLY SILENCE.

Do not accuse me of being personal this morning, for if you do, I will plead guilty. If the cap fits you, wear it. The other day you were in company, and certain persons were talking profanely, or was it scepticism which they vented? And you, as Christ's disciple, heard them, and what did you do? Did you bear witness for the truth? They made a joke—it was not over clean, but you laughed! Did you not? But, alas, you said nothing for your Lord! Yet He was in the company, seeing all! You had several opportunities, but you did not put in a word for truth and holiness. Now, supposing Jesus to have been in the company, I think He must have been sorely grieved. Surely your Lord must have thought, "What! all this said against me, and never a word in reply from him whom I redeemed with My own blood!"

Think, again, of those evenings when a few friends meet together; are they not often a waste of time? "Supposing Him to have been in the company," as He really is, do you think the evenings would be spent as they frequently are? Dr. Chalmers, a truly devout man, tells us that once at a nobleman's house he spent an evening with various friends, and talked over the question of the cause and cure of pauperism—a subject most suitable for conversation. An aged Highland chieftain among the company listened with great attention to the doctor, for Chalmers was master of the subject. Surely they had not spent the evening amiss; but in the night an unusual noise was heard, and a heavy groan. The chieftain was dying. In a few minutes he was dead, and Dr. Chalmers stood over him, the picture of distress. "Alas," he cried, "had I known that my friend was within a few minutes of eternity I would have preached to him and to you Christ Jesus and Him crucified." With how much more reason may many Christians repent of their conversation!

Did I not hear the other day of some Christian friend who was going to give up working for Christ? and of a dozen Christian friends who were going to break up, and no more go on with their holy service for Jesus? One was going to leave the Sunday-school in which he had been for years; another was going to allow a weak church to break up and go to pieces, for he had grown tired of working under discouragements; another said, "I have had my turn, let somebody else do the work now." Supposing Jesus to have been in the company, do you think that such observations pleased Him? Do not suffer any difficulty, or infirmity, to prevent your persevering in the service of Jesus in some form or other, and when you do feel as if you must leave the ranks, suppose Him to be in the company, and march on! Forward, brethren! Jesus leads the way! Forward, for His presence is victory! God bless you, dear friends, and all this day may Jesus be in the company to make it a hallowed Sabbath to your souls. Amen.

[The prayers of the readers of this Journal are requested for the blessing of God upon its Editors in America and England, and those whose sermons, articles, or labors for Christ are printed in it; and for its weekly circulation of more than 260,000 copies to be blessed by the Holy Spirit to the conversion of many sinners and the quickening of God's people. Mr. Spurgeon and Dr. Talmage especially request prayer every Sunday morning on behalf of their labors.]

A RACE FOR LIFE.

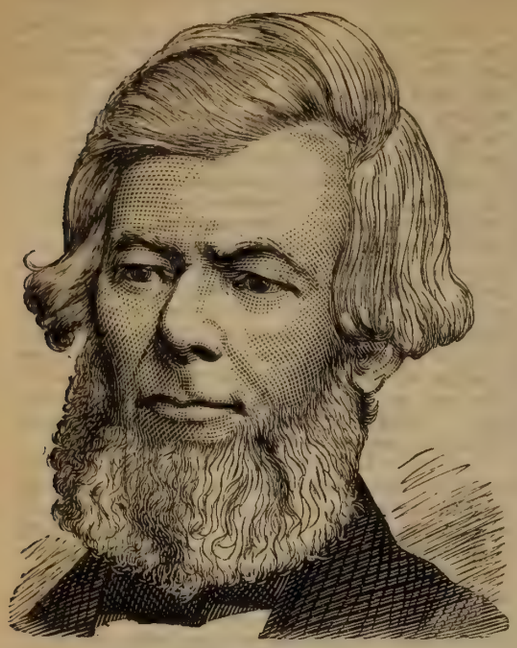
(*See Illustration on page 412.*)

FROM a small posting town in Central Russia Alexis Ristoff and his wife set out in their sleigh toward their home some fifteen miles distant. Only dire pressure could have induced them to undertake the journey alone in the exceptionally severe weather. But they had both agreed that they must press on without delay. Intelligence had reached them at Moscow that an epidemic had broken out in the village where they lived, that one of their children was lying dangerously sick, and that the other two were stricken. They had set out immediately for home, and had travelled over four hundred miles by the fastest route. They were now nearly at their destination, and the remaining distance must be traversed by sleigh. There were no attendants to be procured in the town, owing to the severity of the weather, and it was clear they must either brave the risks of the journey alone or remain in the town all night. Confronted with the alternative parental love triumphed, and they were soon gliding swiftly over the frozen snow.

One half the journey was performed safely, and in less than two hours they hoped to be by the side of their suffering children. They had spoken but little by the way. Their hearts were too full to speak; each was anxiously looking forward to the same moment when they would learn the condition of their little ones.

"Listen," said Madame Ristoff, "I hear something behind us."

Ristoff checked the horses for a moment, and



The late Dr. William Chambers (*see page 403*).

A Sleigh Pursued by Wolves.

listened intently. There was no mistaking the noise they heard. It was far away in the distance, but the Russian knows too well that terrible cry not to recognize it, however distant. "Yes, love," he said, "I hear it, it is the wolves. Pray God they may not be on our track." He urged the horses to the top of their speed, and another mile was quickly covered. But the cry unmistakably grew clearer. Their track was fringed with pines on one side, and it was from that side the sound seemed to come. It was a cruel, fierce savage sound telling of hunger and remorseless fury.

At length, Ristoff, turning to look behind them as he had done constantly since the cry had first struck their ears, saw a dark mass on their track. It was almost indistinguishable in the distance, but he knew well what it was. A few wolves were ahead of the pack, and were coming on swiftly for their prey. "Now, dear," he said, "you will be brave and help me for our children's sake."

Her face was very pale as she clasped her husband's arm in token of acquiescence. "Tell me what to do," she said calmly.

"Take the reins and guide the horses," he replied. "They will need no urging, they know their danger as well as we do." He handed them to her, and Madame Ristoff knelt down in the front of the sleigh to be well out of her husband's way, and so that she might pray for themselves and their children.

Ristoff examined his double-barrelled rifle carefully, and poised it on the back of the sleigh. He must wait until the foremost wolf came nearer lest he waste the ammunition on which their lives depended. He could see now that five wolves were approaching, but there were doubtless many more behind them. He took careful aim, and when the first wolf was but forty yards away from the sleigh he fired and the animal dropped. Instantly its companions tore it to pieces, and Alexis shuddered at their ferocity, though he was grateful for the brief delay it made in the desperate chase. Soon the surviving four were again in full chase, baying savagely as they followed, but in the meanwhile the horses, terrified almost to madness, had galloped with the speed of racers, and he heard his wife's cheering cry, "I see the village."

Now there was hope. Alexis fired again, and again a wolf fell, and in that moment he tried to reload, but it was too late; there were only three wolves near, but one of them sprang on the back of the sleigh. Quick as thought Alexis drew his long hunting knife, and with a blow nerved by love and fear drove it through the beast's neck, pinning him bleeding to the sleigh; then turning quickly round he saw that another wolf was alongside not six feet from the horses' flanks. He reached forward, and with the butt of his rifle struck a powerful blow. It shivered the creature's head, and it, too, fell dead. Only one wolf remained, but the baying of the pack behind was growing more distinct. He looked ahead, his heart sinking within him. But there he saw the gladdening sight of the village. The wolves shrank back from the sleigh, and they were saved.

It was an experience never to be forgotten, and father and mother knelt down on their own threshold to thank God for their deliverance. Their hearts were still further gladdened by the news that the children for whom they had risked their lives were recovering. That journey had been the very shadow of death, and their struggle for life had been fierce and desperate, for they knew how remorseless were the foes that sought their lives. So would men struggle to escape from the enemy of souls, if they only knew their danger, and that the safe refuge is still near them.

PASTOR CHINIQUY'S SUCCESSES.

PASTOR CHINIQUY, the famous Canadian convert from Roman Catholicism whose portrait and life appeared in this journal on March 8th, describes the work he is doing across the Atlantic in the following letter:

TO THE EDITOR OF THE "CHRISTIAN HERALD."

DEAR SIR: Though it has been the good Master's pleasure to try my faith in many ways, these last three months that I have been working in England, you will allow me to ask your Christian readers to bless Him for the manifestations of His infinite mercies toward many of the precious souls to which it has been my privilege to preach the truth.

How can I tell you my joy when, after my second address in Exeter Hall, three Roman Catholics came to shake hands with me in the presence of many, and said, with tears of joy, "Now we see the light, and we understand the errors of the Church of Rome. We give up those errors from this very hour. We will never invoke any name but the name of Jesus, and the Word of God will be our only guide."

But the very next week my joy was not less when one of the most venerable Episcopal ministers of London came to me and said: "Do you remember that old gentleman with white hair who was just before you when you were speaking in our large hall? He is a wealthy and very influential man, enjoying the confidence of all by the stern honesty of his conduct, but unfortunately, a couple of years ago, he fell into the hands of Ritualists, who poisoned his mind with the subtle poison of their half-concealed Popish doctrines and practices. So much so, that he determined to give up his position in our church in order to submit himself to the Pope. All my efforts to prevent him taking that unfortunate step were of no avail, and next week was chosen to make his public recantation. It was then that he heard you were to give us a public course of lectures on Romanism, and he determined to come and hear you. The Lord evidently guided your thoughts and your words for the salvation of that honest and intelligent man. The first person I met when back to my parsonage after the lecture was that dear old friend of mine. He threw himself into my arms, and with burning tears of joy, he said, 'Help me to bless the Lord, I now understand the mummeries and idolatries of Rome. By the grace of God, nothing will any more shake my faith in the glorious Gospel truths which our heroic ancestors have bought for us at the price of their blood.' And the rest of the night was spent by him and me in blessing God for the admirable and so sudden change just wrought in his heart by the Holy Spirit."

A FRENCH LADY CONVERTED.

Recently, also, a Baptist minister of London said in a public meeting: "After your lecture in my church, a French lady came to tell me that though she had been till then a most devoted and sincere Roman Catholic, she felt that her duty toward God and herself, as well as toward her relatives, was to break forever the ties which had united her to the Church of Rome, in order to unite with one of our evangelical churches. Not only has she kept her resolution, but full of joy for the great gift she had received, she has just gone back to France to persuade her friends and relatives to give up the errors of Popery, in order to accept Christ as the only light and life of sinners."

KITTY'S LIFE WRECKED.

(*See Illustration on page 413.*)

"A LADY drowned!" A hundred voices told the news on the sands, in the bath-rooms, in the restaurants, everywhere. It was like an electric current, or like a communication by a telephone, with which everybody had a connection. That seemed to be all that was known for some time, for in answer to the eager questions "Where? Where?" "How did it happen?" "Who saw it?" etc., contradictory answers were given.

The rush of the people toward the pier, however, indicated that the centre of interest was there, and the idlers on the seats along the shore of the little holiday resort quickly joined the current in the direction of the pier.

On the pier were hurrying men and women, pressing eagerly forward toward the end farthest from shore, and at that end men and women were bending over the iron railing, watching intently some men beneath, who, with boat-hooks, were drawing something out of the water.

"What is it, Robson?" asked a young lady in the crowd.

The man addressed, a fisherman who had apparently only just come up from assisting in the work, turned as he was spoken to, and said: "Ah! Miss Romaine, is that you? It's a bad business, I'm afeared. The poor young leddy seems to be dead. Doan't go, miss; it isn't a sight for the likes of you," and he gently barred her way with his arm.

"But tell me who it is, Robson? Has some one fallen off the pier, or is it a boat upset?"

"I can't rightly tell, miss, just how it came about," said the boatman, as the crowd, eager to learn, pressed around him. "I was on the pier smoking my pipe and looking out for the Lily, as my boys are in, and wasn't noticing any one much. I see there was one or two people sitting about, but not many, 'cause the sun is hot on the pier about this time. I noticed one leddy sitting by herself right at the end, and she seemed to be crying. I didn't pay any heed, but was a-looking out to sea, when I heard a rustling noise and a sort of scream very quiet like, and I looked around and the leddy was gone. I called out to my mates down in the boats, and they tried to get her out, but she drifted under the pier among the piles, and then they got out on the beams and are getting her out with their hooks. I ha' been down helping 'em, but I'm getting too old for that sort o' work, and there was plenty there to do it."

"Aw, my good fellah," said a fashionably-dressed man in the crowd, who wore an eyeglass and carried his cigar in his fingers, "was it a young lady, did you—ah—notice?"

"No, sir," said Robson, "I did not—ah—notice. I don't loaf about mashing the ladies as some folks do." Robson could not resist the opportunity of expressing his contempt for his questioner, whom he knew well enough as a wealthy loafer about the sands, who had his quarters at the fashionable hotel, and whom he had more than once said he "should like to dump into the sea."

"Do go and see if she is living, Robson," said Miss Romaine anxiously. "They may take her to our cottage, if she is alive; it will be quieter than the hotel. Papa and mamma are both away, and there is no one there but the servants. I'll go and look for Dr. Homer." So saying, she turned away and went on her errand.

Half an hour later, Miss Romaine hurried to her home with the physician, and as she approached it she saw by the crowd outside the garden gate that her request had been obeyed. She and the doctor quickened their steps, for moments were precious. Entering, they found the poor creature lying unconscious on a lounge, the men who had carried her there, headed by Robson, trying such rude means as they knew of to restore life. The doctor turned them all out, and aided by Miss Romaine and her attendants commenced his struggle for the life trembling in the balance. It was two hours before the struggle ended, and then Dr. Homer, having exhausted every means known to science, confessed himself beaten. "It is of no use," he said, raising his ear from the region of the heart. "She is dead. Poor thing, she had no stamina to work upon in such a time as this. If she had had but a very little more strength she might have been saved. Do you know her, Miss Romaine?"

"No, I do not recollect ever to have seen her, but this note fell from the bosom of her dress when we undressed her; it may give us some clue to the mystery." Miss Romaine handed the note, which was without address, to the doctor, who opened and read it. Thus it ran:

"This note I write intending to place it in my bosom, so that when I am dead the world may know why I go to my death. Three years ago I lived in a happy Christian home far away from this. My father and mother loved me and were proud of me. I was beautiful, clever and witty, and I had many friends and admirers. One man among these I thought I loved. He flattered me, gave me handsome presents, and professed love for me. I was dazzled and fascinated by his fine talk, and when he asked me to marry him I consented willingly. But my father refused his consent to my marrying a stranger, and then I consented to elope with my lover. He cheated me with a mock marriage, and in less than six months deserted me. Then after several efforts to earn a living, in which I failed, I resolved to go home. But I had disgraced that home. My father and mother refused me admission. I saw my brother, and he spurned me, and my sister turned from me in scorn. Not a friend would speak to me. I left, and travelled to a distant city. I put on common clothes and tried to obtain work as a hired help, but it was of no use. I was ignorant of all the domestic duties. No one would pity me or help me. More than once I was invited to live a life of vice, but I dreaded that above all things. I have come here to drown myself. The world has cast me out. I am going to One they say is more merciful than the world. May God have mercy on my soul.

"KITTY."

That was all. Miss Romaine read through to the sad end, and looking at the inanimate form on the lounge, a flood of tears of sympathy and unavailing sorrow fell from the eyes of the Christian girl. She fell on her knees beside the corpse, not to pray for the dead girl; alas! it was too late for that. She was asking God to help her to do some good work for such outcasts as the poor despairing creature there. God heard her prayer, and out of her earnest desire sprang a mission work which has been the means of rescue to many a sin-tossed, despairing soul.

"Doan't go there, Miss Romaine."

PETER BLAKE'S VOYAGE.

A SERIAL STORY BY HESBA STRETTON.

(*Continued from page* 398)

Watching a Deathbed.

WRONGDOING was bearing its fatal fruit. Sorrow, suffering and death were the inevitable results of the shameful speculation of the shipowner. Penrose had insured the Dolphin for a sum far greater than the value of the ship and cargo. That she should be lost at sea was his hope. If she arrived safely in port he would be a heavy loser. She had been lost as he intended. The gain had been realized; but he was where gain cannot help. He died believing his only son had been drowned with the ship. Now the son for whom he had speculated and schemed and sinned was loathing his memory, and hating the wealth stained with the blood of brave men. On the bed in the French Hospital lay one of the victims, dying a heart-broken, childless widow, and by the side of his son stood another victim suffering as only the brave can suffer. It is no fancy picture. Hundreds of cases are on record, the truth of which have been proved beyond the possibility of doubt, in which that crime has been deliberately committed, and it is only within five years that a law has been passed to prevent its repetition.

The scene in the hospital was a very sorrowful one. Arthur Penrose and Peter Blake stood beside the little cot watching earnestly the dy-

ing woman. Her face bore marks of the sorrow through which she had passed. It was seamed and puckered with the lines the tears had run down many and many a time. Her husband had gone from her and been drowned, and then her two sons, she had reason to believe, had been drowned too. Then had come her parting with Bessie and the children. All bitter, bitter sorrows, and the tears had flowed for each. Now she had come into harbor like a battered ship tossed of the waves, and bearing the marks of the enemy's guns. It seemed to be a peaceful harbor too. Despite the sorrow-graven lines there was a look of peaceful calm on the face as though she were glad to enter into rest. Such a look often comes on the face of the dying Christian. The time for tears and groans is past. Sorrow and disease have fought their fight and are victorious. The enfeebled body sinks wearily on the couch and the spirit, catching a glimpse of the glorious rest provided, prepares to take its flight. A few moments before and anxieties about those left behind disturb the dying, but now the world recedes they have no concern with it, and they "languish into life."

"She has never spoken since the day she came," said the sister; "she lies silent and tranquil as you see her. Speak to her, my son; she may perhaps hear your voice."

"Mother," said Peter, quietly; "mother, I am your eldest son. Look at me and see."

He laid his hand tenderly on hers, and knelt down beside her to bring his face on a level with her eyes, so feeble and dim. For a minute or two she lay still, but her lips quivered and her eyelids closed.

"Look at me," cried her son, laying his mouth close to her dull ear; "oh! my mother, open your eyes and look at me."

Still she did not speak, or stir; and the thin, cold hand lying in his remained lifeless. "Oh, mother!" he called, so loudly that the quiet room rang with the cry; "look at me but once! Speak only one word to me!"

Slowly her dim, dark eyes opened, and a smile broke upon her wasted face. She gazed at him wonderingly, and then turned to look at the old cradle. She could see nothing but it and him. "It is my son!" she whispered, "not lost at sea. How good God is! He holds us all in His hand."

The eyelids fell again over her eyes, and her voice died away in tones so low and faint that no ear save his own could catch the words. But still her cold hand stirred a little when he pressed it, as if she knew that he was there. The lines of care and trouble seemed to be smoothed away from her face, and she smiled faintly now and then, as she caught the sound of her son's voice. But after a while the three who were watching her knew that the last moment was come. Her lips trembled again for an instant as if she were trying to speak, but no word came. She was dead.

It had been harder for Arthur Penrose to stand by, and watch Peter Blake's mother dying, than even for Peter himself. The thought that all this sorrow, with other unknown scenes of misery, were the direct consequence of his father's love of gain, was more than he could bear. At the moment that the poor, helpless woman died, he turned away hastily, and hurried from the hospital, not knowing whither he went. Unconsciously to himself his steps led him up to the brow of the cliff, which he had seen from the river, where the Cross stood. There was an open unenclosed plot of ground, planted with trees, underneath which were many seats. He threw himself upon one, and sat still, crushed and benumbed in spirit. He was very young, and the young have a vast, unlimited capacity for a sense of agony and shame, *before their sensibility is blunted* by the daily fretting cares of life.

The spring sunshine glinted down upon him through the half-open leaf-buds on the swaying branches overhead. Little rainbow-colored clouds of mist floated here and there upon the broad river, which joined the sea at its feet; and on the sea itself snowy streaks of foam played and disappeared, sparkling with light. Birds were singing and flitting to and fro from every bush and tree, and in the topmost boughs the rooks were chattering among their nests. There was a scent of violets and primroses in the fresh, sweet air, and he could hear children calling one to the other as they sought for the blossoms among the green tufts of grass in the hedgerows. At the foot of the cross a group of them were playing and making garlands and crowns of the spring flowers, and one of them had climbed up to place a little crown of primroses as high as she could reach upon the cross. He saw and heard all keenly; so keenly that the memory of it could never pass away from his brain.

But his agony remained unabated. He felt himself cut off from all this outer joy and gladness. It was he whose wealth had been bought by the deaths of men; by widowhood and orphanhood. It was his ships that were sailing now, with rust-eaten iron and rotten timbers, and decaying rigging, sailing over yonder treacherous sea, which was smiling up to the sky above it, but hiding a black gulf of death beneath its glittering waters. Could he do anything better than abide by his first resolve? To exile himself forever from his native land; to forget, if possible, his father's name, and to leave his sad heritage of shame in any hands that would take it up.

How long he sat there he did not know. People came and went; glanced at him, and passed by; but he paid no heed to them. The sun sank lower and lower in the sky, and the shadows about him moved silently eastward, and stretched farther across the sward. The tide, which had been at low water when he gained the height of the cliff, was coming back now, and the fishermen's boats were returning with it to the town. But he did not move.

It seemed to him as if there would be greater pain in the effort than if his limbs had been crushed instead of his spirit. Presently two of his own countrymen came up the steep road, and, giving him but a momentary glance, sat down beside him. The intrusion vexed him, but before he could resolve to change his seat their conversation attracted his attention.

"Old Mitchell tells me," said one, "that Blake, that fine young fellow who was said to be lost at sea, has turned up again. They are talking of it everywhere."

"Yes," answered the other, "they say he had a narrow chance, and only two more of the crew were saved. It is the old story; an unseaworthy craft, and overladen into the bargain. Ships that ought to be broken up are sold for what they will fetch; and the owners know they are bought to be sent to sea in an unworthy condition. Bless you! they wouldn't think of sending them to sea themselves, not they! They are upright, honorable men. But they will take three or four thousand pounds for them, knowing very well what they are bought for. I'm an honorable, upright man, and I sell you a jibbing horse, more likely than not to break your neck if you get astride him. Why not? Am I to lose the price of my horse to save your neck? It is your fault for getting astride him."

"Exactly," said the first speaker, laughing; "the sailors ought not to go aboard the vessels. They say the English sailors, as a class, are rapidly deteriorating; a set of scoundrels, who are better at the bottom of the sea than corrupting the land by their lives."

"What can you expect but scoundrels?" asked the other, "when their lives are reckoned of so little value? I am amazed that a fine fellow like Blake should follow the sea; only it is in his blood. But mark my words! if matters go on as they are, the dangers and disasters at sea will take such hold of the minds of boys, aye, and of boys' mothers, that they won't be sailors at any price; and shipowners will have only the scum and dregs of the streets to man their ships. They talk of the carrying trade of England. How will they like it, when there are none but foreign sailors to be met with? I say, when a nation begins to look at her material wealth as greater in importance than the moral and physical welfare of her people, she has taken the first step downward. And England is doing it."

"Yes," said his companion, rising from his seat to pursue his walk, "and I say good men must submit to laws that bad men may be curbed and restrained by them."

The night was falling, but Arthur Penrose did not quit his place. The electric light in the light-house off Havre glittered like a diamond against the pale clear green of the evening sky. The opposite banks of the river were fading softly in the gathering gloom, and the sea was growing dark. Close beside him the Cross stood out sharply against the gray of the twilight; and he could still see the fading crown of primroses hanging upon it. Some long-forgotten words, which he had heard he knew not where, flashed across his memory, and his brain caught them, and repeated them over and over again: "Who for the joy that was set before him, endured the cross, despising the shame, and is set down at the right hand of God."

What did the words mean? At first his wearied and torpid mind could only repeat them mechanically. He had heard every word his countrymen had said; but they did not seem to have any connection with him and his misery. But there was something that touched him in these words, if he could only catch their meaning. "Despising the shame." An intolerable burden of shame was his; could he ever despise it? Could he ever endure the cross?

That was what Christ had done. He had suffered, not for His own sins, but for the sins of others. He had submitted, not to death merely, but to shame and ignominy such as was shared with Him only by the veriest wretches and villains upon the earth. He had seen the people laughing Him to scorn as they passed by His cross, and heard them mocking Him with cruel raillery, in His hour of bitter anguish. He had endured it all; yes, and despised the shame of it. With no fault found in Him, without spot or blemish of His own, He had given Himself up to the death of a criminal, and had closed His eyes upon earth amid the jeers of His enemies.

His own burden was light when compared with that. Shame there was, but it could be outlived. The cross was heavy, but it could be borne. He must not shrink from enduring either cross or shame.

At last he lifted up his eyes to the dark blue sky of the night above him with a new-born sense of courage and hope. A fresh field of work opened before him. He had thought of fleeing from the past and present; but now he would turn and front them. His rotten vessels were on the sea still; he must hasten home, telegraph to every port where it was possible any of them might touch, and send instructions how to act to each captain, so as to insure the safety of his seamen. His father's ill-gotten riches had descended to him; they should be used to atone for the miseries by which they had been amassed. Those who were dead were beyond his reach; but for their sakes, and in memory of them, the living should have his whole life devoted to their interests. England had been disgraced by his father, and men like him; but he would leave no means untried to wipe out the blot.

He looked once again at the darkening Cross; and gently took away the child's little crown of flowers. If ever his crown of thorns should pierce him too sharply, this withered wreath should remind him of the hours he had just passed through. He could never be a light-hearted, sanguine boy again; but he could face life as a man, with nerve enough to encounter opposition, and contempt, and shame, and with a secret confidence in God and right, which would bear him through to the end.

He did not try to meet with Peter Blake in the town; for he thought he would probably wish to be left to himself. But he wrote a letter to him, telling him of his new resolves; and

by the steamer which started early in the morning he returned to England, to set out at once upon the path he had planned for himself.

(To be concluded.)

PASSING OVER JORDAN.

S. S. Lesson for July 8, Joshua 3. Golden Text, Isa. 43 : 2. By Mrs. M. Baxter.

The Long-Expected Crisis—Arrangements for Crossing the River—Need of Guidance—General and Particular Leading—Need of Retirement—The First Step of Faith—The Command to the Priests—Standing Still in a Crisis—A Memorial Ordered.

THE children of Israel, the people of the Lord, were about to enter upon the most momentous crisis of their history. Abraham, Isaac, Jacob, Joseph, many of their descendants during the slavery in Egypt, and still more the fathers of the present generation who had died in the wilderness, all had longed for the fulfilment of God's promises, and that they might see, might enter and possess the land of promise. The people were now at its very border, Joshua had risen early in the morning, and, following God's direction, was ready to his hand for service. He and the people had left Shittim, and were now on

THE VERY BANKS OF THE RIVER

Jordan, looking wistfully over to the other side, the land "which flowed with milk and honey." An apparently insuperable barrier lay between, but no one appeared to be occupied with it; God was with them, and especially with the man whom He Himself had chosen as their leader.

After the appointed three days, the officers went through the host, and "they commanded the people, saying, When ye see the ark of the covenant of the Lord your God, and the priests the Levites bearing it, then ye shall remove from your place, and go after it. Yet there shall be a space between you and it, about two thousand cubits by measure;

COME NOT NEAR UNTO IT,

that ye may know the way by which ye must go; for *ye have not passed this way* heretofore." To the teachable child of God, who stands in his true position of grace, a saved, cleansed, delivered, anointed man, no question is of more intense moment than that of guidance. His own will quite laid down, he wants to be completely and in all points assured about the will of God. In the journeys of the children of Israel the ark of the covenant was sometimes in their midst, sometimes it went on before them. When "they departed from the mount of the Lord three days' journey;" "the ark of the covenant of the Lord went before them in the three days' journey, to search out a resting-place for them" (Num. 10 : 33). Here in face of Jordan there was to be a space between the ark of God and the people. How often have we sought for guidance so plain and palpable that it would give us no trouble to recognize it, and which would be no exercise either to our attention or our faith! Anything which is close before us we can follow mechanically, the blind could do the same, but the Lord in His leading seeks to absorb all our spiritual faculties in tracing the way which *He* takes. We learn more of God and have, so to speak, a better view of Him, when we are exercised about His guidance, than we should have if He dealt with us as mere machines.

Sometimes God gives us a direction which is in the main to guide our whole life, just as in the case of Saul of Tarsus; after the Holy Ghost had separated him to the life of a foreign missionary, and he kept steadily on at this work; but He was by no means rendered independent, for still in the detail, he sought and received guidance as to what countries and what cities he was to go to. There is a divine way and a carnal way, the way of God and the way of man which both lie before us, whenever and wherever

A NEW START ON OUR JOURNEY

begins. God's way is not that of blind superstition, but of intelligent co-operation with Him. Every child of God is brought in his experience from time to time, into a position in which a decision must be made which may change the whole current of his life. It may be a call to yield himself to missionary labor, and he must face the death to all plans of earthly comfort, distinction, etc.; be solitary and very much unknown on earth. But for what? To be God's instrument and fellow-worker, making known His great truths among the heathen, to come down to the lowest and most degraded of human kind, to carry out the thoughts of God's heart of love, and thus to fit into the very place to which His infinite love has called him. Where the will is not wholly given up and the body is not fully presented to God in living sacrifice, the conflict is sometimes terrible; but where the will is yielded, where the question is only, "Lord, what wilt Thou have me to do?" the only fear is lest a mistake should be made about His direction. Sometimes the decision may be about the taking an uncompromising stand as one wholly the Lord's, and *that*, in the midst of a family more or less worldly; all the members regarding every separation from them in conversation, in habits of life, in principle, in expenditure as a reflection upon them; and as an entirely personal matter; and so imputing the meanest motives to one who is quite single-eyed in seeking God's glory. Such may think, "Can I bear the cost?" and so looking near to self instead of off unto Jesus may miss His direction as to what to do or not to do.

Joshua said unto the people,

"SANCTIFY YOURSELVES,

for to-morrow the Lord will do wonders among you." We find this same command was given on other occasions. Before the giving of the law from Mount Sinai, God said unto Moses, "Go unto the people, and sanctify them to-day and to-morrow" (Ex. 19 : 10). Before the seventy elders were appointed, and before the Spirit of God rested on them, the command of God went forth, "Sanctify yourselves" (Num. 11 : 18). For great and special occasions, when the power and deliverance of God was signally manifest it was but becoming that the people should be set apart, free from all distraction, all ordinary occupation. There are times when God calls us thus apart, and the press and crush of occupation comes upon us so overwhelmingly that it seems impossible to get free. God has permitted it so that we may be placed in the position to choose whether God or business, God or Christian work, God or our reputation for work shall have the first claim. Before the Jordan can be crossed, there must be such a setting apart unto God, that we may be willing, if necessary, to neglect even what seem to be necessary duties, in order that we may be completely free for God.

Then Joshua gave the word of command, and the priests took up the ark of the covenant and passed on before the people. This was committing themselves; *the first step of faith* was taken. How ridiculous it would have looked in the eyes of unbelievers, when a whole nation of people began to move right into a river, which was unfordable, and where there was no bridge! Yet this is like the way of faith from beginning to end. It was just then when they had begun to act faith, that the Lord said to Joshua, "This day will I begin to magnify thee in the sight of all Israel, that they may know that, as I was with Moses, so I will be with thee." Oh, how precious must this word have been to Joshua marching on as he was, apparently responsible for a nation, and right in face of impossibilities. Now God could trust him with the command to the priests, "When ye are come to the brink of the water of Jordan, ye shall

STAND STILL IN JORDAN."

In face of the Red Sea God commanded the people to "stand still." It is just when a man has no fear, no care, no press, no hurry, no difficulty that he stands still. "He that is entered into His rest, he also hath ceased from his own works, as God did from [illegible]" (Heb. 4 : 10). This was complete confidence in God; an absence of all apprehension. The priests were to be the leaders; if they could stand perfectly still, then the people would feel there was nothing to fear.

Now Joshua unfolded the deliverance which God was about to work for them. "Come hither," he said, "and hear the words of the Lord your God." At the time of the giving of the law, they were to stand off, at a distance, the Deliverer, the Joshua-Jesus draws them nigh. "Hereby ye shall know that the living God is among you, and that He will without fail drive out from before you" all your enemies. "Behold, the ark of the covenant of the Lord of all the earth passeth over before you into Jordan." Yes, wherever the Lord calls us to go, He is on before. "When He putteth forth His own sheep, He goeth before them" (John 10 : 4). Thank God, our Shepherd leads us into no path where He has not tried the difficulties Himself. He "was in all points tempted like as we are" (Heb. 4 : 15). The proof to all His children that He will overcome, is that He is on the spot, never at a distance, never out of reach.

Then Joshua told them that as soon as the priests' feet should rest on the waters of Jordan, the waters below them should flow away and be cut off, and the waters above them stand up in a heap, unable to overflow the ark and the priests of the Lord. Oh, how blessed a type! As soon as we see ourselves or

OUR CIRCUMSTANCES UNDERTAKEN

by Jesus our Priest, bearing our ark of the covenant, then the waters which have touched His feet, cannot come near to ours. There stood the priests, bearing the ark of the Lord, and not one drop of water could come upon the shielded people! Let us be willing to go down into any Jordan, any river of judgment, judging ourselves in any light which God may shed upon us, taking any low place which may become us, but let there be no despondency, Jesus is with us, the land of promise lies beyond, and there is victory. Family difficulties, church difficulties, difficulties in Christian work are sometimes the Jordan to be passed, the venture to trust a sick body to the Lord, the venture to commit a child to Him may prove the barrier which holds us back from the continuous victory of the land of promise, flowing with milk and honey. But the ark is on before, our Priest's feet are in the Jordan, let us go on. He who has borne sin and sickness and death for us, will not move from His place of intercession till we are all gone over. Oh, how foolish we are to be occupied with difficulties!

When all the children of Israel were passed over Jordan, the Lord commanded Joshua to take a representative man of each tribe, who should take up a stone out of the midst of Jordan, and set it up in the lodging place where they should lodge that night. Such a deliverance was not to be forgotten. The people had passed through death but for the special intervention of God; and God would have it memorialized that in time to come their children might ask regarding the stones, and might hear of the great things which God had done for them: "and these stones shall be

A MEMORIAL

unto the children of Israel forever." And Joshua set up twelve stones in the midst of Jordan. Our Jesus has His memorial stones in Gethsemane and on the cross, that we may have memorial stones of resurrection. It was not until all the people were passed over and the stones set up in Jordan that the command went forth that the priests should come up out of Jordan. Forty thousand men of war, all the women and children, and one old man, Caleb, had passed over; many hours must have elapsed, and then, last of all, came the priests bearing the ark. The people on the Canaan side were, no doubt, all looking on to see what would happen. No sooner had the feet of the priests left the bed of the river, than the heaped-up waters curled mightily round, and like some enormous serpent betook them to the channel, spread out over the banks, to the same extent and no more than before; but the deliverance was wrought, the people were safe, and God had kept His word.

FOREIGN TOPICS.

An Extraordinary Charge against the Jews has been made in Hungary, and four men of that race have been placed on trial at Nyiregyhaza. A boy, the son of one of the prisoners, alleges that on April 1st his father and three other Jews enticed a Christian girl named Esther Solymosi into their synagogue, where *they cut her throat*, and caught the blood in a pail and used it to mix with the flour for their passover bread. The boy states that when he witnessed the crime he was outside the synagogue, but peeped in through the keyhole. The girl in question is certainly missing, but the body of a dead girl wearing the clothes of Esther Solymosi was taken from the river near the town in which she lived. It had been in the water so long that identification was almost impossible, and while some of her friends assert that it is Esther Solymosi, others who knew her deny it. The boy, who is the chief witness, is known to be under the influence of the Roman Catholics, who are *savagely hostile to the Jews*. The whole region has been affected by Judæophobia, and there is little probability that the men will have a fair trial. The correspondent of the London *Times* states his conviction that *the boy witness is a maniac*. Whether he be a maniac or only the dupe and instrument of the Papists, it is certain that his statements have excited the Hungarians to a pitch of frenzy little short of madness, and that the whole Jewish race in Hungary is in danger of massacre. The Hungarians of the locality are ignorant and superstitious, and they give ready credence to charges which would be scorned in a more enlightened community.

The Death of Dr. Colenso, Bishop of Natal, in Africa, was announced on June 21st, at the age of sixty-nine. Dr. Colenso's name will be long remembered across the Atlantic as the author of several popular mathematical works much used in schools. In theology he was opposed to the Orthodox Church, though he was one of her prelates. He published a work, subsequently to his becoming a bishop, in which he expressed serious doubts of the authenticity and inspiration of the book of Joshua and the five books of Moses. The work was widely read, and it was made the basis of an attempt in the law courts to deprive him of his bishopric. The effort failed, and Dr. Colenso remained Bishop of Natal until his death. He was greatly beloved by the Boers, the Zulus and other natives, and had the courage to become their champion in Great Britain. Had the English Government followed his advice they would have been saved from two disastrous wars.

The Rt. Hon. John Bright has been Called to account in the British House of Commons for a speech he delivered at the recent festivities in Birmingham. Sir Stafford Northcote, the leader of the Conservative party, to which Mr. Bright has been opposed all his life, called the attention of the House to the fact that Mr. Bright had said that the Conservatives are in alliance with the "Irish rebels" in thwarting the House from doing work. He claimed that the charge was unfounded, and moved that the utterances of Mr. Bright be declared a breach of privilege. Mr. Bright, in reply, said that he had a right to speak with great freedom to his constituency. The term "alliance," he said, was used in the sense of *combined action* between the conservatives and the Irish members, in both debate and division, to worry and destroy the Ministry. He was pained to witness the manner in which some members of the House clamored at the Premier. Such conduct was a modern innovation. As to the word "rebels," Mr. Bright commented on the existence of societies in America which were disloyal to the British Crown, and which were sending funds to similar disloyal societies in Great Britain. If, he said, the Irish Members of Parliament would disavow connection with the disloyal societies in America and *declare their loyalty* to the Crown, he would withdraw the word "rebel" and apologize for having used it. The only response from the Irish members was the one that was expected from men of that race. They taunted Mr. Bright with his age, and accused him of being vain. Their conduct provoked the condemnation of members of all parties, and Sir Stafford Northcote's motion was rejected by a majority of thirty-four.

An Indictment of the Khedive of Egypt has been submitted to the British Premier by Lord Randolph Churchill, a member of the House of Commons. He claims that it proves the Khedive guilty of inciting the massacre of Europeans and the attempt to burn Alexandria. He asked Mr. Gladstone to grant a commission of inquiry for the investigation of the charges. Mr. Gladstone replied that in any step the government might take the position of the Khedive, as ruler of Egypt, would be duly regarded. Lord Randolph Churchill, in a second communication, states that he will be prepared to co-operate to the utmost extent of his resources in bringing up such witnesses as may be necessary to prove the truth of the statements as to both the arson and murders.

The Action of Admiral Pierre, the Commander of the French fleet off Madagascar, in bombarding Tamatave, is applauded by the government and people of France. Before attacking the city he presented an ultimatum which the Hovas rejected. In that document he demanded the acceptance of a French protectorate over the north-west coast according to the treaties of 1841, the payment of an indemnity of 1,500,000 f. ($300,000), and the acknowledgment of the right of French citizens to own land in Madagascar. The admiral does not purpose attacking Antananarivo, the capital of Madagascar, but intends remaining at Tamatave, which is the commercial capital. He expects that by collecting the customs duties he will starve the Hovas into submission. The Malagasy embassy has now returned to London to endeavor to enlist English sympathy and mediation. The cordial welcome it has received there has offended the French Government.

The Marquis Tseng, the Envoy from China to the courts of western Europe, has been interviewed by a correspondent of the New York *Herald* in Paris as to the probable results of war breaking out between his country and France. Among other statements the following remarks are ominous: "I will call your special attention to the fact that should France force China into war, then it is scarcely possible that with the best intentions in the world the Chinese could make any distinction between nationalities. The terrible consequences of war would fall upon all western foreigners alike. Englishmen, Frenchmen, Americans and Germans would all be placed in the same category by the people of China, who apply to all the designation of '*yang jen*,' or 'men from beyond the sea.'"

The Trial of Louise Michel, the Notorious French Communist, for her participation in the riots in Paris, took place last week. She defended herself, but Henri Rochefort, well known as the editor of the famous periodical *La Lanterne*, gave evidence in her favor. Her own address was of a violent character, and she seemed anxious to justify herself rather than to clear herself of the charge. She violently attacked the government, and declared that the issue of the pamphlets to the soldiers inciting them to burn their barracks and murder their officers was justified. She declared that the soldiers at Sedan would have done well to shoot their officers and save their honor. The jury rendered a verdict of guilty, and she was condemned to six years' imprisonment and ten years' police supervision.

Parties of Jews are Gathering at Cyprus under British protection awaiting the opening of Palestine by the Turkish Government. The Committee of the Syrian Colonization Fund have recently received news of the safe arrival of the second party sent out by them to the East. The party consists of eighty-six Jews, men, women, and children, and they are now settled at Cyprus, where they will be established, by permission of the government, until the difficulties which at present hinder Jews from settling in Syria can be removed. The committee are providing implements, dwellings, and all other necessaries for the people. Thus it is evident the prophecies are nearing fulfilment, and as was recently shown in an article on prophecy in this journal, it is under British guidance that the return of the Jews to Palestine will be accomplished.

A Proposal Dealing with the Irish Land problem of a most significant character has been introduced into Parliament. Its object is the creation of a proprietary tenancy by the erection of local boards to take charge of fixing the price of the property and raising the money to pay off the landlord on debentures. It proposes that the State shall guarantee the interest, the tenant to become owner, and his annual payment not to exceed his present rent. The scheme was not adopted by the government, but the favorable terms in which Mr. Gladstone spoke of it led to the belief that some project of similar principles might eventually be introduced by him.

The Visit of Dr. Somerville, the Veteran evangelist, to South Africa, is already bearing fruit. *The Diamond Fields Advertiser* thus speaks of his services at Kimberley near the mines: "Early on Sunday evening dense crowds assembled outside the entrance to the spacious Town Hall, and half an hour before the advertised time of opening the service every inch of accommodation was taken advantage of, while masses of people surrounded the doorways unable to gain admittance. At the request of Dr. Somerville those still outside assembled in the adjoining Presbyterian Church, and a simultaneous service, conducted by the Revs. Barton and Pritchard, was held there. The meeting in the Town Hall was enlivened by the singing of a large choir, consisting of ladies and gentlemen representing all our Protestant churches in Kimberley, under the leadership of Mr. Cumming, at present assisting Dr. Somerville in his South African tour. The address, which was most impressive, simple, and pointed, was listened to by the vast audience with the greatest attention. Dr. Somerville intends holding public meetings in the same place during the whole of this week, and before leaving will specially address the young men, and we believe arrangements are being made by him to address a vast gathering of native laborers in our mines."

The Prophetic News (London) for June Contains the following articles: Fallen Angels, their Place in Past, Present and Future Ages, by Rev. T. J. Malyon, LL.B.; The Last Great War and its Leader; Babylon and Rome, by Rev. E. J. Hytche; Bright Prospects of the Age to Come; Watchman! what of the Night; Passing Events from a Prophetic Standpoint; What the Jewish Papers are Saying, etc., may be had from the office of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD. Price six cents.

Volume V. of the Christian Herald and Signs of our Times is now ready, bound in cloth, containing all the numbers for 1882 with complete index. Price $3 including postage. Ten per cent less to ministers and the trade.

An Illustrated Work on the Unfulfilled prophecies of the Bible, by the Rev. M. Baxter, entitled: "Forty Coming Wonders," may be had from the office of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, 63 Bible House, New York, by remitting one dollar. It is a book of 528 pages, is handsomely bound in cloth and contains fifty full-page pictures and diagrams representing the scenes described in the prophecies of Daniel and in the book of the Revelation. It also contains a resumé of the opinions of other expositors, and extracts carefully collated from the works of all the most eminent writers on prophecy, from the earliest ages of the Christian era down to those of recent date. It thus forms the most useful and complete guide the student can have in entering on the study of that portion of the Word of God. The book may also be obtained for one dollar from any bookseller, who can procure it from the American News Company.

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ALEXANDER III., THE EMPEROR OF RUSSIA, AND THE EMPRESS.

Birth in 1845—Marriage in 1866—The Empress's Early Betrothment—Previous Sympathy with Secret Societies—Reason for Changing His Opinion—The Religion of Russia—The Coronation Ceremonies on May 27—How the Czar was Received—Influences at Work.

THE Czar Alexander III., whose portrait with that of his wife appears on the first page of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, succeeded to Imperial rule over all the Russias on the assassination of his father on Sunday, March 14th, 1881, but his coronation was postponed until about a month ago. He was *born* on March 10th, 1845, and has consequently just entered his thirty-ninth year. He is not the first-born son of the late Emperor, but succeeded to the throne because of the death of his elder brother, the Grand Duke Nicholas, born September 20th, 1843, which occurred at Nice in April, 1865. The present Emperor was *married* in November, 1866, to Maria Dagmar, daughter of the King of Denmark, sister to the Princess of Wales and to the King of Greece. Previous to her marriage she joined the Russian Greek Church and on being received into that church she took the name of Maria Feodorovna.

THE EMPRESS'S EARLY BETROTHMENT.

She was affianced at an early age to the late Czar's first-born son, the Grand Duke Nicholas, and—as in the case of Catherine of Aragon—espoused the brother of her betrothed husband shortly after the term of mourning prescribed by etiquette for the death of the latter at Nice, in 1865, had expired. An alliance with the reigning house of Denmark appeared at that time desirable to the late Czar's political advisers, and thus the bride of the youthful Czarewitch was transferred to his robust and vigorous brother, who now wears the Imperial crown.

The correspondent of the New York *Herald*, who was one of the six foreign correspondents permitted to attend the coronation ceremonies, thus writes of the character of the royal lady who is now Empress of Russia: "The Empress is as much liked in Russia as her sister, the Princess of Wales, is in England. The two sisters resemble each other, not only in looks, but in *sweetness of character*. Alexander's domestic life has hitherto been pure and wonderfully happy, and unless something happens to mar this, we may look for a considerable change in the ideas of the court on the subject of morals. The Czarevna has *four beautiful children*—the eldest, Nicholas, a fine boy of twelve; the second, George, about nine, who bears a striking resemblance to the early pictures of Alexander II., and two much younger ones, Xenia and Michael. She has accompanied her husband to all parts of European Russia and has gained the affection of the people, particularly of the Poles. In the winter, at the Anitchkov Palace, she has *an annual Christmas tree*, but it is not invariably the children of the nobles who are invited, but a number from the most squalid homes in St. Petersburg, recommended by some of the members of the Society for the Relief of Distress, and these are always sent away with a good stock of warm clothing as well as the customary Christmas presents.

THE SECRET ASSOCIATIONS.

Alexander, like most Crown Princes, allied himself during the lifetime of his father to the most progressive party in politics, and is believed to have coquetted as lately as four years ago with the more advanced Panslavistic organizations, which were acting in concert with though not openly allied to the associations formed for the promotion of a revolutionary movement in Russia. Upon more than one occasion the Grand Duke's relations with native patriots of the advanced Panslavistic school are stated to have led to distressing differences between himself and his father, to whom, moreover, his admitted dislike to Germany was particularly painful.

When, however, it became evident, not only to the Imperial family, but to the public that the chief aim of the Nihilistic conspiracy was the assassination of the Czar, his son, the present Emperor, broke off all communications with every description of secret society in and out of Russia, and identified himself unreservedly with the line of action adopted by his father's advisers for the perpetuation of the Romanoff dynasty.

The new Emperor is said to be a strong, determined man, though his nerves have been severely shaken by the continual peril of assassination in which the last two years of his life have been passed. His face has none of that pathetic melancholy peculiar to his father's. His expression is active, keen and somewhat severe. His manners are quick, decided and occasionally brusque. He is not quite so tall as other members of his family, being a little under six feet in height, but his frame is large, thick-set and muscular. He is the first Emperor since Peter who has married elsewhere than in Germany. The *Herald* correspondent says: "That the Czar has been no carpet soldier is evident from the marks of frostbites on the third and fourth fingers of his left hand and *a slight scar on his temple*, where a bullet grazed his head in one of the battles in the Turkish war. He is very popular in Copenhagen, where he and the Princess Dagmar, as she is still fondly called by the Danes, walk about the town together in the most unceremonious manner and are always ready to take their part in any popular entertainment during the long visits which they periodically pay at her father's court. It also speaks well for him that he is supposed to require no extra amusement there, but to be perfectly happy, leading a simple life with his wife and children, roaming about in the park and spending quiet evenings in the castle."

The Czar's study in the Anitchkov Palace is a small room fitted up with maps and globes and well-filled bookcases, in which historical works in all languages predominate. That he is a reader is shown by the pile of newspapers which he collects at the different stations when on a railroad journey to peruse on the road, and he has taken personal interest in the publication of the State correspondence in Russia. The Czar is an early riser, and the labors of his day commence at nine in the morning. Till one o'clock he is occupied in his study receiving the Ministers, who present their weekly or daily reports, and consulting with them over affairs of State.

It is especially significant of the policy of the present Czar that while high officials have often a difficulty in obtaining an interview, His Majesty is always accessible to provincial deputations, which are sometimes composed of wild Khirgiz, sometimes of swarthy Kalmuks or skin-clad Samoyedes, and sometimes of illiterate Russian peasants who desire to present a holy picture to their great father and to express their loyalty and devotion to his person. The Emperor receives one and all with a stern dignity which though accompanied in most cases by a certain kindness of manner, always leaves the conviction that Alexander III. feels himself an autocrat, and is determined to yield none of his prerogatives, but to impress on all who approach him that they are in the presence of an absolute, though kindly master. This species of self-assertion was a trait in the character of the Emperor in his very earliest days.

THE RELIGION OF RUSSIA.

The greatest weakness of Russia is the absence of a pure religious faith. The Gospel of Christ is hidden by human devices. The Greek Church, which is the Russian State Church, is not so superstitious or intolerant as the Roman Catholic, although similar in other respects. While the Russian people are intensely religious as regards forms and rites, the idea of religion as a moral power is known only to a few.

THE CORONATION.

The coronation of the Czar is purely a religious rite, being almost void of political meaning. It does not add anything to his rights except sanctioning his right to wear the crown and the Imperial purple cloak, the sceptre, and the Imperial globe (derjava). But these are only the symbols of the prerogatives which he actually wields when once the oath of allegiance is taken by his subjects. The ceremony took place in the Kremlin at Moscow on Sunday, May 27th, with a great deal of pomp and solemnity. In the Uspensky Sabor, or Cathedral Church of the Ascension, the Emperor and Empress walked under a canopy of cloth of gold with embroidered eagles, plumes of ostrich feathers, and a crown surmounting all. The poles supporting the canopy were borne by sixteen generals, while sixteen more held the cords and tassels. The Metropolitan Archbishop of Novgorod threw holy water upon the Emperor and Empress, who kissed the cross in the Metropolitan's hand. They then proceeded to their places in the church, while the clergy were singing.

THE CZAR CROWNS HIMSELF.

The Metropolitan ascended the platform, and gave the Emperor an open book, from which he read the articles of faith aloud. After having read a chapter from the New Testament, the Emperor rose, took off the small chain of the Order of St. Andrew, and put on the ermine mantle and a large chain of diamonds. Then the Metropolitan pronounced a blessing, and prayed with the Emperor. A high functionary approached with the Imperial crown upon a crimson cushion. The Metropolitan took it with both hands, and presented it to the Emperor. The Emperor received it, and *himself* placed it upon his head, while the Metropolitan read a speech composed for the occasion. In the same manner the Emperor received the sceptre and the Imperial orb of gold. He then sat down with the sceptre in his right hand and the globe in his left. The coronation ceremony is supposed to have the same meaning as the anointing of David performed by Samuel. And the Metropolitan of Moscow, while laying his hands on the Czar's head, prays that God would bless him as He formerly blessed David anointed by Samuel. In the further prayers the Metropolitan says that the Czar's visible and material ornaments are a sign of the invisible God's blessing and of the gift of the Holy Ghost.

While the Czar puts on himself the purple cloak, the Metropolitan prays God to grant him protection from above. The Czar puts on his head his crown, and the Metropolitan says that that signifies that God makes him the head and master of his people. Further on the prelate asks God to grant to the new autocrat "the sceptre of salvation, to seat him on the throne of truth, to arm him by the might of the Holy Ghost, and to anoint him with the chrism of heavenly joy."

THE EMPRESS CROWNED.

After the Czar had placed his crown upon his head, and assumed the sceptre and orb, and had taken his seat upon his throne, he called the Empress. The *Herald* correspondent says, "She rose from her throne and, her train being borne by eight courtiers, knelt before the Czar, bending reverently her head, upon which the Emperor rested his crown for a moment, symbolizing her share of his glory and his woes. This was

A BEAUTIFULLY TOUCHING SCENE.

Then four grand duchesses approached the Empress and assisted the placing of the small and beautiful crown upon her head, where it rested a mass of sparkling light. Rising from her kneeling attitude she approached the Czar and bent her head on one side to receive the Emperor's kiss, tears the while filling her eyes; and the great, strong man, deeply touched, with misty eyes too, bent down and kissed lovingly and tenderly the white, earnest face that looked up to him and that seemed so expressive of mingled happiness and tender anxiety. It was a scene that will ever linger in the memory of those who witnessed it."

The Emperor also placed the ermine mantle upon the Empress's shoulders, and fastened it with the chain of St. Andrew. Then both their Majesties took their seats, and all the bells of Moscow began to ring at once, while a salute of one hundred and one guns was fired, and the

The evil chieftain, whosoever he may be, that shall arrive at this "bad eminence," will then be in the position to begin a war of extermination against the "good." These, living in the world, while not of the world, will take no part in the fiery contests around them; nor, when the wicked supremacy is established, will they be forward to profess an allegiance to it that will render questionable their loyalty to Christ. This negation of his authority and supremacy will be intolerable to the king, and hence persecution and

EXTERMINATION WILL BE PROCLAIMED.

This, no doubt, is the *rationale* of these events; and it is in various ways confirmed by Scripture.

The kingdom represented by the iron of the quadrimetallic image of Daniel 2 was, like iron, to break in pieces and subdue all things, and to this kingdom belongs the evil chieftain of the last days. The fourth beast of Daniel 7, on which appeared the Little Horn, was dreadful, terrible, and strong exceedingly; it had great iron teeth, and devoured and brake in pieces, and stamped the residue with his feet; and it had ten horns, representing subject kings. The King of Fierce Countenance of Daniel 8 *waxed* exceeding great (the prophetic mode of expressing continual conquest over rival powers) toward the south and east, and toward the pleasant land—even to the host of heaven, casting down some of the host and of the stars to the ground. The Wilful King of Daniel 11 shall do according to his will, and exalt and magnify himself above all. He will be involved in contests with the king of the south, and other powers. Of the Man of Sin of St. Paul little is said to connect him with war or warlike proceedings and conquests; but his identity with the Wild Beast of the Apocalypse is undeniable; and it is not easy to conceive how he could in this world reach the exalted position assigned to him by Paul, except by means of

SUCCESSFUL WAR AGAINST ALL OPPOSERS.

But the apocalyptic Wild Beast, without doubt, is a great warrior. The outcry of wonder from all the world, "Who is like him? who is able to make war with him?" cannot be sent forth until he has made his prowess felt. All the characteristics of Daniel's iron kingdom, Little Horn, King of Fierce Countenance, Wilful King, and Paul's Man of Sin, and Son of Perdition, meet in him. After his establishment upon the earth as King of the Locusts, there are indications in the prophecy of an indescribable conflict of great powers under the second woe-trumpet, in which two hundred millions of horsemen are engaged, and the third part of men are slain. Whether this is to be literally understood is not the question *here;* it implies war and bloodshed in a struggle for power and conquest; and as it occurs *before* the war against the saints and slaughter of the witnesses, it confirms the position before implicitly arrived at—that the last conflict between *good* and *evil* can only take place after a tremendous struggle among the nations for supremacy; and this position is thus established by Scripture, as well as by reason.

THE WORLD IN THE LATTER DAYS.

The course of the argument has unfolded a view of the condition of the world in the latter days that most strikingly answers to the prescient description given by our Saviour to His disciples as He sat upon the Mount of Olives.

ORDER AND NATURE OF FINAL EVENTS.

It is time, however, to make some distinctions that are necessary to give the mind a definite apprehension of the order and character of the events of the last days. By the *last war* must be understood the war which will be waged by the evil chief against the Lamb—the Lord Jesus Christ. It is this which stamps its character as a contest between good and evil; for the evil, then, is *all* evil, and the good is *all* good.

The *war with the saints and witnesses*, though designated a war, will more properly be a raid of persecution and extermination; for in proportion as the followers of Christ are true representatives of the good will they refrain from the sword and from all acts of offence and reprisal. "Here is the patience and the faith of the saints;" and, "*from henceforth*, blessed are the dead which die in the Lord." In the extremity of their peril the Lord will appear for their salvation, and will then avenge their blood upon those that dwell on the earth. This raid upon the saints will be a movement totally distinct from that in which "nation shall rise against nation, and kingdom against kingdom," as described by our Lord. The former will be projected and carried on by the Antichrist, or evil chief alone, and the latter will be the process of his rise to supreme power by the subjugation of all worldly antagonists.

COMMOTION AMONG THE NATIONS.

This *period of commotion* among the nations and kingdoms must necessarily be a time of terrible "distress and perplexity." It will not be surprising that the pretensions of some to be deliverers and saviours will excite the hopes and foster the credulity of multitudes, who will be led after false Christs and false prophets only until

THE ANTICHRIST

himself shall appear with signs and lying wonders, aided by all the power of Satan, and so able to delude the world into the worship of himself as its God and Saviour. This will inaugurate the last stage of this world's impiety and blasphemy, which, supplemented as it will be by the raid of Antichrist upon the saints, will call down the predicted vials of Divine wrath and empty them to the last drop of their indignation upon the destroyers of the earth.

THE "TRAVAILING WOMAN."

But it is not to be supposed that a period of commotion like that thus alluded to can come upon the world without previous preparation. The rise of the Beast, or Antichrist, from the bottomless pit, must occur in order of time before that Beast can wage war with and overcome the saints; so, before the ascension of the Wild Beast from the pit, there must come the travailing in birth of the Woman of Revelation 12, and the casting out of heaven of Satan, who then, in his wrath at the escape of the Woman, raises up the Wild Beast to perform his will. This sequence of events is undeniable. It is only the varying methods of interpreting the symbols of this chapter that introduce confusion.

The period of time, then, that is covered by the events symbolized by the travailing in birth of the Woman clothed with the sun, the war between Michael and the Dragon, the casting out of Satan, and the flight of the Woman, is an interval of the utmost interest and importance—not inferior, in fact, to that which follows it. For anything that can be discovered from the tenor and sequence of the prophecy, it is just that series of events that may begin now at any time, and lead on from the present ordinary aspect of worldly affairs to

THE RISE AND REIGN OF ANTICHRIST.

However important it may be to obtain a right understanding of the symbols used in the twelfth chapter of the Apocalypse, it is much more essential to a proper appreciation of the general sense of the whole prophecy that the correct sequence of the events portrayed should be made apparent. Only by such a method can anachronisms be avoided. Whatever becomes of the symbols, or any particular explanation or application of them, a clearly deduced sequence in the action, or order of events, must be a prime necessity, and, when made out, should be unflinchingly held, no matter what the necessities of an attractive exposition may be.

This remark is not intended to discourage attempts to explain the symbolical representations, but rather to facilitate that object by indicating the

TRUE METHOD OF APOCALYPTIC ANALYSIS.

In determining sequences the following positions are impregnable:

1. Beginning with the travailing Woman, she must appear with child *before* Satan can appear to be watching to devour her offspring.
2. She must travail in birth *before* the Man-child can be born.
3. The child must be born *before* he can be caught away to God's throne and delivered from the Dragon.
4. Satan's attempts to devour the Man-child, if that be the occasion of the war in heaven (as the text would seem to indicate), must *precede* that war.
5. The war necessarily *precedes* the expulsion of Satan and his angels.
6. The expulsion of the Dragon, being consequent upon his attempt to devour the Man-child, the wrath that rages in him must be caused by his combined failure and defeat, and must *precede* his persecution of the Woman and her flight.
7. The Woman's flight, again, *precedes* the flood sent after her by the Dragon.
8. The failure of the flood to carry her away *precedes* the devil's next movement—to wage war against her seed by means of the Wild Beast, whom he raises out of the flood.
9. The Beast's rise must *precede* his attainment of worldly supremacy.
10. He arrives at supremacy *before* he overcomes and slays the saints and witnesses, etc., etc.

It is not requisite that this series of sequences should be lengthened; it is full and explicit enough to show that the important period, from the beginning of the Woman's travail to the rise of the Antichrist, is well defined in prophecy, and fitly introductory to

THE TREMENDOUS COMMOTIONS

of his times. With reference to the remark already made—that the events foreshadowed by the symbolical representations of the twelfth chapter of the Apocalypse, are just those which might begin at any time and lead on to the rise and reign of Antichrist—one or two observations seem to be relevant.

1. They are undeniably *first* in order of time. This is sufficiently shown by the above list of sequences, and calls for no further remark.

2. Travailing in birth is a most appropriate figure for the rudimentary stages of a great event, when the principles and motives that lead to it are working in embryo. It is the figure commonly used to illustrate the condition and feelings of the Jewish nation when seeking to return to their own land in the latter days, and "The Lord shall set His hand again the second time to recover the remnant of His people." (See Micah 4:9, 10; Jer. 4:31; 30:6; Isa. 66:7, 8; Micah 5:3; Hosea 13:13). If this be the meaning of the figure in the Apocalypse (and its probability is very great), it seems to imply that a signal movement and agitation among the Jews on the subject of their restoration to Palestine, will indicate the beginning of those "wonders" of which Daniel (12:8) inquired the end.

3. That such a travailing in birth may begin now at any time, even in the present condition of the world, considering its proclivities—which tend toward that sort of universal action which a general agitation among the Jews must presuppose, from their wide dispersion over the world—is self-evident. All great movements, either in the moral, religious, or political world, have such beginnings; great principles and great institutions being brought to the birth by comparatively slow and painful degrees. Taking our standpoint, therefore, in the present year, it is not possible for any human being to declare, from the nature of the case and the position of human affairs, that the process here foreshadowed shall not begin at any moment subsequent to the present day. And when once begun, the course of events will not tarry or be set aside. This we may be assured of, because supernatural agency will speedily come upon the scene to work for a specific purposes and end, beginning its action upon the original tempter, whose expulsion from heaven brings "woe to the inhabiters of the earth."

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NOTICE.

On and after July 5th the price of single copies of The Christian Herald will be five cents. We make this change in deference to the wishes of the trade. Dealers in cities distant from New York have hitherto been deterred from keeping the paper in stock by the fact that its extremely low price allowed them no adequate compensation for trouble and risk.

N.B.—*No change will be made in the Subscription Price.*

CURRENT EVENTS.

Action has at Length been Taken by the Commissioners of Emigration to prevent the landing of the crowds of Irish paupers now being sent here by the British Government. It has been discovered that a large proportion of the "assisted emigrants" have been the inmates of poor houses, and are likely to become a public charge. The Secretary of the Board of Commissioners has been instructed "to report in writing to the Collector of the Port all immigrants coming to this port from almshouses or eleemosynary institutions of foreign countries as unable to take care of himself or herself without becoming a 'public charge,' unless authentic evidence is produced to show that said persons are able to take care of themselves." Collector Robertson has also notified the steamship companies that their vessels will be boarded in the bay, and if any persons are found thereon who are paupers, or likely to become a public charge, the steamship company will be required to take them back at their own expense.

The President's Plan for the Reduction of the Internal Revenue Districts was issued last week. President Arthur has slightly exceeded the reductions suggested by Congress. It will be remembered that Congress suggested that the districts might be reduced by one-third. The President's consolidations reduce the number from 126 to 82. One-fourth of the consolidations are made in New England, New York, and Pennsylvania. The changes were to go into effect on July 1st. In some cases the collectors of the consolidated districts are new men, but in the majority the collector of one of the districts consolidated is made collector of the enlarged district. While, therefore *forty-four districts disappear* from the list, there are more than forty-four collectors discharged. This exceedingly difficult and delicate task has necessarily provoked considerable criticism, and must have caused the President some anxiety. It is unfortunate that in performing it he should have had as adviser such a man as Commissioner Evans, whose extraordinary conduct since he has been in office has brought discredit on the administration, and has, if the numerous reports may be trusted, elicited a reproof from the President. Vigorous protests come from all quarters where removals have taken place, the friends of the decapitated officials being indignant over the President's decision. The journals representing the section of the party known as the Half Breeds are loud in denunciation of the changes, averring that Stalwart collectors have been retained and Half Breeds dismissed. That question, however, does not trouble the public, which is concerned rather that the revenue service should be managed by honest and efficient men, than that they should be selected from any particular section of the party.

An Inquiry has been Ordered in the Case of Mr. Charles M. Horton, whom Commissioner Evans recently appointed special agent on the recommendation of ex-Secretary Blaine and others. Serious charges were made against Mr. Horton soon after his appointment was announced, and now a distinct charge is made that when he was in the public service before, he accepted a bribe of $600. Mr. Evans stated that Mr. Horton was his personal friend, but that defence for the appointment does not cover this particular question. Mr. Horton emphatically denies the charge, and an investigation is now proceeding before Mr Horton enters on his duties.

The Scott Liquor Law in Ohio was on June 26th pronounced constitutional by the Supreme Court of the State, Judge O'Key dissenting. This was the law passed by the last legislature when it became evident that the Pond Law was unconstitutional. The leading features of the law are an annual tax, for beer and wine only, $100; an annual tax for selling spirituous liquors, with or without beer and wine, $200. Unpaid assessments, and penalties thereon will attach as a lien on the real property, so that the landlord is responsible for their payment. Saloon keepers who return their business as dealers in malt or vinous liquors and who shall sell spirituous liquors shall have $250 added to their $125 assessment; and if any of these increased assessments are not paid when due the penalty shall be twenty per cent added. The revenues and fines from this law are to be distributed as follows: One fourth to the poor fund of the county; the remaining three fourths equally between the police and the general funds; where corporations have no police fund, the three fourths shall be placed in the general fund. Any person who sells intoxicating liquors to minors or drunkards shall be fined from $25 to $100 or be imprisoned ten to thirty days or both. The Dead Letter law which forbids the selling of intoxicating liquors to be drunk on the premises is repealed. The decision of the Supreme Court is likely to have an important influence on the campaign.

The Iowa Republican Convention Assembled on Wednesday, June 27th, at Des Moines. This convention has been anticipated with some anxiety, owing to the failure in the courts of the prohibition amendment, and uncertainty as to the action of the Republican party with regard to it. The attitude of the party was explicitly defined in the platform. In the second resolution the following decisive statement is made: "We plant ourselves on the side of the homes of our own people in their contest against the saloons; that when the Republican party of Iowa pledged itself, in 1879, to give to the people, at a special non-partisan election, the opportunity to vote on a proposition to so amend the constitution of the State as to prohibit the manufacture and sale as a beverage of intoxicating liquors, it acted in good faith, and the special election of June 27th, 1882, gave evidence of the redemption of the pledge so given, and we now declare that we accept the result of the election with its majority of 29,974 in favor of the adoption of the amendment so voted on as *the verdict of the people* in favor of constitutional and statutory prohibition, and without making any test of party fealty we recognize the moral and political obligation which requires the enactment of such laws by the next General Assembly as shall provide for the establishment and enforcement of the principle and policy affirmed by the people at said non-partisan election, and to that end the faith of the party is pledged." On the tariff issue which was regarded as only next in importance to the liquor question, the convention joined issue with the Democrats, and *declared for protection.* Governor Sherman and Lieutenant-Governor Manning were renominated, and Judge Reed received the nomination on the second ballot for judge of the Supreme Court.

A Beautiful Statue of General R. E. Lee was unveiled on June 28th, at Lexington, Va. The ceremony was the occasion of an interesting gathering of prominent people from all parts of the country. Mr. Valentine's statue of the general has cost $15,000. It is a life-size recumbent figure of white Vermont marble. The floor of the chamber is tesselated in white marble and encaustic tiles. Slabs of gray Indiana marble set in dark red Baltimore brick form panels on the wall, and above them are niches for medallions in low relief of Confederate generals. The general seems at rest on his camp-bed, one hand resting on his bosom, the other touching his sword, the head turned partly to one side. The covering and drapery are faithfully represented, and the expression of the face is one of repose.

A Steady Decline in the Western Floods was continuous through last week. It commenced on Tuesday, and on Saturday a telegram from St. Louis stated that nearly all the sidewalks along the river front were visible, and business was being resumed. The work of relieving the distress of families is progressing, but not as much has been done as was desired, owing to the scarcity of money. It is expected, however, that more funds or provisions will be available in a day or two, when the relief will be more effective. The railroads are getting into pretty good shape again, and there are no longer any delays to trains in any direction. The dread of a June rise from the mountains is fast passing away, and the general belief now is that there will be no additional damage done, even though the river should rise again. The losses in cattle and crops cannot at present be calculated with accuracy, but it is certain that it will be several millions of dollars.

A War on Trade Dollars Agitated the Business community in New York last week. Rumors were in circulation early in the week that the value of the coin would soon be depreciated by legislation, and those traders who had many of them hastened to unload. Before the close of the week the price had fallen, until it was difficult to obtain more than eighty-five cents for them. The present condition of the Treasury balance with its perpetually increasing store of standard silver dollars, leads to apprehension lest that coin, too, should cease to be legal tender and depreciate, but until Congress meets in December there is no danger of any change in that direction.

We Acknowledge with much Pleasure the receipt of several contributions to the fund for supplying The Christian Herald to colored ministers in the South. A Baltimore subscriber who sends $2 says: "The paper has often brightened my pathway through life, and I pray that the blessing of God may ever rest upon it." Five dollars are received from a subscriber in Cambridgeport, Mass.; $10 from a subscriber in Verona, Wis., and $10 from a subscriber in Illinois, who asks, as others have done, that his name may not be published. We heartily join our prayers with those of our friends that God may continue to bless The Christian Herald and make it instrumental for good as He has done hitherto.

A Little Girl was Killed by a Carpet-tack at Lockport, N. Y., recently. On June 19th a little girl, only sixteen months old, while playing at her mother's knee fell upon the floor, and the point of a tack penetrated her forehead. The matter caused no uneasiness at the time, but the child continued to get worse each day since, and finally the wound developed symptoms of blood poisoning which grew more dangerous in character, until on June 27th she expired in convulsions. This severe and sad result from such a trifling wound is something very unusual in the experience of physicians. Similar cases, however, in spiritual concerns are by no means rare. It is the slight injuries done by some careless word or inconsistent act, which at the times may pass unnoticed, that most frequently give a fatal turning to a child's soul (Prov. 11 : 9).

Losing an Arm to Save a Child was the Result of a car-driver's humanity in Jersey City last week. John Monahan, the driver of a "bobtail" car plying between Jersey City and Hoboken was driving through Grove Street of the former city, when he saw a little girl toddle out on the street and on to the track. He turned his horse, which was going very fast; then, knowing that he could not stop the car in time, he leaned over the dashboard and lifted the child aside. He leaned over so far that he lost his balance, fell, and the wheels of the car passed over his arm, crushing it so badly that it will have to be amputated. It is very sad that the man should so suffer through his effort to save the child. He must have known that he was running a risk to himself in doing as he did, though he could not forsee how seriously he would be injured. We should think it very ungrateful of the child's parents if they failed to reward their child's preserver, yet when men are told that the Saviour actually gave His life for them they hear the story unmoved (Heb. 12 : 2).

A "Whooper-up" is a Professional not Classified in our city directories, but it appears from a statement recently published in a New York daily journal that there is a demand for such people, and that their duties are performed and paid for. A reporter entered one of the low-class variety theatres, notorious for the hilarity of its audience, and heard the manager engage a girl as "a whooper-up." Not understanding the term, he asked what it meant, and the manager replied, "That's one," and pointed out a girl of demonstrative exuberance. She giggled convulsively at all of the witticisms uttered within hearing, she laughed loud and long at the stage fun, and she joined with shrill gaiety in the choruses of the songs. Altogether, she seemed the maddest, merriest creature in the gathering. "She's a whooper-up," the man explained. "It's her business to keep the jollity going." There is something intensely melancholy in the idea of a kind of jollity which needs to be kept up by salaried laughers. It must be of the most empty, hollow kind. Yet there is no doubt that much of the world's so-called happiness is so maintained, but generally Satan pays the wages (Eccles. 7 : 6).

A Romantic Story is Told of a Child now in the Orphan Asylum of New York. During the summer vacation last year a little orphan girl of singular beauty was received into the asylum on the application of a man who said the child was without means or friends, and that he had brought her there as an act of charity. He said she was born in Baltimore, Md. The child became a favorite, and talked freely of her past life, but could not remember names, not even those of her father and grandfather. One of the attendants, however, believing from the child's narrative that she had once lived at Alameda, Cal., wrote to some friends of her own in that city. The reply recently rceived leads to the belief that the child was adopted by a man and woman there when she became an orphan, and that they received, under her grandfather's will, a considerable sum of money for her support. Afterward wearying of the charge, or from motives of cupidity, they brought her to New York and handed her over to the orphan asylum, telling the child that it was a boarding-school. If the facts are correctly reported this seems a very culpable attempt to shirk responsibility, but while we condemn it we should ask ourselves whether in leaving ministers and evangelists to fulfil the Saviour's injunction (Mark 16 : 15) we are not acting in a similar manner (Matt. 25 : 45).

A Poor Boy's Treasure Excited Some Curiosity recently. A farmer in New Jersey engaged some boys from a charitable institution at Hagerstown, Ind., to work on his farm. The agent who conducted them there noticed one of the boys who had been bound to the owner of the farm for a term of years, kept placing his hand inside of his jacket on the left side, and occasionally would peep within with a tender look. At last he said, "What have you got in there, my little friend?" "Oh, nothing, sir," he replied, "only *a bit of my mother's dress* which I've sewed on my coat; it was the dress she had on when she died, and now it kind of comforts me when I touch it." It was a pitiful treasure, utterly worthless, but to the boy more precious than gold. He must have loved his mother very dearly to have derived comfort from a scrap of her clothing. If she had left him a letter of instructions, or have told him of something he might do for her sake, such a boy would not have neglected it. Yet while a poor orphan boy so loved his earthly parent, men who have far more cause to love their Father in heaven are often careless of His Word and commands (John 14 : 21).

A Line of Remarkable Willow Trees at Cambridge, Mass., has an interesting history. A visitor from England to that city recently noticed the willows, which are set in a row of mathematical accuracy, and remarked that they seemed to be of great age. He was then given the following account of their origin: During the Revolutionary War, while the American Army was encamped on the heights around Boston, a fortification was thrown up, extending from Somerville westward through Cambridge. This fortification ran directly through the field in which the willows now grow. In order to form a palisade, willow stakes were driven into the top of the earthen barricade, and these stakes took root and finally developed into the handsome willows which now adorn the field. The brave men who thus used the stakes doubtless regarded them as mere dead wood, and had no idea that after the lapse of more than a century they would be flourishing trees. There are men about us who are dead in trespasses and sins and whom the Church too often regards as hopelessly dead, who might be quickened into new life by the Holy Spirit, if they were brought under His influence, and that life would be eternal (Ezek. 17 : 24).

An Enormous Boulder Suspended in the Flume, which has for generations been an object of interest to visitors to the Franconian Mountains, is said to have fallen at last. This huge rock, filling the entire space between the smooth walls of the Flume, was held there, at a height of perhaps forty feet above the stream that tumbles along the floor of the wonderful gorge, as if gripped in the jaws of a vise. It was a puzzle to everybody, no one being able to explain what held the boulder in place. It seemed as if a blow from a sledge-hammer would dislodge the enormous rock and send it thundering down the chasm; yet thousands of people crossed the big timber that spans the gorge above the boulder, or clambered down, at much risk, upon the suspended rock itself, without thought of insecurity. The undermining power of floods, in some ancient time, probably landed the boulder in the position in which it was for so long a time the wonder of all visitors. Happily, no one was injured by the fall of the gigantic rock, though so many people have been rash enough to walk upon it, believing that as it had remained so many years unmoved, it never would move. The same disposition is manifested as to the coming of the days of trouble, but God's word will be fulfilled (II Peter 3 : 4, 10).

IMITATORS OF GOD.

A New Sermon by Pastor C. H. Spurgeon.

"Be ye therefore followers of God, as dear children."—EPHESIANS 5 : 1.

The Constant Giver—I. The Precept—A Call to Duty—A Word to Children—An Ennobling Precept—A Test—Of Knowledge—Of Love—Of Spirit—A Valuable Aid—A Help to Usefulness—II. The Argument—A Child's Natural Tendency—Alexander's Name Disgraced—Children Beloved—Need of First-Class Believers—Christians who Come in at Meal-times—III. Encouragements—Children Already—Having the Divine Nature — Helped by the Spirit—Communing with God—A Persian Fable—IV. Inferences—Cranmer and Leighton.

WE shall read the text as it should more properly be translated: "Be ye therefore imitators of God, as beloved children." Upon the word *imitate* our discourse will hinge.

The division into chapters is often most unfortunate, and in this case it causes a break in a passage which in its sense is one and indivisible. The apostle had said, "Be ye kind one to another, tender-hearted, forgiving one another, even as God for Christ's sake hath forgiven you. Be ye *therefore* imitators of God, as dear children." He has forgiven you, therefore imitate Him. It is a pity to have divided the argument from the conclusion.

The apostle urges us to give and forgive. If ye be imitators of God, give, for He is always giving. Give, for if He were not to give, our lives would end; give, for He giveth unto all men liberally and upbraideth not, and every good gift and every perfect gift is from above. Be ye imitators of God,

THE CONSTANT, GENEROUS GIVER,

who spared not His own Son. Thanks be to His name for that unspeakable gift!

Then comes that which to most men is a harder task, but which to a Christian man is a delight—I mean to forgive. God for Christ's sake hath forgiven us; He has blotted out our transgressions like a cloud, and cast our sins into the depth of the sea, plunging them into oblivion; therefore, let us forgive most freely all that have done us wrong, so that when we bow our knee we may say without hypocrisy, "Forgive us our trespasses as we forgive them that trespass against us." Let giving and forgiving be two prominent features of our lives as Christians—giving to the needy and forgiving the guilty; giving to such as ask of us, and forgiving such as offend us. By these two things let us show that we walk in love as Christ also hath loved us. He has given Himself for us, and through His precious blood we are forgiven our iniquities; let us, therefore, blend giving and forgiving into one God-like life, imitating our God. This is our Father's commandment, let it be our delight.

I. With this as a preface, let us now come closely to the text, and let us consider the precept here laid down—"Be ye imitators of God, as dear children." I note upon this precept, first, that *it calls us to practical duty*. Many precepts of the Word of God are thought by men of the world to be unpractical, but even in those instances they are in error, for the result and outcome of such precepts produces the practical holiness which all profess to desire. In this instance there can be no cavil at the too spiritual, sentimental, or speculative character of the text; there can be no question as to the eminently practical character of the exhortation—"Be ye imitators of God, as dear children," for it points to action, continued action of the best kind. "Be ye imitators"—that is, do not only meditate upon God and think that you have done enough, but go on to copy what you study.

Neither does the text say to us, "Be ye admirers of God." This we ought to be, and shall be if we are true Christians. The pure in heart who alone can truly see God are filled with a reverent admiration of Him. With the angels, every gracious heart exclaims, "Holy, holy, holy, Lord God of hosts." "*There is none holy* as the Lord" (Sam. 2 : 2). When the best of

men are compared with the Lord their holiness is not to be mentioned. "Who is like unto thee, O God, glorious in holiness?" But we cannot rest satisfied with rendering such admiration; we must prove that we do really admire by closely copying. The world's proverb is that "imitation is the sincerest form of flattery;" I shall alter it, and adapt it to a higher use. Imitation of God is the sincerest form of admiring Him; neither can we believe that you know God, and are at all charmed with His holiness, unless you endeavor, as He shall help you, to imitate Him as dear children.

Neither does the text even stay at adoration, though that is a sublime height. Adoration springs out of meditation and admiration, and is a very high and noble exercise of the mind. Perhaps we rise to

THE HIGHEST POSSIBLE SERVICE

of God on earth when we are adoring Him; this is the engagement of saints and angels before His throne, and never are we nearer heaven than when we follow the same occupation here below. Beloved, let your whole lives be adoration. Let us spread our adoration over all the day, till from the moment when we open our eyes till we close them again at night, we shall be practically worshipping the Lord by reverencing His law, delighting in His commandments, and imitating His character. It is clear that the precept before us is eminently practical. You who boast in being such practical men give heed to this!

Next, *this precept treats us as children*, treats us as what we are; and if we are lowly in heart we shall be thankful that it is worded as it is. Some men are very high and mighty; measured by their own rod they are great men, and hence they must be original, and strike out a path for themselves. You are not commanded to do anything of the kind; the path is laid down for you—"Be ye imitators." This is a similar doctrine to that which we teach to boys at school. You, my boy, are not to invent a system of writing; yours is a much easier task, keep to your copy, imitate every letter, ay, every turn and twist of your master's hand. Scholars can only learn by imitation, and we are all scholars. It may be something to aspire to be the head of a school of painting; but the first thing for the young artist to do is to copy. He who cannot copy cannot originate; depend upon that. I have heard great outcries about young preachers imitating, but I would suggest that, in their early efforts, this is not blameworthy. What more natural than that Timothy should at first be much influenced by Paul's manner of speech?

When our Lord Jesus exhibited on earth the character of God, His life was so original that the world knew Him not; they were puzzled and amazed at the sight of One who was so like unto the Father. His life struck men as being the most singular thing they had ever seen; and if we are close copyists of God our characters will also stand out in relief, and we shall each one be "a wonder unto many." You see it is a humbling exhortation which only men of childlike spirit are likely to regard. Wisely does the Scripture address it only to such—"Be ye therefore imitators of God, as dear children;" if you are not His children you cannot imitate Him, and you will not even desire to do so.

Observe next, that while it thus humbles us, *this precept ennobles us;* for what a grand thing it is to be imitators of God! It is an honor to be the lowliest follower of such a leader. It is no honor to imitate a poor example. But, oh, beloved, he who seeks to imitate his God has

A NOBLE ENTERPRISE

before him; he shall rise as on eagle's wings. We are copying infinite goodness; we seek after moral perfection. We are to be "blameless and harmless, the sons of God without rebuke;" but as God is infinitely more than that, so are we to rise above mere innocence into actual holiness. To refrain from evil is not enough, we must be filled with all goodness by the Spirit of God. Is not this a mark worth aiming at? You see your calling, brethren; to a high place in the rank of intelligences you are bidden to ascend by God Himself. In this respect take your seats in the highest room. Imitate, but note well that ye do not select an imperfect example; "Be ye imitators of God, as dear children."

While it ennobles us, *this precept tests us*—tests us in many points. "Be ye imitators of God;"

THIS TESTS OUR KNOWLEDGE.

A man cannot imitate that which he has never seen. He who does not know God cannot possibly imitate Him. Do you know God, my hearer? Have you turned unto Him with repentance? Have you ever spoken with Him in prayer? Have you had fellowship with Him in Christ? Can you say, "I have set the Lord always before me"? You cannot possibly follow a copy except you fix your eye upon that copy, and have some intelligent knowledge of what it is. What is more, this precept tests our love. If we love God, love will constrain us to imitate Him; but we shall not do so from any other force. We readily grow somewhat like that which we love. In married life persons who have truly loved, though they may begin with great dissimilarity, will gradually be conformed to one another in the process of years. Likeness is the natural product of love; and so if we love God truly we shall by very force of that love through His blessed Spirit grow more and more like unto Him.

Our text does even more than this; it tests our sincerity. If a man is not really a Christian he will take no care about his life; but in the matter of close copying a man must be careful; a watchful care is implied in the idea of imitation. My friend, you cannot imitate God if you are one of that sort of Christians who are habitually in a condition between sleeping and waking, with one eye a little open and the other closed. Such men live a slovenly life, and attempt a sort of happy-go-lucky religion, which may be right or which may be wrong, but its character they cannot tell, for they run with their neighbors, and never examine for themselves.

Moreover, the precept tests us as to our spirit whether it be of the law or of the Gospel. "Be ye imitators of God, as dear children;"

NOT AS SLAVES

might imitate their master—unwillingly, dreading the crack of his whip; but loving, willing imitators, such as children are. You do not urge your children to imitate you; they do this even in their games. See how the boy rides his wooden horse, and the girl imitates her nurse. You see the minister's little boy trying to preach like his father; and you all remember the picture of the tiny girl with a Bible in front of her and an ancient pair of spectacles upon her nose, saying, "Now, I'm grandmamma." They copy us by force of nature; they cannot help it. Such will be the holiness of the genuine Christian. He is born from above, and hence he lives above. His imitation of God springs out of his relationship to God. If you love evil you are not the children of God at all, and cannot imitate Him nor render to Him any acceptable service whatever. The Lord make us to be imitators of Him, even as children from a natural bent copy their parents.

While it tests us, *this precept greatly aids us.* It is a fine thing for a man to know what he has to do, for then he is led in a plain path because of his enemies. What a help it is to have a clear chart, and a true compass! We have only to ask, "What would our heavenly Father do in such a case?" and our course is clear. As far as we are capable of imitating the Lord our pathway is plain. Creatures cannot imitate their Creator in His divine attributes, but children may copy their Father in His moral attributes. By the aid of His divine Spirit we can copy our God in His justice, righteousness, holiness, purity, truth, and faithfulness. We can be tender-hearted, kind, forbearing, merciful, forgiving; in a word, we may walk in love as Christ also hath loved us.

I will leave my first head when I have made one more observation: *this precept is greatly for our usefulness*—"Be ye imitators of God, as dear children." I do not know of anything which would make us so useful to our fellowmen as this would do. What are we sent into the world for? Is it not that we may keep men in mind of God, whom they are most anxious to forget? If we are imitators of God, as dear children, they will be compelled to recollect that there is a God, for they will see His character reflected in ours. I have heard of an atheist who said he could get over every argument except the example of his godly mother; he could never answer that. A genuinely holy Christian is a beam of God's glory and a testimony to the being and the goodness of God. Men cannot forget that there is a God so long as they see His servants among them,

DRESSED IN THE LIVERY

of holiness. Holy men are the world's Bibles; they read not the Testament, but they read our testimony.

Brethren, a close imitation of God would make our religion honorable. The ungodly might still hate it, but they could not sneer at it; nay, the more candid among unbelievers, perceiving our holiness to be the result of our faith, would say nothing against it. The name of Christ would not be so evil spoken of if our lives were not so faulty. Holiness is true preaching, and preaching of the most successful kind. What a support it is to the preacher when he has a people around him who are daily witnessing for God at home and in business. An unclean professor is a fountain of scepticism, and a hindrance to the Gospel. To be useful we must be holy. If we would bless men as God blesses them, we must live as God lives. Therefore, "Be ye imitators of God, as dear children." Thus much upon the precept.

II. Secondly, I invite you, dear friends, as we are helped of God's Spirit to weigh the argument. The argument is this, "Be ye imitators of God, *as dear children.*"

First, *as children.* It is the natural tendency of children to imitate their parents; yet there are exceptions, for some children are the opposite of their fathers, perhaps displaying the vices of a remoter ancestor. Absalom did not imitate David, nor was Rehoboam a repetition of Solomon. In the case of God's children it is a necessity that they should be like their Father; for it is a rule in spirituals that like begets its like. Those who live wickedly are the children of the Wicked One; no proof is wanted, you may take it for granted; life is the evidence of nature. Those who live godly and righteously in Christ Jesus, believing in Him, are God's children; and though the godly sin, yet they do not love sin, nor remain without repenting of it. Holiness of life is the proof of regeneration, neither can we accept any other. "By their fruits ye shall know them," is a rule of universal application. God's children *must* be like Him. With all their faults and failings there must be about their lives as a whole a likeness to God. The copy may be blurred, but it is a copy.

I say to any man here who bears the name of Christian and professes to be a child of God, either be like your Father or give up your name. You remember

THE OLD CLASSIC STORY

of a soldier in Alexander's army whose name was Alexander, but when the battle was raging he trembled. Then Alexander said to him, "How canst thou bear the name of Alexander? Drop thy cowardice, or drop thy name." So say I to those who are unholy, unclean, impure, unkind, ungracious; be like God, or cease to bear the name of a child of God. What need is there that thou shouldest aggravate thy sin by pretending to a character which thou dost not possess! Be like Christ, or be not called a Christian. Do not play the Judas unless thou hast a mind to be a second "son of perdition."

The argument, then, is that if we are children we should imitate our Father; but it is also said "as *dear* children." Read it as "*children be-*

loved." Is not this a tender but mighty argument? What love was that which revealed itself in your new birth and your adoption, giving you thus the nature and the status of a child of God! Furthermore, since you have been a child, was there ever such kindness received by a child from a father as you have received? Behold, He dealeth with you as with sons. You could not wish for God to improve upon His dealings with you, since He acts toward you as He uses to do unto those that love His name. Behold how He has borne with your ill manners! How He has put up with your mistakes and your forgettings! How He has cared for you in all your cares, helped you in all your difficulties, and pardoned you in all your sins! I do not know what *you* have to say, my brother, but this I can say, I am filled with admiration at the love of God to myself. I have been a child greatly beloved of his Father. His love to me is wonderful; I am a deep debtor to His grace. Are you not the same? Then imitate your Father, for the more the love of a child to his Father the more his admiration of his Father, and the stronger his desire to be like Him in all things. Let it be so with you.

However, this word "*as dear children*" bears yet another meaning.

CHILDREN DIFFER.

A father loves all his children, but he cannot be said in all respects to love them all alike, for some force him to love them beyond the rest. You have one dear son who lies nearest your heart. What a sweet child he is! You have got another boy; he is your child, and you love him, and do your best with him, but he is *an awkward bit of stuff*. He gives you little pleasure, and you are not particularly anxious to have him about you all day long. The first child loves you with all his heart and strives to please you. How obedient he is! How content and happy! In all things he is a comfort in the house. Your heart binds its tendrils about your Joseph more closely than about the wayward boy; you do not make a favorite of him, and so excite the jealousy of the others; yet you must own to a nearer and dearer love than usual when you think of him. You cannot help your heart clinging to him; his behavior is such that he is the son of your right hand, and he has a tender place in your soul—in a word, he is one of those whom the text calls, "dear children." Just so the Lord has certain *dear* children.

Our Lord Jesus had disciples, but of some He said, "Then are ye my disciples indeed." Be such. May the Holy Spirit make you such! Around us there are troops of third-rate Christians; oh, for more

FIRST-CLASS BELIEVERS!

We have many who appear to come into the Father's house at meal-times to get a bit of bread, and then they are off again into the world. Oh, to be of David's mind: "I will dwell in the house of the Lord forever." Be ye imitators of God, then, in so high a sense that ye become dear children, whose one thought is how to please their father, whose sorrow it is to grieve him, whose beauty it is to be like him.

III. In the third place, I desire, dear friends, to suggest encouragements. Did I hear one cry, "Oh, sir, this imitation of God is beyond us. How are we to be copyists of God?" I will encourage you by giving hints, which you can work out for yourselves.

First, *God has already made you His children.* I speak to you that are believers; you are God's sons and daughters. The greater work is done. If you are to be imitators of God, as dear children, you must first be His children; that is already accomplished. You could not have made yourselves children of God, but He has done that for you. "Beloved, now are we the sons of God." It must be a much easier thing to imitate the Father than to become a child. We are "born, not of blood, nor of the will of the flesh, nor of the will of man, but of God"; and by this new birth we are renewed in His image. Hence the greater part of the task, the insurmountable hill of difficulty, is over, and that which remains is but our reasonable service. Should not the child imitate his father! Will he not do so naturally?

Next remember that *God has given you His nature already.* It remains for you to let the new nature act after its own manner. Let the holy thing that has been born in you now occupy the throne, and subdue the body of this death. Pray God it may. It seems to me a small thing to let the new nature have scope and freedom compared with the giving of that nature. A clean heart and a right spirit have been bestowed, let these show themselves in clean lives and right feelings. The living and incorruptible seed will produce a harvest of good works, water it with your prayer and watchfulness. If anything doth hinder it, repent and do your first works.

Next, *the Lord has given you His blessed Spirit to help you.* "Likewise also the Spirit helpeth our infirmity." Never forget that. Things impossible with men are possible enough to the Spirit of God. We have the Spirit abiding in us, vitalizing our whole nature. The most beautiful harp you ever saw has no music in itself, but must be struck by the fingers of a musician; but the Holy Spirit makes us into living harps, which from themselves pour forth a natural and spontaneous melody. Is not this marvellous? We have not to look abroad for power to be holy, for the Spirit of God abideth in us, and worketh in us, creating in us "the spirit of power and of love and of a sound mind." Oh, to be filled with the Spirit of God!

Again remember, dear friend, that *the Lord allows you to commune with Himself.* Nearness to God brings likeness to God. The more you see God the more of God will be seen in you. You know

THE PERSIAN STORY

of the scented clay. One said to it, "Clay, whence hast thou thy delicious perfume?" It answered: "I was aforetime nothing but a piece of common clay, but I lay long in the sweet society of a rose till I drank in its fragrance and became perfumed myself." Oh, if you dwell much with God in seasons of retirement, and abide with Him in all the affairs of life, you will be changed into His image. As surely as the type will make its impress upon the paper, and the seal will stamp itself upon the wax, so will the Lord impress Himself upon you, and stamp His image upon you if you dwell in Him.

IV. Now by turning our subject a little round we shall close with certain inferences. I have hitherto spoken only to saints, but here is an inference for seekers. "Be ye imitators of God, as dear children:" what do I infer from this? I infer that *God is*

READY TO FORGIVE

those who have offended Him. O you that have never been pardoned, listen to this; the Lord must be ready to forgive. We are to make God our pattern, but if God were unwilling to forgive He could not be a pattern to us. We are to be ready to pass by the offences of others, therefore if God is set forth as our example He must certainly be more ready to forgive than any of us can be. Oh, you that are covered with sin to-day, I would urge you to catch at this fact.

They said of Cranmer that he was more than ready to forgive, for he always returned good for evil. It was a common saying, "Do my lord of Canterbury an ill turn, and he will be your friend as long as you live." That was fine; but my lord of Canterbury was nothing in gentleness compared with the Father of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ. The holy Leighton, also, was of such a gentle spirit that one day when he went out for a walk and came back he could not get into his own house, for it was locked up, and his servant had gone away for a day's fishing without leave or notice. All the good man said was, "John, next time you go fishing, please to let me know, or at least leave me the key, so that I may open the door." That was all. If even men have come up to such a degree of patience, much more will you find longsuffering in God. Oh, trembler, do believe that our Father in heaven is willing to forgive you. You backsliders, you great sinners, have right thoughts of God, and come to Him at once for reconciliation. There is forgiveness with Him. "He delighteth in mercy." "The Lord is good, and ready to forgive."

Another inference—only a hint at it—is, if you are told to be "imitators of God, as dear children," then you may depend upon it *the Lord is*

A DEAR FATHER.

The dear children of God have a dear Father. We may rest assured that He will be kind and tender to us, since He would have us loving toward Himself. I know you are heavy in spirit at this time; I know you are depressed and troubled; but your Father is kind and good. Believe it if you cannot see it. If reason says that He deals somewhat harshly with you, for He chastens you, remember that this is His way with His beloved. Has He not said, "As many as I love I rebuke and chasten"? These stripes are seals of love. Chastisement is a high proof of wise affection.

Lastly, when the text says, "Be ye imitators of God," it bids us keep on imitating Him as long as we live; therefore I conclude that God will always be to us what He is. He will continue in His love since He makes that love the example of ours. God will persevere in bringing us home to heaven, for He teaches us to persevere, and make this a part of our likeness to Himself. The Lord will not turn away His heart from us; He will not fail nor be discouraged; having begun to make us meet for heaven He will never stay His hand till that work is done. Wherefore rest ye upon the immutable goodness of your Father, and pray for grace evermore to imitate Him until ye come to see His face. May His presence be with you, and may He give you rest. Amen.

[The prayers of the readers of this Journal are requested for the blessing of God upon its Editors in America and England, and those whose sermons, articles, or labors for Christ are printed in it; and for its weekly circulation of more than 260,000 copies to be blessed by the Holy Spirit to the conversion of many sinners and the quickening of God's people. Mr. Spurgeon and Dr. Talmage especially request prayer every Sunday morning on behalf of their labors.]

TWO INTERVIEWS WITH A STREET WAIF.

(*See Illustration, page 428.*)

SOME years ago a minister was going one Sunday morning from his house to his school-room. As he turned a corner he saw assembled around a pump a party of boys who were playing at marbles. On his coming near they began to pick up their marbles, and run away. One little fellow, not having seen him as soon as the rest, could not accomplish this, so before he had succeeded in gathering up his marbles the minister had closed upon him and placed his hand on his shoulder, and said:

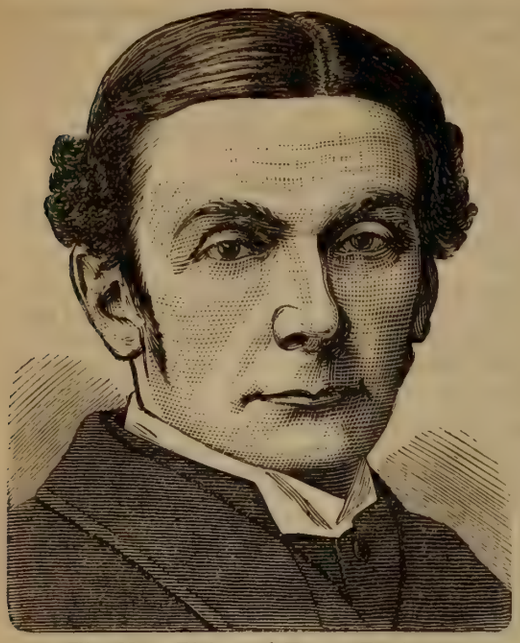
"Have you found all your marbles?" "No," said the boy, "I have not."

"Then," said the minister, "I will help you to find them." Whereupon he helped to look for the marbles, and as he did so he remarked: "I liked to play at marbles when a little boy, and I think I can beat you. But," he added, "*I never played marbles on Sunday.*"

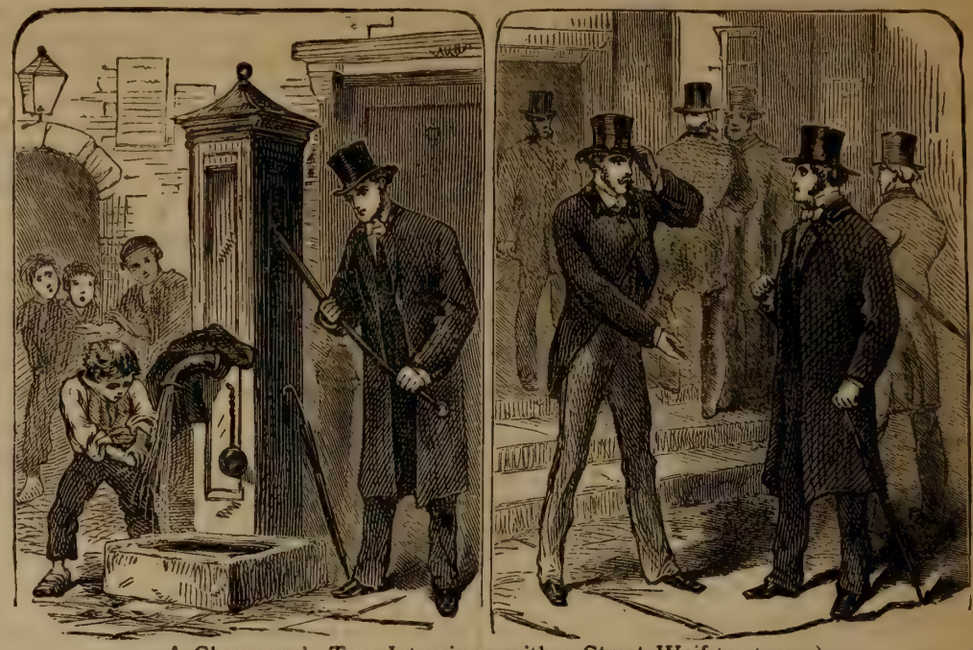
The boy's attention was arrested; he liked his friend's face, and began to wonder who he was. The minister said: "I am going to a place where I think you would like to be. Will you come with me?"

"Where do you live?" asked the boy.

The minister told him where the house was. "Why, that's the minister's house!" exclaimed the boy; as if he did not suppose that a kind man and the minister could be the same person. "Yes," was the reply, "I am the minister, and if you will go with me I think I can do you some good." "But my hands are dirty, sir; and I



The New Bishop of Truro, England.



A Clergyman's Two Interviews with a Street Waif (see page 427).

cannot go, looking as I do." "Here is a pump; why not wash?" was the reply. "I am so little that I can't wash and pump at the same time," the boy said; and the minister rejoined, "If you'll wash, I'll pump."

He at once set to work, and pumped; the little boy washed his hands and face till they were clean and bright. "My hands are wet, and I don't know how to dry them."

The minister pulled out of his pocket a clean handkerchief, and offered it to the boy, who hesitated. "But it is clean!" "Yes," was the reply "but it was made to be soiled."

The boy dried his hands and face with the handkerchief, and then accompanied the minister to the door of the Sunday-school.

Twenty years after, the minister was walking in the street of a large city, when a tall gentleman meeting him, looked into his face, and said: "Do you remember me?" "No," said the minister, "I do not."

"Do you remember, twenty years ago, finding a little boy playing marbles near a pump? Do you recollect that boy being too dirty to go to school, and your pumping for him, and your speaking kindly to him and taking him to school?"

"Oh!" said the minister, "I do remember." "Sir," said the gentleman, "I was that boy. I prospered in business. I have attained a good position in society; and on seeing you to-day I felt bound to shake your hand, and say that it is to your kindness and consideration for me a little marble-player, years ago, that I owe, under God, all that I am and hope to be. May God bless you!"

THE NEW BISHOP OF TRURO,

The Right Rev. Dr. Wilkinson.

GEORGE HOWARD WILKINSON, whose portrait appears on this page, has been appointed Bishop of Truro, England, in succession to Dr. Benson, now Archbishop of Canterbury. He was born in the year 1830, and was educated at Oriel College, Oxford University, where he graduated B.A., in 1855. Two years later, in 1857, he was ordained to the ministry of the Church of England, and at the same time was appointed curate of Kensington, a suburb of London, in which capacity he remained until 1859.

That is a large parish and Mr. Wilkinson acquired there a familiar acquaintance with parochial affairs, and had ample opportunities for judging how the work of the Church should be carried on in crowded communities. He soon became conspicuous for his energy and self-devotion in the cause of the poor, no less than for his unassuming manners and the fervor with which he attended to his ecclesiastical duties—qualities which augured well for his future career. He subsequently held two livings in succession, at Seaham Harbor and Bishop Auckland, both in the county of Durham, and in 1867 he received an appointment in London where he became incumbent of St. Peter's Great Windmill Street.

WORK IN LONDON.

After three years of hard unremitting labor in this new sphere he became, in 1870, Vicar of St. Peter's, Eaton Square, and was soon afterward appointed to a canonry. The change was one of the happiest that could have befallen him. It is not difficult to be the vicar of a handsome church in the most aristocratic quarter in London, but it is by no means easy to induce the rich and idle to form and sustain those lay organizations for the improvement of the parish without which it is almost impossible for the work of the Church to be carried on.

Canon Wilkinson, however, was the very man to succeed, where tact, urbanity, and judgment were required; he roused the lukewarm and indifferent to recognize what was due from them to the religion they ostensibly professed, and his exertions resulted in St. Peter's becoming the most frequented church in the neighborhood, and the centre of a wide circle of beneficent influence that was felt far and wide. The canon's schools, societies, and associations of ladies for the purpose of helping the unfortunate and friendless who suffer through no fault of their own, have amply justified the thoughtful benevolence of their founder. His unwearying labor made his name famous in London and when Dr. Benson was promoted from the Bishopric of Truro to the Archiepiscopate of Canterbury, the hard-working pastor of St. Peter's was invited to succeed him at Truro.

A FRIEND IN NEED.

(See Illustration on page 429.)

IN a long, low, old-fashioned cottage, a man in the prime of life lay dying of consumption. He was an earnest, devoted Christian, but his faith was sorely tried. It seemed so hard to leave his wife and child, when they were all so happy together.

"George, dear, how are you feeling this morning?" said his wife, entering the room where the sick man lay.

"A little brighter this morning, Alice," he answered as cheerfully as he could, "but sadly weak. The cough shakes me terribly."

"Poor dear," she said, in that tender, pitying tone he knew so well. "We must ask Dr. Clarke to give us something to relieve that cough. I think you would surely get better if it were not for that."

George shook his head despairingly, and drawing his wife's fair plump hand between his own emaciated palms, said: "It is of no use, my love. Dr. Clarke cannot help us; it is too late. We must make up our minds to part. It is the Lord's will, and I am gradually learning to submit. It is very hard, and all the harder because I do not know how you will live after I am gone; but God is faithful, and I am sure He will take care of you better than I could have done if I lived. Can you trust Him now, my love?"

Alice had her face pillowed on her husband's shoulder, and was weeping silently. She dare scarcely trust her voice to answer, but she whispered, "Yes, dear, I am trusting; He will not fail us."

Only two days afterward George Greville died, and Alice was a widow and her daughter fatherless. They laid the dear dead form tenderly in the cemetery, and sat down in their desolate cottage with hearts full of grief.

The next day Alice went with her daughter to the city to search for employment. She had few accomplishments, but she thought she might perhaps be able to give music lessons or teach French in some of the schools, or failing that might obtain employment by her needle. It was a sad mission for one whose heart was full of grief. She had written, before her husband's death, to her only brother, telling him of their trouble, but no answer had been received, and she had heard afterward that he was absent on a long voyage on which he had been sent by the firm whose confidential clerk he was. Alice knew that if he were home he would befriend her. She returned from her visit weary and discouraged, unable to obtain employment. Day after day the weary quest was continued without result, and night after night she bent at the throne of grace to gain fresh strength.

Several weeks passed by, and there was still no prospect of earning a livelihood for the widow. One evening on her return from her vain search she found an elderly gentleman at her door, who had apparently been seeking admission during her absence.

"You do not know me, Mrs. Greville," he said, in rather a dry, hard, business-like tone. "I have not had the pleasure of meeting you before, but your late husband knew me. I am the owner of the cottage. I came to see what you intend doing about it. The rent was due two

The Widow, relieved of her Creditor, watches her Brother's Departure.

weeks ago, but I thought I would not trouble you about it. Your husband used to bring it to my office in the city. I suppose you did not know it was due. Ladies don't know much about business."

Alice invited the stranger to enter. She had never given a thought to the rent of the cottage, and she was unprepared for the reminder of her oversight. The owner was a business man, hard and unsympathetic, who looked at everything from a business point of view. Alice thought that he might possibly be able to help her, so she laid her circumstances before him.

"Yours is a hard lot, madam," he said. "I wonder your husband did not insure his life. Very negligent that was on his part. Young men get married as soon as they are able to keep a wife, and trust to luck for the future. I did not get married until I had fifty thousand dollars all well invested. Pity he did not wait, then you would not have had to suffer for his imprudence. However, I'll think it over, perhaps there may be some way of helping you, and I'll call on you next week. Have you any friends who would advance you the money for the rent?"

"No, sir," said Alice. "There are none who could do that, but if you will give me a little time I hope God will enable me to pay you. I should be very sorry to leave the cottage."

"Well, you know, madam, this is a matter of business. I cannot afford to let you the cottage without rent, but I do not mind waiting a week or two if you can see your way to paying punctually in future."

The next week Mr. Righton, the owner of the cottage, called again according to promise. "Well, madam," he said, in his dry, harsh voice, "how are you getting on? Heard of anything to suit you?"

"No," said Alice, "I have been trying, but there seems no work to be had of any kind."

"Then you will be pleased to learn that I have had better success. A friend of mine whose wife died a few weeks ago needs a housekeeper, and I think you would suit him. He will take you on my recommendation. You could not take the child with you, but I can get her into an orphanage not very far away. She would do well enough there. What do you say to that proposal?"

"I am deeply indebted to you for your trouble, sir, but it would be very hard to part with Gracie. It would break my heart to lose her now that we are left alone," said the widow, her eyes filling with tears, and Gracie's hand tightly clasped in her own.

"Tut, tut," said Mr. Righton, "you would soon get over that. In your position you should expect to put up with such things. The child would be well taken care of, and that is all you ought to think of. I call it very ungrateful of you to raise difficulties."

"You do not understand a mother's love, sir, or you would know what it is to be separated from a child."

"No, madam, I never had a child, but I should think they gave a great deal of trouble and you should be thankful to be relieved of it. If you are so fond of the child, you ought to be glad to have her provided for."

"I cannot consent now, sir," Alice said. "I am sure you mean kindly, and you have taken a great deal of trouble for a stranger. Will you give me a few days to think of it?"

"Yes, yes, I do not mind. I thought you would have been glad to accept it right off. However, I will come again next week, and hear what you have to say." With that Mr. Righton took his leave, and mother and daughter were left alone.

The next few days were a time of struggle. Gracie pleaded pitifully that they might not be separated, that they might live on bread and water rather than part. But Alice could not think how even those necessaries could be provided. Again she carried her perplexity to God, and besought His direction. Gradually the conviction settled upon her that the sacrifice must be made, and she tried to prepare her disconsolate child for the inevitable. On Monday she knew Mr. Righton would be there for her decision. Saturday was come, and to-morrow would be the last Sunday the two bereaved ones would spend together. Alice took the child in her arms that evening and told her that there was no alternative; she must accept Mr. Righton's proposal. Gracie burst into a flood of tears and clung to her mother with passionate grip as though she would rather die than be parted. Silently the mother wept too, and then in soothing, earnest tones sought to lead her child to trust in God.

They were talking softly in the twilight when a loud ring at the bell startled both of them. Alice rose and went to the door, expecting to see Mr. Righton. But it was not he. Instead of the dry, harsh voice and the stiff greeting, she was clasped in a pair of strong arms and her face was covered with kisses. "Alice, my dear sister," said a voice she well knew, "I am so glad to see you. Where is my little Gracie?" There she was close beside her mother, her little heart full of hope that now Uncle Harry was come she would not have to leave her mother. Uncle Harry was conducted into the inner room, just now the scene of such bitter sorrow, and was there told all the sad story.

"No, Alice," he said, "you shall not lose your child. I will see to that. I am not so rich as Mr. Righton, but I am earning enough for us all, and I have neither wife nor child. We will see if we cannot keep things together."

The widow heard the words with a full heart. It was better than she had dared hope. But it was true, for Harry was there before her with Gracie on his knee, promising to be a father to her.

Mr. Righton had a surprise in store for him when he came on Monday, fully expecting to find the widow had thought better of it. Harry had waited to receive him before going to the city to arrange for bringing his belongings to his new quarters. Mr. Righton, to his surprise, received his rent and heard the news that Harry intended to make the future of the widow and her child his care. He bluntly said that he should have thought a young business man would have had more sense than to support another man's family, but it was no concern of his. Having settled with Mr. Righton, each took his separate way; but when Harry turned at the end of the lane and saw his sister with little Gracie beside her waving her handkerchief, their faces beaming with the gladness that filled their hearts, he thought he had not done so unwise a thing after all, in spite of Mr. Righton's opinion. Years afterward, when he had learned the blessings of a Christian home, and had been led by his sister to trust in the Saviour, he knew that in succoring the widow and the fatherless he had received a double blessing in his own soul.

PETER BLAKE'S VOYAGE.

A SERIAL STORY BY HESBA STRETTON.

(*Concluded from page* 415.)

Found at Last.

PETER BLAKE left Normandy with a heart fuller of anxiety than when he started from England. He had reckoned confidently upon obtaining some clew to his wife and children from his mother; but she had passed away without once naming them. The Sister who had charge of the hopsital told him that she had never spoken of them. From the first moment of her paralytic seizure, when she was admitted into this last, mournful asylum, she had been speechless until the hour of her death, which he had been in time to witness.

The only sign of consciousness she had given was the pain and restlessness she manifested if the old cradle was ever out of her sight; though what was passing in her clouded mind none of them could guess. "She was a true mother!" said Sister Marie, with a sigh. Peter begged of her to take good care of the old cradle, in which his own little children had been rocked, until he could send for it, if ever he had a home of his own again.

But at present his home was lost in a terrible darkness. Somewhere, in some poor shelter, Bessie must be dwelling, with Nanette and the baby; though Victor and his mother were dead. But how to find them? He was one of those men whose beloved ones are never really out of their thoughts, though they may be diligent and skilful about their work. Even at the busiest moment some fond recollection of his children would flash across him, and bring a smile to his face. Bessie's singing would seem to ring in his ears when the deck was all quietness and he was keeping the watch through the dark hours of the night. Then he would conjure up in fancy, the peaceful, safe, and happy home he possessed, where his treasures were, lying securely guarded for him in the heart of England. But now, after being snatched from the fearful death which had swallowed up his shipmates, he had come back to find his home broken up, as if it too had been some frail and rotten bark that could not fail to be wrecked on the stormy sea of London.

His heart was very sore and sad. There was a wrong somewhere; yet on whose head should the blame fall? That God did not ordain this misery he felt quite sure. No; the fault lay in man's own selfishness, not in God's rule. It was the old plea urged by Cain. "Am I my brother's keeper?" repeated silently or loudly by almost every human being. It was the same black warp running all through the web of social life, from the unscrupulous shipowner, Penrose, who flung away lives without a qualm, down to Fleck, whose selfish cunning had left Bessie to sink under her troubles. "All ye are brethren," Christ had said. A strange brotherhood truly had been wrought out in this Christian country; though nearly nineteen hundred years had passed since the Master had spoken these words.

It was evening when he reached the Waterloo Station; and he took a train at once to London Bridge. Almost instinctively he turned his face toward Wapping; for there was no other spot in London where he had ever had a home. It was a chilly spring night, with a white mist driving in from the Essex marshes on the night wind. He was glad to put on his thick coat of pilot-cloth, and pace along briskly past the Tower, and the wharves, and cross the bridge leading to the quiet streets of Wapping. He was going to find Fleck, who was the person that had last seen Bessie and the children. Peter had found it hard work to conquer his resentment at Fleck's cruel imposture, which had turned aside Arthur Penrose from the search he would have instituted at once for Victor's friends. But for Fleck his mother might still have been alive; and his wife and children would not have been lost. Yet he must seek him out once more, and learn from him all that could be learned about them.

Fleck's house he knew very well. It lay at the end of a somewhat squalid and blind court, at the back of the high wall which surrounds the London Docks. He had seldom been there before; for there had been no more companionship between the two seamen than that which arose from both following the same calling, and from having taken one or two voyages on board the same vessel. Fleck had no thought above the gratification of his low desires; while Peter always acted under a strong sense of honor, and of duty, both to his country and to God. To serve God, and be true to England wherever he went or however he might be placed, was his ambition. It was no wonder that he found little in common with his low-minded, cunning and selfish shipmate.

There was a light in the lower room of the house where Fleck rented the upper floor. When Peter knocked the door was opened, though only by a handbreadth, and a woman peered out cautiously into the mist, holding the door with both hand and foot, lest an entrance should be forced against her will. She was too old a woman to be Fleck's wife.

"Is Fleck at home?" he asked.

"This ain't Fleck's house," she answered, sharply. "I only let him my two first floors; but he paid his rent up and flitted, bag and baggage, nigh upon a week ago. I've been bothered enough with him, and folks coming after him."

"Gone!" exclaimed Peter.

"Ay, gone, my good young man," she continued, a little more gently, "I did hear him say, I don't deny it, that there was one law for the rich and another law for the poor, and he'd better make hisself scarce. Something about cheating or being cheated. Anyhow he's took hisself off, and his wife and children; and I say a good riddance of bad rubbish."

"And do you know nothing more about him?" he asked.

"Not a ha'porth more than you do," she answered; "I left off asking him questions that I might have no more of his lies. I hope no more folks will come bothering after him. It's not half an hour ago a woman came, with two children, asking for Fleck."

"What sort of looking woman?" inquired Peter, eagerly.

"Oh! a young woman, with a big baby in her arms," she replied, "and a little girl of five, or thereabouts. She seemed very low and cast down, poor thing! and I almost wish I'd asked her to step in and rest a bit; but there! decent folks can't be too careful of theirselves in London."

"Only half an hour ago!" said Peter.

"Not longer," she added; "I almost thought it might be her again; and I'd have asked her in and given the child a slice of bread. She said she was hungry, poor little lass! Only one is so often taken in by beggars like that."

But Peter Blake scarcely heard the last words. Only half an hour ago, and Bessie and his children, for he could not believe it was any one else, had been in this very court, and standing at this very door! Yet now, where were they? It seemed impossible that they could have trodden this very causeway, and left no footmarks whereby he could trace them. If they had been shipwrecked on some wild coast, he might have tracked them along the sandy shore, or made them hear his voice calling to them among the rocky cliffs. But here, in the streets, they might be no more than a few paces from him, yet he might pass on, and never see them!

He paused for a minute or two at the outlet of the court, considering. Before him rose the dockyard wall. To the right, where the short street ended, there was a number of turnings, any one of which Bessie might have taken. Round the corner to the left lay the old churchyard, and not far beyond that the bridge over which he had just crossed from the city. Which way had Bessie taken? Where were her weary feet wandering now? And Nanny's little feet, which should have no rough paths to tread if he could help it. Cast down, and hungry, and homeless, were they? Yet, thank God! they were neither dead, nor in a workhouse. One half of the burden that had weighed upon him was taken away.

He did not waste much time in choosing his path. He turned quickly in the direction of the bridge to ask the watchman there if any woman with two children had passed that way. The gray headstones in the old churchyard glimmered before him, for the moon was shining behind the thin, white mist; and dim shapes were visible in the pale light, though in the shadows all was dark and hidden. At that hour there was no one in the quiet spot except himself, and his rapid footstep sounded noisily in the stillness. But he paid no heed to the white moonlight on the graves, or the solemn silence, until he heard the pattering of little feet running after him, and felt a child's hand catch at his pilot-coat.

"Mother says I may ask you to give me a penny; I am so hungry," said a child's plaintive voice.

He stopped instantly, stunned and bewildered. Surely it could not be his own little child begging from a stranger in the streets! Was it possible that Bessie was really hiding somewhere in the shadows, waiting for a penny from a chance passer-by? His bright, merry, good little wife, with her high spirit, brought so low! There was intense bitterness to him in the thought. He had always been so proud of her, so careful for her. Was he in this way shown what her fate must have been if he had actually been lost in the Dolphin? Yet he had found them; they were close beside him. Little Nan's hand was pulling at his coat, as it had done many a time before when he reached home. They should suffer no longer, for he was as strong as ever to win all they needed by his labor, and to shelter and protect them from trouble by his love.

"Father is lost at sea," said little Nan, beginning to cry, "and Uncle Victor too. We've got no house now, and we're cold and hungry."

Still he could not speak a word; but he stooped down and lifted his little girl in his strong arms. Then he leaned against the railings of the churchyard, half afraid that he might stagger and fall. He had never felt so shaken and unstrung before. What must have become of them if he had been lost at sea? Little Nan, frightened, yet quiet, pushed back his cap with her cold hands, and looked closely into his face.

"Why! it's father!" she cried, "come home again! Oh! let me run and tell mother."

"Where is she?" he asked, almost in a whisper.

"Come, come," she said, struggling to get down upon her feet, and pulling him eagerly by the hand as soon as she was on the ground. He had but to walk a few steps into the concealing mist, and there sat his wife, crouching in a doorway, with her baby on her lap, and her gown drawn over it to keep it warm. He could only command his voice to call her name, "Bessie!"

How they met one another they could never tell exactly. Bessie never spoke of it in after days without breaking down with tears. There was too deep a blending of sorrow and gladness; for there were two gone, who could never return to the old familiar life, though there would be a home again. Bessie could hardly believe that her husband's presence was not a dream, until she found herself sitting by his side in a warm and lighted room of a quiet lodging-house close by.

"Oh! I've been very ill," she said sobbing, when he asked her how she had fallen to such a strait as this, "and I could not write to your poor mother, and I never heard a word of her. My illness ate up all I had, and I pawned our clothes; and still I could not find any work to do. It's been a hard winter for poor folks. But when I came to the end of all, I bethought me of what Fleck said about young Mr. Penrose. I was going to ask him to do something for me and the children; though it was hard to come down to that. Only I found out I couldn't starve in the streets, with two little children starving too. And then Fleck was gone away, and I was wishing we were all dead and buried, and little Nan ran after a stranger to beg, and it was you!"

It is not many years since these things happened. Arthur Penrose and Peter Blake are both young men still, and firm friends. Both are doing their utmost to set things right wherever they find them wrong. What Peter Blake can do he does to raise the character of his fellow-seamen, and make them efficient, sober, and honest mariners. Never again has he signed ships' articles without making sure that the vessel is seaworthy to which he trusts his own life, and the welfare of his family. No ship of Arthur Penrose has set sail for any voyage, long or short, without being as safe and sound as the best iron and timber can make her. He is never likely to be a rich shipowner; but he will be a true and honorable man, if not a happy one. His father's sin darkens life for him. Two of the vessels which were afloat when he died have never been heard of again; and when or how they were lost no man returned to tell.

Fleck has been seen only once by Peter, selling seamen's tracts in some back street, but he made off as soon as he caught sight of his old

shipmate, and Peter had barely time enough to see that he looked wretched and degraded.

Little Nan still believes that the sea is in the hollow of God's hand.

THE END.

IN THE PLAINS OF JERICHO.

S. S. Lesson for July 15, Joshua 5 : 10, 6 : 5. Golden Text, Heb. 11 : 30. By Mrs. Baxter.

A Memorable Feast—The Ceasing of the Manna—The Believer's Food—The Supernatural Force—The Heathen Awed and Perplexed—The Celestial Captain—Joshua's Submission—The Siege of Jericho—Rules of Faith Life—A Strange Warfare—The Shout of Victory before Conflict—Promise the Evidence—Their Duty.

BEFORE the children of Israel could take possession of the land of promise, every individual man among them must be brought into covenant with God by circumcision, and the whole multitude must keep the feast of the passover. What a passover must that have been, the first in the promised land, just within sight of the river, which a few days before had obeyed the command of God, and opened a way for them to pass over! What recollections must have stirred within the hearts of Joshua and Caleb, who would remember the passover night in Egypt, and who had tasted so experimentally the sheltering power of the blood of the Lamb! Up to this time the people had neither tasted the milk nor the honey, nor yet any of the fruit of the land of Canaan; still the manna fell around them as their food, but once the passover kept in Canaan, they began to eat of its provisions; "they did eat of the old corn of the land on the morrow after the passover, unleavened cakes and parched corn in the selfsame day. And

THE MANNA CEASED ON THE MORROW."

Wilderness provision was no longer needed now. When any of us has passed from the wilderness experience, the constant treading over and over again the same ground, the same experiences of failure, the same deliverances, succeeded by renewed failures—and when we have passed over the Jordan, and stand on the promises of the living God, instead of on our own poor doings—then our experience undergoes a distinct and most blessed change; every step we take becomes possession, new inheritance of God, and the way which He leads us becomes food for us, difficulties strengthen, nourish, exercise, the land *itself* bears fruit and we do not need Christ as manna, when we find Him as "the old corn of the land;" our experience of Christ is no longer provisional, He dwells within us.

God had been at work upon the inhabitants of the land of Canaan, the news had reached them how the waters of Jordan had dried up before the children of Israel, how they were marching forward steadily and surely toward them, and "their heart melted, neither was there spirit in them any more, because of the children of Israel." Military tactics they could cope with, numbers in the field, strategy, or any other kind of resistance which was common to man, but a people who could march through the sea, who were provisioned by an unseen commissariat, before whom rivers dried up, these were irresistible, and the poor heathen, cultured people as they were for that age, knew not how to meet them. Oh, if we knew the real power over others which there is in the presence of God with us, how much less should we attempt to convince them by human reasoning, how much more real would be our cry, "Send Thine hand from above" (Ps. 144 : 7).

When Joshua was by Jericho (apparently alone), "he lifted up his eyes and looked, and behold there stood a man over against him with His sword drawn in His hand; and Joshua went unto Him, and said unto Him, Art thou for us, or for our adversaries? And He said, Nay; but as

CAPTAIN OF THE HOST OF THE LORD

am I now come." Oh, how often, in face of trial, the thought has arisen, "Is God really on my side?" A converted wife may say, whose husband is acting madly, drinking, gambling or speculating away the little means he has, and leaving her and the children no prospect but debt, ruin and starvation, "How can God be on my side when He does not change my husband's heart, or hear my prayer for him? He seems not to help me in my distress." "Nay; but as Captain of the host of the Lord am I now come." Dear distressed sister, do not look for help from the Lord, as though *you* were in command; give the command over to Him, and with it the care and the responsibility. Put that husband and those circumstances definitely into the hands of God, and *out* of your own hands, so that every thought about them which may arise may be referred to Him, as concerning *Him*, and not you, and thus you will find the walls of Jericho will fall, and impossibilities be done. A brother, earnestly working for the Lord, just in a place where Christians have been more than usually inconsistent, harsh, unjust, unloving, dishonest, and self-indulgent; one who desires to raise the tone of piety, but who is met on all sides by the most obstinate opposition, may be tempted to cry, "'Hath God forgotten to be gracious?' 'Is He really on my side?'" "Nay; but as Captain," is His reply; "put Me in command, hand over first yourself, then your difficulties to Me, and I will deal with them."

Joshua recognized *his superior in command*, and took his right place, he "fell on his face to the earth," and said unto Him, "What saith my Lord unto His servant?" And the Captain of the Lord's host said unto Joshua, "Loose thy shoe from off thy foot; for the place whereon thou standest is holy." Oh, how blessed it is when, in any circumstances we are conscious that God is speaking to us, then that which we might have thought trying, disagreeable, unfortunate becomes holy ground!

THE LORD IN COMMAND,

what would follow? The city of Jericho lay straight in the way indicated by the ark of the Lord. Cities walled up to heaven were in the land of Canaan, but the children of Israel were not to go up and attack them promiscuously, the pillar of clouds of fire went on before. The fear of the children of Israel had so laid hold upon the inhabitants of Jericho that "the city was straitly shut up," "none went out, and none came in," the place was in a state of siege; Joshua was occupied in taking orders from his Captain who said to him, "See, I have given into thine hand Jericho, and the king thereof, and the mighty men of valor." Now was the time for the exercise of Joshua's faith; the mighty walls of the city were standing, the king yet lived, and the mighty men of valor were around him, yet by faith Joshua was to act as though the city were already in his possession, because he had the Word of God for it.

To those who are habitually leading a life of faith, nothing seems more simple and easy; but to reasoning minds which have not learned to be little children, the way of faith is hard. "What things soever ye desire when ye pray, believe that ye receive [or have received] them, and ye shall have them" (Mark 11 : 24); this seems nonsense to a reasoning mind. "What, believe I receive a thing before I actually have it? Ridiculous!" Yet nothing is so natural and so real as this to one who counts upon the Word of God.

God's command was, "Ye shall compass the city, all ye men of war, and go round about the city once. Thus shalt thou do six days. And seven priests shall bear before the ark seven trumpets of rams' horns; and the seventh day ye shall compass the city seven times, and the priests shall blow with the trumpets."

STRANGE WARFARE;

and yet commanded by God! Had Joshua not been a man of faith, he would have thought how ridiculous and senseless it must have appeared to the inhabitants who looked over the walls, to see them just walking round in silence, only blowing the trumpets, and this day after day.

Joshua had to give up all hope of being recognized by the heathen as a talented general; no glory must accrue to him. To some minds this is exceedingly difficult, they find themselves continually justifying their position to those who have no more conception of the way of faith than a man born blind has of form or color. The promise of God was that on the seventh day, when the people were to compass the city seven times, and to shout with a loud shout, the walls of the city should fall down flat. The shout of victory among those who know not the Lord, *follows* the hour of conquest, but in the way of faith it precedes. It is when we can praise God for that which He has promised us, that the victory is sure. Here is the difference between expecting and accepting. There are very many who come to the Lord for blessing, whether pardon, cleansing, power, healing or whatever else, and having presented their request, continue waiting and expecting that some time or other God will probably, perhaps surely, answer their prayer; but the answer is far off in the future. Others there are who know something of the way of faith, and they

WHEN THEY PRAY BELIEVE

that they receive, and therefore *take* the answer; this is accepting, not expecting. The shout of the children of Israel would be a token of accepting, not expecting, the fall of Jericho.

There was no dissentient voice among the people: fresh from the passage of Jordan, from their renewed covenant, from the commemoration of the passover, their faith and zeal had received an impetus which carried them above worldly and carnal considerations, and strange as were the directions given them, they obeyed. The order of march was, first the armed men of all the tribes, next the seven priests blowing with the trumpets, then the ark of the covenant of the Lord, and finally the rereward, or "gathering host," and the only sound to be heard was the tramp of feet to the sound of the trumpets. There seems to have been no arrow shot from the city walls, nor yet toward them from the host of Israel.

Some among the people might have thought, "What a waste of time this is to go on walking round the walls, and gaining no ground whatever!" And is not this the thought of many who do not see at once the answer to their prayers, or enter at once into the experience of God's promises? Yet this trial of faith and patience is God's own provision. "Cast not away, therefore, your confidence, which hath great recompense of reward. For ye have need of patience, that after ye have done the will of God, ye might receive the promise" (Heb. 10 : 35, 36). It was early in the morning of each day that the people compassed the city, but on the seventh day they rose about the dawning of the day and compassed the city seven times. "And it came to pass at the seventh time, when the priests blew with the trumpets, Joshua said unto the people, Shout; for the Lord hath given you the city."

THEY HAD NO EVIDENCE

of it, but the bare Word of God through Joshua, but it was enough; they believed, and when they heard the sound of the trumpet they shouted with a great shout, and "the wall fell down flat, so that the people went up into the city every man straight before him."

All escape for the inhabitants was cut off; from all sides of the city in came the men of Israel, closing in the men of Jericho, and not one man or woman, young or old, or sheep, or ass escaped, with the single exception of Rahab, who had hid the spies, and her family. It was a victory gained by God, neither by Joshua nor the people; the only part they had was to obey, to trust and to praise God. In measure as the Lord makes us little children, we find that this is our chief work, to obey, without any regard as to how it may appear, whether it is to our honor, whether it reflects credit on us or not; to obey, to trust and to praise God; so doing we become invincible, irresistible, because the Captain of the Lord's host has in hand all which concerns us; and neither the waves of Jordan, nor the walls of Jericho can hinder those who go on at the bidding of God.

FOREIGN TOPICS.

An Outbreak of Cholera in Egypt was Reported on June 27th. It made its appearance first at Damietta. The physicians refused to furnish statements of the number of deaths from the disease, but the cablegram states that of forty-two deaths which occurred in the city on June 26th, twenty-eight were from cholera, and by Friday the number had risen to over a hundred a day. The epidemic was spreading at last accounts in the direction of Alexandria. Twenty-two cases occurred at Mansurah, and two at Port Said. All the Europeans who were able to leave Alexandria were hurrying away, the fêtes in honor of the anniversary of the Khédive's accession to the throne were stopped, and measures promptly taken to improve the sanitary condition of the city. Serious alarm is felt in Europe lest the crowds of refugees from Alexandria may take the seeds of the plague with them, and Spain and France have already established a strict quarantine. If the epidemic had broken out last year the British troops would have had to contend against an enemy far more formidable than Arabi. As it is, there is reason to fear here will be a very serious loss of life in the British forces still in the country.

The Tension in the Relations of France and China continues. The Chinese Legation in London has received a telegram from Shanghai, stating that M. Tricou, the French Ambassador at Shanghai, behaved with great rudeness toward Li Hung Chang, who refused to meet the French Ambassador again. There has been no interview between them in the last ten days. Li Hung Chang is returning to Tientsin, because he sees no chance of reaching an understanding with M. Tricou. *La France*, of Paris, comments upon the report that Russia has consented to offer its good offices in the difficulties between China and France, and says the former had intended to ask the mediation of America, but the anti-Chinese measures adopted by the United States Congress have caused a certain coolness between the two nations.

The Strength and Resources of China in war are probably better understood by General Gordon than any other European. He is the English officer known as "Chinese Gordon," who went to China with the consent of Queen Victoria to assist the Chinese Emperor in suppressing the rebellion. He commanded Chinese troops, and ascertained what they could do by practical experience. Recently a correspondent of the New York *Herald* asked his opinion of the prospects of China in the event of a conflict with France. In the course of his reply, General Gordon said: "The Chinese are sufficiently powerful to give France a good deal of trouble, for it is not with France as with Russia, who could approach Pekin by land. The approach by sea would need a very much larger force than in 1860. If the Chinese were educated they would be able to resist all the world. China has not signed the declaration of Paris *in re* privateers, and she will make full use of her rights, I have no doubt."

English Vacillation in Egypt is said to be producing disastrous effects on the country. A correspondent in Cairo, of the New York *Herald*, describing the situation, says: "Plots and conspiracies, discontent and misery are more general at present than at any time within the memory of the oldest inhabitant. Owing to the uncertain and vacillating action of England, a feeling of general insecurity exists among all classes of Europeans. Those who have money lock it up. Enterprise is at a standstill, and the small traders, mechanics and the parasitical population who live on their richer brethren, have no means of making a livelihood, and in many cases are reduced to the utmost destitution. As long as any uncertainty exists as to the ultimate action of England in Egypt, so long will the present unhappy state of things exist; but should England put down her foot, as she eventually must, and state frankly her intentions, trade would revive, money would flow into the country, and the condition of every inhabitant would be improved. At the present moment there are 3000 officers of the Arabi army without employment and there are 1000 other dismissed employés. These men, backed by malcontent Europeans, are doing their utmost to alarm the Khedive and arouse hostility to the English."

The Pauper Emigrants from Ireland to America, whose passage the British Government is paying, were made the subject of an inquiry in the House of Commons on June 28th, addressed by the practical and philanthropic member for Newcastle, Mr. Cowen, to Mr. Trevelyan, Chief Secretary for Ireland. Mr. Trevelyan said the reports about the landing of paupers in America were greatly exaggerated. He stated that the steamer Anchoria took no inmates of any workhouse, and that all emigrants sent by the commissioners had been supplied with funds. No paupers had been sent out by the Boards of Guardians. He also stated that no definite offer for sending emigrants to Canada had been received from the Dominion Government. Mr. Trevelyan is a gentleman of honor, and doubtless states what he believes to be strictly true, but it is evident that his subordinates have deceived him. Even the emigrants whom the government "supplied with funds" were little removed on their arrival here from absolute paupers. The small sum they have with them would not support them many days.

The Marriage-Law Reform in Great Britain has been stopped in the House of Lords. Before any measure becomes a law it has to be read three times in each House of Parliament and receive the royal assent. As a rule, a bill that passes the second reading in either House may be altered in details, but usually passes the third reading in that House. In the case of the bill legalizing the marriage of widowers with the sisters of their deceased wives, there has been a departure from the rule. As already mentioned it passed its first and second reading in the Lords, but on coming up on June 28th for the third reading it was rejected by a majority of five votes. Twenty-five of the peers who voted for the second reading were absent when the third reading was put to the vote.

Two Opinions on the Irish Land Laws were published last week. Earl Spencer, the Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland, speaking at Limerick, said he saw signs of a better future for Ireland. He advocated technical training, leading to an improved style of farming, before the people entered upon the task of reclaiming waste lands. He maintained that the Land act worked well, and asked all classes to co-operate for the material advancement of Ireland. Mr. Parnell, in a speech at Monaghan on June 26th, said his party intended to endeavor to amend the Land act, so as to make the reduced rents date from the time of application therefor to the Court, to provide that tenants shall be allowed for improvements made within thirty or forty years, and so that leaseholders shall be admitted to the benefits of the act. He mentioned other defects in the law, the amendment of which he earnestly advocated.

The Trial of the Four Jews in Hungary for the murder of a Christian girl affords indications as it proceeds that the charge is simply a malignant attempt to fasten a false accusation on the entire Jewish population of Hungary. All the Christian lawyers at the trial have adopted a resolution attacking the conduct of the public prosecutor, because he scarcely conceals his belief that the case was fabricated by persons opposed to the Jews. It has been elicited that the Magistrate Peczely, who aided in the preparation of the case for prosecution, was once sentenced to twenty-five years' imprisonment for a brutal murder. Peczely admitted that he had signed the depositions of several of the witnesses in the present trial, though he was absent when they were examined. Several witnesses deposed that the boy Moritz Scharf, who said he saw Esther Salomossy murdered in the synagogue, was beaten in the house of the Police Commissary. This admission disproves the statement that the boy made the confession voluntarily.

A Terrible Struggle for Life in a Railway carriage occurred in France last week. There the carriages are still built in the antiquated compartment fashion, the doors being at the sides of the car, which prevents the brakemen and conductors passing through the train when in motion. An English clergyman was alone in one of the compartments when the train was at Amiens. There a stranger entered, and the clergyman soon afterward fell asleep. He was awakened by a severe blow on the head with a chisel. Before he had time to grapple with his assailant he received five other wounds, from which the blood flowed copiously. The assassin opened the door and tried to push the clergyman out while the train was running at full speed. A thrilling struggle for life ensued, resulting in the clergyman being violently thrown from the carriage. In his fall he managed to grasp the footboard, and succeeded, although streaming with blood and nearly fainting, in attracting the attention of the neighboring compartment, where there were several English gentlemen. The would-be assassin, fearing detection, jumped from the train and endeavored to escape. He was captured in a short time, and then shot himself with a revolver, inflicting a severe wound. It is thought that both the men will die from their wounds.

Suicides at Monte Carlo, the European Gambling-hell, are described by Mr. F. H. Crozier, of Lymington, England, who writes: "While on my way to Egypt, I passed a few days at Cannes and Mentone. The morning after our arrival a gentleman came to the hotel to break the sad intelligence of the suicide, in his hotel close by, of a young gentleman well known to many there, on his return from Monte Carlo the previous evening, having lost his all at the gambling-table. During the week I was at Mentone a second similar death occurred at another hotel, and at Cairo I met an American gentleman, who related to me an occurrence during his visit to Monaco, from Nice, by medical advice, about the same date. After, in company with his wife, attending the music-hall, he went into an adjoining room. On coming out he passed a gentleman who, within a few feet of him, shot himself. A gendarme almost immediately appeared, others were soon on the spot, and having covered the deceased man with one of their cloaks, they brought a stretcher and carried him away. There seems a fatal fascination about the place that neither old nor young can resist."

The Power of a Tract when the Divine Blessing accompanies it is illustrated by the following incident: "A young man who had lost his situation from drink, and had gone far away from the right path, one day on his return home found that a tract had been put under the door. At first he laid it aside, declaring he would not read it; he felt so sleepless and uneasy, however, that to amuse himself he thought he would look at it. The words he read made him so unhappy that he went the next day (Sunday) to a mission-room with one who had acted the part of a real Christian friend many times. God sent him such a message that he felt constrained to stop and speak to the evangelist, and there and then he yielded himself to Christ Jesus. The next day he signed the pledge against drink, which had been such a curse to him, and he is now living a happy and Christian life.

The Prophetic News (London) for June Contains the following articles: Fallen Angels, their Place in Past, Present and Future Ages, by Rev. T. J. Malyon, LL.B.; The Last Great War and its Leader; Babylon and Rome, by Rev. E. J. Hytche; Bright Prospects of the Age to Come; Watchman! what of the Night; Passing Events from a Prophetic Standpoint; What the Jewish Papers are Saying, etc., may be had from the office of The Christian Herald. Price six cents.

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THE REV. RICHARD KNILL, MISSIONARY IN INDIA AND RUSSIA—Scenes in His Life.

RICHARD KNILL,

The Eminent Missionary to India and Russia.

Escape from Drowning—Apprentice Life—Led to Christ—A Sunday Excursion—A Swearing Grenadier—Resolves to Become a Missionary—Sails for Madras—An Infidel Saved—Removal to Travancore—Return to England—Work in St. Petersburg—A Terrible Gale and Flood—Remarkable Bible-Distribution—Singular Prediction Concerning C. H. Spurgeon—Pastoral and Mission Work—Closing Days.

IN our schools and colleges we are very properly instructed in the history of our own and foreign countries. He would be thought very ill instructed who ending his school education knew nothing more of Alexander and Cæsar and Washington and Napoleon than that they were great generals. Unhappily we are far less careful as to the history of that kingdom to which every Christian belongs. Yet its history is no less interesting than that of material kingdoms and its marvellous growth and ultimate destiny might naturally excite our attention. The Prince of Peace has been served by illustrious men who have gone forth to battle against the common enemy of mankind, and have willingly given their lives that they might bring under the beneficent rule of their King one more province. Adoniram Judson, John Williams, Robert Moffat, were not pre-eminently Americans or Englishmen; they were generals of *our Kingdom*—servants of *our King*, and their triumphs are written in the Chronicles of *our nation*. It is right therefore that the Christian should study their lives in all their grand details that he may know the labors and achievements of his illustrious fellow-citizens. Among these holding a high and honorable place is the devoted Christian missionary whose portrait appears on our first page this week.

Richard Knill was *born* at Braunton, near Ilfracombe, England, on April, 14th, 1787. The only incident of his childhood which has come down to us was one which nearly cost him his life. On his way to school the boy had to pass a stream spanned by a bridge of two flat stones. On attempting one day to ascertain how far he could push a stick under this structure, he overbalanced himself and fell in. The splash reached the ear of a poor widow, named Molly Robins, who was carding wool by her cottage door. On looking up she spied a child's hat on the surface of the stream, and, darting to the spot, drew the little owner by his flaxen locks from under the bridge. Molly Robins was never forgotten by Mr. Knill. "She could not read," he would say characteristically, "but she saved my life; feeble powers, if well employed, will do wonders" (*see frontispiece picture*).

A THOUGHTLESS AND WICKED LIFE.

When Richard was thirteen years old he was apprenticed to business, and four years afterward entered the wide world "to make his fortune." He spent some little time at Ilfracombe, and Barnstaple, and Bristol, but he always looked back to this period with a bitter pang. In the midst of wicked men he forgot the prayers of his pious mother, and cultivated a fondness for singing foolish songs, and breaking the Sabbath, thus stifling the voice of conscience and fighting against God. His love of music was a great snare to him. The devil often took advantage of it to lead him into dangerous company.

CONVERSION.

A Mrs. Isaac, of Bideford, wanted a young man to conduct her business and instruct her only son. Knill was recommended to her, and he agreed to go. This was in March, 1808; and almost immediately he made the acquaintance of a Mr. Thomas Spencer, who lived next door to him. Mr. Spencer, while walking in his garden, repeatedly heard his neighbor's fine voice in song, and conceived that it would be of service both to the congregation and to himself if he could induce him to attend the ministry of the Rev. Samuel Rooker. In this he happily succeeded. The songs of the world were exchanged for those of Zion, and every week the preaching of Mr. Rooker served to bring some fresh meaning to his strains. In June, 1810, Mr. Knill and his friend Spencer were admitted into the fellowship of the Church, and commenced a career of energetic Christian effort, which continued until they were called into the Divine Master's presence.

LOVE FOR THE HEATHEN ENKINDLED.

On September 20th, 1811, Mr. Rooker preached a sermon on Heathenism, and as he drew a thrilling picture of the pilgrims of Juggernaut, and recounted revolting facts, Knill was noticed with large moistened eyes fixed on the minister, and his manly, open countenance beaming with mingled wonder and compassion. "It was," he admitted years afterward, "like a spark on tinder. It set me on fire to go to the heathen. I did not know of missionary societies, but my thoughts were set to work, and I borrowed books and informed my mind on the subject. I feared to mention my impressions to my pastor, but they smouldered until the Lord's time came."

A SUNDAY EXCURSION.

An incident occurred at this period of his Christian profession, which it is difficult to understand, but which affords a warning all the more striking to young persons of a social temperament. On his way to conduct his class in the Sabbath-school one morning, he was met by three of his former companions, who said they were bound on an excursion up the river. Partly by sarcasm and partly by entreaty, they induced him to join their party. The boat glided up the stream, and had scarcely shut out the town behind the richly-wooded banks, when the church bell rang out. Its sound vibrated sweetly on the undulating wave, and produced a tranquillizing effect on three of the party, but to the fourth it was perfect agony. He listened intently. That well-known sound had been to him, for months past, the signal for commencing the Sunday-school, and now the whole of the Sunday-school proceedings spread out before the eye of his mind (*see frontispiece picture*).

A SOLEMN VOW.

The whole day was spent by him in perfect misery. If he could have jumped ashore, he would have done so; yet one thing he did, and it was worth doing. He solemnly resolved never to break the Sabbath again, and never more to associate with those who feared not God, but to come out from among them and be separate; and God enabled him to perform his vow.

A SWEARING GRENADIER.

Not long after this event, he engaged in various efforts to bring men to Christ, and among them was that of tract distribution. One day, when a regiment of militia was about to be disbanded at Barnstaple, he took a thousand tracts to give away to the men. Among the last company that he visited were the grenadiers, who were all pleased, until he came to one whom he described as "a merry-andrew kind of fellow." "He took the tract and held it up, swore at it, and asked, 'Are you going to convert me?' I said, 'Don't swear at the tract; you cannot hurt the tract, but swearing will injure your soul.' 'Who are you?' he exclaimed. 'Form a circle round him,' said he to his comrades, 'and I will swear at him.' They did so; he swore fearfully, and I wept. The tears moved the feelings of the other men, and they said, 'Let him go; he means to do us good.' So I distributed my thousand tracts, and left them in the care of Him who said, 'My Word shall not return unto Me void.'"

Many years afterward, while Mr. Knill was on a visit from India to his native country, he stayed a short time at Ilfracombe. There he was invited to preach in the open air, a few miles distant. During the time that he was preaching, he saw a tall, gray-headed man in the crowd, weeping, and a young man who looked like his son, weeping also. At the conclusion of the service, they both approached Mr. Knill, and the elder said, "Do you recollect giving tracts to the local militia at Barnstaple some years ago?" "Yes," was the reply; "I do." "Do you recollect anything particular that happened at the time?" "Yes," said the missionary; "I recollect that one of the grenadiers swore at me till he made me weep." "Stop," said the man; "I am that grenadier. I never forgave myself for that wicked act. But I hope it has led me to repentance, and that God has forgiven me. And now, let me ask, will *you* forgive me?" The man had been for some time a true Christian.

RESOLVES TO BECOME A MISSIONARY.

Mr. Knill having devoted himself to the work of the Christian ministry, in the autumn of 1812, he became a classical and theological student at the Western Academy, at Axminster, in Devonshire. In April, 1814, he attended a missionary meeting at Bridport, where he heard a sermon preached by the Rev. Dr. Waugh, of London. It was a missionary sermon, and the preacher having spoken of the kind of men which were needed to blow the Gospel trumpet among the perishing heathen, he looked round, and in most melting tones inquired, "Is there in this congregation *one* young disciple of the Lord who has love enough in his heart to say to his Master, 'Lord, here am I; send me'?" Mr. Knill felt the force of the appeal, and in his soul, he said, "Lord, I will go."

SETS SAIL FOR MADRAS, INDIA.

In order to qualify himself for the work of preaching the Gospel in the foreign missionfield, he commenced a course of study under the fatherly supervision of the Rev. Dr. Bogue, who was then resident at Gosport. Here he remained until 1816, when, on April 20th, he set sail in The Earl of Moira, from Deal, with a large force of missionaries for the East. His destination was Madras, and his voyage thither was auspicious.

Mr. Loveless, whom Mr. Knill joined, was the first English missionary to Madras, and had at that period resided there for eight years. He had formed a church, of persons who had been converted through his ministry, and had been of great service in the establishment of schools and in the distribution of Christian books throughout the Presidency. His wise and benevolent measures had produced a considerable impression on the public mind; so that Mr. Knill frequently observed, "He labored, and I entered into his labors."

FIRST SERMON IN INDIA.

The very next day after his arrival, Mr. Knill preached his first sermon in India, from the words, "Behold the Lamb of God, which taketh away the sin of the world;" and it was blessed to the conversion of a young widow, who afterward became the wife of the eminent Dr. Medhurst, the Chinese missionary. Once a week he preached to a company of soldiers, over whom he gained considerable influence. "What do you missionaries mean?" an officer asked, one day; "do you think that poor black fellow will be damned?" "I hope not," was the answer; "but if he is, I think his punishment will be very light compared with yours, if you neglect God." The interrogator, convinced and solemnized, lifted up his hands, and said, "I believe it; I have long thought so," and then went to his quarters and made his peace with God through faith in Jesus Christ.

AN INFIDEL BROUGHT TO CHRIST.

A young civilian, while engaged in writing a book on infidel principles, probably visited by some relentings, went one Sunday to the mission chapel. "The text," says Mr. Knill, "was 'Behold, I stand at the door and knock.' I saw the stranger in tears, and said to one of our friends, 'Do you know where he lives? I must write to him.' I did s[illegible]; and received an answer, requesting me to '*call at once.*' I found him in tears. 'You felt a good deal this morning, sir?' I said. 'Yes,' he replied; 'Christ has so often knocked at my door, and been refused admission, that I feared to-day He would knock no longer.' 'To prevent that,' I said, 'let us kneel down now, and ask forgiveness; that is the plan.' We prayed; he wept; he resolved; he tore his infidel manuscript in pieces; left his

in Jerusalem, I take it that this will arouse carnal animosity. In that last strife the Lord Himself with His own right hand will deliver His people, and among an uplifted people on an uplifted land there will be a new service of truth.

Then the last enemy that shall be destroyed is death, and that brings us down to the end of the Millennium, and leads us to think that throughout the Millennium there will be a continual judgment of sin, for sin is not destroyed until the heavens and earth that are now passed away, and the new heavens and the new earth, for which we look and wherein dwelleth righteousness, shall be manifested to His glory forever.

ANECDOTES RELATED AT THE EVANGELISTIC MEETINGS IN SCOTLAND.

A Providential Escape.—Major Swanson said at a recent meeting: "Before my conversion I had a very narrow escape from death. When my wife saw how the bedstead was placed in our room, she was not pleased with it, and caused it to be turned exactly the reverse way. That night the ceiling fell right on the place where our heads would have been if no change had been made."

Why a Man's Leg was Broken.—"On Board the transport in which I went to the late campaign, I learned that a man named Stephen had broken his leg over one of my boxes. This made me take a particular interest in him, and while he lay in the hospital I read and spoke with him every day, with the result that he became a Christian. I was speaking to a colonel of artillery about him, and he remarked, 'The Lord broke the man's leg that his heart might be broken.'"

Prayer and Prohibition.—Mr. Oatts said: "There is one part of the work which we might use with great effect, and that is prayer. When I was in Chicago about a year ago they were voting whether the State of Iowa should or should not have the prohibitory amendment to the Constitution. The ladies of America take, as you are aware, great interest in this question, and on the voting day spent the time in prayer, asking that those who had the right to vote might be influenced to vote in favor of prohibition. The result was that the Bill was adopted with a vote of 40,000 in its favor."

An Averted Blow.—Mr. Sloan said: "To show clearly what Christ's love can do, even in very young children, I will tell you an incident which occurred very lately. A young girl, only three years of age, was very difficult to manage, owing to a violent temper. She was always in difficulties with her brothers and sisters. One day she was placed in circumstances which tempted her to strike one of her brothers. Her mother, seeing how the case stood, went to prevent her, but the little one said, 'I am not going to strike Davie; Jesus has *taken the naughty out* of my heart.' Christians have no right to say their children are too young to prove the power of Christ's saving and preserving grace. Christ specially invites *little* children to come to Him."

Nearer to Hell than Ever.—"I Remember a very sorrowful case which so affected me that it will not soon be forgotten. A little boy, the son of a poor drunkard, was converted; owing to the state of wretchedness in which his father's habits kept him, he fell ill, and lay dying in a miserable room. The father was watching at his bedside, listening to the dying words of his son, who declared that he could not die happy unless his father knelt down and prayed to Jesus for pardon. To please his little one the man knelt, but only the boy prayed, while the tears flowed freely from his eyes. Soon the lad was laid in his grave, and until the effect of his son's death wore off, the wretched father kept from the bottle; but in a few weeks he was as bad, if not worse than ever. He never truly repented; there had been only a slight agitation, raised by the wind of trouble, which was blowing over him, and it was this that caused him to take a thought of the course on which he was going. When the wind fell he soon forgot, and went on his downward career. He is nearer hell now than ever before."

Only an Ignoramus.—The Rev. Mr. Colvin, of Renton, said at one of the noonday prayer-meetings: "Last night a woman made an objection as to the possibility of *her* being saved by saying that she was no scholar—only an ignoramus. Mr. Marsh at once turned to John 3: 16, and read it, 'For God so loved the world,' etc. Then he said, 'Do you believe this is the Word of God?' 'Yes, sir,' replied the woman. 'Then this promise is *to you*, because the word "whosoever" includes "no scholar" and "ignoramus." Will you trust in this promise and turn from your sins?' inquired Mr. Mrash. 'I will that.' I hope that this woman who is no scholar will soon become learned in the mysteries of godliness. At any rate, she has taken the first step in the way to wisdom, for 'the fear of the Lord is the beginning of wisdom.'"

Turning a Husband into a Bear.—Dr. Cameron remarked: "It is often said to me, 'You doctors have much to answer for in making people take to drinking.' I find that patients have much more. One day a teetotaler came to me and asked, 'How much whiskey has my wife to get?' 'Whiskey! she has to get none.' I went to call in the afternoon, and found the wife in tears, and the mother-in-law very wrathful. 'What's the matter?' 'What's the matter? How have you the conscience to ask such a question, after sending home her husband like a bear?' It turned out that in the morning, they had told the husband that the doctor had ordered his wife to get spirits; he went at once to the public-house and bought a bottle of the very best whiskey, as it was for a sick person. He then came to me to learn the exact quantity to give his wife at a time. Finding from my reply he was deceived, he came home, and acted as the women said, like a bear."

A Cured Patient's Regret.—Dr. Cameron related: "Not many days ago a man sitting in a back seat of this church said to me, 'The Lord was very near to me when I was lying in Belvidere Hospital. He sent the Holy Spirit to plead with me to give my heart to Jesus, but I stubbornly refused. Oh, how I wish I had done so then instead of rejecting Him. I could have done it so easily! Now everything is so dark and so difficult. What shall I do?' 'Exactly what you should have done in the hospital,' I aid; 'give yourself up, body, soul, and spirit, to Jesus.' 'What if the Holy Spirit is grieved with me?' he inquired. 'You are grieving the Spirit *now* by your sinful doubts. Christ says, "Come unto Me." Obey, and He will fulfil His promise.' In a short time the man surrendered his doubts and trusted implicitly in God's Word. As he rose to leave he remarked, 'What would have become of me if the Holy Spirit *had* left off pleading with me?' Christ comes near to every sinner. Beware how you reject Him. '*Now* is the accepted time.'"

A Receipt Found in Answer to Prayer.—At the Cowcaddens meeting on April 2d, Major Swanson related an instance of a wonderful answer to prayer. "A man lived in a cottage which he desired to purchase, but he required an additional hundred pounds to make up the purchase money. He went to a rich man and borrowed the sum needed, and thus completed the purchase. By hard labor he acquired the sum of ninety pounds, which he repaid to his friend. Very soon afterward he died, as also did the lender. The rich man's son, on looking over his father's books, saw the entry of the loan, but there was no entry of any part of it being repaid. Calling upon the widow, the young man said, 'You owe me £100, which my father lent to your husband.' 'Yes, he did get it from your father, but he repaid £90 of it, so there is only £10 due.' 'Where is the receipt for the money?' The poor woman was in distress, she had not got it, and could not find it, therefore the young man took steps to recover the money by selling the cottage. The night before the sale the widow and her son were sitting lonely and very disconsolate, thinking that the God whom she and her husband served had forsaken her. The son suddenly said, 'Why don't you ask Jesus for the receipt?' She knelt down and asked Him to send her the receipt. That same night the widow found lying on the floor her husband's pocket-book, and in it there was the receipt for the £90. Hurrying to the house of her creditor, she showed it to him, and so pleased was he at this Divine interposition that he cheerfully forgave her the balance."

PROPHETIC NOTES.

The Restlessness of the Age.

THE Rev. Dr. Bonar, in the course of his recent address as Moderator of the Free Church of Scotland, recently made the following pertinent and powerful remarks. He said: "We know the past with its lights and shadows, and we stand in front of the future; and it presses on. What is to emerge from its silence and darkness, for ourselves, for our church, for our nation, for Europe? We gaze upon the cloudy curtain, but it does not rise at our bidding; and we cannot rend it or see what lies beyond. Its disclosures, however, ought not to take by surprise a believing man and a student of the Word. He is always in some measure prepared for *what is coming on the earth*, by the prophetic instructions of his Lord. These instructions interpret the past to him, they give him a true and sober insight into the real condition of the present, and they correct his fond and one-sided anticipations of the future. They are his light in a dark place until the day-dawn and the day-star arise.

"In the ever-shifting changes and contradictions of public opinion, swaying to and fro with the tides of human passion; in the wide acceptance of the doctrine that religious certitude is impossible, and the supernatural indemonstrable; in the effacement of ancient landmarks, and the slackening of the most trusted key-stones, we see a spirit at work—call it the spirit of the age or not—which is only beginning to reveal its aim and potency.

"In the disintegration of creeds and the decomposition of the materials of which these creeds are formed; in the multiplication of sects and the appetite for division and subdivision; in the unsettlement of thought, and the unwillingness to accept a settlement upon Divine authority; in the rejuvenescence of doubt and the preference of unbelief to faith; in the audacities of scepticism and the oscillations between a bald atheism and an ornate pantheism; in the revived admiration for the deities of Greece and Rome, and the ill-concealed regret that Polytheism is now out of fashion, and that

> 'To adorn the worship of the One
> A universe of gods has passed away,'

in the effrontery of an agnosticism that seems to have rebuilt the Athenian altar 'to the Unknown God,' though whether for worship or as an excuse for refusing all worship, no one knows; in the spread of religious materialism and the passion for the æsthetic and pictorial, in the tendency to regard the worship of Him, who is a spirit, as a priestly performance for the gratification of the eye and ear; in the ambition to imitate antiquity and restore the worn-out garments of paganism; in these we have the foreshadows of approaching changes—of a spiritual revolution which will formulate to itself a new creed, which is gradually coming into shape, though as yet its projectors have not made up their minds as to whom they are to dedicate their projected temple—whether to the Jupiter of Olympus or the Jehovah of Zion.

"But *the pole-star* is steady, the compass does not play false, and the pilot's hand is strong. He, at least, has no misgivings, whatever may be the increasing restlessness and confusion. We see in front of us the kingdom which cannot be moved, and we have in the midst of us Him to whom all power is given, who shall erelong bring out of this fermenting mass the glory of the new creation—order and unity, beauty and peace."

CHRISTIAN HERALD AND SIGNS OF OUR TIMES.

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CURRENT EVENTS.

The Total Reduction of the Public Debt for the fiscal year, which came to an end on June 30th, has been about $137,250,000, a sum exceeding by $17,250,000 the estimate of surplus made by Secretary Folger in December last. At that time, however, it was expected that the year's pension payments would amount to $100,000,000, while in fact the sum of these payments has been less than $70,000,000. The amount due the sinking fund for the year is estimated to be about $44,500,000. The New York *Times* says: "If nothing should occur to greatly disturb the rate of expenditure in the coming year, the reduction of internal revenue and customs receipts caused by the new tariff law will leave but a small surplus in that year beyond the sinking fund's requirements. It is probable, however, that the pension payments will be greater in the coming twelve months, and the effect of the new tariff rates upon the revenue cannot be accurately predicted."

The Statements Issued from Washington that the trade-dollar agitation was started by speculators anxious to depreciate the value of the coin, though possibly true, may mislead holders of it. The fact remains that the trade dollar is not a legal tender, that it is consequently worth only its intrinsic value, which is eighty-five cents, and as silver is decreasing in value it is never likely to be worth more. Large houses of business refuse to receive it at face value, many of the railroads will not take it, and the Government that issued it will not accept it in payment of taxes. People who live at a distance from large cities and are supposed to be ignorant of the course of business should be on their guard against taking it or they may suffer loss.

At the Missouri Prohibition Convention the resolutions adopted express a determination to keep the question as far as possible out of partisan politics. Their sole object is to secure the submission of a prohibitory amendment to the people. To this end they will direct their efforts to the election of men to the Legislature who are willing to vote for such a proposition. No separate party is to be formed, and no State ticket nominated. It is believed that this course will cause less political acrimony than by running a separate ticket, and that there will be a better prospect of carrying the amendment.

It is Unfortunate for the Country and for the Indians that General Crook was not allowed to deal unfettered with that branch of the Indian problem he had taken in hand. The Secretary of the Interior, it appears, objected to General Crook's plan of placing the captives on the reservation, and refused to give his consent to that course, although the Indians as well as their captor desired that settlement. General Crook plainly warned Secretary Teller that if his plans were not carried out there would be trouble, not only with the captured Chiricahuas, but with those who are still at large. These latter, as General Crook said, discovered that the general was not supported by the department, and therefore placed no confidence in his overtures. It is now reported that they regard the affair as a breach of faith, and are re-commencing their raids.

Temperance Teaching in the Public Schools has been ordered by the Michigan Legislature. The act, which has passed both houses by overwhelming majorities, orders that provision shall be made for instructing all pupils in every school in physiology and hygiene, with special reference to *the effects of alcoholic drinks*, stimulants, and narcotics generally, upon the human system, and that no certificate shall be granted any person to teach in the schools of Michigan who has not passed a satisfactory examination in physiology and hygiene, with particular reference to the effects of alcoholic drinks, narcotics, and stimulants upon the human system. The passage of this useful act is stated to be mainly due to the exertions of the Women's National Christian Temperance Union.

Archbishop Purcell, of the Roman Catholic Church, died on Wednesday, July 4th, at the Ursuline Convent, St. Martin's, Ohio. He was eighty-three years of age, having been born in Ireland in 1800. He appears to have been a man of blameless character, yet his indiscretions have involved thousands of families in ruin. The bank he established commanded the confidence of Roman Catholics throughout the country, owing to the respect in which he was held. It was, however, conducted on principles that would ruin any commercial undertaking, and when it failed its liabilities were more than three million dollars. The money confided to him by depositors was used in the building of churches and a cathedral, and was utterly lost to the poor people who trusted the archbishop with their savings. It will be a long time before the archbishop is forgotten in Ohio.

The Believers Meeting for Bible Study will this year be held at Niagara, Ontario. It will commence on Wednesday, July 25th and will continue for eight days, closing on August 1st. The place can easily be reached from both sides the frontier by steamer, which runs daily, morning and evening, between Toronto, Niagara, and Lewiston, N. Y. The Grand Trunk Railway of Canada will supply our Canadian friends attending the conference with tickets for the round trip at a fare and a third. If a sufficiently large party is made up in New York, Chicago and other cities of the Union, similar terms may be obtained from the railroads on this side. Hotel and boarding-house accommodation at the rate of one dollar a day and upward may be obtained by *early application* to T. P. Blain, Esq., Niagara, Ont. Among the names of eminent ministers and laymen who have promised to assist those who have in former years conducted these meetings are Dr. J. H. Brookes, of St. Louis, Dr. A. J. Gordon, of Boston, Rev. George F. Pentecost, Major Whittle, and H. M. Parsons. Mr. George C. Stebbins and Mr. James McGranahan will conduct the singing. The programme of study will include: The Inspiration of the Scriptures; the Integrity of the Books of the Bible; Methods of Bible Study; the Two Covenants; Christ the Wisdom of God; Christ the Head of the Church; Christ and the Kingdom; Christ and Future Judgments; the Doom of the Wicked; the Purpose of God in each Dispensation; the Preaching of the Gospel; Motives of Work. There will also be a study of select portions and particular books of the Bible. W. J. Erdman, Esq., of Jamestown, N. Y., will reply to any inquiries respecting the conference from persons desiring to attend.

The Death of Bishop William Pinkney, of the Protestant Episcopal Diocese of Maryland, occurred on July 4th. He was on one of his usual visitations to the churches of the diocese, and had arrived at Cockeysville, Baltimore County, where he had engaged to consecrate the new Sherwood Church, when he was taken ill suddenly in the night. He called a servant and sent for some medicine, but when the servant returned the bishop lay prostrate on the floor, and on being raised he was found to be dead. Dr. Pinkney was seventy-three years of age. He was born at Annapolis and graduated at St. John's College, in that city, intending to study law. His conversion occurred soon after he graduated, and he determined to devote his life to God. He studied for the ministry, and was ordained by Bishop Stone in 1836. He was seventeen years rector of St. Matthew's Church, Bladensburg, after which he removed to Washington. In 1870 he was elected Assistant Bishop of Maryland, and on the death of Bishop Whittingham in 1879 he succeeded him. He was thoroughly evangelical in his preaching and government, and though he encountered some opposition at the commencement of his episcopate from High Church clergymen, he was sincerely respected throughout his diocese.

Mr. D. L. Moody Preached to Crowded Congregations in Boston on Sunday, July 1st. The services were the first of a series it is intended to hold on every evening for the next two months. Mr. Moody expressed his conviction, based on his experience in Chicago, that the summer is the best time of the year for special revival services. Although so many people are out of town there always are plenty who remain, and the fact that many pastors are away on vacations and that many of the usual services of worship are intermitted, is a strong reason why some substitute should be supplied. The special services are to be held in the Windsor Theatre.

The Report of the Christian Home for Intemperate Women, recently established in New York through the efforts of the late Hon. William E. Dodge, shows that the institution is proving the wisdom as well as kindness of its founders and managers. *Ladies of respectable positions in society* have sought its welcome retreat, where they are preserved from all temptation to drunkenness, and are weaned from the desire that has brought them low. Opium and wine, the two fell destroyers of women, are being fought there under favorable circumstances, and the victims, aided by the kind advice and care of the managers and Christian friends, are being assisted to overcome their appetites through faith in Jesus.

A Church in Illinois has been Kept in Existence by the blessing of God on THE CHRISTIAN HERALD. A subscriber in the town, who sends us this gratifying intelligence, states that about six months ago the church was without a pastor and that fears were entertained that it would be broken up. A few of the members exerted themselves to keep the building open, and as the finances would not support a minister, the sermons of Dr. Talmage and Mr. Spurgeon, published in this journal, were read respectively at morning and evening service. The congregation increased under this plan, and lately when an evangelist visited the place to hold special meetings he said he "found the ground ready prepared for him." Fifty names have recently been added to the church, and an earnest minister is now settled there. Such testimonies to the usefulness of the paper are the most encouraging those engaged upon it can receive.

The History of a Captured Flag was Told on the occasion of its return in New York last week. The flag was originally presented by the city of New York to the One hundred and sixty-fourth Regiment in 1863. It was captured by General Rosser's cavalry at Sangster's Station, a small place twenty-two miles from Alexandria, Va., on December 16th, 1863. The flag has been retained by its captors during the twenty years which have since elapsed, but on July 4th, a corps of Virginia cadets, led by Colonel M. B. Ball, who commanded the regiment which captured the flag, brought it to New York, and presented it to Mayor Edson on the one hundred and seventh anniversary of American independence. Colonel M. B. Ball in the course of a graceful speech on the occasion observed that he now recognized the wisdom of Providence in the issue of the war, which had removed the blotch of slavery from the body politic. There is no doubt that this gallant Southern gentleman entertained very different opinions twenty years ago in common with many other brave men, who regarded the collapse of the South as a terrible misfortune. He has lived, however, to admit that God was right, as all those who are worsted in the battles of life and are grieving over their defeats will also some day acknowledge (Job 34 : 10–12).

An Interesting Law Suit was Ended in a New Jersey court on June 30th. The contest was for the possession of a farm, the plaintiffs claiming that it belonged to them by virtue of an unsatisfied judgment obtained by a dead man, for whom they were executors. The defendants alleged that the judgment had been satisfied, and produced a receipt for the money, but the plaintiffs claimed that the receipt, which purported to be written by the dead man, was a forgery. The lawyers on both sides entered into the contest with enthusiasm, and were very ingenious in raising quibbles which protracted the case. The dispute has been before the courts in different shapes for five years, but on June 30th the lawyer for the defendants stated in court that as he held a mortgage on the farm as security for his bill, he would pay the plaintiffs the amount they claimed, to prevent further litigation. He did so, and the plaintiffs found that the amount would just about pay their own lawyer, and they handed it to him. Thus, as was remarked by the court, one lawyer has the farm, the other has the money, and *the contestants have the experience.* However valuable the experience may be it is little likely to satisfy the contestants. By this time they are in a condition to appreciate the Saviour's injunction (Matt. 5 : 39, 40).

The Singular Accident to the New Cunard steamship Aurania last week is causing much discussion among engineers. The vessel was expected to arrive at New York on July 2d from Liverpool, but on July 1st when she was within sight of land an alarming accident occurred. The crank shaft attached to the middle piston, an enormous bar of solid steel ten inches in diameter, snapped in twain. The suddenly liberated piston rod shot up through the top of the confining cylinder, tearing the thick steel plates all to pieces, and with one tremendous burst and a report like that of a heavy piece of ordnance, a vast volume of steam, carrying with it fragments of iron, burst through the skylight. The lower portion of the broken crank shaft, a mass of steel weighing many tons, went flying about like a huge flail. The effect was awful. Iron and steel were knocked to splinters. Wherever the flail struck destruction followed. Nothing but prompt action could save the sheathing of the vessel from being pounded through. And yet the little steel brake which controlled the whole tremendous mechanism was situated only about two feet from the arm of the thrasher and right in the midst of the scalding steam and the blistering sparks. Andrew Lambert, the second engineer, was on duty in the engine-room. He knew the engine must be stopped, and, dropping down on his hands and knees, he crawled up to it and turned off the steam. He was badly scalded about the face and hands, but otherwise uninjured. But he had risked his life to save the ship. Word was sent to the Cunard office by a passing vessel, and the Aurania was towed by six powerful tugs into port. Various causes have been assigned for the accident, but one of the most expert machinists in America said that in his opinion they were all wrong. "Nothing," he said, "*is stronger than its weakest part*, and it may have happened that the angle made by the crank and the connecting rod was favorable to producing the greatest possible strain on the weakest part. Then something had to give way." This sententious observation applies to other matters as well as to machinery. Men of splendid genius and brilliant acquirements have often fallen to ruin through one weak point in their characters. It is that weak point every man ought to guard, for "he who stumbles in one point becomes guilty of all" (James 2 : 10).

An Abandoned City in Illinois is Described by a Chicago journal. The recent floods of the Mississippi have, it appears, compelled the inhabitants of Kaskaskia, formerly the capital of the State, to temporarily remove from the city. The Father of Waters has for years been slowly encroaching on the city, and it is gradually but surely disappearing. It was originally a peninsula, occupying a narrow strip between the Mississippi and the Kaskaskia, which joined each other seven miles below. Kaskaskia is now an island, the Mississippi having broken its narrow barrier of land on the north two years ago, swept across it, and joined its tributary at that point. The continued detrition is plainly visible from the passing steamboats, and it is merely a question of time when the entire island shall be obliterated. The result may not be immediate, but it is inevitable. Attempts have been made to protect the banks, but the waters rush in between and behind the stone, and the work of tearing down goes on faster than the work of building up. The temporary removal of the inhabitants, enforced by the present flood, is only a preparation for final abandonment. They expect it and have been expecting it for some time. In these circumstances a man would be thought very foolish who accumulated all he had in Kaskaskia, and made no arrangements for a refuge when the city shall be swept away. Yet this is precisely what men are doing who live only for this world, the destruction of which, like the city of Kaskaskia, may not be immediate but is inevitable (II. Peter 3 : 10–12).

A Subterfuge Exasperated a Lenient Judge in Pennsylvania last week. A young man was convicted of having wronged a girl whose position in society was beneath his own, and the judge sentenced him to two years' imprisonment. The young man was appalled by the sentence, and informed the judge that if he would cancel it he would marry the girl. The judge thought that marriage was the best end of the case, and gladly gave his assent to the arrangement. The sentence was reconsidered, and the matter allowed to stand open so as to afford no obstacle to the wedding. A large crowd gathered in the court-house on July 2d, expecting to see the ceremony performed by the judge, but they were disappointed. The judge had been informed that the father of the prisoner had told the girl's guardian that he had consented to the marriage as the best way to get his son out of the scrape, but that the son would leave her as soon as the ceremony was performed. The judge indignantly refused to consent to such a marriage, and the protectors of the girl were of the same mind. The court reimposed the sentence of two years, and the young man, much crestfallen, was taken to prison. The judge very properly refused to be imposed upon by a promise true in the letter but false in spirit. Such subterfuges are common, in business, in society, and even in the church. It should be clearly understood that they are really falsehoods, and that they do not deceive the Judge of all the earth." Those who employ them should remember that they are explicitly warned that they cannot enter heaven (Rev. 21 : 27).

BUYING WITHOUT MONEY.

A New Sermon by Pastor C. H. Spurgeon.

"He that hath no money; come ye, buy, and eat."—ISAIAH 55 : 1.

The Divine Merchant—His Wares—I. The Buyer—Literally Without Money—A Spiritual Pauper—Innocence Gone—Righteousness Counterfeit—Hopelessly in Debt—Cannot Pay his Way—Nor Face the Future—II. Selection of this Buyer—Because of his Need—As an Exhibition—Most Likely to Listen—And to Prize It—III. The Invitation—To those who Desire—Story of a Governor—Agreeing to Terms—Appropriating the Goods—IV. Assurance—An Honest Offer—Nothing the only Terms.

THERE is a semicolon in our translation, but we need not take notice of it. It should not be there, since the text is the second of two parallel sentences arranged according to the method of Hebrew poetry.

"Ho, every one that thirsteth, come ye to the waters,
And he that hath no money, come, buy, and eat."

We have before us the figure of a merchant selling his wares, and crying like a chapman in the market, "Ho!" To attract attention he calls aloud, "Come! Come! Come!" three several times; and he adds to this the cry of "Buy! Buy!" Shall the Great King thus liken Himself to a trader in the market earnest to dispose of his goods? It is even so, and I therefore call upon you to admire the mercy of the Lord.

In the fifty-third and fifty-fourth chapters this Divine Merchantman has been spreading out his wares. What treasures they are! Look to the fifty-third chapter: what see you there? Behold that pearl of great price, *the Lord Jesus Christ.* Surely with such a treasure to display we ought not to cry long for buyers, for every truly wise man will exclaim, "This is what I need: a Saviour, and a great one. An atonement for sin is the one thing needful to me." To this you are invited in these words, "He that hath no money, come, buy, and eat."

In the fifty-fourth chapter at verse seven, the Divine Merchantman sets forth the rare possession of *His everlasting love.* What more can be set forth to win men's hearts? First, a full atonement and now love everlasting, making a covenant confirmed by oath. Shall there be need often to cry, "Come and buy," when such celestial wares are displayed before us?

In handling this text we shall notice, first, *the description* of the buyer, "He that hath no money;" secondly, *the selection* of this particular buyer—why is he invited beyond all others? Thirdly, *the invitation* to purchase, "Come, buy, and eat;" and fourthly, we shall add *the assurance* that this Gospel market is no deception, for these things are really to be had.

I. First, then, here is a description of

THE BUYER.

I believe he is here this morning. I hope he will recognize his own portrait, though it is by no means a flattering one. It is truth itself, a photograph taken by the sunlight of heaven. It is the portrait of a poor, penniless, broken-down creature reduced to the extremity of want: here it is—"He that hath no money."

Of course, by this is meant among other things the man who literally has no money. Among the Jews of our Lord's day there existed an idea that a man who had money was at a great advantage with regard to heavenly things, so that when the Lord said "How hardly shall they that have riches enter into the kingdom," they exclaimed with wonder, "Who then can be saved?" as if they thought that if the rich could not be easily saved then none could be. The Word of God contains nothing to encourage such a notion. The rich man is never extolled in the Old Testament, but he is often spoken of most slightingly.

It is the glory of the Messiah that "the poor have the Gospel preached unto them," and it is the glory of the Gospel that it is freely provided by the bounty of God for the beggar on the dunghill. Let no man's heart fail him this day because he saith "Silver and gold have I none." Having nothing, you may yet possess

all things. You are at no disadvantage in God's market because your pocket is empty: you may come penniless and bankrupt and receive the exceeding riches of His grace. But we understand the reference of the text to be mainly spiritual, and so the portrait here is that of a man who has

NO SPIRITUAL MONEY,

no gold of goodness, no silver of sanctity—he it is that is invited to come and buy the wine and milk of heaven.

His fancied stock of natural innocence is spent. At first he thought himself to be pure as the newly fallen snow, forgetting the question—How can he be clean that is born of a woman? They told him that he was made "a member of Christ, a child of God, and an inheritor of the kingdom of heaven" while he was yet a babe; and thus he was led to think that he had started life's business with *a respectable stock-in-trade.* He knows better now; he has seen this fancied goodness melt away like the mist of the morning. Innocence is utterly gone, if it was ever there.

He thought that he had accumulated some little savings of good works; but *his imaginary righteousness turns out to be counterfeit.* Had he not been honest? had he not been sober? had he not attended a place of worship, and repeated forms of prayer? Did not all this make up a little fortune of righteousness? He thought so, but then he was ignorant and deluded: he knows better now, for he has found out that all his righteousness is base metal: he could not pass a penny's worth of it in *the shop of his own conscience*, much less in the market of heaven; he knows that it would at once be detected, and nailed to the counter.

He finds that his silver is white metal of the basest sort, and that his gold is a sham: he has not the face to offer it anywhere; yea, he is so afraid of being seized by justice as a coiner that, like a wise man, he has hidden his sham righteousness in the earth, and has run away from it. He is now more afraid of his righteousness than of his unrighteousness. He would think it just as possible for him to be saved by cursing and swearing as by the merit of his own works. His good works are in ill odor with his conscience, for he sees them to be defiled within and without with sin: a rottenness is in the bones of his righteousness, and thus he is without merit of any sort. See his poverty: his original stock is gone, and all his savings have melted away!

He is in a still worse plight, for he is also too poor to get anything: *the procuring power is gone*, for he has "no money." Now that he has come into his sober senses he would repent, but he cannot find a tender heart; he would believe, but he cannot find faith. He has no money; that is to say, nothing wherewith he can procure those good things which are necessary unto salvation and eternal life. He sees them all before him, like many a poor man who walks the streets of London, and sees just what he wants behind the glass of the shop window; but he puts his hand into his pocket, and despairingly passes on, for he has no money. As without money nothing is to be bought in the world's mart, so is this poor man afraid that no blessing of grace can ever be his because he has no good thing to offer, no righteousness to give in exchange. He is worse than a common beggar, for he does not even know how to beg—"We know not what we should pray for as we ought." He needs even to be taught how to beg. What a pass to come to!

THERE IS YOUR PORTRAIT,

my poor friend! Do you recognize it? I hope you do. I hear you say, "Yes, that is myself. I am without money." Then to you the Word of this Salvation is sent—"He that hath no money, come, buy, and eat."

"No money!" Then *he*

CANNOT PAY HIS OLD DEBTS.

His sins rise up before him, but he cannot make amends for them. What a long file is needed to hold the record of his debts; it must be deep as the bottomless pit, and high as heaven. He owes ten thousand talents, and has "nothing to pay:" he has not a stiver, he has no money whatever! He is reduced to bankruptcy, and cannot pay a farthing in the pound.

Moreover, *he cannot meet his present expenses.* Poor man! he must live; he must eat the bread of heaven, and he must drink of the water of life: but he has nothing with which to procure these good things. His soul hungereth, yea, even fainteth after the mercy of God, but he has no price with which to procure it. This day he would pluck his eyes out to be pleasing with God; but he has nothing to offer which the Lord could accept. He is reduced to such beggary that like the prodigal he cries, "I perish with hunger."

HE CANNOT FACE THE FUTURE.

He hardly dares to think of it; and yet the thought of it will come in. He remembers the needs which will surround him on a dying bed, and the terrible demands of the resurrection morning when the ringing trump shall introduce him to the dread Assize, and he shall stand before his God to render his account. He knows that he cannot answer Him for one sin of a thousand. He dreads the thought of the world to come! He has nothing with which to meet the demands of the eternal future. He has "no money," nothing that will pass current in the day of judgment. He is brought to the last stage of spiritual destitution; poverty has come upon him like an armed man. This is a terrible plight to be in; yet I wish that every sinner here might be reduced to it, for when he is so reduced and brought low, grace will come in, and the tide will turn.

The only hope for a man who has "no money" must be outside himself. It is idle for him to look into his own coffers: he must look away from himself; and his only chance in thus looking is to

APPEAL TO CHARITY

and plead for mercy's sake. He cannot buy—it is only God's mercy that talks about his buying: he must beg, he must entreat for love's sake. This is an essential part of spiritual poverty; and I would that every unregenerate person knew that in him there dwelleth no good thing, and that he were convinced that he must look out and look up for salvation, and that upon the ground of mercy, since he cannot expect to obtain any blessing upon the footing of justice, or as a matter of debt.

This is the man who is called to buy heaven's wine and milk. It is to these wretches, these blind beggars, these naked vagrants, that the Gospel is sent. This day I have to present the promise of God and the exhortation of mercy to those who have failed in life, who are down at the heel, broken and crushed. Oh, you utterly lost ones, to you is there opened a door of hope. The Lord has come into the market, and He bids you buy of Him without money and without price.

II. Now a minute or two upon the second point:

THE SELECTION OF THE BUYER.

It is a strange choice, and it leads to a singular invitation, "He that hath no money; come, buy, and eat." In the streets round about this Tabernacle, especially on a Saturday evening, you may note the salesmen standing before their shops, and crying out vociferously, "Buy! Buy! Buy!" No one can refuse to hear their noise; but if they knew that a person had no money, I think they would save their breath so far as he is concerned. They want ready-money customers, and plenty of them. What would be the use of crying, "Buy! Buy!" to a man whose purse is empty? Yet these are the very persons whom the Lord selects, and to them He cries, "Come, buy and eat." What is the reason?

Well, first, *these need mercy most.* Oh, poor souls, when the Lord Jesus looks on you He does not look at what you have, but at what you have not. He does not look at your excellences, but at your necessities. He is not looking out for man's fulness but for man's emptiness. The Lord Jesus never gave Himself for our righteousness; but He "gave Himself for our sins." Salvation is by grace, and it is presented to those who are lost, for they are the people whom it will suit: how should those who are not lost value salvation? I say that God selects the most poverty-stricken first because this character most needs His pitying love. The greatness of your necessity is that which gives you a first call from the God of all grace. Not merit, but demerit; not desert of reward, but desert of wrath, is the qualification for mercy.

Again, this character is chosen because *he is such an one as will exhibit in his own person the power of divine grace.* If the Lord Jesus Christ takes one that is wretched, and miserable, and poor, and blind, and naked, and if He satisfies all his necessities by being riches for his wretchedness, comfort for his misery, wealth for his poverty, eyes for his blindness, and raiment for his nakedness, then all the world will see what a great Saviour He is, and how wonderfully His salvation meets the necessities of the case.

Next, *the Lord Jesus delights to make evident the freeness of His grace.* Now, if those were first called who have the money of merit, it might be imagined that they had paid their way: but if those are called who have no good thing in them, it is clear that grace is free.

If you ask me yet again why is he that hath no money so expressly called, I would answer, because *he is*

THE KIND OF MAN THAT WILL LISTEN.

The man who is needy is the man that will hearken to the tidings of a full and free supply. It is the guilty man who loves to hear of pardon, it is the bond-slave whose ear is charmed with the word "redemption." If you are no sinner you will not care about a Saviour. Only real sinners rejoice in a real atonement. The Lord sends the Gospel to every creature under heaven; but He knows, as we do, that the most of men will not regard it, for they fancy that they need it not: but if there is one that has no merit or claim he will listen with eagerness to the tidings of mercy for him. He that hath no money is the man for Christ's money. He that is shivering in his nakedness will rejoice to be clothed.

Let me add that such an empty, penniless soul, when he does get mercy

WILL PRIZE IT

and praise it. He that has been shut up in the dark for years values the light of the sun. He that has been a prisoner for months, how happy he is when the prison doors are opened, and he is at liberty again! Let a man once get Christ, who has bitterly known and felt his need of Him, and he will prize Him beyond all things, and find his sole delight in Him.

In any case, be the reason what it may, it is clear that there are special invitations issued for the royal feasts, and these are all directed to those whose need has reached the extremity of distress.

III. I have now in the third place to notice

THE INVITATION.

The man who has no money is to *come, buy, and eat.* It looks odd to tell a penniless man to come and buy, does it not? and yet what other word could be used? Come and *buy*, has a meaning of its own not to be otherwise expressed.

In buying there are three or four stages, and the first is *desiring to have* the thing which is exhibited. If a man were to come into the shop and turn over all the goods, and never purchase anything, the tradesman would begin to cry, 'Buy! buy!" with quite another accent; for he does not want a crowd to look at him, but he wants people to buy of him. Many of you who are here this morning have only come to hear what the preacher has to say, and to criticise his style and language; I pray you rise to something better than that. Come, and *buy!* Let us do business this morning for God, and for our own souls. Do not waste the precious market-day of the Sabbath. People come and

go, and hear sermons, and read books, and all for a sort of amusement; they do not come to downright business with the Lord. See, how they select striking sentences and cull sparkling and delightful extracts, and take notes of telling anecdotes; but all this is comparatively wasting time. "Come, *buy!* Buy! Buy!"

DO YOU MEAN BUSINESS?

Then, come and buy. Do not stand huckstering by the year together. Come to terms, and make an end of hesitation. If you have no desire you will not buy, and I shall effect no sales. Again I cry, "Come, buy, and eat." Oh that the Spirit may work in you that strong desire without which no man will ever buy! Alas! there are thousands who are always discussing knotty points not because they have a wish to understand the Gospel, but because they do not care to come to serious dealings.

Perhaps you have read *the story of a governor* of one of the American States who called at an hotel where there was a colored waiter, who was well known to hold Calvinistic opinions, and was, therefore, made the butt for many a jest. So the Governor said to him, "Sam, you do not really believe that doctrine of election, do you?" "'Deed I do, sah," said he. "Well, then," replied the Governor, "tell me whether I am elect or not." "Sah," said the negro, "I did not know you were a candidate, and I know nothing about a man's being elected if he has not put up for it." Now, that is common-sense. It is a business-like way of answering an absurd question.

Certain people who are not even candidates for heaven will yet shelter themselves behind wrong ideas of predestination—playing with the blessings of grace instead of desiring them. Have you not seen a man with a pack stand at a door trying to sell a few trinkets to a servant? He does not mind half an hour's talk about his goods; but when at last he finds that the maid does not mean buying, see how he shuts up his boxes, folds up his packages, and indignantly takes himself off, saying by his gestures, "I wish I had not wasted so much time over you." It is just so with earnest preachers; they grow sick at heart when they see that men will not come to business. They cry, "Who hath believed our report?" and are anxious to carry their heavenly burden to another people. Oh, dear hearers, let us not have to shake off the dust of our feet for a testimony against you! Oh, that you would hunger and thirst after Christ and His salvation, and then we should soon do a trade with you.

"*Buy:*" This means next to *agree to terms*, for there cannot be any purchasing, however much the buyer desires to buy and the seller to sell, till they agree to terms. Now, our difficulty with God's goods is this: whereas ordinarily the buyer cannot be brought *up* to

THE SELLER'S PRICE,

in our case we cannot get men *down* to God's price. They *will* persist in offering something or other as a price. They talk to us thus—"I cannot be saved, for I do not see any good thing in myself. Sir, if I had a deep sense of need, then I could be saved;" or, "Sir, if I could pray better;" or, "Sir, if I had more repentance, or more love, I could then believe in Jesus." Oh, yes, if you had a price in your hand, you would pay for heaven's blessings, would you not? But then, you see, they are not presented to you upon such terms. Price is out of the question. God's terms are that there shall be no terms of purchase at all: you are to be nothing, and Jesus is to be your all in all. When you will come down to that, then take the goods, the bargain is made; eternal life is yours.

The next thing in a purchase is that, when the terms are carried out, *the buyer appropriates the goods to himself*. If I buy a thing it is mine, and I take it into my possession. You do not see a man buy a thing and then leave it behind him for the seller to do as he likes with it. In the things of God you are to appropriate the blessing to yourself. Put out the hand of faith, and say, "Here is Christ for a sinner. I am a sinner, and I take Christ to be my Saviour. Here is washing for the filthy: I am filthy, and I wash. Here is a robe of righteousness for the naked: I am naked, I take the raiment to be mine." Make Christ your own, and He has made you His own. Take the Lord by an appropriating act of faith to be yours forever, and the bargain is struck.

But the text says a little more than that—it says, "Buy, *and eat*" as much as to say, make it yours in the most complete sense. If a man buys a loaf of bread it is his: but if he eats it, then all the lawyers in the world cannot dispute him out of it—he has it by a possession which is not only nine points of the law, but all the law. When a poor soul hath confidence enough to take Christ and to live upon Him as his own, saying, "This Christ is able to save me, I take Him into me and I am saved," why,

THE DEVIL HIMSELF CANNOT UNSAVE

you. What is to divide him from Christ? There is the bath, and I wash therein and am clean: what then? Who can obliterate the fact that I have washed? The righteousness of Christ is bestowed upon me, and put on by me, who can tear off that glorious dress?

IV. I conclude now by saying a few things by way of assurance, to show that this is all real and true, and no make-believe. Every needy, thirsty soul may have this day all the grace of God. Oh, may the Spirit of God make him willing, he shall have all the blessings of the covenant of grace to be his own forever and ever! This is no sham: there is

AN HONEST OFFER

made to every one who is conscious of soul-poverty! For, first, *it is not God's way to mock men*. You must not dream of exceptions which do not exist. Jesus says "Him that cometh to Me I will in no wise cast out," and this includes all who come. I am speaking to some this morning who have come *across the Atlantic* and are not yet saved: you may have been careless and thoughtless all your lives, but if you come to Jesus Christ this morning He will not refuse you His salvation. Many have come in from the country to-day: oh, that this may become their spiritual birthday! Come to the Lord Jesus Christ, my friend, and He will welcome you. He never did reject one, and He never will. He will not find pleasure in tantalizing you.

Note that these mercies must be really meant to be given gratis to the poor, because *God is under no necessity to sell His benefits*. If a poor tradesman began to give away his goods you would say, "There is some trick about this;" but when the Most High God, the possessor of heaven and earth, who has everything, freely gives to us, then there can be no design for His own advantage: His motive must be pure compassion. There is no adequate price that we could bring to God for His mercy; how could there be? Would it be mercy if it could be bought? Grace is without price because it is priceless. You can buy gold if you will: there is some medium of exchange for the purchase of every finite thing; but what medium of exchange could there be for the purchase of infinite blessings? Huge heaps of such things as the native Africans call money would be of no value to us, and what self-righteous men call merit is utterly despicable to God. Is there any comparison between a man's giving all his wealth and the possession of eternal glory?

Remember that Jesus must be meant for sinners, for *if sinners had not existed there never would have been a Saviour*. When the Lord Jesus Christ set up in business to save He must have known that there was no sphere for His operations except among sinners, and hence He entered on His office with the view of saving sinners. If a doctor comes into a town, and there is nobody ill, and it is certain that nobody ever will be ill, he had better drive off somewhere else: he will do most business where there is most sickness. When Christ Jesus became a soul-physician He had His eye on the spiritually sick, and on them alone. They are the patients who make up His practice, and they only. If, then, thou art sick even unto death, put thy case into the hands of Christ, for He will heal thee.

Beside that, *Christ is all*. Men have no notion what Christ is when they talk of getting ready for Christ, or bringing something to Him. What would you bring to Christ? Everything is in Christ, and therefore you cannot bring anything to Him. "Oh, but," say you, "I must come with a broken heart." I tell you no, you must come *for* a broken heart. "Oh, but I must come with a sense of need." I tell you that a true sense of need is His work in you. True repentance and a sense of need spring from His grace, and you must get them from Him without money and without price. "Ah, but I must *be* something." Say, rather, you must be nothing.

One thing more I would say, and that is the Gospel of Jesus Christ is blessedly free from all clogging conditions, because *all supposed conditions are supplied in Christ Jesus*. We have heard of men advertising to give things away, but when you read the advertisement carefully you find that you are to pay after all: the Gospel is not so, its freedom is real. Many a good thing is to be had, but when you see how it is to be obtained, you say to yourself, "the conditions shut me out:" but

THE CONDITIONS OF ETERNAL LIFE

shut no man out who needs to be saved and wills to be saved. Over the gate of heaven is written "Come, and welcome."

But you remind me that *it says* "*Buy*," and you insist upon it that therefore you must pay. Not so; salvation is paid for already: all the paying has been done by Him who opened His veins to find the only price that is current in heaven—the sin-atoning blood. If price may be spoken of—that price was all paid long before you were born. Nearly nineteen hundred years ago on Calvary's cross the purchasing work was done, and Jesus bowed His head and said, "It is finished." Will you add to that which is finished? Will you tag on your rags to the Lord's glistering cloth of gold, and add your base farthings to the infinite price which He poured forth so lavishly at the foot of the Eternal Throne? Oh, do not so.

To yoke you with Christ can never be. You and Christ together! An archangel and an emmet would make a better pair than you yoked with Christ. Nay, my friend, sink, sink, sink; by a mighty descent sink to nothing, and let Jesus rise, rise, rise, till He fills the whole horizon of your thoughts and hopes, for then are you saved. Let us sing—

"'Tis done! the great transaction's done;
I am my Lord's, and He is mine:
He drew me, and I follow'd on,
Charm'd to confess the voice divine."

A DESPISED NEW TESTAMENT.

(*See Illustration on page 444*).

REV. W. R. LAMUTH the son of the veteran missionary laboring in China relates an interesting incident in a letter home. He says: My father recently received a letter from some one in Tsing-poo, saying if he would come or send a friend he would get him a preaching-place. He had been so often disappointed, however, that he delayed a few days, thinking it was a joke being perpetrated upon him. In a few days a second letter came to the same purport. He immediately sent his native preacher, who was met in a deserted quarter of the city by a young man by the name of Tser, who informed him that he was clerk in the court of a judge at Tsing-poo.

Tser seemed so anxious that a Christian teacher should be sent that my father's messenger inquired the cause of his desire. Tser said that two weeks before, my father had visited the judge and requested a proclamation granting the citizens liberty to rent them a building for a chapel. This was firmly refused, and they retired disappointed. Before leaving, however, they presented him with a copy of the New

A Chinese Judge Flings a Testament Away.

Stopped on the Way to the Baby Towers in China.

Testament and some tracts. The tracts the judge tore to pieces as soon as their backs were turned, and the Testament he hurled across the room. It fell near the secretary, and Tser picked it up and concealed it in his sleeve. He retired to his room, and during the intervals of work read a few lines of the curious book. He grew so interested that he took it home and read it at night. The result was an intense desire for Christian teaching and his application to my father. Tser was familiar with Chinese law and he explained a scheme for obtaining the required sanction to the opening of a mission.

The plan was so successful that property was bought and a small church opened at once. Tser commenced in company with a native brother, studying the Word of God. In the course of a few months my father baptized him. In two months more he wrote me (the work having been placed in my hands in the mean time) that as he was forced to work on the Sabbath, and had learned that it was a day to be kept sacred, he had given up his position and was on his farm in the country. This was the more surprising as his official position was an ancient patrimony, to give up which, voluntarily, was, in the eyes of his friends, the height of folly. I invited him to my station at Nan-siang, to act as my teacher in Chinese. He came joyfully, bringing his wife and child, accepting a salary far less than what he had been in the habit of receiving. His wife soon knelt by his side at the family altar, and became a devoted Christian. Nay, she went further than many native Christians—she voluntarily loosed the bandages from her feet, saying, "While I cannot restore them to their natural size, I will do all I can to have my feet assume the shape God has given them." Later on he was licensed to preach, and he never seems weary of telling the story of Jesus and His love.

THE BABY TOWERS IN CHINA.

(*See Illustration.*)

Missionaries in China report that one of their most earnest endeavors in their work is to overthrow the practice of infanticide, which prevails to an appalling extent. The custom of destroying the lives of children, and especially of female babies, is so extensive and so well recognized that there are in most of the cities conveniences erected to save the parents the trouble and expense of single interments. They are called "Baby Towers."

In many places in China these *towers are to be seen, with small openings like windows near to the ground.* Into them the bodies of little children are thrown, wrapped round only with a piece of matting. Sometimes there is reason to fear, in the case of baby-girls, the people do not take the trouble to assure themselves the little ones are quite dead. A missionary in Wu-Chang one day met a little lad he knew carrying a small bundle in his arms. Upon inquiring what it was, he was told that the little boy's baby-sister had died the night before, and he was carrying her body to the baby tower.

A missionary writes a distressing account of

A CHINESE FOUNDLING HOSPITAL.

"Sometimes," he says, "you meet with a *foundling house* for gathering in these unhappy outcasts. We went to see the one established at Amoy. It was a most awful sight—filled with babies, all like little old women. Their appearances showed a distressing want of nourishment and cleanliness. We have never forgotten the sight, and can only think of it with a feeling of sickness. It would have been much better for the poor children to have passed away to God, instead of existing in such a state of living death; especially in view of the fact that if they live to grow up they are gladly got rid of to any who apply for them, although often for the worst of purposes. Even the nurses looked wretched. These various miseries may be accounted for by the want of principle often shown in heathen arrangements, especially by a system of farming out the offices of such institutions, and the efforts of all concerned to make as much gain as possible for themselves.

"Sometimes a heathen man or woman is moved to save the little life and admit the child into their family. In this way, a woman whom we knew, knowing that a certain girl was to be destroyed, went to the mother and asked to be allowed to keep the little one. Her request was granted. She brought her up with her own daughters, who looked on her as a foster-sister. The girl has turned out to be a very worthy woman, whose name is known in the Christian Church both at Amoy and Shanghai."

THE YOUNG MIDSHIPMAN'S RESCUE.

(*See Illustration.*)

Life is very dull for sailors when their ships are at the South African ports. There is little to amuse them, and they are generally eager to get the cargo on board and sail for home. A voyage to Europe means a stay at ports in which they can find much to entertain them, even if they do not always find the best kind of amusement; but in South Africa, especially on the coast of Madagascar, where some vessel floating the Stars and Stripes is generally to be seen waiting for cargo or entering or leaving port all is tame and dull. A few years ago on one of the American vessels there, a proposal was being discussed with the object of killing time and getting such enjoyment as the place afforded. It was finally decided that all who could get leave should go ashore and join in a shooting excursion on the mountains.

Among the officers Alfred Boden, a young midshipman, was one of the most eager to go. He was not a robust young man, but he was full of spirit and life and nervous energy. He had had some experience in the Rockies at home, and though he knew absolutely nothing of the African mountains he had no fear of harm coming to him there. To his great delight he was included in the party, and went ashore in the highest spirits.

When the natives knew the object the sailors had in view, there were several offers made to them of assistance, but the young men, with the impetuosity and self-confidence of youth, refused them. The natives by signs, and such broken English as they could command, warned them of the risk they ran, but to no purpose; the young men with natural contempt for natives, thought they had no need of their help, and rejected their offer with scorn. Boden, however, whose gentleness and uniform kindness to everybody had led to his being regarded as somewhat effeminate, was grieved at the way his companions treated the natives, and turning to the man who appeared to be their leader smiled his thanks, and placed in the hand of the stalwart negro his pocket-knife, a gift he knew would be appreciated. He did not mind the chaff his companions lavished on him for his weakness in giving a present to a man he was not likely ever to see again. Boden was hurt by seeing kindness repulsed, and if the gift of his knife would heal the wound his companions had made, he thought the present wisely given, though it might never bring benefit to him.

A delightful day was spent on the mountains, and the young men, who had been nearly a month on shipboard, thoroughly enjoyed roaming at will among the luxuriant forest growths at the foot of the mountains, and in scaling the higher peaks. They were sitting down to rest and partake of the refreshments they had brought with them, when a large bird of glorious

plumage flew over their heads. They had never seen such a bird before, and exclamations of admiration sprang to every lip. The place they had chosen for their meal was the very edge of a steep cliff, and far below them they heard the rush of a mountain cataract, and could see the river like a silver thread glistening in the sunlight. They waited impatiently for the bird to fly past them again, that they might shoot it and carry it home as a memento of their journey. But it hovered over the chasm, and if they had shot it there they would not have been able to capture it. At last the bird flew toward them again, but wheeled as if in fear, and again crossed the chasm. Once more it came toward them, and then Boden raised his gun and fired. The bird fell, but it looked as if it had fallen beyond their reach. They hurried to the spot but could not see it. Looking over the edge of the cliff they saw it, not more than three feet below them, resting on a ledge of rock. Boden threw himself on the ground and strained over the cliff trying to reach it. He could just touch it with the tips of his fingers, but could not raise it. Another inch or two forward would accomplish his purpose, and he cautiously drew himself along, but it was too far; he overbalanced and fell forward down into the chasm.

The Stalwart Negro Carried Boden like an Infant.

The young men looked at each other in horror. They strained their eyes over the edge, but could see no sign of their companion. They shouted, but no answer came back but the echo of their own voices. Then they hurried down the mountain, looking anxiously for some path by which they could reach the foot of the cliff, but in vain. Then their thoughts turned to the natives they had seen before commencing their ascent, and hastened on to invoke their aid.

Meanwhile Alfred Boden was lying bruised and helpless half way down the cliff; he had caught at some bushes in his descent, and clinging to them had broken his fall, otherwise the force with which he would have fallen must have killed him. He fell against the trunk of a huge tree and it seemed to him that his back was broken. He fainted with pain, and heard nothing of the cries of his companions overhead. After a time he recovered consciousness, but was unable to move. Indeed, if he could have risen he would probably have fallen lower, for the cliff was so precipitous that the trunk of the tree seemed to be the only foothold. He lay perfectly still, wondering what would happen to him, and whether his companions were doing anything for his rescue. An intense stillness reigned around, broken only by the rush of the cataract. How long would he lie there? Would he ever see New York again? Would some wild beast or loathsome snake end his life? Questions like these passed through his mind as he lay, afraid to move. As the minutes passed he began to lose hope, and the prayers he had learned as a boy in Sunday-school passed through his mind. He was in imminent danger as he well knew, and he lamented the sins of his youth, and prayed for forgiveness. It seemed strange to him as he lay there that he should be more anxious about that than about his escape from his perilous situation.

How long he lay there he did not know, but at last he heard a voice he did not recognize, shouting. He answered feebly, for he was weak from pain. Again the voice called, and again he answered. In a few minutes he saw below him the form of the stalwart negro to whom he had given his pocket-knife. The man was soon at his side and helping him to rise, but the pain of movement was dreadful, and again he lapsed into unconsciousness.

The negro looked at him pitifully. Boden was the only one of the white sailors who had treated him like a human being, or he would not have stirred to assist him; but finding out which of the party it was who had fallen, he had gone in search of him at once. He picked him up tenderly as if he had been a babe, and carefully picking his way, bore his burden to a spot at which a prostrate tree made a rude bridge over the raging torrent. He was a powerful fellow, but such a load as the unconscious young sailor tried his strength as he crossed, his bare feet clinging to the tree. He bore him safely, however, to the other side, and he was soon among the group of anxious young sailors, who eagerly watched his movements.

They would have overwhelmed him with gifts, but he shook his head, and fondly stroked the hair and cheeks of the young man whose life he had saved. He had saved him because he was grateful to him for his kindness, and not for hire. Gently they carried young Boden when he regained consciousness to the boat, and rowed back to the ship, where he was cared for by the ship's surgeon, and soon recovered. A few days afterward the ship sailed for home, but not before he had sought out again the preserver of his life and had made him accept a few gifts in recognition of his service. The most prized of those was his own photograph, which was the subject of unbounded wonder to the negro and his friends.

To a simple act of kindness—of respect for the feelings of another—he in all probability owed his life, and the lesson was not lost on him or his sailor friends. Nor were the thoughts that filled his mind as he lay on the verge of the grave without result. He sought and found the Good Shepherd who, when He finds the lost sheep carries it to His Father's House rejoicing. His utter helplessness as he lay where he had fallen on that eventful day was to him so fit type of his spiritual condition that the revelation of Jesus as the Saviour was understood, and he accepted the proffered deliverance with a glad heart.

MRS. CHANTREY'S SECRET.

A Serial Story.

THE RECTORY.

So quiet is the small market town of Upton, that it is difficult to believe in the stir and din of a great city which is little more than an hour's journey from it. It is the terminus of the single line of rails, branching off from the main line eight miles away, and along it three trains only travel each way daily. The sleepy streets have old-fashioned houses straggling along each side, with trees growing among them; and here and there, down the roads leading into the country, which are half street, half lane, green plots of daisied grass are still to be found, where there were once open fields that have left a little legacy to the birds and children of coming generations.

Half the houses are still largely built of wood from the forest of olden times that has now disappeared; and ancient bow-windows jut out over the side causeways. Some of the old exclusive mansions continue to boast in a breastwork of stone pillars linked together by chains of iron, intended as a defence against impertinent intruders, but more often serving as safe swinging places for the young children sent to play in the streets. Perhaps of all times of the year the little town looks its best on a sunny autumn morning, with its fine film of mist, when the chestnut leaves are golden, and slender threads of gossamer are floating in the air, and heavy dews, white as the hoar-frost, glisten in the sunshine. But at any season Upton seems a tranquil, peaceful, out-of-the-world spot, having no connection with busier and more wretched places.

There were not many real gentry, as the townsfolk called them, living near. A few retired tradesmen and clerks, weary of the great city, and finding rents and living cheaper at Upton, had settled in trim villas, built beyond the boundaries of the town. But for the most part the population consisted of substantial tradespeople and professional men, whose families had been represented there for several generations. As usual, the society was broken up into very small cliques; no one household feeling itself exactly on the same social equality as another; even as far down as the laundresses and charwomen, who could tell whose husband or son had been before the justices, and which families had escaped that disgrace.

The nearest approach to that equality and fraternity of which we all hear so much and see so little, was unfortunately to be found in the bar-parlor and billiard-room of the Upton Arms; but even this was lost as soon as the threshold was recrossed, and the boon-companions of the interior breathed the air of the outer world. There were several religious sects of considerable strength, and of very decided antagonistic views; any one of whose members was always ready to give the reason of the special creed that was in him. So, what with a variety of

domestic circumstances, and a diversity of religious opinions, it is not to be wondered at that the society of Upton was broken up into very small circles indeed.

There was one point, however, on which all the townspeople were united. There could be no doubt whatever as to the beauty of *the old Norman church*, lying just beyond the eastern boundary of the town; not mingling with its business, but standing in a solemn quiet of its own, as if to guard the repose of the sleepers under its shadow. The churchyard too, was beautiful, with its grand and dusky old yew-trees, spreading their broad-sweeping branches like cedars, and with many a bright colored flower-bed lying among the dark green of the graves. The townspeople loved to stroll down to it in the twilight, with half-stirred idle thoughts of better things soothing away the worries and cares of the day.

A narrow meadow of glebe-land separated the churchyard from the Rectory garden, a bank of flowers and turf sloping up to the house. Nowhere could a more pleasant, home-like dwelling be found, lightly covered with sweet-scented creeping plants, which climbed up to the highest gable, and flung down long sprays of blossom-laden branches to toss to and fro in the air. Many a weary, bedinned citizen had felt heart-sick at the sight of its tranquillity and peace.

The people of Upton, great and small, conformist or nonconformist, were proud of their rector. It was no unusual sight for a dozen or more carriages from a distance to be seen waiting at the church door for the close of the service, not only on a Sunday morning, when custom demands the observance, but even in the afternoon, when public worship is usually left to servant-maids. There was not a seat to be had for love or money, either by gentle or simple, after the reading of the Psalms had begun.

The Dissenters themselves were accustomed to attend church occasionally, with a half-guilty sense, not altogether unpleasant, of acting against their principles. But then the rector was always or friendly terms with them; and made no distinction, in distributing Christmas charities, between the poor old folks who went to church or to chapel, or, as it was said regretfully, to no place at all. He had his failings; but the one point on which all Upton agreed was, that their church and rector were the best between that town and the metropolis.

It was a hard struggle with David Chantrey, this beloved rector of Upton, to resolve upon leaving his parish, though only for a time, when his physicians strenuously urged him to spend two winters, and the intervening summer in Madeira. Very definitely they assured him that such an absence was his only chance of assuring a fair share of the ordinary term of human life. But it was a difficult thing to do, apart from the hardness of the struggle; and the difficulty just verged upon an impossibility. The living was not a rich one, its whole income being a little under two thousand dollars a year. Now, when he had provided a salary for the curate who must take his duty, and decided upon the smallest sum necessary for his own expenses, the remainder, in whatever way the sum was worked, was clearly quite insufficient for the maintenance of his young wife and child. They could not go with him; that was impossible. But how were they to live while he was away? No doubt, if his difficulty had been known, there were many wealthy people among his friends who would gladly have removed it; but not one of them even guessed at it. Was not Mrs. Bolton, the widow of the late archdeacon, and the richest woman in Upton, own aunt to the rector, David Chantrey?

Next to Mr. Chantrey himself, Mrs. Bolton was the most eminent personage in Upton. She had settled there upon the archdeacon's death, which happened immediately after he had obtained the living for his wife's favorite nephew. For some years she had been the only lady connected with the rector, and had acted as his female representative. There was neither mansion nor cottage which she had not visited. The high were her associates; the low her protégés, for whose souls she labored. She was at the head of all charitable agencies and benevolent societies. Nothing could be set on foot in Upton under any other patronage. She was active, untiring, and not very susceptible. So early and so completely had she obtained the little sovereignty she had assumed, that when the rightful queen came there was no room for her. *The rector's wife* was only known as a pretty and pleasant-spoken young lady, who left all the parish affairs in Mrs. Bolton's hands.

It is not to be wondered at, then, that no one guessed at David Chantrey's difficulty, though everybody knew the exact amount of his income. Neither he nor his wife hinted at it. Sophy Chantrey would have freely given the world, had it been hers, to accompany her husband; but there was no chance of that. A friend was going out on the same doleful search for health; and the two were to take charge of each other. But how to live at all while David was away? She urged that she could manage very well on a small sum a year, if she and her boy went to some cheap lodgings in a strange neighborhood, where nobody knew them; but her husband would not listen to such a plan. The worry and fret of his brain had grown almost to fever-height, when his aunt made a proposal, which he accepted in impatient haste. This was that Sophy should make her home at Bolton Villa for the full time of his absence; on condition that Charlie a boy of seven years old, full of life and spirits, should be sent to school for the same term.

Sophy rebelled for a lit tle while, but in vain. In thinking of the eighteen long and dreary months her husband would be away, she had counted upon having the conso lation of her child's companionship. But no other scheme presented itself; and she felt the sacrifice must be made for David's sake. A suitable school was found for Charlie; and he was placed in it a day or two before she had to journey down to the port from which the ship sailed with her husband. No soul on deck that day was more sorrowful than hers. David's hollow cheeks, and thin, stooping frame, and the feeble hand that clasped hers till the last moment, made the hope of ever seeing him again seem a mad folly. Her sick heart refused to be comforted. He was sanguine, and spoke almost gayly of his return; but she was filled with anguish. A strong persuasion seized upon her that she should see his face no more; and when the bitter moment of parting was over, she travelled back alone, heart-stricken and crushed in spirit, to her new home under Mrs. Bolton's roof.

Bolton Villa was not more than a stone's throw from the rectory and the church. Sophy could hear the same shrieks of the martins wheeling about the tower, and the same wintry chant of the robins amid the ivy creeping up it. The familiar striking of the church clock and the chime of the bells rang alike through the windows of both houses. But there was no sound of her husband's voice and no merry shout of Charlie's, and the difference was appalling to her. She could not endure it.

Mrs. Bolton was exceedingly proud of her villa. It had been bought expressly to please her by the late archdeacon, and altered under her own superintendence. Her tastes and wishes had been studied throughout. The interior was something like a diary of her life.

The broad oak staircase was decorated with flags and banners from all the countries she had travelled through; souvenirs labelled with the names of every town she had visited, and the date of that event, lay scattered about. The entrance-hall, darkened by the heavy banners on the staircase, was a museum of curiosities collected by herself. The corners and niches were filled with plaster casts of famous statuary, which were supposed to look as fine as their marble originals in the gloom surrounding them. Every room was crowded with ornaments and knick-knacks, all of which had some association with herself.

Even those apartments not seen by guests were no less encumbered with mementoes that had been discarded from time to time in favor of newer treasures. Mrs. Bolton never dared to change her servants, and it cannot be wondered at, that while offering a home to her nephew's wife, she could not extend her invitation to a mischievous boy of seven.

But however interesting Bolton Villa might be to its mistress, it was not altogether a home favorable for the recovery of a bowed-down spirit, though Mrs. Bolton could not understand why Sophy, surrounded with so many blessings and with so much to be thankful for, should fall into a low, nervous fever shortly after she had parted with her husband and child.

The house was quiet, fearfully quiet to Sophy. There was a depressing hush about it altogether different from the cheerful tranquillity of her own home. Very few visitors broke through its monotony, for Mrs. Bolton's social pinnacle was too high above her immediate neighbors for them to climb up to it; while those whose station was somewhat on a level with hers lived too far away, or were too young and frivolous for friendly intercourse. There were formal dinner-parties at stated intervals, and occasionally a neighboring clergyman to be entertained. But these came few and far between, and Sophy Chantrey found herself very much alone amid the banners and souvenirs that banished her boy from the house.

Mrs. Bolton herself was very often away. There was always something to be done in the parish which should by right have been Sophy's work, but her aunt had always discouraged any interference and David had been quite content to keep her to himself, as there was so able a substitute for her in the ordinary duties of a clergyman's wife. She had made but few acquaintances, and it was generally understood that Mrs. Chantrey was quite a cipher. No one ever expected her to become prominent in Upton.

About half-way down the High Street of Upton stood a small old-fashioned saddler's shop, the door of which was divided across the middle, so as to form two parts, the upper one always thrown open. Above the doorway, under a low-gabled roof, hung a cracked and mouldering sign-board, bearing the words "Ann Holland, Saddler." All the letters were faded, yet a keen eye might detect that the name "Ann" was more distinct than the others, as if painted at a later date.

Within the shop an old journeyman was always to be seen, busy at his trade, and taking no heed of any customer coming in, unless the ringing of a bell on the lower half of the door remained unnoticed, when he would shamble away to call his mistress. In an evening after the twilight had set in, and it was too dark for her own ornamental stitching of the saddlery, Ann Holland was often to be found leaning over the half-door of her shop, and ready to exchange a friendly good-night, or a more lengthy conversation, with her townsfolk as they passed to and fro. She was a rosy, cheery-looking woman, still under fifty, with a pleasant voice and a friendly word for every one, and it was well known that she had refused several offers of marriage, some of them very eligible for a person of her station.

There was not one of the townspeople she had not known from their earliest appearance in Upton, and she had the pedigree of all the families, high and low, at her finger-ends. New-comers she could only tolerate until they had lived respectably and paid their debts punctually for a good number of years. She had a kindly love of gossip, a simple real interest in the fortunes of all about her. There was little else for her to think of, for books and newspapers came seldom in her way, and were often far above her comprehension when they did. Upton news that would bring tears to her

eyes or a laugh to her lips was the food her mind lived upon. Ann Holland was almost as general a favorite as the rector himself.

(To be continued.)

ISRAEL DEFEATED AT AI.

S. S. Lesson for July 22, Joshua 7 : 6-26. Golden Text, Isa. 59 : 12. By Mrs. M. Baxter.

The Bright Prospect—A Contrary Current—Joshua's Reconnoissance—The Lord not Consulted—Misplaced Confidence—Inevitable Defeat—Unsuccessful Warfare of the Church—Accursed Relics of Jericho—Joshua's Recourse to Prayer—Unblessed Secrecy—An Investigation Ordered—Achan's Detection—Robbing God—How Committed Now—Execution without Mercy—The Church's Normal Condition.

THE preceding chapter concludes, "So the Lord was with Joshua; and his fame was noised throughout all the country." To all appearance nothing but victory lay before the children of Israel; their enemies had lost heart; their leader, Joshua, had proved that God was with him as He had been with Moses; one of the mightiest cities of Canaan lay a heap of ashes and ruins behind them, and above all they had the promise of God that the unconquered land was given to them already (ch. 1 : 3), and that no man should be able to stand before them (Deut. 7 : 24); how then could they fail to conquer? O how grievous is the history, "That the children of Israel committed a trespass in the accursed thing." One man had sinned through covetousness, but the consequences of that sin touched the whole people.

A contrary current seems to have set in, carrying all before it, and Joshua himself was affected by it. Without any reference to the "Captain of the host of the Lord," he sent men from Jericho to Ai, saying, "Go up and view the country." He would have done better to trust to the eyes of the Lord which "run to and fro throughout the whole earth, to show Himself strong in the behalf of them whose heart is perfect toward Him" (II Chron. 16 : 9). They went, viewed the city, and gave their counsel just after the manner of men, quite forgetting that the Lord was their Commander, and that

HUMAN CALCULATIONS

were quite out in warfare which He conducted. They said, "Let not all the people go up; but let about two or three thousand men go up and smite Ai; and make not all the people to labor thither, for they are but few." How strange it seems that Joshua did not ask the Lord! "So there went up thither of the people about three thousand men; and they fled before the men of Ai." Had they been thirty thousand, it would have been the same, going up as they did in their own will, and in their own strength. Thirty-six men of those whom the Lord had declared invincible were smitten, "wherefore the hearts of the people melted and became as water." The Word of God had declared that if they walked in His statutes, and kept His commandments to do them, they should chase their enemies; but if they would not hearken to Him to do His commandments then they should be slain before their enemies (Lev. 26 : 3, 7, 8, 14, 17; Deut. 28 : 25).

God never slurs over or ignores sin in His children; wherever it is committed there is no real victory until it is confessed and put away. And it becomes us to inquire in face of the very little victory over the world which the Church of God has gained to this day,

WHAT ARE THE ACCURSED THINGS

which are hindering the conversion and sanctification of thousands of immortal souls? God had forbidden His people to appropriate any of the spoil of Jericho, and because the curse of God was upon the city all which belonged to it was under the curse, condemned to destruction. God gave Jericho into the hands of His people with the command that everything within the city should be destroyed, and the indestructible things, silver, gold, brass, and iron brought into the treasury of the house of the Lord. Christ died for us with the object "that they which lived should not henceforth live unto themselves, but unto Him which died for them and rose again" (2 Cor. 5 : 15). Self-indulgence whether in the form of intoxicating drinks, smoking, pleasure-seeking, novel-reading, sight-seeing, dress, amusements, gossip or luxurious eating, is an accursed thing in the Church of God. Self-conceit which engenders pride, envy, strife, touchiness, and evil temper, is an accursed thing in Christians, even self-effort, whether to save one's self or to sanctify one's self; or self-effort in prayer, or praise, or in winning souls; or again self-condemnation which comes from being occupied with self, it is all an accursed thing, and hinders both our own progress and that of others. They are discouraged by being unable for such efforts, which they often see better than those who make them, how unavailing they are. Self out of the way, the temptations of Satan may fall like seed but find no soil in which they can spring into life—produce sin. When we really deny or ignore ourselves, *i.e.*, put ourselves out of the question—cease to consider ourselves, God's blessed work in us, and by us is unhindered.

Joshua was broken-hearted; could God reverse his promise? impossible! But this man of God did not lose time in talking with the elders and speculating with them as to the cause of their defeat,

HE WENT DIRECT TO GOD.

"Joshua rent his clothes and fell to the earth upon his face before the ark of the Lord until the eventide, he and the elders of Israel, and put dust upon their heads." How often, when there is deadness in a church or a mission, the members meet together and talk about it; either the preacher is wrong, or the members as a whole do not support him, or the public do not appreciate the work, and they are to blame, or somebody else's work comes in the way; and all this consultation does not set the wrong thing right. When we get down before the Lord, quite willing to be the first to bear the blame, He takes the matter in hand, and lovingly and tenderly shows us where we are wrong, and how to get right again.

Joshua could not bear that Israel should turn their backs before their enemies, this was not in order, this was not what God had led him to expect, and he ended his touching prayer, "What wilt Thou do unto Thy great name?" God gave him an answer. He said, "Get thee up; wherefore liest thou thus upon thy face? Israel hath sinned, and they have also transgressed My covenant which I had commanded them: for they have even taken of the accursed thing, and have also stolen, and dissembled also, and they have put it even among their own stuff."

Is not this the history of many a one who gets wrong in his or her soul? There is some attractive snare, strong drink, or morphia, or it may be the receiving of forbidden letters, or interviews, or it may be secret sin, things on which the blessing of God cannot be asked, and which cannot bear the light. This is the history of each such transaction, "they have even taken of the accursed thing, and have stolen (if not from man, yet from God) and dissembled also, and have put it even among their own stuff. The blessing of God never rests on things which are done in secret, he that doeth truth cometh to the light that his deeds may be made manifest that they are wrought in God" (John 3 : 21). If a wife has to close up a book hastily when her husband comes into the room, there is something of the accursed thing there. When brandy, ordered at a grocer's has to be written down "tea," or morphia from a chemist entered in the bill as "Sedlitz Powders," the curse of God is on such transactions.

With unmistakable clearness He declared to Joshua that He would be with them no more except they destroyed the accursed from among them. Then He commanded that the people should sanctify themselves, and that these solemn words should be pronounced, "Thus saith the Lord God of Israel, There is an accursed thing in the midst of thee, O Israel: thou canst not stand before thine enemies, until ye take away the accursed thing from among you;" and then followed the command for

AN INVESTIGATION,

tribe by tribe, family by family, household by household, man by man. Often when anything goes wrong in our Christian work there is an investigation made, and at the end there is as much uncertainty as at the beginning; but here there was no chance to escape. God was the Investigator, and *He* found out the criminal, Achan was taken. His doom had been pronounced beforehand, he was to be burned with fire, because he had wrought folly in Israel. It must have been an awful moment; every instant his doom was hastening. Joshua said unto him, "My son, give, I pray thee, glory to the Lord God of Israel, and make confession unto Him; and tell me now what thou hast done; hide it not from me." The poor unhappy culprit pleaded "guilty," and said, "Indeed, I have sinned against the Lord God of Israel, and thus and thus have I done." And then came the sad confession.

Achan had heard the charge of the Lord through Joshua, "And ye in any wise keep yourselves from the accursed thing lest ye make yourselves accursed, when ye take of the accursed thing, and make the camp of Israel a curse and trouble it." And his sin was a double one, not only had he retained for himself that which God had devoted to destruction and thus brought the curse upon himself, and upon all Israel, but he had been guilty of sacrilege in appropriating to his own use the silver and the gold which, after being purified by fire, was to be brought into the treasury of the Lord. Achan was

ROBBING GOD.

Is this sin never committed in our own days? When one man seeks to appropriate to his own purposes the spiritual gifts of another seeks to make some mission work succeed by getting some one who has more of the Holy Spirit than himself, not for the sake of the souls, not under a burden from the Lord that such an instrument was chosen of Him, but simply in order that the work may not be behind some one else's work, may answer as well financially and have as good a name, surely surely this is the sin of Achan. When any one enjoys the spiritual influence of one who lives near to God and suns himself in it, just sucking the honey second hand, with no idea of living out that life of which he sees the possibilities, no idea of any close dealing with God, then he is robbing God.

Only judgment could follow Achan's sin, the law has no mercy. Led out in mournful procession with all his family (partakers no doubt in his sin) and even his innocent cattle, and the tent in which he had lived, "Joshua said, Why hast thou troubled us? The Lord shall trouble thee this day. And all Israel stoned them with stones, and burned them with fire after they had stoned them with stones. And they raised over him a great heap of stones unto this day. So the Lord turned from the fierceness of His anger." O how blessed is it in this day of salvation that "if we confess our sins He is faithful and just to forgive us our sins and to cleanse us from all unrighteousness" (1 John 1 : 9). Thank God when sin is really turned from it can be put away for the blood of Jesus Christ His Son cleanseth from all sin. Thank God the execution of every believer is already accomplished crucified with Christ and buried with Christ, but he must abide in Him by real, continuous, practical faith. O why should a church continue in an unsatisfactory condition, why not bring it to God that the accursed thing which hinders progress may be discovered and put away? Why should any individual who has got wrong remain so? Bless God He is ready to undertake any case and every case, and He is waiting to be gracious. The normal state of the Church is victory, the normal state of God's children is victory. Lord bring us to our normal state.

FOREIGN TOPICS.

The Deaths from Cholera in Egypt Averaged more than a hundred a day in Damietta alone, beside those at Mansourah and other places. Nearly all the European nations have established a strict quarantine. The *Official Gazette* of Berlin announces that at a sanitary conference, over which Herr von Boetticher, the Secretary of the Imperial Office of the Interior, presided, it was decided to prevent persons liable to carry infection from coming to Germany from Egypt, and to establish a medical control over vessels arriving in Germany from ports where the existence of cholera is suspected. The latest reports indicate that the state of affairs is slightly worse at Damietta but improving at Mansourah. The Nile is rising well, which it is expected will cut short the epidemic in some districts. The Russian Government has ordered the establishment of rigid quarantine on the Black Sea to prevent the introduction of cholera by vessels coming from Egypt, and has forbidden the usual pilgrimage to Mecca.

A Terrible Steamship Disaster Occurred During the launch of a steamship near Glasgow on July 3d. The vessel to which the disaster happened was the steamer Daphne. While she was being launched she fell over on her side, precipitating a number of people into the water. Sixty persons were at first said to be drowned. The steamer left the ways at a very fast rate, and when she gained the water she rolled from side to side. Her machinery, which was already on board, caused the stern of the vessel, which entered the water first, to sink below the safety line, and the water rushed into her port holes. The persons on board, fearing that she would capsize, ran to and fro. The vessel finally reeled over and turned keel uppermost. Those who had maintained their positions on the portion of the steamer not submerged did their utmost to save those who were cast overboard. At the same time boats hastily pulled to the scene to assist in the work of rescuing the unfortunate people and succeeded in saving quite a number of them. It was known, however, that there were fifty persons below in the Daphne when the vessel went over, and these must have all been drowned. A diver states that the companionway of the Daphne is blocked up by a solid mass of bodies, one upon another. It appears that the men who were at work below when the ship went over rushed from their work and became jammed in the passageway. Some of the bodies still have tools in their hands. It is intended to raise a fund for the benefit of the bereaved families. Queen Victoria has telegraphed to the Mayor of Glasgow, requesting him to inform the widows and children that they have her *sympathy*.

The Count of Chambord, the Last Descendant of the long line of kings of the House of Bourbon, which ruled France for so many years, was taken seriously ill on June 27th. During several days his death was momentarily expected, but at the close of last week he was still living, and was indeed somewhat better than at its commencement. The count is a very estimable gentleman, who enjoys personally the respect of Europe, and is liked even by those who would be most sincerely sorry to see him placed on the throne of his ancestors. He is sixty-three years of age, and has no children, so that with him the famous family becomes extinct in the direct line. The believers in the divine right of kings have always regarded him as the rightful King of France, and addressed him as Henri V. The revolution of 1830, which drove his grandfather, Charles X., from the throne of France, placed his own life in danger, and he, a boy of ten years old, was carried for safety to England, where he remained during the existence of the Empire. After the fall of Napoleon III. the Legitimists were anxious to restore their king, and the count returned to France. In the disturbed condition of the country it would have been easy to place him on the throne, for his followers were enthusiastic and loyal, while their opponents were divided and dispirited; but with the obstinacy and stupidity of his race he issued a manifesto declaring on what terms alone he would consent to confer on France the privilege of being governed by him. One of his stipulations was that the tricolor flag, which to Frenchmen is the symbol of glory, should be discarded in favor of the white banner of the Bourbons. That stipulation destroyed his chances, for it proved that he was no better than his ancestors, whose arrogance and pride had overwhelmed France in disaster. He is now supposed to be dying at his private house at Frohsdorf. At his death the Count of Paris, one of the Orleanists, will be the leader of the Monarchists and the chief pretender to the throne; but the Bonapartists predict that Jerome Napoleon will issue a manifesto, which will render him a more popular aspirant than the Orleanist prince.

Disastrous Floods are Reported from India. A dispatch from Calcutta says that heavy floods have prevailed in the district of Surat, India, causing great damage to property and some loss of life. Five hundred houses have fallen at Surat. Many villages have been destroyed by the floods, and thousands of people are homeless. A later telegram states that the floods are now subsiding, but traffic on the railways is interrupted.

Another Irish Assassination Society has been discovered, in which the payments for outrage were contingent on the sacrifice of life. Four men were convicted at Sligo on July 7th, who belonged to the organization. Evidence was given that the prisoners and a number of other persons, who were obeying the orders of a secret society, attempted, in March, 1882, to blow up the Weston House at Galway with dynamite. If they had succeeded in destroying the house and killing the inmates there were to have received £500. *If they failed to take any life they were to have received* only £200 or £300. Five pounds of dynamite were exploded on the window sill of the house. Little damage was done, owing to lack of skill on the part of the conspirators.

Peter Carey, the Irish Informer, who Planned and directed the murders of Lord Frederick Cavendish and Mr. Burke, has left Dublin. The evidence he gave at the recent trials was chiefly the means of bringing his instruments to justice, but it has so exasperated his countrymen against him that it was not deemed safe to permit him to leave the prison in which he was confined. His house in Dublin was completely coated with the mud flung at it in contempt by Carey's late friends. The British Government have refused to reward Carey for his evidence with either a pardon or with money. On July 2d, after nightfall, a detective called upon him at Kilmainham Jail with an order for his delivery, and drove with him in a hack into the city. Having been given the alternative of being turned unprotected into the streets or a passage to London, and thence to any colony he might select, he accepted the latter. His family had already gone to London separately in order to avoid suspicion. It is believed that unless he has so altered his appearance as that his most intimate friends will not know him, he will be murdered very soon wherever he may go.

A Manifesto from the Nihilists of Russia has been issued. It is generally regarded as a demonstration of the weakness and decadence of the order, and as proving by its diction and style that the ablest of the Nihilistic leaders are either dead or in exile. It speaks of the determination of the revolutionists to carry on the fight for "Land and Liberty," but acknowledges that they are suffering from the loss of their best leaders, and sorely distressed for means, which all "fellow citizens" are earnestly exhorted to furnish without delay. It admits that the murder of Alexander II. was not received by the country at large in the way that the assassins desired, but attributes this fact to malicious reports spread by government agents among the people to the effect that this terrible deed was the work of landed proprietors seeking to avenge their spoliation in favor of the peasants. The appeal contains no definite programme of future action, nor, generally speaking, any but vague references to the past. The last words of this Nihilist manifesto are: "The party will continue to pursue arbitrary power into its last hiding places, and your part, fellow citizens, is to furnish the necessary sinews of war; so let us be allies!"

The Election of Mr. Healy, Mr. Parnell's private secretary, as Member of Parliament for Monaghan County, is announced. Mr. Healy resigned his seat in Parliament to contest the election for a new constituency, because the Parnellites believed that he alone could carry Monaghan County in the Parnell interest, while any Parnellite could be elected to succeed Mr. Healy. There was great confusion during the counting of the votes. After the official announcement that Mr. Healy was elected by a majority of 350, the new member addressed a large crowd of people, by whom he was received with great enthusiasm. He said that landlordism had been trampled under foot, and that the election represented the popular demand for speedy reform in the land laws. He had little doubt that before many years every farmer in Ireland would be the owner of his holding. Mr. Healy said that the victory of the Parnell party would lead to a reopening of the land question and other great reforms, and his hearers would see the day when Irishmen would make laws on their native soil. It is stated that the conservative candidate will forthwith lodge a petition against the seating of Mr. Healy on the ground of serious informalities.

A Generous Proposal has been Made by an English gentleman, Mr. Richard Barlow-Kennett, who has been impressed by the astonishing results in England and Scotland of the Blue Ribbon Gospel Meetings. These meetings are conducted by the Blue Ribbon Gospel Army, and have been the means of rescuing large numbers of the most depraved and degraded outcasts of society from their sins. The success of the army in this work has been remarkable, but it is not difficult to explain. The leading principle of the army is reliance on the power of the Saviour to deliver the victim of Satan from any chains the great enemy of souls has laid on him, whether they are drunkenness, sensuality or any other vice. Acting on that principle of treatment the cases of reformation, marvellous as they are both in number and character, were to be expected. Hitherto the expenses of the army, aggregating over *five hundred dollars a week*, have been born by the *Rev. M. Baxter, the President of the Army*. Mr. Barlow-Kennett now urges that the good work shall be extended, and to that end is giving $1250 conditionally on the sum of $5000 being raised by other Christian people. As the converts are chiefly the poorest of the poor, they cannot contribute toward the support of the army; but Christians anxious for the spread of the Gospel among the classes who so sorely need its blessings, will doubtless be ready to aid so excellent a work. Should any of our readers desire to contribute they may send to this office, and their gifts will be forwarded to Mr. Baxter.

An Illustrated Work on the Unfulfilled prophecies of the Bible, by the Rev. M. Baxter, entitled: "Forty Coming Wonders," may be had from the office of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, 63 Bible House, New York, by remitting one dollar. It is a book of 528 pages, is handsomely bound in cloth and contains fifty full-page pictures and diagrams representing the scenes described in the prophecies of Daniel and in the book of the Revelation. It also contains a resumé of the opinions of other expositors, and extracts carefully collated from the works of all the most eminent writers on prophecy, from the earliest ages of the Christian era down to those of recent date. It thus forms the most useful and complete guide the student can have in entering on the study of that portion of the Word of God. The book may also be obtained for one dollar from any bookseller, who can procure it from the American News Company.

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THE HECATOMB OF CHILDREN.

THE appalling disaster at Sunderland, England, in which about two hundred children lost their lives, was briefly described in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD of June 21st. On the first page this week is a picture of the building in which the calamity occurred, with portraits of the mayor of the town and the janitor of the hall, the latter of whom was foremost in the work of rescue, and succeeded in saving the lives of many of the little sufferers.

An entertainment for children to be given on June 16th at Sunderland was announced by the Fay family, who were performing during the season at the Aquarium of the neighboring town of Tynemouth. The entertainment was to include conjuring tricks, ventriloquism, etc., and Mr. Fay visited most of the schools in Sunderland with the object of securing patronage for the entertainment. The charge for admission of children was fixed as low as two cents, so as to give even the humblest in the schools a chance of attending. The result was a very large attendance in the cheap portions of the hall. The gallery was crowded, not less than 1170 children being there. There were about a score of mothers in the gallery who had come with their children, but practically the vast number of little ones were left to themselves with no supervision whatever.

The entertainment proceeded smoothly and satisfactorily till just after five o'clock, when it was about to close. Mr. Fay had promised to make a distribution of toys to the young people, and when the distribution commenced there was great excitement among the children, both in the body of the hall and the gallery. It is stated that Mr. Fay began to scatter prizes to the youngsters in the body of the hall. Some of the children in the gallery rose from their seats and hurried to the door to obtain their prizes. They were followed by others, and in a few seconds a stream of children was running downstairs. The way to the gallery begins at the left side of the house with a flight of stairs; then there is a landing; then fifteen more steps; then another passage; and finally twenty-three steps which reach the gallery level on the other side of the hall.

About the middle of the first landing there is a strongly constructed swinging door, about five feet wide, with a bolt which can be let down into a hole in the floor, so as to keep it ajar to the extent of twenty-two inches. The object of this arrangement is, of course, to prevent more than one person from passing the ticket-taker at once. This door by some means or another became bolted. Some of the surviving children state that the man who was giving away the prizes shot the bolt, but he swore at the inquest that he did not even know that there was a bolt on the door. He thought that it must have slipped accidentally during the crush. Whether any of the children, when they reached this door, got through it, is not known. The place soon became impassable, and while it was so the children, eight or nine hundred strong, came bearing down from the gallery behind them. There was no panic, no alarm, no shout of "Fire!" or "Thieves!" it was simply a rush down to gain the desired presents. The door prevented the egress of any of the children, and the hundreds coming fast from the corridors set up a block on the small landing between the door and the flight of fifteen steps.

Within four yards of this spot there was absolute safety, and hundreds of children stood there in comfort; but the small open space intervening between the stairs and the walls and door was a veritable shambles. Children were tumbled head over heels, one on the top of the other. Shrieks and screams vibrated through the staircases. More still pressed down from above. The children at the bottom of the stairs got packed as it were in a well. The heap of writhing and rolling humanity became higher and higher, until it rose above the heads of those who were first jammed in the doorway, and became *a mass upward of six feet in height*. The fearful struggle in which the children pulled and tore for bare life was all within a space of about twelve feet square.

The scene was one never to be forgotten by any one who witnessed it. Between the bolted door and the wall was an aperture of about two feet, but it was completely choked by the bodies of the fallen little ones. Girls and boys, children of three years and children of ten and fourteen were huddled together in one seething, surging mass of suffocating humanity—fighting for air, for dear life—tearing the clothes off one another in their frantic struggles; screaming, groaning, pitifully sobbing; until that narrow staircase and that small landing were packed tight with childish corpses. *Over one hundred and eighty* little victims perished miserably before help could arrive. Many were extricated, especially those nearest the top of the stairs, just in time to save their lives, but of these a great number received severe injuries.

DR. BEATTIE, AN EYE-WITNESS

of the ruin wrought by the disaster, rushed through the door leading from the dress-circle to the steps down which the children were still pouring, and saw numbers heaped up in a compact mass on the landing below. He at once commenced to pull the children who were rolling on the top of the mass out of danger. The light, however, was dim, and it was some little time before he could see properly the full extent of the catastrophe. He then saw Dr. Lambert and Dr. Waterston also engaged in extricating the children. The mass of bodies was so compacted and interlocked that the rescuers had to use great exertion to drag the children from out the press, and extreme care had to be taken in rescuing them lest their limbs should be torn off in the struggle.

Some of the little children lifted up appealing, terror-stricken faces, and cried, "O please take me next? Do take me!" And when one was raised up, others clung to him or her and entreated to be dragged out also. The doctors, with other helpers, labored with tireless energy, and as the children were pulled out they were passed on from one gentleman to another, and removed into the dress circle and area, where the dead were laid out. The living were carried to the corridors for the fresh air to revive them. Almost all the medical men in the town were quickly at the scene of death and suffering and did all they could to alleviate the agonies of the injured. In spite of their efforts, however, the number of deaths on the spot numbered 182 and since the fatal night at least twenty more have died from the injuries they received.

PATHETIC INCIDENTS,

some of them almost too heartrending for words, are recorded as having occurred, as they must occur in plenty at such a terrible time. Shortly after it became known that a terrible calamity had occurred at the Victoria Hall, a little girl, quite a child in appearance, was met proceeding along a street carrying a dead infant in her arms. A gentleman who witnessed the melancholy sight took compassion on the girl, and at once secured a cab and sent her home in it. Some children who had been delayed in their homecoming by the disaster, on being questioned as to what had kept them so long, replied, quite innocently, "Oh Ma! we fell fast asleep on the stairs." The case of a family in Monkwearmouth was most pitiable. Two of the children had been permitted to go to the Victoria Hall, but shortly after learning the news of the dreadful calamity the parents were consoled with a message to the effect that their dear ones were quite safe. The thankful parents had just regained their composure, and began to thank God for the great mercy that had been vouchsafed to them, when a cab drove up to the door. The parents gladly went out to receive, as they thought, their offspring. They did so; but the children were cold in death. The poor father and mother became quite frantic at the awful sight that met their eyes.

A man was seen emerging from the Victoria Hall with a little girl in his arms. The child's long hair floated over her shoulders, and her pallid face was carved in the rigor of death. As the tears rolled down the cheeks of the father like rain he kissed the cold face of his child over and over again, and bewailed his bereavement in tones that went to the hearts of the bystanders. A couple living in Monkwearmouth had a fine boy, aged about ten, among the dead. He was their only son, and his mother fairly doated on him. The father gets inebriated very often, and on these occasions the boy would kiss and fondle his mother, and exclaim, "Wait till I get to be a big man, mother, and then I will take you away from father." As a man, living in Hendon, was conveying his boy home the little fellow died in his arms on the way.

THE VICTORIA HALL

a picture of which appears on the first page, was erected nearly twelve years ago. A fair idea of its imposing elevation and of its internal arrangements may be obtained from our frontispiece picture.

It seats about 3000 persons, and when crowded has often held over 3500. The gallery, which will seat 1500 people, is reached by broad flights of steps, 7 feet wide, broken by passages or gangways; at the foot of the first flight from the top is the pay-wicket, but this had been removed prior to the close of the performance on June 16th.

A fund has been raised to erect some suitable memorial of the calamity. The Bishop of Durham in sending a contribution worth a hundred dollars to the fund, said, "I trust that the calamity may through this memorial result in some institution of public usefulness. It will be some comfort to mourning parents to know that their personal sorrow has been the price paid for a permanent good to the town and neighborhood." Other subscriptions, some of large sums have been given to the fund which amounts to $15,000. *Queen Victoria* sent $250 and a big wreath of flowers three feet in diameter. A card was inclosed bearing the following inscription: "A mark of deep sympathy from Queen Victoria. 'Suffer little children to come unto Me, for of such is the Kingdom of Heaven.'"

MAYOR WAYMAN.

MR. J. W. WAYMAN, the Mayor of Sunderland, and Mrs. Wayman have, since the terrible calamity been most assiduous in visiting the bereaved homes, and administering both material aid and spiritual comfort to the distressed parents and relatives, thus furnishing fresh proof, were such at all necessary, that in the midst of municipal and social distinctions, they are not unmindful of the sorrows of the poor and of their Master's injunction to care for them.

Mr. Wayman is about fifty years of age. He had the advantage of a pre-eminently godly parentage, and frequently has he been heard speak in terms of most filial esteem and endearment of his mother, whose influence upon him for good lives not only as a memory, but abides with him as a constraining and beneficial power. From a very early age he was habituated to the house and worship of God, and grew up in an atmosphere of goodness, made bright by the perpetual sunshine of the religion of Christ. It was not a matter of surprise, therefore, that he gave his heart to the Saviour while he was still a youth, and he has since maintained a most honorable profession as a consistent and generous member of the Wesleyan Methodist Church, whose interests he has at heart, and whose extension among the masses of the people he seeks by all legitimate means, to secure.

HIS POPULARITY AS A SPEAKER.

Mr. Wayman is known in the locality as an intelligent, and evangelical local preacher. His services are sought frequently for Sunday-school anniversaries, annual meetings of churches, and especially at the laying of foundation-stones of new Wesleyan chapels. He owns *a collection of silver trowels* presented to him at such ceremonies, perhaps more numerous and costly than any other man in Great Britain. His praise is in all the churches of his own faith and order.

His catholicity is proverbial. His genial face is frequently seen in gatherings of other evangelical denominations, where his eloquence and unfailing good humor render him welcome. To poor ministers of Christ, Wesleyan Methodist or otherwise, he is a stanch friend, aiding them in cases of extremity both by his counsel and his purse. His residence, the Red House, at Hendon, is known far and wide as an agreeable *rendezvous* for ministers, and admirable as he ever is elsewhere, it is under his own roof that Mr. Wayman is always seen to best advantage.

JANITOR GRAHAM.

F. GRAHAM, the janitor of the Victoria Hall, whose portrait also appears on the first page was the first person to arrive on the scene of the calamity on the fatal night. He heard the cries of the children and running to the scene was horrified by what he saw. He immediately set to work to stem the torrent of those still descending from the upper corridors and opened another door to divert the current. Then he commenced lifting the fallen, and as by that time several gentlemen had come to his assistance he was able to remain by the heap of quivering flesh and blood and as he lifted the living and the dead they were carried away to the rooms in which the surgeons were at work.

His own account of his effort was given at the coroner's inquest. He said: "I worked along by the stair-rail and the men following me were taking the children as I handed them out. I knelt down twice and tried to pull up the bolt, but, though I used my utmost exertions, and was assisted by the policeman, who shook the door, I was unable to get it out. It would be about an hour before the children were entirely cleared out. I was so fatigued I had to leave for a few minutes to get breath. Some men brought me a drink, and I crushed in again. They asked me to come out, as I was almost fainting, but I stuck to it until they were all out. *The bolt was bent* with the crush. I could have pulled it up but for that, I think. The bolt might have slipped in with the door moving backward and forward. I afterward found a box, which the presents were likely to be in, lying outside the door where the crush was. My opinion is that the man put the bolt in to keep the children back."

Mr. Graham is well known and highly respected in the locality for his uniform courtesy and frank, obliging disposition. He has for many years been closely identified with the temperance movement, and is now a strenuous advocate of Blue Ribbonism, and an unassuming but most intelligent Christian man.

JOE JASPER'S TROUBLES, AND HOW HE MET THEM.

By Rev. Charles Courtenay.

JOE JASPER was in difficulties. Everything seemed to go wrong with him. He was going down-hill fast.

It wasn't that Joe hadn't a good business, for customers swarmed. He was a most popular business man, to judge by his visitors.

But then, you see, they didn't pay up, and it almost seemed as if most of them never intended to. And Joe, being an easy, confiding sort of fellow, permitted them to run up almost as long a bill as they chose. For my part, I don't see how a man who accepts excuses instead of cash ever can get on.

Joe's business troubles were bad enough, but he had his domestic ones as well. There was his wife, a sickly, feeble sort of woman, who was always calling in the doctor, and of course running up a heavy bill. A whining, pining sort of woman she was, everlastingly grumbling. Nothing seemed to go right with her. All the world was against her. And having nobody to express her feelings to but Joe, he received the full benefit of them from morning till night. I suppose her feelings were due, in a great measure, to her constitution, but Joe's peevish, petulant, moaning wife was a burden not at all easy to bear.

Then there were the children, forever ailing in some way, and needing the doctor too.

Indeed, Joe used to say, that of all the expensive families ever brought up, his was, without exception, the worst. And so, what with troubles in business and troubles at home, he was well-nigh at his wits' end.

One thing in his favor was that he was a cheerful man. He could generally throw off his troubles with but little difficulty.

"What's the good of croaking?" he would say when some troublesome bit of news reached his ears. "What can't be cured must be endured." And then he would break forth into a whistle.

But good spirits fail sometimes. And so there came a time when the strain on Joe's cheerfulness was too great for it to bear. True, he kept on whistling, but it was a very forced affair, and deceived nobody, not even himself. It was a sad event which brought things to a climax. His favorite little daughter fell ill of fever, and after tossing about restlessly for a few days in sad delirium, sank into her last sleep. Joe sat beside her until the last, holding her little hand in his. It was terrible to watch his little pet, as moment by moment death drew nearer; and when at last there came the last breath, Joe could hardly believe she was dead.

Poor Joe was broken-hearted. Nobody could comfort him. This last blow took all the spirit out of him. He could neither eat nor sleep. He shunned society, and shutting himself up in his room, yielded to uncontrollable sorrow. All the day long the little dead face haunted him. He could not forget it.

"Oh, I wish I had never been born! I wish I had never been born!" he was continually saying.

Indeed, a more crushed and broken-spirited man than Joe Jasper scarcely lived. When he appeared in business again, everybody noticed the difference in him. He had aged considerably.

"If I was you, Joe, my man, I'd go in for a sip or two o' four ale now and then. I'd warrant it u'd put a bit o' life into yer sperrits."

Joe looked so interested in this piece of advice that his adviser felt himself bound to continue the subject.

"Don't yer see, Joe, old feller, you wants to forget yer troubles. Now for forgetting troubles give *me* a Public, a pint of that there four ale, and a fiddle. There's folks about us that runs down Publics. I runs 'em up. They're the poor man's comforter, *I* thinks. And if you'll take my advice, and I thinks I knows a thing or two, you'll go and wash them there troubles of yours right clean out of yer mind."

Here Joe remarked that he shouldn't wonder if it would wash away his troubles. He wished it would.

"Hadn't you better come and have a drop now, Joe? I'd stand treat myself if I had any money about me but I'm sorry to say the last farthing's gone. My heart's big, but my pocket, I grieve to say, is light."

Of course, after this, Joe couldn't help going, and not only going but standing treat himself.

"I am taking it as a medicine," said Joe to himself as he stood at the public bar.

To tell the truth, he was not quite pleased with himself. For, in spite of his friend's plausibility, he couldn't help feeling that there was a flaw in his logic somewhere. And it was certainly against his better nature that he found himself where he was. He had rather a strong idea that he was making a fool of himself. He had rather prided himself in the past on never having been a public-house man. However, after a time he managed to drown his scruples and his troublesome conscience. It was only for the first or second time that he felt somewhat strange with his new occupation and surroundings.

Joe soon spent a great deal of his time at the Blue Garter. At first he went there only after business hours, but he soon learned to find his way there *in* business hours, just at odd times, you know.

The fact of the matter is, he was learning to make strong drink his sole support and stay. He was giving his whole trust to it. He was making it his most intimate friend. What wonder that when the gloomy fits came upon him he should fly to it so quickly. And of course the more his troubles were, the more drink he wanted, because the more there were to drown.

"The man that drowns himself to drown his troubles is a fool."

My readers would never guess where these words came from. No, and Joe himself, for whose special benefit they were intended, was in the dark. The fact was, they came in a letter which contained no more and was without signature.

"Who in the world sent me that?" said Joe, with a whistle of astonishment.

His next question was, "And what in the world does he mean by it?" But he knew fast enough. He needed no one to tell him that the writer had his drinking habits in his mind's eye. That it was true enough he couldn't help feeling, for all that day the words were in his mind. The arrow had hit its mark.

The next morning there was actually another letter in the same round handwriting and bearing exactly the same post-mark. And there were these words written in it—

"You selfish brute! don't your wife and family need comfort as much as you do?"

Such plain speaking, or rather writing, ruffled Joe very considerably. He was even overheard to express the wish that he could lay a horsewhip on somebody's shoulders.

The third morning Joe was too well prepared to be surprised. He felt in his bones that another letter would be awaiting him as usual, and neither was he disappointed.

Joe would have liked to throw it behind the fire unread, but overpowering curiosity to know what fresh accusation could be brought against him stayed his hand.

"'Wherefore do ye spend money for that which is not bread?' Joe Jasper, you're a shadow hunter."

More than once that day as he paid down his money for consumed beer or spirits, the same question rose to his mind, "Wherefore? Wherefore?" And for the life of him he couldn't answer it to his satisfaction, though he tried hard.

Yes, and when he looked into his glass and tried to imagine that there was comfort in it, the words of the letter sprang unbidden to his lips, "Joe Jasper, you're a shadow hunter." He began, in fact, to have his doubts. It was a great step when the suspicion had gained standing ground in his mind that perhaps he was on the wrong tack altogether.

The next morning's letter was a very peculiar one, though it was plain enough:

"Three months ago Joe Jasper's troubles = 200. To-day Joe Jasper's troubles = 20,000."

"Stuff and nonsense!" muttered Joe, but rather for the sake of saying something than because he believed it, for as a matter of fact his troubles had increased since he took to the drink. And not a little surprised was he when he began to think the matter over. His troubles in business certainly had. And what else could have been expected, seeing he had neglected it so shamefully? Several good customers had left him. His bad customers had been growing worse. Indeed, bad as it was before, it was now ten times worse. And so had his home troubles increased. His wife needed the doctor far more than ever, and his children seemed to live in a perpetual state of mischief. While as for his own personal troubles, there was no doubt in the world about their increase. What if he did manage to drown them for a time, he couldn't destroy them. They awoke again before long to more vigorous life than ever. As a matter of fact, his experiment had been a most disastrous failure.

"I should think he must be tired of sending letters by this time," said Joe to himself before the postman's hour arrived. The truth was he was wishing he had seen the last of them, and was fearing that he hadn't.

(To be concluded.)

UPSIDE DOWN.

A Sermon by Dr. Talmage.

"These that have turned the world upside down are come hither also."—Acts 17 : 6.

The Charge against Jason's Guests—A True Charge—The Work Needs Doing—Christianity Misrepresented—Not Spiritual Chloroform—It means Revolution—I. In the Family—Settling Headship—Raising a Family Altar—II. In Commercial Circles—The Crashes of the Turning—The Panic Years—Using Rotten Beams—III. In the Churches—Mission Chapels as Kitchens—A Necessity—A Church of the Well-conditioned—Down with Arrogance—The Coming Upsetting—Where to Begin—The Theban Magistrate's Neglected Warning.

There is a wild bellowing mob around the house of Jason in Thessalonica. What has the man done so greatly to offend the people. He has been entertaining Paul and his comrades. The mob surround the house and cry, "Bring out these turbulent preachers! They are interfering with our business! They are ruining our religion! They are actually turning the world upside down!

A BENEFICIAL MOVEMENT.

The charge was true; for there is nothing that so interferes with sin, there is nothing so ruinous to every form of established iniquity, there is nothing that has such tendency to turn the world upside down as our glorious Christianity. The fact is that the world now is wrong side up, and it needs to be turned upside down in order that it may be right side up. The time was when men wrote books entitling them "Apologies for Christianity." I hope that day has passed. We want no more apologies for Christianity. Let the apologies be on the part of those who do not believe in our religion. We do not mean to make any compromise in the matter. We do not wish to hide the fact that *Christianity is revolutionary*, and that its tendency is to turn the world upside down.

CHRISTIANITY MISREPRESENTED.

Our religion has often been misrepresented as a principle of tears and mildness and fastidiousness; afraid of crossing people's prejudices; afraid of making somebody mad; with silken gloves lifting the people up from the church pew into glory, as though they were Bohemian-glass, so very delicate that with one touch it may be demolished forever. Men speak of religion as though it were *a refined imbecility;* as though it were *a spiritual chloroform*, that the people were to take until the sharp cutting of life were over. The Bible, so far from this, represents the religion of Christ as robust and brawny—ransacking and upsetting ten thousand things that now seem to be settled on firm foundations.

I hear some man say, "I thought religion was peace." That is the final result. A man's arm is out of place. Two men come, and with great effort put it back to the socket. It goes back with great pain. Then it gets well. Our world is horribly disordered and out of joint. It must come under an omnipotent surgery, beneath which there will be pain and anguish before there can come perfect health and quiet. I proclaim, therefore, in the name of my Lord Jesus Christ—

REVOLUTION!

I. The religion of the Bible will make *a revolution in the family.* Those things that are wrong in the family circle will be overthrown by it, while justice and harmony will take the place. The husband will be the head of the household only when he is fit to be. I know a man who spends all the money he makes in drink, as well as all the money that his wife makes; do you tell me that he is the head of that household? If the wife have more nobility, more courage, more consistency, more of all that is right, she shall have the supremacy. You say that the Bible says that the wife is to be subject to the husband. I know it. But that is a husband, not a masculine caricature. There is no human or divine law that makes a woman subordinate to a man unworthy of her. When Christianity comes into a domestic circle it will give the dominancy to that one who is the most worthy of it.

As religion comes in at the front door, mirth and laughter will not go out of the back door. It will not hopple the children's feet. John will laugh just as loud, and George will jump higher than he ever did before. It will steal from the little ones neither ball nor bat nor hoop nor kite. It will establish a family altar. Angels will hover over it. Ladders of light will reach down to it. The glory of heaven will stream upon it. The books of remembrance will record it, and tides of everlasting blessedness will flow from it. Not such a family altar as you may have seen, where the prayer is long, and a long chapter is read with tedious explanation, and the exercise keeps on until the children's knees are sore and their backs ache and their patience is lost and for the seventh time they have counted all the rungs in the chair; but I mean a family altar such as you may have seen in your father's house. You may have wandered far off in the paths of sin and darkness, but you have never forgotten that family altar where father and mother knelt, importuning God for your soul. That is a memory that a man never gets over. There will be a hearty joyful family altar in every domestic circle.

You will not have to go far to find Hannah rearing her Samuel for the temple, or a Grandmother Lois instructing her young Timothy in the knowledge of Christ, or Mary and Martha and Lazarus gathered in fraternal and sisterly affection, or a table at which Jesus sits as at that of Zaccheus, or a home in which Jesus dwells as in the house of Simon the tanner. The religion of Jesus Christ coming into the domestic circle will overthrow all jealousies, all janglings, and peace and order and holiness will take possession of the home.

REVOLUTION IN TRADE.

II. Christianity will produce *a revolution in commercial circles.* Find me fifty merchants and you find that they have fifty standards of what is right and wrong. You say to some one about a merchant, "Is he honest?" "Oh, yes," the man says, "he is honest; but he grinds the faces of the clerks. He is honest; but he exaggerates the value of his goods. He is honest; but he loans money on bond and mortgage with the understanding that the mortgage can lie quiet for ten years, but as soon as he gets the mortgage he records it and begins a foreclosure suit, and the sheriff's writ comes down, and the day of sale arrives, and away goes a homestead, and the creditor buys it in at half price. Honest! when he loaned the money he knew that would get the homestead at half price. Honest! but he goes to the insurance office to get a policy on his life, and tells the doctor that he is well, when he knows that for ten years he has had but one lung. Honest! though he sells property by the map, forgetting to tell the purchaser that the ground is all under water. But it is generous of him to do that, for he throws the water into the bargain.

THE CRASH OF THE TURNING.

Ah! my friends, there is but one standard of the everlastingly right and the everlastingly wrong, and that is the Bible, and when that principle shall get its pry under our commercial houses, I believe that one half of them will go over. The ruin will begin at one end of the street and it will be crash! crash! crash! all the way down to the docks. What is the matter? Has there been a new tariff? Has there been a failure in crops? Has there been an unaccountable panic? This is the secret: the Lord God has set up His throne of judgment in the Exchange. He has summoned the righteous and the wicked to come before Him. What was 1837? A day of judgment. What was 1857? A day of judgment. What was 1863? A day of judgment.

Do you think that God is going to wait until He has burned the world up before He rights these wrongs? I tell you, nay. Every day is a day of judgment. The fraudulent man piles up his gains, bond above bond, United States security above United States security, emolument above emolument, until his property has become a great pyramid, and as he stands looking at it, he thinks it can never be destroyed; but the Lord God has come with His little finger, and pushes it all over.

ROTTEN BEAMS.

You build a house, and you put into it a rotten beam. A mechanic standing by says, "It will never do to put that beam in; it will ruin your whole building." But you put it in. The house is completed. Soon it begins to rock. You call in the mechanic and ask what is the matter with this door? What is the matter with this wall? Everything seems to be giving out? Says the mechanic: You put a rotten beam into that structure, and the whole thing has got to come down. Here is an estate that seems to be all right now. It has been building a great many years. But fifteen years ago there was a dishonest transaction in that commercial house. That one dishonest transaction will keep on working ruin in the whole structure until down the estate will come in wreck and ruin about the possessor's ears—one dishonest, dollar in the estate demolishing all his possessions. I have seen it again and again, and so have you.

Here is your money safe. The manufacturer and yourself only know how it can be opened. You have the key. You touch the lock and the ponderous door swings back. Let me tell you that however firmly bolted and barred your money safe may be, you cannot keep God out. He will come some day into your counting-room, and He will demand, "Where did that note of hand come from? How do you account for this security? Where did you get that mortgage from? What does *this* mean?" If it is all right, God will say, Well done, good and faithful servant. Be prospered in this world. Be happy in the world to come. If it is all wrong, He will say, Depart, ye cursed, be miserable for your iniquities in this life, and then go down and spend your eternity with thieves and horse jockeys, and pickpockets.

CHANGES ON THE STREET.

You have an old photograph of the signs of your street. Why have those signs nearly all changed within the last twenty years? Does the passing away of a generation account for it? Oh, no. Does the fact that there are hundreds of honest men who go down every year account for it? Oh, no. This is the secret: the Lord God has been walking through Wall Street, Broadway, Water Street, Fulton Street, Atlantic Street, and He has been adjusting things according to the principles of eternal rectitude. The time will come when, through the revolutionary power of this Gospel, a falsehood, instead of being called exaggeration, equivocation or evasion, will be branded a lie; and stealings that now sometimes go under the head of percentages and commissions and bonuses will be put into the catalogue of State prison offences. Society will be turned inside out and upside down and ransacked of God's truth, until business dishonesties shall come to an end and all double dealing, and God will overturn and overturn and overturn, and commercial men in all circles will throw up their hands, crying out, "These that have turned the world upside down are come hither."

REVOLUTION IN THE CHURCHES.

III. The religion of Jesus Christ will produce a *revolution in our churches.* The non-committal, do-nothing policy of the Church of God will give way to a spirit of bravest conquest. Piety in this day seems to me to be salted down just so as to keep. It seems as if the church were chiefly anxious to take care of itself; and if we hear of want and squalor and heathenism outside, we say: "What a pity!" and we put our hands in our pockets, and we feel around for a two-cent piece, and with a great flourish we put it upon the plate, and are amazed that the world is not converted in six weeks.

Suppose there was a great war and there were

300,000 soldiers, but all of those 300,000 soldiers, excepting ten men, were in their tents or scouring their muskets or cooking rations. You would say, "Of course defeat must come in that case." It is worse than that in the Church. Millions of the professed soldiers of Jesus Christ are cooking rations or asleep in their tents, while only one man here and there goes out to do battle for the Lord.

THE CONFESSION OF MISSIONS.

"But," says some one, "we are establishing a great many missions, and I think they will save the masses." No; they will not. Five hundred thousand of them will not do it. They are doing a magnificent work; but every mission chapel is *a confession of the disease* and weakness of the Church. It is making a dividing line between the classes. It is saying to the rich and to the well-conditioned, "If you can pay your pew-rents, come to the main audience room." It is saying to the poor man, "Your coat is too bad and your shoes are not good enough. If you want to get to heaven, you will have to go by way of the mission chapel." The mission chapel has become *a kitchen where the church does its sloppy work.* Hundreds and thousands of churches in this country—gorgeously built and supported—that even on bright and sunshiny days are not half full of worshippers, and yet they are building mission chapels, because by some expressed or implied regulation the great masses of the people are kept out of the main audience room. Now, I say that any place of worship which is appropriate for one class is appropriate for all classes. Let the rich and the poor meet together, the Lord the Maker of them all. Mind you, I say that mission chapels are a necessity, the way churches are now conducted, but may God speed the time when they shall cease to be a necessity. God will rise up and break down the gates of the churches that have kept back the masses. And woe be to those who stand in the way! They will be trampled under foot by the vast populations making a stampede for heaven.

I saw in some paper an account of a church in Boston, in which it is said there were a great many plain people. The next week the trustees of that church came out in the paper and said it was not so at all; they were "elegant people and highly conditioned people that went there." Then I laughed outright. Those people, I said, are afraid of the sickly sentimentality of the churches. Now, my ambition is not to preach to you so much. You have good things in this life. Whatever may be your future destiny, you have had a pleasant time here. But those dying populations of which I speak, by reason of their want and suffering, whatever may be their future destiny, are in perdition now; and if there be any comfort in Christ's Gospel, for God's sake, give it to them!

DOWN WITH CHURCH ARROGANCE.

Revolution! The pride of the church must come down. The exclusiveness of the church must come down! The financial boastings of the church must come down! If monetary success were the chief idea in the church, then I say that the present mode of conducting finances is the best. If it is to see how many dollars you can gain, then the present mode is the best. But if it is the saving of souls from sin and death and bringing the mighty populations of our cities to the knowledge of God, then I cry revolution. It is coming fast. I feel it in the air. I hear the rumbling of an earthquake that shall shake down in one terrific crash the arrogance of our modern Christianity.

The talk is whether Protestant churches or Roman Catholic churches are coming out ahead. I tell you, Protestants, this truth plainly: that until your churches are as free as are the Roman Catholic cathedrals, they will beat you. In their cathedrals the millionnaire and the beggar kneel side by side, and until that time comes in our churches, we cannot expect the favor of God for permanent spiritual prosperity. Revolution! It may be that before the church learns its duty to the masses, God will scourge it, and will come with the whip of omnipotent indignation and drive out the money changers. It may be that there is to be a great day of upsetting before that time shall come. If it must come, O Lord God, let it come now!

In that future day of the reconstructed Church of Christ, the church building will be the most cheerful of all buildings. Instead of the light of the sun strained through painted glass, until an intelligent auditory looks green and blue and yellow and copper-colored, we will have no such things. The pure atmosphere of heaven will sweep out the fœtid atmosphere that has been kept in many of our churches boxed up from Sunday to Sunday.

A MEMORABLE TIME.

The day of which I speak will be a day of great revivals. There will be such a time as it was in the parish of Shotts where five hundred souls were born to God in one day; such times as were seen in this country when Edwards gave the alarm, when Tennent preached, and Whitefield thundered, and Edward Payson prayed, such times as some of you remember in 1857, when the voice of prayer and praise was heard in theatre and warehouse and blacksmith shop and factory and engine-house, and the auctioneer's cry of "a half and a half and a half" was drowned out by the adjoining prayer-meetings in which the people cried out, "Men and brethren, what shall we do!"

REVOLUTION IN SERVICE.

In those days of which I am speaking the services of the church of God will be more spirited, if the ministers of Christ, instead of being anxious about whether they shall lose their place in the notes, will get on fire with the theme, and pour the living truth of God upon an aroused auditory—crying out to the righteous, "It shall be well with you;" and to the wicked, "Woe, it shall be ill with you!" In those days the singing will be different from what it is now. The music will weep and wail and chant and triumph. People then will not be afraid to open their mouths when they sing. The man with a cracked voice will risk it on Wyndham and Ortonville and Old Hundred. Grandfather will find the place for his grandchildren in the hymn book, or the little child will be spectacles for the grandfather. Hosanna will meet hosanna, and together go climbing to the throne; and the angels will hear, and God will listen, and the gates of heaven will hoist, and it will be as when two seas meet, the wave of earthly song mingling with the surging anthems of the free.

May God let me live to see that day! Let there be no power in disease or accident or wave of the sea to disappoint my expectations. Let all other sight fail my eyes rather than that I should miss that vision. Let all other sounds fail my ears, rather than that I should fail to hear that sound. I want to stand on the mountain top to catch the first ray of the dawn, and with flying feet bring the news to this people. And oh, when we hear the clattering hoofs that bring on the King's chariot, may we all be ready with arches sprung and with hand on the rope of the bell that is to sound the victory, and with wreathes all twisted for the way; and when Jesus dismounts, let it be amid the huzzah! huzzah! of a world redeemed.

WHERE TO BEGIN.

Where and when shall that revolution begin? Here and now. In your heart and mine. Sin must go down. Our pride must go down. Our worldliness must go down, that Christ may come up. Revolution! "Except a man be born again he cannot see the kingdom of God." Why not let the revolution begin. Not next Sabbath, but now! Not to-morrow, when you go out into commercial circles, but now. Archias, the magistrate of Thebes, was sitting with many mighty men drinking wine. A messenger came in bringing him a letter informing him of a conspiracy against his life, and warning him to flee. Archias took the letter but, instead of opening it put it into his pocket, and said to the messenger who brought it, "Business, to-morrow!" The next day he died. Before he opened the letter the government was captured. When he read the letter it was too late. I put into the hand of every man and woman here a message of life. It says: "To-day if ye will hear His voice harden not your heart." Do not put away the message and say, "This business to-morrow." This night thy soul may be required of thee!

[**A New Pamphlet of Dr. Talmage's Sermons** is now ready. It contains twenty-six sermons, including those in reply to Colonel Ingersoll, the sermons on Evolution, Mending the Bible, The Eye, The Ear, Shams in Religion, Capital and Labor, The Parentage of the Shower, The Popular Christ, etc. It may be had from the office of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, price thirty cents.]

A REMARKABLE FAITH CURE.

RECOVERY FROM HEART DISEASE.

MR. JOHN D. FERGUSON, of Brooklyn, E. D., N. Y., writes to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD describing his marvellous recovery from heart disease, from which he has been a sufferer for the past *ten* years. It appears that Mr. Ferguson has for a long time past regarded his disease as incurable. He had applied to two eminent physicians of New York City, who have made disease of the heart their special study, and as they were unable to afford him relief he concluded that his case was past hope.

He was led near the close of last year to study the miracles of healing recorded in the New Testament, and was much impressed by the passage which has inspired so many afflicted believers with hope (James 5 : 14). He consulted with Christian friends on his case, and they agreed together to pray for and with him. He prayed also, and as he prayed his faith was strengthened. On December 20th, after praying very earnestly, he set out to call on Mrs. C. S. Whitney, a Christian friend in New York City. While in the Elevated Railroad on his way he felt exceedingly ill, and believed he was about to die, but he silently prayed for relief from the spasm, and it was granted him.

On his arrival at his friend's house prayer was again offered, and he was anointed with oil in the name of the Lord. Before he left the house he felt that he was healed of his disease, and he returned home rejoicing. As evidence that his conviction is well founded, he states that during the six months which have passed since that eventful day he has had no occasion to take medicine for his heart, though previous to that time he was unable to go about without taking medicine every two or three days. The sudden spasms of pain and faintness which would frequently come upon him, sometimes in the street, sometimes at his work, or at night in his sleep, have wholly ceased, and he has had no return of any of his symptoms, some of which were of a most distressing character. Mr. Ferguson, feeling how deep a debt of gratitude he owes to the Great Physician, has resolved in the strength of the Lord to give his life in renewed consecration to His service.

The Opening on Sundays of the Museums and libraries of Washington is the object of a movement now being vigorously pushed. There are many names among those advocating the change that Christians deeply regret to see in such company. It may be hoped that the earnest advice of F. D. Power, Chaplain of the House of Representatives, and pastor of the Vermont Avenue Christian Church, will exercise the influence it deserves. Mr. Power says that as a disciple of Christ and a teacher of Christianity he is opposed to everything which opens the way to a violation of Sunday sanctity, and adds: "It may be justly said the Museum is better than the average Sunday excursion; any book in the library is better than the average Sunday reading furnished the people, and the botanical gardens no worse than the parks; but *of the two evils the wise course is, choose neither.*"

TEMPERANCE WORK IN CHINA.

An Address by Rev. J. Hudson Taylor, Founder of the China Inland Mission.

OUR subject to-night is a very sad one: "Strong Drink a Robber of the Churches." As I was thinking of it I recalled the few friends and companions I had in my childhood's days, when we played at teetotal meetings and temperance lectures. And where is one of them? He is either in a madhouse to-night or he has died in a madhouse during the last four years that I have been in China. Would to God he had become a total abstainer when he was a child, and continued one. I think of another of them, one of my most intimate companions. His father died in *delirium tremens*, and the whole of the family were wrecked and ruined through strong drink. I think of a third companion. He was once a Christian, entered the Church, gave great promise of usefulness, and began to seek to rescue the perishing around him; he is wrecked now and lost. There are some others, total abstainers, who are Christian men, and who are doing a useful work for God.

I have been a missionary for thirty years. As our chairman has reminded us, it is not always a pleasant thing to look back upon the career of those with whom we have stood shoulder to shoulder, as the witnesses for the Lord Jesus Christ; but when I think of some of those I have met and known during these thirty years, what has strong drink done for them? I think of two families into which misery came, ending in divorce. I think of a number of Episcopalian, Presbyterian, Congregational, Baptist, and Methodist brethren who were once preaching the Gospel, but who were all ruined, and some died dishonored. One of them, the last time I heard of him, was a porter in a workhouse. Drink is indeed a robber of the churches.

In China I have been brought in contact with the heathen, and there we have to contend with

ONE VERY GREAT DIFFICULTY,

the utter want of faith in all religions. China is a country in which there is a great deal of philosophical scepticism. I was talking once to one of the literary men there, and he said: "We don't believe any religion at all. We have seen all forms of religion tried, and all forms of religion fail. Good men are good men, whether they are Confucionists, or Buddhists, or the professors of any other form of religion that we have had brought before us. Bad men are bad men, and continue bad men whatever form of religion they accept." Now in our work among them we do rejoice in one glorious truth, that the Lord God Omnipotent reigneth. When I am before a Chinese audience it is my joy to know that there is not one of them that the Lord Omnipotent is not able to deliver.

I knew a Christian Chinaman, and I have heard him preach with mighty power. And why? Because he had found what the power of God was in his own soul and in transforming his own life. That was a literary man,

A CHINESE B.A.

He went out into the streets of his own native city one day, not fearing the scorn and contempt which he knew would be bitterly poured upon him, especially by the upper classes and the literary class there, and he preached Jesus mighty to save. He said: "I have to tell you not merely about a salvation to come, not merely that if you will accept this religion and follow this Teacher you will, in a future state, obtain some future blessing. I have to tell you of the Lord Jesus Christ as a Saviour of your lives, and that if there is *a poor opium smoker* here who can't give up his pipe, Jesus Christ can save him. Jesus Christ can save the sensualist, and Jesus Christ can save the gambler. He is an Almighty Saviour, and if you ask when and how? I say, receive Him, and He will save you now."

If there be here one who does not know how to escape the power of strong drink, and if there be one who does not know how to escape the power of the tobacco-pipe, an enemy, I fear, almost as much as the drink, the Lord Jesus Christ, my Saviour, can save him to-night, and *now* if he will take Him as his strength and his shield. What was the result of that Chinaman's sermon? There was a poor wretched man in that crowd who was the terror of the neighborhood, and the dread of the mandarin. He had

A GAMBLING HELL

some ten miles outside the city, and was surrounded by a band of desperadoes, so that the magistrates dare not touch him. Men went out of that city, and spent their time and money in this man's house gambling with bad women, and the other concomitants of a gambling hell. The poor man heard a message that day that went to his heart. In that poor, wretched man there was a chord that the Spirit of God caused to vibrate. He heard the sweet words "deliverance" and "Saviour," and said "If that Jesus Christ can save me He shall save me now."

He went home with the preacher and had a talk and prayer with him. It was early in the afternoon. He turned the bad people out of his house that afternoon, and shut and locked the door. A party of gamblers came there that night, out of whom he would have made fifty dollars. "No," he said, "this house is closed for such purposes. It will never be opened again until it is opened to preach the Gospel of Christ in it." That man is alive to-day. I have been in that house and preached the Gospel. He is a changed character. The members of his family have been saved, and they will shine bright as the stars in glory when this world has passed away.

Dear friends, the Lord Jesus Christ is mighty to save. This is what Gospel Temperance means: the power to bring with it blessings for the present life and the dim reflection of the eternal glory that shall follow. There was

AN OPIUM SMOKER

in another part of China, five hundred miles away from this last place. He had been the victim of this habit for thirty years and wanted to give it up, but he could not. It was affecting his purse and destroying his health, and he knew that as things were going on the end could not be far off. He tried to give it up gradually, but it was too much for him. He felt his doom was sealed. I have been engaged as a medical missionary in the cure of opium smokers. I have seen them writhing in agony as the craving has been on them, tears running down their eyes, foam issuing from their mouths, and their bodies trembling in every nerve. They have not known how to bear it. We have said to those men, "Pray to God to help you." They have prayed and have been helped. The medicines we have given have been of some assistance to them; but those who receive the Lord Jesus Christ do not fall back, as a rule, though the others who do not receive Him only get a temporary deliverance.

This man knew nothing of Jesus Christ. What was he to do? He did not know. God had His eye upon that man and sent a Christian Chinaman to find him out, and a number of others, and put Christ before him, and this man received Jesus Christ as his Saviour. He received a new heart and a new power—not only desires to be a different man, but power to carry out those desires. He never thought of giving up the opium, but one day a Christian soldier came in to read the Scriptures with him, and found him laid on his side with his head on a pillow, and with the opium pipe in his mouth. He said, "Don't you know you cannot be a Christian, and smoke opium?" "Why not?" he asked. "It is a sin against God." "Does the Bible say anything against opium?" "No, but it speaks about drink, and I believe that drink and opium stand very much on the same basis." His friend advised him to give it up gradually, but the man said, "Is it a sin in the sight of God to smoke three drachms?" "Yes, certainly." "Then I can't think it is right in the sight of God to smoke two drachms and nine tenths, and give it up gradually. If the thing is sin, it must be given up at once."

The Christian Chinaman was frightened; he was afraid the man would die if he gave it up suddenly. They prayed together about the matter; and, as faith strengthened the heart of the opium-smoker, he took his pen, and wrote on a piece of paper, "In accordance with the will of the Heavenly Father, from this moment I vow never again to touch opium, secretly or openly." He posted it up in the front of his shop there and then, and never touched it again.

ANECDOTES RELATED AT THE EVANGELISTIC MEETINGS IN SCOTLAND.

A Picture of Misery.—At a Gospel Temperance meeting the Rev. James Scott said: "I had a talk with a drunkard one night in Cadogan Street Church. When I sat down beside him, he said, 'At one time I was a Sabbath-school teacher in this very church, and not only that, but I preached the Gospel to others. Yet here I am, cast out by my friends, and live in a lodging-house.' I tried to speak to him about the folly of continuing such a life. He interrupted me by saying with great earnestness, 'Don't you speak about that; I am the most miserable man in Glasgow to-night.'"

Multiplying One's Ideas.—"Some People say, 'A glass or two of spirits multiplies and improves our ideas.' Yes it does, in the same way as water increases the quantity and improves the quality of milk. A man who came home drunk was told by his wife, 'that if he did so again she should leave him.' Thinking it the best way to end the discussion, he put out the gas. In going over to the bed in the dark, he fell over the cradle, getting up he fell over it again, he got up again and fell over it a third time, lying on the floor, he called out, 'Wife, wife, how many cradles have you got?' That is how drinking spirits multiplies the ideas."

A Soldier on His Knees.—Mr. Colley Said: "Very few know the temptations and trials of a soldier's life; still fewer think of the taunts and jeers to which a convert is subject. I must mention an affecting incident in connection with a soldier whom I know. When he first knelt down to pray ere retiring to rest, one of his comrades standing near said, 'Jack, what's this that's come over you? What you are doing now has touched me very much. When I stood beside my dying mother I promised to give my heart to Jesus, but forgot all about it.' This simple act of confessing Christ reached the heart of the son of a Christian who had long entered into rest."

A Young Sailor's Decision.—Councillor Miller related that, "A young sailor was very anxious about his salvation, but could not decide to give up sin and give himself to Christ. He was advised to go home, sit down in his room alone, and then take a pen and put down on paper the advantages and the disadvantages of both sides of the question. He complied with this advice, and hardly had he begun to think it out, when the superiority of the Christian life flashed through his mind. He did not require to touch the paper, for it was as clear as light could make it, and his indecision was at an end. He gave himself to Christ, and is now a faithful Christian."

A Whiskey-Drinker Becomes a Preacher.—A Mizpah Band brother said: "Friends, seven months ago I came into this church a different man from what I am now. I was very poorly indeed in body and soul; every halfpenny I could get went for whiskey, and I belonged to a set of hard-drinking men who were rather noted for their excesses. Some five or six of that lot have been brought to the Lord in these Cowcaddens meetings, and are now working as Christians in them. I met a gentleman in the street to-day who had not seen me since my conversion. I was so changed that, although we were well acquainted with each other in former times, he did not know me. After many exclamations of surprise, he asked, 'What is the cause of the difference in you?' 'When you saw me last I was serving Satan, now I am serving the Lord Jesus.' Although he was a worldly man, his reply was, 'There must be something in this

conversion, then, after all.' 'Yes, there is,' and I preached the Gospel to him where he stood, and I hope he accepted it."

How a Major was Converted.—At Cowcaddens, Major Swanson said: "I arrived in Gibraltar in 1868, and I don't suppose there is any man in this audience who is so worldly-minded as I was then. How to acquire money was the ruling idea of my heart and brain. When it was made, I planned I was to retire from the service, but through all the toil and care I heard an inward voice saying that the Spirit of God would arrest me. Two years after, in 1870, I took a fancy to read the New Testament, for the sake of the beauty of its diction. Many are the ways through which the Holy Spirit leads to Christ, and the way He led me was by the intellectual pleasure which I found in reading His Word."

A Large Steamer Severely Shaken.—The Rev. H. Anderson said: "The Christian is often shaken in the way which a friend told me a large steamer was in the Bay of Biscay. While they were steaming ahead in the midst of a storm an immense wave rose and actually submerged the ship, but her natural buoyancy enabled her to rise and throw off the water, with the loss of all her small boats and some of the deck fittings. The compass was disturbed, but the needle soon regained its proper position, as it did not loose its polarity, so that the steersman was able to guide the ship safely. When the waves of trouble sweep over us, and our faith is disturbed, we have only to look at our Compass, it is never wrong. We are always sure to be guided right by it."

A Night's Sleep Spoiled.—Another Brother said: "For twenty years I was what I thought a good Christian, but I am safe to say that the burden of Christianity which I bore was sinking me to hell. The brother who was the means of my conversion is sitting in the same seat with me just now. One night in this church, in the passage over there, he asked me, 'Have you found Christ?' 'Ah,' I thought, 'it's time I was out of this place,' and I made for the door; but the brother persisted, 'Don't go away; if I had thought you would do that I wouldn't have spoken.' I did not heed him, but hurried home. I went to my bed to sleep, but could not do so. The words, 'Have you found Christ?' were sounding in my ears until I was compelled to seek Him, and then I found and laid my burden on Him."

A Christian Jew's Teetotalism.—Mr. Mathews said: "I have been a believer in the Lord Jesus Christ as the promised Messiah for nineteen years, although I was brought up from my birth to despise the name of the Lord, and to look upon Christians as idolaters. I was rigorously trained to observe meats and drinks. I could not touch pork, hares, rabbits, or shell-fish; they were unlawful to me. It was a severe struggle to me to take my stand as a believer in and a follower of the despised Nazarene. After my conversion many Christians said to me, 'Mr. Mathews, I suppose you are not afraid to take pork now?' 'No, I am free; I am a Christian,' was my answer. When I got better acquainted with the people who compose the Christian Church I learned that there were a set known as teetotallers who condemned in strong language the use of wines or spirits. They spoke as though any one who touched either was not a true Christian. I rebelled against them, and thought, 'I am a true Christian and must have liberty.' Soon I began to look upon it as a matter of indifference, and to please some I would take half a glass, and to suit others I left it alone. At the end of last year I was led to see that although I had liberty to take it or not, yet *for the sake of those who could not drink in moderation* I was bound to refrain; therefore I resolved to drink strong drink no more. My friends warned me that I should not sleep well without it, but for these three months I have slept very well every night. It cost me an effort to give up my one glass, so that I can sympathize very heartily with the brother who has become a slave to drink in the struggle against his appetite. We should be prepared to do anything for the sake of Christ."

THE STUDY OF PROPHECY.

Three Great Biblical Divisions—Prophecy the Largest—Its Study Avoided—Special Blessings for the Student—Why Neglected—Beacons of Warning—The Student Prepared—A Rule of Study.

THE contents of the Bible may be ranged under three leading divisions: doctrine, history, prophecy. In order of importance they may, perhaps, be fairly so placed, the positive teaching of the Word, the *ipse dixit* of the Holy Spirit, as to revealed truth, being in the forefront, the historical facts, upon which so many doctrines are based, coming next, and the great prophecies, fulfilled and unfulfilled, bringing up the rear. The three, combined, form a mighty force of truth, against which the hosts of error vainly strive. They are

A THREEFOLD CORD;

which cannot be broken. They are so related, one to the other, that neither can be overlooked without the other suffering from the neglect, each one contributing to the other a quota of sacred evidence and inspired support.

Of the three, prophecy occupies by far the largest place. In the Old Testament, *sixteen books* are devoted to prophetical truth, while the remaining books are largely occupied with prophetic statement; specially in the Pentateuch and the Psalms. In the New Testament, very much of our Lord's teaching, and not a little of that found in the Epistles, abounds with predictions concerning the future, while the sacred canon closes with that wonderful prophecy known as "The Revelation of Jesus Christ," in which all that has gone before is so gathered up and interwoven as to show that the Divine Spirit intended it to refer us back to that "sure word of prophecy" which pervades the Scriptures throughout.

It is impossible to study the Bible with any degree of fairness and breadth of thought without studying prophecy; yet we venture to say, among Bible readers, no subject is so

GENERALLY NEGLECTED;

in many cases it is even on principle avoided. The consequence is, that a large portion of the inspired volume to many minds becomes barren and unfruitful, not because the soil is not equally as rich and fertile as other parts may be, but because it is unworked and passed by.

Yet the study of prophecy is not only commended but commanded by the inspired writers. *Special promises* are attached to its careful consideration, while its bearing upon the life and character of the true believer is of the highest practical importance. It tends to arm his faith with weapons of keenest edge in the midst of assaults to which that faith is exposed; and by forewarning him of coming events, to preserve him from the evil and to prepare him for the return of his Lord. The enemy of souls labors hard to deter Christians from studying prophecy, or, if they enter upon it, to mislead them, for well does he know that in proportion as they are Scripturally versed in its themes will they be awake to the claims of Christ, and on their guard against his own devices.

Why, then, do so many neglect it? Various answers to this question are sometimes given. Among them are these: The faults and follies into which many of its students have fallen; the difficulties which the study involves; lack of time and opportunity to enter upon it; and last, but not least in its bearing upon the matter, lack of interest and concern as to what the future may have in store, further than the one essential point of eternal life beyond the grave. As to the first of these, it must be confessed that some of the advocates of prophetic truth have been its worst enemies; by their attempts to be wise above what is written, and by the

ABSURD HYPOTHESES

they have first raised, and then exaggerated into assumed facts, they have made sober, thoughtful readers of the Word jealous of the subject altogether.

And yet here, as in other spheres, human mistake and error of judgment should surely be regarded as

BEACONS OF WARNING,

adding to the safety of the way, rather than as barriers to entering the path in which they may be found. The same objection might be urged against the study of doctrine, systems of theology abounding in traces of human error, and being often overlaid with the mere traditions of men. Keeping to the plain letter of the Word, and depending solely on the guidance of the Holy Spirit, will save us from mistaking these will-o'-the-wisps for the prophetic light, and from falling into the mistakes all wise men would alike deprecate.

As to the difficulties which attend the study, they are only such as yield to prayerful inquiry and thought. They are more fancied than real, and arise from want of acquaintance with the wider range of inspired truth, which due regard to prophecy as well as its other themes would afford. The difficulties attach to secret things which belong not unto us, but unto God, rather than to what is revealed in the Word that we are called upon to investigate.

Lack of time and opportunity is doubtless an obstacle to exhaustive study of revelation on the part of many. However much they may desire to be so, all readers cannot be students. But the most busy man, if a child of God, will feel it his duty to give some time to acquaintance with his heavenly Father's will, even though it be a sacrifice in other respects to do so. If such a one, however brief and few his opportunities may be, in the spirit of a true disciple, impartially and with childlike simplicity, seeks to be led into *all* truth, he shall find that the bright gleams of joy and hope which

PROPHETIC LIGHT

throws across our pilgrim path, illumine his sky and cheer his onward way. Let him therefore use aright his one talent of time, assured that to him who is faithful in that which is least, more shall be given. Where lack of interest and concern accounts for the neglect, surely we are right in urging that to be uninterested in anything God has spoken, or unconcerned about any subject He has unfolded for our benefit, is to dishonor Him, and slight His gracious message: "Every Scripture inspired of God is profitable for teaching, for reproof, for correction, for instruction which is in righteousness," and seeing that the prophetic Scriptures are undoubtedly inspired of Him, they certainly demand our reverent regard.

The very fact that He has occupied so much space with them proves their importance and indicates their value. Only let us apply

THE SAME PRINCIPLE OF INTERPRETATION

to unfulfilled prophecy as we necessarily must to that which is plainly fulfilled, and we shall find that while the latter serves to confirm our confidence in the Divine origin of Holy Writ, the study of the former tends to sanctify the heart and consecrate the life, by giving to the present, as read in the light of the future, a solemnity and responsibility, the force of which we cannot resist. Undismayed by

THE SIGNS OF THE TIMES,

however dark they may become; undaunted by the powers of darkness, however fiercely they may rage; unmoved by the trials of life, however severe they may prove; taught by the prophetic page, we shall look for the appearing of the Lord we love, and waiting for the Son of God from heaven, shall "gird up the loins of our mind, and hope to the end for the grace to be brought unto us at the revelation of Jesus Christ." Meanwhile we shall be found actively engaged in His service, we shall "occupy till He come," and all the more diligently and faithfully because through the vigils of the night we hear His voice sounding through the Word of truth, and saying, "Behold, I come quickly, and my reward is with me, to give every one according as his work shall be."

CHRISTIAN HERALD AND SIGNS OF OUR TIMES.

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CURRENT EVENTS.

The Pennsylvania Republican Convention assembled at Harrisburg on July 11th. It presented an exhibition of harmony, for which politicians were little prepared. There were only two offices to be filled, those of State Treasurer and Auditor General, and the convention in nominating candidates for them, showed that the efforts to heal the breach between Stalwarts and Independents in the State had not been entirely without success. *The platform* adopted by the Convention will doubtless cause considerable discussion. It is very doubtful if its principles would be generally indorsed by Republicans in other States, and it certainly does not harmonize with the platforms adopted by Republican Conventions elsewhere. It first *pledges the party to protection* and denounces all attempts to reduce the tariff duties below the protective level. Whether the level meant is the present rate or that in existence before the Tariff Bill was passed, the platform does not state. *The second resolution*, however, is the one that challenges criticism. It runs thus: "That any surplus in the public Treasury arising from a redundant revenue should, after paying the national debt as fast as its condition permits, be distributed from time to time to the several States upon the basis of population, to relieve them from the burdens of local taxation and provide means for the education of their people." This is a curious scheme, which certainly has the charm of novelty. It will doubtless have the support of communists; and the politicians in the State capitals who would control the distribution of the respective portions of the surplus would also approve of it. The delight can be imagined of the Albany Legislature, for example, in spending ten million dollars which would be New York's share of a national surplus of a hundred millions. But the people, who now find it sufficiently difficult to pay the taxes, would prefer that the Government should limit its demands to the smallest amount compatible with efficiency, rather than that it should try to benefit monopolies by arranging for a redundant revenue, even though they had the promise that the surplus would be returned to them. Experience has taught them to fear that *a surplus on its travels* to the pockets from whence it came, might go astray, and never reach its destination. The Republicans of Pennsylvania may have adopted the resolution without consideration, and if so, we may expect to hear, from the leaders of the party, that the scheme has no place in the Republican programme.

The Struggle in Iowa this Fall is likely to be a severe one. An announcement ominous for the Temperance party has been made by ex-Governor Kirkwood, who says that he cannot support on the stump or vote for the Republican nominee for Supreme Judge. It is Mr. Kirkwood's opinion that Judge Day should have been renominated, and that his defeat for the reason that he voted against the constitutionality of the prohibitory amendment was a mistake. If a man so influential in the State as the ex-Governor has really resolved on bolting, or scratching the ticket, his example may be followed so extensively that the Republican candidate for Supreme Court Judge will be defeated. It is announced that the democratic candidate for Governor has invited the republican candidate to *a joint public discussion* of the questions on which the people are to decide at the fall election, and that the republican candidate has accepted the invitation. The voters will therefore have exceptional opportunities for understanding the views of the rival candidates on the questions at issue.

The Appointment made by Commissioner Evans of Mr. Charles M. Horton as special agent on the recommendation of Mr. Blaine and others has been revoked. The charge against Mr. Horton of having received a bribe was investigated by Collector Slack, whose report, Commissioner Evans states, was found to set forth as a conclusion that the evidence failed to connect Mr. Horton with the receipt of the bribe. Collector Slack, in his report, however, incorporated the statements of persons examined privately by him in the absence of Mr. Horton. These charges were like those made by Mr. Carter. Upon reading the report the Commissioner felt that it was due to the Administration and to himself that Mr. Horton should tender his resignation, not because he had been found guilty of any charge, nor because of the anonymous charges incorporated in the Collector's report, but to relieve an evident embarrassment. Mr. Horton naturally failed to see how his holding a subordinate office could embarrass the Administration, unless Mr. Evans regarded himself as the chief person in the Administration, and therefore declined to practically admit his guilt by resigning. The Commissioner then revoked his appointment.

The Value of the Reforms in the Postal Service is shown in the report of the Auditor, issued on July 10th. It shows that during the third quarter of the last fiscal year the receipts of the Post Office Department were $11,912,376, and the expenditures $10,792,499, leaving a surplus of $1,119,877. For the nine months of the fiscal year ended March 31st, 1883, the receipts of the Post Office Department were $33,946,356, and the expenditures $31,436,914, leaving a surplus of $2,509,442. It is not a long period since a deficiency in the Department was the customary showing.

In a Post Office General Order Issued last week, the Postmaster General requests that the practice of reading newspapers and periodicals passing through the mails be discontinued wherever it exists. He states that complaints have been made that second-class mail matter, that is, newspapers and periodicals sent to regular subscribers is not in all cases promptly forwarded to the addresses. He informs the Post Office employés that, "if it is necessary to withdraw second-class matter from its wrapper in order to ascertain its destination it may be done, but this will not be allowed for any other purpose." The issue of this order may perhaps explain to subscribers in the West and South why in some cases they have not received their papers regularly.

A License Law Similar to that in Ohio known as the Scott Law has been declared constitutional by the Supreme Court of Missouri. The Missouri Legislature passed the law last winter. It imposes a higher rate for licenses than does the Scott Law. The decision of the Court says that the Legislature has the right to prohibit the sale of intoxicants in the State. This dictum will doubtless encourage the Prohibitionists to still more strenuous exertions.

A Young Men's Christian Association Day will be held at Thousand Island Park, on Sunday, August 5th. The special exercises of the day will be in charge of the New York State Secretary, Rev. George A. Hall, who will be assisted by Rev. Charles W. Cushing, D.D., of Rochester, Rev. F. H. Hinman, of Auburn Theological Seminary, D. A. Budge, of Montreal, and other prominent Association workers. The exercises will consist of a Y. M. C. A. Sermon, Platform Meetings, a Gospel Service for Young Men, a Young Men's Bible Class, and a Service of Song. All details can be obtained by addressing Rev. George A. Hall, State Secretary Y. M. C. A., 52 East Twenty-third Street, New York City.

The Presbyterian Board of Foreign Missions announced that its debt at the close of last year amounted to $13,282. Noticing this, a friend of the cause, unsolicited, contributed $10,000 toward its extinction. The income of the Board during the month of May showed a decrease of $1351. It is explained that the contributions from churches and from individuals show an advance—the falling off being accounted for under the head of "bequests." These amounted to $11,954 for May, 1882, but this year it is $2928.

A Private Effort to Stop Sunday Trains has been successful. A few weeks ago the managers of the Housatonic Railway Company announced their intention to run Sunday trains "law or no law." On Sunday, June 10th, a train left the Bridgeport station for Pittsfield, having twenty passengers and a supply of Sunday newspapers. At Canaan the conductor received a brief telegram from the company's main office directing him to return. The company had heard that in a village just over the Massachusetts line a preacher and a few laymen and an officer were waiting with an injunction. The train returned to Bridgeport the same evening.

The Condition of Mission Work in Alaska is described by Rev. S. Hall Young, who has been laboring at Fort Wrangell. He says: "One of the advantages on the side of the missionaries lies in the fact that the women are in all respects the equals of the men. The principal obstacles to be overcome are superstition and drunkenness. There are at present twenty missionaries in that field, and their labor is meeting with a satisfactory reward."

Dr. McCosh, the President of Princeton College, makes in the press an earnest appeal to Christians interested in the welfare of young men, and concerned that the ministry should be "thoroughly furnished unto all good works" for funds for the endowment of a school of philosophy in the college. Dr. McCosh says: "I wish to secure a place for philosophy equal to that of any branch of literature or science. This is imperatively required to furnish a foundation and a combination to all our other teaching. It is *the want of the times*, when old truths are being undermined and *the faith of young men is unsettled*. The old friends of the college in the Presbyterian Church, and in other churches, are calling on us to make provision for this end. People everywhere expect it of Princeton College. Considerable numbers of young men are ready to profit by the instruction which will thus be afforded them." The number of students has increased since Dr. McCosh became President of the college from 264 to 561.

A Strange Cause of Death was Assigned by a physician in a case which terminated fatally last week in New York. A man employed in a leather house in "the Swamp" was handling the hides on July 2nd, and was inoculated by poison coming in contact with a simple pimple under his left ear. He began to feel unwell on the following Wednesday, but he worked until Friday, when his neck began to swell and he called a doctor. His head and neck swelled up until the flesh was puffed out beyond the chin and ears, and he died on the following Sunday. The doctor, when he became ill, told him that he thought the poison came from the hide of a beast afflicted with murrain, but the sick man believed that it came from the solution containing arsenic put on the hides to cure them and protect them from insects and animals like rats, which would otherwise ruin them. The day when the mischief was done was excessively hot, and the man handling the hides and perspiring freely frequently wiped his moist face with his hand, and so the poison touched the pimple on his ear. By many avenues does death find an entrance to the human citadel. Sin, like death, is also perpetually near us, and while we guard one weak point it may enter at another. Only in constant prayer and watchfulness is there safety (Matt. 26 : 41).

Blood at Ten Cents a Drop is the Subject of a lawsuit now being tried in the Sixth District Court of New York. On February 17th last a guest in a hotel in the city was found asphyxiated by an escape of gas. Three physicians were summoned, and after consultation pronounced that the only way to save the patient's life was by the transfer of blood from the veins of a healthy man to those of the sufferer. A colored porter submitted himself for the purpose, and eight ounces of blood, each ounce supposed to contain two hundred and forty drops, were transferred from his arm to that of the patient. When the latter recovered he gave the porter five dollars to compensate him for the blood, services in nursing, and some expenses out of pocket. The porter did not consider that sum sufficient, and last week brought suit, in which he claimed $192, being ten cents for each drop of the blood he had lost in the operation. Judge Kelly, who tried the unique case, has reserved his decision. In estimating the sum due the plaintiff, the judge will doubtless consider the fact that the defendant's life was saved by the operation, and if that is taken into account the five dollars paid seems utterly inadequate. When the Christian fully realizes the meaning of the eternal life purchased for him by the blood of Christ, he will look back on a whole life of service and self-sacrifice as an offering infinitely small compared with his obligations to his Saviour (Rom. 12 : 1).

The Exploits of a Small Boy in San Francisco have caused his parents some alarm. His father, who is a builder, lately undertook to make some repairs at the top of a number of flat-roofed buildings of several stories' elevation. In making a preliminary examination he took his child, who is three years old, with him, and when he ascended to the roof left him sitting on his coat at the foot of a ladder fastened perpendicularly against the back of one of the houses. His examination occupied more time than he expected, but was finally completed, and just as he was on the point of returning, he was horrified to see the little one's head peering above the topmost round of the ladder, and on a level with himself. To secure him and descend to the ground required no little command of nerve, but it was finally accomplished. A week or two after this occurrence the boy was missing from the family circle. His parents and their friends searched for him in vain, until in passing through the street on which the buildings front, the object of the search was discovered sitting on the edge of a projecting cornice, dangling his feet about and looking at the objects below in a most unconcerned manner. By dint of perseverance and tact the child was finally brought down in safety. To reach the perilous position in which he was found he had climbed the ladder that had served him in his previous exploit, walked over an eight-inch plank in the face of a strong gale of wind, to the second building, and either scrambled over or crawled around a high frontage of the cornice. The child did not realize his danger, but his father did, and trembled for him. How often has similar temerity been displayed by those who should have had more self-knowledge! (Luke 22 : 31 34.)

The Frank Acknowledgment Made by a suicide in Pennsylvania recently, cannot fail to be indorsed by sensible people. It and its sequel were a striking commentary on Solomon's warning (Prov 10 : 14). On July 7th a fisherman found in some bushes in an unfrequented path near his home the dead body of a young man. It was neatly dressed, but had on it nothing that disclosed its identity. In the hand of the dead man was an empty box, which had contained morphia, and a slip of paper, upon which was written with a pencil in a good hand, "Bury me where I die. *I am a fool.* This act is premeditated." There were no marks of violence upon him and no evidence of a struggle. He had evidently lain where he was found when he took the fatal dose. It is astonishing that a man who had sense enough to perceive his own folly should have deliberately closed his opportunity of gaining wisdom. If he had read his Bible he would have seen that foolishness is not incurable (Titus 3 : 3).

An Engineer's Heroism Saved the Lives of his passengers in South Carolina on June 28th. He was driving the fast express train, and when between Summerville and Charleston, and about three miles from the latter city, the train was turned from the main track to a siding by a misplaced switch and ran into two loaded cars which were standing on the siding. The engineer, Samuel Smith, was instantly killed, his body being frightfully mutilated. There were about one hundred and fifty passengers on the train, none of whom were hurt. They owe their lives to the heroism of the engineer, who, instead of jumping from the engine after the train left the main track, occupied himself during the run of seventy-five yards to the scene of the collision in reversing the engine and putting on the air-brakes. The accident was caused by the carelessness of a section master, who was repairing the switch at the time. The noble engineer standing in the very forefront of danger, and knowing that he would suffer the first shock of the collision, showed a consideration for others and a spirit of self-sacrifice rarely equalled in time of war or peace. Such an act as this helps us to realize the cost at which man's salvation was purchased (Rom. 5 : 7, 8).

An Extraordinary Disappearance of a Lake is reported by a Nevada newspaper. It states that Red Fish Lake, above Sawtooth City, on the summit of the Sawtooth range of mountains, in the Wood River region, has dropped through the bottom. The lake had an area of several miles and was many fathoms in depth. It was on the summit of one of the peaks of the range, some 11,000 feet elevation above the sea, and surrounded by heavy timber, which rendered it a delightful place of resort in summer for camping, fishing, and boating parties. The lake has been there since the white man has known the country, but lately—the day of the occurrence is not known—the bottom fell out. The country formation is granite and limestone, and an immense fissure has opened, either through the settling of the ground, or from volcanic action, and the whole volume of water has disappeared. At present the bed of the lake is dry, and presents the appearance of a deep gorge or valley on the summit of the mountains. Where the water has gone to is a mystery not yet solved. It is possible that the scientific men studying the strange event may find an explanation of it, but it is obvious that there are forces at work on the earth of which we know nothing. The day will come when God will use those forces in such a way as to strike terror into the souls of unbelievers (Rev. 16 : 18–20).

THE VOICE FROM THE CLOUD.

A New Sermon by Pastor C. H. Spurgeon.

"While he yet spake, behold, a bright cloud overshadowed them: and behold a voice out of the cloud, which said, This is my beloved Son, in whom I am well pleased; hear ye him. And when the disciples heard it, they fell on their face, and were sore afraid. And Jesus came and touched them, and said, Arise, and be not afraid."—MATTHEW 17 : 5–7.

Miracles Alone do not Produce Faith—An Audible Voice not Needed—I. The Voice out of the Cloud—The Cloud Necessary—A Bright Cloud—Three Witnesses—The Sonship of Christ—The Father Pleased—The Mediator Needed—II. The Voice of Jesus—He Went to the Disciples—He Touched Them—The Meaning of the Touch—Sympathy—He Spoke to Them—The Voice of the King.

IT is exceedingly important to have clear evidences of the truth of our holy religion. Sometimes, I dare say, you have wished that God would speak out of heaven in your hearing, or that He would work some extraordinary marvel before your eyes, that you might know beyond all question the truth of the Gospel of Jesus. This desire for signs and wonders is no new thing. Ah, my dear friends, we know not what we ask, nor what we desire; for if such a voice were to come to us out of the excellent glory, we are made of the same flesh and blood as Peter, and James and John, and it would therefore produce the same effect upon us as upon them: we should fall upon our faces, and be sore afraid. Spirituals must grow out of spirituals; saving faith can never be produced by carnal sight and hearing. The Holy Ghost can work faith in us apart from any form of miracle; and miracle alone can never create a spiritual faith.

Do we wish to receive a sign in order to confirm our belief in God? Suppose that we had it, we should soon need to have it repeated, for unbelief dies hard. I cannot tell how often we should need to hear the voice out of the cloud; but certainly life would soon become a misery to us, for we should be so frequently lying on our faces, so often cast into a swoon of fear, that we should be shattered, and nervous, and incapable of the ordinary duties of life. Like Israel at Sinai, we should begin to entreat that the Lord would not speak to us any more. The fact is that the voice of God, as absolute God, is too awful, too majestic, for mortal ears, and the sight of overwhelming miracles would put such

A STRAIN UPON THE MIND

that it is better for us to be without them. It is plain from the example of Israel in the wilderness that even the lowest form of grace does not grow out of frequent miracles, for the tribes fell into every form of evil, though they lived on miracles, and even ate and drank the result thereof. Not signs and wonders without, but a new heart within, is the grand cure for unbelief. Christ in you is the hope of glory and the death of doubt; anything else will fall short of your need.

According to our text, what is wanted is, *not an audible voice* of God to confirm the evidences of our religion, but the touch and the voice of Christ to make us conscious within ourselves of the power of Him to whom God bears witness. Not external, but internal evidences are what we need. The best evidences in the world are what we call experimental, such as grow out of actual experience. It is a better thing for a man to live near to Christ, and to enjoy His presence, than it would be for him to be overshadowed with a bright cloud, and to hear the divine Father Himself speaking out of it. The voice out of the cloud would but dismay and distract; the voice of Christ would cheer and comfort, and at the same time would be an equally powerful assurance to us of the divinity of the whole matter.

Assurance is the thing which we so much desire, and we can better obtain it by personal test than by any external witness. Brethren, the most profitable thing for me at any rate is not so much to study evidences or to seek

them, as to enjoy the Gospel itself by personal contact with the Christ of God. You may be told that this is the bread of heaven, but you will not know it, however heavenly the voice, one half so vividly as if you eat thereof and live; then shall you know when Jesus touches you and bids you "be not afraid." A miraculous interposition would crush as well as convince; a spiritual visitation and a consoling word will convince as certainly, and it will comfort at the same time.

This morning I propose to treat the subject thus: First, *let us hear the voice out of the cloud;* and then, secondly, *let us hear the voice of Jesus.* May the Holy Spirit sweetly enable us to hearken diligently in each case.

I. First: Let us hearken to the voice that speaketh out of the cloud. Observe at the outset the words, "*Behold, a bright cloud overshadowed them.*" When God draws near to man it is absolutely necessary that His glory should be veiled. No man can see His face and live. Hence the cloud, in this instance, and in other cases; hence that thick veil which hung over the entrance to the most holy place; hence the need of the incense to fill that place with smoke when the high-priest once in the year went within the veil; hence above all the need of the body and the manhood of Christ that the Godhead may be softened to our view. The God shines graciously through the man, and we behold the brightness of the Father's glory without being blinded thereby.

THERE MUST BE A CLOUD.

Yet it was a *bright* cloud which in this case yielded the shadow, and not a thick darkness like that which became the canopy of Deity at the giving of the law. Then Mount Sinai was altogether on a smoke, and the Lord sat enthroned amid thick darkness. On other occasions we read, "He made darkness His secret place; His pavilion round about Him were dark waters and thick clouds of the skies;" but now on Tabor, where God bears peaceful witness to His well-beloved Son, He veils Himself in a brightness significant of His good pleasure toward the sons of men.

There were but three who saw this glory of the Transfiguration, and heard the Father's voice; such signs are not for unholy eyes and ears. It is not needful that you and I therefore should see the transfigured Saviour; the fact of the transfiguration is quite as sure as if we did see it, for three men saw it of whose truthfulness we have no question. The testimony of honest men is all that we can have about most things, and we are accustomed to accept it and act thereon; in this case we may be as sure as if we had ourselves been there, and had ourselves seen and heard.

Coming to the words themselves, the Father said, "*This is My beloved Son.*" "*This.*" As if He called their attention away from Moses and Elias, and said, "*This* is he of whom I speak to you. He is above the law and the prophets, He is My Son." There was a question among the Jews who the Messiah should be; they believed in the Messiah, but they did not know when He would come, nor where, nor how; and hence, when He did come, they made a mistake and missed Him. Here the great Father points to Jesus at Nazareth, who is the Son of Mary as to His flesh, and He says, "*This* is My beloved Son." It is a word of demonstration and distinction, by which He marks Him out from all others as His own nearest and dearest one. They could make no mistake whatever about the person; the word of the Lord so distinctly pointed Him out.

While it thus pointed Him out personally as being present, it separated Him from all others, and set Him apart by Himself as the sole and only one. "*This* is My beloved Son," and no one else may claim that title. Truly, other sons are the Lord's by adoption and regeneration, but none are such in the sense in which the Lord said, "*This* is My beloved Son." Beyond all others and in a special sense He is "the only begotten Son." "Unto which of the angels said He at any time, Thou art My Son, this day have I begotten Thee?" We do not understand, we cannot understand, the doctrine of the eternal filiation of the Son of God. I suppose it is to be well-nigh profane to endeavor to look into that sublime mystery; a holy delicacy forbids; and besides, the glory is too bright; we lack the eyes which could perceive anything in such a blaze of light. This, however, we may observe; namely that Jesus is not the Son of God so that the idea exactly tallies with sonship among men; for He is coequal and coeternal with the Father; and He is Himself called "the Mighty God, the everlasting Father." He is not of fewer years than the Father, for "in the beginning was the Word." Yet doubtless sonship is the nearest approach to the great mystery which could be found among human similitudes, and the word "Son" is the nearest description that could be given in human language.

"This is *My Son.*" Moses and Elias were His servants—Jesus alone was His *Son.* By His being thus called *Son* we are taught that Jesus is of the same nature as God—is indeed God. A man is the father of a man; a man is not the father of that which he makes with his own hands, such as a statue or a painting; but a man is the father of another who is of

THE SAME NATURE

as himself, and the Lord Jesus Christ is of the same nature as God in all respects—a true Son. The Lord Jesus Christ is equal in nature to the Father, and therefore He counts it not robbery to be equal with God, and He receives the same honor and worship as the Father, as saith the Scripture, "that all men should honor the Son even as they honor the Father. He that honoreth not the Son honoreth not the Father which hath sent Him."

For a minute let me dwell upon this declaration. "This is My Son." Does it not teach us the great love of God to us guilty creatures? "He spared not His own Son." You perceive the love of Abraham to God when he is ready to offer up Isaac at the Lord's bidding. Remember the words, "Take now thy son, thine only son, Isaac, whom thou lovest, and offer him for a burnt-offering." This is just what the great Father did for us; and yet we were His enemies, living in alienation and in open rebellion against Him. Hear, O heavens, and wonder, O earth! He spared not His own Son, but freely delivered Him up for us all! "Herein is love, not that we loved God, but that God loved us, and sent His Son to be the propitiation for our sins." What gratitude this should create! What devotion it should bring! "This is My Son." When you see Jesus on Tabor or on Calvary, you see God giving Himself to us, that we might not perish, but have everlasting life. What a Saviour this must be! How confidently may you and I trust Him!

Do you remind me that I have left out one word? The Father said, "This is My *beloved* Son." I have by no means forgotten it, for though I cannot speak as I would upon that word, yet it is exceedingly sweet in my ears. "This is My *beloved* Son." We none of us know

HOW MUCH BELOVED

our Lord is of the Father. We love our children, we love them as our own souls, we could not measure our affection for them; but still we are finite and so are our children, and the finite to the finite yields but a finite love; but here is an Infinite Father with an Infinite Son, and He loves Him infinitely. Why should He not? He is most near to Him; His own Son. Why should He not? He is in all things like unto Him in nature, dignity, character, and glory. Oh that we might have grace to trust without wavering in this glorious Son of God!

Permit me now to introduce to you the second of the sentences: "*In whom*

I AM WELL PLEASED."

I have heard it quoted, "With whom I am well pleased." The alteration cannot be tolerated; it robs the language of half its sense. True, God is pleased with Christ, but that is not all that He says here; He is pleased *in* Him, which means not only that God is eternally, infinitely pleased with Jesus Christ Himself, but that God Himself is reconciled and pleased as we view Him in His Son. The Lord looks down upon those who are in Christ with an intense affection, and loves them even as He loves the Son, for that is the meaning of this word, "In whom I am well pleased." All who are in Christ Jesus are pleasing to God; yea, God in Christ looks with divine satisfaction upon all those who trust His Son; He is not only pleased, but *well* pleased. If you are pleased with Jesus, God is pleased with you; if you are in the Son, then you are in the Father's good pleasure. I wish I could speak at length upon this; but I might weary you upon this close and sultry day, when your spirit truly is willing but your flesh is weak. Oh, the charm of this voice of God! Each word has a divine emphasis upon it. It is not the voice of man, but of the Eternal Himself.

Consider, next, the third word, which is,

"HEAR YE HIM."

Listen to what he says; remember it carefully; endeavor to understand it; heartily accept and believe it; confidently trust in it, and cheerfully obey it. All these precepts are wrapt up in the expression "Hear ye Him;" as we could prove if there were time available. "Hear ye Him:" it is as if the Father said, "You need not hear Moses any longer; hear ye *Him.* You need not listen to Elias any more; hear ye My Son." There are thousands of priests in the world who say, "Hear us;" but the Father says "Hear *Him.*" Many voices clamor for our attention; new philosophies, modern theologies, and old heresies revived, all call to us and entreat us to hearken, but the Father says, "Hear *Him.*" As if He said, "Hear Him and none besides." Does any man claim to be a successor of Christ? The Father speaks of no succession, but bids us, "Hear *Him.*" If Jesus were dead and His prophetic office extinct we might hear others; but since He liveth, we hear

THE CELESTIAL VOICE

rolling along the ages and distinctly crying, "Hear ye *Him.*" Brethren beloved, do not hear *me* as though I spake of myself, for I have no more claim upon your attention than any other man. I speak faultily, for I know but in part, and prophesy in part. So far as I speak my own mind, I speak in vanity; but if I speak the words of Christ, and the truth which the Spirit of God has revealed, then it is no longer I that speak, but Christ Himself that speaks, and then you are bound by the Word from the Father, which saith, "Hear ye *Him.*" Oh, to be content with hearing Christ, and letting other voices go away into the eternal silence.

"This is My beloved Son; hear ye Him." It does seem to me as if the great Father said, "*I* have spoken to you once, with my own voice, and I see you fall upon your faces with fear; evidently you cannot bear my immediate presence. I see your faces blanched with fright; you lie prone upon the ground, stiff with dismay; I will speak no more directly from myself; I have made my beloved Son your Mediator; hear *Him.*" Is it not gracious on His part that He should no more speak with us Himself, but reveal Himself by His Son, whose name is "*the Word of God?*" Remember what Israel said at Sinai to Moses, the typical mediator: "Speak Thou with us and we will hear; but let not God speak with us, lest we die." To this the Lord replied to Moses, "They have well said all that they have spoken." The Lord recognized at once the need of a mediator, and He finds us one in the person of the Well-beloved as He says, "Hear ye *Him.*" This day God saith to men, "Come not to Me at the first; go to My Son. No man cometh to the Father but by Jesus Christ His Son. Blessed ordinance of that gracious One who knoweth our frame and remembereth that we are dust! He hath spoken to us by His Son; let us incline our ear and come unto Him, let us hear that our soul may live.

This links on the first part of my discourse to the second, upon which I will speak as briefly as I can, though the subject might well demand a full sermon.

II. Secondly, let us hear

THE VOICE OF JESUS.

The Father Himself has sent us to Jesus, and unto Jesus let us go. "When the disciples heard it, they fell on their face, and were sore afraid. And Jesus came and touched them, and said, Arise, and be not afraid." Dear friends, I think you will be cured of desiring miracles, and of wishing to hear voices from God, if you well consider the effect of the Divine voice upon these favored apostles. You could not bear the voice divine any better than they could; if, indeed, so well. I hope that you will now be content with what the Father recommends to you, namely, that you hear His beloved Son Jesus Christ our Lord. The apostles, one would have thought, needed not to have been afraid, for they were holy men; engaged in the best possible business, and in the company of their Lord who was their protector and friend; and yet such is the amazing power of the glory of God upon the human mind that they fell on their faces. So was it with Job, and Daniel, and Isaiah, and Habakkuk, and all such holy men; the presence of the Lord filled them with fear and trembling and self-abhorrence.

See how Jesus acts to His three disciples. We might have thought that they would have hastened to their Lord. Why did they not? Why did they not cry out to Him, "Master, we perish?" Why did not Peter say, as he did on another occasion, "If it be Thou, bid me come unto Thee?" No; they are overpowered, bewildered, confounded: the glory of the Lord has laid them on their faces as dead, and a sore fright is upon them. Then the incarnate God, their Lord and yet their brother, interposes His sacred ministry. First,

HE COMES TO THEM.

Wycliffe's version puts it, "He came nigh." He approached to them; for any distance is painful when a heart is afraid. Jesus came near to the affrighted three. This is the beauty of our Lord Jesus Christ, that He comes so near to us, poor troubled ones, when we are overwhelmed with the glory of God and our own sense of sin. "The man is near of kin unto us; one of our next kinsmen." God, the glorious, must ever seem to be far off as to our weakness, however near He comes to us in condescending grace. He is in heaven, and we upon earth; He is the Creator, and we are the creatures of an hour. The Lord Jesus comes so very near to us because He bears our nature, and is bone of our bone and flesh of our flesh. We may be familiar with Him, and yet incur no censure.

He is the same Christ at this hour as in the days of His flesh; He is still in the habit of visiting His people and manifesting Himself to them as He doth not to the world. Brothers, do not ask evidence any more; do not begin searching books to find out arguments and reasons. Ask Jesus to come to you; His presence will stand instead of all reasoning, and be better far. Communion with Christ supplies the soul with irresistible arguments as to His being, His love, His power, His Godhead. Actual nearness to Him clothes the mind with a coat of mail which wards off every arrow of unbelief. Let Christ come to us, and questions and doubts are heard no more. Quibblings are nailed to His cross; insinuations fall dead at His feet. This assurance works in an infinitely better manner than if out of yon black cloud God Himself were to speak to us in thunder-tones.

When Jesus came, the next thing He did was,

HE TOUCHED THEM.

This is to me most precious; as they lie there all fainting He touches Peter, and touches James, and touches John, just as in after days we read, "He laid His right hand upon me, saying unto me, Fear not." That was His way of healing those diseased with leprosy. The blind man He touched and gave him sight, and the dead maiden was thus revived. Oh, *the power of His touch!* Our touch of Jesus saves us; what will not His touch of us do? We are so much made up of feeling, after all, that we want to know that the Lord really feels for us, and will enter so tenderly into our case as to touch us. That touch reassures our fainting hearts, and we know our Lord to be Emanuel, God with us.

Sympathy! This is the meaning of that human touch of a hand which is nevertheless divine. Oh, how sweetly Christ has touched us by being a partaker in all that is human! He touched us everywhere: in poverty, for He had not where to lay His head; in thirst, for He sat by the well and said, "Give Me to drink;" in anguish, for He was betrayed by His friend. He has touched us in depression of spirit, for He cried, "My soul is exceeding sorrowful even unto death." He is touched with a feeling of our infirmities, "for He was tempted in all points like as we are." An absolute God does not seem to touch us with a fellow-feeling: He pities us as a father pitieth his children, yet in this He is above us, and our fears prevent our reaching up to Him; for tenderest sympathy in adversity a brother must be born, and Jesus is that brother. We are frail and sinful; and Jesus touches us in both respects, for He has taken our flesh and carried away our sins. He was "numbered with the transgressors," thus He touched transgressors; and He became frail even as we are, until at last He said, "I am a worm, and no man;" thus He touched our infirmities.

Dear friends, nothing so cheers the heart as

THE DIVINE TOUCH

of Christ, for if you have felt it you will bear witness that contact with His wondrous person is like life from the dead. Virtue comes out of Christ to us when His garment's hem and our finger meet. The contact of grace on His part and faith on our part brings into us strength, light, joy, and all else that is laid up in Jesus to meet our wants. The hand of Jesus is laid upon us, and in the strength which it gives a man might dash through hell and climb to heaven. Ezra said, "I was strengthened as the hand of the Lord my God was upon me." Touched with the Almighty Sufferer's sacred sympathy, we glory in tribulation, and triumph in death. Is not this more effective evidence of the truth of the Gospel and of the commission of Christ than if the Lord God should again speak out of a cloud? To feel the wondrous power of Christ strengthening our hearts, surely this is the most certain witness.

Next time you read of the Red Sea, and of God's dividing it for His people, and drowning Pharaoh in the deep waters, do not say to yourself, "I wish I had been there!" but pray God to make a way for you through your troubles, and to dry up the Red Sea of your sins, and lead you into Canaan. Pardoned sin will make you rejoice in Him. It must have been a fine demonstration of God's glorious majesty when he sent a thick darkness over all the land, even darkness that might be felt. For my part, I count it a more-to-be desired demonstration of the power of God when He took away my thick darkness and brought me into His marvellous light. When He turned all the waters of Egypt into blood, so that they loathed to drink of the river, it was a sure proof that God was there; but to my soul it was a more assuring proof when He turned my water into wine, and made my ordinary life to become like the life of those in heaven by His sovereign grace.

So there were two actions of Christly sympathy—Jesus came near, and touched them.

But always the great thing with Jesus is His Word—*He spake to them.* He is the Word, and as the Word He proves His Godhead. "Where

THE WORD OF A KING

is, there is power." Jesus, after He had touched them, said, "Arise, be not afraid." Precious Word! "Arise, be not afraid." When the Word of Jesus Christ comes with power to our discouraged souls, and we are made strong in confidence, then we are persuaded of the truth of the Gospel. When we are disabled from the divine service through fear, and Jesus renews our strength by saying, "Arise," so that we are able to work again, then do we believe and are sure. "The joy of the Lord is our strength." Whenever the blessed Comforter reveals Christ to us so that we are cheered and made glad in the midst of our tribulations, then we need not ask for signs and wonders, nor for voices speaking out of the cloud; it is enough, the truth is sealed in our consciences. The voice of Christ is better far than all other manifestations, for it does not leave us swooning with fear, but sends us out to fight the battles of the Lord.

This is the sum of what I have spoken unto you. Ask not signs and wonders which God will not give; but "Hear ye Him." Listen to Jesus by faith, and your personal experience of His presence shall be to you all that you need by way of assurance. Live on Christ, live in Christ, live with Christ, and this shall be better to you than visions or bright clouds, or celestial voices, or all supposable evidences. This shall make your spirit leap and your heart rejoice, till the day break and the shadows flee away, and you see God, even the Father, face to face in glory. May the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ be with you evermore. Amen.

MARTYRDOM OF JOHN BRADFORD.

(*See Illustration on page 460.*)

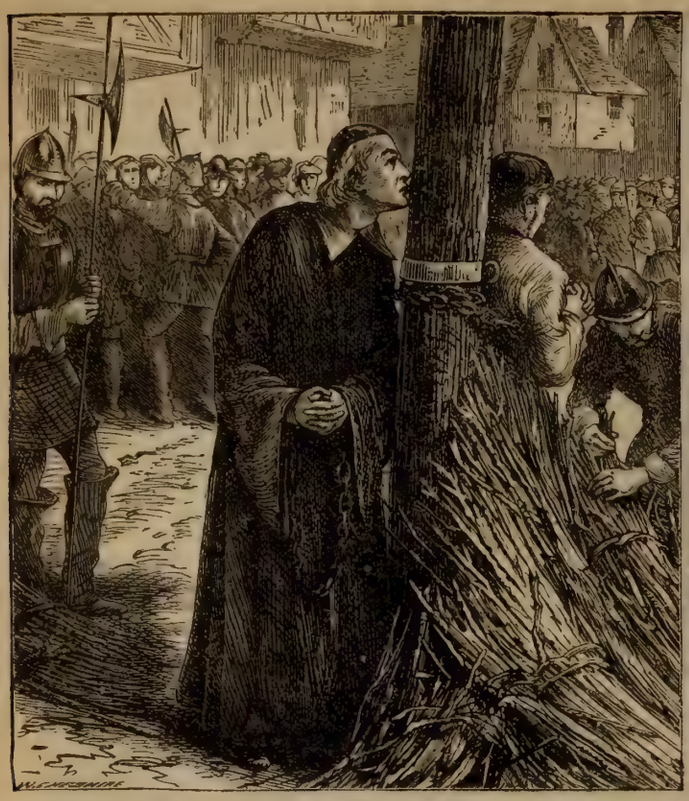
PRE-EMINENT among the most shining lights of the Reformation of the sixteenth century stands the illustrious and devoted John Bradford, who, after a brief though brilliant career as a minister of the Gospel of Christ, was burned at the stake, leaving a name which, like that of his Divine Master, was "as ointment poured forth."

He appears to have been born about 1522–1525. He was of "gentle birth," became a proficient in Latin, and entered the Inner Temple, London, as a law student in 1547. Under the faithful preaching of Bishop Ridley his heart was turned to God, and a corresponding change in his purposes and plans took place. He surrendered himself entirely to the call of Christ. "His chains, rings, and jewels of gold" were quickly sold, and the value given to "Christ's poor members" whenever he found any pining in poverty, and it was not long before he made the determination, "if it be God's will, to go to my books at Cambridge; and if He shall give me grace, to be a minister of His Word."

Bradford accordingly entered the celebrated University in 1548, being then, as seems probable, about three or four-and-twenty years of age. Here he remained two years, obtaining an honorable reputation as a brilliant student and a man of fervent prayer, and holy demeanor. He was one of the six chaplains of the king, Edward VI., who were selected and appointed "to be itineraries, to preach sound doctrine in all the remotest parts of the kingdom."

The young minister took up this duty with real earnestness. He "truly taught and preached the Word of God" in all the district assigned to him. The divine blessing resting upon him gave him heart-searching eloquence. In the last year of Edward's reign, 1553, Bradford was called to preach in the chapel of the palace one of the Lent sermons; and by his denunciation of the levity and ungodliness of the courtiers, and his proclamation of the judgments of God, he seems to have been regarded as speaking prophetically of the horrors of the coming reign.

On July 19th, 1553, Mary was proclaimed Queen, and before a month had elapsed, Bradford was in a dungeon. He was presently joined by Sandys, Cranmer, Ridley, and Latimer. In January, 1555, the royal assent was given to an "Act for the revival of the statutes for the punishment of heresy." On the 30th of the same month, Bradford was excommunicated, and subsequently, *condemned to be burned* for his Protestantism. On the last Sunday afternoon in June, he was informed that he would perish at the stake the next morning, and, to avoid



The Martyrdom of John Bradford.

Mahommedans at Prayer.

tumult among the people, was confined in Newgate about twelve o'clock the same night.

At nine o'clock on Monday morning, the prison-doors opened, and the martyr came forth. Bradford, having reached the stake, found there John Leaf, a faithful young confessor, though only an apprentice; and the two threw themselves on their faces, and commenced to pray. "Arise, and make an end," said the sheriff, "for the press of the people is great."

At that word they both stood up on their feet, and Bradford took a faggot in his hand, and kissed it, and then reverently embraced and kissed the stake. Then turning to his companion, he said, "Be of good comfort, brother; for we shall have a merry (joyful) supper with the Lord this night; if there be any way to heaven on horseback, or in fiery chariots, this is it." A few minutes later his body was consumed, and his liberated spirit was with God.

MAHOMMEDANS AT PRAYER.

(*See Illustration on this page.*)

Five times every day the call for prayers sounds from the mosques of Mahommedan cities. In the morning before sunrise, immediately after noon, just before sunset, soon after sunset, and late at night, the cry sounds, "God is great! Mahommed is the apostle of God! Come to prayers! Come to salvation! God is great!" This invitation has been proclaimed with unceasing regularity five times a day during 1261 years, and every traveller in the lands dominated by this religion bears witness to the obedience the followers of Mahommed render to it. If they are in the city they leave their business and go to the mosques; if they are in the desert they prostrate themselves and pray. Whatever their race and language may be they must pray in Arabic, and in the words prescribed by the Koran, the Mahommedan Bible.

The Koran is a collection of the sayings of Mahommed, and his account of the revelations he said he received from God. It was not written until after his death, and as he could neither read nor write, it was compiled from notes made by his disciples and from the memories of those who had listened to his addresses. It forms the rule of life of 175,000,000 of the human race, who turn to it for guidance, and who accept it as their law and the foundation of faith. It teaches the unity of God, the duty of giving alms to the poor, especially orphans, hospitality to wayfarers, the necessity of regular times of prayer, fidelity in the fulfilment of engagements, and patience under the ills and trials of life, and the certainty of a day of judgment. The approach of that day is, it declares, to be heralded by twenty-five signs, some of which are very singular, such as the sun rising in the west, the appearance of a strange beast in the great temple at Mecca, the coming of Jesus Christ who is to descend upon one of the minarets of the mosque of Damascus, and the rushing of a mighty wind that will sweep away the souls of all who have a grain of faith in their hearts. Then follows the resurrection of the dead, of judgment, in which none will be wronged by a hair's-breadth. All men will walk over a bridge called Sirat, fixed in the midst of hell, sharper than the edge of a sword and finer than a hair. On that bridge the feet of the wicked will slip, and they will fall into hell, while the good will walk over safely into Paradise.

Many passages in the Koran are sublime in thought and diction, and bear a striking resemblance to the imagery of the prophets of the Old Testament, but the narrative of the life of Jesus is debased and puerile. Mahommed taught that God had revealed Himself to Abraham and the Patriarchs, to Moses and the prophets, to Jesus, and finally to himself; that Jesus was the Word of God, cast into the Virgin Mary, the Messiah of God, but not divine, and that He was not crucified, but Judas transformed into the image of Christ was crucified in His stead.

Mahommed's teachings and the similarity they and the Koran bear to the Jewish religion are explained by the fact that he belonged to the Hanifs. They were a tribe who became disgusted with the idolatry of the East. They officiated in the temple of Mecca where there were three hundred and sixty-five idols, but they resolved to quit idolatry, and they sent out men to find a new religion, the cardinal doctrine of which should be that there was but one God. Some of these men became Christians, others espoused Judaism, while others adopted no religion, but remained praying for light.

While, however, there is so much in Mahommedanism to remind us of the Bible, it lacks the one essential feature of the fatherhood of God and the divinity and atonement of Christ. Lord Houghton finely expresses this defect in his well-known lines:

"Mahomed's truth lay in a book,
Christ's in a sacred life,
So while the world rolls on from change to change,
And realms of thought expand,
The letter stands without expanse or range,
Stiff as a dead man's hand.
While as the life blood fills the growing form,
The spirit Christ has shed
Flows through the ripening ages fresh and warm,
More felt than heard or read."

THE LOYALIST'S SERMON.

(*See Illustration.*)

In the summer of the year 1765 there was a large congregation gathered one Sunday morning in a church in New York. The preacher was a man of some eloquence, a well-known loyalist and a theologian of the strictest Tory type. Not that the Rev. David Rees studied politics or closely concerned himself with the events of the day, but his Toryism was the product of his theology, and interpreting Scripture as he did, he naturally arrived at the conclusion that in the disputes then pending, the King and Parliament were right and the colonists wrong.

He had not studied the questions involved. Why should he do so? Had not the Bible declared that the King was to be honored? Doubtless it had, and therefore David Rees felt he had no need to inquire further. He was prepared to honor the King and so do his duty, and he was also prepared, after the manner of his class, to tell other people how to do theirs. Therefore, David Rees when invited to preach in the New York Church had his sermon ready, and having announced his text "The powers that be are ordained of God" (Rom. 13 : 1), he proceeded to apply the passage to the existing condition of affairs. He proved to his own satisfaction and to the satisfaction of the aristocratic congregation before him that non-resistance was the Christian's duty under all circumstances, and that whatever might be the burden laid upon the shoulders of the people by its legitimate rulers, organized resistance was a sin. It was a neat, compact argument, fortified with

numerous quotations from Scripture, and unanswerable from the preacher's point of view. The sermon ended, the preacher descended from his desk, and receiving from his friends as he left the church compliments and praises on having demolished the King's enemies, the Rev. David Rees, well satisfied with himself, started on his walk home through fields which are now covered thickly with busy streets.

He was walking briskly, his Bible under his arm and his stout staff in his hand, when he heard a voice behind him calling him by name. He turned and saw Seth Allen, a gentleman he knew well by reputation and whom he occasionally met. The clergyman did not desire his company so much as Mr. Allen apparently desired to confer that privilege upon him, for Mr. Rees, giving him a patronizing nod, continued his walk. But Mr. Allen came at a brisk pace, and was soon by the side of the preacher.

"I heard your sermon this morning," he said, "and I should like to talk to you about it."

"Say on, my friend," said the clergyman. "Are there any questions you would like to ask about it?"

"Yes, a few. I want to know whether you have read the news about the Stamp Act, and if you think we ought to obey that?"

"My good friend, I seldom read the news," said the clergyman; "this is the book I read; it is the Word of God, and that is sufficient for me."

"I thought so," responded Seth Allen; "now, see here, haven't you been talking this morning about things you don't understand? You have been telling us our duty in circumstances you have never realized. Now, I should like to tell you the kind of inquity this Stamp Act is."

The Loyalist Preacher Reproved.

"No, my good friend, I cannot enter into that; the Bible is my guide, and that tells me to obey the powers that be, and whatever the Stamp Act or any other act may be, my duty is to obey."

"But see," persisted Seth Allen, "you would not shut your eyes and obey anything, would you? Why, you might commit great sins in that way. A wicked king might order you to preach things you don't believe, or to celebrate mass in your church; you would not do that, would you?"

"No, no, God forbid," said the clergyman. "I would disobey if my conscience directed me. God before the King always. That is a higher duty."

"Ah! then you admit there are causes that would justify resistance to the powers that be. Now, I think this Act is one of them, and if our people vote to resist it, I shall go into the movement with all my heart."

"Then you will be very wrong, my friend," said the clergyman. It will be a direct violation of an apostolic injunction."

"See here, Mr. Rees," said Seth Allen, "you are a clergyman. You own that your rule, as you understand it, would not hold good in all cases. Now, you preach the Gospel and tell men how to be saved and let politics alone till you understand 'em better. That's my advice to you. No charge," he added humorously, "but it's worth taking, all the same."

Mr. Rees was left alone, his adviser having disappeared down the track that led to his own home. He had received some rather homely but forcible advice, and he was uncomfortable. Seth Allen appeared to think he had neglected a duty, and performed another duty which was not his, and for which he was not fitted. Could that be true? Thinking the matter over as he walked, he could not but admit that if any soul in that church that morning had been anxiously inquiring the way of salvation he would not have learned it from his sermon. He might have learned his political duty, but even as to that Seth Allen had laid his finger on a flaw in his argument that he had not seen. Was it possible that he had misunderstood the passage? These questions were serious ones for Mr. Rees, and he cogitated as he walked.

On his arrival at home he entered his study, and there falling upon his knees, he prayed for direction. The result of his prayers was that a political sermon never afterward went from his lips. He preached the way of salvation, and tried to instil into the souls of his hearers right principles, and when more than ten years afterward the young Republic was passing through the crisis of its history, there was no visitor more welcome at the bedsides of the wounded, no preacher more attentively listened to by the brave soldiers of Washington's little army, than David Rees, who once preached "obedience to the powers that be."

MRS. CHANTREY'S SECRET.

A SERIAL STORY.

(*Continued from page 447.*)

Friendly Solicitude.

IT was some months after David Chantrey had gone to Madeira that Ann Holland was lingering late one evening over her door, watching the little street subside into the quietness of night. The wife of one of her best customers was passing by, and stopped to speak to her.

"Have you happened to hear any talk of Mrs. Chantrey?" she asked. Her voice fell into a low and mysterious tone, and she glanced up and down the street lest any one should chance to be within hearing. Ann Holland quickly guessed there was something important to be told, and she opened the half-door to her neighbor.

"Come in, Mrs. Brown," she said; "Richard's not at home yet."

She led the way into the room behind the shop, as pleasant a place as any in all Upton, except for the scent of the leather, which she had grown so used to that its absence would have seemed a loss. It was a kitchen spotlessly clean, with an old-fashioned polished dresser and shelves above it filled with pewter plates and dishes, upon which every gleam of firelight twinkled. A tall mahogany clock, with its head against the ceiling, and the round, good-humored face of a full moon beaming above its dial-plate, stood in one corner; while in the opposite one there was a corner cupboard with glass doors, filled with antique china cups and tea-pots, and a Chinese mandarin that never ceased to roll its head to and fro helplessly.

Beau-pots of flowers, as Ann Holland called them, covered the broad window-sill; and a screen, adorned with fragments of old ballads, and with newspaper announcements of births, deaths, and marriages among Upton people, was drawn across the outer door, which opened into a little garden at the back of the house. There was a miniature parlor behind the kitchen, filled with furniture worked in tent stitch by Ann Holland's mother, and carefully covered with white dimity; but it was only entered on most important occasions. Even Mr. Chantrey had never yet been invited into it; for any event short of a solemn crisis the kitchen was considered good enough.

"You haven't heard anything of Mrs. Chantrey, then?" repeated Mrs. Brown, still in low and important tones, as she seated herself in a three-cornered chair, a seat of honor rather than of ease, as one could not get a comfortable position without sitting sideways.

"No, nothing," answered Ann Holland; "nothing bad about Mr. Chantrey, I hope. Have they had any bad news of him?"

Mrs. Brown was first cousin to Mrs. Bolton's butler, and was naturally regarded as an oracle with regard to all that went on at Bolton Villa.

"Oh no, he's all right; not him, but her," she answered, almost in a whisper; "I can't say for certain it's true, for Cousin James purses up his mouth ever so when it's spoken of; but cook swears to it, and he doesn't deny it, you know. I shouldn't like it to go any farther; but I can depend on you, Miss Holland. A trusted woman like you must be choked up with secrets, I'm sure. I often and often say, Ann Holland knows some things, and could tell them, too, if she'd only open her lips."

"You're right, Mrs. Brown," said Ann Holland, with a gratified smile; "you may trust me with any secret."

"Well, then, they say," continued Mrs. Brown, "that Mrs. Chantrey takes more than is good for her. She's getting fond of it, you know; anything that'll excite her; and ladies can get all sorts of things, worse for them a dozen times than what poor folks take. They say she doesn't know what she's saying often."

"Dear, dear!" cried Ann Holland, in a sorrowful voice; "it can't be true, and Mr. Chantrey away! She's such a sweet pleasant-spoken young lady; I could never think it of her. He brought her here the very first week after they

came to Upton, and she sat in that very chair you're set on, Mrs. Brown, and I thought her the prettiest picture I'd seen for many a year; and so did he, I'm sure. It can't be true, and him such a good man, and such a preacher as he is, with all the gentry round coming in their carriages to church."

"Well, it mayn't be true," answered Mrs. Brown, slowly, as if the arguments used by Ann Holland were almost weighty enough to outbalance the cook's evidence; "I hope it isn't true, I'm sure. But they say at Bolton Villa it's a awful lonely life she do lead without Master Charlie, and Mrs. Bolton away so much. It 'ud give me the horrors, I know, to live in that house with all those white plaster men and women as big as life, standing everywhere about staring at you with blind eyes. I should want something to keep up my spirits. But I'm sure nobody could be sorrier than me if it turned out to be true."

"Sorry!" exclaimed Ann Holland, "why, I'd cut my right hand off to prevent it being true. No words can tell how good Mr. Chantrey's been to me. Everybody knows what my poor brother is, and how he'll drink and drink for weeks together. Well, Mr. Chantrey's turned in here of an evening, and if Richard was away at the Upton Arms, he's gone after him into the very bar-room itself, and brought him home, just guiding him and dandling him like a baby, poor fellow! Often and often he's promised to take the pledge with Richard, but he never could get him to say Yes. No, no! I'd go through fire and water before that should be true."

"Nobody could be sorrier than me," persisted Mrs. Brown, somewhat offended at Ann Holland's vehemence; "I've only told you hearsay, but it comes direct from the cook, and Cousin James only pursed up his mouth. I don't say it's true or it's not true, but nobody in Upton could be sorrier than me if my words come correct. It can't be hidden under a bushel very long, Miss Holland; but I hope as much as you do that it isn't true."

Yet there was an undertone of conviction in Mrs. Brown's manner of speaking that grieved Ann Holland sorely. She accompanied her departing guest to the door, and long after she was out of sight stood looking vacantly down the darkened street. There was little light or sound there now, except in the Upton Arms, where the windows glistened brightly, and the merry tinkling of a violin sounded through the open door. Her brother was there, she knew, and would not be home before midnight. He had been less manageable since Mr. Chantrey went away.

She could not bear to think of Mrs. Chantrey falling into the same sin. The delicate, pretty, refined young lady degrading herself to the level of the poor drunken wretch she called her brother! Ann Holland could not and would not believe it; it seemed too monstrous a scandal to deserve a moment's anxiety. Yet when she went back into her lonely kitchen, her eyes were dim with tears, partly for her brother and partly for Sophy Chantrey.

Ann Holland was a great favorite with Mrs. Bolton. The elderly, old-fashioned woman held firmly to all old-fashioned ways; knew her duty to God and her duty to her neighbor, as taught by the Church Catechism, and faithfully fulfilled them to the best of her power. She ordered herself lowly and reverently to all her betters, especially to the widow of an archdeacon. No new-fangled, radical notions, such as her drunken brother picked up, could find any encouragement from her. Mrs. Bolton always enjoyed an interview with her, so marked was her deference. She had occasionally condescended to visit Ann Holland in her kitchen, and sit on the projecting angle of the three-cornered chair, a favor duly appreciated by her delighted hostess. Mr. Chantrey ran in often, as he was passing by, partly because he felt a real friendship for the true-hearted, struggling old maid, and partly to see after her good-for-nothing brother. As Ann Holland had said herself, she was ready to go through fire and water for the sake of these friends and patrons of hers, whose kindness was the brightest element in her life.

After much tearful deliberation, she resolved upon the daring step of going to Bolton Villa, on an errand to Mrs. Bolton, with a vague hope that she might discover how false this cruel scandal was. There was a bridle of Mrs. Bolton's in the shop, which had been sent for a new curb, and she would take it home herself. Early the next afternoon, therefore, she clad herself in her best Sunday clothes, and made her way slowly along the streets toward the church. It was but slowly, for she rarely went out on a week day, when her neighbors' shops were open; and there were too many attractions in the windows for even her anxiety and consciousness of a solemn mission to resist altogether.

The church and the rectory looked so peaceful amid the trees, just tinged with the hues of autumn, that Ann Holland's spirits insensibly revived. There was little sign of life about the rectory, for no one was living in it at present but Mr. Warden, the clergyman who had taken Mr. Chantrey's duty. Ann Holland opened the churchyard gate and strolled pensively up among the graves to the porch, that she might rest a little and ponder over what she should say to Mrs. Bolton. There was not a grave there that she did not know; those lying under many of the grassy sods were as familiar to her as the men and women now in full life in the neighboring town. Just within sight, near the vestry window was a little mound covered with flowers, where she had seen a little child of David and Sophy Chantrey's laid to rest. A narrow path was worn up to it; more bare and trodden than before Mr. Chantrey had gone away. Ann Holland knew as well as if she had seen her, that the poor solitary mother had worn the grass away.

The church door was open; for Mr. Warden had chosen to make the vestry his study, and had intimated to all the parish that there he might generally be found if any one among them wished to see him in any difficulty or sorrow. Though this was well known, no one of Mr. Chantrey's parishioners had gone to him for counsel; for he was a grave, stern, silent man, whose opinion it was difficult to guess at and impossible to fathom. He was unmarried, and kept no servant, except the housekeeper who had been left in charge of the rectory. All society he avoided, especially that of women. His abruptness and shyness in their presence was painful both to himself and them.

To Mrs. Bolton, however, he was studiously civil, and to Sophy, his friend's wife, he would gladly have shown kindness and sympathy, if he had only known how. He often watched her tracing the narrow foot-worn track to her baby's grave, and he longed to speak some friendly words of comfort to her, but none came to his mind when they encountered each other. No one in Upton, except Ann Holland, had seen, as he had, how thin and wan her face grew; nor had any one noticed as soon as he had done the strangeness of her manner at times, the unsteadiness of her step and the flush upon her face, as she now and then passed to and fro under the yew-trees. But he had never had the courage to speak to her at such moments; and there was only a mournful suspicion and dread in his heart, which he did his best to hide from himself.

This afternoon Mrs. Bolton had sought him in the vestry, where he had been silently brooding over his parish and its sins and sorrows, in the dim, green light shining through the lattice window, which was thickly overgrown with ivy. Mrs. Bolton was a handsome woman still, always handsomely dressed, as became a wealthy archdeacon's widow. Her presence seemed to fill up the little vestry; and as she occupied his old, high-backed chair, Mr. Warden stood opposite to her, looking down painfully and shyly at the floor on which he stood, rather than at the distinguished personage who was visiting him.

"I come to you," she said, in a decisive, emphatic voice, "as a clergyman, as well as my nephew's confidential friend. What I say to you must go no farther than ourselves. We have no confessional in our church, thank Heaven! but that which is confided to a clergyman, even to a curate, ought to be as sacred as a confession."

"Certainly," answered Mr. Warden, with painful abruptness.

"Sacred as a confession!" repeated Mrs. Bolton. "I must tell you, then, that I am in the greatest trouble about my nephew's wife. You know how ill she was last winter, after he went away. A low, nervous fever, which hung over her for months. She would not listen to my telling David about it, and, indeed, I was reluctant to distress and disturb him about a matter that he could not help. But she is very strange now; very strange and flighty. Possibly you may have observed some change in her?"

"Yes," he replied, still looking down on the floor, but seeing a vision of Sophy pacing the beaten track to the little grave under the vestry window.

"When she was at the worst," pursued Mrs. Bolton, "and I had the best advice in London for her, she was ordered to take the best wine we could get. I told Brown to bring out for her use some very choice port, purchased by the archdeacon years ago. She must have perished without it; but unfortunately—I speak to you as her pastor, in confidence—she has grown fond of it."

"Fond of it?" repeated Mr. Warden.

"Yes," she answered, emphatically; "I leave the cellar entirely in Brown's charge; a very trusty servant; and I find that Mrs. Chantrey has lately been in the habit of getting a great deal too much from him. But she will take anything she can get that will either stupefy or excite her. She never writes to David until her spirits are raised by stimulants of one kind or another. It is a temptation I cannot understand. I take a proper quantity, just as when the archdeacon was alive, and I never think of exceeding that. I need no more, and I desire no more. But Mrs. Chantrey grows quite excited, almost violent at times. It makes me more anxious than words can express."

There was a long pause, Mr. Warden neither lifting his head nor opening his mouth. His pale face flushed a little, and his lips quivered. David Chantrey was his dearest friend, and an almost intolerable sense of shame and dread kept him silent. His wife, of whom he always spoke so tenderly in all his letters to him! The very spot where he was listening to this charge against her, David's vestry, seemed to deepen the shame of it, and the unutterable sorrow, if it should be true.

"What would you counsel me to do?" asked Mrs. Bolton, after a time. "Must I write to my nepnew and tell him?"

"Do!" he cried with sudden eargerness and emphasis; "do! Take the temptation out of her way at once. Let everything of the kind be removed from the house. Let no one touch it, or mention it in her presence. Guard her as you would guard a child from taking deadly poison."

"Impossible!" exclaimed Mrs. Bolton. "Have no wine in my house? You forget my station and its duties, Mr. Warden. I must give dinner parties occasionally; I must allow beer to my servants. It is absurd. Nobody could expect me to take such a step as that."

"Listen to me," he said, earnestly, and with an authority quite at variance with his ordinary shyness. "I do not venture to hope for any other remedy. I have known men, ay, and women, who have not dared to pass close by the doors of a tavern for fear lest they should catch but the smell of it, and become brutes again in spite of themselves. Others have not dared even to think of it. If Mrs. Chantrey be falling into this

sin, there is no other course for you to pursue than to banish it from your table, and, if possible, from your house. It is better for her to die, if needs be, than to live a drunkard."

(To be continued.)

READING OF THE LAW.

S. S. Lesson for July 29, Deut. 27 : 1-8 ; Josh. 8 : 30-35. Golden Text, Deut. 30 : 19. By Mrs. M. Baxter.

Purification Followed by Victory—The Altar of Memorial—The True Economy of Time—The Whole Stones of the Altar—The Law Written on Them—An Impressive Scene—Witnesses against Themselves—The Consequences of Disobedience—Thwarted Workers—Secret of Failure—The Consequences of not Hearkening—The Power of the Christian's Law.

THE defeat of the children of Israel at Ai was not permanent. No sooner was the wrong thing put right, than the Lord gave counsel of war, and commanded Joshua to go up against Ai with all the men of war, and the result was complete victory. The Lord never faileth those who trust in Him, His promise is ever sure, and defeat may always be traced to some cause which lies with us, not with Him. If the walls of Jericho fall, do not let us be off our guard, and think that we have power in ourselves to meet enemies or temptations which may assail us. Let victory leave us as its finds us, dependent on our God alone.

After the victory at Ai, "Joshua built

AN ALTAR UNTO THE LORD

God of Israel, in Mount Ebal." This was some little distance from Ai, which came in their way from the Jordan River. God had commanded the children of Israel through Moses, "And it shall be on the day when ye shall pass over Jordan unto the land which the Lord thy God giveth thee, that thou shalt set thee up great stones, and plaster them with plaster ; and thou shalt write upon them all the words of this law, when thou art passed over, that thou mayest go in unto the land which thy Lord thy God giveth thee, a land that floweth with milk and honey ; as the Lord God of thy fathers hath promised thee." "On the day when ye shall pass over Jordan" could hardly mean the literal, self-same day, for the march from Jordan by the way of Ai, would be between thirty and forty miles. Just as "the day of salvation" means an extended period, and the day of the Lord also, so here it must have meant at the *time* when ye shall pass over Jordan.

The Lord commanded, "Therefore it shall be when ye be gone over Jordan, that ye shall set up these stones, which I command you this day, in Mount Ebal, and thou shalt plaster them with plaster." Joshua and the people were now come to Mount Ebal, the Canaanites around them remained unsubdued, the land was not yet really in their possession ; what was to be done? Could they lose time in writing upon stones? Would it not be better

ECONOMY OF TIME

to make sure of the land first, and then write on the stones when the enemies were subdued? Yes, thus would man speak, no doubt, but this is not the way of faith. Oh, how many Christian workers, who are in trouble for money, do not like to lose, time as they think, in praying about it ; they think the right thing is to beg for it, and they will give as their authority a proverb which certainly is not in the Bible, "God helps those who help themselves." The writing of the law, the honoring of the Word of God above any efforts of ours is the greatest economy of time, because it strengthens us in Him, and cements our union with Him. Many a child of God seems to think that a few days or a week spent without active work is loss of time, although God takes the opportunity to write His law upon the heart when He gets His child thus quiet and alone.

Joshua built the altar just as God had commanded, "an altar of stones ; thou shalt not lift up any iron tool upon them. Thou shalt build the altar of the Lord thy God with whole stones." Joshua did not feel at liberty to use his own judgment at all, he built "an altar of whole stones, over which no man hath lift up any iron." Jesus is our Altar, He came from the hand of His Father ready to be the Altar and the Sacrifice. According to God's command "they offered thereon burnt offerings unto the Lord, and sacrificed peace offerings." These two offerings, the burnt offering and the peace offering, were a token that all was right between them and God, that they were well pleasing in His sight, for these were offerings "made by fire, of a sweet savor unto the Lord" (Lev. 1 : 9 ; 3 : 5), and quite different from the sin offering and the trespass offering, in which sin was remembered. There was "nothing between" at this time, their sky was blue, their communion unhindered. "And he wrote then upon the stones a copy of the law of Moses, which he wrote in the presence of the children of Israel." It is not easy to discover whether the writing at this time comprised all the law of Moses taken from Exodus, Leviticus, Numbers, and Deuteronomy, and which existed in writing before this time (Ex. 24 : 7 ; Deut. 31 : 24), or whether it was only the ten commandments, and the blessings and cursings contained in the 27th and 28th Chapters of Deuteronomy. If the former, however rapid might have been the writing in the moist plaster, it would have been difficult for the whole people to remain present ; if the latter, we can well conceive how the whole was accomplished in one day.

All Israel was concerned in this law of the Lord, and it must have been most impressive for the inhabitants of Canaan to see these people of God, stopping on their march of victory to write openly, for any one to read, the law of the Lord their God, and to hear the people responding to the reading, and witnessing against themselves if they should disobey (Deut. 27 : 15-26).

Here they were, all classes, high and low, rich and poor, men, women, children and strangers, all on a level before the Word of God, all listeners, all learners, when the mind of God was to be revealed. "And afterward he read all the words of the law, the blessings and cursings, according to all that is written in the book of the law." The curses come under three heads : First, against idolatry, secondly against oppression, thirdly against uncleanness. The blessings are like God, all inclusive, discernible by others as well as themselves. "The Lord shall establish thee an holy people unto Himself, as He hath sworn unto thee, if thou shalt keep the commandments of the Lord thy God and walk in His ways. And all people of the earth shall see that thou art called by the name of the Lord ; and they shall be afraid of thee." Yes, it should be the case that every one should see unmistakably that the Lord is with His own people, and that the name of the Lord upon them keeps sin and evil away. If there is not enough of the presence of God among us to make the unconverted see that we have a richer portion than they, what kind of witness can we bear for God?

God desired more than all else, that His people should hearken to His voice, and keep His commandments. And the consequences of not doing so are mentioned in order. He said, "The Lord shall send upon thee cursing, vexation, and rebuke in

ALL THAT THOU SETTEST THINE HAND UNTO

for to do." Oh, how many of God's children have said to us, "I am always thwarted in all which I undertake, nothing that I do seems to answer, I try to please God, I do my best, but nothing succeeds, I am so unfortunate." Why is this? Simply because there is a failure to listen, and get God's mind about the matter. Many will start a work for God, which they think will be so interesting, which will be so delightful, so much appreciated, but which God has never called them to, and they are surprised when it flags, and when all their efforts are unavailing ; they have set their hand to it without hearkening to God, and this is the secret of the want of success. God never calls us to take the initiative ; that is His prerogative, we are only children. That a work is good in itself is no proof that *we* are called to undertake that work. It is a good thing that the Gospel should be preached far and wide, but there are some who take up the work, not from the love of it, but to imitate others, and they not hearkening to the voice of the Lord, the work becomes a failure. It is a glorious thing to teach holiness, but unless the teacher is continually learning at the feet of Jesus, inconsistencies will be found in him, which will not only make his hearers lose confidence in him, but also prejudice them against the truth of God which he teaches.

The enumeration of those

CONSEQUENCES

which would follow the failure to hearken to the voice of the Lord is most teaching. The first mentioned is sickness, pestilence, consumption, fever, inflammation, extreme burning, "the botch of Egypt, the emerods, the scab," the itch, whereof thou canst not be healed, madness, blindness, astonishment of heart, disease of the knees, and sore sicknesses and of long continuance (Deut. 28 : 21, 22, 27-29, 34, 35, 59-61). The second plague mentioned is drought, ver. 23, 24. The third is conquest by their enemies, ver. 25, 26, 31-33, 36, 37, 48-57, 68-68, and the words of the Lord are so teaching, "Because thou servedst not the Lord thy God with joyfulness and with gladness of heart, for the abundance of all things ; therefore shalt thou serve thine enemies, which the Lord shalt send against thee, in hunger, in thirst, and in nakedness, and in want of all things." We must serve, and if we do not serve Him whose yoke is easy and His burden light (Matt. 11 : 30), we come under a yoke of iron. The fourth plague is family trouble, ver. 30, 32, 41 ; the fifth is the failure of crops and business difficulties, ver. 38-40, 42-44. It is easy for us to say that we are now under another dispensation, and therefore we cannot account for the temporal trials which come upon us in our day as though we were under the law. The Lord sees things as they are, and the majority of those who outwardly profess Christianity, and the majority of those even who have some knowledge of salvation, are living really more under the law than under grace ; and God in His great love meets us where we are.

It is our privilege, as crucified with Christ, to live His life, not ours ; in which the law of God is not outside but written in the heart and in the mind, a second nature, so that it is life to do the will of God ; our very meat to do the will of Him that sent us, even as it was with our beloved Lord (John 4 : 34). But with how many Christians the experience is far otherwise ! How many are constantly crying out, "I know I ought to do so and so, but I can't," living perpetually under a sense of condemnation. Surely this is to live under the law, and so doing we oblige our loving heavenly Father to meet us where we are, in the only line of His dealings which we understand, and seeks by trial to make us hearken to His voice. He *calls* us to take and keep our place in Christ, abiding in Him, and so sinning not (1 John 3 : 6), abiding in Him, and so bringing forth much fruit (John 15 : 5), abiding in Him, and so asking what we will, and it shall be done unto us (ver. 7). So abiding, sin shall not have dominion over us, for we are not under the law but under grace (Rom. 6 : 14), and so abiding we experience that Christ hath redeemed us from the curse of the law being made a curse for us (Gal. 3 : 13), bearing our sins and our sickness. But if we will not so abide, we bring ourselves under the law.

It is most significant that the writing of the law on stones in the land of promise took place at the very outset of the career of victory. Now, this teaches us that we need the Christ life, the law written in our hearts and minds, in order that victory may be continuous. The Lord Himself takes complete possession of us that His Spirit may illuminate the law within on the heart, and that our way may be one of uninterrupted victory.

FOREIGN TOPICS.

Complications between France and England of a serious character have arisen out of the bombardment of Tamatave, in Madagascar. The strained relations of the two countries were first made known by Mr. Gladstone who, on July 11th, said in the House of Commons that "when the French occupied Tamatave, Madagascar, and proclaimed a state of siege, the British Consul there was suffering from a serious illness, which the political crisis aggravated. His secretary was arrested in his presence. Admiral Pierre, the French commander, ordered the sick man to leave Tamatave within twenty-four hours. The Consul died seven hours after receiving the notice." Admiral Pierre also stopped communications between the British man-of-war Dryad, which was stationed there, and the shore, and her captain was only allowed to make a verbal protest against this proceeding. *The flags of all the foreign consuls were hauled down.* Mr. Gladstone also stated that an English missionary named Shaw had been arrested at Tamatave and remains in prison. The charge against him was not known. Inquiries had been made regarding its nature, but the only answer received was that the law must take its course. Mr. Gladstone, in conclusion, said: "In announcing these grave and painful occurrences, I can only now say that we must await the receipt of further details. We must also await those communications from the French government which the case may require, which we have intimated we expect, and which it would be our duty to make under similar circumstances." No reply had been received from the French government at the close of last week to the application of the British Foreign office, and the French press appears to treat the matter with levity. It is, however, evident from Mr. Gladstone's language, that the crisis is a serious one, which, had a less patient premier been in office, might have led to hostilities.

The Fete Day of the French Republic Passed off this year without its threatened disturbances. July 14th, the anniversary of the taking of the Bastile, is always a day of uproarious enjoyment among the workmen and socialists of Paris, while the aristocracy dread its return. The communists had issued menacing announcements calling upon the people to rescue Louise Michel from her prison, but there was no response to the appeal. The chief features of the fête were the unveiling of the monster statue of the Republic in the Place de la République and the procession of deputations and various trades, corporations, benevolent and musical societies. The statue was unveiled in the presence of the President of the Municipal Council, and at least a hundred thousand unofficial representatives of workaday Paris. "La République" is represented as a woman, erect and holding upward in her right hand an olive branch as an emblem of peace, while the left rests on a shield inscribed with the words "The Rights of Man." The head is circled with a laurel crown, surmounted by the Phrygian cap, which is not, however, very prominent. The antique drapery in which the figure is enveloped hangs naturally and gracefully, and the general pose is commanding and majestic. The statue will rest immediately on a column, which, again, will be supported on an upper pedestal surrounded by white marble figures of Liberty, Equality and Fraternity.

The Trial of the Hungarian Jews for the murder of Esther Solymosi was continued last week. Important evidence for the defence was given by a physician, who testified that it was impossible for blood to spurt from a wound as the witness, Moritz Scharf, alleges he saw it spurt from the body of the missing girl. A Hungarian journal states that the public prosecutor in the trial intends to withdraw the indictment against the defendants; but it is clear that even that result will not save the Jewish community from serious peril. The passions of the ignorant and superstitious peasantry have been inflamed against the Jews. They believe that the Jews are guilty of the murder, and unless precautions are taken, massacre and pillage will take place.

M. De Lesseps Proposes to Cut a Second Canal across the Isthmus of Suez parallel to the one now in operation. The British Government has made the announcement that it had agreed, provisionally on the consent of Parliament, to lend M. de Lesseps $40,000,000, at three and one quarter per cent, for the promotion of his scheme; that the tolls were to be reduced in a sliding scale determined by the increase of the net profits; and that the control of the canal was to remain substantially as at present in the hands of the French Board. This appears to be a better bargain for France than England. So the English people consider, and indignation meetings are being held to induce the House of Commons to refuse its consent to the bargain. The commercial classes oppose it because it gives a valuable monopoly to a foreign company, and supplies capital for an enterprise, the profits of which will be reaped by foreigners exclusively. The lawyers and diplomatists oppose it also on the ground that English imperial interests have been ruthlessly sacrificed without compensation. The shipping firms interested in the canal have also held an indignation meeting, and have sent a delegation to the government to formally protest against the consummation of the arrangement.

A Nihilist Printing-Press has been Discovered in St. Petersburg. The Russian correspondent of the New York *Herald* telegraphs that a secret printing-press was found on Saturday by the police, and a number of persons supposed to be connected with it were arrested. Further search of the police brought to light a large number of *printed proclamations*, being the long-expected reply of the nihilists to the Czar's coronation declarations. The proclamations are drawn up in violent language, demanding the distribution of the land to the peasants, and reasserting the nihilistic line of argument.

The Steamer Daphne, which Sank in the Clyde while being launched on July 3d, still remains under water. A number of unsuccessful attempts have been made to raise her. *Eighty bodies* of persons who lost their lives by the accident have thus far been recovered. An inquiry has been instituted by the government to ascertain the cause of the accident under the direction of the Naval constructor, Sir Edward Reed. The builders of the Daphne testified that she was launched in the usual manner, and that no fear had been entertained of danger. They said the deck on the starboard side had been removed to admit the boiler. Plates, planking and other material were stowed on other parts of the deck.

Alarm about the Cholera is Increasing in Europe. The news from Egypt, as cabled by the correspondent of the *Times*, is that outbreaks of the disease have occurred at Shebin-el-Kum, Ziftah, and Benhadi. The number of deaths at Damietta has fallen to about thirty-five a day, not because the disease has been mastered, but because the population, by death, flight, and famine, has almost disappeared. The death rate at Mansurah, Menzaleh, and other towns is increasing. The course of the disease still follows the Damietta branch of the Nile, and although occasionally striking some outlying towns like Menz Aleh and Tantah, it returns to the bank of the river. So far the precautions taken by the Egyptian Government have rather aggravated the evil. Many fugitives have succeeded in breaking through the cordon established by Baker Pasha's gendarmerie, and have *carried the infection in all directions.* The appearance of the disease at Malta has caused great consternation, both on account of the British troops and of the likelihood of the epidemic making its way further west. Damietta, where the plague first appeared, is described by Sir Samuel Baker as "a disgusting example of Oriental neglect and filth accumulation. A long, narrow street runs parallel with the river at the back of the dilapidated houses, which for a distance of a mile rise from the level of the stream. This street is without drainage, and is a miserable channel of communication, deep with poisonous mud after a heavy shower, and full of dust holes emitting germs of pestilence during hot and sultry weather. If cholera can be manufactured there could not be a more elaborate factory."

One of the Irish Assassins who is Implicated in the cowardly murder of Mrs. Smythe has turned informer. The murder was committed in April of last year, but it is only recently that any arrests were made. Patrick Hanlan, one of the men charged with the crime, now offers to make a full confession and to testify against his companions. The crime was of so foul and dastardly a nature that it will be a satisfaction to have its perpetrators brought to justice, even though it is purchased by the escape of one of them. Dennis Field, who was foreman of the jury which convicted Hynes, the murderer, and who was afterward stabbed, is in constant receipt of letters threatening him with injury, and his wife and daughters are often insulted on the street. An attempt was made recently to enter his house, but the marauders fled when Mr. Field fired upon them.

A Very Stringent Law to Secure Purity at Parliamentary elections has been passed by the British House of Commons. It deals not only with actual bribery, but prohibits every form of "undue" influence. It has made a penal offence to offer a voter meat, drink, or entertainment with a view of obtaining his vote. The proposed law also seeks to shield him from every other influence which may warp his judgment. The question of "spiritual intimidation" is also provided for. The bill contains serious penalties against any priest or minister who shall by "spiritual intimidation" influence a voter in casting his vote. This is the latest of several attempts which the House of Commons has made with the same object. In spite of all that has been done, the agents of candidates or persons employed by the agents are busy in a large number of constituencies before an election, and have hitherto been able to evade the law. This is generally done by purchasing from a voter some article in his possession at a price far beyond its value. A candidate often spends a sum worth fifty thousand dollars in the expenses of his election, and if successful he obtains no salary for the performance of his duties.

The Annual Festival of the Spurgeon Orphan ages was this year rendered additionally interesting by the ceremony of laying the foundation stone of a new block of buildings. More than ten thousand persons attended the ceremony. The popularity of the Orphanages is very extensive, owing to their non-sectarian character. Although established and maintained under the auspices of the pastor and congregation of the Metropolitan Tabernacle, the Orphanage is unsectarian, so much so that of the eight hundred and thirty-seven boys and girls who have been admitted since its foundation in 1867, while one hundred and ninety-six were of Baptist parents three hundred and six belonged to the Episcopal Church. Three of the remainder were Roman Catholics. At present there are two hundred and thirty-four lads and one hundred and thirty-one girls in the Orphanage. The selection of children for admission as vacancies occur is vested in the committee, who take the most needy cases, the voting and canvassing system being entirely discarded. The foundation stones of the new extension were laid by Mr. Samuel Morley, M. P., and Mr. James Duncan of Benmore. The estimated cost of the two buildings is $20,750, the bulk of which has been already subscribed. A public meeting was held in the grounds in the evening, Mr. Spurgeon presiding. He announced that he had received that morning nearly $2500 in "love tokens" for the benefit of the Orphanage.

The Prophetic News and Israel's Watchman (London), for July, may be obtained at the office of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, price six cents, postage paid.

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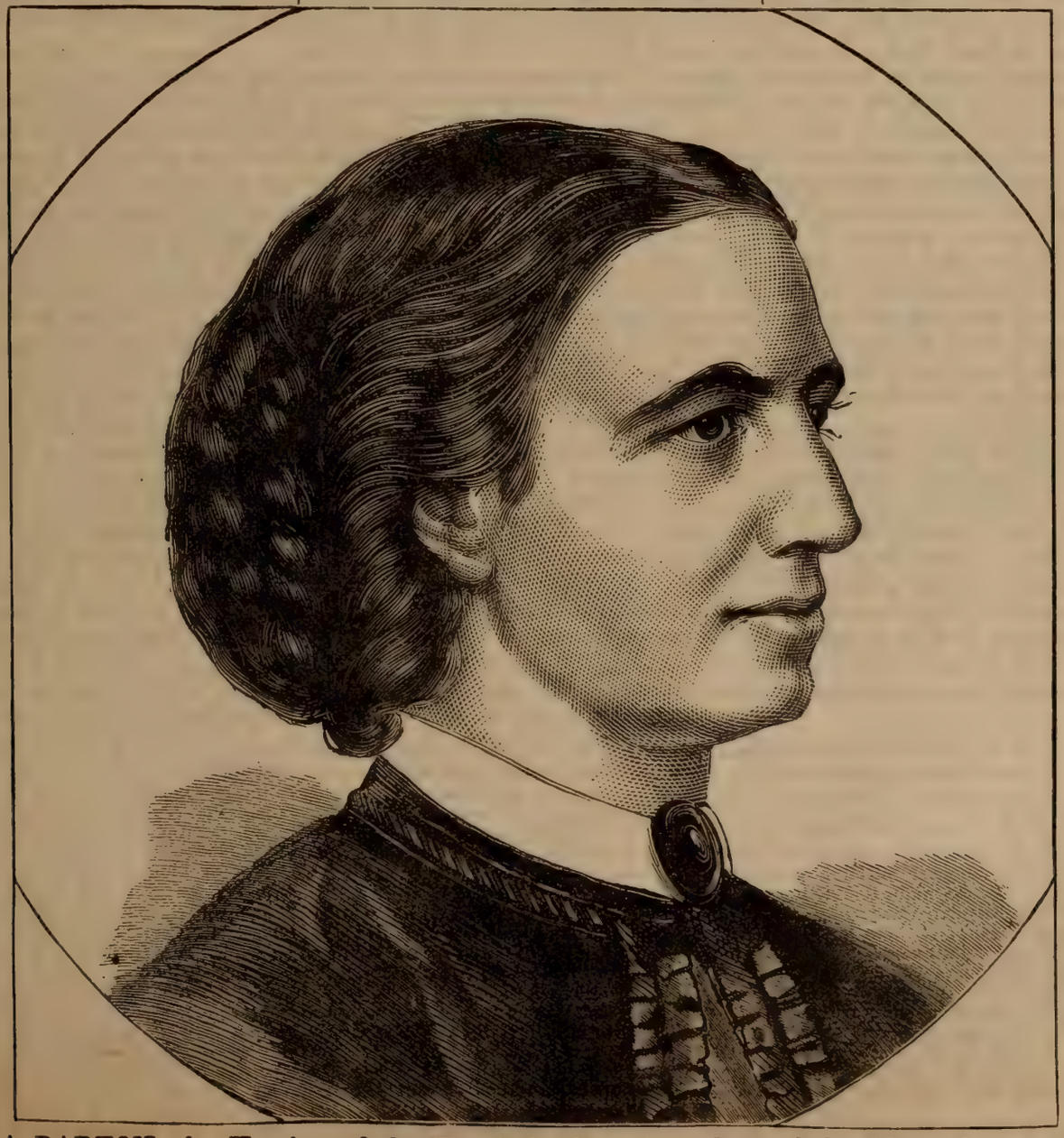

Miss CLARA BARTON, the Heroine of the Hospitals, Superintendent of the Massachusetts Reformatory Prison for Women.

MISS CLARA BARTON,

Superintendent of the Reformatory Prison for Women, at Sherborn, Mass.

Birth and Early Life—School Teaching—Work at Bordentown, N. J.—Clerkship in the Patent Office—First Hospital Work—Services on the Field—The Bureau of Information—Visit to Europe—In the Franco-German War — Her Work of Succor in Paris, Metz and Strasbourg —Trophies of Remembrance.

When, early this year, Gen. B. F. Butler, the Governor of Massachusetts, appointed Miss Clara Barton Superintendent of the Reformatory Prison for Women at Sherborn, Mass., a unanimous verdict of approval was heard from all quarters. It was emphatically, in the time-honored phrase, an appointment fit to be made, and Gov. Butler in making it won the praise of men not usually given to praise that gentleman and his works. To our younger readers, and to others whose sojourn in our land has been brief, this general approval may have been incomprehensible, and therefore as it is well that all who have served humanity and their country well should be known to our citizens, The Christian Herald this week honors itself in presenting its readers with a portrait and brief sketch of the life of this heroic self-sacrificing lady.

EARLY LIFE.

Clara Barton was born at Oxford, Mass., about forty-five years ago. Her father was Captain Stephen Barton, who sat for some time in the Legislature of Massachusetts. Her early education was conducted at home by her elder sisters in the public school of her native place, and was completed by a thorough course of study at Clinton, N. Y. She then commenced work as a school teacher, and took an active interest in the work her brother was then engaged in, of reorganizing the schools of the commonwealth. She subsequently removed to Bordentown, N. J., where she was appointed principal of the first public school established there. On the opening of the school only six pupils presented themselves, but the efficiency, tact, and administrative ability of the young principal were soon recognized, and pupils in large numbers were placed under her care. At the close of the year a new and commodious school had been erected in which six hundred pupils were receiving their education.

Clara Barton's experience as a school teacher closed with that year's labor. One of those afflictions which the world calls "misfortunes" befell her. The Christian who watches the workings of God's providence seldom or never speaks of "misfortune," knowing well that all things work together for good to those who love God. It was so in this case. A crisis was approaching in the national life in which Clara Barton was destined to take part, and God was in this way removing her from the work she was performing to a place where her mission would open out before her. She was not only to be prepared for her work, but to be brought to that work.

REMOVAL TO WASHINGTON.

A painful affection of the throat affected Clara Barton's voice. She was unable to perform her school duties, and she resigned. What course of life she would adopt she did not know, but a brief period of rest after her arduous labors at Bordentown was in any case indispensable, and she therefore travelled about a little, hoping that change of air and scene might reinvigorate her. In the course of her wanderings she visited Washington, D. C., and there made the acquaintance of Judge Charles Mason, who at that time held the position of Commissioner of Patents. Judge Mason was impressed with Miss Barton's intelligence and her acquirements, and finding that she was without occupation invited her to become a clerk in the Patent Office. After some consideration she accepted, and for some time efficiently discharged the duties of the position.

FIRST HOSPITAL WORK.

She was so occupied when in 1861 the call for volunteers was issued by President Lincoln. A Massachusetts regiment, of which many of the members came from her native place, were marching to Washington, and while passing through Baltimore had been assailed by Southern sympathizers. Some of them were killed and others seriously wounded. Miss Barton was one of the first to hear the news, and she promptly hurried to the depot to meet the train conveying the injured men. Forty of the poor fellows, faint and suffering, arrived, and were carried to the Infirmary on Judiciary Square. Thither Miss Barton went, and obtained permission to assist in nursing them. Other troops arrived, and soon Washington was the centre about which all the military stir and movement circled. Then came battles, and the wounded in large numbers were carried into Washington to slowly recover or to die.

Miss Barton had found her mission; she resigned her place in the Patent Office, and devoted her entire attention to the hospitals. As the corps of brave women who offered themselves for the noble work increased, Miss Barton had better opportunities for surveying the service in all its details. Her mind is of that order which distinguishes the leader and organizer of others. Quick to see defects in a system, prompt to remedy them, and profoundly convinced of the value of order in all service, she studied this department of warfare as a general studies the disposition of his troops on a battle-field. The first circumstance that impressed her in this study was the faint and exhausted condition of the wounded when they arrived at the hospitals. It was no uncommon occurrence for men to die of wounds that were not fatal. Exhaustion and neglect frequently brought the wounded into a state in which surgical skill was powerless to save them. The springs of life failed them before the hospital gate was reached. Miss Barton noticed this, and took the

FIRST STEP TOWARD THE BATTLEFIELD

in her path of mercy. She hired a vehicle which she filled with dressing and medical supplies at her own cost. With this she haunted the wharves of the city, driving from one to another as she heard of the arrival of the wounded. There she singled out such cases as seemed to her in urgent need of immediate attention, and these she cared for on the wharf or on the vessel. Many a wounded man almost dying, her prompt assistance recalled from the verge of the grave, and enabled to bear the ordeal awaiting him in the hospital.

NEARER TO THE FIELD.

The wisdom of this early attention to the wounded was proved, and Miss Barton proposed to follow the principle. The Battle of Cedar Mountain was fought August 9th, 1862, and news came that Culpepper Court House was crowded with the wounded waiting for transportation to the hospitals. Miss Barton knew what lives a kind and skilful lady might save were she there, and she went to Surgeon-General Hammond and applied for a pass. It was readily given to her, and then Miss Barton with her ambulance laden with her own stores, purchased from her slender savings, travelled to the Court House. The good she did there, the heartfelt welcome she received filled her with gratitude to God, and henceforward wherever there was a battle within her reach she ascertained where the wounded were, and there she went to succor them.

AT THE FRONT.

The 24th of September, 1862, found her, armed with a pass, in her wagon, surrounded with lint and medical appliances, entering the camp of Burnside's corps in Maryland. She found that a battle was expected, and she took up her quarters in a farmhouse, and there after the battle opened attended to the wounded as they were brought in, and gave them such help as was necessary to support them until the surgeons could dress their wounds. On the night of the battle, too, it was found that the army was entirely without lanterns or candles, and it was feared that the wounded on the field must lie unaided until dawn. But Miss Barton's plan had comprised that detail, and from her wagon came the thirty lanterns with which the search was carried on for the wounded men. Her forethought and her untiring exertions were reported at headquarters, and Col. Rucker, of the quartermaster's department, gave orders that for the future Miss Barton's expenditures should cease, and that her orders for mules, ambulances, and surgical appliances were to be promptly honored by the department.

"It was in this way," says Mr. Samuel G. Arnold, in his articles on the Red Cross Societies, "that she was in the field at Cedar Mountain, Chantilly, the second battle of Bull's Run, Fredericksburg, Falmouth, and the various battles of the Wilderness. She was for eight months with the army in front of Charleston, and was present at the fearful night assault on Fort Wagner, where, it was generally believed in the army, her assiduous attentions saved the life of Col. Leggett after the loss of his leg in the trenches. She left the army of the south and spent several months in the Army of the James, at the invitation of Gen. Butler, and returned thence to Washington at the close of the war." During her work she was constantly in danger from fever and even from the incidents of war. More than once she returned from the field of slaughter with her dress pierced by a bullet, or torn by the fragment of a shell, but she was mercifully preserved from death and wounds.

THE BUREAU OF INFORMATION

was a beneficent institution, which had its origin in Miss Barton's fertile mind. Mr. Arnold thus describes its organization: "She was greatly impressed with the number of those who, having friends or relatives in the army, were unable to get any traces of them, living or dead. Letters of inquiry addressed to senators or other distinguished persons, and handed over to officers of the army, generally failed to bring any satisfactory reply, for the obvious reason that there was no person in the army whose business it was to look up the desired information. Miss Barton, on discovering the deficiency, returned to Washington and, seeking an interview with the President, laid before him the great needs of the service in this particular, and said that if proper notice could be given to the country she would undertake the duty of answering these inquiries. The President took her at her word and, on the instant, took his pen and wrote a little note addressed to 'The People of the United States,' simply stating that Miss Clara Barton had volunteered to answer all inquiries respecting lost soldiers, and that she could be addressed at Annapolis, Md. This was signed, and published in the *Washington Chronicle*. In the next four days she received four hundred letters, and they soon increased to many thousands." Congress subsequently recognized the value of the Bureau by unanimously voting in both Houses the sum of $15,000 to recoup Miss Barton the expenses she had incurred, and enable her to complete her work.

At last came the close of that sad and terrible struggle, and Miss Barton's work of love and devotion was over. The strain on body and mind had been intense, the griefs she had sympathized with, the suffering sorrow and death, she had witnessed had all told on her sensitive and delicate soul. She was worn out, and after vainly seeking recuperation at home she was advised to try a sea voyage. She sailed for Europe in 1869, and by the advice of her physicians settled in Switzerland.

Again was the hand of God recognized in Miss Barton's life. Her sickness was the finger of Providence pointing to further service for

SUFFERING SOLDIERS IN EUROPE.

Seven months after her arrival in Switzerland the armies of France and Germany commenced their march to the frontier. The European Societies of the Red Cross had heard of Miss Barton's devotion in her own land, and sought the aid of her valuable experience. To their surprise they found her on the sphere of action.

Church of God was established on the foundation laid in Christ Jesus, and although the Church has grown and extended, indwelt by the Divine, a habitation of God in the Spirit, yet having regard to her high vocation, exalted position, and consequent responsibilities, *the Church has failed* to recognize and fulfil the claims of Him who bought her with His own blood.

Thus, regarded from the human standpoint, all is failure. Man has failed, Israel has failed, the Church has failed. But have God's purposes failed? Assuredly not.

HAS TRUTH FAILED?

Have the promises failed? Will the sure word of prophecy fail? Will the hopes and aspirations of the faithful followers of the Lord be frustrated? Will man be left to sin perpetually in defiant disobedience to God? Will Israel be cast off forever in wicked rejection of her true Messiah? Will the Church always be the poor, feeble, disunited body she now is? Most assuredly not. God forbid! Man, redeemed, resurrected, and glorified, will yet come up to the ideal of the Divine and perfect standard. Israel, restored, converted, saved, will yet accomplish all the Divine purposes and plans. The Church, one with her risen Lord, will yet fulfil her high and exalted destiny, and, in loving obedience to her great Head, will continue ceaselessly to make known the manifold wisdom of God, according to the eternal purpose which He purposed in Christ Jesus our Lord.

Thus much for glowing introduction to the solemn, deliberate, and spirit-stirring statement of the Apostle Paul: "For if the casting away of them be the reconciling of the world, what shall the receiving of them be, but life from the dead?" (Rom. 11 : 15). It will be useful to look a little at the context, and to connect this fifteenth verse with portions of the verses 1, 2, 11, 12, 25, and 26 of this eleventh chapter of the Epistle to the Romans. "I say, then, Hath God cast away His people? God forbid. God hath not cast away His people which He foreknew. I say, then, Have they stumbled that they should fall? God forbid; but rather, through their fall, salvation is come unto the Gentiles, for to provoke them to jealousy. Now if the fall of them be the riches of the world, and the diminishing of them the riches of the Gentiles, how much more their fulness? For if the casting away of them be the reconciling of the world, what shall the receiving of them be, but life from the dead? Blindness in part is happened to Israel until the fulness of the Gentiles be come in. And so all Israel shall be saved, as it is written, There shall come out of Sion the Deliverer, and shall turn away ungodliness from Jacob."

Now, linking these passages of Scripture with all the previous Divine declarations concerning Israel, beginning with the threefold promise to Abraham elaborated through the ages, the Hebrew nation rising to its height in the early days of Solomon, and then, at first gradually, but afterward rapidly, declining, until the dispersion and utter breaking up of the nation and policy, we shall assuredly see that the Divine plan has been steadily pursued throughout.

GOD HAS NOT BEEN FOILED;

Satan has not really triumphed; the purposes of Jehovah have not been frustrated. For observe, when Adam failed in Eden, the promise of deliverance came, as recorded in Gen. 3 : 15; when the antediluvian generation failed, Noah and his family were taken into the ark; when the sons of Jacob failed, then God sent Joseph before them to preserve life; when Pharaoh thought to kill all the male children of the house of Israel, then the babe Moses was preserved alive; when the Hebrew monarch Saul failed, then was David anointed to be king over Israel; when Nebuchadnezzar burned the house of God, broke down the wall of Jerusalem, slew young and old, and carried away the remnant to Babylon for a seventy years' captivity, at the end of that period the Lord stirred up the spirit of Cyrus to make a proclamation for the captives to return to Jerusalem to rebuild the Temple.

And when the last and final overthrow came, and the Roman nation, with its martial prowess, burned, destroyed, and utterly uprooted and dispersed the nation, then came the time and opportunity for God to extend the riches of His grace to the Gentiles. The Word was made flesh, the Lord Jesus poured out His soul unto death, and the door of mercy and reconciliation was opened wide. Israel is rejected, but not cast away; Israel is fallen, diminished, it is true, but there is to be

FULNESS HEREAFTER.

The branches are broken off because of unbelief, but they shall be graffed in again, for God is able to do so. Jerusalem is trodden down of the Gentiles until the times of the Gentiles be fulfilled. Blindness (or hardness) in part is happened unto Israel until the fulness of the Gentiles be come in. But all Israel shall be saved; there shall come out of Zion the Deliverer, and saved Israel shall be the heralds of salvation to the world at large; they shall declare God's glory among the Gentiles, and the healing of the nations shall be as life from the dead. "Oh, the depth of the riches both of the wisdom and knowledge of God! how unsearchable are His judgments, and His ways past finding out!"

The receiving of Israel to the Divine favor and love, with all that it involves—

NATIONAL RESTORATION,

conversion, salvation—is as clearly revealed in the Word of God as the scattering and dispersion. This may be more difficult to realize, because the scattering of the nation is before our very eyes; but God's Word is true, His promises are sure, He will not fail, "for He is faithful that promised," "who also will do it." The dealings of Jehovah with Israel, under the similitude of the marriage relationship, as enunciated by the prophets, forcibly and beautifully set forth the Divine purposes in the future. Jehovah proclaimed Himself as a Husband to the house of Israel and the house of Judah; but the wife was unfaithful, she went after other lovers, she was divorced from her Divine Husband, and, instead of repenting, she played the harlot, and a degenerate progeny was the result. But the love of Jehovah is unchanged, and the time comes when Israel repents, returns with weeping and supplication, and once more becomes manifestly the beloved of the Lord, the faithful wife.

It is important to distinguish between the restoration and the conversion of the Jews. The restoration takes place in unbelief, the Messiah being still rejected and unacknowledged. The conversion is a true turning to the Lord, looking on Him whom they have pierced. It may be regarded in the twofold aspect of individual conversion, the "remnant according to the election of grace," and

NATIONAL CONVERSION,

when "Israel shall be saved in the Lord with an everlasting salvation." It is to this latter the apostle refers in Rom. 11 : 15, the passage under consideration. The promises and predictions in God's Word concerning the restoration and conversion of Israel are most distinct and emphatic: Jer. 31 : 10; 30 : 3; Ezek. 39 : 28; Amos. 9 : 15; Hosea 3 : 5; Jer. 1 : 4, 5; Zech. 12 : 10; 13 : 9; Rom. 11 : 26, 27; Rev. 1 : 7.

Now the result of this wondrous restoration and return on the part of Israel to her lawful King, Lawgiver, Husband, and her acknowledgment of Him who is the true Messiah, even the Lord Jesus Christ, is glorious in the extreme. The effects thereof will be so deep and widespread, the blessings to the nations of the earth so vast, the moral influence upon the waste places so genial and beneficial, such

REJOICING IN THE WILDERNESS

and solitary places, such an abundant blossoming of the rose, such an opening of the eyes of the blind, an unstopping of the ears of the deaf, a leaping of the lame, a singing of the dumb—so full shall the earth be of the knowledge of the Lord when the Light of Israel is come, and the glory of the Lord is risen upon her, Gentiles and kings coming to the brightness thereof—that the apostle, fertile though he be in descriptive power finding no language adequately to describe in prosaic words all the fulness of blessing, breaks forth into a metaphor as bold as it is beautiful and expressive—"life from the dead." It is, indeed,

A MORAL RESURRECTION,

a counterpart of Ezekiel's vision, "in the midst of the valley which was full of bones; and, lo, they were very dry." But when he prophesied as commanded, the breath came into the slain, and they lived, and stood up upon their feet, an exceeding great army.

Oh, the blessedness of

THE MILLENNIAL REIGN

and kingdom, when Antichrist and all his followers are utterly destroyed, and Satan is bound for the thousand years, deceiving the nations no more; when out of Zion goes forth the law, and the Word of the Lord from Jerusalem, when the mountain of the Lord's house shall be established in the top of the mountains, and shall be exalted above the hills, and all nations shall flow unto it! Oh, the happy, glorious Millennial period, when the grand temple for Jehovah's worship, as delineated by Ezekiel, shall be erected on Zion's highest hill-top, when the holy city, the new Jerusalem, shall have come down from God out of heaven, with the glory of God to lighten it, and the Lamb the light thereof; when the nations of them which are saved shall walk in the light of it, the typical meaning of Jacob's ladder of inter-communication being fully understood, and heaven and earth in happy, loving accord!

Then indeed shall be fulfilled to the very letter those glorious predictions familiar to many, but so often misquoted and misapplied: "And the ransomed of the Lord shall return, and come to Zion with songs and everlasting joy upon their heads; they shall obtain joy and gladness, and sorrow and sighing shall flee away." "Violence shall no more be heard in thy land, wasting nor destruction within thy borders; but thou shalt call thy walls Salvation, and thy gates Praise. The sun shall be no more thy light by day; neither for brightness shall the moon give light unto thee, but the Lord shall be unto thee an everlasting light, and thy God thy glory. The sun shall no more go down, neither shall thy moon withdraw itself; for the Lord shall be thine everlasting light, and the days of thy mourning shall be ended."

Christian brethren, in view of all these glowing predictions and wondrous realities of the near and remoter future, with all the present personal responsibilities involved therein, let us not sleep as do others. Let us watch unceasingly, lest the Master of the house, coming suddenly, find us sleeping. Let us be constantly looking for the blessed hope and the appearance of the glory, resting in the Lord, waiting patiently for Him and occupying till He come. What

AN INCENTIVE TO FAITHFUL SERVICE

for the Master is there presented to the loyal and obedient servant of the great King in these wonderful promises to the overcomers, all of which have reference to the glorious future! The very contemplation of these honors and rewards is almost too much for mortal beings; what will the realization be? Oh, for more singleness of eye and heart, more zeal, devotedness and love! Oh, to be entirely separated from the world, wholly detached from its frivolities, vanities, and pleasures, and to be entirely and forever the Lord's in spirit, soul, and body, His absolutely, fully and forever, waiting and watching, praying and working, in the daily expectation of the advent of Him who has said, "Behold, I come quickly, and My reward is with Me, to render to each man according as his work is."

"He which testifieth these things saith, Yea, I come quickly."

Christian brethren, let it be ours to say, "Amen; come, Lord Jesus."

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CURRENT EVENTS.

The General Strike of Telegraph Operators, which commenced on July 19th, has already caused serious inconvenience to the public, and considerable loss to merchants, brokers, and the business portion of the community. The operators have for some time complained that they were subject to unjust reductions of pay and to many grievances. During the past ten years they say their position has been gradually becoming worse. Last week the committee of "the Telegraphers' Brotherhood," which had been appointed to represent the operators in the matter, presented to the companies a statement of grievances, and *a respectful petition* for their redress. They asked that the wages of all operators should be increased fifteen per cent, and the number of working hours reduced from nine hours in the day to eight, and from eight in the night to seven. This proposal the companies refused to entertain, and it is stated that to have complied with it, would have cost the Western Union Company alone, one million and a half dollars a year. The operators allege that opportunities were then given the companies for amicable negotiation, mutual concession, and peaceful arrangement of the difficulty, but they were all arrogantly rejected. Then the operators resolved on a strike. The signal was given at noon, Washington time, in the offices of all the leading cities of the Union, and the bulk of the operators closed their instruments and left the buildings. In the Western Union Company's building in New York, there were four hundred and fifty operators engaged, when the representative of the Brotherhood rose from his instrument at noon and gave *the preconcerted signal* by blowing a shrill whistle. In a few minutes only fifty persons, chiefly females, remained at work. The companies closed many of their branch offices, and would not accept any message unless the sender gave a written admission that he sent it subject to delay or to mailing *en route*, if necessary. The result was almost a paralysis of business, and a heavy loss to business men. Public sympathy, with a few unimportant or interested exceptions, is with the operators, and the general impression of the dispute appears to be that the Western Union Company especially, in making strenuous efforts to pay dividends on its watered stock, has not adequately paid its employés. The dispute between the companies and the operators is not, however, so much a matter of public concern as *the relations of the companies to the public*. The companies have been given a valuable franchise, they have disfigured and obstructed the streets with their poles and wires, and it is imperative that they render in return the service agreed upon. There is a steadily increasing opinion that if through greed, arrogance or any other cause they have disgusted their employés, and have in that, or any other way, incapacitated themselves for fulfilling their contracts, the opportunity should be seized by the government for the public good. In England, the telegraphs are operated by the Postal Department, and the benefit to the public and the government from the arrangement has been enormous. If the present disorganization of the service continues, there will be a loud popular demand that the same system be tried here.

The Presidential Preferences of the Two great political parties are being discussed by the press on both sides. Last week the New York *Times* published the result of a thorough investigation on the subject it had made in all the States. Two months ago it addressed inquiries to men in each of the thirty-eight States, requesting them to ascertain from the people, not the political workers, whom they would prefer for presidential nominee in 1884. The answers to this question number 344. From this informal poll it appears that of the 344 places from which answers came, Mr. Blaine is the choice of the Republicans in 103, President Arthur of 64, and Senator Edmunds of 57. The Democratic choice in the same places is Mr. S. J. Tilden in 120, McDonald in 72, Senator Bayard in 31. The number of names mentioned by Republicans is 42, and of Democrats 40.

The Star Route Frauds are to be Submitted to the courts in a new form, according to a Washington despatch. It states that the papers have been prepared upon which suits will be ordered by the Postmaster-General during the coming week to recover moneys paid out for expedited mail service and procured by the contractors to be sued, by false and fraudulent representations. It is known that the Postmaster-General has given these civil suits a good deal of attention, and that it was in consequence of that attention that Mr. Bliss was not permitted to "arbitrate" or "compromise" one of the cases upon which an amicable settlement had been proposed. It is the impression in the Post-Office Department that the civil suits, if tried with anything like ordinary skill and earnestness on behalf of the Government, must result in the recovery of large sums of money.

Dr. Walter C. Palmer, the Well-Known Advocate of the doctrine of perfect holiness, died suddenly on Friday evening last at Ocean Grove, N. J. He had commenced the series of daily meetings he has held there every summer since 1875, but had to absent himself from them during the past two weeks and return to New York, owing to a severe attack of dysentery. He returned to Ocean Grove on Thursday, and appeared to be completely recovered. On Friday evening he wrote a letter, and afterward sat on the piazza of his house enjoying the cool breeze. Suddenly he placed his hand on his heart, and calling to Mrs. Palmer he sank backward and died almost instantly. He had for many years suffered from a disease of the heart, and had expected that his end would be sudden. Dr. Palmer was nearly eighty years old, having been born in 1804. He studied in the New York College of Physicians, and graduated in 1825. He soon worked up a lucrative practice, which he finally relinquished in 1858. Since that year his time has been devoted to the promotion of the holiness doctrine by meetings in his own house and in the press. In 1859 Dr. and Mrs. Phœbe Palmer visited Europe, where they spent four years, holding religious meetings in the great cities. Mrs. Palmer died in 1874, and shortly afterward Dr. Palmer married her sister, who has enthusiastically assisted him in the special department of Christian work with which he has been identified for half a century.

The Rev. Charles F. Deems, D.D., LL.D., the eminent pastor of the Church of the Strangers in New York, inaugurated three years ago the American Institute of Christian Philosophy, with the object of proving, more especially for the benefit of educated young men, that religion and philosophy were not antagonistic. The effort has been extensively blessed of God, and the Institute has prospered. Dr. Deems requests us to inform our readers that a Summer School of the Institute will be held at Atlantic Highlands, N. J., beginning Thursday, August 2d. It will continue six days. On Sunday, the Rev. Dr. Burr, author of "Pater Mundi," will preach. The following is the syllabus of lectures: Thursday, August 2d, Lyman Abbott, D.D., editor of the *Christian Union*, "The Theology of St, Paul;" Friday, August 3d, J. B. Thomas, D.D., Brooklyn, N. Y., "Darwin, Emerson, and the Gospel;" Saturday, August 4th, Charles F. Deems, D.D., LL.D., Anniversary Address before the Annual Meeting of the American Institute of Christian Philosophy; Monday, August 6th, E. F. Burr, D.D., Lyme, Conn., "Certain Insignia of Organic Species;" Tuesday, August 7th, Rev. A. H. Bradford, Montclair, N. J., "Hereditary Environment and Religion." The Rev. Dr. Deems will preside. The prospect now is that this will be more successful than any previous summer school of this prosperous Institute of Philosophy.

The Sunday Closing Law in Kansas City, Mo., with the high license law for the other days of the week, has effected a remarkable change in the city. On Sunday, July 15th, the bars remained closed in obedience to the requirements of the new law. In the central part of the city only one shop kept open in defiance of the laws. The tobacco stores and other lines of business generally, except drug stores, were also closed. Only three arrests for drunkenness were made, the usual Sunday average being about twenty-nine. No arrests were made for violation of the law, but the police were instructed to report the names of all offenders. The gardens were open, but sold no beer.

An Effort to Thwart the Policy of the New Mayor of Chicago is being made by the Temperance party in the city. Mayor Harrison was elected chiefly by the votes of the liquor interest, and his rulings have hitherto testified his gratitude. A Chicago journal now states that the Citizens' League has instituted test suits, which will not only try the legality of the mayor's nullification ordinance, but will involve the legality of the manner in which he has been issuing licenses. The League has presented its case in a strong and thorough manner, and no point has been left uncovered. Every question bearing upon the validity of his ordinance and licenses has been guarded, and a long and interesting struggle may be anticipated, as both sides have enlisted for the war.

The Revival Services in Kansas City, Mo., conducted by the Rev. Thomas Harrison, have been signally blessed. Immediately after the meetings began, there was a remarkable interest manifested. They continued, with undiminished spirit and success, for six weeks. During this time the altar was thronged with penitents every night. As a result of the services, two hundred and eighty persons have united with the Church on probation and by letter, though the conversions are far more numerous, many persons having connected themselves with other churches in the city. There are twenty-six entire families who have been converted, and are now probationers in the Church. Mr. Harrison is now holding a camp-meeting at Jacksonville, Ill.

A Narrow Escape from a Horrible Death was experienced by an aged man on the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad recently. He was attempting to cross a bridge near Moundsville, W. Va., in front of an approaching train. He might possibly have succeeded if he had been able to keep his footing as he ran over the slippery ties, but in the middle of the bidge he fell, and when he got up and looked around, the train was almost upon him. In an instant he decided that his only chance of escape was to lie flat upon the ends of the ties, and he promptly took that position. But there was not room enough, and the cow-catcher struck him. Instead, however, of killing him at a blow or pushing him upon the track to be crushed by the wheels, it threw him down upon a cross beam several feet below the rails, where he clung until the train had passed. The train was stopped as soon as possible, and a brakeman going back found the old man sick from fright but uninjured. The folly of attempting to outrun a train on a narrow bridge is one of which few would be guilty. It is, however, far less dangerous than that displayed by those who with death close upon them continue to walk the slippery path of life, postponing from day to day the duty of seeking their soul's salvation (Isa. 55 : 6).

A Romantic Wedding on a Bridge was Solemnized at Harper's Ferry, W. Va., on July 12th. The passengers at the railroad depot on that evening observed a procession marching from the West Virginia side across the bridge that connects that State with Maryland. The procession was headed by the best man, who carried a lantern in his hand and guided the bridal couple, who followed, while a venerable clergyman was in the rear. The party proceeded until they were certain that they had reached a spot on the bridge that was in the State of Maryland, when they halted and grouped themselves preparatory for the marriage ceremony. The scene was not only an unusual one, but picturesque. The starry sky looked down on the nuptials, and for music the murmur of the water below the bridge, rippling melodiously as it danced over moss-covered stones, made a good substitute for a Strauss's wedding march. The ceremony completed, the party again proceeded to West Virginia. It is not stated in the account of the marriage what was the motive of the party in selecting that spot for the wedding, but the bride and bridegroom in recalling the ceremony in after years may reflect that as they commenced their married life by crossing the bridge from the State they merely visited to another State which was to be their permanent home, so they may commence their spiritual life by crossing the bridge Christ laid down by His life and death to their eternal home in the heavens (Eph. 2 : 18).

A Singularly Inappropriate Prayer was offered in a church in a city of Massachusetts on a recent Sunday. It is the custom in that church for any of its members who may be in need of special prayer to send a note to the minister when he is in the pulpit. On this occasion a minister from another city was conducting the service instead of the regular minister of the church. On opening the Bible he found therein a note asking for the prayers of the brethren. The minister after reading it announced to the congregation that Mr. A. requested the prayers and sympathy of the congregation in the sudden death of his loved wife, and in the prayer that followed he offered up a fervent petition for "the brother sitting lonely and desolate in his pew." He noticed a movement in the congregation that almost amounted to a panic, and to his consternation he afterward learned that the note had been shut up in the Bible a year, and that Mr. A. was no longer desolate, but had married again, and was actually sitting, when the prayer was offered, with his new wife for the first time in the pew. That minister will, doubtless, be careful in future how he acts upon notes when he is in a strange church. The bridegroom had no need for shame in thus being reminded that a year before, he desired a certain prayer offered for him. There are many men, however, who if reminded of prayers offered in the past would be ashamed as they remembered the vows they had then made which were afterward broken (Deut. 23 : 21).

A Lady's Life Saved by a Cow, is the Subject of a remarkable narrative published in a Mississippi journal. It states that a lady residing at Vicksburg, the wife of a farmer, was walking alone a few days ago near a pond in a pasture, about a hundred yards from the house. She was passing near a cow which had a very young calf, when the animal made a plunge at her, caught her on its horns, and tossed her into the pond, then, jumping in, gored her again while in the water, and trampled on her with its feet. Another milch cow ran from a distance of sixty yards and drove the infuriated beast away, and stood guard over the prostrate form of the lady until aid came. Only for this it is believed she would have been killed. It is remarkable that the lady should have been saved by an animal of the same kind as that which threatened her life. It is so in spiritual affairs. While Satan employs men as his agents in overthrowing souls, God uses men to thwart them. And as in this case of the imperilled lady, the best thing we can do is not to attempt to save them ourselves, but to wait with them until aid comes from One mighty to save (Acts 3 : 12, 16).

A County Attorney has been Severely Rebuked by the Governor of Kansas. It appears that the attorney had applied to the Governor for the pardon of a criminal whom he had himself officially prosecuted and convicted of larceny. The Governor in his letter to the attorney tersely and truly tells him that if the party was innocent he should have seen to it that he was not wrongfully convicted, and that if he was guilty it is improper for him now to appear in the rôle of an attorney for the criminal. The Governor adds, moreover, that the ex-attorney by now becoming an advocate for the criminal has destroyed the only proper source to which he (the Governor) could have applied for information as to the propriety of granting the pardon asked. It would appear that the prisoner has injured his chances of pardon by employing an advocate whom he probably regarded as the most influential he could select. No such difficulty could ever arise in the position of the sinner and his Advocate with a justly offended God. The sinner could have no advocate so influential as the Son of God who, while admitting the guilt of the sinner, can plead His own atonement for that guilt (1 John 2 : 1, 2).

The Misplaced Switch, Responsible for Innumerable railroad disasters, is likely to be abolished, if an invention described in a Connecticut journal is all the inventor claims for it. A switch has been invented by a section master at New London which has no frog. By his invention the main line of track is made continuous, and the switching is done by moving the side rails up to the main line, which they overlap with a lip, and as they are slightly higher, easily take a train off. The ends of the side track are set upon a hinge or pivot, and are held in place by a strong spring, which will yield only to the flange of the wheels of a train passing on the main line. Hence, if the switch is left on, the rapidly passing train in the opposite direction does not shoot off the track, but keeps the line, the side track yielding automatically as the train passes. It is stated that this new safety switch has been tried and found to work perfectly. If that is true, we may hope that the safety of railroad travelling will be increased, for it is at the switches that the majority of accidents occur. It could be wished that some such safeguard could be introduced for the benefit of those whom we hope are travelling heavenward. Young people who seem not far from the kingdom of God go from country homes to great cities, and are often there switched off the track by temptation, and fall into eternal disaster. Only by unceasing prayer and constant watchfulness can they be preserved (Prov. 4 : 25-27).

THE WORKS OF THE DEVIL DESTROYED.

A New Sermon by Pastor C. H. Spurgeon.

"For this purpose the Son of God was manifested, that he might destroy the works of the devil."—1 JOHN 3 : 8.

A Sharp Distinction—Only Two Classes of Men—How to Distinguish Them—The Betweenites—I. The Works of the Devil—Sin—A Word of Detestation—A Word of Distinction—Of Descent—The Devil's Own Account—Of Description—II. The Purpose of God—To Destroy the Works of the Devil—A Divine Work—Complete and Conclusive—III. How it will be Done—By the Manifestation of Christ—In Life and Death—IV. The Experience of it—The Process in the Soul—The Brightest Saints Tempted—The Ultimate Abolition of Sin.

IN this chapter John makes a sharp and clear division of mankind into two classes. He gives not even the slightest hint that there is, or ever was, or ever can be a third class; but he describes men as being the children of God or else the children of the devil, and tells us how the two classes are made manifest (see verse 10). Now, this distinction would not have been drawn by John so sharply if it had not existed; for he was a man of most loving heart and gentle spirit, and if he could somewhere or other have found a space for neutrals, or what I call

"BETWEENITES,"

or people who come midway between saints and sinners, I am sure he would have done it. No one could suspect John of want of charity, and therefore as *he* was convinced that no middle position was possible, we may be quite clear upon that point, and at once dismiss every theory which is meant to flatter the undecided.

At this day the world is still divided into children of God and children of the evil one. This distinction ought never to be forgotten; and yet thousands of sermons are preached in which it is quite ignored, and congregations are commonly addressed as if they were all the people of God. How shall we preach the truth if we begin by assuming a lie? Yet to assume that all our hearers are Christians is to begin with an error. Is it not highly probable that men will be built up in falsehood if the very truth which is addressed to them is put in a false way? No, my hearers, we cannot talk to you as all the people of God, for you are not; *some of you are the children of the wicked one*, and though it may not be pleasant to be told so, yet it is no business of ours to please you. Our duty is to preach so as to please God and benefit the souls of men, and that can only be effected by an honest enunciation of matters of fact.

This important distinction ought to be observed in public prayer; and this is a point in which we are dissatisfied with most liturgies, because they are necessarily composed with the view of suiting both saints and sinners, and, as a necessary result, they are not suitable for either. The joyous notes of confidence which are becoming in the children of God are left out because the ungodly could not use such expressions of exultant faith; while, on the other hand, the wailing notes which are most suitable to anxious souls are put into the mouths of men who by the grace of God have long ago found their Saviour.

If this distinction is to be thought of in preaching and in public prayer, it should be specially considered in our personal religion. We ought to know whose we are and whom we serve. We ought to know the differences which the Lord has made by grace, and whether or not He has made us to differ from the unrenewed. Every man in trade wishes to be sure of his position, whether he is prospering or not; and surely we ought each one to know our position in that one great enterprise of life which if it finds us bankrupt at the last must leave us so forever. It is of the utmost importance for a man to know whether he has been enlightened or abideth in darkness, whether he is the slave of sin or the Lord's free man. Each man should know that he is either saved or lost, pardoned

or condemned; he may not sit down in peace in the deceitful hope that though he may not be a child of God, he is nevertheless no heir of wrath, for it cannot be; he is one thing or the other at this moment.

Let this stand as the preface of the sermon, for the spirit of it will run through my whole discourse.

And now I come to the words of the text itself: "For this purpose the Son of God was manifested, that He might destroy the works of the devil." We shall speak of four things: *the works of the devil; the purpose of God; the manifestation of the Son of God;* and *the experience within ourselves* of the meaning of this text. Oh, for the aid of the Holy Spirit, that we may think aright and speak with power.

I. First, then, let us say a little upon

THE WORKS OF THE DEVIL.

This very strong expression is descriptive of *sin;* for the preceding sentence so interprets it. I will read the whole verse: "He that committeth sin is of the devil; for the devil sinneth from the beginning. For this purpose the Son of God was manifested, that He might destroy the works of the devil," that is that He might destroy *sin.*

This name for sin is first of all *a word of detestation.* Sin is so abominable in the sight of God and of good men that its various forms are said to be "the works of the devil." Men do not like the idea of having any connection with the devil, and yet they have a most intimate connection with him until they are made anew by the Spirit of God. When it was supposed in a superstitious age that a man had commerce with the devil he was abhorred or feared, and most properly so; he that is in league with Beelzebub has forfeited all right to honor. Satan is "the spirit that now worketh in the children of disobedience." Think of that, ye ungodly ones, the devil is at work in you, as a smith at his forge. Is it not a shocking thought that if I am living in sin I am the bondslave of Satan, and I am doing his work for him? The expression is a word of detestation; may it enter into our hearts and make sin horrible to us.

Next, it is *a word of distinction;* it distinguishes the course of the ungodly man from the life of the man who believes in the Lord Jesus. For he that is of God doeth the works of God—his life is the work of God, it is a life which has much that is God-like about it, and he is upheld by the power of God, the ever blessed Spirit. But the ungodly man's life is very different—he lives for himself, he seeks his own pleasure, he hates all that oppose him, he is up in arms against the Lord, and His truth, and all that is pure and good; his spirit is not the spirit of God, but of the evil one. There is a radical distinction between the gracious and the graceless, and this comes out in their works; the one works the works of God and the other the works of the devil.

I know that this doctrine is not pleasant, but it is true, and therefore it must be plainly stated. I hear one say, "Look at me; am I a child of the devil? I may not be much of a saint, but I am no worse than many of your professing Christians." I answer, that such may be the case; for professing Christians are sometimes horrible hypocrites, but what has that to do with you? Ah, my friend, their perishing will not help your salvation. If you are not trusting in Christ and living under the power of His love, you may be as good as a hypocrite, or even better, and yet you may be widely different from a real Christian. If you have not the life of God in you, you cannot do the works of God.

The language before us, is next, *a word of descent.* Sin is "of the devil," it came from him; he is its

PARENT AND PATRON.

Sin is not so of the devil that we can lay the blame of our sins upon him, for that is our own. Thou must not blame the tempter for tempting thee to do that which without thy will he could not make thee do. He may tempt thee, but that would be no sin of thine if thy will did not yield thereto. The responsibility lies with thy will. The devil has *plenty of sin of his own* to answer for, and yet he is often made a packhorse to carry loads of evil which are none of his. Mother Eve taught us that art when she said, "The serpent beguiled me, and I did eat;" and since then men have become wonderfully proficient in the science of excuse-making, frequently imputing their own guilt to the devil's guile. Yet sin in a sadly true sense does come of the devil. He first introduced it into the world. He brought the flame which has caused so great a burning.

Since then he has been in some degree the author of sin by often tempting men. I doubt not that he suggests to many a sinner the delights of the flesh, and the pleasures of self; and that he shuts the eye of conscience to the truth, and hardens the heart against the threatenings of God. Under these influences men doubtless rush into wild extravagances of evil, willingly yielding themselves to be led captive at his will. Doubtless, Satan not only suggests sin to men, but as one spirit influences another spirit, he influences men strongly toward that which is evil, and blinds them against that which is good. "Lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from the evil one," is a prayer which plainly connects the evil one with temptation, as we know that he is connected with it as a matter of fact. This is his constant employment, to be tempting one way or another the sons of men. Hence sin is the work of the devil, but not so that it excuses us; it is our work because we willingly yield; let us be thoroughly ashamed of such work when we find that the devil has a hand in it. May Almighty God deliver us from the mighty spirit of evil!

Consider, next, that we have here *a word of description.* The work of sin is the work of the devil, because it is such a work as he delights in. What are the works of the devil? They are such actions as are like himself, and exhibit his nature and spirit. Open your eyes, and you will surely see "the works of the devil;" they are everywhere in this poor world. The earth is defiled with

HIS HORRIBLE PRODUCTIONS.

Look abroad in the world and you see *atheism;* men made by God deny His existence. See, also, how much there is of *ignorance* abroad, a leaden night of ignorance of God and of His Son. Is not this the work of the prince of darkness? Note also the abounding *unbelief* of truth which would be believed at once if men's minds were pure, of truth which is salvation to those who accept it, and yet is rejected by many as if it were injurious to them. Whence comes all this *indifference* to God and His grace, and what is the origin of all this plague of *doubting* which is now upon us? Is it not of the same character as that which abode in the serpent's heart when he whispered, "Hath God said?" and, again, "Ye shall not surely die." Here is the liar that is from the beginning still producing a host of lies against God Himself.

My list is long enough; but I see a numerous brood hatched beneath the wings of *hate:* envy, strife, wrath, bitterness, malice, revenge. These are as fiery flying serpents in this wilderness, inflaming men's blood. I see these accursed evils rousing nations into war, dividing communities with discords, embittering families that else might be full of love; yea, making men to be the worst enemies of men. These come from him who is a murderer from the beginning, and is the aider and abettor of all hatred and strife. What a busy being he has been! How he has toiled incessantly day and night to set up a kingdom of hate in opposition to the empire of eternal love!

II. But now, secondly, and much more joyously, let us consider

THE PURPOSE OF GOD,

"For this purpose the Son of God was manifested, that He might destroy the works of the devil."

Ring out sweetly all the silver bells of earth, and all the golden harps of heaven; God has purposed that the terrible work of the devil upon the earth shall be every atom of it destroyed. Yes, mark that word "*destroyed,*" not limited, nor alleviated, nor neutralized, but destroyed. Oh, men and brethren, what could you and I do against such a power as Satan; so malicious and so strong, and withal so cunning and subtle, and apt to deceive? Who among us can loosen his works, and cast his cords from us? But if God has purposed it, verily the purpose of Jehovah shall stand! If this be the divine decree, tremble, O Tophet, and thou, Beelzebub, for there shall come an end to all thy works, if God hath purposed to destroy them!

The work which lies in this purpose is assuredly *a divine work.* Destruction of forces so terrible must come from the Lord alone. What could you and I do in this business? Ourselves originally under Satan's power, ourselves destroyed, could we destroy the destroyer? It is a divine work, this destruction of the works of the devil, and herein lies our hope of its being accomplished.

And there is, to my mind, about it the idea of *a conquering work.* When are the palaces and the fortifications of great kings destroyed? Not till the kings themselves have been overthrown in fair fight; but when their power is broken, then it is that the conquerors raze the castle and burn the stronghold. Glory be unto Jehovah, it is His purpose to win such a victory over the Prince of Darkness that every work of his shall be destroyed. This means also

A COMPLETE WORK.

The product of evil is not to be cut down for a time and left to grow again. The tree of the forest is felled by the axe, but the root remaineth, and at the scent of water it will bud and send forth branches; but the purpose of God is utterly to *destroy* the works of the devil, and destroyed they shall be. Up from this poor planet there shall ascend, like smoke from a great golden altar of incense, the perpetual hallelujahs of a ransomed race, redeemed by blood and power from all the rule of the enemy. Glory be to God, He hath purposed it, and He will accomplish it. It is a complete work and *a conclusive work;* for the Lord Jesus will so break the head of the old dragon, that he shall never wear the crown again. Christ has come, not to fight a battle with Satan which shall continue throughout all ages, but to win a victory which shall so crush the power of evil that it shall not molest the world again. Rebellion shall not rise up a second time. Oh, how glorious is the text: "For this purpose the Son of God was manifest, that He might destroy the works of the devil." Sin in every shape and form the Lord shall destroy from off the face of the earth forever.

III. Thirdly, our text plainly tells us

HOW THIS IS TO BE DONE;

By the manifestation of the Son of God. "For this purpose the Son of God was manifested." The work of the devil was so clever, the foundations of it were so deeply laid, and the whole thing had such a semblance of omnipotence about it, and was, indeed, in itself so strong, that no champion was found in heaven or on earth that could hope to destroy it.

My text has in it to my mind a majestic idea, first, of the difficulties of the case, that the Son of God must needs be manifested to destroy the works of the devil; and then, secondly, of the ease of His victory. Have you been abroad at midnight when darkness has been all about you, dense and palpable? Not a star was visible, the moon had forgotten to shine; you could scarce see your hand when you held it before your eyes. The blackness seemed to be not only above, beneath, and around, but also within you. You were embedded in a thick, heavy, sensible ebon mass. How could all this be scattered? What power could uplift the pall and scatter the mass? Lo, in the east *old Sol has lifted up his head,* and the black walls have

vanished; not a wreck remains, the works of darkness are destroyed by the manifestation of the light. That is the thought of the text, "For this purpose the Son of God was manifested." Uprising from His divine retreat in the silences of eternity, He appeared in human form, and thereby scattered and utterly destroyed the works of darkness. Let us see how this was done.

First, Christ's manifestation, even *in His incarnation*, was a fatal blow to the works of Satan. Next, look to *the life of Christ on earth*, and see how He there destroyed the works of the devil. It was

A GLORIOUS DUEL

in the wilderness when they stood foot to foot—the champions of good and evil! How dexterously the evil one played his weapons! how cunningly he tempted the Christ of God! But the Lord Jesus used the sword of the Spirit, and "It is written," "It is written," "It is written," struck home till the evil one spread his dragon wings and fled away, for he had found his victor. All our Lord's preaching, all His teaching, all His labor here below was in order to the pulling away the corner-stone from the great house of darkness which Satan had built up.

But oh, dear friends, it was in *His death* that Jesus chiefly overthrew Satan and destroyed his works. Satan built upon this—that man had become offensive to God and God must punish him; that punishment was his hope for the continuance of alienation. Behold, the august Son of God takes the offender's place! The deed was done. Man is no more offensive to heaven, for one glorious man's boundless merit has put away the demerit of the race. Jesus has, by His unutterable beauties, removed the deformities of all who are in Him. Man accepting this great sacrifice, loves and adores the Father who ordained it, so the works of the devil in his heart are destroyed.

Our Lord's *rising again*, His ascension into glory, His sitting at the right hand of the Father, His coming again in the latter days—all these are parts of the manifestation of the Son of God by which the works of the devil shall be destroyed. So also is *the preaching of the Gospel*. If we want to destroy the works of the devil our best method is to manifest more and more the Son of God. Preach up Christ and you preach down the devil. All kinds of reforms are good, and we are on the side of everything that is pure, and honest, and temperate, and righteous; still,

THE BEST REFORMER

is the Christ of God. The one medicine for man's moral sickness is the cross, and nothing but the cross. Preach the crucified Saviour; preach the incarnate God; preach Christ full of forgiveness and love, reconciling the world unto Himself, and you have applied the best remedy to the sore.

Only be it never forgotten that Jesus destroys the works of darkness *by His Spirit*. It is the Spirit of God who puts divine energy into the sacred word. When the Spirit manifests Christ in a man then the works of darkness are destroyed in that man. When Christ is manifested in a nation then the works of Satan begin to fall in that nation; and in proportion as the Holy Ghost shall more and more reveal Christ to hearts and consciences, bringing them into obedience to the faith, in that degree shall the works of Satan be destroyed.

Lastly, on this point, our blessed Lord is manifested in His eternal power and kingdom as *enthroned*, in order to destroy the works of the devil; for "the government shall be upon His shoulders, and His name shall be called Wonderful, the mighty God, the Father of the ages." He is such a Father, and the age is made to feel His forming hand. Kings, presidents, parliaments, poets, leaders, and such like—these are powers visible; but there is over them all a power invisible. A late philosopher asserted that amid all the confusion of affairs he could see a power over all which works toward righteousness. There is such a power; there is a King of kings and a Lord of lords; and who is He? It is He of whom we read, "The Father had committed all things into His hands."

IV. Lastly, I would come close home to each dear friend as we utter a few words of inquiry as to

THE EXPERIENCE OF ALL THIS

in ourselves. Has the Son of God been manifested to you to destroy the works of the devil in you? Come to the point, and look at home! At first there was in your heart an *enmity to God*; for "the carnal mind is enmity against God." Is that enmity destroyed? Has the love of God in Christ Jesus appeared to you in such a way that you can truly say you no longer hate God, but love Him? Though you do not love Him as you wish to do, yet your heart is toward Him, and you desire to be like Him, and to be with Him forever. This is a good beginning; the Son of God has destroyed your enmity; you have seen the love of God in Christ, and your rebellion against God has ceased.

The next work of the devil which usually appears in the human mind is *self-righteous pride*. The man says, "I am no enemy to God, I am righteous; if I am not perfect, yet I am tolerably good. God! I thank Thee that I am not as other men are. I do this and I do that, and I do not do the other." This is our natural boasting, but the Son of God destroys it. Has the Son of God destroyed all your self-righteousness? It is *a precious lot of rags*; but we so constantly practise the art of patching and mending that we dream that we are clothed in royal apparel. Have all those rags gone from you?

When the Lord has destroyed self-righteousness in us, the devil generally sets us forth another form of his power, and that is *despair*. "Ah," says he, "you see what a sinner you are—God will never be reconciled to you! There is no forgiveness for you!" Oh, that ever he should have the impudence to make a man believe so gross a slander of such a God as ours, whose very name is love, and who gave His Son to die for sinners! But, if the Lord Jesus Christ has been manifested to you, despair has gone, that work of the devil has been all destroyed, and now you have a humble hope in God, and a joy in His mercy.

What next? Have you any *unbelief* in your heart as to the promises of God? That is a favorite work of the devil; unbelief is one of his darling children. Now, I beseech you, do not say, "I must always feel this unbelief." No. Down with it! Christ was manifested to *destroy* the works of the devil. Grind your cutlasses, and

CUT DOWN THESE DOUBTS!

All mistrusts must die. Not one of them must be spared. Hang them up before the face of the sun!

Jesus has not come that He may lock up our sins, and keep them quiet, hidden away in a dark corner; He has come to *destroy* them. Israel was not to make a league with the Canaanites, as they unwisely did with the Gibeonites; but they were to sweep out the entire race, root and branch. Thus must sin be exterminated and extirpated.

Do fleshly lusts arise in your heart, my brother? In whose heart do they not arise? THE BRIGHTEST SAINT IS SOMETIMES TEMPTED to the foulest vice. Yes, but he yields not thereto. By the grace of God he says, "Christ is manifested to destroy the works of the devil." He will not play with these things and dally with them, and let them be his Delilah, for he knows that they will cost him his eyes, even if they do not ruin his soul. He cries, "Away with them!" It is not meet even to mention these vile things; they are works of the devil, and to be destroyed.

My brother, do you quickly become angry? I pray God you may be angry and sin not; but if you are of a hasty temper, I entreat you to overcome it. Do not say, "I cannot help it." You must help it, or rather Christ must destroy it. It must not be tolerated. Does your anger ever intensify into hate? Do you ever feel envious of those who are better off than yourself, or better than yourself? Does that envy ever lead you to think harshly of them, to indulge yourself in suspicions that are groundless concerning them? Oh, for the sword of the Lord and of Gideon! Slay all these Midianites, for Christ is revealed on purpose to clear the heart of the whole brood of them. God is love, and he that dwelleth in love dwelleth in God; and hate and ill-will must not live! Every form of evil must fall; destruction is meted out to them all. Every idol must be broken.

Oh, brethren, there is to be in every true believer

THE ULTIMATE ABOLITION

of sin. What a prospect this is! The cutting up of the very roots of evil! The sooner the better. The day shall come when every child of God shall be transformed and transfigured into the likeness of Christ, and shall be without fault before the throne of God. This is already foreshadowed upon us, for the outlines are drawn in the fact that we hate all sin, and long after perfect holiness. The great Father has put His mark upon the lump of clay, and we can see from the rough draft that He will fashion it and form it into the perfect image of His dear Son.

After that image we are struggling. It is begun in us by the power of the Spirit of God, and He will not fail nor be discouraged till the purpose of God shall be accomplished, and all the works of Satan in us shall be destroyed. This robs death of all dread; the prospect of being totally free from sin makes us welcome even the grave, if by that road we are to come to the home of the perfect. Meanwhile, let us seek after sanctification; let us labor after holiness, and let us abound in it to the glory of God. Despite our failures and mistakes let us pursue holiness! Taking it by the heel, let us keep close to it. So may the Lord enable us for Jesus' sake. Amen.

[The prayers of the readers of this Journal are requested for the blessing of God upon its Editors in America and England, and those whose sermons, articles, or labors for Christ are printed in it; and for its weekly circulation of more than 260,000 copies to be blessed by the Holy Spirit to the conversion of many sinners and the quickening of God's people. Mr. Spurgeon and Dr. Talmage especially request prayer every Sunday morning on behalf of their labors.]

SAMUEL CARTER HALL.

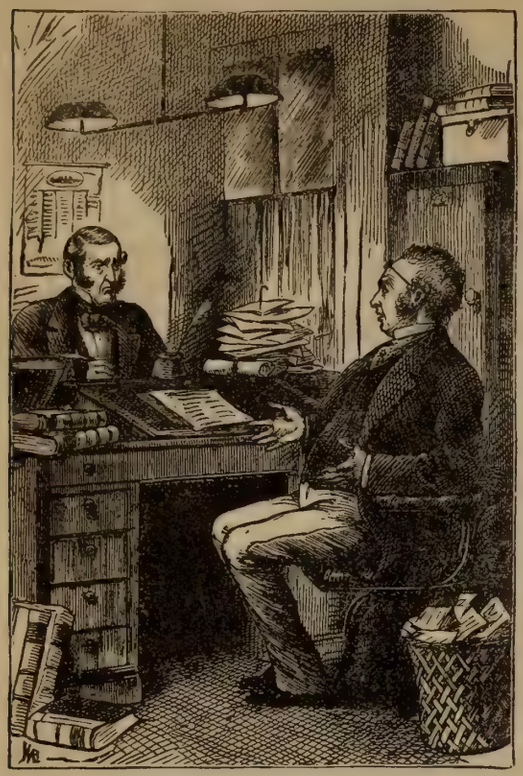
THE book of the season, a book widely read in every city in all the States, and enjoyed as well as read, is the book entitled 'The Recollections of a Long Life," by Mr. S. C. Hall. On page 477 is a portrait of the author, whose popularity in the literary world in which he is now a veteran is without a rival.

Samuel Carter Hall was born in the year 1800. After the completion of his education he studied law, but never followed the profession, literature having more attractions for him. In 1820, when only twenty years of age, Mr. Hall published his first book, and three years later commenced labor as a reporter for the London *Times*.

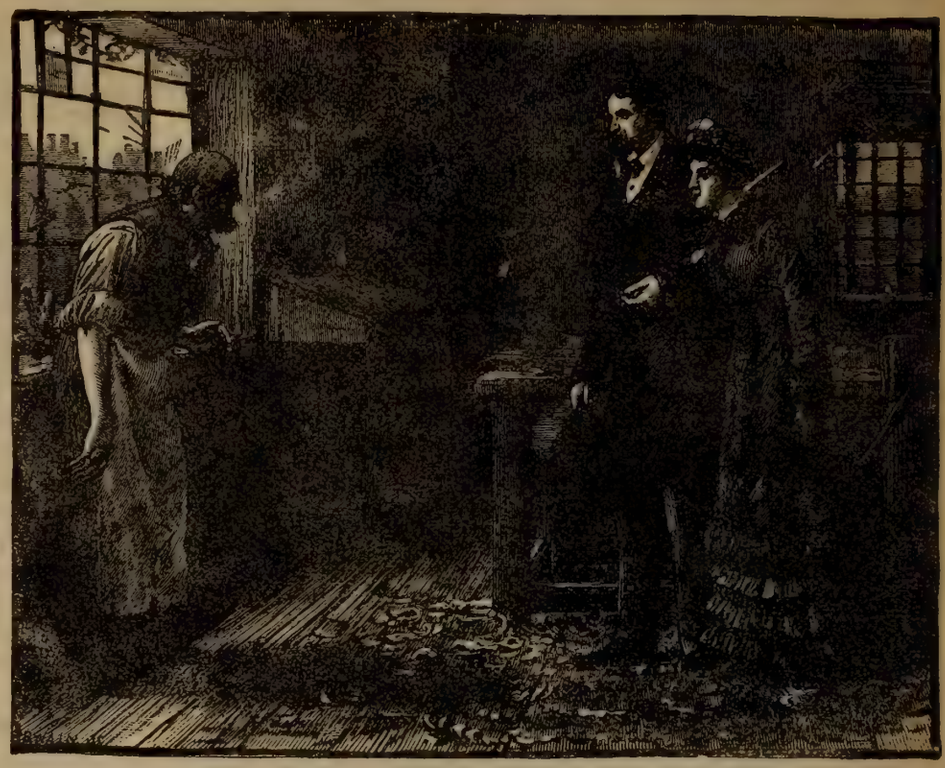
MARRIAGE.

In 1824—the same year that he became a member of the Inner Temple—Mr. Hall married Anna Maria Fielding, who shed so bright a lustre over his path of life, and whose writings were most popular. Mrs. Hall was born in Dublin in 1807–8. Her mother was of Huguenot descent, traced to French and Swiss lineage; and from her rare qualities, and the happy mixture of races thus grafted on the Irish, Mrs. Hall inherited much of the wild and vivid imagination, deep thought and pathos, warm-heartedness, and gentle refinement that so eminently distinguished her.

In 1825, Mr. Hall projected and established the *Amulet*, and this elegant work, one of the forerunners of the long race of "annuals" that



Mr. Northrop hears of his Son's Death (*see page 467*).



George Webster receives Messengers from the Lord's Bank.

afterward deluged the press, he most successfully edited, and was assisted by all the brilliant writers of the day.

In 1839, Mr. S. C. Hall projected and established the *Art Journal*, which for forty-two years he has, without a day's interruption, conducted.

Mr. and Mrs. Hall in 1845 jointly issued their work on Ireland, its scenery and character, and in 1859 "The Book of the Thames," which has passed through several editions. Other of their works were "Pilgrimages to English Shrines," which contained "pleasant illustrated sketches of the homes and haunts of genius and virtue;" "The Book of South Wales," "A Week at Killarney," and a gracefully conceived and exquisitely written Irish fairy-tale, "Midsummer Eve."

Mr. Hall has been for many years a most enthusiastic

TOTAL ABSTAINER.

In a letter to the eminent physiologist, Dr. Carpenter, Mr. Hall bore witness to the effect of the abstinence principles and practice on himself. He wrote: "I live by the labor of my brain; and I can testify that since I have become a tetotaler, I have had an increase of intellectual power, so that what I send out to the public never comes trickling through a disturbed and disordered medium. And as to the endurance of fatigue, I am able *to work three times longer* than ever I could while I indulged, even moderately, in the use of strong drinks. I am better in body, in mind, in home, in every comfort; and I feel proud, therefore, of the pledge I have taken to abide by the practice of Entire Abstinence."

The following lines are from his pen on

THE BLUE RIBBON.

Hail to the Ribbon, the Ribbon of Blue!
Hail to the outward and visible sign!
Hail to the Gospel-taught, honest and true.
Soldiers, whose Leader and Lord is Divine!
Hurrah for the Ribbon, the Ribbon of Blue!

What do we fight? All that tempts us to wrong!
Our Captain and Chief will be first in the strife:
We war with the pest that can beat down the strong:
The curse of the Soul and the poison of Life.
Hurrah for the Ribbon, the Ribbon of Blue!

Mr. and Mrs. Hall, in 1874, celebrated their golden wedding. In spite of their ardous labors their circumstances were not very prosperous. Their books had sold freely, but they entered with so much enthusiasm into all the philanthropic movements of the day, many of which they originated, and contributed to the funds for the support of those movements with so much liberality that they were comparatively poor. This fact was well known, and their friends thought there could be no better way of celebrating the golden wedding of the philanthropic pair than by presenting them with a sum of money to support them during the remainder of their lives. Accordingly an appeal was issued, and the response was prompt. Contributions came not only from friends, but many *small sums from poor people* whose lives had been benefited by the works of the two earnest philanthropists. *Queen Victoria also contributed;* her contribution was the portrait of herself and of the late Prince Albert.

The following beautiful lines were four years afterward written by Mr. Hall on the fifty-fourth anniversary of the wedding-day, in September, 1878:

"Yes! we go gently down the hill of life,
And thank our God at every step we go—
The husband-lover and the sweetheart-wife.
Of creeping age what do we care or know?
Each says to each, 'Our fourscore years thrice told
Would leave us young.' The soul is never old.

"What is the grave to us? can it divide
The destiny of two by God made one?
We step across and reach the other side,
To know our blended life is but begun.
These fading faculties are sent to say
Heaven is more near to-day than yesterday."

But the grave has already divided them, as far as it was able to do so. Mrs. Hall died on January 30th, 1881, and the veteran author calmly awaits the summons to join her. Death has no terrors for him.

GEORGE WEBSTER'S SAVINGS.

(*See Illustration.*)

"Yes, yes, I suppose it's true. Let me see, what did he say? I'm 'getting too old for the work.'"

The speaker was an old man, bent of frame, and with head polished and bright as a mirror, where, forty years ago, a crop of luxuriant dark hair had been. He was busy with his plane in the one room that served him for workship, sitting-room, and bedroom. The delicate walnut shavings fell about his feet as the plane went briskly along for a few minutes, and then ceased, and the old man leaned back against the wall and began muttering to himself again.

"It will be hard work to live, I expect. I think the boss might have found me something to do. I don't want much, but I must have something to keep me alive. Nothing after next Saturday, and I've only four dollars left now, and the pay I shall have for this job. That'll be all I shall have to keep me next week. Rather a dull lookout for you, George, my boy."

A few turns more at the plane followed this summing up of his worldly position; but the work dragged to-day, and the old man's mind reverted to the conversation which troubled him.

"What did the boss say? 'Retire on my savings?' Yes, that was it, 'and live like a gentleman.' Wonder if I ought to have saved. I've had plenty of money in my time, but I never saved. Not I. Mary used to say, 'We'll put it in *the Lord's bank.* It'll be safe there.' God bless her, she was a good wife and a good Christian, but I'm a'most thankful she did not live to hear that Wace won't give me any more work. Wonder what she would have said. I don't believe she would have lost heart. She would have said God won't desert us in our old age. What was it she used to sing?

"'E'en let the unknown morrow
Bring with it what it may,
It can bring with it nothing,
But He will bear us through;
Who gives the lilies clothing,
Will clothe His people, too.'"

The old man's voice quavered a little as he sang the familiar words, but there was a note of conviction and joy and fervor that would have astonished any listener who happened to know that only four dollars stood between the old man and starvation.

"The Lord's bank," he soliloquized, as he stopped to take breath; "well, I don't know that there's much in it. Not much of my putting in, though the capital's *e-normous.* We've had our interest all along in the pleasure it gave us. After the boys died and then little Fanny, it was very lonesome, and we took little Willie when he was left an orphan, and we brought

him up, and he's doing well now. And then we took Freddy Bertram when the widow died, and we brought him up, too, and he learned the trade. It cost us a deal of money, but it brightened the house like, to hear the children's voices, and there's no saying what might have happened to both of 'em if we hadn't seen to 'em. Then there was the money we gave Joe Brown when he broke his leg, but then we should have done that anyhow, because we were sorry for him. And then—but what's the use? It was all the same. We gave the money, and it was good to see how happy it made 'em. I can't say it's in the Lord's bank. I've no claim on Him for it. He'll take care of me now, I know, because He is so good. But I've no claim—no claim."

The old man shook his head with an air of conviction. He seemed satisfied that his case was bad, but he was not dispirited now. God was good, and he was not afraid. The work went on again, this time with a whistle of a cheerful hymn tune. It was getting too dark to see, and after a while the tools were laid aside, and the old man stood by his window enjoying the brief interval of twilight.

"I'd like to see Freddy's wife," he said presently. "He must be getting on well to get married. Fred was a smart boy, and I've no doubt his store in Montreal is a good-sized place. I'd like to see him again. He said in his letter he and his wife were going on their marriage tour. I wish they'd have come this route. I'm real glad, though, the boy's doing well. The money I spent on him has done good, and I shall manage somehow. It was better spent than put in the bank to keep me. David was an old man, and he said he'd never seen the righteous forsaken. Neither have I, and I'm over seventy."

Again the old man sang his wife's favorite hymn, and the words "will clothe His people, too," came forth with a roll of triumph. They were scarcely uttered, when the door of the workshop was pushed open without ceremony, and the old workman, turning round, saw a gentleman and lady enter. His first thought was that God was fulfilling His promise by sending him a customer, and he bent deferentially before his visitors.

"You don't know us, Mr. Webster," said the gentleman.

"No," said the old man, "no, I don't know you, but there's something familiar in the tone of your voice. I think I must have met you somewhere."

"Yes, you have, and if you had not met me I might have been in some State's prison now or lying dead in a drunkard's grave. I am a respectable tradesman now, with a good bank account and the best wife in the world. Fred Bertram's name is respected on the other side the frontier, but all he is, and has, he owes to a good old Christian named George Webster, who was a father to an orphan boy."

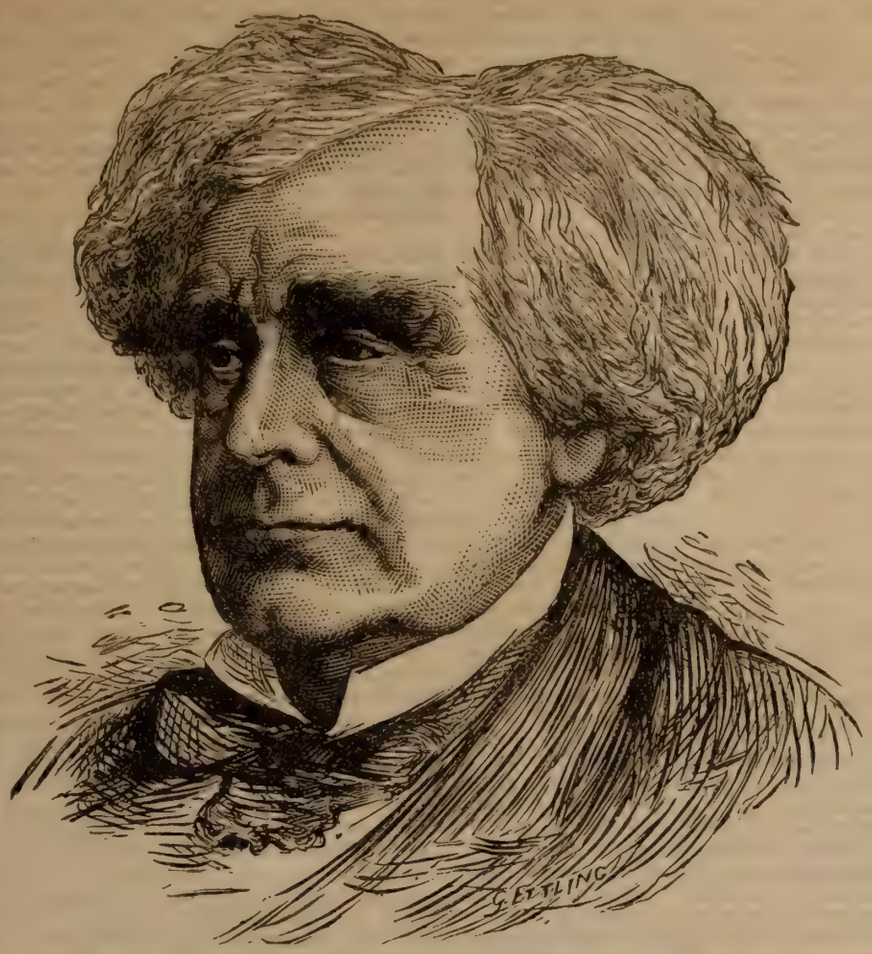
"Fred, my boy, is it really you? God bless you," said the old man, his voice thick with tears of joy. "God bless you and your wife, too. I'm glad to have seen you both before I die."

"Oh, don't you talk of dying yet; I have something else for you to do. I am coming in the morning to give away everything here but your old arm-chair and your old Bible. I am going to take you and them away with me to my home. I always said when I had a home I would not sleep in it until you were there, and I am going to keep my word."

"No, Fred, my boy. It's good o' you to say so, but I can't go to be a burden on you and your wife."

"Look here," said Mr. Bertram, "my wife knows all about it, and we're agreed on this, so, you obstinate old man, you may consider yourself booked north, and you are going to live in a house that is a good deal more yours than mine."

"Well," said the old joiner, when his visitors were gone, "I guess I'm provided for, after all. I wish Mary was alive to see it. I know what she would say. She was quite right. The Lord's Bank was the best place for our savings."



Samuel C. Hall, Author of "The Recollections of a Long Life."

MRS. CHANTREY'S SECRET.

A SERIAL STORY.

(*Continued from page 463.*)

Self-sacrifice too Costly.

"A DRUNKARD!" said Mrs. Bolton. "I am sure I never used such a word about Sophy. I cannot believe it possible that my nephew's wife, a clergyman's wife, could become a drunkard, like a woman of the lowest classes! And I cannot understand how you, a clergyman, could seriously propose so extraordinary a step. Why, there is no danger to me; nobody could ever suspect me of being fond of wine. I have taken it in moderation all my life, and I cannot believe it is my duty to give it up altogether at my age."

"Very possibly it has never been your duty before," answered Mr. Warden, "and now I urge it, not for your own sake, but for hers. She has fallen into the snare blindfolded, and you can extricate her, though at some cost to yourself. I feel persuaded you can induce her to abstain, if you will do so yourself. You call yourself a Christian—"

"I should think there can be no doubt about that," she interrupted, indignantly; "the archdeacon never expressed any doubt about it, and surely I may depend upon his judgment."

"Forgive me," said Mr. Warden. "I ought to have said you are a Christian, and a Christian is one who follows his Lord's example."

"Who drank wine Himself, and blessed it," interposed Mrs. Bolton, in a tone of triumph.

"The great law of whose life was self-sacrifice," he pursued. "If one of His brethren or sisters had been a drunkard, can you think of Him filling up His own cup with wine and drinking it, as they sat side by side at the same table?"

"I should be shocked at imagining anything so presumptuous, not to call it blasphemous," she said. "We can only go by the plain words of Scripture, which tell us that He turned water into wine, and that He drank wine Himself. I am not afraid of going by the plain words of Scripture."

"But we have only fragments of His history," replied Mr. Warden, "and only a few verses of His teachings. Would you say that Paul had more of the spirit of self-sacrifice than Christ? Yet he said, 'It is good neither to eat flesh, nor to drink wine, nor anything whereby thy brother stumbleth.' And again, 'If meat make my brother to offend, I will eat no flesh while the world standeth.' If the servant spoke so, what do you think the Master would have answered if any one had asked Him, 'Lord, what shall I do to save my brother from drunkenness?' It will be a self-denial to you; people will wonder at it, and talk about you; yet I say, if you would truly follow your Lord and Saviour, there is no choice for you. You can save a soul for whom Christ died; and is it possible that you can refuse to do it?"

"Mr. Warden," exclaimed Mrs. Bolton, "I am astonished at your fanaticism!"

She had risen from her chair, and was about to sail out of the vestry with an air of outraged dignity when Mr. Warden said in a low tone and with a heavy sigh "See, there she is!"

Mrs. Bolton paused and turned toward the window, which overlooked the little grave of her nephew's child, who had been very dear to herself. Sophy had just sunk down beside it. There was a slight strangeness and disorder about her appearance, which no stranger might have noticed, but which could not fail to strike both of them. She looked dejected and unhappy, and hid her face in her hands, as though she felt their gaze upon her. The clergyman laid his hand upon Mrs. Bolton's arm with an unconscious pressure, and looked earnestly into her clouded face.

"Look!" he said. "In Christ's name, I implore you to save her."

"I will do what I can," she answered impatiently; "but I cannot take your way to do it; it is irrational."

"There is no other way," he said mournfully, "and I warn you of it."

Sophy Chantrey had strayed absently down to the churchyard in one of those fits of restlessness and nervous despondency which made it impossible to her to remain in the overcrowded rooms of Bolton Villa or in the trim

flower-garden surrounding it. There was a continual vague sense of misery in her lot, which she had not strength enough to cast off; but at this moment she was not consciously mourning either for her lost little one or for the absence of her husband and boy. The sharpness and bitterness of her trouble were dulled, and her brain was confused. Even this was a relief from the heavy-heartedness that oppressed her at other times, and she felt a comparative comfort in sitting half-asleep by her child's grave, dreaming confusedly of happier days. She started almost fretfully when Ann Holland's voice broke in upon her drowsy languor.

"Begging your pardon, Mrs. Chantrey," she said, "but I thought I might make bold to ask what news you've had from Mr. Chantrey in Madeira?"

"David!" she answered absently; "David! Oh yes, I see. You are Miss Holland, and he was always fond of you. Do you remember him bringing me to see you just after our marriage? He is getting quite well very fast, thank you. It is only eight months now till he comes home; but that is a long time."

The tears had gathered in her blue eyes, and fell one after another down her cheeks as she looked up pitifully into Ann Holland's kindly face.

"Ah! it is a long time, my dear," she replied, sitting down beside her, though she had some dread of the damp grass; "but we must all of us have patience, you know, and hope on, hope ever. Dear, dear! to think how overjoyed he'll be, and how happy all the folks in Upton will be, when he comes back! It was hard to part with him; but when we see him again, strong and hearty, all that'll be forgot."

"Oh, I've missed him so!" cried Sophy, with a burst of tears; "I've been so solitary without him or Charlie. You cannot think what it is. Sometimes I feel as if they were both dead, and I was doomed to live here without them forever and ever. Everything seems ended. It is a dreadful feeling."

"And then, dear love," said Ann Holland, in her quietest tones, "I know you just fall down on your knees, and tell God all about it. That's how I do when my poor brother behaves so bad, taking every penny, and pawning or selling all he can lay hands on, to spend in drink. But you know better than me, with all your learning, and music, and painting, and pretty manners, let alone being a clergyman's wife; and when you are that lonesome and sorrowful, you kneel down and tell God all about it."

"No, no," sobbed Sophy, hiding her face again in her hands; "I am so miserable—too miserable to be good, as I used to be when David was at home."

The almost pleasant drowsiness was over now, and a swift tide of thought and memory swept through her brain. The gulf on whose verge she stood seemed to open before her, and she looked down into it shudderingly. She could recollect the temptation assailing her once before, when her baby died; but then her husband was beside her, and his presence had saved her, though not even he had guessed at her danger. What could save her now, alone, with a perpetual weariness of spirit, and a feeling of physical weakness amounting to positive pain? Yet if she went but a few steps forward, she would sink into the gloomy depths, which for the moment her quickened conscience could so clearly perceive. If David could but be at home now! If she could but have her little son to occupy her time and thoughts!

"Dear, dear!" said Ann Holland's low and tender voice; "nobody's too miserable for God not to love them. Why, a poor thing like me can love my brother when he's as bad as bad can be with drink. I could do anything for him out of pity; and it's hard to think less of Him that made us. Sure He knows how difficult it is to be good when we are miserable; and we can't tire Him out. He'll help us out of our misery if we keep stretching out our hands to Him. Nobody knows but Him what we've all got to go through. It's because you're lonesome, and fretting after old days. But they'll come back again, dear love, and we'll all be as happy as happy can be. I know how you miss Mr. Chantrey, for I miss him badly, and what must it be for you?"

Sophy lifted up her face, wet with tears, yet with a smile breaking through them. Ann Holland's simple words of comfort and hope had gone direct to her heart, and it seemed possible for her to wait patiently now until David came home.

"You've done me good," she said, "and I shall tell David next time I write to him."

"Dear, dear!" said Ann Holland, with a tone of surprise and pleasure in her voice, "couldn't I do something better for you? Couldn't I just go over to Master Charlie's school, and take him a cake and a little whip out of the shop? It would do me good, worlds of good; and he'd be glad, poor little fellow! Mr. Chantrey's so good to my poor brother; he'd save him from drink if he'd be saved, I know. I'd do anything for your sake or Mr. Chantrey's. But there's Mrs. Bolton coming out of the church, and I've a little business with her; so I'll say good-day to you now, Mrs. Chantrey."

If at this point of her life Sophy Chantrey could have been removed from the daily temptations which beset her, most probably she would not have fallen lower into the degrading sin, which was quickly becoming a habit. Until her husband's enforced absence, she had been so carefully hedged in by the numberless small barriers of a girl's sphere, so guided and managed for by those about her, that it had been hardly possible for any sore temptation to come near her. But now suddenly cut adrift from her quiet moorings, she found herself powerless to keep out of the rapid current which must plunge her into deep misery and vice.

There had not been a doubt in her mind that she was not a real Christian, for she had freely given a sentimental faith to the Christian dogmas propounded to her by persons whom she held to be wiser and better than herself. In the same manner she had taken the customs and usages of modern life, always feeling satisfied to do what others of her own class and rank did. Even now, though she was conscious that there was some danger for herself, she could not realize the half of the peril in which she stood. After Ann Holland left her she lingered still beside the little grave in a tranquil but somewhat purposeless reverie. There could be no harm, she thought, in taking just enough to deliver her from her very worst moments of depression, or when she had to write cheerfully to her husband. That was a duty, and she must keep a stricter guard over herself than she had done lately. She would take exactly what her Aunt Bolton drank, and then she could not go wrong. With this resolution she gathered a flower from the little grave beside her, and, turning away, hastened out of the churchyard.

Mr. Warden had scarcely glanced through the vestry window since Mrs. Bolton had gone away in anger, but he was well aware of Sophy's lingering beside the grave. He felt crushed and unhappy. His friend Chantrey had solemnly committed the parish to his care, and he to the utmost of his power had strenuously fulfilled his duties. But what was he to do with this new case? Except under strong excitement his constitutional shyness kept him dumb, and how was he to venture to expostulate with his friend's wife upon such a subject? It seemed to be his duty to do something to prevent this lonely and sorrowful girl from drifting into a commonplace and degrading phase of sin. But how was he to begin? How could he even hint at such a suspicion? Besides, he could do nothing to remove her out of temptation. So long as Mrs. Bolton persisted in her angry refusal to follow his advice, she must be exposed daily to indulge an appetite which she had not the firmness to resist.

Perhaps no two persons, outside that nearest circle of kinship which surrounds us all, ever suffered more grief and anxiety in witnessing the slow but sure downfall of a fellow-being, than did Mr. Warden and Ann Holland while watching the gradual working of the curse that was destroying David Chantrey's wife.

It was a miserable time for Mr. Warden. Now and then he accepted Mrs. Bolton's formal invitations to dine with her, and those few acquaintances who were considered worthy to visit at Bolton Villa. On the first occasion he had gone with a faint hope that she had thought over his advice, and resolved to act upon it. But there had been no such result of his solemn warning, which had been so painful to him to deliver. He abstained from taking wine himself, as he believed Christ would have done for the sake of any one so tempted to sin; but his example had no weight. There was a pleasant jest or two at his asceticism, and that was all. Sophy Chantrey took wine as the others did; and, in spite of her resolution, more than the others did; while Mrs. Bolton raised her eyebrows, and drew down the corners of her lips, with an air of rebuke. No one knew the meaning of that look except Mr. Warden. The other guests were only entertained by Mrs. Chantrey's fine flow of merry humor, and remarked how well she bore her husband's absence.

"You saw her, Mr. Warden?" said Mrs. Bolton to him, in a low voice, when they reassembled in the drawing-room.

"Yes," he answered, sorrowfully.

"You saw how I looked at her as much as to warn her," pursued Mrs. Bolton. "I am sure she understood me, yet she allowed Brown to fill her glass again and again. What could I do more? I have spoken to her in private; I could not speak to her before our friends."

"I have told you before," he answered, there is only one thing you can do, and you refuse to do it."

"It would be ridiculous to do it," she said, sharply. "I am not going to make myself a laughing-stock to all the world; and I cannot shut her up in her room, and send her meals to her like a naughty child. You ought to remonstrate with her."

"I will," he replied, "but it will be of little use, so long as the temptation is there. Have you seriously and prayerfully thought of your own duty as a Christian, in this case? Are you quite sure you are acting as Christ Himself would have done?"

"None of us can act as He would have done," she answered, moving away from him. Yet her conscience was uneasy. There was, of a truth, no doubt in her mind as to what the Lord would have done. Yet she could not break through the habits of a lifetime; no, not even to save the wife of her favorite nephew. She did not like to give up the hospitable custom. Her wines were good, bought from the archdeacon's own wine-merchant, and she enjoyed them herself, and liked to hear her guests praise them. No question as to the lawfulness of such an enjoyment had ever arisen before now; but now it troubled her secretly, though she was resolved not to give way. If Sophy Chantrey could not keep within proper limits, it was no fault of hers; and no one could blame her for preserving a harmless custom.

(To be continued.)

CITIES OF REFUGE.

S. S. Lesson for August 5. Josh. 20: 1-9. Golden Text. Ps. 46: 1. By Mrs. M. Baxter.

The Provision for the Levites—The Lord their Trustee—Lack of Faith in Workers—Protection for the Manslayer—Responsibility for Souls—The Manslayer's only Safe Refuge—Holiness as a Refuge—Strength the Second City—Our Shechem—The Third City Fellowship—An Entrance for Satan—Elevation and Joy.

OUR golden text says "God is our Refuge and Strength, a very present help in trouble." As we get better acquainted with Him this most precious fact becomes more and more real to us. In our lesson for to-day we find Joshua

called of God, after he had conquered all the land of Canaan, and had divided it among the tribes for an inheritance, to "appoint out" cities of refuge. God had spoken unto Moses "in the plains of Moab by Jordan near Jericho," that he should command the children of Israel, to give cities for the Levites to dwell in, with suburbs for their cattle and their goods, and all their beasts, measuring from the wall outward a thousand cubits. The Lord was the Portion of the Levites, they had no part nor inheritance among their brethren, the Lord was their inheritance (Deut. 10 : 9), the Trustee of their property, and when He made provision for those who had no portion on earth, He looked after their cattle, too. Oh, how safe it is to trust God! and yet thousands of believers would never dream of answering any call to work for God, unless their salary were assured to them, would count it a dreadful hardship to go out as Mr. Hudson Taylor's missionaries do, to China,

LEANING ON THE LORD ALONE;

they would think that to go as George Müller's missionaries do, or Dr. Cullis's, with only God to trust to, was certain ruin, because in their hearts they do not think God equal in resources; and in faithfulness to the missionary societies, they say what many believe is in the Bible (but it is not), "God helps those who help themselves."

God ordained that among the cities which should be given to the Levites, there should be six cities of refuge for the manslayer who had slain any one unawares, "And they shall be unto you cities for refuge from the avenger; that the manslayer die not, until he stand before the congregation in judgment" (Num. 35 : 12). Thus the Lord became the Trustee of the manslayer as well as of the consecrated Levites, and gave him his place among them. But in His loving provision for the manslayer, no provision is made for the murderer, "the murderer shall surely be put to death. The revenger of blood himself shall stay the murderer; when he meeteth him he shall slay him" (Num. 35 : 18, 19). But if any man had shed blood and taken life unintentionally and however innocently, there was no safety for him anywhere but on the Lord's ground, in the city of refuge. Oh, how few of us can say with Paul, "I take you to record this day that I am pure from the blood of all men, for I have not shunned to declare unto you the whole counsel of God" (Acts 20 : 26, 27). Which of us has not unintentionally helped on the destruction of immortal souls? "When I say unto the wicked thou shalt surely die; and thou givest him not warning, nor speakest to warn the wicked from his wicked way, to save his life; the same wicked man shall die in his iniquity; but his blood will I require at thine hand" (Ezek. 3 : 18). Oh, how many of us have shrunk back from being faithful, and if God dealt with us according to our works, the blood of those souls would be

REQUIRED AT OUR HANDS.

Again, when earnest seekers after God have looked to our lives for a manifestation of Christ, which would convince them of the truth of Christianity, how many have been thrown back into scepticism, indifference, or superstition, by seeing in us envy, unkindness, want of candor, discontent, unbelief in God's promises. Manslayers many of us are, though we may not be intentional murderers of precious immortal souls. Satan tries hard to keep us blind to this thing, and to make us believe that the salvation of souls is not our business; but when the light of God shines upon us so clearly that we cannot but see how fearful is our guilt, then Satan turns round and sets God's holy law, "the avenger of blood," upon our track, that he may drive us to despair. What is at once our safety and also the means of correcting our passive unintentional injury of others? Just this: to take refuge in God, to know ourselves hid with Christ in God, and let others find us there (Col. 3 : 3).

It was a distinct stipulation that the slayer who had fled to the city of refuge should abide there "unto the death of the high-priest, which was anointed with the holy oil" (Num. 35 : 25). No business, however pressing, might call him away; no family matter, although it were the death of the nearest and dearest, nothing could be an excuse for finding him

OUTSIDE OF GOD'S PROVISION

for him. He must know no life, no possession, no relative outside; all his interest must be within the city of his refuge, until the death of the high-priest, then, and only then, might he return to the land of his possession.

Joshua and Moses appointed these cities; the law could not make full provision of grace; Joshua, Jesus must do that—but we find from Deut. 4 : 41–43, that the manslayer was provided for on the other side of Jordan before any part of Canaan was possessed. "The first city chosen was Kedesh, in Galilee, in Mount Naphtali." The meaning of Kedesh is "holiness," or as we often say "sanctification." Hundreds of believers who feel the pursuit of the revenger of blood are struggling in vain to attain this city of refuge. They know that they ought to be holy, that God calls them to be so. He says, "Be ye holy; for I am holy" (1. Pet. 1 : 16), without holiness no man can see the Lord (Heb. 12 : 14); but oh, how many fail to see that "this is the will of God, even your sanctification" (1 Thess. 4 : 3); and therefore pray, and struggle, and strive to enter in, believing all the time that they have to overcome God by their earnestness and their prayers, and persuade Him to be willing to make them holy. Why, He created us for this (Isa. 43 : 21) and redeemed us for this (Eph. 1 : 4; Tit. 2 : 14). How can it not be His will to make us holy, when He gave His own Son to die for this very purpose?

"Then, why does He not make *me* holy? I hear some one say. Dear friend, have you left all as the slayer did when he fled to the city of his refuge? Is the world left behind? Are your plans for life, your earthly hopes, your self-made provisions, your darling hopes for children, business, everything—are they left behind, and are you abandoning yourself, just as you are, and unreservedly to God, that He may make you holy in *His* way? Then, as surely as you take Him in exchange for all this, which you deliver over to Him, so surely does He Himself, dwelling in you, become your sanctification; you dwell in Him, He in you. Claim Him, praise Him for it, and *abide* in this dwelling place, *i.e.*, reckon that your God does really tell the truth.

Shechem in Mount Ephraim was the next city appointed. This means back, shoulder, or strength. "The Lord Jehovah is my strength and my song, He also is become my salvation" (Isa. 12 : 2). While we rely on our own strength in any way whatsoever, we are without the city of our refuge, the revenger of blood can reach us there. We may have been largely blessed in evangelizing work, but if our refuge is in our success, then the enemy can come and tempt us most severely, almost to despair, in any time when we are not successful. If the government is on His shoulder (Isa. 9 : 6), and the Lord Himself is

OUR SHECHEM,

then let success come, He has accomplished all; let failure come, we know the responsibility is with Him, and He will never let a soul suffer from our want of power while we rely upon Him. Equally if we know Him as our strength physically, it does not matter to us whether we feel weak or not; whatever He calls us to do, we can do, and we do not need to take iron and quinine, and travel hundreds of miles to get mountain air in order to be strong for our labor. He Himself is our Source of Strength, our Shechem.

The next city chosen was Hebron (fellowship). "God is faithful by whom ye were called unto the fellowship of His Son Jesus Christ our Lord" (1 Cor. 1 : 9); "that which we have seen and heard, declare we unto you that ye also may have fellowship with us; and truly our fellowship is with the Father and with His Son Jesus Christ." "If we walk in the light as He is in the light, we have fellowship, one with another, and the blood of Jesus Christ His Son cleanseth us from all sin" (1 John 1 : 3, 7). It is almost inconceivable that the infinite God should call

A CREATURE INTO FELLOWSHIP,

partnership, community of being and of possession with Himself, yet so it is. Our God not only gives to us, but is willing to take in exchange; not only throws Himself into all which concerns us, but calls out our hearts in that which concerns Him! He calls us to an interchange of affection, of thought. But this exists only as we walk in the light. "If we say that we have fellowship with Him, and walk in darkness, we lie, and do not the truth." Whether the darkness is that of actual and wilful sin, or whether that of doubt, which is the sin of unbelief, darkness always separates from God; the revenger of blood can overtake us whenever there is darkness upon our souls; but in fellowship with God we are within the walls of the city of our refuge, safe from harm. These three cities were all in Canaan, Kedesh in Galilee, Hebron in Judah, and Shechem midway between.

"And on the other side Jordan by Jericho eastward, they assigned Bezer in the wilderness upon the plain out of the tribe of Reuben, and Ramoth in Gilead out of the tribe of Gad, and Golan in Bashan out of the tribe of Manasseh." Bezer means "fortress" as well as "the ore of gold or silver." David calls God his fortress, and Paul calls on the Ephesians and Timothy to be "strong in the Lord" (Eph. 6 : 10; 11 Tim. 2 : 1). Surrounded on all sides by God, we are impregnable, found in Him by the tempter, we cannot be overcome. When the enemy of souls finds us hedged and walled round by God, his attempts are useless. He tries to awaken pride, envy, discontent, but finds no entrance, for encompassed by God there is no weak part where he can get in. When Satan discovers us in ourselves, occupied with self, considering self, we are not in the fortress, and the avenger of blood can reach us.

The next city was Ramoth in Gilead. Ramoth means "height or

ELEVATION."

Thank God He has made us sit together in heavenly places in Christ Jesus (Eph. 2 : 6), and thank God our citizenship is in heaven (Phil. 3 : 20). Thus, it is most unbecoming, indeed it is just impossible, if we take our right place, to set our affections on things on the earth. If it really makes any matter to us how our houses are furnished, and what people think of us, and whether they appreciate us, and whether we get our rights, it is most clear that we are sitting not in heavenly places, but in the same earthly places where unsaved people sit. Ramoth was in Gilead, which means "witness or testimony." And when, not only in our standing given us by God in Christ, but also in our experience, we are accepting and living out the sitting in heavenly places in Christ Jesus, there is a testimony for God which unbelievers cannot fail to recognize; they see that God, our High Place, is indeed a city of refuge for us.

The name of the sixth and last city was Golan, which means

"JOY"

as well as "exile." When God is our joy, and we know what it is to rejoice in the Lord, not in His gifts, but in Himself, and that, independently of all circumstances, we find how truly God our joy is a city of refuge for us. The joy of the Lord is our strength (Neh. 8 : 10), and as partakers of His joy we can joy in tribulations also. He gives us part with Him, and when His joy is in us, then our joy is full (John 15 : 8). None have such a hard time of it as those who are occupied in providing their own pleasure, they are doomed to disappointment, but the Lord is a Refuge for us, even in the joy of His service. He is one great city of refuge, combining in Himself holiness, strength, fellowship, our fortress, high place, and joy.

FOREIGN TOPICS.

The Anglo-French Difficulty Arising Out of the bombardment of Tamatave, in Madagascar, had not been settled at the close of last week. France had made no apology to England for the indignity to the English Consul, and the severance of communications between the man-of-war and the island. There are, however, indications that the difficulty will be eventually arranged, as a more conciliatory attitude has been assumed by the French Government. Referring to the subject in the Chamber of Deputies, M. Challemel-Lacour said he believed there had been at least an exaggeration in the accounts of the occurrences in Madagascar. He was certain that if Admiral Pierre had adopted any measures they had been necessary, and that Admiral Pierre had complied with orders to avoid offending England. He declared that unexplained events could not impair the present good relations between France and England. If a grave error had been committed or passion manifested, the French Government would not hesitate to fulfil the obligations imposed by a sense of justice and the interests of the country. It is also stated that the steps taken in hauling down the consular flags was not intended as any insult to the several countries represented, but simply as a notice that the power of the Malagasy sovereignty at Tamatave was at an end, and that the Consuls before they could again exercise their functions must be reaccredited to the French Government. This is no more than any other country would have done under the circumstances. It appears that the original dispatch was written by Andriwisa, the Malagasy Secretary, and was purposely colored, in the hope of producing a rupture between France and England.

The Opposition to the Second Suez Canal scheme is still maintained in England. Mr. Gladstone apparently apprehends a government defeat in Parliament, and has sent Sir Charles Rivers-Wilson to Paris to try to obtain better terms for England from M. de Lesseps. The concessions he will ask M. Lesseps to grant are that the number of British directors of the Suez Canal Company be increased from three to five, that the number of British members on the Committee on Finances be increased to three, and that the company have an office in London. Even if these should be granted, it is not likely to disarm the opposition of the Conservatives, who contend that Mr. Gladstone's blunder is one of principle in conceding the monopoly to France.

The International Rifle Competition was an object of keen interest on both sides the Atlantic last week. The American team of twelve, picked marksmen, won high praise for precision in their shooting at Wimbledon, England. At the shorter distances of two, six and eight hundred yards, the Americans easily proved their superiority to their English competitors, but when the shooting commenced at nine hundred yards there was a heavy downpour of rain, and in the discomfort of the ground and the murky atmosphere the American score fell. The British made up their lost ground, and when the shooting at one thousand yards was over they led on the total score by forty-five points. The Americans were very cordially welcomed in Great Britain, and were warmly cheered as they received from the Duchess of Teck certain silver trophies won by individual members of the team. A hope was expressed that the competition would be renewed next year.

The Attitude of France Toward Tonquin was defined by M. Challemel-Lacour, the French Minister of Foreign Affairs, last week. He informed the Chambers that there had been no declaration of war on either side nor any blockade of Annamese ports, but if any Power supplied Annam with ammunition a blockade would be promptly declared. In conclusion, the Foreign Minister said: "Although there is not open war, yet all the acts and language of Tuduc, and likewise of China and her ambassadors, have been such that we must consider ourselves at war with Annam. If we are unable to restore order in Tonquin without attacking Annam, we shall not hesitate to ask the necessary powers of Parliament. But we have not yet arrived at that point. We are determined to avenge the insult to our arms and the outrages committed on the bodies of our soldiers."

The Trial of the Jews in Hungary who are charged with murdering a Christian girl to obtain blood for the Passover cakes was continued last week. As it proceeds, the animus of the prosecutors becomes more apparent, and proves that the charge is a wicked plot having no basis of truth. The witnesses for the defence have been brutally tortured, and the witnesses for the prosecution gave their evidence under threats of ill-treatment and financial ruin. Several of them have admitted that they gave their evidence to save their lives and property. The falsity of the charge was proven on Wednesday, when the boy witness, Moritz Scharf, was compelled to look through the keyhole in the door of the synagogue through which he alleges that he saw the murder committed. It was shown that he could by so doing only see one person in the interior at a time, and that he could in no way have witnessed the actions of the group of people whom he alleges he saw murdering the girl. The surroundings of the trial show that a very bitter feeling against the Jews exists in Hungary.

Mr. Bradlaugh, the Atheist Member of Parliament, is again before the public. He has applied to the Court of Chancery for an injunction to restrain the Sergeant-at-Arms of the House of Commons from ejecting him in the attempt he contemplates making to take his seat. The House instructed the Sergeant-at-Arms to resist the suit, and ordered the Attorney-General, Sir Henry James, to appear for him. As Sir Henry James voted for the affirmation bill and is in favor of Mr. Bradlaugh being allowed to take the seat to which he has been elected, his position in the Court of Chancery will be an embarrassing one.

The Influence of Mr. Parnell in Ireland and the antagonism of the Irish to English rule continue unimpaired. A clear evidence of the fact is furnished by an election of a Member of Parliament for Wexford. That constituency rejected by an overwhelming majority the O'Connor Don, a candidate of Irish birth, a Roman Catholic and a Liberal, and elected a man far less eminent who had no recommendation but that he was the candidate of Mr. Parnell and a hater of England. The event is ominous, because it proves that the concessions made by the English Government have failed in their pacificatory intention. At the next election, if the present state of feeling continues, Mr. Parnell will have from seventy to eighty supporters in the House of Commons, and with this force can produce a legislative deadlock. The two great political parties in the House are generally almost equal in numbers, and the Irish brigade will be able to defeat any administration that may be in power.

The Ravages of the Cholera in Egypt Continue unchecked. It is now doing its fatal work with terrible force in Cairo, and several deaths from the disease have occurred in Alexandria. Business is entirely suspended, and a panic prevails. The Egyptians do not understand the principle of the cordon established around infected cities by Colonel Baker, and the rich break through it by bribery, and the poor by treachery and violence, and carry the infection to other districts. The true facts are, it appears, unreported. A newspaper correspondent states that twelve deaths occurred in one quarter of the city of Cairo in a single half hour on July 18th. The same correspondent describes the carelessness of the Egyptian Government, and urges that from motives of common humanity England ought, until the crisis is past, to exercise the functions of government. As a specimen of the negligence of the authorities, he states that while a man stricken with cholera was on his way on July 19th in a cart to the hospital, the driver stopped opposite a café and gave the invalid *a drink from the water-bottle used by customers of the place.* A few minutes afterward the sick man died opposite the largest café in Cairo. The only precaution taken in this case was to sprinkle a little chloride of lime on the corpse. The cart then pursued its way. The simplest sanitary arrangements are neglected. The funeral system is most obnoxious. The corpses, encased in very slight coffins, are carried through the crowded streets on men's shoulders. The clothes of persons dying in the hospitals are often stripped off and taken for wearing purposes by relatives. Until proper precautions are adopted and enforced, there will be no hope of checking the spread of the plague. On Saturday 662 deaths were reported, of which 381 occurred in Cairo.

An Attempt to Heal the Breaches in the Liberal party in England has been made by Mr. Chamberlain, the leader of the Radical wing. His speech at the celebration in Birmingham, in honor of Mr. Bright, caused serious dissension in the party, owing to his advocacy of equal electoral districts, a scheme which is stubbornly resisted by the more conservative members of the party. At a recent meeting of the Cobden Club in London, Mr. Chamberlain attempted to conciliate his colleagues by advocating unity and concession. He deprecated a peace-at-any-price policy, and insisted upon the wisdom of not interfering with cases like the American war. He said that the Radicals in England would *make the greatest sacrifices* to secure the unity of the Liberal party. They were willing to yield liberty of action for the present, but not liberty of opinion. The Radicals were the pioneers, and the unity of the party was undesirable at the price of their silence. Notwithstanding this waving of the olive branch, it is evident that the difference between the two wings of the party is serious, and the party is only kept from disintegration by the authority and prestige of Mr. Gladstone.

The Marquis of Lansdowne, the New Governor-General of Canada, expects to sail on October 11th for the Dominion. Lord Lorne will remain until his arrival, and will formally transfer to him the reins of government. An English journal describing the Marquis of Lansdowne says: "He has filled several offices with credit to himself and advantage to the country. He is industrious, clear-headed, and possessed of talents which give high promise of a large-minded and effective display of administrative capacity in a wider sphere than any he has hitherto occupied. His experience in actual daily contact with affairs has been supplemented by a tolerably long career in Parliament, where the qualities of courtesy and patience are severely tried. Lord Lansdowne has also shown that he is endowed with an independence of character which does not run into excess or drive him to irreconcilable antagonism."

The Prophetic News and Israel's Watchman (London), for July, may be obtained at the office of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, price six cents, postage paid.

An Illustrated Work on the Unfulfilled prophecies of the Bible, by the Rev. M. Baxter, entitled: "Forty Coming Wonders," may be had from the office of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, 63 Bible House, New York, by remitting one dollar. It is a book of 528 pages, is handsomely bound in cloth and contains fifty full-page pictures and diagrams representing the scenes described in the prophecies of Daniel and in the book of the Revelation. It also contains a resumé of the opinions of other expositors, and extracts carefully collated from the works of all the most eminent writers on prophecy, from the earliest ages of the Christian era down to those of recent date. It thus forms the most useful and complete guide the student can have in entering on the study of that portion of the Word of God. The book may also be obtained for one dollar from any bookseller, who can procure it from the American News Company.

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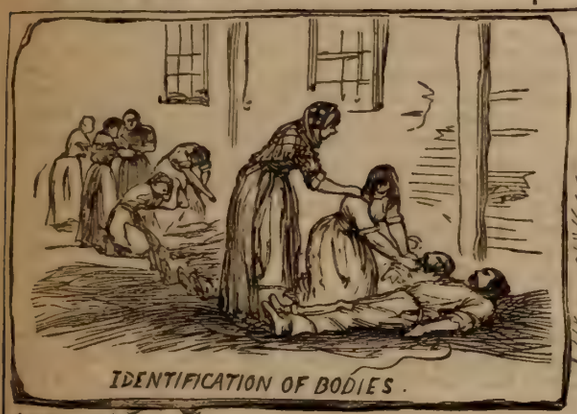

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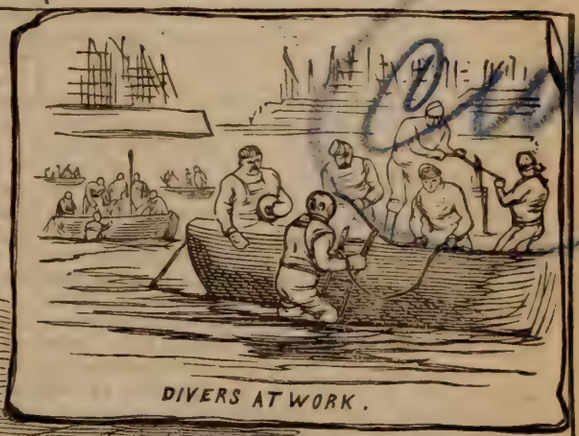

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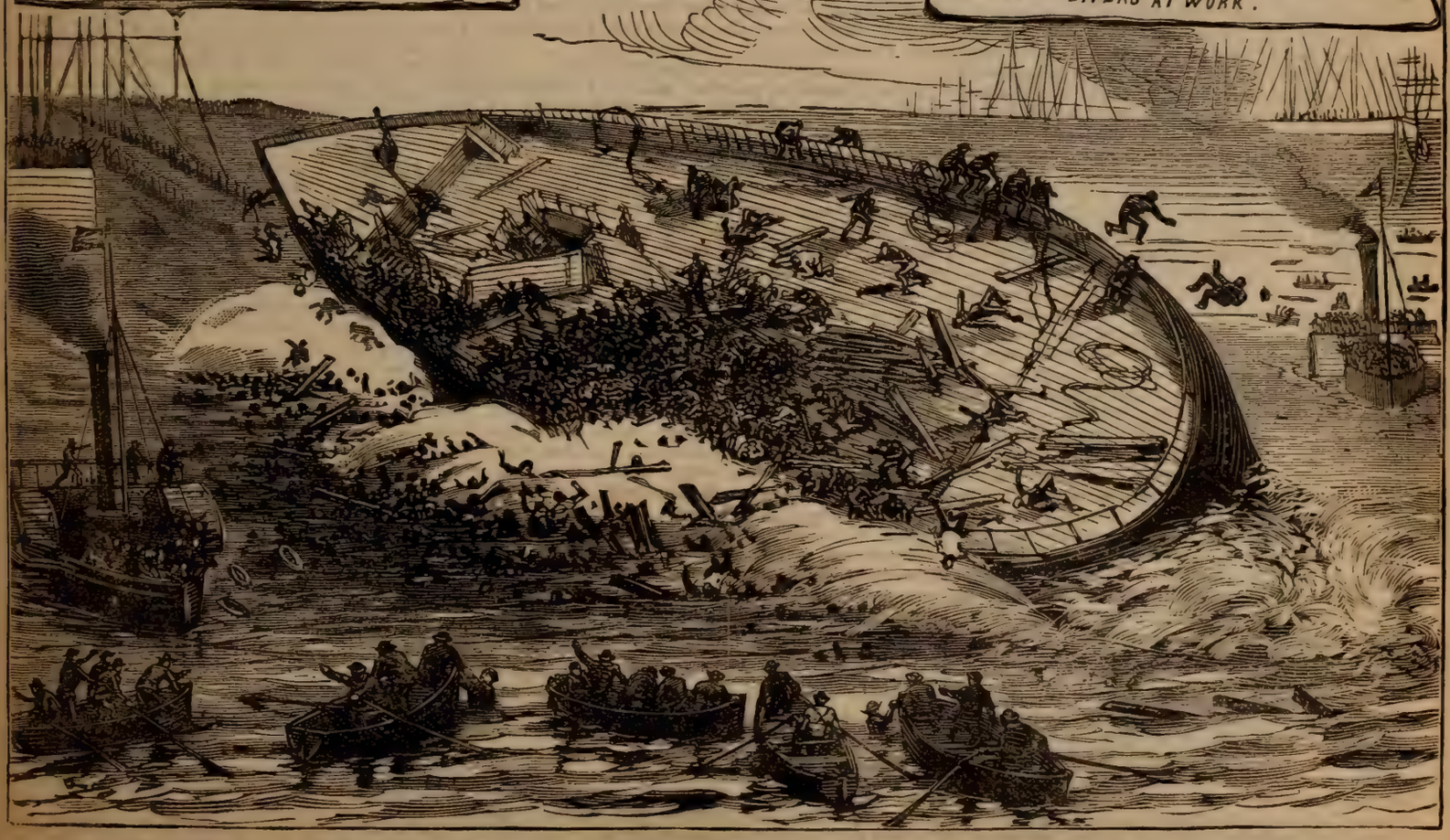

The Sinking of the New Steamer "DAPHNE," at her Launching in the Clyde on July 3.

THE SINKING OF THE DAPHNE.

The Moment of the Launch—A Brief but Unavailing Struggle—The Probable Number on Board—The Cause of the Accident—Narratives of Eye-Witnesses: The Man with the Launching-Flag; A Graphic Description; Opposite the Appalling Scene—Touching Incident—Floating the Vessel.

THE shocking calamity in Scotland, briefly described by THE CHRISTIAN HERALD of July 5th, has not diminished in horror as further details have become known. This week we give on the first page a picture of the terrible scene, with narratives of eye-witnesses.

A small steamer named the *Daphne*, 500 tons, built for the Glasgow and Londonderry Steam-packet Company, was being launched from the shipbuilding-yard of Messrs. Stephen and Sons, Linthouse, in which there is room for eleven ships and 3000 men are employed. It was intended for passenger traffic between Scotland and Ireland. At half-past eleven o'clock, on the morning of Tuesday, July 3d, the vessel moved off, when all impediments were cleared away; but when the vessel reached the water she showed a tendency to turn over. When quite clear of the ways, those on shore and on board two tugs, which were in attendance, observed the steamer heel right over, and commence to settle down in the water.

A BRIEF BUT UNAVAILING STRUGGLE.

As the *Daphne* fell over upon her side a great many of the men who were on the upper deck could be seen clinging to each other, and grasping at the rails, chains, or any of the deck-fittings that could afford a hold. There were but a few cries for help, owing to the suddenness of the disaster. In a few minutes the vessel had gone clean out of sight in the middle of the river, and nothing could be seen but a few men struggling in the water. Ropes were thrown to the drowning men, and the tugs and one or two boats that were in attendance did all they could to save the lives of those who were swimming around, but for those in the interior of the vessel nothing could be done.

Several of the eye-witnesses of the disaster state that one or two men, who were swimming about, and evidently making for the bank, were caught by their drowning comrades and dragged down. As soon as the workmen who were standing close to the end of the ways saw that the ship was really going down, spars and blocks of wood lying about were thrown into the river, and ropes were also thrown out to those who were struggling on the vessel. The tugs in attendance ventured as near as they could; but the danger of striking the men struggling in the water was so great that humanity forbade a too close approach. Two rowing-boats were brought into requisition, and by their means about a dozen men who clung to spars and pieces of wood were picked up. A few men were seen to scramble on to the keel of the vessel as she heeled over; but they quickly disappeared beneath the fast-flowing tide. It was not long, however, before the bodies of some of the dead rose to the surface, and they were reverently taken on board. On the day of the disaster about fifty corpses were thus recovered. The melancholy task of searching for the bodies was then intrusted to divers, who came to the conclusion on the following Thursday that no more would be found in the bed of the river, and that the remainder must be sought in the hold of the ship. That many were there was proved by the divers, who affirmed that when looking through the port-holes, they saw some of the corpses in the cabins.

The men engaged below deck at the time of the disaster were chiefly workmen employed in finishing the vessel. Very few of these were saved. The reason there was such a large number of workmen on board was that the owners were anxious that the vessel should go on the Irish passage during the Glasgow fair holidays in the autumn. There was also, it is said, a considerable amount of material on the deck, consisting of deck planks and iron plates, which had been removed for the purpose of allowing the boilers and engines to be put on board. The names of those who were at work on the vessel were known, but it is thought that there must have been some visitors present at the time who also lost their lives, but of whom no record was taken. It is usual at launches for strangers to be admitted to the yard, many of whom go on board the new vessel; and it is believed that in this instance several persons who were not in the employment of Messrs. Stephen met with an untimely death.

MANY OF THE VICTIMS UNMARRIED.

A notable circumstance in connection with the identification of the bodies was the absence of any vehement expression of grief on the part of the relatives. The comparatively small number of married men among those who were brought ashore may account to some extent for the lack of the heartrending scenes that usually are associated with such terrible catastrophes. The faces of the dead recovered looked as if they were asleep, and most of them had their eyes closed. A few had a look as if taken by surprise. One poor fellow had one hand raised above his brow and the other across his breast, and so stiff were his limbs that the body had to be removed in that position. Another man, the foreman joiner, was found by a diver with his rule in his right hand. When a body was found with a white apron bound round the waist, it was known to be that of a joiner, and identification was assisted.

THE CAUSE OF THE CATASTROPHE

is not certainly known, but it would seem as if the chains by which the velocity of the ship was checked on the way had not acted equally on both sides. On the port side the anchor fixed in the ground was dragged for a distance of about sixty yards, while on the starboard side the anchor was moved not more than six or seven yards. There had, apparently, been an undue strain on the port side, and that, possibly increased by the current in the river, is believed to have caused the ship to cant or turn over. The work of searching for the dead was continued till far into the night, and resumed at each ebb-tide.

NARRATIVES OF EYE-WITNESSES.

John Russell, a painter, said: "I had been working in the ship for about three hours. I was standing about midships on the port side when the ship left the ways. She went down all right, but immediately on getting clear of the ways she went right over, just as if she were top-heavy and had too little ballast. There were a lot of men standing about me at the time. When she went down I caught hold of the rail on the port side, and when I saw that she was going to heel right over, I turned, and went up the deck to the starboard side. I got over the rail, and jumped into the water. I am a good swimmer, and I swam toward the Govan side of the river. Getting near the shore I was almost run down by the tug *Hotspur*, which was crossing, but those on board saw me, and took me out of the water. They threw me a life-buoy, which I caught hold of. Another man, a rivetter, was in the water beside me at the time, and as he was much exhausted, and seemed to be sinking, I gave him the preference of the rope. We were then both pulled on board the *Hotspur*, and saved. The deck of the steamer was crowded with men, and there were a great many engineers and joiners working below. It is impossible that they can have been saved."

THE MAN WITH THE LAUNCHING FLAG.

Henry O'Farrell, a rivetter, said: "I was on board the vessel holding the launching flag. I heard the signal given to knock away the supports, and immediately the vessel moved off I noticed that she was going very smartly; but paid no particular attention to this until in taking the water the vessel heeled over to the port side. I threw the launching flag away, and thinking that perhaps the current had caused the vessel to capsize, I ran to the wheel along with the pilot. We worked hard at the wheel, so as to counteract what we thought was the effect of the current. We turned it round several times, but it did not do any good. The vessel was every moment going deeper down in the water. Getting alarmed for my safety, I jumped off the stern into the water. I managed to keep my head above water, and shortly afterward I was pulled on board one of the tugs which was assisting at the launch. I cannot say how many persons were on board; at the time of the accident there were a good many, the deck being quite crowded."

A GRAPHIC DESCRIPTION.

Mr. North, a shipbuilder, who was looking at the launch from the side of the river, described it in the following graphic terms: "When the supports were knocked down the vessel went at a great rate. After she took the water she went very deep by the stern, and then the check-chain caught her and pulled her up. I then saw that the ship was heeling over to the port side. She stood back a little, and again began to heel over. A second or so after the ports touched the water, and it began to pour in, and then the ship capsized right over, *keel uppermost*. The whole incident did not occupy more than three minutes from first to last. The sight was so shocking, so unprecedented, and unlooked-for, that I could hardly realize it. Just a moment or two before we had seen the vessel crowded with workmen start on her way, and now she had disappeared from view. When the men began to see their dangerous position some clambered on to the starboard side, and when she heeled right over a number managed to get on to the keel; but the crisis came so suddenly that many must have been jammed and entangled by the material lying about the vessel shifting as she lurched over. As she settled in the water the air bubbled up, and so continued for some minutes."

OPPOSITE THE APPALLING SCENE.

The accident was witnessed by hundreds of men employed in Barclay, Curles, & Co.'s shipbuilding yard, opposite the scene. One of them has furnished the following relation of what took place: "I was standing toward the yard. There was a considerable crowd of people along the embankment, chiefly boys and girls, and a number of persons also in Stephens's yard. They were, like myself, waiting to see the vessel launched. All was in readiness when the ship moved away, and some of the people cheered. She slid down the ways very evenly, and went into the water. No sooner had she got her own length into the stream than she canted and tumbled right over. In a moment or two she was clean out of sight, and she lay at the bottom. When she fell over, her whole crew of men and boys—there were a good many boys on board—tumbled along with her into the water. I saw them in a mass on the surface of the river, and I saw some taken down in the suction caused by the submersion. I noticed, too, that the wood and other stuff slid off the vessel as she was falling, and came down on some of the drowning men. It must have struck them heavily, because there was blood on some of those who got out safe.

"When the heap of the men were all struggling I heard some shrieks, and observed several sink under. Those who did not go down clung to pieces of wood and other *débris* which floated off from the deck when the accident happened. Two men were saved by hanging on to the smith's bellows. When the crowd were in the river I saw six poor fellows catching hold of each other. They held on for a few moments, and then separated, but I could not tell whether they were all saved or not. Then I saw three or four of them trying to climb up by the side of the vessel as she was going down; but they were obliged to give up the struggle. I think that everybody who witnessed the fearful sight from the shores was in a way paralyzed for the time, and did not know well what to do."

A TOUCHING INCIDENT.

The body of a young man named Telfer was among the first to be recovered. Mr. D. C. Donaldson, a temperance lecturer, saw the body

measure, and He will cause to come down for you the rain, the former rain and the latter rain in the month *when first it is needed*." The former rain is explained in St. Peter's speech at Pentecost to be the outpouring of the Holy Spirit (Acts 2 : 17) : "This is that which was spoken of by Joel, It shall come to pass in the last days, saith God, I will pour out of My Spirit upon all flesh, and your sons and your daughters shall prophesy, and your young men shall see visions, and your old men shall dream dreams ; and on My servants and handmaidens I will pour out of My Spirit."

This promise of God, though fulfilled in part at the first Pentecost, is far from exhausted. "The last days" include the whole New Testament age, down to and including the return of the Lord in person.

Just as the three periods of natural rain in Palestine are connected by intermediate showers, so our last dispensation, which is that of the Holy Spirit, extends from the first outpouring of the Holy Spirit on Pentecost, which was the earnest and forerunning pledge, on through all the intermediate ages, interlinked by revivals from time to time, down to the close, at the Lord's Coming. Then there will be an outpouring which shall exceed all the preceding droppings of the rain from on high. Not merely on particular persons and scattered churches, but on ALL flesh. The word *all* marks that the prophecy has not yet been, in its fullest sense, accomplished. Prophecy and miracle-working will again be of the gifts of the Spirit. The first advent of Jesus, as "the Lord our Righteousness," was attended with the bestowal of the Spirit on His people "in due (or righteous) measure." After that period of "the former rain" there has succeeded "the copious winter rains" of the ages, past and present, including our own age. We are

ON THE VERGE OF THE LATTER RAIN,

when there shall be the full outpouring of the Spirit, on Israel first, and then on the world at large "in the last days." The gift shall be universal in a sense not yet realized.

Now is the time of the regeneration of *individuals ;* then *nations* shall be spiritually born in one day, and Israel, the foremost of them (Isa. 66 : 8), "at once." She shall hereafter look for this revival. Hos. 6 : 2, 3 : "After two days will He revive us ; in the third day He will raise us up, and we shall live in His sight. Then shall we know, if we follow on to know the Lord ; His going forth is prepared as the morning ; and He shall come unto us as the rain, as the latter and former rain unto the earth." It will be the time of *regeneration of the nations*. The Jews have been the seedsmen of the elect church, which is being gathered out from Jews and Gentiles ; so shall they be the harvestmen of the coming world-wide church at Messiah's return. The Spirit shall be the mighty Worker of this regeneration of the world-nations, as He was and is the Regenerator of every member of the church of the first-born, from Pentecost till now.

MEANS OF OBTAINING IT.

II. *What are the means of obtaining the promised blessing ?* (1) God promises (Zech. 12 : 10), "I will pour upon the house of David and the inhabitants of Jerusalem the spirit of grace and supplications, and they shall look upon Me whom they have pierced, and they shall mourn." Our part is to plead God's promises in prayer. Israel, while unbelieving, will not pray for herself. We believers must pray for her.

THE POWER OF PRAYER.

As *prayer* is the first grand means of hastening the time of the latter rain, so the second means is (2) labor for the conversion of sinners. So St. Peter teaches us, "Repent and be converted, *that* the times of refreshing may come from the presence of the Lord, and *that* He may send Jesus Christ ;" so Acts 3 : 19, is in the Greek. There the times of refreshing by the Holy Spirit, and the coming of Jesus Christ from heaven in "the times of the restitution of all things," are represented as depending on the conversion of the elect and the completion of their full number.

PATIENT, LONG-SUFFFRING EXPECTATION

of the Lord's coming (3) is a third means of obtaining the promise—James 5 : 7 : "Be patient unto the coming of the Lord ; behold, the husbandman waiteth for the precious fruit of the earth, and hath long patience for it, until he receive the early and latter rain." We have received the early rain. What a precious earnest of assurance that we shall receive also the latter rain, and the consequent harvest of blessedness for ourselves, for Israel, and for the world-nations, if we faint not !

SIGNS OF THE COMING RAIN.

III. This leads me to the *signs* of the coming latter rain. It is "when the enemy shall come in like a flood, the Spirit of the Lord shall lift up a standard against him." Then "the Redeemer shall come to Zion, to turn away ungodliness from Jacob." (Isa. 59 : 20 ; Rom. 11 : 26). Then Jehovah will fulfil His covenant with Messiah and Messiah's seed : "My Spirit that is upon Thee, shall not depart out of the mouth of Thy seed, nor out of the mouth of thy seed's seed, henceforth and forever." The first sign I would mention is the *need* which the world and Israel have at this present crisis that the Spirit of God should be poured down. The "three unclean spirits" are notoriously manifested now (as foretold Rev. 16 : 13–14) ; *infidelity* out of the mouth of the "dragon ;" *lawlessness* and open defiance of all, authority out of the mouth of the "beast ;" and lying *spiritualism* out of the mouth of the false prophet. Socialism, anarchy, nihilism, and assassination, whether by gun, dagger, or dynamite, are threatening the very basis of society. No God, no devil, no king, no magistrate, no law, no capitalist—such are the beatitudes of the kingdom which is at hand.

THE "BEAST" AND THE "HARLOT."

The Beast—*i.e.*, the Godless world-power, is more and more casting off "the harlot" that has ridden her (Rev. 17). The harlot is the *whole* of apostate Christendom, with Rome at her front. That the harlot is not restricted to Rome is proved by the very same words (Rev. 18 : 24), being used of her as Christ used of the *whole* Old Testament Church (Matt. 23 : 35) : "That upon you may come *all* the righteous blood shed upon the earth, from righteous Abel to Zacharias." 'In her was found the blood of prophets, saints, and *all* that were slain upon the earth." In Protestant Berlin the *Kreutz Zeitung* moralizes on the annual Busstag, or national Fast-day, "The churches were the very last place of public resort ; the beer gardens drove a roaring trade. If we look at the moral condition of our country, must we not be horrified in our inmost soul ? What frightful barbarization, coarseness, bestiality ! Not a few are taking their places at the head of their brothers, the animals !

'HOW GREAT IS THE FALLING AWAY

from the living God and from His Church ! How many live without prayer, God's Word and sacrament, and think they have made great progress in being able to live outside the shadow of His house ! Materialism and Paganism dominate among the educated, and still more among the uneducated." The elect church, the Bride, shall be withdrawn to her Lord, and for a brief season the lawless son of perdition shall sway the apostate world. The signs abroad show we are on the eve of it. Therefore, also, we are nearing the time of the outpouring of the Spirit first on Israel, then on the world-nations.

THE PRESENT SPIRITUAL VISITATION.

Another sign is—as the Spirit of Christ in Noah, and previously in Enoch, preached to men one last offer before the flood, so now we are in the midst of showers of the Spirit, pleading with sinners before our election dispensation shall close. Never since Pentecost and the Reformation era has there been a greater evangelistic movement than in our days, realizing the prophecy just before the fall of the harlot Babylon, and the beast, the last Antichrist, "I saw another angel fly in the midst of heaven, having the everlasting Gospel to preach to every nation" (Rev. 14 : 6). And Christ saith, "When this Gospel of the kingdom shall be preached for a witness unto all nations, the end shall come" (Matt. 24 : 14).

THE "SET TIME" COME.

Another sign, the last I shall mention to quicken our prayers, is Ps. 102 : 13, where the "set time" for God's mercy on Zion is defined. "Thou shalt arise and have mercy upon Zion ; for the time to favor her, yea, the set time is come. For thy servants take pleasure in her stones, and favor the dust thereof. He will regard the prayer of the destitute." Now this is the first time since Jerusalem's overthrow when there has been a learned and laborious research into her ruined stones, such as has issued in the most

REMARKABLE DISCOVERIES,

confirming to the letter the Word of God ; the Moabite stone, the Levitical stone of Gezer, the partition stone between the Israelite and the Gentile courts of the Temple, the Siloam stone, and others.

All these are to assure us *this* is especially the time to pray for the outpouring of the Spirit of Israel and the world, "Ask ye of the Lord rain in the time of the latter rain" (Zech. 10 : 1). The consummation shall be when the Jews themselves shall be stirred by the Spirit to pray.

EFFECTS OF THE RAIN.

IV. The effects of the outpouring of the latter rain upon Israel. The veil shall be taken away, which is now upon their heart, whenever Moses is read (II. Cor. 3 : 15, 16) ; the Spirit of the Lord will give them liberty from their bondage to the dead letter. Then, as the consequence, "Jehovah will destroy the veil that is spread over all nations" (Isa. 25 : 7). A new period of revelation shall begin, which has been silent so long as Israel, God's chosen mediator of revelation, and of establishing His kingdom on earth, has been in the background. Society will be pervaded by the Spirit of Christ ; so that art, music, and science, instead of drawing off the soul from God, shall be the handmaids of spiritual worship. Instead of the harlot church, and the beast world-power, energized by the god of this world, there will be the Bride, the transfigured church with Christ reigning in the heavenlies over Israel, and over the nations freed from the presence of Satan, who shall be chained a thousand years. The prophecy (Ezek. 37 : 9, 10, 14, 16, 17, 19) shall be fulfilled of Judah's union with the ten lost tribes, when "Jehovah shall put His Spirit in them, and they shall live." The living waters shall then issue from under the temple at Jerusalem : "And everything shall live whither the river cometh" (47 : 1–9). So the conversion of the nations, which, in vain, men expect to effect by preaching now, shall be effected by the Holy Spirit being poured out on a world-wide scale. "The earth shall be full of the knowledge of the Lord, as the waters cover the sea" (Isa. 11 : 9). "When the Lord shall send the rod of His strength out of Zion, His people shall be willing in the day of His power" (Psa. 110 : 3). "The receiving of Israel shall be life from the dead" to the Gentile world (Rom. 11 : 15). Surely these truths are well calculated to cheer and stimulate us on our heavenward way. The present world-course is soon to end ; the new and better age is fast approaching. "We," according to Christ's promise, "look for the new heavens and the new earth, wherein dwelleth righteousness."

O scenes surpassing fable and yet true ! scenes of accomplished bliss ! Which, who can see,
Though but in distant prospect, and not feel his soul refreshed with foretaste of the joy ?
Haste then, and wheel away a shattered world, ye slow revolving seasons.
Come then, and, added to thy many crowns, receive yet one, the crown of all the earth :
Thou who alone art worthy ! It was Thine by ancient covenant, ere nature's birth :
And Thou hast made it Thine by purchase since, and overpaid its value with Thy blood.

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CURRENT EVENTS.

The Strike of the Telegraph Operators was maintained last week without material change in the situation. The only event of importance which occurred was in favor of the operators. The American Rapid Telegraph Company had a conference on July 25th with representatives of the operators, at which mutual concessions were made, and an arrangement concluded satisfactory to both parties. The exact terms were not made known, but it was generally understood that the company had agreed to pay an advance of ten per cent and to accept eight hours' service as a day's work. Three hundred operators commenced work on Thursday morning. The Western Union and the Baltimore and Ohio companies still refused to negotiate at the close of last week, and complaints of defective service came from all parts of the country. In some places suits are threatened against the Western Union Company for failure to deliver messages. If these are pressed, there is a probability of the company being mulcted in heavy damages, as their charter expressly stipulates under penalties that continuous service shall be rendered by the company in return for the privileges they enjoy. Beside this, it is reported that the company is losing heavily by the falling off of business consequent on the public knowledge that it is uncertain when messages will be delivered. It was stated on Thursday that General Hazen had offered to help the Western Union by lending them some government operators, but the report was probably false. It is possible that General Hazen may sympathize with the monopoly, but he would scarcely be so rash as to incur the odium which would attach to him throughout the whole country if he lent them government assistance. In the present excited state of public feeling such an offer would arouse a storm of indignation which a more popular man than General Hazen might well fear to meet. The operators and linemen are conducting themselves with commendable moderation. The companies naturally feared that their wires would be cut, but the Telegraphers' Brotherhood guaranteed the safety of the companies' property, and pledged their assistance in the event of damage being done, in the detection of the offenders.

The Ohio State Convention Summoned to Arrange a non partisan temperance campaign assembled at Columbus on July 24th. It was attended by 500 delegates. The object of the convention was to form an organization in which all can vote their respective party State tickets and concentrate on the amendment. Mr. Campbell, of Topeka, Kan., attended, and gave an explanation of the plan which succeeded in Kansas, and it was decided to adopt that system in Ohio; a campaign fund was commenced, and a canvasser was assigned for each county. Reports were heard from local organizations, churches, conferences, and Sunday-schools, pledging their co-operation, and a resolution was adopted to co-operate with the Women's National Christian Temperance Union. It was decided to form an Executive Committee of one from each of the twenty-one congressional districts, and a State Central Committee consisting of one from each of the eighty-eight counties, who will have auxiliaries to co-operate with them in townships, villages, and school districts. Some leading men of the Republican and Democratic parties are on these committees.

The Virginia Democratic Convention, which assembled at Lynchburg, on July 25th, has elected to fight the campaign on the tariff issue. The Republicans are pledged to protection, while the Democrats incorporated in their platform the following resolution: "We favor a tariff for revenue limited to the necessities of a government economically administered, and so adjusted in its application as to prevent unequal burdens, encourage productive interests at home, and afford just compensation to labor, but not to create or foster monopolies." The convention pledged itself to the education of the colored children, accepted as final the settlement of the debt question arranged by Senator Mahone and his party lately, and demanded "the unconditional and immediate abolition of the Internal Revenue system." Congressman Barbour was made campaign manager, and it is expected that the contest will be a severe one.

The Prospect of Success for the Temperance party in Iowa this fall is considered hopeful by those engaged in the work. A correspondent in that State writes us that he believes a majority of nearly fifty thousand votes will be secured for the party pledged to carry through the Prohibition Amendment. He bases his estimate on the fact that although the party lacked the support of the press and influential politicians, 30,000 majority was polled when the amendment was carried; there is good reason for hoping that this year when both those forces co-operate the majority will be largely increased. That, of course, depends on the continued support of those who voted for prohibition before. The country is interested in the struggle in Iowa, and every temperance man in the State should feel that it is his imperative duty to register and vote without fail.

Captain Webb, the Noted Swimmer, has Lost his life in an attempt to swim the whirlpool at Niagara Falls. Captain Webb's extraordinary feats in swimming are well known all over the world, but when it was announced that he intended to swim the Rapids at Niagara scarcely any one believed that he would be rash enough to make the attempt. On Tuesday, July 24th, he hired a boatman to take him as far as he dared on the river. The boatman rowed him to a point in the river opposite the old Maid of the Mist landing, and there Captain Webb, divesting himself of his clothing, plunged into the river. He shot the big rapids successfully, and when entering the neck of the whirlpool below was observed to glance triumphantly at each shore. He was rushed to the American side, where the waves are forty feet high. He was then observed to throw up his arm as if making a signal of distress, and was not seen alive again. On Saturday his dead body was found about six miles from the whirlpool. It was wounded in many places, one severe wound on the top of the head penetrating the brain. Until a post-mortem examination is had it cannot be ascertained whether the daring swimmer lost his life by the crushing weight of water, or whether he dived and struck his head upon a rock. Captain Webb was an Englishman thirty-five years of age. He held several medals presented to him for saving the lives of drowning persons. In 1875 he accomplished the unprecedented feat of swimming from England to France at the Straits of Dover.

The Death of the Hon. Montgomery Blair on July 26th removes an historical figure from public life. Judge Blair was seventy years of age. He was Postmaster-General in President Lincoln's Cabinet, having previously held the office of United States District Attorney for Missouri, which he resigned to become a judge of the Court of Common Pleas. He was a member of the Democratic party until the repeal of the Missouri compromise, when he joined the Republicans, and President Buchanan removed him from office. Mr. Lincoln made him Postmaster-General in 1861, and he held the office until 1864. During his term of office he introduced many improvements in the service. Among them were the free delivery in cities, and the money-order system. Judge Blair left the Cabinet on account of dissensions caused by his conservatism, and again became a Democratic leader. It was Judge Blair who wrote the famous memorial to Congress, denouncing the counting in of Mr. Hayes in 1876.

The Distressing Calamity near Baltimore, which occurred on July 24th, has carried desolation into many homes. An excursion party numbering more than a thousand persons left Baltimore for Tivoli, a distance of about thirteen miles. They were conveyed thither in a barge, and at night the barge made two trips back to Baltimore, carrying each time some of the excursionists. She arrived at Tivoli about nine o'clock for her third and last complement. There was a rush for places, and the little pier was crowded with eager people struggling to get on board. The managers of the excursion, fearing that some accident would take place, begged the people to keep back, as there would be room for all, but no heed was paid to them. The crushing was continued, and at last the pier could support the strain no longer and the end farthest from the shore fell into the water, carrying with it its living load. The scene was terrible. By the light of a few lanterns people could be seen struggling with each other and clutching at the debris of the pier or anything that would keep them afloat. Several heroic young men belonging to the party threw off their outer clothing and jumped into the water, and by their means many were rescued; but in spite of their efforts at least sixty-five persons were drowned. Many of these were women and children; in several cases an entire family has been wiped out.

The General Synod of the Reformed Church has taken a decided action on the temperance question. At its recent session the following resolution was adopted: "*Resolved*, That the distress growing out of intemperance *is so great*, that it is the judgment of this Synod that the sanctity and prosperity of the Church as well as society demand a hearty co-operation of all Christians in such wise action, which will eventually give prohibition and suppression of intoxicating drinks as a beverage." This is of very great importance, when we take into consideration that the Reformed Church of America wields a powerful influence among the foreign born nationality (especially among the Dutch), who are very numerous in many sections of the country.

We Gratefully Acknowledge the Receipt of $2.80 from Mr. John Shindler in aid of the Blue Ribbon Gospel Army, of which Rev. M. Baxter is President. Also from a subscriber in Tennessee of $5 for the same cause, and $5 for foreign missions.

A Good Investment has been Made by a young man in Tennessee. Three years ago, a young married man bought four lots in one of the cities of that State, on one, two, and three years' time. When the first note became due, he had a cash offer for two of the lots, which would meet the entire amount paid for the four. It was accepted, the original purchaser thus becoming the owner of two desirable lots without paying a cent. Property continued to increase in value, and about four months ago one of the two remaining lots was sold for $1600, which was immediately used in erecting a neat brick residence on the fourth lot. The purchaser thus secured a home now worth over $3000 by a wise investment, and has not paid for it a dollar, except the profits on the original purchase. It is seldom that such opportunities for investment occur, but when they do they are quickly seized. It is strange that men should seize such chances with avidity, and yet should so generally neglect the opportunity offered them in the Gospel of an everlasting possession (II Cor. 5 : 1).

A Cupola Papered with Bank Bills was found on a mansion recently removed from a street in Grand Rapids, Mich., to another location. The house was formerly the property of a gentleman who attempted to establish a bank. The enterprise failed, owing to the proprietors being unable to meet the requirements of the law in coin deposits, and the bank passed into the hands of a receiver before it had actually commenced business. The leading projector suffered considerable loss, and his chagrin at his failure was intense. He had a large number of unsigned one, two and five dollar bills on hand, and with these he papered the walls of the cupola-room in his house, that he might never be without a reminder of his folly. Most men are glad to forget as soon as possible any blunder they have made, but this man probably knew enough of his own character to be aware that such a memento might be useful to him as a beacon for the future. Happy are they who so remember their sins, not with apprehension, but with detestation and a resolve in God's strength against their repetition (1 Peter 4 : 3).

A Bird's Nest on a Locomotive of the New York Central Railroad has attracted considerable attention from passengers and employés of the road. The Ithaca *Journal* states that a robin has built its nest on the main frame of engine No. 340 of the Central Railroad, between the left forward driving spring hanger and a cross brace. The engine runs daily between Rochester and De Witt. The bird during the building of the nest kept faithfully at work, as circumstances permitted, and, having completed the nest, she now occupies it, even when the engine is running. It is the strangest of places for a bird to select for her nest, but as she continues to occupy it, it may be supposed that it suits her. She has apparently satisfied herself that, though in the midst of vibration and turmoil, she is secure. It might be well if anxious and distressed Christians would study the lessons of the robin's life. With dangers and trials all around them God is able to keep them safely (Isa. 26 : 3).

An Infidel's Treasures were Described last week at the Fulton Street Prayer-meeting, by one who had seen them. Dr. G. D. Dowknott, of the Medical Mission, said : "An old man had been attending the Gospel meetings held in Roosevelt Street with blessed results. He came to us for medicine and medical advice. This was given. Something was then said to him about his soul, but he would not listen. He was an infidel, he said. But the missionary did not give him up. The poor man was induced to attend the Gospel services. His infidelity soon gave way, and he gives bright evidence of having experienced a change of heart. He recently brought to the mission an old hymn-book, and a little religious story-book, which *he had kept for forty years* hidden away among his few possessions. They were precious in the childhood days, when the heart never doubted, and in spite of his avowed infidelity he could not tear these up. Iconoclast as he deemed himself, these little keepsakes of the old-time faith of more than forty years ago he could not destroy. There was something sacred about them, ay, and perhaps, after all, something true."

A Curious Discovery of a Diamond Fraud was made by a photographer in Boston, recently. A diamond expert was offered a very large stone for eight thousand dollars. He applied to it all the tests used in the trade, and was satisfied that it was genuine. After he had purchased it, some circumstances occurred which led him to suspect that he had been cheated, notwithstanding the apparent genuineness of the diamond. He took the stone to a photographer, and asked him to send a ray of sunlight through it with his camera. Then it was discovered that there was an obstruction in the stone. A ray which passed through other diamonds clear and straight was stopped in the suspected stone. A powerful microscope was used upon it, and it was discovered that the obstruction was some cement which joined two small stones together, the two forming the magnificent gem the merchant had bought. The two stones were separated by chemicals, and were then worth about six hundred dollars each. There are many people who succeed in passing the tests of ministers and churches, who, when the clear light of God's throne falls upon them in the day of judgment, will be found fraudulent professors (1 Cor. 3 : 13).

A Number of Employes have been Discharged by a large manufacturing company in Connecticut because they are unable to read and write. Some of them have been in the employ of the company a long time, and it is stated they are able to perform efficiently the duties required of them, although they are ignorant of reading and writing. The company has been charged with harshness in discharging these people, and until all the circumstances were known there appeared to be grounds for the charge. It appears, however, that a year ago the company advertised that after the lapse of one year from date no person would be retained by the corporation who could not read and write, and those who were deficient in these branches were *given an opportunity to learn* by the establishment of night schools with competent instructors. It thus appears that the discharged employes might have continued in the service if they had availed themselves of the facilities provided for them, and therefore have only themselves to blame for losing their situations. In a far more important matter men will be similarly placed at the last great day (Heb. 2 : 3).

A Genuine Act of Christian Kindness was performed on July 19th in New York. There are living in the city a number of educated, refined people, whom scarcely any one knows. From a variety of causes they have fallen into extreme poverty, although in a time not so very long ago they had abundance of money. During the extreme heat of the past few weeks their poverty has been a trial, for although they bear their lot with Christian patience, it is impossible that, living in their crowded tenements, they should not sometimes long for a breath of pure sea-air such as they were accustomed to enjoy in their days of prosperity. Working among this little community is a Christian missionary, whose modesty prompts him to withhold his name, but who has done much for their spiritual good. Recently he mentioned the circumstances to one or two wealthy Christians, who generously placed at his disposal funds for their benefit. These were expended in taking a party of ninety to Coney Island on July 19th. There, by the kindness of a hotel proprietor, they enjoyed an excellent dinner and spent a pleasant day. Aged members of the party, at least one of whom is nearly ninety years of age, were gladdened and refreshed by the excursion. The cost was comparatively small, and we mention the matter in the hope that a similar good work may be done in other cities (Luke 14 : 13, 14).

"BEGINNING AT JERUSALEM."

A New Sermon by Pastor C. H. Spurgeon

"And that repentance and remission of sins should be preached in his name among all nations, beginning at Jerusalem."—LUKE 24 : 47.

Modern Teachers—The Cultured School—The Disciples Obedient—I. What they were to Preach—An Old-Fashioned Virtue—An Irreversible Blessing—II. Where it is to be Preached—The Iron Duke's Question—III. How to Preach it—In Christ's Name—On His Authority—IV. Where to Begin—At Jerusalem—Why—So Predicted—The Scene of the Passion—Danger of Despising Jews—A Difficult Place—A Lady's Invitation—At Home—Where much has been Done—Where Time Presses—Where there will be Opposition—Where the Biggest Sinners were.

THE servants of God were not left to originate a Gospel for themselves, as certain modern teachers appear to do, nor were they even left to map out their mode of procedure in the spreading of the glad tidings. They were told by their great Master *what to preach*, and *where to preach it*, and *how to preach it*, and even *where to begin to preach it*. There is ample room for the exercise of our thought in obeying Christ's commands ; but the worldly wise in these days call no one a thoughtful person who is content to be a docile follower of Jesus. They call themselves "thoughtful and cultured" simply because they set up their own thoughts in opposition to the thoughts of God. It were well if they would remember the old proverb—"Let another praise thee, and not thine own lips."

I. Ye that would faithfully serve Christ note carefully how He taught His disciples

WHAT THEY WERE TO PREACH.

We find different descriptions of the subject of our preaching, but on this occasion it is comprised in two things—*repentance and remission of sins*. I am glad to find in this verse that old-fashioned virtue called *repentance*. It used to be preached, but it has gone out of fashion now. Indeed, we are told that we always misunderstood the meaning of the word "repentance ;" and that it simply means a "change of mind," and nothing more. I wish that those who are so wise in their Greek knew a little more of that language, for they would not be so ready with their infallible statements. True, the word does signify a change of mind, but in its scriptural connection it indicates a change of mind of an unusual character. It is not such a fitful thing as men mean when they speak of changing their minds, as some people do fifty times a day ; but it is a change of mind of a deeper kind.

Gospel repentance is a change of mind of the most radical sort—such a change as never was wrought in any man except by the Spirit of God. We mean to teach repentance, the old-fashioned repentance, too ; and I do not know a better description of it than the child's verse :

"Repentance is to leave
The things we loved before,
And show that we in earnest grieve
By doing so no more."

Let every man understand that he will never have remission of sin while he is in love with sin ; and that if he abides in sin he cannot obtain the pardon of sin. There must be a hatred of sin, a loathing of it, and a turning from it, or it is not blotted out. We are to preach *repentance as a duty*. We are to preach *the acceptableness of repentance*. We are also to preach *the motives of repentance*—that men may not repent from mere fear of hell, but they must repent of sin itself. We are to preach *repentance in its perpetuity*. Repentance is not a grace which is only to be exercised by us for a week or so at the beginning of our Christian career ; it is to attend us all the way to heaven. Faith and repentance are to be inseparable companions throughout our pilgrimage to glory. We are to tell them of *the source of repentance*, namely, that the Lord Jesus Christ is exalted on high to *give* repentance and remission of sins.

Our second theme is to be *remission of sins*.

What a blessed subject is this! To preach the full pardon of sin—that it is blotted out once for all; the free pardon of sin—that God forgives voluntarily of His own grace; free forgiveness for the very chief of sinners for all their sins, however black they may be; is not this a grand subject? Now, this is what we are to preach—free, full, irreversible pardon for all that repent of sin, and lay hold on Christ by faith. O servants of the Lord, be not ashamed to declare it, for this is your message!

II. Next to this, we are told

WHERE IT IS TO BE PREACHED.

The text says that repentance and remission of sins should be preached in His name *among all nations*. Here, then, we have the divine warrant for missions. They are no speculations or enthusiastic dreams; they are matters of divine command. I dare say you have heard of what the Duke of Wellington said to a missionary in India who was questioning whether it was of any use to preach the Gospel to the Hindoos. "*What are your marching orders?*" said this man of discipline and obedience. "What are your marching orders?" that is the deciding question. Now the marching orders are, "Go ye into all the world and preach the Gospel to every creature." What a wonder it is that the church did not see this long before.

III. But this is not all. We are actually told

HOW TO PREACH IT.

Repentance and remission are to be preached *in Christ's name*. What does this mean? Ought we not to learn from this that we are to tell the Gospel to others, because *Christ orders us to do so?* In Christ's name we *must* do it. Silence is sin when salvation is the theme. If these should hold their peace, the stones would cry out against them. My brethren, you must proclaim the Gospel according to your ability; it is not a thing which you may do or may not do at your own discretion; but you *must* do it if you have any respect for your Saviour's name. If you dare pray in that name, if you dare hope in that name, if you hear the music of joy in that name, then in the name of Jesus Christ preach the Gospel in every land.

But it means more than that. Not only preach it under His orders, but preach it *on His authority*. The true servant of Christ has his Master to back him up. The Lord Jesus will seal by threatening or by grace the word of His faithful messengers. If we threaten the ungodly, the threatening shall be fulfilled. If we announce God's promise to the penitent, that promise shall be surely kept. The Lord Jesus will not let the words of His own ambassadors fall to the ground. "Lo, I am with you alway," says He, "even to the end of the world. Go ye therefore and teach all nations." You have Christ with you; teach the nations by His authority.

But does it not mean, also, that *the repentance and the remission which are so bound together come to men by virtue of His name?* O sinner, there would be no acceptance of your repentance if it were not for that dear name! That name has a fulness of saving efficacy, and if you will but rest in it, you shall find salvation, and find it now.

Be sure, then, that you preach in Christ's name. If you preach in your own name it is *poor work*. A man says to me, "I cannot tell a dead sinner to live. I cannot tell a blind sinner to see. I cannot invite an insensible sinner; it is absurd; for the sinner is altogether without strength." No, dear sir, I do not suppose you can do so while you speak according to carnal reason. Does the good man say that God has not sent him to bid the dead arise? Then let him not do it. Pray let him not try to do what God never sent him to do. Let him go home and go to bed; he will probably do as much good asleep as awake. But as for me, I am sent to preach in Jesus' name, "Believe and live," and therefore I am not slow to do so. I am sent on purpose to say, "Ye dry bones, live," and I dare do no otherwise. No faithful minister who knows what faith means looks to the sinner for power to believe, or looks to himself for power; but he looks to the Master that sent him for power; and in the name of Christ he says to the withered hand, "Be stretched out," and he says to the dead, "Come forth!" and he does not speak in vain.

IV. Now, I shall ask your attention to the principal topic of the present discourse, and that is, that He told His disciples

WHERE TO BEGIN.

I have heard of a Puritan who had in his sermon forty-five main divisions, and about ten subdivisions under every head. He might be said largely to divide the word of truth, even if he did not rightly divide it. Now, I have nine subheads to-night, and yet I hope I shall not detain you beyond the usual time. I cannot make fewer of them and give the full meaning of this sentence, "Beginning at Jerusalem." The apostles were not to pick and choose where they should start, but they were to begin at Jerusalem. Why?

First, because *it was written in the Scriptures that they were to begin at Jerusalem;* "Thus it is written, and thus it behoves, that repentance and remission of sin should be preached in His name among all nations, beginning at Jerusalem." It was so written; I will give you two or three proofs. Read in the second chapter of Isaiah, at the third verse: "Out of Zion shall come forth the law, and the Word of the Lord from Jerusalem." Isaiah's word would have fallen to the ground if the preaching had not begun at Jerusalem; but now, to the very letter, this prediction of the evangelical prophet is kept. In Joel, that famous Joel who prophesied the descent of the Spirit and the speaking of the servants and the handmaidens, we read in the second chapter, at the thirty-second verse, "In Mount Zion and in Jerusalem shall be deliverance." Obadiah in his twenty-first verse says, "Saviours shall come up on mount Zion." Who were these saviours but those who instrumentally became so by proclaiming the Saviour Jesus Christ. And Zechariah, who is *full of visions, but not visionary*, says in his fourteenth chapter at the eighth verse, "Living waters shall flow out of Jerusalem," and then he describes the course of those waters till they flowed even unto the Dead Sea, and made its waters sweet. Because the Bible said so, therefore they must begin at Jerusalem, and I call your attention to this, for our Lord Jesus was particular that every jot and tittle of the Old Testament should be fulfilled.

Secondly, I suppose that our Lord bade His disciples begin to preach the Gospel at Jerusalem, because *it was at Jerusalem that the facts which make up the Gospel had occurred*. It was there that Jesus Christ died, that He was buried, that He rose again, and that He ascended into heaven. All these things happened at Jerusalem, or not far from it. Therefore the witness-bearing of the apostles must be upon the spot where if they lie they can be confuted, and where persons can come forward and say, "It was not so; you are deceivers." If our Lord had said, "Do not say anything at Jerusalem. Go away to Rome and begin preaching there," it would not have looked quite so straightforward as it now does when He says, "Preach this before the scribes and the priests." Hence it was that, coming to the very people who had seen these things, the preaching of Peter had unusual force about it; in addition to the power of the Holy Spirit there was also this—that He was telling them of a crime which they had newly committed, and could not deny; and when they saw their error they turned to God with penitent hearts. I like this thought—that they were to begin at Jerusalem, because there the events of the Gospel occurred. This is

A DIRECTION FOR YOU,

dear friend; if you have been newly converted, do not be ashamed to tell those who know you. A religion which will not stand the test of the fireside is not worth much! "Oh," says one, "I have never told my husband. I get out on a Thursday night, but he does not know where I am going, and I steal in here. I have never even told my children that I am a believer. I do not like to let it be known. I am afraid that all my family would oppose me." Oh, yes; you are going to heaven, round by the back lanes. Going to sneak into glory as a rat crawls into a room through a hole in the floor! Do not attempt it. Never be ashamed of Christ. Come straight out and say to your friends, "You know what I was; but now I have become a disciple of Jesus Christ." Begin at Jerusalem; it was your Lord's command. If yours is a true, genuine, thorough conversion I do not say that you are to go up and down the street crying out that you are converted; but on due occasions you must not hide your convictions. Conceal not what the Lord has done for you, but hold up your candle in your own house.

The third reason why the Lord Jesus told them to begin at Jerusalem may have been that *He knew that there would come a time when some of His disciples would despise the Jews*, and therefore He said, When you preach My Gospel, begin with them. Some seem to think that there ought to be no mission to the Jews, that there is no hope of converting them, that they are of no use when they are converted, and so on. I have even heard some who call themselves Christians speak slightingly of the Jewish people. What! and your Lord and Master a Jew! There is no race on earth so exalted as they are. They are the seed of Abraham, God's friend. We have nobles and dukes in England, but how far could they trace their pedigree? Why, up to a nobody. But the poorest Jew on earth is descended lineally from Jacob, and Isaac, and Abraham. Instead of treating them with anything like disrespect, the Saviour says, "Begin at Jerusalem." Just as we say, "Ladies first," so it is "the Jew first." They take

PRECEDENCE AMONG RACES,

and are to be first waited on at the Gospel feast.

The fourth reason for beginning at Jerusalem is a practical lesson for you. *Begin where you are tempted not to begin*. Naturally, these disciples would have said to one another when they met, "We cannot do much here in Jerusalem. The first night that we met together the doors were shut for fear of the Jews. It is of no use for us to go out into the street; these people are all in such an excited frame of mind that they will not receive us; we had better go up to Damascus, or take a long journey and then commence preaching; and when this excitement is cooled down, and they have forgotten about the crucifixion, we will come and introduce Christ gradually, and say as little as we can about putting Him to death." That would have been the rule of policy—that rule which often governs men who ought to be led by faith. But our Lord had said, "Beginning at Jerusalem," and so Peter must stand up in the midst of that motley throng, and he must tell them, "This Jesus whom ye have with wicked hands crucified and slain is now risen from the dead." Instead of tearing Peter to pieces they come crowding up, crying, "We believe in Jesus; let us be baptized into His sacred name." The same day there were added to the church three thousand souls, and a day or two afterward five thousand were converted by the same kind of preaching.

We ought always to try to do good where we think that it will not succeed. If we have a very strong aversion to a certain form of Christian work, instead of taking that aversion as a token that we are not called to it, we may regard it as a sign that we ought at least to try it. The devil knows you, dear friend, better than you know yourself. You see, he has been *longer in the world than you have*, and he knows a great deal more about human nature than you do; and so he comes to you, and he reckons you up pretty accurately, and says, "This brother would be very useful in a certain sphere of labor, and I must keep him from it." So he tells the brother that he is not called to it, and that it is not the sort of thing for him, and so on; and then he says to himself, "I have turned aside one foe

from harming my cause." Yonder is a good sister. Oh, how much she might do for Christ, but Satan guides her into a work in which she will never shine; while the holy work which she could do right well is dreaded by her.

A LADY'S INVITATION.

I heard a beautiful story last Wednesday, when I was sitting to see inquirers, and I cannot help mentioning it here, for it may be a suggestion to some Christian who is present. A brother, who will be received into the church, was converted in the following way. He came up to London, and worked in a certain parish in the West-end. He was at work on a sewer, and a lady from one of the best houses in the West-end came to the men that were making the sewer, and said, "You men, come into my servants' hall and eat your dinners. I will give you either tea or coffee with your meal, and then you will not have to go into the public-house." Some of them went in, but others did not. So the next day the lady came out, and said, "Now, I know that you think my place too fine for you. You do not like to come; so I have come out to fetch you in. While this sewer is being done I should like you to eat your dinners in my house." She got them all in; and when they had done their dinners and drank their tea or coffee she began to talk to them about Jesus Christ. The work was a month or so about, and it was every day the same. Our friend does not know the lady's name, but he knows the name of Jesus through her teaching. Friends, we lose hosts of opportunities; I am sure we do. Many ways of doing good have never occurred to our minds, but they ought to occur to us; and when they do occur we should use them. Let us crucify the flesh about this. Let us overcome natural timidity. Let us in some way or other begin at Jerusalem, which is just where we thought that we never could begin.

Now, fifthly. We are getting on, you see. "Beginning at Jerusalem," must surely mean

BEGIN AT HOME.

Jerusalem was the capital city of their own country. You know the old proverb, "*The cobbler's wife goes barefoot.*" I am afraid that this proverb is verified by some Christians. They do a deal of good five miles off home, but none at home. I knew a man who used to go out with preachers every night in the week, and try to preach himself, poor soul that he was; but his children were so neglected that they were the most wicked children in the street, and they grew up in all manner of vice. The father was prancing about and looking after other people, and did not care for his own family. Now, if you are going to serve Christ to the very ends of the earth, take care that you begin at home. Dear parents, need I urge you to look to your own children? Look well to your children: begin at Jerusalem.

Begin with your servants. Do not let a servant live in your house in ignorance of the Gospel. Do not have family prayer merely as a matter of form, but let it be a reality. Do not have one person working for you to whom you have never spoken about his or her soul.

Begin with your brothers. Oh, the influence of sisters over brothers! I have a friend—a dear friend, too—who has long been a man of God, but in his young days he was a very loose fellow, and often he was all the night away from home. His sister used to write letters to him, and frequently while half tipsy he has read them under the street lamp. One letter which he read cut him to the quick. His sister's grief about him was too much for him, and he was compelled to seek and find the Saviour. Well has the sister been rewarded for all her love to him. Oh, dear friends, begin at Jerusalem! Begin with your brothers and sisters.

Then, sixthly, *begin where much has been already done.* Begin at Jerusalem. It is hard work, dear friends, to preach to certain people; they have been preached to so long, like the people at Jerusalem. They all know about the Gospel, it is hard to tell them anything fresh, and yet they have felt nothing, but remain wedded to their sins. The Jerusalem people had been taught for centuries in vain; and yet Christ's disciples were to speak to them first. We must not pass

THE GOSPEL-HARDENED;

we must labor for the conversion of those who have enjoyed privileges but have neglected them, those who have had impressions and have crushed them out, those who seem now as if they had sealed their own death-warrants and would never be saved. Do not hesitate to go to them. The Lord has done much already; it may be that He has laid the fire, and you are to strike the match and set it all alight.

Seventhly, *begin where the Gospel day is short.* If you ask me where I get that thought, it is from the fact that within a very short time Jerusalem was to be destroyed. The Romans were to come there to slay men, women, and children, and break down the walls and leave not one stone upon another. And Christ's disciples knew this; wherefore their Lord said, "Begin at Jerusalem." Now, then, if you have any choice as to the person you shall speak to, select an old man. He is near his journey's end, and if he is unsaved there is but a little bit of candle left by the light of which he may come to Christ. Choose the old man, and do not let him remain ignorant of the Gospel. Fish him up at once, for with him it is now or never, since he is on the borders of the grave. Or when any of you notice a girl upon whose cheek you see that hectic flush which marks consumption—if you notice during service the deep "churchyard" cough—say to yourself, "I will not let you go without speaking to you, for you may soon be dead." Begin at Jerusalem; begin where the day of grace is short.

Eighthly, begin, dear friend, *where you may expect opposition.* That is a singular thing to advise, but I recommend it because the Saviour advised it. A man comes into the Tabernacle to-night, and as he goes away he says, "Yes, I was pleased and satisfied." In that man's case I have failed. But another man keeps biting his tongue, for he cannot endure the preaching. He is very angry; something in the doctrine does not suit him, and he cries, "As long as I live I will never come here again." That man is hopeful. He begins to think. The hook has taken hold of him. Give us time, and we will have that fish. It is no ill omen when a man gets angry with the Gospel. It is bad enough, but it is infinitely better than that horrible lethargy into which men fall when they do not think.

And, lastly, to come to the meaning which Mr. John Bunyan has put upon the text in his famous book called "The Jerusalem Sinner Saved," I have no doubt that the Saviour bade them begin at Jerusalem, *because the biggest sinners lived there.* There they lived who had crucified Him. The loving Jesus bids them preach repentance and remission to them. There he lived who had pierced the Saviour's side, and they that had plaited the crown of thorns, and put it on His head. There dwell those who had mocked Him, and spat upon Him; therefore the loving Jesus, who so freely forgives, says, "Go and preach the Gospel first to them." The greatest sinners are the objects of the greatest mercy. Preach first to them. Are there any such here? My dear friend, we must preach the Gospel first to you because you want it most.

We are to preach to you first because, when you have received Him, you will praise Him most. If you are saved you will encourage others to come, and you will cheer up those who have come already. We shall be glad to get fresh blood poured into the veins of the Church by

THE CONVERSION OF BIG SINNERS

who love much because they have had much forgiven. Therefore, we are to come to you *first.* Will you not come to Christ at once? Oh, that you would believe in Him! Oh, that you would believe in Him to-night! To you is the word of this salvation sent. You old sinners—you that have added sin to sin, and done all you can do with both hands wickedly—you that have cursed His name—you that have robbed others—you that have told lies—you that have blackened yourselves with every crime, come and welcome to Jesus. Come to Christ and live at once. Mercy's door is set wide open on purpose that the vilest of the vile may come; and they are called to come first.

Just as you are, come along with you. Tarry not to cleanse or mend, but now "believe on the Lord Jesus Christ and thou shalt be saved." This night if you believe in Jesus you shall go out of these doors rejoicing that the Lord has put away your sin. To believe is to *trust*—simply to trust in Christ. It seems a very simple thing, but that is why it is so hard. If it were a hard thing you would more readily attend to it; but being so easy you cannot believe that it is effectual. But it is so; faith does save. Christ wants nothing of you but that you accept what He freely presents to you. Put out an empty hand, a black hand, a trembling hand; accept what Jesus gives, and salvation is yours. Thus have I tried to expound "Beginning at Jerusalem." Oh, that my Lord would begin with *you.* Amen.

[The prayers of the readers of this Journal are requested for the blessing of God upon its Editors in America and England, and those whose sermons, articles, or labors for Christ are printed in it; and for its weekly circulation of more than 260,000 copies to be blessed by the Holy Spirit to the conversion of many sinners and the quickening of God's people. Mr. Spurgeon and Dr. Talmage especially request prayer every Sunday morning on behalf of their labors.]

Mr. WILLIAM FORBES,

Gospel Temperance Evangelist.

AMONG the names of those who are striving to rescue the masses of the English people from the growing curse of intemperance and, whose success in that and other Christian efforts has been most marked, is that of William Forbes, whose portrait appears on page 492.

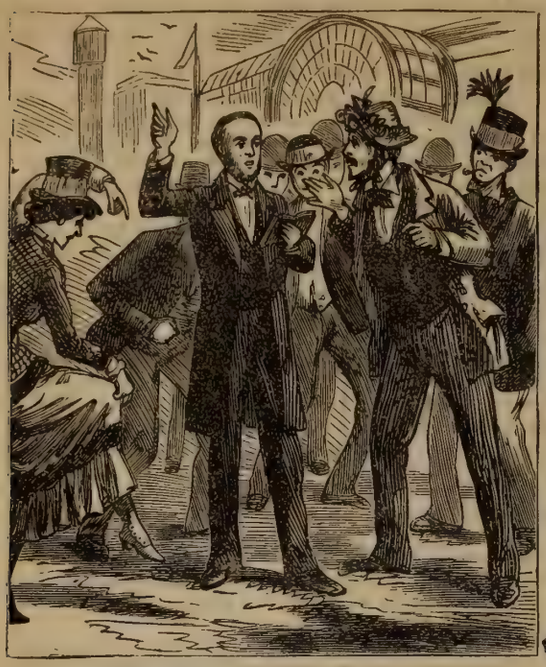
William Forbes was born in Stirling, Scotland, in the year 1831. He was always intelligent and fairly industrious, but during his school-days he did not display qualities marking him out for future eminence. At the conclusion of his educational course he embarked upon a commercial career, and for a considerable number of years was engaged in business in the city of Glasgow.

In 1861 he went to London. Soon after his arrival an opportunity was offered him of indulging his predilections for newspaper work, a taste he had always possessed, and the opportunity was eagerly grasped. Ever since that period William Forbes has been connected with the newspaper world.

EARLY WORK FOR CHRIST.

About fourteen years ago he was a seat-holder in a church in the north of London. A few young men connected with this cause began mission work in the locality. It was that mission which affected the whole of William Forbes's after-life, and led him into that path of effort for the good of others which he has since trodden with so much credit to himself and such incalculable benefit to his fellows. Mr. Forbes confesses, however, that he was not at that time a Christian. But the mission set on foot by his friends thrilled the religious instincts of his nature. He felt impelled, by what power he scarcely knew, to preach the Gospel. It was not long before the young preacher had found a place in which to address those who cared to hear. His first meetings were held in the billiard-room of an unoccupied public-house. He devoted himself with energy to his new work, and soon had gathered around him a congregation who recognized his ability and his earnestness, and listened with pleasure and profit to his discourses.

But for some time Mr. Forbes was groping in



Preaching to Excursionists.

Mr. W. Forbes, the Temperance Evangelist.

Startling Incident in a Theatre.

spiritual darkness. In studying and preparing the sermons he delivered periodically, he was enabled to see clearly the plan of salvation, through faith in Christ and Him crucified.

STARTLING INCIDENT IN A THEATRE.

Before his conversion, Mr. Forbes was one night in a provincial theatre. During the progress of the performance some gunpowder which was behind the scenes suddenly exploded. This caused alarm and confusion, followed by many persons rushing out of the theatre in panic until the manager came before the curtain and shouted out to the people that all danger was over. Happily no one was seriously injured, but the circumstance produced a deep impression on the mind of Mr. Forbes, revealing as it did the awful possibility that even in the midst of a search for pleasure the seeker might be summoned summarily before the bar of the Omniscient Judge, without opportunity for accepting salvation (*the incident of the explosion is shown on this page.*)

MISSION AND EVANGELISTIC WORK.

Mr. Forbes had done much good before his conversion by efforts in the Temperance Cause, and in connection with the Early Closing Movement, but he soon decided to devote himself to distinctively Christian work. The Lord was pleased to bless his labors. The billiard-room he had at first occupied being now too small for the increasing audiences, Mr. Forbes secured a stable, and fitted it up as a mission-room. His preaching was attended with happy results. Later on Mr. Forbes, with the assistance of friends, erected an iron church at Holloway, a suburb of London. He also originated, and carried on for seven and a half years, a daily prayer-meeting in the city.

EFFORTS AMONG THEATRICAL EMPLOYES.

The attention of Mr. Forbes having been directed to the want of spiritual and moral teaching among theatrical employés, he organized meetings at Exeter Hall and elsewhere to which those connected with the theatres were cordially invited to attend. The new mission was in every way successful. Mr. Forbes was supported and encouraged in his good work by many ladies and gentlemen of influence, who showed their sympathy by their presence at the meetings.

WEARING THE BLUE RIBBON.

In this manner he continued to work for the Master's glory until the end of 1881. Having visited Ipswich during the progress of Mr. Booth's campaign there, and spoken at one of the meetings, the distinguished American advocate pinned the blue ribbon upon his coat; and with the opening of the following year Mr. Forbes withdrew from nearly all other occupation, and devoted himself exclusively to Gospel Temperance work. Since that time he has held successful missions in nearly fifty cities and towns of the United Kingdom.

Gratifying success has greeted him everywhere, and in a tour in Cornwall upward of 5000 persons put on the ribbon.

SERVICE AT THE CRYSTAL PALACE.

Mr. Forbes was the first preacher who held an open-air service in the grounds of the Crystal Palace. The occasion was one of the annual Temperance fêtes. About eleven years ago, at one of the annual fêtes of the Foresters, he attempted a similar service in the same place. He was alone, and began singing a hymn, when an angry and excited crowd at once gathered around him, the men with women's hats on, and the women with men's hats, dancing and professing to join in the singing. As he was proceeding with his address, several men came to him and said, "We don't want any preaching here to-day; and if you don't give up, some of us have determined to throw you into the lake." As many of them were intoxicated, and seemingly desperate, he gave up the service, and distributed some thousands of tracts supplied by the Open Air Mission. (*The scene referred to is illustrated on this page.*)

TOM WILSON'S SHIPMATE.

(*See Illustration.*)

THE sun was sinking with an angry copper-colored glow around it, and the waves, except in the west where the sun's rays dyed the water, were dark, with tiny white crests. The wind was rising, and there was every indication of a rough night. The captain of the Mary Allen after surveying the scene went to his cabin to examine his chart. In a few minutes his voice was heard directing the mate to take in all canvas and prepare for the coming storm. At the wheel stood a tall, handsome lad, whose clear delicate complexion showed that his experience of the sea was but brief, but his firm, resolute face and the promptitude with which he obeyed orders proved that he understood his duties. That boy was Tom Wilson, "the only son of his mother, and she was a widow."

Tom was the son of a sailor, and his ambition from his earliest boyhood had been to follow the sea. He had not been disappointed in his expectation of life afloat. He was a strong, active, fearless lad, and was soon a favorite with his shipmates, who were ready to teach him all they knew. This was his second voyage out on the Mary Allen, and Tom could do his work as well as any man before the mast in spite of his juvenile countenance and in spite of the fact that not a drop of rum had passed his lips, nor a quid of tobacco been between his teeth.

Tom stood at the wheel attending to his duty, when he heard the sound of a scuffle not far from him. The skipper had turned in for an hour, and the men having come down from aloft were grouped together near the mast. Tom could hear that some dispute was going on, but he did not know what the subject was, and he gave little attention to it. But soon the men spread out, and then Tom could see that there was a fight between two of his shipmates. A man who had shipped at the last moment and was known as Wild Bill was fighting fiercely with Bob Wright, Tom's best friend on board. In a moment Tom's face showed his interest in what was going on. His fixed, earnest gaze was bent on the struggling men. Then he saw the glitter of a knife in Wild Bill's hand, and he gave a loud cry. The skipper heard and was on deck in an instant. He demanded the reason of the noise, and Tom told him what he had seen. Then Wild Bill was called aft and questioned. His confused answers excited the captain's suspicions, and a closer examination showed that the man was drunk. He had smuggled liquor on board among the clothes in his chest, and had been drinking heavily. He received the skipper's reprimand with a sulky air, and went back to his shipmates swearing under his breath.

The real fact of the case was that the man having treated the others had insisted on making Tom Wilson drink with the rest, and Bob Wright interfered. The lad did not drink, he said, and he should not be made to drink if he did not wish. Whereupon Wild Bill had asked if Bob was skipper, and in his drunken fury had added some foul language which had led to the fight. Bob was not hurt, thanks to Tom's shout, which had aroused the skipper and prevented mischief being done. Every one expected that the trouble would be renewed, for Wild Bill was a vindictive fellow, and his resentment against Tom and his friend was not likely to subside. But the wind was soon whistling through the shrouds, and the men had too much to do to think any more about it. When Tom was relieved, however, and went forward, he passed Wild Bill, who stood leaning sulkily against the mast, and heard him utter a threat that he would be even with him yet.

That night was one long to be remembered. Under a sky black as ink the ship was driven madly over waves that seemed mountains high—now raised to a fearful height, now sinking as if she would never float again, rolling heavily and pitching so violently that the men could scarcely keep their footing. Tom was solemnized, but was not afraid. His mother had taught him to trust in God, and his faith did not desert him in the storm. He was busily engaged with his mates, when passing rapidly along the deck he saw Wild Bill standing high above his head and swaying dangerously as the ship lurched. Remembering the man's condition, he watched him earnestly as he passed, and to his horror saw him miss his footing. In another moment he would have been in the water, but Tom sprang to his side and held him in his arms, shouting at the same moment for help. Wild Bill was a burly fellow, and Tom felt that he could not hold him unaided, but he clung to him until his arms seemed as if they would be pulled from their sockets. But help came, and Wild Bill was lifted on the deck.

"Tom gazed anxiously at the scuffle."

The next morning Wild Bill sought Tom out, and in rough but evidently sincere words thanked him for saving his life. So good an opportunity was not to be missed, and Tom said a few words to him about the liquor. "I know, I know," said Bill. "It'll be my death sooner or later. Never touch it, boy, it's poison; but it's too late for me to give it up." But Tom did not think so. He pleaded with him, and had the satisfaction of seeing the poor miserable slave make several struggles to free himself of his bonds. They ended ineffectually, however. But Tom had a plan in his head for Bill's rescue. When that voyage was over, he persuaded Bill to accompany him to his home, and there he told the story to his mother. The widow at first shrank from the man who would have made her boy drink, but, gradually, pity for the man overcame her repugnance, and she labored for his emancipation. Her prayers and pleadings conquered. Bill left the widow's home a total abstainer and a Christian, and Tom had no warmer or more devoted friend in after life than the man who had threatened him and plotted his ruin.

MRS. CHANTREY'S SECRET.

A SERIAL STORY.

(*Continued from page 478.*)

The Secret Revealed.

It was not long before Mr. Warden found an opportunity of speaking to Sophy, though it was an agony to him to do it. A few words only were spoken before she knew what he meant to say, and she interrupted him passionately.

"Oh, if David was but here!" she cried, "I could keep right then. But I cannot bear it; indeed, I cannot bear it. The house is so dreary, and there is nothing for me to think of; and then I begin to go down, down into such a misery you do not know anything of. I think I should go mad without it; and after I have taken it, I feel mad with shame. Aunt Bolton has told me what she said to you; and I can hardly bear to look either of you in the face. What shall I do?"

"You must break yourself of the habit," he said pitifully; "God will help you, if you only keep Him in your thoughts. Promise me you will neither taste it, nor look at it again, and I will take the same solemn pledge with you now, before God."

"It would be of no use," she answered, in a hopeless tone, "the instant I see it, I long for it; and I cannot resist the longing. I've vowed on my knees not to take any for a day only; and the moment I have sat down to dinner, I could hardly bear to wait till Brown comes around. If I wake in the night—and I wake so often—I think of it the first thing. If I could get right away from it, perhaps there might be a chance; but how can I get away?"

"Have you ever thought of what it must lead to?" he asked, wondering at the power the terrible sin had already gained over her.

"Thought!" she cried, "I think of it constantly. David will hate me when he comes home, if I cannot conquer it before then. But what am I to do? I cannot write to him unless I take it. No; I cannot even pray to God, when I am so utterly miserable. It would be better for me to be some poor man's wife, and drudge for my husband and children, than to have nothing to do, and be so much alone. There must be some way of escaping from it; but I cannot find it."

This way of escape—how could he find it for her? It was a question that occupied his thoughts day and night. There was one way, but Mrs. Bolton firmly persisted in closing it, and no other seemed open to her. He could not make known this difficulty to his friend, David Chantrey, for it would be a death-blow to him literally. He would hasten home from Madeira, at the very worst season of the year, as it was now late in October. The risk for him would be too great. There was no other home open to Sophy; and it did not seem possible to make any change in the conditions of that home. She must still be lonely and miserable, and still be exposed to daily temptations. All he could do was so little, that he did it without hope in the results.

If possible, Ann Holland was yet more troubled than he was. By-and-by it became common town's-talk, and many a neighbor visited her with the purpose of gossiping about poor Mrs. Chantrey. But they found her averse to dwell upon the subject, as if gossip had suddenly grown distasteful to her. Many an hour when she was waiting for her drunken brother to come in from the Upton Arms, she pondered over what she could do to save the wife of her beloved Mr. Chantrey. She knew better than Mr. Warden, who had never been in close domestic contact with the sin, how terrible and repulsive was the degradation of it; and she was heart-sick for Sophy and her husband.

"There's one thing I've done," she said one day to Mrs. Bolton, speaking to her of her brother's drunkenness; "he's never seen me drink a drop of it since he came home drunk the first time. I hate the very sight of it, or to hear people talk of the good it's done them! Why, if it did me worlds of good, and made my poor Richard the miserable wretch he is, I couldn't touch it. And he knows it; he knows I do it for his sake, and maybe he'll turn some day. But if he doesn't turn, I couldn't touch what is ruining him."

"That's very well in your station, Ann," answered Mrs. Bolton, "but it is quite different with us. We owe a duty to society, which must be discharged."

"Very likely, ma'am," she replied meekly; "it's my feelings I was speaking of, not exactly my duty. I hate the name of it; and to think of the thousands and thousands of folks it ruins! When you've seen anybody belonging to you ruined by it you'll hate it, I know. But pray God that may never be!"

"Ann," said Mrs. Bolton, cautiously, "do you suppose any one belonging to me could ever drink more than is right?"

"It's the town's-talk," answered Ann Holland, bursting into tears; "everybody knows it. Oh, Mrs. Bolton, if you can do anything to help her, now is the time to do it. It will get too hard to be rooted up by-and-by. I know that by my poor brother. He'll never leave it off till he's on his death-bed, and can't get it. James Brown, your butler, ma'am, is always talking to him, and exciting him about what he's got charge of in your cellars; and they sit here talking about it for an hour at a time, till they go off to the Upton Arms. I hate the very sound of it."

"But I must have cellars, and I must have a butler," said Mrs. Bolton, somewhat angrily.

She was fond of Ann Holland, and liked the reverence she had always paid to her. But this ridiculous notion of Mr. Warden's seemed to have taken possession of the poor, uneducated woman's brain, and threatened to undermine her influence over her. She cut short her visit to her at this point, and returned home uncomfortable and disturbed, wishing she had never offered the shelter of her roof to her nephew's unhappy and weak-minded wife.

Presently, as the dreary winter wore away, Mr. Warden began to shun the sight of Sophy Chantrey. All his efforts to save her, or even to check her rapid downfall, had proved vain; and he turned from her sin with a resentment tinged with disgust. But Ann Holland could feel no resentment or disgust. If it had been in her power she would have watched over her and cared for her night and day with unwearied tenderness. As far as she could she sought to keep alive within her all kinds of softening and pleasant influences. She went often to see Charlie at school, sometimes persuading Sophy to go with her, though more often the unhappy mother shrank from meeting her little son's innocent greetings and caresses. The terrible fits of depression which followed every indulgence of her craving frequently unfitted her for any exertion. She clung to Ann Holland's faithful friendship; but it was not near enough or strong enough to keep her from yielding when she was tempted.

But Sophy Chantrey had not yet fallen to the lowest depths—perhaps never would fall. Her husband's return would save her. Ann Holland looked forward to it as the only hope, and it was now close at hand.

Soon Mr. Chantrey's term of exile was over, and the spring brought release to him. He was returning to England in stronger health and vigor than he had enjoyed for some years before his absence. It seemed to himself that he had completely regained the strength that had been his as a young man. He was a young man yet, he told himself—not six and thirty, with long years of happy work lying before him. The last eighteen months had been weary ones, though he could not count them as lost time, since they had restored him to health. The voyage home was a succession of almost perfectly happy days, as he dwelt beforehand upon the joy that awaited him. He had a packet of letters, those which had reached him from home during his absence; and he read them through once more in the long leisure hours of the voyage. Those from his friend Warden and his aunt which bore a recent date had certainly a rather unsatisfactory tone; but all of Sophy's had been brighter and more cheerful than he had anticipated. Every one of them longed for his return, that was evident. Even Warden, who did not know where his fate would take him to next, expressed an almost extravagant anxiety for his speedy presence in his own parish.

He loved his parish and his people with a peculiar pride and affection. It was twelve years since he had gone to Upton—a young man just in orders, and in the full glow of a fresh enthusiasm as to his duties. He believed no office to be equal to that of a minister of Christ. And though this glow had somewhat passed away, the enthusiasm had deepened rather than faded with the lapse of years. His long illness and exclusion from his office had imparted to it a graver tone. In former days, perhaps, he had been too much set upon the outer ceremonials of religion. He had been proud of his church and the overflowing congregation which assembled in it week after week testifying to his popularity. To pass along the streets of his little town, and receive everywhere the tokens of respect that greeted him, had been exceedingly pleasant. He had bent himself to win golden opinions, after quoting the words of Paul, "I am made all things to all men, that by all means I might save some." And he had succeeded in gaining the esteem of almost every class of his parishioners.

But during the long and lonely months of absence he had learned to love his people after a different fashion. There were some pleasant vices in his parish to which he had shut his eyes; some respectable delinquents with whom he had been on friendly terms, without using his privilege as a friend to point out their misdeeds. There was not a high tone of morality in his parish. Possibly he had been too anxious to please his people. He was going back to them with a deeper and stronger glow of enthusiasm concerning his duties and work among them; but with a graver sense of his own weakness, and a more humble knowledge of the Divine Father for whom he was an ambassador.

His vessel reached his native shore the day before its arrival could have been expected, and neither Sophy nor his friend Warden was there to welcome him. But this was an additional pleasure; he would take them all by surprise in the midst of their preparations for his return. Warden had warned him that there would be quite a public reception of him, with a great concourse of his parishioners, and every demonstration of rejoicing. It was in his nature to enjoy this; but still he would like a few quiet hours with Sophy first, and these he could secure by hastening home by the first train. He would reach Upton early in the evening.

It was an hour of intense happiness, and he felt it to his inmost soul. All the route was familiar to him after he had started from London; the streets and suburbs rushing past him swiftly, and the meadows, in the bright green and gold of spring, which followed them. He knew the populous villages, with their churches, where he was himself well known. Every station seemed almost like a home to him. As he drew nearer to Upton he leaned through the window to catch the first glimpse of his own church, and the blue smoke rising from his own house; and a minute or two afterward, with a gladness that was half a pain, he found himself once more on the platform at Upton station.

"I am back again," he said, shaking hands with the station-master with a hearty grasp that spoke something of his gladness. "Is all going on well among you?"

"Yes, Mr. Chantrey; yes, sir," he answered. "You're welcome home, sir. God bless you! You've been missed more than any of us thought of when you went away. You're needed here, sir, more than you think of."

"Nothing has gone very wrong, I hope," said the rector, smiling. He had faithfully done his best to provide a good substitute in Warden, but it was not in human nature not to feel pleased that no one could manage his parish as well as himself.

"No, no, sir," replied the station-master, "nothing but what you'll put right again at once by being at home yourself. No, there's nothing very wrong, I may say. Upton meant to give you a welcome home to-morrow, with arches of flowers and music. They'll be disappointed you arrived to-day, I know."

David Chantrey laughed, thinking of the welcome they had given him when he brought Sophy home as his young wife. His heart felt a new tenderness for her, and a throb of impatience to find her. He bade a hasty good-evening to the station-master, and walked off buoyantly toward the High Street, along which his path lay. The station-master and the ticket-clerk watched him, and shook their heads significantly; but he was quite unconscious of their scrutiny.

Never had the quiet little town seemed so lovely to him. The quaint irregular houses stood one half of them in shadow, and the rest in the level rays of the May sunset; the chestnut trees, with their young green leaves and their white blossoms lighting up each branch to the very summit of them; the hawthorn bushes here and there covered with snowy bloom; the children playing, and the swallows darting to and fro overhead; the distant shout of the cuckoo, and the deep low tone of the church clock just striking the hour—this was the threshold of home to him; the outer court, which was dearer to him and more completely his own than any other place in the wide world could ever be.

No one was quick to recognize him in his somewhat foreign aspect; the children at their play took no notice of him. All the tradespeople were busy getting their shops a little in order before the shutters were put up. He might perhaps pass through the street as far as Bolton Villa without being observed, and so be sure of a perfectly quiet evening. But as he thought so his heart gave a great bound, for there before him was Sophy herself hurrying along the uneven causeway, now lost behind some jutting building, and then seen once more, still hastening with quick, unsteady steps, as if bent on some pressing errand.

He did not try to overtake her, though he could have done so easily. He felt that their first meeting must not be in the street, for the tears that smarted under his eyelids and dimmed his sight, and the quicker throbbing of his pulses, warned him that such a meeting would be no common incident in their lives. She had been his wife for nine years, and she was far dearer to him now than she had been when he married her. Eighteen months of their life together had been lost—a great price to pay for his restored health. But now a long, happy union lay before them.

He had not followed her for more than a minute or two when she suddenly turned and entered Ann Holland's little shop. Well, he could not take her by surprise better in any other house in Upton. Perhaps it might even be better than at Bolton Villa, amid its cumbrous surroundings; he always thought of his aunt's house with a sort of shudder. If Sophy had fortunately fixed upon this quiet house for paying the good old maid a kindly visit, there was not another place except their own home where he would rather receive her first greeting—that is if the drunken old saddler did not happen to be in. He paused to inquire from the journeyman, still at work in the shop; learning that Richard Holland was not at home, he passed impatiently to the kitchen beyond. Ann Holland was just closing the door of her little parlor, and David Chantrey approached her, hardly able to control the agitation he felt.

(To be continued.)

LAST DAYS OF JOSHUA.

S. S. Lesson for Aug. 12, Josh. 24 : 14-29. Golden Text, ver. 14. By Mrs. M. Baxter.

Joshua's Sermon—Its Subject—The Solemn Appeal—His Ascription to God—Reminding the People of the Conditions of Inheritance—His Testimony—No Failure—Believing in Full—A Service of Consecration—Comprises a Putting Away—An Inconsistent Professor—A Natural Question — The People Pledged — A Better Burial Place.

JOSHUA in his old age ceased to be a warrior, but the Lord made him a land surveyor of the inheritance which He had given to His people, and called him to divide the land by lot, and although many of their enemies remained in it, the tribes of Israel entered upon their inheritance. Now Joshua, who was old and stricken in age, became a preacher, thus bringing forth "fruit in old age" (Psa. 92 : 14). The theme of his discourse when he gathered all Israel, their elders, their heads, their judges, and their officers as his audience, was the faithfulness of God, and their responsibility to obey and to trust Him. He appealed to them as witnesses of what the Lord had done for them, and that their God was He who had fought for them. No credit did Joshua take to himself, no particle of pride seemed to be in him, because he had been made the instrument of God in effecting the greater work of subduing the enemies of Israel, and taking possession of the land of Canaan, for Joshua saw not himself but God.

He reminded them how *he* had divided the land to them by lot, but that *God Himself* would expel the inhabitants who yet remained in their inheritance. But, *therefore, i.e.*, in order to

this, *they* must keep and do what was written in the law of Moses, *they* must keep free from idolatry, *they* must cleave to the Lord their God. How exactly this is a type of our position! Called to inherit all the fulness of God (Eph. 3 : 19), yet mighty foes dispute our inheritance. *Our only power* against them is to count on the immutable promise of our God who fighteth for us, in the strong confidence that God is *now* and at all times already on our side. He has not to be brought round to help us by strivings, strugglings, and efforts of our own, after the manner of the heathen, whose only idea is to force their false gods to help them, by some mighty earnestness on their own part, their real reliance being on those efforts.

Joshua's personal testimony, after a life one hundred and ten years long, is most precious, "And behold, this day I am going the way of all the earth; and ye know in all your hearts and in all your souls, that

NOT ONE THING HATH FAILED

of all the good things which the Lord your God spake concerning you; all are come to pass unto you, and not one thing hath failed thereof." Little of the Word of God was then written, but how precious is the witness of this old believer, that God could not and would not alter the thing that was gone out of His mouth! And now that He who "spoke in times past unto the fathers by the prophets, hath in these last days spoken unto us by His Son" (Heb. 1 : 12), how much more are we bound, in these days of open Bible, to believe to the full, and put fully to the proof, the Word of the living God! And yet practically, in the Church as well as in the world, the Word of God is not generally regarded as of one tenth the value with which the ideas of men concerning it are regarded. For instance, Paul writes, "Be ye filled with the Spirit" (Eph. 5 : 18), but the majority of Christians instead of going face to face with God, and claiming and securing the being filled with the Holy Ghost, go and search in this and that commentary, or seek the opinion of this or that Christian, and argue as to what it is to be filled with the Spirit. They debate the point, and will tell you with whose opinion they coincide, while all the time they are minus the experience, and are really setting aside the Word of God, to exalt men above it.

Again, our beloved Lord said, "Verily, verily, I say unto you, he that believeth on Me, the works that I do shall he do also; and greater works than these shall he do, because I go unto My Father" (John 14 : 12). Anybody reading the Bible for the first time, without any of the subtle arguments of men, would expect nothing less than that every one who believes should heal the sick, cleanse the lepers, cast out devils, as well as win souls to Christ, and lead them into the fulness of the Spirit, these latter being the greater works. But instead of this being the case with most readers of the Word of God, they make an excuse for their own unbelief in the opinion of some writers or some preachers, that this cannot mean what it says, that the age of miracles is past (although the Bible never says so), and that if God uses us to do the greater works, the spiritual works, we need not trouble about the lesser, the works which Jesus did on earth. Now, whence comes such a conclusion? Surely from unbelief. The works which Jesus did are not being done by His disciples, and either something has failed of that which Christ has spoken, or else we are guilty of unbelief.

Joshua argued that as all good things were come upon the Lord's people according to His word of promise, so would all evil things of which He had warned them surely come upon them if they transgressed against the Lord. He then held what would be called in our days

A SOLEMN CONSECRATION

meeting. He gathered all the tribes of Israel to Shechem, and called for their elders, heads, judges, and officers, "and they presented themselves before God." Then He delivered to them a direct message from God, reminding them how He had taken their fathers from the other side of the flood, where they had served other gods, how He had brought out Abraham, and given him posterity, how through Moses He had brought His people out of Egypt, delivered them from the Amorites, from Balak, King of Moab, and refused to hear the prayer of Balaam against them, and, after delivering the Canaanites into their hand He continued, "And I have given you a land for which ye did not labor, and cities which ye built not, and ye dwell in them; of the vineyards and oliveyards which ye planted not do ye eat." What a type of the glorious rest of faith! On the ground of God's faithfulness He appealed to His people to make a solemn consecration, "Now, therefore, fear the Lord, and serve Him in sincerity and in truth." But this involved sacrifice, "Put away the gods which your fathers served . . . and serve ye the Lord."

There is no real consecration without a distinct putting away. Consecration is *from* and *to*, from the world, from sin, from the power of friends and relations who would hinder us, above all from self, *to God*. Joshua was most distinct in his dealing with the people for God, he said, "And if it seem evil unto you to serve the Lord, choose you this day whom ye will serve; whether the gods which your fathers served . . . or the gods of the Amorites, in whose land ye dwell; but as for me and my house, we will serve the Lord." A true preacher of holiness must take the lead in consecration. We have known a man in the habit of conducting holiness meetings, while giving way to extravagance at the expense of another, all whose means were consecrated to the Lord, and in addition running up bills which were constantly brought up as a scandal in the work of God. What is the consequence? All this man says about holiness falls powerless to the ground, it is "sounding brass and a tinkling cymbal."

Joshua began with himself and his household, "As for me and my house, we will serve the Lord." A holiness preacher must himself take the lead, and be in a position to say to all whom he teaches, "Be ye followers of me, even as I also am of Christ" (1 Cor. 11 : 1). The people were thoroughly stirred, and answered, "God forbid that we should forsake the Lord, to serve other gods; for the Lord our God, He it is that brought us up and our fathers out of the land of Egypt, from the house of bondage, and which did those great signs in our sight, and preserved us in all the way wherein we went, and among all the people through whom we passed; and the Lord drove out from before us all the people, even the Amorites which dwelled in the land; therefore will we also serve the Lord; for He is our God."

THE CHOICE WAS MADE,

but the people did not know their own weakness and inability to keep their promise. Joshua said unto the people, "Ye cannot serve the Lord your God: for He is an holy God; He is a jealous God." Oh, how true this is! Of ourselves we cannot serve the Lord our God, and the law of God is continually bringing up before us our obligations and the impossibility of fulfilling them. "You ought, but you can't," this is the cry of our great adversary, taking advantage of the obligations of the law, and our powerlessness to fulfil them. What then? Does God demand of us that which He knows we can never do? Thank God, He has made a blessed, perfect provision for us. Jesus is our Refuge, He is "the end of the law for righteousness to every one that believeth" (Rom. 10 : 4), and that not only *for* us, but *in* us also. It was His meat to do the will of Him that sent Him, and to finish His work (John 4 : 34), and that which He is in Himself He is also as dwelling within us. It is the meat of Jesus in my heart to do the will of God. He says, "Thy law is within my heart" (Ps. 40 : 8); and bless Him, because He dwells within, the law instead of being written on tables of stone is put in our minds and written in our hearts (Heb. 8 : 10). "Must" and "cannot" belong to the law, but when the law is within instead of without, the must is turned to may, and the cannot to can, "I can do all things through Christ which strengtheneth me" (Phil. 4 : 13).

The question would naturally arise in the hearts of the people, "If Joshua tells us we cannot serve the Lord, how, then, can he, for he has chosen that he and his house will serve the Lord?" Example is stronger than precept: that which was safe for him was safe for them, too, and in spite of his warning them that God would not forgive their transgressions and their sins, and that if they forsook the Lord, and served other gods, then He would turn and do them hurt after He had done them good, they came to the decision,

"NAY; BUT WE WILL SERVE THE LORD."

False gods had done nothing for their fathers, and nothing for them, and had not been able to deliver the Canaanites out of their hand, so that they had no encouragement to prefer their service to that of Him who had so watched over them. Then Joshua said to them, "Ye are witnesses against yourselves that ye have chosen you the Lord, to serve Him. And they said, We are witnesses." And thus this national consecration meeting reached its climax.

The name Shechem, where the people made this consecration, means "strength, literally shoulder." If in our weakness, unable in ourselves, we make the choice to serve the Lord in His strength, letting the government be upon His shoulder, then our weakness is the very occasion for the putting forth of His power, and we find that His strength is really made perfect in weakness. But Joshua could not leave the work imperfect; he said, "Now, therefore . . . put away the strange gods which are among you, and incline your heart unto the Lord God of Israel." While anything takes the place of God in our heart and life, consecration is not real and perfect. While the things of the world are an object to us, while we mind the things of the flesh, these things are more or less idols, and our God cannot accept a divided heart. The people pledged themselves, and then Joshua "made a covenant with the people that day, and set them a statute and an ordinance in Shechem. And Joshua wrote these words in the book of the law of God."

What a blessed occupation for Joshua in his last days to bring the people to a consecration of heart and life to God, and then to write a portion of the Bible which should be blessed to all future generations! However the infirmities of age had come upon him, one thing is clear, his intellect was strong, his faith yet stronger, and he had both sight and the use of his hands to write the law of God, indeed, both he and Moses seem to have had remarkable activity just before their death. "Then Joshua took a great stone, and set it up there under an oak, that was by the sanctuary of the Lord. And Joshua said unto all the people, Behold, this stone shall be a witness unto us; for it hath heard all the words of the Lord which He spake unto us; it shall be therefore a witness unto you, lest ye deny your God." Praise God, we have a better witness, the presence of Jesus within us, if we have received Him to dwell in our hearts by faith.

Then Joshua let the people depart, and soon after died at the age of a hundred and ten, and "they buried him in the border of his inheritance in Timnath-serah," which means "abundant portion." We have *a better burial place*. Buried with Christ by baptism into death, baptized or buried into the name of the Father and of the Son and of the Holy Ghost, buried to self in God. Oh, how abundant in our portion! We read that the effect of this solemn consecration lasted "all the days of the elders, which overlived Joshua, and which had known all the works of the Lord, that He had done for Israel." Joshua had served his own generation, before he fell on sleep, and was gathered to his fathers (Acts 13 : 36) as David after him. The Lord lead us so to live, and if the Lord tarries, so to die, and so to be a blessing to others as this honored man of God. Amen.

FOREIGN TOPICS.

The European Journals have been Occupied during the week with the tension existing in the relations of England and France. It is evident that during several months the friendly feeling previously existing between the two countries has been growing less cordial, and the Madagascar affair and the negotiations as to a second Suez canal have simply brought the latent unpleasantness to a crisis. The two governments appear to have patched up an agreement, but the respective peoples and the press of the two countries are irritated against each other. Several French journals remark on the possibility of a war with England. The *Figaro* appears with a prominent editorial headed "War with England." The *Evénement* declares that the colonial policy of France is impossible without *forcible repression* of English extensions. Other journals are more moderate in tone, but insist that France shall not abate one jot of her just rights in her colonies and in Egypt and other places. Once before, in recent times, a similar state of affairs existed. It was immediately after Orsini's attempt on the life of the Emperor Napoleon III., and the officers of the French army then were unwise enough to threaten England with war as they are doing now. The crisis then passed harmlessly away, as we may reasonably hope it will in this case.

An Italian Town was Destroyed by an Earthquake on Saturday last. A cable message published here on Monday describes a violent earthquake which shook the island of Ischia, near Naples, and wholly destroyed Casamicciola, its principal town, and did severe damage to the neighboring towns of Forio and Lacceameno. The shocks began about half-past nine o'clock in the evening. At that hour the majority of the upper classes at Casamicciola were at the theatre. There a terrible scene was enacted. The lamps were overturned, clouds of dust were thrown up, and then *the walls of the building opened* and fell. How many persons lost their lives there cannot be estimated. The town is a noted health resort, much favored by the Italians, who go there for the baths. It is feared that many distinguished visitors must have perished. The ground opened in many places, swallowing up houses and their inmates before there was time to escape. The hotel Piccola Sentinella sank in the earth with all who were there. Nearly all the houses in the town collapsed, and at the date of the cable dispatch there were living people buried in the ruins whom it was impossible to extricate; many others, it is feared, are entombed in the cellars. When the first shock was felt, the people in the streets made a rush for the sea, seizing boats, rafts, and anything that would float. Steamers laden with the injured people arrived at Naples on Sunday, and assistance was promptly sent from Naples to Ischia. The number of lives lost is estimated at three thousand.

Cholera Still Rages in Egypt. A Sanitary commission composed of twelve physicians has been sent there from England, and efforts are now being made to check the progress of the plague by isolation. The inhabitants of the most infected portion of Bulak, a noted resort for travellers, which is about a mile from Cairo, have been sent to Turah, a place ten miles up the Nile, and their houses have been burned. Corpses in large numbers were found in many houses. The officials of the Department of State Domains have been removed to Helouan, a few miles farther up the Nile, where they are encamped. A great quantity of tar is burned in Cairo every night. Two soldiers of a British regiment stationed at Suez have died from the cholera. The regiment had previously been at Cairo. A British lieutenant and one soldier died from the disease at Cairo on July 24th. Three days later the deaths of twenty-five soldiers were reported. A cholera expert who has visited Egypt states that the plague has been improperly treated. Instead of a cordon being established around infected places, the people should have been driven out of them and a cordon established to prevent their return. That course is now being adopted. Uneasiness is still felt lest the disease should be carried to Europe. The authorities in Liverpool applied for powers to deal with a cargo of rags which arrived in that port from Egypt, it being well known that infection is carried more surely by rags than by any other means. It was subsequently found that the rags were consigned to New York, and a cable message warning the authorities here was dispatched.

The Trial of the Jews in Hungary Charged with the murder of a Christian girl is approaching its conclusion. On Friday it was reported by cable that the evidence was all in, and the counsel engaged in the case were making their speeches. The most violent language was used on both sides. The President of the Court repeatedly interfered, requesting the speakers not to preach religious hatred. The prosecution maintained that in carrying out the Jewish ritual murder was common and frequent. The counsel for the defence derided the charge that the ritual sanctioned the shedding of blood by Jews—a charge which, he claimed, was made for the purpose of spreading lies and exciting the Christians against the Jews. He vehemently attacked all engaged in the prelimentary examination conducted by the magistrates. The charge is undoubtedly false, and has been made in the hope of exciting public feeling against the Jews.

Cetewayo, whom the British Government recently restored to his throne as King of Zululand, has been killed with his wives and his chiefs. Immediately on his return from England an insurrection broke out against Cetewayo. He had lost prestige by his defeat by the British, and his country having been divided up among the chiefs, he found it difficult to re-establish his authority. He raised a small army, and endeavored to quell the insurrection, but his enemies combined against him, and thoroughly routed his troops, and killed him and his family and officers.

The Count de Chambord, the Last of the Bourbon claimants to the French throne, whose serious illness was reported two weeks ago, has partially recovered, though his complete restoration is pronounced impossible. The illustrious patient, on July 22d, called in Dr. Vulpian, who on his return to Paris described the case to a correspondent of the New York *Herald*. Dr. Vulpian said: "The count usually took a great deal of exercise; lately he took none, because of his lame leg. The consequence was a derangement of the digestive organs, a disordered liver and a weakened stomach. In this condition he caught cold or made an imprudent meal. There was no cancer." Dr. Vulpian believes that the tumor seen by other doctors was a portion of the intestine dilated with gas. The only treatment is an enforcement of judicious and regular refreshment and nutrition. His life was in great danger from the exhaustion due to painful vomiting, diarrhœa, insomnia and absolute incapacity to take nourishment for many days. As to the cause, it could only be approximate.

The Agricultural Returns Sent in to the Register-General of Ireland for 1882, according to a synopsis sent by the London correspondent of the New York *Times*, show a melancholy falling off. Eighty thousand acres have relapsed into bog. The area under crops has decreased by 114,039 acres. The decrease of land under flax cultivation is 34,000 acres. The returns of potatoes show 1,500,000 tons less than in 1881. The Irish papers comment on these terrible figures as telling the tale of the result of British policy. The cultivated land lapsing into a wilderness, the skeleton rafters, desolated houses, with the hearth-fires quenched forever, resulting from the heart-breaking exodus of the peasantry, tell the same constant refrain of decay and decline in the national life. It is, however, evident to every one who has watched the course of Irish affairs during the past seven years that this deplorable result is not due to British policy alone. Political and agrarian agitation are factors in the problem, and in many districts landowners were little likely, while their lives were in constant danger, to do anything for the improvement of their estates.

The Assisted Emigration from Ireland is stated in an official report to have been 5327 in three months. The expenses of sending these people out amounted to $175,000, of which $130,000 was received from government. The committee making the report, says it "hopes that State-aided emigration will be continued some years, so as to thoroughly relieve the congested districts." It says the majority of the holdings vacated by emigrants have been consolidated with those of the neighboring tenants. Reports from Ireland, however, indicate that emigration is accepted reluctantly by the people, and that Mr. Parnell and his colleagues of the League are opposed to that method of solving the Irish problem. Mr. Parnell has now thirty-five votes in Parliament under his control, and it is believed that at the next election he will have eighty votes.

Sickness in the Steerage of Emigrant Vessels crossing the Atlantic and sailing for Australia and other colonies has attracted the attention of the British public. On July 26th a deputation of the British Medical Association and several members of Parliament called upon Mr. Joseph Chamberlain, President of the Board of Trade, and asked him to appoint a committee to consider the inadequate medical and sanitary management of Atlantic steamers. They commented strongly upon the want of proper precautions on emigrant vessels, from which a large annual sacrifice of life resulted. They suggested that ship-owners be compelled to increase the pay of ship surgeons, and that the American Government be requested to contribute a small sum toward the expenses of vaccinating passengers on board of vessels. Mr. Chamberlain replied that he intended to introduce in Parliament in 1884 a bill dealing with the subjects mentioned and amending the Shipping Act.

The Hostility of the French Republic to Religion has often been the subject of remark. Its tendencies in reference to God and godliness are by no means altered from what they were, though to some extent at present held in check. This is evidenced by the fact that the Prefect of the Seine, by an order dated June 23d, abolishes the Hospital Chaplaincies from July 1st. The Archbishop of Paris, in a letter he has just issued, says, "This measure has been taken at the instance of the Paris Municipality, a body which makes a parade of its hostility to religion." He justly complains that while enormous sums are voted for the embellishment of theatres and *fêtes*, the modest sums which insure consolation to the aged and afflicted should be thus withheld.

The United Presbyterian Synod of Great Britain has at its meetings in Edinburgh spoken out on the question of temperance. Principal Cairns moved, and Dr. Wallace seconded, a motion to the effect that a legislative measure embodying the principles of local option is urgently demanded, and should be passed for Scotland without unnecessary delay. Dr. Reid asserted that *a non-abstaining minister was not fully equipped* for the work of the ministry. The number of ministers occupying charges in their Church was 589, of these 295 were abstainers. Much may be hoped for in the way of further advance in the adoption and spread of temperance principles in Scotland from the position taken in reference to it at this year's synod.

The Prophetic News and Israel's Watchman for July contains a report of the proceedings and addresses delivered at the recent Prophetic Conference at Wimbledon, England; also an article by Mrs. Fielder on "The Redeemed Companies of Rev. 7: 4-8;" "Watchman, What of the Night?" by Dr. Meymott, and a summary of passing events from a prophetic standpoint. Price six cents, annual subscription seventy cents. Back numbers of this periodical for this year may be had from the office of The Christian Herald at the same price, which includes postage.

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD AND SIGNS OF OUR TIMES.

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The late Mr. DAVID NASMITH, Organizer of City Missions—Scenes in his Life.

THE LATE DAVID NASMITH,

The Founder of City Missions.

Born in Glasgow in 1799—An Ungodly Employer—The Glasgow Youths' Bible Association—Conversion—Public Service—A Boy Horsewhipped—Labors among Prisoners—A Night in a Condemned Cell—The Glasgow Christian Confederacy—The Glasgow City Mission—Visits Ireland, England, and America—Arrested and Searched in France—Establishes Missions in Paris and Havre—Formation of the London City Mission—Talk with a Fellow-Traveller—Sudden Illness and Death.

David Nasmith, whose portrait appears on the first page, was one of those energetic, indefatigable Christian laborers who seem to have imbibed the spirit of the Apostle Paul. The world owes much to such men who have literally worn themselves out in seeking to rescue it from sin and misery by the Gospel of Christ.

David Nasmith was *born* in Glasgow, on March 21st, 1799, and died in November, 1838, at the early age of thirty-nine. His parents were of good social standing, and eminent for piety, and it was owing to their example and prayerfulness that, early in life, his sympathy and judgment were secured for the religion which they professed.

When David was seven years old he was sent to the far-famed City Grammar School, where he spent four years to very little purpose, not becoming master even of the rudiments of the Latin tongue.

APPRENTICED TO AN UNGODLY MANUFACTURER.

At the age of about thirteen the youth was bound apprentice to a manufacturer, a man of sterling Christian character, but whom adverse circumstances overtook and compelled to relinquish business, in consequence of which David was transferred to his late employer's brother-in-law, with whom he remained for three years. This was a period of imminent peril to the boy's moral and religious principles, for the establishment was a large one, and his daily associates were, most of them, both godless and profane. "When I look back," he once said, "to the many sins which I then committed, unknown to man, they make me tremble! When tempted, I often prayed to God for deliverance, but sin remained as a sweet morsel under my tongue."

AN IMPORTANT SOCIETY FORMED.

He continued, however, to regularly attend, as he had done since he was six years old, a Sabbath-school, and the fact that he never relinquished the practice, gave rise to an event of the utmost importance to his spiritual well-being. In June, 1813, when he had attained the age of fourteen, two of his school companions proposed to form a society for the distribution of Bibles among the poor. For this purpose a meeting of their fellow-scholars was called, and "The Glasgow Youths' Bible Association" was formed, and David was chosen secretary. "From the office I held," he said in after life, "and the interest I took in the institution, I became acquainted with a number of pious young men, whose walk and conversation were very consistent, and made me often reflect upon the contents of that Book we were giving to others."

CONVERSION AND SERVICE.

"While reading it, I was led to see myself as a guilty sinner, and unable to do anything to satisfy Divine justice, or improve the condition of my desperately wicked heart. By continuing to search the Scriptures, I found One, even Jesus, who could deliver not only from punishment, but also from the power of sin. From that period until now (about 1837), my desires have been to preach this precious Saviour to my fellow-sinners."

His attention was directed chiefly to Africa, but the Missionary Society could not, at the time of his application, accept his proffered services. He, therefore, entered a secular calling, devoting himself with indefatigable zeal and energy to the work of Sunday-school tuition, in which God owned his efforts, and made them very successful. About this time also, the sphere of his operations began to enlarge. He took a very active share in the establishment of adult schools in Glasgow, in connection with the Sabbath Evening School Youths' Union, and in his journal the following fact is recited:

A BOY HORSEWHIPPED.

A youth attending one of the schools was brought to believe in Christ, and began to pray aloud in his father's house. His father, being a very wicked man, became quite enraged when he heard of his boy praying, and that he had commenced to be religious. He, therefore, first of all endeavored, but unsuccessfully, to turn away his thoughts from the subject of religion, and, in his anger, took a heavy whip and administered a brutal castigation. The boy, not daring to continue his practice in his father's house, resorted to an adjoining field, where he poured out his soul in prayer more fervently than ever.

The man, hearing of this new haunt, took his whip one night, and followed his boy. (*The episode is illustrated in the panel at the left-hand corner of the upper section of the frontispiece.*) When he came within reach of the sound of the boy's voice, he thought, before he whipped, that he would listen to hear what he was saying. The boy, at this moment, was earnestly praying on behalf of his wicked father. It was the turning-point in his life; he gave himself to Christ, and it was not long before both were received into the fellowship of a Baptist Church. When, according to custom, the man was publicly called upon to give an account of how he was led to accept Christ as his Saviour, he shrank back, exclaiming: "No, no; let my son do so first; for he is my spiritual father!"

LABORS AMONG PRISONERS.

The engagements already specified did not suffice to exhaust the energy of David Nasmith, for he acted as secretary to the Bridewell Association, and labored most diligently for the moral and religious improvement of the prisoners. His compassion likewise extended to the Glasgow prison. In June, 1818, he visited *two young men* named Baird and Blair, *under sentence of death* for highway robbery, remaining with them all night. The following is the entry relative to the circumstance which he made in his journal:

A NIGHT IN A CONDEMNED CELL.

"The night was spent in prayer and religious conversation. Truly it was a solemn season. (*The picture at the right hand of the upper section of the frontispiece shows Nasmith talking to the condemned men.*)

In the month of October, 1819, we again find him in the condemned cell, endeavoring to lead two prisoners, Guthrie and Forbes, to Christ, before the hour of their execution should fix their eternal doom. "On entering their dungeon," he writes, "Guthrie told me he was beginning to think of what I had said to him about the peril of his soul, when I last spoke to him. He began to look back to his former ways, and his sins filled him with fear. Before we parted, he seemed convinced of his need of Christ," and there is reason to hope that before he was hanged, he had sought and found forgiveness for the sins of his life, in the blood of Christ.

CITY MISSION SECRETARY.

In the autumn of 1821, an event occurred which determined the whole of Mr. Nasmith's future career. The conductors of the various religious and benevolent societies in Glasgow, with a view to concentration, economy, and efficiency, had procured a large and commodious edifice, which was divided into rooms and offices, suitable to their respective objects. The completion of the plan required the services of an active secretary, who should be common to them all, and on November 21st, David Nasmith was elected to fill the position, at a salary of $300 per annum.

David was now, for the first time in his life, in his true element. The chosen servant of humanity and religion, his pleasure became his business. He possessed, to an unusual degree, capacity for the efficient discharge of his new duties. There were *three-and-twenty associations or societies*, each of which had its own independent committee.

From this period onward, we find Mr. David Nasmith spending much of his strength in promoting the formation of Young Men's Societies in the United Kingdom, France, and America; but his primary object, and the main pursuit of his life, was the establishment of City Missions. With these his name is indissolubly associated. On the opening day of the year 1826, he formed the Glasgow City Mission, which from the moment of its public inauguration became a favorite with the Christian public.

He seems, about the year 1828, to have been impressed with the idea that his work was done in Glasgow, and he sought another and wider sphere of operation, from the conviction that he should thereby more effectually promote the Divine glory. Accordingly, in March, 1828, he surrendered his office into the hands of the Committee of Management, and his resignation was reluctantly accepted.

VISITS AMERICA.

Mr. Nasmith now proceeded to Dublin, where he became the means of inaugurating a City Mission, similar to that with which he had been identified in Glasgow. He then visited London for the first time, returning to Glasgow again on July 21st, and to Dublin, on September 3d, to promote the interests of the Mission which had been formed there. He travelled over nearly the whole of Ireland, disseminating his philanthropic ideas with much success; he was impelled by a strong desire to cross the Atlantic, for a similar purpose, and on July 27th, 1829, set sail from Greenock, for New York, and after *a passage of thirty-eight days*, reached his destination.

Mr. Nasmith travelled extensively both in the Northern and Southern States, and in Canada, in furtherance of his aim, and was everywhere well received, assisting and advising in the formation of many new societies.

Returning from America, and revisiting Dublin and Glasgow, David Nasmith resolved to attempt a long-meditated project of forming a mission society in Paris. On June 30th, 1832, he reached Boulogne, and the method of searching the passengers and himself highly entertained him. The passage from the ship to the shore was guarded by the military, and the path confined by ropes and chains, till he reached a small room, where he was examined, and, his passport being found correct, he was allowed to proceed; but, as he lingered inside the railway for a fellow-traveller, three soldiers invited him into a small room, he knew not for what purpose, but thought it might be to rest till his friend came up.

ARRESTED AND SEARCHED.

He entered; they shut the door, and surrounded him, addressing him in French, of which he understood not a word. They therefore gave him the interpretation, by commencing a strict search of his person. Seeing his pocket-book, they seized it, and began to examine his letters. Those that were sealed they retained, and took copies of his printed papers. The testimonials to his character, the published Outlines of his Proceedings, the constitution of Maternal, Young Men's, Tract, and other religious Societies, filled them with astonishment. There seemed little doubt that he was a conspirator! After a time, however, they found out their error, and the voyager was allowed to retire to his inn. Four days afterward he arrived in Paris. (*The left-hand panel in the lower portion of our front picture depicts Mr. Nasmith's arrest.*)

PARIS AND HAVRE.

There Mr. Nasmith met with some very interesting people, from various parts of the world, and among them men of genius, learning, and piety. He industriously availed himself of all methods to advance the cause of God and the Gospel of His Son. Before he left Paris, he saw the City Mission at work with three agents,

so long contemned. The Lord graciously revealed Himself, and now the attorney and his wife are serving Christ with joyful hearts."

More Important than Dinner.—The Rev. Mr. Carstairs said: "This week is the anniversary of the conversion of one young man whom I met in Govan. Mr. Howie and I were posted at the door, stopping as many as we could, to get them into the inquiry-room. Among many others, I stopped this man in the passage by asking, 'Are you going away?' 'Yes,' he said, 'I have been in town all day, and have not had any dinner yet.' 'There are more important things than dinner; are you a Christian?' 'I can't say that I am.' In some way or other I felt the case to be so important that I was justified in deserting my post and going into the room with him myself. I feared that he would slip away from me if I took a seat near the door, and therefore went as far from it as possible. We sat down in a corner, and I took him from text to text. It was a very simple, sweet case, and the light streamed in upon him until it shone from his face, so that the bystanders did not require to be told that he was a changed man. He got so engrossed with our conversation that he forgot he was hungry, and would have sat there all night, if I had not reminded him he was hungry. I said, 'Well, friend, there is no need to detain you from your dinner longer, but I will give you a text that you will remember till you die.' He was amused at my positive assertion, and waited smilingly till I read Matt. 5 : 6, 'Blessed are they which do hunger and thirst after righteousness; for they shall be filled.' 'You are right,' he answered, 'I will remember *that* one.'"

THE REDEEMED COMPANIES.

Rev. 7 : 4-8.

By Mrs. Fielder.

Misunderstood Scripture—The Titles of the Typical Assembly—A Second Group of Redeemed—The 144,000 with Christ on Mount Zion—The Lord's "Sanctified Ones"—Over Whom Christ Rejoices—An Incentive to Believers—The Crowning Glory of the Church.

THE all-sufficiency of Scripture to meet the exigencies of our being, and to guide us safely into everlasting habitations, is blessedly manifest to every redeemed soul that swells the mighty chorus of the witnesses, who testify that "Prophecy came not in old time by the will of men, but holy men of God spake as they were moved by the Holy Ghost." (II Pet. 1 : 21.) With this luminous fact before us, is it not passing strange that individuals of devout tendencies should restrict their acquaintance with Holy Writ to a few salient passages? and extracting from these theories of their own, which superficial observers readily indorse—private judgment and interpretation has accumulated a fund of baseless argument, the circulation of which, among religious professors—acting like an epidemic, has enervated the general constitution.

MISUNDERSTOOD SCRIPTURE.

Some have stated that all God's people will be caught away from the earth before the three and a half years, Great Tribulation. But, if so, where will the martyrs come from? who are to be beheaded for refusing to worship the Beast and his image.

The noble army of martyrs, now in glory, must blush with sorrow at the cowardice and degeneracy of their descendants, and marvel why the children read not every clause in their great Father's will;—then armed with invincible might (Matt. 28 : 18-20), and anointed by the Holy Ghost, set their faces like flint, before "the great fight of afflictions," that treading in the footprints of Jesus, which are slippery with His own blood, they may win step by step, every inch of sacred ground, till each brave warrior stands complete in all the will of God; and is confessed by the King of kings, His son, and Heir of all things. (Rev. 21 : 7.)

Leaving other portions for future consideration, that are equally misconstrued and distorted, we proceed to expound Rev. 7 : 4-8, by taking the names of the tribes in their order, and heading this beautiful subject with ten words from the Saviour's lips, recorded in John 6 : 37, "All that the Father giveth Me, shall come to Me."

THE TITLES OF THE TYPICAL ASSEMBLY.

The titles borne by this typical assembly resolve the prophecy. Judah, signifying Praised, commences the roll; "he is a Jew which is one inwardly and circumcision is that of the heart, in the spirit, and not in the letter, whose praise is not of men, but of God" (Rom. 2 : 29). "The man whom the King delighteth to honor" (Esther 6 : 6-11; Deut. 14 : 2). Reuben, *i.e.*, First-born, "from above" (John 3 : 3; II Kings 5 : 14; Matt. 18 : 3). Gad, *i.e.*, Good-fortune, "born out of due time" (I Cor. 15 : 8); "the remnant" (Isa. 10 : 22; Micah 5 : 3). Aser, *i.e.*, Happy, "they who rejoice in the Lord alway" (Ps. 35 : 28; Phil. 4 : 4). Nepthalim, *i.e.*, Wrestlers, "prevail in prayer" (Gen. 32 : 24-28; Judah 5 : 18; Acts 9 : 12). Manasses, *i.e.*, Forgetting Sorrow (Hosea 2 : 15, 16) "brought out of a horrible pit; a new song in his mouth" (Ps. 40 : 2, 3). Simeon, *i.e.*, Hearing with Acceptance, "heard in a time accepted, in the day of salvation" (II Cor. 6 : 2). Levi, *i.e.*, Joined, "adhesion to the Lord" (Ex. 32 : 26). Issachar, *i.e.*, Wages, "who the Lamb slain from the foundation of the world hath bought, purchased, redeemed" (Isa. 53 : 11). Zabulon, *i.e.*, Habitation, "here, have no continuing city, but seek one to come" (Heb. 13 : 14). Joseph, *i.e.*, Adding, "a fruitful bough by a well (of salvation) whose branches run over the wall") Gen. 49 : 22; and Eph. 2 : 14). Benjamin, *i.e.*, Son of My Right Hand, "Son of God's right hand (Isa. 41 : 10), begotten in the Christos who is God's righteousness, His salvation" (Isa. 51 : 5). These are "written in heaven," and constitute the saved of the tribes of the Israel of God, "the circumcision, which worship God in spirit, and rejoice in Christ Jesus and have no confidence in the flesh (Phil. 3 : 3)."

A SECOND GROUP OF REDEEMED.

Revelation 7 : 9-14, portrays a second group of the redeemed who have no covenant claim to salvation, are condemned by the law and excluded by the ancient testimony; the whosoever whom Jesus has invited in the concluding words of John 6 : 37, and "him that cometh unto Me I will in no wise cast out;" also John 3 : 16 and 10 : 29.

In these also is manifested the righteousness of God by faith of Jesus Christ, unto all and upon all them that believe. (Rom. 3 : 21, 22 and 10 : 29.)

I am informed that in a work of Bishop Kennicott's, recently published, the view which I have held and taught, with reference to the seventh chapter of the Apocalypse is fully maintained; and I thank God for this proof that His children are beginning to see eye to eye. "Ye are complete in Him, which is the head of all principality and power." (Col. 2 : 10.)

THE 144,000 WITH CHRIST ON MOUNT ZION.

Revelation 14 : 1-5 shows the spiritual attainments of His saints, and their union with Christ in the heavenlies indicated by His presence in the midst of a hundred and forty and four thousand—who are redeemed from the contamination of earthliness (verse 3), saved from their sins. (Matt. 1 : 21.)

Of Mount Zion, *i.e.*, the parched place, thus saith the Lord, "for Zion's sake will I not hold My peace." (Isa. 62 : 1.) In answer to the prayers of those who hunger and thirst after righteousness, the Lamb in Tri-unity, fills them with joy, "comes unto them, and makes His abode with them (John 14 : 23) who have His Father's name written in their foreheads; the tribes of the saints, who are sealed with that Holy Spirit of promise (Eph. 1 : 13 and Rev. 7 : 3) "The promise of the Father, and endued with power from on high." (Luke 24 : 49).

THE LORD'S SANCTIFIED ONES.

The same of whom the Lord said: "I have commanded My sanctified ones, I have also called My mighty ones, even them that rejoice in My highness" (Isa. 13 : 3). "The people of the saints of the Most High" (Dan. 7 : 27). "Virgins" *i.e.*, separate unto holiness, "these are they which follow the Lamb whithersoever He goeth, bought from among men (made whiter than snow, through the blood of the everlasting covenant), the first-fruits unto God and the Lamb" (14 : 4). For the fruit of the Spirit shines throughout their lives, rendering them attractive and transparent; even "love, joy, peace, long-suffering, gentleness, goodness, faith, meekness, temperance, against such there is no law." (Gal. 5 : 22-23.)

Again, we behold this sanctified throng (17 : 14) whose Leader is the Lamb, and "they that are with Him, are called, and chosen, and faithful." Finally they overcome Antichrist (19 : 11-20). "Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God." (Matt. 5 : 8.) In these the Lord sees of the travail of His soul, and is abundantly satisfied.

OVER WHOM CHRIST REJOICES.

Only the pure and undefiled can the Christos "joy over with singing" (Zeph. 3 : 17), whose works redound to His praise, "the first-born from above," and the last become first (Matt. 20 : 16), glory in God alway, prevail in prayer, are so penetrated with the Saviour's love and compassion, that they forget sorrow, see Jesus only, and hear His voice (in His Word), follow the Good Shepherd, who hath made them kings and priests unto God; having purchased them at highest cost (1 Pet. 1 : 18, 19); by faith they look for a city which hath foundations, whose builder and maker is God. (Heb. 11 : 10.) "Partakers of the Divine nature, having escaped the corruption that is in the world, through lust (II Pet. 1 : 4); and by virtue of the immortal union add to the Royal family daily, and labor to bring forth children in the King's likeness. Thus the sons of His right hand are bound up in the bundle of life with their Redeemer.

AN INCENTIVE TO BELIEVERS.

The constellation of sparkling graces set forth in the Tribal calendar (7 : 4-8) that, according to His own Word (John 14 : 21-23), shall bring the Holy One of Israel, the Lamb of God, to dwell in the midst of His saints, should prove a righteous incentive to believers generally, and stimulate every member of the blood-bought family to "walk in newness of life," and with the apostle (Phil. 3 : 12-14), "apprehend that for which also he is apprehended of Christ Jesus, that forgetting the things that are behind," *i.e.*, the travail and pain of the old creation (Rom. 8 : 22), "and reaching forth unto those things which are before," *i.e.*, spiritual emancipation, redemption of body and soul from the presence and power of sin (Rom. 8 : 23), he "may press toward the mark for the prize of the high calling of God in Christ Jesus"--even attain unto "holiness, without which shall no man see the Lord." (Heb. 12 : 14.)

THE CROWNING GLORY OF THE CHURCH.

"If the Spirit of Him that raised up Jesus from the dead dwell in you, He that raised up Christ from the dead shall also quicken your mortal bodies by His Spirit that dwelleth in you." (Rom. 8 : 11.)

"To be changed into the same image, from glory to glory, as by the Spirit of the Lord" (Rom. 8 : 18), and, with anointed eyes (Rom. 3 : 18), "see the King in His beauty" (Isa. 33 : 17), and hold unbroken fellowship with our Redeemer, is the crowning glory that awaits the Church in resurrection life.

Hear the Spirit's commentary upon (Rev. 7 : 4-8) and identification of the hundred and forty and four thousand: "But ye are a chosen generation, a royal priesthood, an holy nation, a peculiar people, that ye should show forth the virtues of Him who hath called you out of darkness into His marvellous light." (1 Pet. 2 : 9.)

A "chosen generation!" Prophetic of the fulness of blessing, that descending upon the children of God in the last days (which are at hand) shall eclipse every former revelation and experience vouchsafed to men.

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CURRENT EVENTS.

The National Financial Statement for July has been issued by Mr. John M. Carsen, clerk of the Committee on Ways and Means, who thus analyzes its figures: The close of the first month of the new fiscal year shows a reduction in the public debt since July 1st of $8,000,000 in round numbers. This reduction, however, is not real, in the sense that obligations to the amount named have been discharged during the month, the debt columns showing no change worth noticing since the beginning of the month. The reduction is produced by the payment of about $3,000,000 for accrued interest and an increase of about $5,000,000 in the available cash balance, which is now $155,727,196. The total amount of the public debt exceeding the balance in the Treasury is $1,543,190,616. The accumulation of standard silver dollars in the treasury goes steadily forward. Of the 2,300,000 silver dollars coined in July, one half went into circulation and the remaining *one half went into the treasury*. The weight of the silver coin now in the treasury is 5084 tons. The receipts for the month, compared with those for July, 1882, show a falling off of over $4,250,000, this loss being mainly in internal revenue receipts. The operation of the new tax law, by which the tobacco tax has been reduced one half and certain other taxes abolished, will explain this loss. In customs receipts there was an increase over last July of nearly $1,000,000, which was due to the operation of the new tariff law.

The Louisville Exposition was Opened by the President on August 1st, amid much enthusiasm. The exposition has been long anticipated, and the completeness displayed in the arrangements on the opening day showed that the promoters and managers must have labored with energy and skill, though exhibitors were, as usual, in arrear, and three weeks will be needed to bring the show to perfection. The President received a warm welcome, and in the course of the speech with which he opened the exposition spoke words of congratulation which are heartily indorsed by the citizens of all sections of the country. He said: "I congratulate the promoters and managers of this exposition that even at the very threshold of its existence it gives abundant pledges of success. The zeal and enthusiasm which they have displayed in their labors of preparation, and the frequent tidings of encouragement and cheer by which those labors have been lightened and made glad; the splendid triumphs of American genius, activity, and skill which are arranged within these walls; the presence of the eager multitude who throng these hospitable streets, all are tokens that the enterprise here inaugurated will be crowned with brilliant, far-reaching, enduring results. It will promote the arts of peace and help to bring about the works of peace, proclaiming harmony and good-will and brotherly kindness throughout all the land, unto all the inhabitants thereof. I now declare that the Southern Exposition is open, and may God speed the fulfilment of all its lofty and ennobling purposes." Among the most interesting of the exhibits is a farm, containing tobacco plants, cotton, wheat, hemp, sugar-cane, corn, and other Southern products, covering four acres, all growing and flourishing under careful cultivation.

The Pennsylvania Democratic Convention assembled at Harrisburg on August 1st. The proceedings were harmonious, and there was no attempt at dictation made from any quarter. The platform adopted is a forcible document, in which issue is joined with the Republicans on the most prominent topics of the political arena, especially on the scheme advocated by the Republican convention of Pennsylvania for distributing surplus revenue. The resolutions chiefly deal with local politics. On national questions the platform says: "The Democracy believe in such taxation of the people as is requisite for the necessities of the Government, economically administered, and that import duties should be so adjusted in their application as to prevent unequal burdens, encourage productive industries at home, and afford just compensation to labor, but not to create or foster monopolies." *They further emphatically denounce the proposition of the Republican party* that the people should be taxed to raise a surplus fund for the Federal Government to distribute among the States. They contend that the people should only be taxed so much as is absolutely indispensable for the frugal conduct of their affairs; not one cent for surplus, and for unnecessary taxation. The existing surplus in the treasury should be faithfully applied to the payment of the public debt. The money not needed for the expenses of the Government should remain in the pockets of the people. To this end they favor *the entire abolition of the present system of internal taxation* as a measure of relief demanded by the people from an unnecessary and unequal burden. They also demand that the Government should redeem all its express and implied obligations as to the coinage.

Five Suits against the Western Union Telegraph Company were commenced in Philadelphia last week. The plaintiffs claim one hundred dollars damages in each case for refusing to send messages under the printed rules of the company. Mr. Cyrus Field in a published interview said that the company were "beginning to forget that there had been a strike at all." That is very likely, because the company has always shown a disposition to forget the convenience of the public and its obligations. What it never forgets is its dividends, its absorption of rivals, and its habit of watering its stock. Operators who have been compelled by the necessity of providing for large families to remain at their posts, complain that they have to work night and day, and are even then unable to overtake the arrears of business. The men on strike are receiving assistance from the Knights of Labor and other trade organizations, but as there are twelve thousand operators and linemen out of employ, it is evident that but little can be done to support them, and there must consequently be widespread suffering. The United States Senate Committee on Education and Labor commenced an investigation of the strike on Monday last in New York.

The Mayor of New York has, in Selecting a Comptroller for the city, made an appointment eminently unsatisfactory to the crowd of hungry Irish politicians who appear to look on the offices of New York as their property. Republicans and Democrats are alike dissatisfied. The frauds in the Comptroller's office, amounting to nearly $200,000, which have been under investigation during the past few months, prove that the office needs reorganizing, and experience satisfied the Mayor that politicians are not adapted to that kind of work. He has therefore appointed Mr. Seth Hastings Grant, who has acted as his private secretary. Mr. Grant is fifty-five years of age. He is the son of Asahel Grant, M.D., who spent many years as a missionary among the Nestorian tribes of Persia. Mr. Grant has held several important business offices, among which was that of superintendent of the Produce Exchange. He is a member of the Madison Square Presbyterian Church and is chairman of its Board of Deacons. He has been Recording Secretary, Corresponding Secretary, and Vice-President of the American Bible Society. The salary of Comptroller is $10,000 per annum. As secretary to the Mayor, Mr. Grant received $5000. He is a Democrat in politics.

A Five Days' Camp-meeting of the National Temperance Society was held last week at Ocean Grove, N. J. It was largely attended. Among the speakers were Mrs. J. Ellen Foster, of Iowa, and ex-Governor John P. St. John, of Kansas. It was stated in the course of the meetings that the Society, which has been in existence eighteen years, has during that time distributed *five hundred million* temperance books and tracts, and it has now 250 writers on its staff.

Interesting Services have been Held at Ocean Grove, N. J., in connection with the reunion of the United States Sanitary and Christian Commissions, to which the army chaplains were also invited. The enrollment was seventy-five, and over five thousand persons attended. Mr. George H. Stuart presided. Dr. Taylor, of the American Bible Society, in the course of his address said that in response to an appeal from the South, with the approval of our Government, 300,000 Testaments were donated for the use of the Confederate Army. The next reunion is appointed to be held in 1886.

The Golden Wedding of Dr. Stephen H. Tyng, Sr., was celebrated on Wednesday, July 18th. The venerable clergyman, who is known and highly esteemed throughout the country, has quite recovered from his recent sickness, and is now in as good health as can be expected at the advanced age of eighty-four. He and Mrs. Tyng were married in 1833 by Bishop White, while Dr. Tyng was rector of St. Paul's, Philadelphia. Mrs. Tyng was the daughter of Thomas Mitchell, Esq., of that city.

The Services Commenced by Mr. Moody in the Windsor Theatre, Boston, have been continued by Mr. E. W. Bliss with marked success. Every evening an audience has assembled filling the theatre, which holds fifteen hundred people, and a large number of conversions have taken place. The interest and solemnity of the services have steadily increased. Mr. N. N. Rich has charge of the choir and has rendered effective service. Mr. Moody has been preaching at his home in Northfield, Mass.

We have Received from an Anonymous Subscriber in Boston, Mass., the sum of *fifteen dollars* for the fund for supplying THE CHRISTIAN HERALD to colored ministers. As our friend has not sent his name and address, we are unable to supply him with a list of the names of the preachers who will benefit by his kindness. The testimony of those who through this fund have derived help in their work shows that it is the most valuable kind of help they can have.

Mr. Moody's Efforts to Relieve the Philadelphia Young Men's Christian Association of its heavy debt have been successful. It amounted to $400,000. Through the labor of Mr. Moody, Mr. Wannemaker and others, one half the amount has been funded at low interest, and the other half has been raised. Friends in New York, through Mr. Moody, pledged $70,000, and the remaining $130,000 was secured in Philadelphia. The building has been placed in the hands of a Board of Trustees, who are to hold it for the benefit of the Association. Important changes have been made in the constitution. A new Board of Directors and new officers will be elected, and the work of the Association reorganized.

The Prevalence of Leprosy in Wisconsin has caused some alarm in some districts of that State. A prominent physician of Milwaukee calls the attention of the public to the danger. He says: "As has been well known for some time, there exists among the Norwegian population of the State a large number of cases of leprosy. In searching the records of the State Board of Health I cannot find that any effort has as yet been made to stop its spread or limit its introduction. That *the disease is spreading among us*, and that, too, with comparative rapidity, cannot for a moment be doubted, and it would seem that the time has come for legislation and national action to prevent its further introduction and further spread." Other medical men report with concern that leprosy has gained a foothold in the north-western portion of the State, where the Norwegian element preponderates, and say that its eradication will require much effort. As far as has been ascertained, the loathsome disease has confined its ravages among the Norwegian inhabitants, but its rapid spread has been viewed with much alarm. It is evident that there is need for prompt and energetic measures to be used to prevent the contagion spreading, and there is no doubt they will be inaugurated without loss of time. In such a case legislators are quick to act, though they are not concerned to check the spread of moral leprosy, but permit the places where it is disseminated to flourish under the protection of the law. If they realized the evil of those places, every theatre, gambling-house, and grog-shop would be destroyed as the houses of lepers were destroyed under the law of Moses (Lev. 14 : 35-45).

An Attempt to Save Life in Passaic City, N. J., last week has unhappily resulted in the death of two brave men. It appears that a new cesspool had been built at the back of a house in that city, but it was found that the communication between the new structure and the old one was defective. On August 1st, a Hollander employed in the house, believing he could cure the defect, went down into the vault, which was nearly empty. He was almost immediately overcome by the foul gases, and fell unconscious on the bottom. There was great excitement, and a large crowd assembled. After a while George W. Conkling, a well-known citizen, declared that he would go into the vault to save the Hollander. He took down with him a rope, which he managed to tie around the inanimate form of the Hollander, who was hauled up promptly. Mr. Conkling, however, was seen to fall over, apparently lifeless. A painter named Charles Krymer, who was working near by, volunteered to get Mr. Conkling out, but he almost immediately became unconscious when lowered into the death-hole. Peter Oechslein next determined to go down to rescue his friends, and he, too, succumbed to the overpowering fumes and fell prostrate. After an hour or more of hard work the cesspool was dug away, and the three men were dragged out, but Mr. Conkling and Mr. Krymer were dead. Oechslein was black in the face and terribly bloated, but after much difficulty was resuscitated. The Hollander was also brought to life again after some labor. There seems at first sight nothing glorious in dying of suffocation in a cesspool, yet the motive that prompted those men to face death in order to rescue their friend was heroic. It is by such an act that we may be helped to realize the meaning of Christ's life and death (Rom. 5 : 7.)

A Twin Sister's Curious Mistake Occurred in Michigan recently. Two little girls, twins, became separated while playing, and one of them began looking for the other. She went to her grandmother's to look, and on approaching a window which reflected her own likeness did not recognize herself, but exclaimed with delight, "Why, Ethel, I didn't know you were here!" The grandmother, who witnessed the incident, broke out in a hearty laugh, when the little girl discovered her mistake. This was a very remarkable instance of self-forgetfulness, implying a close resemblance between the two children. It is possible that after death Christians may in their purified spiritual nature be so changed into likeness to their Lord as to be so like each other. Here they are separated so widely that too often they forget that they are brethren at all, and in their conversation and business are keenly awake to the differences between themselves and others (1 Peter 3 : 8, 9).

A Subterranean Fire is Burning Under a street in Paterson, N. J. The street has been widened within the last few months by cutting away rocks in one place and by dumping various refuse to form an embankment on the side toward a chasm in another, and this embankment has a number of cracks in its face which *emit smoke, heat*, and noxious gases. The filling in was done to a large extent by dumping cinders, slag, and coal-screenings from the locomotive shops. The cinders and ashes were dumped while still hot, and have set fire to the coal screenings and are smouldering under the surface of the street. The fire has eaten its way to a part of the street where no hot ashes were ever dumped, and even there the smoke and smell issue. This is explained by the fact that trees were felled in some places to fill in the gaps in the rugged road. These trees have now caught fire from the subterranean cinder beds and are smouldering into charcoal. A house stands almost over the smoking ground, and as the smoke and gases go up into the cellar the inmates are alarmed for their safety. This is natural; it would be surprising if they remained careless under such circumstances. It is still more surprising that multitudes who know that the world and all that is in it must one day be burned up, feel no alarm and make no provision for their safety (II Peter 3 : 10, 11).

A City a Hundred Miles Long is the Subject of an enthusiastic editorial in a San Francisco journal. It states that Santa Barbara's mayor proposes the consolidation of the governments of the city and county of that name. As the consolidation can only be effected by making the municipal limits conterminous with those of the county, Santa Barbara, under this arrangement, would become, territorially, *the largest city in the world*, say a hundred miles long by sixty wide, and including a great quantity of farming land and stock ranches, besides several forests containing deer, bears, and other wild animals. The editor says, "It would be a big attraction to summer visitors to know that they could hunt this large game on the back streets. And then too the citizens would be able to boast that some of the householders in the city had front yards containing from 25,000 to 40,000 acres!" Whether there would be any substantial advantages to be gained by calling a county a city, will doubtless be considered before the change is made. Apparently the editor thinks the most prominent recommendation of the scheme is that the citizens could glory in living in the largest city in the world. That, however, is not an important consideration. The boast would not entitle them to increased respect, as it would be no guarantee of character. But it is possible to attain a citizenship which would give that guarantee; it is citizenship in the great city yet to be revealed, and that title is offered through Christ to all. (Rev. 21 : 22-27.)

A CURE FOR UNSAVORY MEATS.

A New Sermon by Pastor C. H. Spurgeon.

"Can that which is unsavory be eaten without salt? or is there any taste in the white of an egg?"—JOB 6 : 6.

Job's Real Sorrows—The Dull and Dreary Life—I. A Want of Savor in Food a very Great Want — Unsavory Spiritual Food — Sermons without Christ in them—A Savor of Devotion—The Savor of the Holy Spirit—II. Unsavory Food not to be Eaten—The Unsavory in Conversation—The Salt of Morality—The Unsavory in Modern Teaching—III. Things needing Salt—Reproof—Eyes Knocked out in Removing Motes—The Salt of Brotherly Love—Silver-Coated Pills — Salt in Doctrine—In Affliction — In Persecution — In Thoughts of Death.

THIS is a question which Job asked of his friends, who turned out to be so unfriendly. Thus he battles with those "miserable comforters" who inflamed his wounds by pouring in verjuice and vinegar instead of oil and wine. The first of them had just opened fire upon him, and Job by this question was firing a return shot. He wanted the three stern watchers to understand that he did not complain without cause. If he had spoken bitterly, it was because he suffered grievously. He was in great bodily pain; he was enduring *great mental depression;* and at the same time he had been smitten with poverty and bereavement; he had, therefore, reason for his sorrow. He had no comforts left, and every arrow of grief was sticking in his flesh; if he did groan, he had something to groan for.

He had lost all care to breathe; the zest of life was gone; no joy remained to make existence worth the having. He was like one who finds

NO FLAVOR IN HIS FOOD,

and loathes the morsel which he swallows. That which was left to him was tasteless as the white of an egg; it yielded him no kind of comfort; in fact, it was disgusting to him. He was fed, he says, upon meat which yielded him no solace. "The things that my soul refused to touch are as my sorrowful meat." Therefore, he virtually asks his friends, "How can you expect me to eat such meat as this without sighs and tears? Can that which is unsavory be eaten without salt? Is there any taste in the white of an egg?" He means that everything about him had lost its flavor, and life had become dull and dreary to him, and therefore they must not wonder that he uttered words of complaint.

We may now forget the much-tortured patriarch Job, and apply this text to ourselves. "Can that which is unsavory be eaten without salt? or is there any taste in the white of an egg?" Three thoughts arise out of it.

I. The first point will be this, that a want of savor is

A VERY GREAT WANT

in anything that is meant for food. I am not going to deliver a cookery lecture, and so I shall not enlarge upon the passage so far as it refers to the bread upon our table, or the food which we eat and drink. Everybody knows that all kinds of animal life delight in food that has a flavor in it; and even "dumb driven cattle" will turn away from dry, flavorless food, and will go a long way to find something that has a juice and a taste in it which suits the palate which God has created in them. It is exactly the same with regard to the food of our souls. It is a very great fault with a sermon when there is no savor in it. It is a killing fault to the people of God when a book contains a good deal of what may be true, but yet lacks holy savor—or what, in other words, we call "unction." But what kind of savor is that which we expect in a sermon?

I answer, first, it is

A SAVOR OF THE LORD

Jesus Christ. Years ago, before ministers grew so wise as to question the inspiration of Scripture, and renounce the doctrine of atonement, there used to be men in the country whose ministry was full of savor to the people of God. What was there about them? Were they great

critics? I do not suppose that the good men ever read a work on criticism. Were they profoundly learned? Assuredly they were not. Profoundly learned brethren were preaching in churches and chapels where there were more spiders than people. Those who displayed their learning and rhetoric had empty places, but these men were followed by multitudes, and wherever they spoke the places were too strait for them. Those who did not know the reason said one to another, "What is there about these men? We do not see any peculiar talent." And there was not much. "We do not see any profound learning." And there was none to see. "We do not hear anything of advanced thought and liberal ideas." No, these good men were innocent of these modern diseases. What was it that made this preaching so attractive, so edifying? What drew the Lord's people so far? What evoked such enthusiasm? Why, it was that the preacher spoke of his Lord, and never wandered from the cross. Their dear Lord and Master was never long absent from their discoursing. If they preached doctrine, it was "the truth as it is *in Jesus*." If they preached experience, it was "to know *Him* and the fellowship of His sufferings." And if they went into practice, as they did, their idea of holiness was to be made like to Jesus and to follow Him without the camp, bearing His reproach. Therefore an essential to savory meat is that it shall have Christ in it. He has said, "My flesh is meat indeed, and My blood is drink indeed," and there is no meat and no drink that has such savor in it as this. Oh, that we might hear more of a crucified Christ in all our places of assembly!

The next necessity to secure savor is a devout spirit in the preacher—

A SAVOR OF DEVOTION.

I am trying to explain savor by not attempting a definition, but by noticing its accompaniments. Why, those men who have now gone to heaven, whom you used to hear, seemed to be praying while they preached; their sermons were devotions as well as discourses; their rhetoric was rapture, their oratory was emotion. It is an ill sign when the teacher of truth does not himself believe it; for thus he becomes a virtual spreader of error. David said, "I believed: therefore have I spoken." Do you not believe, brother? *Then go home and be quiet* till you do. At least, do not come into the pulpit until you know what your Lord would have you say. Woe to the man who lets the smoke of undried wood come from off his hearth and blow into poor seekers' eyes. We want live coals from off the altar, and the less doubt-smoke the better. Where a man has evidently been with God to learn the truth, and has been baptized into the everlasting spirit of that truth, and therefore speaks what he does know and testifies what he has seen in the fear of the living God, there is a savor about his witness, and the saints discern it gladly. This holy savor cannot be imitated or borrowed; it must come of personal assurance. It is a holy thing, and the composition thereof is known only to the great Giver of all spiritual gifts, the Lord Himself.

Another matter goes to make up sweet savor in a discourse, and that is,

A SAVOR OF EXPERIENCE.

You used to delight in those men because they had tasted and tested the doctrines which they preached. Such experience puts a kind of spice into the food which they present to you. It is so in all our communications one to another. We do not speak with certainty of edification unless we speak of what we have ourselves enjoyed. I never heard a man who spoke more to my soul than dear *Mr. George Müller*. The sermon that I heard from him was like an address to a Sunday-school, it was so simple and unadorned; but then there was the man behind it—that simple-hearted child of God, who has believed the promises, and has gone on doing wonders such as astonish all beholders. That man has no more doubt about God's answering his prayers than he has about twice two making four—why should he have? He acts out the truth which he has received—why should he not? Entertaining no modern questions and no ancient questions either, he triumphs by knowing the truth and living the truth, and rejoicing in the truth. Such a man is a pattern and example to us all, and there is a precious savor in what he utters, because he speaks experimentally of truths which he has carried out in his own life.

But these things are not the whole of it. There is a sacred something: it is not nameless, for I will name it by-and-by: it is a heavenly influence which comes into man, but which has no name among the things that belong to men. This sacred influence pervades the speaker, flavoring his matter, and governing his spirit, while at the same time it rests upon the hearer so that he finds his mind awake, his faculties attentive, his heart stirred. Under this mysterious influence the hearer's spirit is in a receptive condition, and as he hears the truth it sinks into his soul as snow-flakes drop into the sea. He finds himself warmed, and cheered, and comforted, and stirred up, as fainting men are wont to be when refreshed after a long fast. Now, what is this? Whence comes this savor? In a word, it cometh of *the Holy Ghost*. The Holy Spirit bears witness with the word upon the quickened heart and conscience of the people of God, and that word becomes life, light, and power to them.

All this we greatly need; and if we have it not, what shall we do? I have often trembled as I have come to preach here lest I should have to speak among you without the help of the Divine Spirit. It would be much better to be silent. I could almost wish that we had the liberty of our Quaker friends just to sit still until we feel that we are moved to speak; for sometimes we might do better to wait without a spoken word for the hour and a half rather than for one of us to talk without the guidance of the Spirit of God. Pray much, beloved, that there may be a great deal of dew about—that heavenly showers may fall on us and on all the churches of God.

THE UNSAVORY NOT TO BE EATEN.

II. Our second remark is this. I find a rendering given to the text, which, if it be not absolutely accurate, nevertheless states an important truth, namely, that that which is unsavory from want of salt must not be eaten. I shall only mention this second head as a note of caution. A word to the wise suffices.

There is a great deal in this world which is unsavory for want of salt; I mean

IN COMMON CONVERSATION.

Alas, it is easy to meet with people—and even people wearing the Christian name—whose conversation has not a particle of salt in it. Nothing that tends to edification is spoken by them. Their talk has an abundance of gayety, but no grace in it. They exhibit any amount of frivolity, but no godliness. In other conversation there is information weighty and solid upon common matters; but there is a lack of that spirit which God's people desire to live in, for the Lord Jesus is forgotten. Some one said to me the other day, "When we were young people, we knew many good old folk who used to meet together and talk about the Lord Jesus Christ by the hour together, and we used to sit and wonder whether we should ever join in such talk as that. But where do you hear it now?" So I said to him, "I hope that we can hear it in a great many places." "Ah," said he, "I do not meet with it. I find that the ordinary talk among professors has not much in it for the helping of souls onward toward heaven." I do not profess to form a judgment on this matter, but I will say this—that it is a great pity if holy converse be a scarce commodity; and it is well for you and for me to get away from that conversation which does not benefit us. If there is no salt in conversation, it will be unsavory to a true Christian spirit, and the less he has of it the better.

Again, there is some talk in the world—I hope not among professors—which has no salt in it even of common morality; and consequently it corrupts, and becomes impure and obnoxious. The wit which owes its pungency to sin is of the devil. The brilliance which comes of corruption is not for holy eyes. O child of God, never tolerate it in your company! If it be not in your power to stop evil communications, remove yourself out of their reach. It is not for us to associate with those whose lips are cankered with lascivious words. We have enough within these gunpowder hearts to make us afraid to go near the forge when the sparks are flying about. Let us keep ourselves from ever permitting corrupt communication to proceed out of our own lips: that would be horrible indeed. Let us avoid all company wherein the purity of a renewed heart would be in danger of taint.

Now, *the same thing is true*, not only of common conversation, but *of a great deal of*

MODERN TEACHING.

Have nothing to do with teaching that is tainted with heresy, brethren. If a man's discoursing has not salt enough in it to keep false doctrine out of it, it is not the kind of food for you. Clean provender is not so scarce that you need to eat carrion. Some like their meat rather high, and there are hearers who are inclined to a preacher who has a sniff of heresy about him; but, as for us, our taste conducts us where salt is found. Where grace is lacking we are not eager to be feeding. The banquets of truth need not be supplemented by the tables of error.

THINGS NEEDING SALT.

III. The third point is, that there are certain things in the world which need something else with them. "Can that which is unsavory be eaten without salt? or is there any taste in the white of an egg?" There are many things in this world which we cannot tolerate by themselves; they need seasoning with them. One of the first of these may read us a lesson of prudence; that is, *reproof*. It is a Christian duty to reprove a brother who is in a fault, and we should speak to him with all gentleness and quietness, that we may prevent his going farther into evil, and lead him back to the right way. But will you please remember, brothers and sisters, that the giving of reproofs is dainty work, and needs a delicate hand.

Some persons have a very quick eye for the faults of others, and they have a ready tongue to descant upon them when they perceive them; to all which they add a tendency to exaggerate the importance of the fault. Now, these brethren always reprove in a wrong way. Listen. One of them cries, "Come here, brother! Come here. Let me take that beam out of your eye." The aforesaid "beam" is really only a mote; and the brother who is addressed becomes indignant at such injustice, and will not have his eye touched at all. Why destroy your own influence by such unwisdom? If the mote can be removed, well and good; but if you will ruin the eye in the process, would it not be better to let it alone? We have known persons who, to spread truth, have killed love, which is truth's life. They wish to set a brother right in doctrine, and, in order that his sight may be clearer

THEY KNOCK HIS EYE OUT,

and call it "controversy."

It is one thing to be "valiant for the truth," and quite another thing to be bitter for your own opinion. Rebuke, however kindly you put it, and however prudently you administer it, will always be an unsavory thing: therefore, salt it well. Think over it. Pray over it. Mix kindness with it. Rub *the salt of brotherly love* into it. Speak with much deference to your erring friend, and use much tenderness, because you are not faultless yourself. Speak acknowledging all the excellences and virtues of your brother which may, after all, be greater than your own; and try, if you can, to wrap up what you have to say in gentle words of praise for something else wherein the friend excels.

Express the rebuke in one of your Master's sentences, if you can find one that will exactly fit. Give your patient *the pill silver coated* with gentleness; it will be received the more willingly and have none the less efficacy. If you speak unkindly, the reproved one may turn round upon you in anger, and if you ask him why he is wroth, he may answer, "Can that which is unsavory be eaten without salt? or is there any taste in the white of an egg?" Do not expect your neighbor to eat your eggs without salt. Do not expect him to receive your words of rebuke without the true kindliness of voice and spirit which will act as salt. Be not silent about sin, but be not harsh in your rebuke of it. Savor your admonitions with affection, and may the Lord make them acceptable to those who need them.

SALT IN DOCTRINE.

Now for other matters which many people do not like by themselves; I mean, *the doctrines of the Gospel*. The true doctrines of the Gospel never were popular, and never will be; but there is no need for any of us to make them more distasteful than they naturally are. The human heart especially revolts at the sovereignty of divine grace. It becomes us who preach this doctrine to take care that we do not add needless offensiveness to it. No one of the doctrines of grace is palatable to man naturally. He does not like the truth of total depravity. Over that he grows exceeding wroth. He calls it a libel upon the nobility of human nature. I have often read of human nature as a noble thing; but I am sorry to say that I have never seen it in that aspect. It is little wonder that this is unsavory to carnal pride. As to the doctrine of justification by faith alone, Mrs. Toogood stamps her foot at such teaching—is she to be none the better for all her good works? Mr. Good-Enough gnashes his teeth at the idea that human merits cannot save. He cannot endure to hear that we must be saved by faith in Jesus Christ, and that the most moral and excellent need Christ quite as much as the most depraved and abandoned.

Brothers and sisters, since we want people to receive these doctrines, what must we do? We must mix an abundance of salt with them. If the Gospel be distasteful we must add a flavoring to it. What shall it be? We cannot do better than

FLAVOR IT WITH HOLINESS!

Where there is a holy life men cannot easily doubt the principles out of which it springs. If it be so that men and women are kindly, generous, tender, affectionate, upright, truthful, Christ-like, because of the doctrines they hold, then the world begins to think that there must be truth in those doctrines. The evangelical school must always draw its strongest arguments first from the Gospel, and next from the lives of its believers; and if we cannot point to those who profess this faith as being famous for holiness, what will the world say? In former ages holy living has been our battle-axe and weapons of war. Look at the Puritanic age. To this day it is the stumbling-block of infidelity. In these times it is very common to laugh at the Puritans, and to say that their faith is outworn, and that we have got beyond their teaching; and yet the very same men who say this cannot read Carlyle's writings without marvelling at Oliver Cromwell, and the great men who trooped around him. Do they never say to themselves, Upon what meat did these men feed that they have grown so great? O fools and slow of heart! Will not history teach them? No, it will not if the Bible does not. If they hear not Christ and His apostles, neither will they believe even though another Unitarian ghost should pass before their eye. Surely evil days are near, unless the church shall again clasp the truth to her heart.

But I diverge. The point I had in hand was this—that in the case of the Puritans their doctrines were rendered respectable and forceful by their glorious lives; and it must be so now. Holy living must salt our doctrines. We must be like Christ that men may believe what we have to say about Christ.

Now, a third egg which cannot be eaten without salt is *affliction*.

AFFLICTIONS ARE VERY UNSAVORY

things. I think I hear one say, "I should not mind any affliction except the one which now oppresses me." Brother, you speak as other foolish brethren have done before you. This has been my language in my turn. Somebody sitting next to you would not mind your affliction at all; at least, he thinks so; it is his own cross which is so galling. The loads borne by people in yonder street have no great weight for you; but if you had to carry a sack of flour yourself, the sack would prove very heavy. We all know the weight of our own burden, but we underestimate that of others. People in trouble know where their own shoe pinches; yet *other people's shoes pinch too*, and other people's crosses are weighty.

Afflictions are unsavory meat. What is to be done with them, then? Why, let us salt them, if we can. Salt your affliction with patience, and it will make a royal dish. By grace, like the apostle, we shall "glory in tribulations also." Look at those who endure constant infirmities. Do you know any? I do. A dear sister has been blind many years, and yet I do not know a happier woman than she is. She has more visions of joy than the most of us, though her eyes are closed to the light of the sun. I know a brother in the ministry who has lost his sight almost entirely; but he preaches more sweetly than ever he did; he has become a seer in our Israel, enjoying a depth of insight into truth which few possess. Truly the lame take the prey! Some that are deaf hear the voice of their Master better than others. And so infirmities become things to glory in, since Christ's power the better rests upon us.

It is so when the Lord gives grace to the poor man and he becomes contented with his lot. Has he not far greater joy than the rich man who still craves for more? There now, brother, do not go on eating that egg without salt; no longer say to yourself, "Here is nothing but the white, with no taste in it. I cannot bear to eat such loathsome food." Put the salt in, brother; put the salt in, sister. Have you been forgetting that salt? Have you failed to ask of the Lord grace equal to your day?—grace to see that "all things work together for good to them that love God?" Be forgetful no longer, but throw in a pinch of salt; then the tasteless thing will go down comfortably enough, and you will bless the name of the Lord for it.

I will not detain you longer to speak about *persecution*, though that is another unsavory article, with which salt of consolation is much to be desired.

But, lastly, there is *the thought of death*. Is not

DEATH AN UNSAVORY THING

in itself? The body dreads dissolution and corruption, and the mind starts back from the prospect of quitting the warm precincts of this house of clay, and going into what seems a cold, rarefied region, where the shivering spirit flits naked into mystery untried. Who likes to sit down and think of his last hour—the corpse, the coffin, and the shroud? The spade, and the mattock, and the falling clods make poor music for gay minds? Who cares for charnel houses? Oh, but dear friends, thoughts of death, when they are salted, are among the richest, daintiest things that ever come to the believer's table; for what is it to die? Is it not to end our pilgrimage, and come to the place where the many mansions be? Is it not to quit the storm-tossed seas for the Fair Havens where all is bliss forever? Death strips the soul of its garments, and by itself this seems a trying process; but season it well, and you will long for evening in order to undress, that you may rest with God. Salt it well, and you will almost grow impatient of your length of days, and look for your last hours as children do for their holidays, when they may go home.

"What salt," say you, "shall I mingle with my thoughts of death?" Why the thought that you cannot die; since because *He* lives you shall live also. Add to it the persuasion that though you be dead, yet shall you live. Thoughts of the resurrection and the swinging open of the pearly gates, and of your entrance there; thoughts of the vision of the Well-beloved's face; thoughts of the glory that shall be yours forever and ever at His own right hand—these are the things with which to savor your meditations among the tombs.

As for you that are not in Christ, you *must* eat this unsavory meat, and

THERE WILL BE NO SALT

with it. I see you put it away from you. You say, "No, I do not mean to think of death." O man, but you will have to die, and it may be full soon. O woman, you will have to die; the seeds of death are in your bosom now. As surely as you live, you will have to die; and after death the judgment. This is the meat which will be laid in your dish, and there will be no leaving it. This is the white of the egg, and you must even down with it, whether you will or no. It has no taste which your palate can enjoy; it has no savor about it but that of fear.

Ah, when your conscience awakes, what will you do with the burning thought that, dying, you must go where hope can never come? That is unsavory meat for you. The Lord help you to salt it, even yet, by believing in Jesus, and so finding eternal salvation. Amen.

[The prayers of the readers of this Journal are requested for the blessing of God upon its Editors in America and England, and those whose sermons, articles, or labors for Christ are printed in it; and for its weekly circulation of more than 260,000 copies to be blessed by the Holy Spirit to the conversion of many sinners and the quickening of God's people. Mr. Spurgeon and Dr. Talmage especially request prayer every Sunday morning on behalf of their labors.]

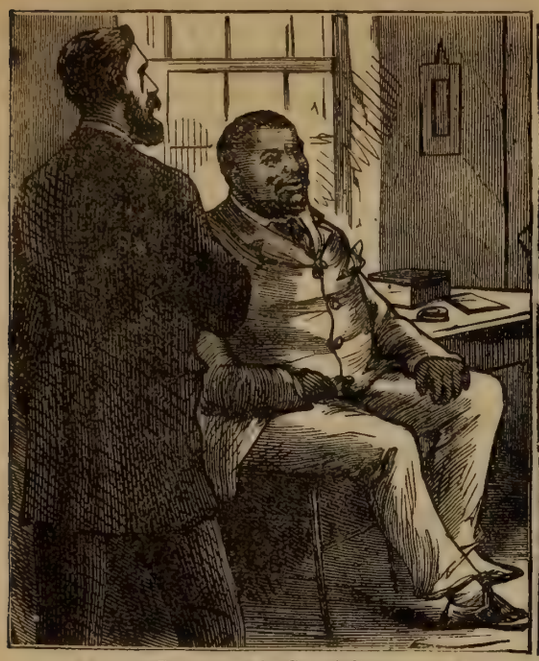
CETEWAYO,

The Late King of Zululand.

On the next page is a portrait of the sable monarch whose death has so quickly followed his restoration to his throne. Accompanying it are portraits of four of his wives and of the King in the dress he wore during his captivity, taken from photographs.

Shortly after his defeat and capture by the British in July, 1879, and while he was held a prisoner at the Cape of Good Hope, he was visited by Mr. William Noble, the founder in England of the Blue Ribbon army. Mr. Noble thus described on his return the interview he had with the much-dreaded chief: "From what I had heard I thought I was going to see a man specially made to terrify people, but I had occasion to modify that opinion. On entering the apartment where he was, I found him with his attendants. He never allows his wives to sit with him. To look at Cetewayo one would take him for a black 'Claimant,' at least as regards bulk. He received me in the most kindly manner, but did not make free at first. The interpreter introduced me, and the king rose and shook my hand. He did not at all look as if he were going to murder me.

"Having my concertina with me, I played a bugle-call. He had heard that before, on the battlefield. He clapped his hands and exclaimed, 'Ha, ha!' I played 'My Grandfather's Clock,' when he again clapped his hands. Having asked whether my friends and I might sing a hymn to him, he assented, took off his hat and told his attendants to uncover. We sung 'Jesus, lover of my soul,' which seemed to make a great impression upon him. He knows, however, but little of Jesus. When a lady showed him a picture of the Saviour, he simply inquired 'why that man's hands were upraised?' The same lady asked him whether he was not much better off where he was than at the Castle? His reply was: 'What is this apartment to me? One place is a good as another to a captive.'



Cetewayo in Captivity.

The late Cetewayo, King of the Zulus.

Four Wives of Cetewayo (from a Photograph).

"I told him we had an enemy in England which killed 60,000 of us every year, and added, 'We have an army fighting against it, but we have not won the victory yet.' He said: 'Who is the enemy?' I replied 'square-face, the square-face you drink.' Gin is called square-face out there."

Cetewayo, the fat, gross man clad in European dress, as Mr. Noble saw him, was, however, a very different looking man to Cetewayo ten years younger in his war-dress at the head of his troop of stalwart, half-naked warriors. The picture above, represents the Cetewayo of that time, nor did the savage, merciless look on his face belie his character. He was as ruthless as he looked. A correspondent of the New York *Herald* thus described him as he appeared in fighting trim: "He was taller than his father, and, though he was slender and graceful in figure, his face had an imperious and forbidding expression. His eyes were exceptionally large and brilliant; but his forehead, though broad for a Kaffir, was very receding, while the lower part of his face denoted a determined nature. He was very elaborately dressed."

Cetewayo was the eldest son of his father, Umpanda, the King of the Zulus, who live in South Africa near the English colony of Natal. When Cetewayo was thirty-two years old he became impatient for the succession. This led to quarrels and threats, and some of Cetewayo's younger brothers, fearing that he might make sure of the succession by making a clean sweep of his rivals, collected a body of their adherents and made off for Natal, with the intention of invoking English protection. Cetewayo at once gave chase, and in a bloody battle five of his brothers were slain. But Umpanda had two other sons left alive, and these he placed under the protection of the authorities at Natal. Soon after this Umpanda died and Cetewayo succeeded him.

Sir Bartle Frere, the English governor of Cape Colony, at length became alarmed at Cetewayo's power, and in 1878 found a pretext to make war upon him. A small English force was sent into Zululand, which was surrounded at Isandula by Cetewayo's troops and completely annihilated. Reinforcements were then sent from England, and the tide of Cetewayo's success was checked, but he still managed to harass his foes and cut off any straggling parties from the main body. The most notable of these feats was that in which he attacked a troop under Captain Carey, who was accompanied by the young prince Napoleon, son of Napoleon III. of France. Captain Carey and his men when attacked sprang to their horses and fled, but Prince Napoleon was suffering from an abscess in his leg and was unable to mount his horse without some one to hold it. Captain Carey, however, was too much concerned for his own safety to care for his comrade, and rode away, leaving the prince to be slaughtered by the savages. The coward's glib tongue saved him from punishment for his baseness, and he continued in the British army until his death a few months ago.

Cetewayo was eventually surrounded and captured, and was kept a prisoner at Capetown until August, 1882, when by his own desire he was taken to England to plead his cause in person. The result was that he was restored to his throne, but under pledges to England which crippled his power and ruined his prestige with his followers. Almost immediately on his return they rebelled against him, and in attempting to suppress the insurrection he was killed. His wives (for Cetewayo, after the manner of African kings, was a polygamist on an extensive scale) were also killed, as also were the chiefs who supported him. The news of his death was cabled here on July 25th last.

DR. BLANK'S BONDAGE.

(*See Illustration on page 508.*)

A few years ago a physician of eminence, a practitioner whom we will call Dr. Blank, well known and highly esteemed in a great city on the Atlantic coast, suddenly disposed of his practice and went to Europe, accompanied by his wife, to whom he had been married not more than a year. He had a large circle of acquaintance, not only among his patients, among whom were some of the most influential citizens, including the mayor and the governor of the State, but also among scientific men, and especially among his brethren of the medical profession. His medical knowledge was profound; he diagnosed successfully cases which had puzzled many eminent physicians, and his brilliant operations had been the delight of the students who crowded the amphitheatre whenever it was known that his hand would hold the knife. Nevertheless at thirty-eight years of age he resigned his practice and disappeared from public life.

What was the cause? Why did Dr. Blank sacrifice his brilliant future? Not one among his friends could guess the reason. There were many conjectures, but not one was true. The real cause was known only to himself and his wife. *Dr. Blank was a drunkard.* He had concealed the fact from his patients, and even from his medical friends, whose quick eyes never detected any sign of his secret vice. His acquaintance with the pharmacopœia enabled him to tone himself up so that the marks of dissipation were not revealed, and it was only when he saw, or fancied he saw, in the face of a physician with whom he was called in consultation, a suspicion of the truth that he was seized with sudden alarm, sold his practice, and went off to Europe.

But his wife could have narrated a terrible story of distress, anxiety, and even personal danger. She knew that many a night when Dr. Blank's footman had been told to say to inquirers that he was not at home, the doctor was lying on the lounge in his study *stupefied with brandy*. The next day, in his customary neat attire, clean shaven face and dignified deportment, he was visiting his patients without a sign of what had occurred. In a few days he would again fall under the power of liquor, but always in secret. Taking a bottle or two of brandy into his study, he would lock himself in and drink himself into stupefaction. At such times it was dangerous to go near him, but his wife, anxious to conceal his degradation from the household, always sat by him until he recovered, though more than once in his drunken frenzy, mistaking her for some one else, he had struck at her with a surgical knife.

When they went to Europe, physicians were consulted and their prescriptions used without relief. It seemed as if this brilliant physician must go down to a drunkard's grave. One physician, however, two years after they left America, recommended a long sea-voyage, and Dr. and Mrs. Blank took passage on a steamer going to Egypt. On that steamer there was among the passengers a medical missionary. He was a young man who, having studied for a physician and having passed his examination with honors and received his diploma, had been converted and was then on his way to mission work in Africa. Dr. Blank admired the young missionary's brilliant acquirements and his knowledge of certain branches of study, in which he too was deeply interested. They had many conversations during the voyage, and at length Dr. Blank told him his story.

The young missionary was not surprised, for Dr. Blank was now less able to conceal his habits. Among strangers he had not so powerful a motive to do so as at home, and, moreover, he was losing fast the power to control himself. The young missionary had no prescription for drugs to give, but he was full of hope. He preached Jesus to the poor slave, and told him of Him who came to set free them that were bound. Neither Dr. Blank nor his wife had ever given a thought to personal re-

ligion. The former was what is called an agnostic, a man who declared he knew nothing of the soul and of a hereafter; Mrs. Blank a woman of the world, gentle, tender, devoted, beautiful, but content with the pleasures and joys of this life. Before the voyage ended the prayers and pleadings of the missionary were blessed of God to the conversion of the miserable enslaved physician and of his scarcely less miserable wife. The liquor was put away, and Dr. Blank never touched another drop. But the cure came too late to save his life. He landed in Algiers, and there in that beautiful climate he spent the few remaining months of his wrecked life. His delicate sensitive organism was fatally undermined by the dissipation of the past years, and he slowly sank into his grave. But those few months were the most happy of his life. His simple, childlike trust in Christ, who had delivered him from his bondage, was a marvel even to his wife. In reading the New Testament his vigorous intellect was charmed, and his faith and joy increased, and he died triumphantly.

Mrs. Blank quits the Dinner Table.

Mrs. Blank spent a year in retirement in Europe, and then returned to her home in America. She was a different woman from the miserable, shrinking, apprehensive creature that had left these shores a few short years before; different too from the gay, light-hearted girl who had stood at the altar with the brilliant physician. But the gravity of her demeanor was set down to her recent sorrow, and her friends declared that she was not less charming than in her youth. She must be aroused and induced to enter society, and invitations flowed in upon her. She declined them all until one came from an eminent clergyman, who had been an intimate friend of Dr. Blank. That she accepted, hoping there to find congenial friends and spiritual conversation. She entered the room looking very beautiful in her black velvet robe, tall, stately, and with queenly carriage. A large party awaited her arrival, eager to renew her acquaintance. Scientific men, fashionable ladies were there, most of whom she knew well, but she was disappointed in her expectation of religious intercourse.

The evening passed drearily for her, and at dinner a shock passed through her as she saw wines of rare vintage on the tables. That was the demon which had slain her beloved husband, and she recoiled in horror at the sight of it. Her face was deadly pale, but she said nothing. A little later, however, a distinguished Frenchman, a professor in a French university, who was seated near her, in the course of a discussion uttered a remark so atheistical, revealing in language flippant and contemptuous his scorn of religion, that she could bear it no longer. She rose from her seat, and not daring to trust herself to words, she turned and quitted the room. Her hostess followed her, fearing she was ill. But Mrs. Blank was not ill, though deeply agitated, and she lost no time in leaving the house. That was the last dinner-party she attended, and she has since found a more congenial occupation in works of Christian charity and in endeavoring to aid those who are in a bondage, the horrors of which she has witnessed, and the only way of deliverance from which, she knows.

MRS. CHANTREY'S SECRET.

A SERIAL STORY.

(*Continued from page 494.*)

The Secret Told.

"I SAW my wife step in here," said Mr. Chantrey, holding out his hand to Ann Holland, and attempting to open the door before which she still stood. She could not speak for a moment, but she kept her post firmly in opposition to him.

"My wife is here?" he asked, in a sharp impetuous tone.

"Yes; oh yes!" cried Ann Holland; "but wait a moment, Mr. Chantrey. Oh, wait a little while. Don't go in and see her yet."

"Why not?" he asked again, a sudden terror taking hold of him.

"Sit down a minute or two, sir," she answered. "Mrs. Chantrey's ill, just ailing a little. She is not prepared to meet you just yet. You were not expected before to-morrow, and she's excited; she hardly knows what she's saying or doing. You'd better not speak to her or see her till she's recovered herself a little."

"Poor Sophy!" cried David Chantrey, with a tremor in his voice; "did she see me coming, then? Go back to her, Miss Holland; she will want you. Is there nothing I can do for her? It has been a hard time for her, poor girl!"

Ann Holland went back into the parlor, and he smiled as he heard her take the precaution of turning the key in the lock. He threw himself into the three-cornered chair, and sat listening to the murmur of voices on the other side of the door. It seemed a very peaceful home. The quaintness and antiqueness of the homely kitchen chimed in with his present feeling; he wanted no display or grandeur. This was no common every-day world he was in; there was a strange flavor about every circumstance. Impatient as he was to see Sophy, and hold her once more in his arms, he could not but feel a sense of comfort and tranquillity mingling with his more unquiet happiness. There was a fire burning cheerily on the hearth, though it was a May evening. Coming from a warmer climate, he felt chilly, and he bent over the fire, stretching over it his long thin hands, which told plainly their story of mere scholarly work and of health never very vigorous. Smiling all the time, with the glow of the flame on his face, with its expression of tranquil gladness, as of one who had long been buffeted about, but had reached home at last, he sat listening till the voices ceased. A profound silence followed, which lasted some time, before Ann Holland returned to him saying softly, "She is asleep."

Ann Holland sat down on the other side of the hearth, opposite her rector; but she could not lift up her eyes to his face. There was no one in the world whom she loved so well. His forbearance and kindness toward her unfortunate brother, who was the plague and shame of her life, had completely won for him an affection that would have astonished him if he could have known its devotion. This moment would have been one of unalloyed delight to her had there been no trouble lurking for him, of which he was altogether unaware. So rejoiced she was at his return that it seemed as if no event in her monotonous life hitherto had been so happy; yet she was terrified at the very thought of his coming wretchedness.

When Sophy had fled to her with the cry that her husband was come, and she dared not meet him as she was, she had seen in an instant that she must prevent it by some means or other. The hope that Mr. Chantrey's return would bring about a reformation in his wife had grown faint in her heart, for during the last few months the sin had taken deeper and deeper root; and now, the day only before she expected him, she had not had strength to resist the temptation to it. Sophy had been crying hysterically, and trembling at the thought of meeting him as she was; and she had made Ann promise to break to him

gently the confession she would otherwise be compelled to make herself. Ann Holland sat opposite to him, with downcast eyes, and a face almost heartbroken by the shame and sorrow she foresaw for him.

"She is asleep," he said, repeating her words in a lowered voice, as if he was afraid of disturbing her.

"Yes," she answered.

"It is strange," he said, after a short pause; "strange she can sleep now. Has she been ill? Sophy always assured me she was quite well and strong. It is strange she can sleep when she knows I am here."

"She was very ill and low after you went, sir," she replied; "it was like as if her heart was broken, parting with you and Master Charlie both together. Dear, dear! it might have been better for her if you'd been poor folks, and she'd had to work hard for you both. She'd just nothing to do, and nobody to turn to for comfort, poor thing. Mrs. Bolton meant to be kind, and was kind in her way; but she fell into a low fever, and the doctors all ordered her as much wine and support as ever she could take."

"I never heard of it," said Mr. Chantrey; "they never told me."

"No; they were fearful of your coming back too soon," she went on; "and, thank God, you are looking quite yourself again, sir. All Upton will be as glad as glad can be, and the old church'll be crammed again. Mr. Warden's done all a man could do; but everybody said he wasn't you and we longed for you back again, but not too soon—no, no, not too soon."

"But my wife," he said; "has she been ill all the time?"

For a minute or two she could not find words to answer his question. She knew that it could not be long before he learned the truth, if not from her or his wife, then from Mrs. Bolton or his friend Mr. Warden. It was too much the common talk of the neighborhood for him to escape hearing of it, even if she could hope that Mrs. Chantrey would have strength of mind enough to cast off the sin at once. Now was the time to break it to him gently, with quiet and friendly hints rather than with hard words. But how was she to do it? How could she best soften the sorrow and disgrace?

"Is my wife ill yet?" he demanded again, in a more agitated voice.

"Not ill now," she answered, "but she's not quite herself yet. You'll help her, sir. You'll know how to treat her kindly and softly, and bring her round again. There's a deal in being mild and patient with folks. You know my poor brother, as fierce as a tiger, and that obstinate, tortures would not move him; but he's like a lamb with you, Mr. Chantrey. I think sometimes if he could live in the same house with you, if he'd been your brother, poor fellow! you'd save him; for he'll do anything for you, short of keeping away from drink. You'll bring Mrs. Chantrey round, I'm sure."

Mr. Chantrey smiled again, as the comparison between the drunken old saddler and his own fair, sweet young wife, flitted across his brain, Ann Holland, in her voluble flow of words, hit upon curious combinations. Still she had not removed his anxiety about his wife. Was Sophy suffering from the effects of the low, nervous fever yet?

"Yes; I'll take care of my wife," he said, glancing toward the parlor door; "it has been a sore trial, this long separation of ours. But it's over now; and she is dearer to me than ever she was."

"Ay! love will do almost everything," she answered, sadly, "and I know you will never get tired or worn out, if it's for years and years. A thing like this doesn't come right all at once; but if it comes right at last, we have cause to be thankful. Mr. Warden has not had full patience; and Mrs. Bolton lost hers too soon. Neither of them knows it as I know it. You can't storm it away; and it's no use raving at it. Only love and patience can do it; and not that always. But we are bound to bear with them, poor things! even to death. We cannot measure God's patience with our measure."

Ann Holland's voice trembled, and her eyes filled with tears, which glistened in the firelight. She could not bear to speak more plainly to her rector, whom she loved and reverenced so greatly. She could not think of him as being brought down on a level with herself, the sister of a known drunkard. It seemed a horrible thing to her; this sorrow hanging over him, of which he was so utterly unconscious. Mr. Chantrey had fastened his eyes upon her as if he would read her inmost thoughts. His voice trembled a little, too, when he spoke.

"What has this to do with my wife?" he asked, "for what reason have my aunt and Mr. Warden lost patience with her?"

"Oh, it's best for me to tell you, not them," she said, the tears streaming down her cheeks; "it will be very hard for you to hear, whoever says it. Everybody knows it; and it could never be kept from you. But you can save her, Mr. Chantrey, if anybody can. It's best for me to tell you at once. She was so ill, and low, and miserable; and the doctors kept on ordering her wine, and things like that; and it was the only thing that comforted her, and kept her up; and she got to depend upon it to save her from loneliness and wretchedness, and now she can't break herself of taking it—of taking too much."

"O my God!" cried Mr. Chantrey. It was a cry from the very depths of his spirit, as by a sudden flash he saw the full meaning of Ann Holland's faltered words. Sophy had fled from him, conscious that she was in no fit state to meet him after their long separation. She was sleeping now the heavy sleep of excess. Was it possible that this was true? Could it be anything but a feverish dream that he was sitting there, and Ann Holland was telling him such an utterly incredible story?

But Ann Holland's tearful face, with its expression of profound grief and pity, was too real for her story to be a dream. He, David Chantrey, the rector of Upton, whom all men looked up to and esteemed, had a wife, who was whispered about among them all as a victim to a vile and degrading sin. A strong shock of revulsion ran through his veins, which had been thrilling with an unquiet happiness all the day. There was an inexplicable, mysterious misery in it. If he had come home to find her dead, he could have borne to look upon her lying in her coffin, knowing that life could never be bright again for him; but he would have held up his head among his fellow-men. It would have been no shame or degradation either for him or her to have laid her in the tranquil churchyard, beside their little child, where he could have seen her grave through his vestry window, and gone from it to his pulpit, facing his congregation, sorrowful but not disgraced. He was just coming back to his people with higher aims, and greater resolves, determined to fight more strenuously against every form of evil among them; and this was the first gigantic sin which met him on his own threshold and his own hearth.

"She's so young," pleaded Ann Holland, frightened at the ashy hue that had spread over his face, "and she's been so lonesome. Then it was always easy to get it, when she felt low; for Mrs. Bolton's servants rule the house, and there's the best of everything in her cellars. James Brown says he could never refuse Mrs. Chantrey, she was so miserable, poor thing! But now you will take her home; and she'll have you, and Master Charlie. You'll save her, sir, sooner or later; never fear."

"Let me go and see her," he said, in a choking voice.

Ann Holland opened the door so carefully that the latch did not click or the hinges creak; and, shading the light with her hand, she stood beside him for a minute or two, as he looked down upon his sleeping wife. She did not dare to lift her eyes to his face; but she knew that all the light and glow of gladness had fled from it, and a gray look of terror had crept across it. He was a very different man from the one who had been seated on her hearth a short half-hour ago. He bade her leave him alone, and without a light, and she obeyed him, though reluctantly, and with an undefined fear of him in his wretchedness.

It seemed to Mr. Chantrey as if an age had passed over him. As persons who are drowning see in one brief moment all the course of their past lives, with its most trivial circumstances, so he seemed to have looked into his own future, stretching before him in gloom and darkness, and foreseen a thousand miserable results springing from this fatal source. She was his wife, dearer to him than any other object in the world; but after she had repented and reformed, as surely she would repent and reform, she could never be to him again what she had been. There was a faint gleam of moonlight stealing into the familiar room, and he could just distinguish her form lying on the white-covered sofa. With an overwhelming sense of wretchedness and bewilderment he fell upon his knees beside her, and burying his face in his hands, cried again, "O my God!"

How long he knelt there, Mr. Chantrey did not know. He felt cramped and stiff, for he did not stir from his first position; and he had uttered no other word of prayer. But at last Sophy moved and turned her head; and he lifted up his face at the sound. The moon was shining full into the room, and they could see one another, but not distinctly, as in daylight. She looked at him in dreamy silence for a few moments, and then she timidly stretched out her hand, and whispered, "David!"

"My wife!" he answered, laying his own cold hand upon hers.

For some few minutes neither of them spoke again. They gazed at one another as though some great gulf had opened between them, and neither of them could cross it. In the dim light they could only see the pallid outline of each other's face, as though they had met in some strange, sad world. But presently he leaned over her, and kissed her.

"Oh," she cried, with a sudden loudness that rang through the quiet room, "you know all! You know how wicked I am. But you don't know how lonely and wretched I have been. I tried to break myself of it. I did try to keep from it; but it was always there on the table when I sat down to my meals with Aunt Bolton; and I could always find comfort in it. Oh, help me! Don't cast me off; don't hate me. Help me."

"I will help you," he answered, earnestly; but he could say no more. The mere sound of the words she spoke unnerved him.

"And I have made you miserable just as you are coming home!" she went on. "I never meant to do that. But I was so restless, looking forward to to-morrow; and aunt's maid advised me to take a little, for fear I should be quite ill when you came. I should have been all right to-morrow; and I was so resolved never to touch it again, after you had come home. You are come back quite strong, are you? There is no more fear for you? Oh, I will conquer myself; I must conquer myself. If it had not always been in my sight, and the doctors had not ordered it, I should never have been so wicked. Do you forgive me? Do you think God will forgive me?"

"Can you give it up?" he asked.

"Oh, I must, I will give it up," she sobbed; "but if I do, and if you forgive me, it can never be the same again. You will not think the same of me—and people have seen me—they all talk about it—and I shall always be ashamed before them. I am a disgrace to you; Aunt Bolton has said so again and again. Then there's Charlie; I'm not fit to be his mother. That is quite true. However long I live, people in Upton will remember it, and gossip about it. If they had let me die it would have been better for us all. You could have loved me then."

"But I love you still," he answered, in a voice of tenderness and pity; "you are very dear to me. How can I ever cease to love you?"

Yet as he spoke a terrible thought flashed through his mind that his wife might some day become to him an object of unutterable disgust.

(To be continued.)

ISRAEL FORSAKING GOD.

S. S. Lesson for Aug. 19, Judges 2 : 6-16. Golden Text, ver. 12. By Mrs. M. Baxter.

Unfailing Result of Divine Guidance—Othniel's Achievement—A Type of Christ—The First Check—Weakness in Strength—The Reproof of the Angel—Tribute Taken from the Passions—Help Withdrawn—Teaching Neglected—The Deliverance—Their Vacillation—The Danger of Compromise.

AFTER the death of Joshua, the children of Israel continued at first to inquire of the Lord, and to be guided by Him. By His direction Judah went up against the Canaanites, and "the Lord delivered the land into his hand." There is never any lack of result to our work so long as we are really guided by God; the lack of blessing comes from our independence of Him. Caleb, Joshua's companion-spy, and companion-wanderer in the wilderness, outlived him. Caleb had asked for Hebron "fellowship" as his inheritance, and a precious inheritance it is. What is equal to real continuous fellowship with God? But there lay within his inheritance Kirjath Sepher "the city of the book." And Caleb said, "He that smiteth Kirjath Sepher and taketh it, I will give him Achsah, my daughter, to wife. And Othniel, the son of Kenas . . . [whose name signifies Son of God], took it, and he gave him Achsah, his daughter, to wife." Who possesses the book? who can open the seals of it? Surely "the Lion of the tribe of Judah, the Root of David, hath prevailed to open the book and to loose the seven seals thereof" (Rev. 5 : 5).

Othniel is a type of Jesus, who is the key to the revelation of God, and the Bridegroom of our souls. But

OTHNIEL'S BRIDE

when she came to him, moved him to ask of her father a field. He did not go without her, nor she without him. "Caleb said unto her, What wilt thou? And she said unto him, Give me a blessing; for thou hast given me a south land: give me also springs of water." The bride of Christ who comes to the Father in the presence of her Bridegroom, to ask from Him the "gift of God," the Holy Spirit, which alone can make the Word fruitful to herself or others, gets more than she asks, "Caleb gave her the upper springs and the nether springs."

The first check in the victorious career of Judah was when he drove out the inhabitants of the mountain; "but could not drive out the inhabitants of the valleys, because they had chariots of iron." How was this? Were the chariots of iron too strong for him, or too strong for God? "The Lord was with Judah," but it is very clear that Judah was not at that time relying on the Lord. The house of Joseph went up against Bethel, and the Lord was with them, and delivered the city into their hands. But Benjamin, Manasseh, Ephraim, Zebulon, Asher and Naphtali did not drive out the inhabitants of their towns.

ISRAEL WAS STRONG;

this was their point of weakness; they believed themselves masters, and so in disobedience to the Lord, "they put the Canaanites to tribute, and did not utterly drive them out." They counted on the promises of God while shirking their own responsibility to exterminate their enemies. Nothing is more fatal to our spiritual prosperity than a consciousness of strength in ourselves. King Uzziah "was marvellously helped *till he was strong*. But when he was strong, his heart was lifted up to his destruction" (II Chron. 26 : 15, 16). When Paul was in danger of being exalted above measure, the Lord spoke thus to him, "My grace is sufficient for thee, for My strength is made perfect in weakness," and Paul's glad reply was, "Most gladly will I therefore glory in my infirmities, that the power of Christ may rest upon me . . . for when I am weak, then am I strong (II Cor. 12 : 9, 10). We are created, redeemed, sanctified to manifest not ourselves but Christ in our mortal flesh (II Cor. 4 : 11), to show forth not our virtues but those of Him who hath called us out of darkness into His marvellous light (1 Pet. 2 : 9). Our strength is in continually increasing dependence upon God, which makes us increasingly independent of men and things.

It was probably about this time that "an angel of the Lord came up from Gilgal to Bochim, and said, I made you to go up out of Egypt, and have brought you unto the land which I sware unto your fathers; and I said, I will never break My covenant with you." It was as much as to say, You see I have kept *My* promise, and the covenant can never be broken on My side. "I said, I will never break My covenant with you. And ye shall make no league with the inhabitants of this land; ye shall throw down their altars; but ye have not obeyed My voice: why have ye done this?" It was that which they had just done; why did they not then and there break their league with the inhabitants of the land, and rise in the name of God against them? Oh, how many there are who make a league with the inhabitants of their own hearts, and put to tribute those things which God has condemned! Our old man is crucified with Christ that

THE BODY OF SIN SHOULD BE DESTROYED,

that henceforth we should not serve sin (Rom. 6 : 6). Many are so overjoyed when the Lord has given them a victory over pride, ill-temper, etc., that instead of delivering over the whole being to God as something utterly hopeless and only to be put and kept in order by Him, they will take for granted that they themselves are strong enough to put down and keep down the enemies still existing and allowed within, until some grievous fall shows them their foolishness, and humbles them down before God.

The angel went on "Wherefore *I also* said, I will not drive them out from before you; but they shall be as thorns in your sides, and their gods shall be a snare unto you." These were fearful tidings; up till now the Lord had gone before them, and been with them, and every time they went up against the Canaanites they had the promise of God to rely upon, that He would send the hornets and drive out the inhabitants of the land before His people (Ex. 23 : 27, 28); but now they had broken their part of the covenant, and God did not hold Himself bound by His, they must know His "breach of promise or altering of My purpose" (Num. 14 : 34). This was just what Joshua had warned them about in his last charge, but alas! in vain. "And it came to pass, when the angel of the Lord spake these words unto all the children of Israel, that the people lifted up their voice, and wept. And they called the name of that place Bochim [*i.e.*, weepers], and they sacrificed there unto the Lord." But the league with the inhabitants of the land remained unbroken; there was contrition, there was a measure of return to the Lord, but nothing to insure that they should not fall again as before.

The generation which had known Joshua, and which had passed through the Jordan, and marched around Jericho "were gathered unto their fathers, and there arose another generation after them, which

KNEW NOT THE LORD,

nor yet the works which He had done for Israel." How was this? Evidently the custom of speaking of the wonderful works of God had died out. Although God had given direction that the words which He commanded them, "Thou shalt teach them diligently unto thy children, and shalt talk of them when thou sittest in thine house, and when thou walkest by the way, and when thou liest down, and when thou risest up," He commanded that they should be a sign upon the hand, frontlets between the eyes, written upon the posts of the house and on their gates (Deut. 5 : 7-9). God also had ordained the Passover to commemorate their deliverance from Egypt, and memorial stones on the banks of Jordan to commemorate their passage of the Jordan; was it then possible that in one generation the worship of God had so far ceased that it could be said of that generation they "knew not the Lord?" Yes, it was even so: "the children of Israel did evil in the sight of the Lord, and served Baalam: And they forsook the Lord God of their fathers, which brought them out of the land of Egypt, and followed other gods . . . and provoked the Lord to anger. And they forsook the Lord, and served Baal and Ashtaroth." God must vindicate His holiness, He could not let the sin of idolatry go unpunished, "the anger of the Lord was hot against Israel, and He delivered them into the hands of spoilers that spoiled them, and He sold them into the hands of their enemies round about so that they would not any longer stand before their enemies. Whithersoever they went out, the hand of the Lord was against them for evil, as the Lord had said, and as the Lord had sworn unto them."

It cannot but be so when we are acting in perverseness of spirit, and seeking first anything else than "the kingdom of God and His righteousness." Let such as feel that

THE LORD IS AGAINST THEM

in all which they do, look to it whether they are really serving God or the world; which is really first with them, to honor God at the risk of losing caste in the world, or to hold on to wealth, position, honor, etc., in the world, whether God's kingdom gains by it or not. Let the Christian worker look to it whether he is really looking to self-effort, self-glory, self-plans, by which he may be prominent as a worker or whether he is willing to put himself out of sight and be an unseen, unnoticed, unknown instrument in the hands of God. If we are not working altogether according to His mind, His hand will be against us; either funds are short, or health is breaking down, or fellow-workers leave, and there is perpetual anxiety; things do not go smoothly; the Lord is calling us to put the whole matter into His hands.

Israel was "greatly distressed." While the inhabitants remained in the land, their idols remained too, the only hope was to extirpate them, and this the people had failed to do. Thus it was an up and down life, sinning and repenting and sinning again, like that of many a Christian. But oh, how tenderly the heart of God was toward them: "When the Lord raised them up judges, then the Lord was with the judge, and delivered them out of the hand of their enemies all the days of the judge; for it repented the Lord because of their groanings by reason of them that oppressed them and vexed them." But alas! they leaned upon the judge instead of leaning upon the Lord, they took God's deliverances second hand, and His commands second hand, and this kind of thing never lasts; we must deal alone with God, and know, like Elijah, what it is to stand before the Lord God of Israel, if we are to be invincible; *He only* is my Rock and my Salvation, He is my defence, I shall not be moved" (Ps. 62 : 6).

Any little improvement lasted only till the judge was dead; then "they returned and

CORRUPTED THEMSELVES

more than their fathers." This is most markedly the history of those who depart from the Lord; each generation exceeds the last in wickedness. The children of Israel began to intermarry with the heathen, and were fast becoming one with them, when He delivered them over into the hand of the King of Mesopotamia, but when they cried unto Him, He raised up Othniel, Caleb's son-in-law, to judge them, under whom they had rest forty years. But again and again they fell, and the Lord gave them over into the hands of Eglon, King of Moab, and later on Jabin, King of Canaan, but bless Him, when they cried unto Him, He raised up Ehud, Barak, Deborah, and delivered them. What a lesson we have of the danger of compromise, the Lord engrave it deeply on our hearts. Amen.

FOREIGN TOPICS.

A Decrease in the Number of Deaths from cholera in Egypt was reported last week. There were not so many seizures as in the preceding week, and, of those attacked, a larger proportion recovered. A cable report says: "The collapse of the native administration led to the organization of a sanitary board that was virtually under English control. An English officer was appointed to work with the Prefect of Cairo, and the latter was threatened with deposition if he were obstinate. The importation of more doctors and Mohammedan hospital attendants from India and the increasing number of English doctors encourage a belief that the epidemic may now be strangled. Fears prevail respecting Alexandria, which may yet be scourged."

The Murder of James Carey, the Dublin Town Councillor who planned and superintended the Phœnix Park murders and afterward turned informer, is reported from South Africa. It appears that Carey was warned that the Government would be unable to protect him in Ireland, where he wished to remain. It was finally decided that he should emigrate to Capetown, and his passage and that of his family thither on the Kenfauns Castle was paid by the Government. He travelled under the name of Power. Among his fellow-passengers was a man who gives the name of O'Donnell, with whom Carey often conversed during the voyage. On July 30th, when the steamer was near Port Elizabeth, O'Donnell shot Carey in the neck, and continued firing until he was dead. O'Donnell made no attempt to escape after the shooting, and was promptly seized and handed over to the civil authorities at Port Elizabeth, where he has been committed for trial on the charge of wilful murder. Conflicting accounts are given of O'Donnell, but all agree that he is an Irish-American. One account states that he had dogged his victim all the way from London; another account says that O'Donnell was proceeding to Cape town on business when he became aware that Carey was a fellow-passenger and shot him without orders from any society. The police knew that several men had been detailed by the Irish societies to take vengeance on Carey, but whether O'Donnell is one of those emissaries is at present unknown. Intense joy was manifested in Ireland when the news arrived, the people lighting bonfires and illuminating their houses.

Ireland is Threatened with General Bankruptcy. Mr. Hatton telegraphs to the New York *Times* a [illegible]orable account of the condition of the country. He says: "A memorial from distressed Irish landlords to the English Government asking for a loan from the state at three and a half per cent to enable them to pay off their mortgages was sent to the Government and was referred to the Dublin Executive. The authorities there have informally reported that unless Parliament comes to the help of the landlords *a social crisis* will be inevitable next spring. Mortgagees who have received no interest for several years are threatening to foreclose. The Irish papers continue to comment on the extraordinary decrease of land under cultivation in Ireland, which they attribute to British misgovernment. The English papers suggest that it is the result of terrorism and agrarian crime, that a large number of farms are vacant because it is more than a new tenant's life is worth to take them, and that Mr. Parnell and the Land League are the immediate cause of the present condition of things, and of the inevitable famine which will be the result. *Capital is scared out of the country*, and ruin, misery, and bankruptcy are general throughout all classes."

A Sheriff's Sale in a Royal Palace is an Uncommon event, but it was witnessed in England last week. The Queen's cousin, Princess Mary of Cambridge, who is married to the Duke of Teck, has hitherto lived in royal state in England. She receives from Government, in addition to her private fortune, a pension of $25,000 a year, and her husband holds several lucrative appointments. They have, however, been unable to pay their way, and their debts have accumulated until an execution from the sheriff was served upon them. The sale of their effects caused some excitement in London, as among the articles sold were the valuable gifts presented to the princess on her marriage. It was expected that the Queen would have paid the debt in order to avoid scandal, but she declined doing so.

War Between France and China is now considered inevitable. The London *Times* publishes a report from its correspondent at Hong Kong which confirms the apprehension. "The negotiations," he says, "between France and China in regard to Tonquin are at a standstill. The general opinion is that the aggressive policy assumed by M. Challemel-Lacour and the appointment of M. Tricou as French minister to China were unfortunate circumstances, and that a peaceful solution of the difficulty is impossible. The Chinese consider that the French are determined upon the annexation of Annam, and that they desire to quarrel with China. The French will be unable to operate until November. The unhealthy season is affecting the young men among the French troops and the hospitals are inadequate to accommodate the sick."

The Trial of the Ten Jews in Hungary charged with the murder of a Christian girl in the synagogue at Tisza Esslar, in order to procure her blood to mix in Passover bread, has been concluded. A verdict of not guilty was returned. The state was ordered to pay the costs of the trial. The lower classes of the people incited by vindictive agitators are indignant at the result of the trial, and anti-Semitic riots have broken out in several places and have been suppressed with difficulty.

Five Million Dollars for a Manuscript, is the price set by the owner, who is endeavoring to sell it to the trustees of the British Museum. A cablegram to the New York *Sun* states that a Mr. Shapira, of Jerusalem, a bookseller and dealer in antiquities, has just deposited in the British Museum fifteen slips of black sheepskin leather on which are written, in characters similar to those on the celebrated Moabite stone, portions of the Book of Deuteronomy differing materially from the received version. The date of the slips is the ninth century before Christ, or sixteen centuries older than any authentic manuscript of any part of the Old Testament. Mr. Shapira bought them from an Arab, and he asks for them $5,000,000 from the British Museum. If genuine, the interest and importance of the discovery cannot be overrated; and, so far as variations in the sacred text are concerned, there is promise of one of the greatest controversies that scholars have ever entered upon. Dr. Ginsburg, supposed to be the most eminent Hebrew scholar in Europe, is engaged in examining the manuscript to test its genuineness.

The McAll Mission in Paris is Extending its influence throughout the city. A Christian gentleman, who attended some of its meetings recently, thus writes of what he witnessed: "Not only in Paris itself, but in the chief provincial towns of France, extending even to Marseilles, Nice, Cannes, and Corsica, the name of McAll is familiar as a household word. Meetings of every description, Bible-classes for adults and children, mothers'-meetings, sewing-classes, every conceivable opportunity are in active operation under his wise guidance and prayerful direction. I have been present at some of his services, and whether among the more intelligent class in the Faubourg St. Honoré or the workman class in the Rue St. Antoine, no one can fail to observe the deep, intense, intelligent interest exhibited. The service is warm and hearty, the prayers touching and fervent, the singing sweet and moving, the preaching plain and persuasive. He welcomes ministers of Christ of all denominations, feeling that for the evangelization of this class you must come less with a system than with a message; that the occasion is one less for the forming of one school of thought than for the preaching of a truth common to as needful for all. I shall never forget the rapt and sustained attention with which Monod, under the auspices of Mr. McAll, was listened to by rough men and women in the Rue St. Antoine. A ball-room of a low type was engaged for the evening, and he was announced to deliver an 'address on the reasonableness of the belief in the existence of a God.' He quoted Pascal and Guizot and Thiers and Victor Hugo to an audience which filled every part of the ball-room, and who followed his most able discourse without weariness or interruption. Day by day; hour by hour; unweariedly, counting nothing dear to himself, and with a zeal which would put many of us at home to shame, does this, humble, singleminded servant of Christ labor to win souls to Him."

Suicides in Germany have been Unusually numerous of late. The mania for self-murder is manifested to a terrible extent in Berlin, and a very large number of those who fall victims to it belong to what are called the higher classes. Perhaps the facts cannot be satisfactorily explained; but it is impossible not to associate them to some extent with the decay of religious belief in Germany. There are certainly men who, when they suddenly throw off old restraints, are tempted to plunge into a kind of life that may easily lead to disaster. For many thousands of Germans, gambling seems to have an irresistible fascination; and gambling both at the Bourse and at the card-table is understood to have been the direct cause of some of the most recent instances of suicide in the German capital. Probably poverty also accounts for a considerable number of cases.

Twenty-one Missionaries Left the East London Institute on July 2d for their fields of labor. The Institute, of which the Rev. Grattan Guinness is the Principal, celebrated its tenth anniversary on the same day. The meeting was also one of farewell and dismissal to the twenty-one missionaries, who had been trained in the Institute, and who were departing—seven to labor in Europe, three to America, four to China, four to Africa, and two to Siberia. In his address Mr. Guinness characterized the present as a preeminently missionary age, and as such the sign of a rapidly approaching termination of the present dispensation. During the last ten years the Institute has sent out nearly 300 missionaries. Mr. Reginald Ratcliff said that during the fifteen years since the death of Livingstone greater strides had been made than during the preceding 1900.

The Prophetic News and Israel's Watchman for July contains a report of the proceedings and addresses delivered at the recent Prophetic Conference at Wimbledon, England; also an article by Mrs. Fielder on "The Redeemed Companies of Rev. 7: 4-8;" "Watchman, What of the Night?" by Dr. Meymott, and a summary of passing events from a prophetic standpoint. Price six cents, annual subscription seventy cents. Back numbers of this periodical for this year may be had from the office of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD at the same price, which includes postage.

An Illustrated Work on the Unfulfilled prophecies of the Bible, by the Rev. M. Baxter, entitled: "Forty Coming Wonders," may be had from the office of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, 63 Bible House, New York, by remitting one dollar. It is a book of 528 pages, is handsomely bound in cloth and contains fifty full-page pictures and diagrams representing the scenes described in the prophecies of Daniel and in the book of the Revelation. It also contains a resumé of the opinions of other expositors, and extracts carefully collated from the works of all the most eminent writers on prophecy, from the earliest ages of the Christian era down to those of recent date. It thus forms the most useful and complete guide the student can have in entering on the study of that portion of the Word of God. The book may also be obtained for one dollar from any bookseller, who can procure it from the American News Company.

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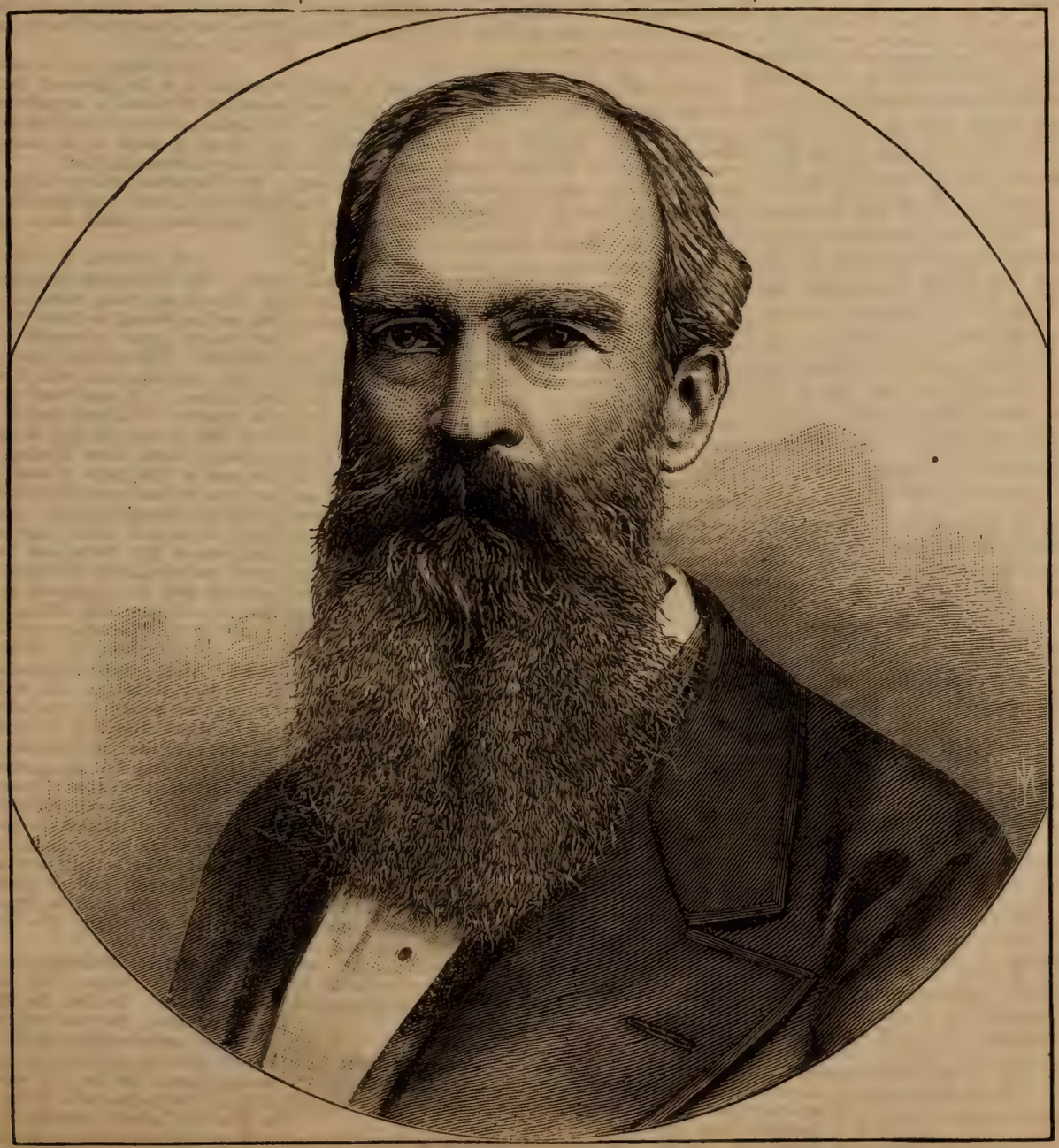

Cut

The Rev. W. R. Nicholson, D.D., of Philadelphia, Presiding Bishop of the Reformed Episcopal Church.

BISHOP NICHOLSON,

Of the Reformed Episcopal Church.

A Remarkable Gathering—An Eloquent Speech—Birth and Early Life—Early Conversion—A Methodist Education—Pastorate in New Orleans—Enters the Protestant Episcopal Church—Pastorates at Cincinnati, Boston, and Newark—Scruples about the Service—Joins Reformed Church—Labors in Philadelphia—Elected to the Episcopate—Made Presiding Bishop.

NEARLY five years ago a remarkable group of men were sitting on the platform of the Church of the Holy Trinity, in New York. Episcopalians, Reformed Churchmen, Congregationalists, Baptists, Methodists, were sitting side by side. They were not disputing over the matters on which they differed in theological belief, not discussing the pro and con of the use of a liturgy, the right kind of ecclesiastical vestments that should be worn by clergymen, not the doctrine of Divine Sovereignty or Freewill, nor engaged in a tournament on any of the familiar arenas of theological controversy. They were occupied in conference on unfulfilled prophecy. It was

A REMARKABLE ASSEMBLY,

and the scene was one never to be forgotten by those who witnessed it.

As the aged Dr. S. H. Tyng, Sr., was conducted to the front by his eminent son, and in patriarchal voice and language asked a blessing on the conference, and uttered to his young brethren around him words of approval and encouragement, and urged them to persevere in the study in which they were engaged, a deep solemnity fell on the vast audience that filled every part of the church. It was a trying time for any speaker to address the audience, but the speech that followed was heard with the attention it deserved. The clear enunciation of the speaker, his powerful but musical voice, his natural gestures, and his refined countenance and commanding figure, attracted observation, and when, toward the close of his address, the grandeur and glory of the time which might be near at hand filled his soul, a burst of impassioned eloquence electrified the audience, which sat rapt and spell-bound, hanging on the lips of the orator. To many there, the wonderful eloquence was a surprise, but not to those who knew that the speaker was Dr. Nicholson, of Philadelphia, Bishop of the Reformed Episcopal Church.

AN ELOQUENT SPEECH.

Speaking of that gathering of the Jews to Jerusalem which prophecy teaches will occur before the second stage of our Lord's Second Advent, he dwelt on the character of the race, and in a few brilliant words placed before the audience a glowing picture, poetic and rich in color, of the significance of their place in the world. He said: "The Jew is a Jew still. Even our own all-appropriating country, which denationalizes Germans, Irish, French, Spaniards, Finns, Swedes, has left untouched this wondrous people.

"Here they are, holding fast to *that one tell-tale face*, keeping up the sacred learning of their traditions, self-conscious in their isolation, irrepressible in their love of Jerusalem, sublime in their singular patriotism, evermore looking and longing for their Messiah, the same intense individuality as when, lord of the soil, he plucked his fruit from the trees of Judea.

"And, what is more, these world-wanderers of the centuries, these tribes of the weary foot, have not only survived, but have now risen again as an element of power among mankind. The Jew is the banker of the world; he is among the foremost, whether in science, or literature, or government. In witchery of song unsurpassed, he enchants the world with some of the sweetest music it ever heard. Surely, he is the standing miracle of the world's current history; the bush of Moses, ever burning, yet never consumed; an ocular demonstration of how God may energize the secret springs of a people's life, yet without disturbing individual freedom or social characteristics; an unanswering refutation of *that godless philosophy which would turn the Almighty out of His own universe.*"

That specimen of Dr. Nicholson's power as a public speaker, brief as it is, will convey to the reader an idea of the peculiar force, the correctness of language, and the chaste style which distinguish his preaching; but to gain a complete knowledge of it, it is necessary to hear the words from his own lips, uttered in his melodious voice, and with the emphasis and pathos of the born orator. Many of our readers have probably had that advantage, for Dr. Nicholson's labors have been spent and appreciated in three branches of the Christian Church. The Methodists, accustomed as they are to the glow and fire of eloquence, have listened to his preaching with delight. The Episcopalians, who expect culture, learning, and a high standard of oratorical excellence in their preachers, admired and loved him while he ministered among them, and the Reformed Church, with their love of sound doctrine and their desire for instruction in the things that make for the peace and salvation of men, have honored him as they have honored themselves by raising him to the episcopate. To all three branches of the Church Universal, each holding the truth in its integrity, and each seeing in that truth a different aspect respectively adapted to the constitution of their minds, the portrait of Dr. Nicholson, which this week adorns the first page of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, will be welcome.

BIRTH AND EARLY LIFE.

William Rufus Nicholson the South is proud to claim among her sons. He is now sixty-one years of age, having been born in Green County, Mississippi, on January 8th, 1822. His birthplace was a farm in that county, and there his early years were spent in calm, quiet retirement from the hot haste and hurry of the cities. His father, however, was something more than a farmer, and to his knowledge of the world and of the value of mental training is doubtless due the early proficiency his son attained. Mr. Nicholson, Senior, was a lawyer, and he afterward gave proof of so much legal ability that he became one of the circuit judges of the State.

The future Bishop's calling in life was not, as in the cases of some ministers, a matter of uncertainty in his youth. An event, the most momentous in the life of any man, dwarfing into insignificance all other events in life, settled that question while he was still a boy. In 1835 he attended a Methodist camp-meeting, and at one of the services the Holy Spirit touched his heart. He was but a lad—he was only thirteen years old—but he realized then his need of salvation and accepted the sacrifice of Christ as his one and only foundation of hope for eternity. It is the fashion to speak slightingly of these early conversions and especially of those that occur at camp-meetings, revivals, and seasons of religious excitement; but Dr. Nicholson is only one of thousands whose subsequent life is evidence of the genuine and abiding character of those conversions and of the value of such means of arousing attention to the soul.

The young convert, full of youthful ardor, consecrated his life, while it was still all before him, to the Master's service. He was received into the Methodist Episcopal College at La Grange, Northern Alabama, and there gave himself vigorously to the work of preparation for the ministry. There he received a training congenial to the spirit which inspired him. The policy of repression, of discouragement, the wet blanket with which young enthusiastic students often make acquaintance in college, was not employed at La Grange. His youthful ardor was unchecked there; rather it was stimulated by being made a licentiate, and when he graduated he at once commenced his ministry.

HIS FIRST CHARGE

was at New Orleans, and his first sermon as a regular minister was preached at the little church in Poydras Street, where he labored for nearly four years.

At the conclusion of his term at New Orleans the young minister seriously considered his position. Four years' experience in the pulpit, visiting among his people, mixing with his brethren in the ministry, had started a train of thought which must be followed out. There are men who, once placed on a track, follow that track, asking no questions, making no inquiry. Such men spend easy, pleasant, peaceful lives. They save themselves many struggles, many conflicts, and much pain. But this young Methodist minister's mind was not cast in that mould. The result of his self-examination and his study of the discipline and rules and church polity of the Methodist Episcopal Church was the conviction that he ought to leave it. With him the conviction was not likely to be a barren one. The dictate of conscience was promptly obeyed, and Mr. Nicholson severed his connection with the church, to the sincere regret of many friends who remained in the communion, but who, respecting the conscientious motives which had prompted the step, maintained their friendship and cordial feeling toward him unimpaired.

In leaving the Methodist Episcopal Church Mr. Nicholson had no intention of abandoning the ministry of the Gospel. The Christian soldier was not leaving his flag, he was simply quitting one division of the Lord's army to take service in another, in which he had reason to believe he could render more effective service. He applied for admission to the ministry of the Protestant Episcopal Church, and was accepted. In 1847 he was

ORDAINED BY BISHOP POLK,

whose zeal in the cause of the Confederacy has rendered his name a notable one, and who was not zealous in word only, but proved his sincerity by taking up arms in the cause to which he and his friends were pledged.

Mr. Nicholson's first charge in the Protestant Episcopal Church was the Grace Church Mission in New Orleans, which he conducted until called to

ST. JOHN'S, IN CINCINNATI,

Ohio. Mr. Nicholson spent ten years in labor at St. John's, and they were ten years of continuous and increasing success. Under his ministry the church grew in numbers, in piety, and in influence. The building soon became too small for the congregations which were drawn to it, and ultimately it was found necessary to build a new church. This was done at a cost of $30,000, from the designs of Mr. Rodgers, the eminent architect, whom New Yorkers remember as the designer of the Astor House in this city. The new church was soon filled by a congregation to whom the young minister's preaching was abundantly blessed of God. Among the communicants whom Mr. Nicholson was pleased to welcome, was the family of Bishop McIlvaine (whose portrait and life appeared in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD of May 11th, 1882).

In 1859 Mr. Nicholson received a call to

ST. PAUL'S, IN BOSTON,

Mass. After prayerful consideration he deemed it his duty to accept the invitation, as the circumstances were of a character to indicate that the Lord was directing his course thither. The parting with the many friends he had made during the ten years of his pastorate, was a painful one, and was the cause of many tears among his flock. But he was sent on his way with a hearty God-speed and earnest prayers that the same blessings which had attended his ministry in the South and West might accompany him in the North. Kenyon College expressed its admiration and respect for the departing minister by conferring upon him the title of *Doctor of Divinity*.

In Boston Dr. Nicholson succeeded the Rev. Alexander H. Vinton, D.D., and proved a worthy successor. During the thirteen years of his ministry there, the church grew and prospered; a steady, uninterrupted work of grace was maintained, and the agencies of the church as a missionary power in the city were multiplied. In 1872 Dr. Nicholson was invited to the Pastorate of Trinity Church, Newark, N. J., the oldest and most prominent church in the Diocese of New Jersey. He accepted the invitation, and labored there nearly three years.

The cause which determined Dr. Nicholson's

with his fellow-patient's clear hope of salvation that he came to our meeting to get further light, and, praise the Lord, he got what he sought. He then brought his wife and children in, and they too found Jesus to be mighty to save. Now they are rejoicing in His unceasing love."

Prescription for a Bad Temper.—Mr. Dunn said: "A woman was in the anxious room among a lot of weeping people. I inquired, 'What is the matter with you, sister? Are you a Christian?' 'Yes.' 'Well, what is the matter?' 'I am troubled with my temper, and have come to get your advice about it.' 'Let the Lord keep it, is my advice.' We then laid it before the Lord in prayer. Next night she came to me with a smiling face. I asked, 'What about the temper? Did you scold your husband this morning? Did you strike the children?' 'No, no, praise the Lord; He kept it for me, and I am so happy.' Leave your tempers, your tastes, your soul in God's hand, and He will guide them all."

Changed Opinion of an Old Friend.—Major Colquhoun gave the following proof of the power and willingness of Christ to save, even to the uttermost: "To-day two workers were standing at the bedside of a dying man who had scorned God during his strong manhood, and had spent his health and strength in the service of the Evil One. Then the wages for which he was working were to be received by him in full measure. Disease laid its fell hand on his body, and he was thrown upon the charity of friends for shelter and food, which, to their credit be it said, they did not grudge. When the grim eyes of death looked into his face, he turned for refuge to the formerly despised Jesus, who even then did not fail him. For weeks he has been sinking slowly. This very forenoon he said calmly, 'I have no hope but Jesus, blessed Jesus!' and finished his confession of Christ's preciousness to him by exclaiming, 'Yes, Jesus only! Jesus only!'"

A Cheerful Fireside Story.—Mr. Jack said: "We have often the pleasure of finding out the fruit of open-air work in our house-to-house visitation. The other night a woman told me of her conversion as she sat by the kitchen fireside with the baby on her knees. She had heard a man preaching in the open air on conversion, and thought, 'If this is conversion, then I am not converted, and it is time I was.' Three months afterward she found peace in believing, and was very desirous to get a meeting held in her own house, for, as she said, 'What chance have the like of us to get to church with all these young bairns to attend to?' Her husband was much opposed to religion, so she waited till he was from home and had a large meeting and told him of it on his return, and he replied, 'Ye may be glad I wasn't at home or I would have rid the house of you all.' After much cogitation she fell upon a way of interesting him. She has weak eyes and can't read by lamp-light, so she asked him to read the Bible to her, and soon he got interested and anxious. Now he is one of the most consistent Christians I know."

A Chinese Temple-Keeper Saved.—Mr. Mc-Micking said at one of the meetings: "The Gospel is moving in China in a way we little dream of here. An old man in that country applied to the missionaries for baptism, and was refused. He applied again, and was again refused, and the reason given him was that he lived in a heathen temple and got his income from the lands in connection with it. 'What am I to do? I am an old man, sixty-eight years of age, and can't work.' 'Cast your care on the Lord,' was the missionary's reply. The priest left, much troubled in mind. At length he decided to throw himself upon God, and to leave the temple, and at once his way was made clear. His son-in-law went to him and said, 'If you want to leave the temple, come to my house. I will give you what I have. It is poor, but you are welcome to it.' He accepted the offer at once, and left the place of plenty, going into poverty for Christ's sake. This man is clever and learned. He now writes Christian tracts, and distributes them, preaching Jesus to many hundreds. Already he has handed in the names of eleven persons who, converted to Christ, are desirous of being baptized."

A Dreadful Leap Over a Bridge.—The Rev. Mr. Sloan said: "Some of you may have heard of the man, a farmer, who, when in lusty health, said, 'I will live as I like, and surely I shall have a few minutes before I die to say a short prayer to Jesus that He may "Take me as I am," and then He will call me to come up to His Father.' His end came more suddenly than he expected. As he drove home one night from the market, his horse ran off and leaped over the parapet of a bridge, which spanned a ravine, carrying his rider to a fearful death. The last words the farmer uttered were dreadful imprecations upon the horse, the bridge, and himself. It was an entirely different prayer from that he planned while he rioted in sin. May the Holy Spirit give to each one of us power to decide for the Lord Jesus now. A death-bed is not a place for repentance."

A Smile instead of Rudeness.—At Cowcad-dens, Mr. Mabon said: "A young woman who is a servant in one of the terraces in Partickhill was in our meeting a few Sabbaths ago. A worker had spoken to her in the seat, and as she went out I held out my hand, inviting her into the inquiry-room; but she repulsed me rudely. Last Sabbath I saw the girl back in her old place, but with her face changed in expression. I went up to her again, and was greeted with a cordial smile, and the words, 'I am sorry I spoke so rudely last time I was here, sir, but I know better now.' 'When did the change take place?' I asked. 'I don't know the exact time, sir,' she answered, 'but I have found rest in Jesus since I was here. I was so pleased then that I didn't know what to do.' She had not been in an evangelistic meeting before, and did not know the meaning of my invitation to enter the inquiry-room, but she understood the Saviour's call and obeyed Him."

A Talk with Two Thieves.—At a Recent evangelistic gathering in Glasgow Major Colquhoun said: "To-day I was visiting the prison, and saw in one cell two thieves. Handing one a leaflet, I asked, 'Can you read?' 'Yes.' 'Read that, then.' He began: 'There are two roads. The broad road leads to—' Stopping here, he looked at me with an innocent eye for a thief, and said, 'I can't read.' 'You read the first quite right—read the rest.' 'I can't,' was the obstinate reply. Turning to his companion, I said, 'You can read?' 'Yes.' 'Well, read it to this man, who says he can't.' 'The broad road leads to Misery—Death—Hell. The narrow road leads to Happiness—Life—Heaven.' 'You have read that well. Which of these roads are *you* travelling on?' 'The broad one.' 'Will you leave it and go on the narrow one?' 'I'll see.' 'When?' 'I can't say exactly.' So far I could get them to go, but no farther. Ask yourselves which of the two you are on, and if on the broad, change to the narrow at once. God has promised you help, and will give it."

A Soldier Dying for His Comrades.—Major Colquhoun said: "During the Zulu war our troops were beleaguered by the Boers, who are noted for being first-class marksmen. Our commanding officer deemed it necessary to send out a small troop to see what the Boers were doing. One of the men was a fearless, brave man, and he was selected to act as a scout. He rode about here and there, and perceived that his party were being cut off from the camp by the Boers. In a moment he saw that his own safety was certain provided he secured it at once, without warning his comrades, but then every man of the small band would be lost. If he warned them they might escape, but his life would be lost to save theirs. Spurring his horse to the top of a small hill, he gave them warning of the danger they were in, and they reached camp in safety. Many were the conjectures as to his fate, and a faint hope was entertained that he had been taken alive. Peace was declared, and inquiry was made if he was a prisoner, but he was not. With sorrowful hearts his comrades searched the hill where he was last seen, and found his body slightly covered with earth. Reverently they gathered his bones together, and gave them honorable burial. He died to save his comrades; he gave his life for theirs because it was his duty to do so, and they loved him. Christ, the Son of the living God, gave His life for us because He loved us, yet the crowd go past Him with scorn and contempt. Think of His great love to you; turn to Him now and get peace."

THE APOSTLES ON THE SECOND ADVENT.

By Rev. H. E. Brooke.

An Ancient Prophetic Conference—The Chiding of the Master—Twenty-eight Definite Allusions to the Subject—The Errors of the Perfectionists—No Full Salvation till the Lord Comes—The Prospect a Sanctifying Power

CHRISTIAN HERALD AND SIGNS OF OUR TIMES.

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schools about 1971, making a total in school of 6255 out of a school population of nearly 40,000. The number of children that may be put in manual-labor schools is limited only by the provision made for their support. If Congress will increase the appropriation for that purpose, the Department will find no difficulty in securing the attendance of the children."

Prohibition has been Making Sure but Unostentatious progress in Georgia for some time past, but on Wednesday, August 8th, the Atlanta correspondent of the *Times* telegraphed news of a victory which marks a noticeable step in advance. From his statement it appears that several counties have applied to the Legislature of Georgia for the privilege of excluding liquor, until now out of 138 counties 50 are prohibition counties. Early in the present session a general local option bill was introduced into the lower House, under which any county which desired to do so could prohibit the sale of liquor by popular vote, without the tedious delay of petitioning the Legislature. This bill was met by the liquor men as a prohibition bill in disguise, and the whole strength of that interest was brought out. The Women's Christian Temperance Union also entered the lobby. The question was called up on August 7th for action. The lobbies were packed with interested spectators. Eighty-eight is the number of votes required to pass a bill of this character, and when the Speaker announced the vote as yeas 88, nays 49 there was a burst of enthusiastic applause in spite of the rules. The bill, which now goes to the Senate, provides that upon the petition of a certain number of citizens any county or district may vote upon the question, but another election cannot be held within twelve months. The effect of this bill, if it passes, will be to make Georgia a prohibition State within twelve months, excepting the five city counties.

The First Election in Utah Under the Edmunds law took place on August 6th. Little interest was taken in it. The Mormon ticket was elected in each district throughout the Territory, with the exception of Summit County, which is in doubt. The majority of the Gentiles refrained from voting. A large majority of the Mormons would, it was known, vote solid as directed by the Church, and this fact deprived the election of any element of a contest. Observers pronounce the law a complete failure. Polygamists were not placed on the ticket, it is true, nor did they vote; but they controlled nominations and succeeded in electing dummies to the Legislature who will vote as they are ordered, and incompetent persons are elected to other offices, who will, by refusing to qualify, allow the present officials to hold over.

The Iowa Campaign was Opened on the Republican side by an enthusiastic meeting at Clarinda, Page County, on August 11th. Governor Sherman and Senators Allison and Wilson were the chief speakers. To Senator Wilson was appropriately committed the discussion of the temperance issue, which is the one that mainly interests the Christian public in the Iowa political campaign. The Senator made an earnest appeal to the Democrats who sympathized with prohibition to bolt their ticket this year in order to secure the triumph of the cardinal principle of democracy, the right of the majority to rule. Senator Wilson closed his eloquent speech by quoting the demand of Lieutenant-Governor Manning as the campaign cry of this struggle: "Protected homes and firesides, a school-house on every hilltop, and no saloon in the valley," and by denouncing the efforts of the liquor interest as an attempt to license an institution the money for whose support had better be thrown into the sea; that alarms the father of every young man who visits it. License, he said, gives the saloon a lawful status, and it is used as a cover for violations of law. "That we have our vital principle of government challenged by the saloon," said he, "and not by something less harmful, is fortunate for men of all political parties, for it puts the case under the strongest possible light, and enables us all to see more correctly the path of duty which leads us to a common effort to maintain a correct governmental principle, rather than to divide our forces in inharmonious attempts to suppress a recognized evil."

An Enormous Fire Broke out on Sunday last in the Kimball House, Atlanta, Ga., the largest hotel in the South, and completely destroyed the building. Flames were first seen at five o'clock in the morning, and in spite of all the efforts of the Fire Department by seven o'clock the building was completely gutted, and property to the value of a million dollars destroyed. Happily no lives were lost, owing to the courage and promptitude of the night watchmen, who went through the building and aroused all the guests. But for their efforts a catastrophe as terrible as that at Milwaukee might have occurred.

Rev. Charles F. Deems, D.D., LL.D., announces that the second summer course of lectures in connection with the American Institute of Christian Philosophy will be held at Richfield Springs, Otsego County, N. Y. The following is the attractive syllabus of the lectures: August 21st, J. H. Rylance, D.D., Rector of St. Mark's Church, N. Y.: "*Counter Currents.*" August 22d, Henry Darling, D.D., LL.D., President of Hamilton College: "*Natural Christianity.*" August 23d, Benjamin N. Martin, D.D., Professor, University of New York: "*Design in the Elementary Structure of the World.*" August 24th, S. G. Brown, D.D., late President Hamilton College: "*Some Characteristics of Earlier English Literature.*" August 25th, Charles F. Deems, D.D., LL.D., President of the Institute: "*A Defence of the Superstitions of Science.*" August 27th, Henry A. Buttz, D.D., President of Drew Theological Seminary: "*Plato and St. John.*" August 28th, Ransom B. Welch, D.D., LL.D., Professor Auburn Theological Seminary: "*The Philosophy of Belief* versus *Drifting.*" August 29th, Isaac Errett, D.D., Editor of *The Christian Standard*, Cincinnati, O.: "*Discussion of the Leading Theories of Inspiration.*" August 30th, Francis L. Patton, D.D., LL.D., Professor, Theological Seminary, Princeton, N. J.: "*Some Recent Criticisms of Theistic Proof.*" August 31st, A. P. Peabody, D.D., LL.D., Cambridge, Mass.: "*Beauty.*"

Bible Work in Chicago is the Subject of an interesting report recently issued of a movement which has been in progress in that city during the past ten years. Its object is to train Christian ladies for missionary work, and subsequently to seek employment for them in home and foreign fields. They study the forms and the history of Bible doctrine, the history of the Church, and in giving *practical help in common life*, teach those whom they visit from an open Bible. They regularly practice in mothers' meetings, girls' sewing-schools, and in house-to-house visiting. They live in different localities of the city, but assemble once a week in the Bible Workroom of the Young Men's Christian Association building to confer and report. The work is sustained by voluntary contributions and is doing an inestimable amount of good.

A Child's Intercession for her Grandfather was mentioned in a letter read last week at the Fulton Street Prayer-Meeting. The writer said: "Years ago my little daughter sent a printed request, before she could write, for prayer for the conversion of her aged grandfather. Nine or ten years afterward your prayers and ours for him were answered when he was nearly eighty-two years of age. He was happily saved, and went home to heaven a year ago last winter. Last spring my little daughter was very sick. An aunt sent a request to your meeting for her recovery, and she suddenly began to change for the better and gained rapidly, and was soon as well as usual. Let the Lord be praised for all this."

Five Dollars for the Fund for Sending The CHRISTIAN HERALD to colored ministers in the South have been received from W. S. M., who also cheers us by the expression of hearty approval and wishes for the prosperity of the journal.

The Failure of an Effort to Mend the Bible is reported by one of our contemporaries. In a certain church recently, objections were raised to the Lord's Prayer being used in the church meetings. It was argued that the members of the church had been delivered from sin, and therefore the petition "Forgive us our trespasses" was inappropriate. A formal resolution was passed directing that in the future whenever the Lord's Prayer was offered in church meetings the inappropriate petition should be omitted. After this resolution had been observed for some time, the clause was restored. Unhappily, certain members of the church had fallen into grievous sin, and to the sorrow and shame of the church the clause had become glaringly appropriate, as they would have seen it had been all along if they had only examined their own hearts (I. John 1 : 8-10).

The Curious Discovery of a Lost Title-Deed is described in a California journal. For a number of years past the United States patent to the San Bernardino ranch of 17,763 acres, San Diego County, California, had been mislaid or lost, a fact which gave rise to litigation and retarded materially the sale of land on the ranch, which was to be subdivided. The lost patent has been found, however, in a singular manner. A lady residing in San Diego, being about to remove to San Francisco, was burning some old papers, when one was caught by the wind and blown for some distance. The lady picked it up and brought it back, and out of curiosity looked at it, finding it to be, to her great surprise, the long-lost patent, signed and sealed. If some one had informed those seekers that the title was among those old papers they would have lost no time in searching there for it, and they would not have had so narrow an escape of losing it altogether. But when men are told that in a venerable book they will find a title to an eternal possession they pay no heed to the information, or ridicule it (Isa. 34 : 16, 17).

A Unique Deed of Gift has been Registered in the State of Maine. A Christian philanthropist of Milton, Mass., recently presented to the First Baptist Church in East Dedham a piece of land upon which to build a parsonage. The deed of the land contains the following restriction and provisions: "The minister or ministers who shall occupy the parsonage erected on this land shall not preach or teach in Christ's temple any matters pertaining to this world except such as were taught by Christ. Should the church or society ever break, or cause to be broken, the covenant they have entered into with the giver of the land whereon to build their parsonage, their trial and condemnation shall be before and by that Christ whom they have professed to worship; this is their penalty, and only this." If the ministers who will occupy the parsonage are truly called of God to their work they will not find themselves hampered by this restriction. It is one of the evidences of Christ's divinity that His teachings are as thoroughly adapted to this age of the world as to that in which He uttered them (Matt. 28 : 20).

A Bewildered Child was Found on the Cars recently by two ladies from Portland, Me., as they were returning from the Old Orchard camp-meeting. The little girl was about five years old, and she sat on the car seat alone. She could not tell her name or where she belonged, and the conductor telegraphed back, but could get no information. When the train arrived in Portland the ladies took the little waif home with them, keeping her three days without eliciting any information concerning her relatives. Finally the railroad officials sent up a book containing the names of the stations on the route, and upon reading this to the little girl she clapped her hands when the name of Lawrence was mentioned, saying that was where she lived. They telegraphed there and received an answer from the little girl's father, who came on after her. It seems that she followed the circus to Andover, and getting tired sat down in one of the cars. As the little wanderer grows older she may witness conduct that will remind her of her involuntary journey. She will see people leaving their Father's house to follow a vain show, and, becoming weary in the pursuit, seek repose, and while they rest, drift still farther from home. She may count those happy, whose wanderings, like her own, end in return under their Father's care to His fold (Luke 15 : 4-7).

A Providential Accident Occurred on the Indianapolis and St. Louis Railroad on August 3d. Between Sanborn and Vermillion on that morning a freight train was wrecked, which blocked the line and interfered with the running time of the fast express due about the time the wreck occurred. One of the express trains had orders to meet the other at Sanborn, the other had instructions to run to Vermillion—a mistake in duplicating the order. These two points are six miles apart, and if the freight wreck had not occurred the lightning expresses might in the darkness have crashed into each other, running at the rate of forty-five miles an hour. When the conductors met, each asked the other, "What are you doing here?" A comparison of orders explained the situation. Doubtless the freight wreck was at the time it happened regarded as a misfortune, but later, when it was found out that if it had not occurred there would have been a fatal catastrophe, it was regarded as a blessing. The time will come when believers who now repine at the hardships and trials of their life will in the light of eternity thank God that He permitted them to come upon them (Rom. 8 : 28).

A School in a Cave was the Novel Spectacle recently seen by a gentleman who was travelling in Oregon. He was being rowed down the Snake River when he was astonished to observe a row of children, with books in their hands, sitting at the mouth of a cave on one of the banks. He was still more surprised to learn from the boatmen that the children were at school. It seems that in summer, school is kept in the cave, which is dry and open-mouthed, being really a nice place in which to study. There is no doubt that after a while the settlers there will build a fine school-house; but in the early days of the settlement the boys and girls have been obliged to sit in Nature's school-house. A cave is usually associated in our minds with darkness and gloom rather than with a place in which light, natural or intellectual, is imparted, but there is no reason why children should not acquire knowledge so. Many of God's children have learned valuable lessons of their Father's faithfulness in caves, natural, and metaphorical. In the gloom of sickness and adversity and in the shadow of death they have found Him with them, and many who were not His children have in their affliction learned to call Him Father (Heb. 11 : 38).

A Symbolical Necklace was Presented Recently to an aged nurse at Hingham, Mass. The Boston *Courier* publishes the report of a nurse's golden reception, which was held at the Methodist church at Hingham on August 1st. It was complimentary to Miss Mary Patterson, a lady well known in families in Boston and vicinity, who during her eventful life has officiated as nurse for 374 children. The church was finely decorated with flowers, and a collation provided by the ladies who had the matter in charge. Many affectionate letters were read and speeches made recalling some interesting incidents, and there were many pleasing reminiscences related. The presents were numerous, one in particular being unique. It was a necklace composed of *tiny china dolls*, 374 in number, which was presented in a very happy manner by a gentleman whose humorous presentation speech caused much merriment. Doubtless the lady will set a high value on her symbolical necklace as an evidence of the gratitude of her friends. The gift is an illustration of that decoration God will give His servants. The day is coming when the laborers among God's children, whom the Apostle Paul compares to nurses, will wear crowns glistening with jewels representing the souls they have been the means of saving (I Thess. 2 : 7, 19).

ACCEPTED OF THE GREAT FATHER.

A New Sermon by Pastor C. H. Spurgeon.

"He hath made us accepted in the beloved."—Ephesians 1 : 6.

A Significant Expression—A Sign of Unselfishness—An Assurance—I. A Contrast—Between the Present and the Past—The Possible Future—II. Explanation—Entirely God's Work—Excluding the Guiltless—Righteousness Essential—Acceptance of a Daughter-in-law—III. Enlargement—Acceptation of the Person—Access Granted—Prayers Answered—Gifts Received—A Father's Regard for his Son's Drawings—IV. Reflections—Security—Consolation—Strange Theories—V. Practical Use—Preach it Everywhere.

A few Sabbath mornings ago I spoke to you upon those memorable words of the great Father, "This is my beloved Son, in whom I am well pleased."* We now go a step farther, and see how the love of God to His beloved Son overflows, and runs like a river of life to all those who are in Christ Jesus. To Him He saith, "This is My beloved Son," and then He turns to all who are in union with Him and says, "These also are My beloved for His sake." As believers we are assured by the text that we are "accepted *in the Beloved*," to the praise of the glory of God's grace. Why is that peculiar title here used? It might have been said, we are accepted in Christ, or accepted in the Mediator; there must be some motive for giving Him this special name in this place. The motive is declared to be that we may praise the glory of divine grace. God did not want for a beloved when He made us His beloved: His heart was not pining for an object; His affections were not lone and desolate. His only-begotten Son was His delight, and there was room enough in Him for all the Father's love; it was *we* that needed to be loved, and so the Beloved is mentioned that we may remember the unselfishness of divine grace. He makes us His beloved, but

HE HAD A BELOVED

before. We are also reminded that we are "accepted in the Beloved" to let us know that God has not shifted His love—His first Beloved is His Beloved still. We have not supplanted His dear Son, nor even diverted a beam of love from Him. The Lord has called us beloved who were not so, and made us a people who were not a people; but He has not withdrawn a grain of love from Jesus, whom He still calls "mine elect, in whom My soul delighteth."

All the infinite love of God still flows to Jesus, and then to us in Him. It pleased the Father that to Him a fulness of love should be given, that out of it we might each one receive. God's love to us is His love to His Son, flowing in a hundred channels. For His sake He makes the wedding-feast, and we are the happy guests who sit at the table. Not for our sakes is this done, but for Jesus' sake, that so it might be all of grace. His perpetual acceptance with God is our acceptance, that nothing legal, nothing whereof we might boast, might be mingled with the work of sovereign grace.

We are "accepted in the Beloved." Do you not love that sweet title? Is it not the highest quality of the acceptance, that it comes through such an One? He is beloved in the highest conceivable degree by the Father, and in this you imitate the great God, for to you also the Lord Jesus is altogether lovely. He is your Beloved as well as God's Beloved, and this is one proof that you are accepted; for all who truly love the Son are approved by the Father. Thus saith the Scripture: "Because He hath set his love upon Me, therefore will I deliver Him: I will set Him on high because He hath known My name."

Is Christ your Beloved? Then, as He is the Father's Beloved, you and the Father have evidently come to a sweet agreement; you have come to look at things from the same standpoint as the glorious Jehovah; the Lord and you evidently have a mutual interest in one common

* See Christian Herald, July 19.

person—the incarnate God. Your recognition of Christ as your Beloved is thus a sure proof that you are accepted in the Beloved.

Let this stand for our preface, and now let us come close to our subject, upon which I do not desire so much to descant myself as to lead you individually to meditate, and personally to feed. I desire that you may this morning experimentally enjoy the precious drop of honey from the rock Christ Jesus which is contained in the four words, "Accepted in the Beloved." Oh that the Holy Spirit may make you enter into the treasures which they contain!

I. I will begin by treating the text by way of

CONTRAST.

Brethren and sisters, the grace of God hath made us to be this day "accepted in the Beloved;" but it was not always so. As many of us as have, through grace, believed in Christ are now, to a certainty, at this very moment, "accepted in the Beloved;" but in times past it was very different. It is not a matter of question, nor of imagination, nor of sentiment; but a matter of fact, declared by the Holy Ghost Himself, that the Lord hath "made us accepted in the Beloved;" but it was far otherwise a little while ago. Our way was contrary to God's way, our thoughts were not His thoughts, our hearts were not according to His heart. Oh, if He had dealt with us then after our sins what must have become of us? At that time we were condemned, "condemned already," because we had not believed on the Son of God. We had no acceptableness before God; He could take no complacency in us; His pure and holy eyes could not look upon us, we were so full of everything that provoked Him to jealousy; but now we are—"accepted in the Beloved." The criminal is now a child, the enemy is now a friend, the condemned one is now justified.

Mark, it is not said that we are "acceptable," though that were a very great thing, but we are actually accepted; it has become not a thing possible that God might accept us, but He has accepted us in Christ. Lay this to your soul, and may it fill you with delight. The Lord has chosen you: He has received you to Himself, and set His love upon you, and His delight is in you now. What a contrast from what you were a season ago in your own consciousness, in your own judgment. Refresh your memories a little. If you passed through the same state of mind as I did, you loathed your very selves in the sight of God; you felt that God must abhor you, for you abhorred yourselves; you saw sin to be exceeding sinful, and that sinful thing was permeating your entire being, saturating your thoughts, putrefying your aims, making you to be corrupt and offensive in the sight of the Most High.

I know I felt that if the Lord swept me away with the besom of destruction, and cast me into the lowest hell, I well deserved it. But now that condemnation is no more to be dreaded; we receive not the spirit of bondage, but the spirit of adoption. Lift up your eyes out of the thick darkness, and behold the light. You, who in your own judgment were cast away forever; you, who thought that the Lord would never be favorable to you, nor blot out your sins, are this day accepted, "accepted in the Beloved." No contrast could be more sharp and clear, and no reflections could be more joyful than this contrast suggests to the heart.

Think, again, of the contrast between what you are now and

WHAT YOU WOULD HAVE BEEN

had not grace stepped in. Left out of Christ as we then were, we might at this time have been going from sin to sin, revelling and rioting in it, as so many do. Ay, by this time we might have been dead, as the result of our own sins. The measure of our iniquity might have been full, and we might have been in hell. Be startled, my soul, at this thought, that nothing but infinite longsuffering has kept thee out of the pit that is bottomless, "where their worm dieth not, and their fire is not quenched." But, brothers, we are not in hell, and, what is more, *we never shall be*, for those iron gates can never close upon a soul that is "accepted in the Beloved," and that is our condition now. We have fled for refuge to the hope set before us, and now no more need we be in terror of the great white throne and the righteous Judge, and the stern sentence, "Depart, ye cursed." Clinging to the cross, and beholding ourselves covered with the righteousness of Christ, we know that we are saved, and, what is far more, we are *accepted*.

One more point I cannot quite pass over, and that is, the contrast between what we now are and all we ever could have been in the most favorable circumstances apart from the Beloved. If it had been possible for us out of Christ to have had desires after righteousness, yet those desires would all have run in a wrong direction; we should have had a zeal of God, but not according to knowledge, and so, going about to establish our own righteousness, we should not have submitted ourselves to the righteousness of God. We should have heard the voice of the Eternal saying, "Bring no more vain oblations; incense is an abomination unto Me"; for out of Christ our righteousness is as unacceptable as our unrighteousness, and all our attempts to merit acceptance increase our unworthiness. Oh, strive as ye will, ye self-righteous; labor as ye may after a righteousness of your own, what can come of it but confusion? Woe is unto the man who is out of Christ, wherever he may be. In any case the wrath of God abideth on him. But we are not out of Christ, we are not striving in vain, we are not spending our strength for naught, for here is the blessed contrast, we are "accepted in the Beloved."

II. Secondly, we will say a little by way of

EXPLANATION,

that the text may sink yet deeper into your hearts, and afford you richer enjoyment. Recollect, brethren, that once we were pitied of God as poor, lost, self-destroyed creatures: that was in a degree hopeful. We were chosen of God while in that pitiable condition, and although forlorn, wretched, and ruined, yet were we marked by his electing love—this was still more encouraging. Then came a time of dealing with us, and we were pardoned, our transgressions were put away, we were renewed in the spirit of our minds by the Holy Ghost, and the righteousness of Christ was imputed to us, and at length burst forth the light of this word, "He hath made us accepted in the Beloved."

Understand that this acceptance comes to us entirely as a work of God—"He *hath made* us accepted in the Beloved." We never made ourselves acceptable, nor could we have done so, but He that made us first in creation, hath now new made us by His grace, and so hath made us accepted in the Beloved.

That this was an act of pure grace there can be no doubt, for the verse runs thus, "*Wherein* he hath made us accepted in the Beloved"—that is, in His grace. There was no reason in ourselves why we should have been put into Christ, and so accepted; the reason lay in the heart of the Eternal Father Himself. It is only as we are in Christ that we are accepted. Let no man steal out of Christ, and then say, "God has accepted me." Nothing of the kind. If the Lord views you apart from Christ, whoever you may be, you are a thing to be consumed, and not to be accepted. "In the Beloved," that is, as it were, within the gates of the city of refuge. You must abide within that wall of fire of which the cross is the centre, or else you are not accepted.

No man, my brethren, can be accepted of God while he is guilty of sin, so that our acceptance in the Beloved involves the fact that our sin at this moment is forever put away. Covered is our unrighteousness, and therefore from condemnation we are free, and we are accepted. Realize this truth. It does not require any oratory to set it forth; it needs only that your faith should fully apprehend it. Realize that you are forgiven to-day. With your eye upon the wounds of Christ, say unto your soul by the Spirit, "I am without spot or wrinkle in the sight of God; for Christ hath washed me whiter than the driven snow." He has said of His people, "Ye are clean every whit." Rejoice in this. You could not be accepted if He had not made you clean, for the filthy are not accepted of the Lord.

Neither could God accept a man devoid of righteousness. A mere colorless person, whose sin was forgiven, but who had no righteousness, could not be acceptable with him. I cannot suppose the existence of such a being; but if there were such, he would be like one who was neither cold nor hot, and must be spewed out of God's mouth. He that is accepted with God must be positively righteous. Very well, then, if He has made believers "accepted in the Beloved," they that believe in Christ are righteous in the sight of God.

Now to come back again. If we be indeed "accepted *in the Beloved*," does it not show how close, how real our union with the Beloved must be? Do we even share in Christ's acceptance with God? Then we are one with Him in everything. Here is a father who has no particular interest in such and such a woman, but his son takes to himself that woman to be his wife, and now the loving father says, "That woman is my daughter," and so she is received into his love for his son's sake. He says to her, "You are

MY DEAR SON'S WIFE;

therefore you are my daughter, and dear to me, and welcome to my house at any time." Thus it is with the great God. He says to us, whom Christ has espoused unto Himself, that we may be His bride in blessed conjugal union forever and ever, "Come to My heart, my children, for He is My Son, and I love you for His sake; I accept you in Him."

Is not that a wonderful union, closer than the marriage bond, which causes us to share in Christ's righteousness, so that the holy God can say to us who are sinful by nature, "You are acceptable to Me because of your connection with My Son?" If a woman of base character were married to the best of men it would not make her acceptable. A father would scarcely know what to do with such a daughter-in-law: we should try and carry out our relationship as far as we could with all kindness, but we could hardly say that such a person brought into our family by marriage would be acceptable to us; but, oh, the Lord sees His people so wrapped up in Christ that He must accept them in Him. You are "accepted in the Beloved," and it is clear that there is a blessed union between you and Christ. The acceptance which the Father gives to Christ He gives to you. Now, see if you can measure it. How acceptable is Christ to God?

III. Can we get a step farther? Will the Holy Spirit help us while I say a few words by way of

ENLARGEMENT?

If we are "accepted in the Beloved," then, first, our persons are accepted: we ourselves are well-pleasing to Him. God looks upon us now with pleasure. Once He said of men that it repented Him that He had made them, but now when He looks at His people He never repents that He made us; He is glad He made us, He takes delight in us. Look at your own children; sometimes they grieve you, but still you are pleased with them; it is a pleasure to have them near you; and if they are long out of your sight you grow anxious about them. They are coming home for their holidays soon: they are glad to return home, and I am sure their mothers are glad at the thought of seeing them again. Our Father is as truly pleased with us: our very persons are accepted of God. He delights in us individually; He thinks of us with joy, and when we are near to Him it gives pleasure to His great heart.

Being ourselves accepted, the right of access to Him is given us. When a person is accepted with God he may come to God when he chooses; he is one of those sheep who may go in and out

and find pasture; he is one of those courtiers who may come even to the royal throne and meet with no rebuff. No chamber of our great Father's house is closed against us; no blessing of the covenant is withheld from us; no sweet smile of the Father's face is refused us. He that accepted us gives us access into all blessings. "See, I have accepted thee concerning this thing also." You remember the story of King Ahasuerus and his poor trembling spouse Esther, how she ventured in at peril of her life, for if her royal lord and master did not stretch out the golden sceptre then the guards that stood about the throne would cut her down, the queen royal though she was, for daring to come unbidden into the despot's presence; but to-day, when you and I come to God, we have no fear of that kind, because we are accepted first; He hath already stretched out to us the golden sceptre, and He bids us come boldly. All is well between us and Him.

And, being accepted ourselves,

OUR PRAYERS

are accepted. Children of God, can you sincerely believe this? Do you not sometimes pray as if you were beggars in the street, pleading with unwilling persons to give you a gratuity of coppers? I believe many children of God do so; but when we know we are "accepted in the Beloved" we speak to God with a sweet confidence, expecting Him to answer us. To us it is no surprise that our heavenly Father should hear our prayers. He does it so often and so generously that we expect Him to do so always.

It follows, then, as a pleasant sequence, that our gifts are accepted, for those who are accepted with God find a great delight in giving of their substance to the glory of His name. I know that when money is wanted for the Church of God, and one of the brethren goes round to collect the offerings, the subjects of the Kingdom are wont to say, "Here comes the tax-gatherer again." Yes, that is what the subjects say. Oh, but when the children are about, they cry, "Here is another opportunity of presenting an offering to our Father, a welcome occasion of proving that our love to Him is pure, without greed or grudging."

If God can find a speck of good in us He will. Then let us try what we can do for Him. Here is a great lump of quartz, but if the Lord can see a grain of gold He will save the quartz for the sake of it. He says, "Destroy it not, for a blessing is in it." I do not mean that the Lord deals thus with all men. It is only for accepted men that He has this kind way of accepting their gifts.

HAD YOU SEEN ME,

when a young man, and an usher, walking through the streets with rolls of drawings from a boys' school, you would have guessed that I considered them of no value and fit only to be consigned to the fire; but I always took a great interest in the drawings of my own boy, and I still think them rather remarkable. You smile, I dare say, but I do so think, and my judgment is as good as yours. I value them because they are His, and I think I see budding genius in every touch, but you do not see it because you are so blind. I see it since love has opened my eyes. God can see in his people's gifts to Him and their works for Him a beauty which no eyes but His can perceive. Oh, if He so treats our poor service, what ought we not to do for Him?

IV. We have thus pursued our train of thought in a contrast, an explanation, and an enlargement; let us now indulge in a few

REFLECTIONS.

"Accepted in the Beloved." May not each believer talk thus with himself—I have my sorrows and griefs, I have my aches and pains, and weaknesses, but I must not repine, for God accepts me. Ah me! How one can laugh at griefs when this sweet word comes in, "accepted in the Beloved." I may be blind, but I am "accepted in the Beloved;" I may be lame, I may be poor, I may be despised, I may be persecuted, I may have much to put up with in many ways, but really these troubles of the flesh count for little or nothing to me since I am "accepted in the Beloved."

I have to mourn over a multitude of infirmities and imperfections, and there is never a day but what when night comes on I have repenting work to do, and feel compelled to fly to the precious blood again for a renewed sense of pardon. Yes, but I am "accepted in the Beloved." Ah me, I have been struggling with this evil and that, and I hope I have got the victory, though I have had many a wound in the battle: yes, but I am "accepted in the Beloved." I have just now been blaming myself for my shortcomings, and mourning over my many slips and failures: yes, but I am "accepted in the Beloved." I am speaking for you, or at least I am trying to interpret your meditations: I want you to let this blessed fact go down sweetly with you, that whatever may be

THE TRIALS OF LIFE,

whatever the burdens that oppress you, whatever the difficulties of the way, whatever the infirmities of the body, whatever the frailties of the mind, yet still you are accepted.

Let a further reflection be added also to the sweetness of your enjoyment. Think of who it is that doth accept you. It is no common person who admits us to His favor: it is the God whose name is Jehovah, the jealous God. "Holy, holy, holy," cry the seraphim unceasingly, and nothing that is defiled can ever enter His palace-gates, nor can His heart endure the thought of iniquity, and yet it is He that hath accepted you. Did your brethren cast you out? Did your friend condemn you? Did your own heart accuse you? Did the devil roar upon you? What matters it, for He hath accepted you.

Now, just think again, He has made you "accepted in the Beloved." He, that is, God, has accepted you in Christ. Would you have liked any other way of acceptance one half as well? For my part, I had infinitely rather receive everything through Christ than reach it from myself. Mercy seems so much the sweeter and the better from the fact that it all comes from that dear pierced hand. If I were this day accepted in myself, I should fear that I might lose my acceptance, for I am a poor, changeable being, but if I am "accepted in the Beloved," then the Beloved will never change, and I always must and shall be accepted, come what may. Is not this a word to die with? We will meet death and face his open jaws with this word, "Accepted in the Beloved." Will not this be a word to rise with amid the blaze of the great judgment day? You wake up from your tomb, life up your eyes, and ere you gaze upon the terrors of that tremendous hour, you say, "I am accepted in the Beloved," what can then fill you with alarm? I hear

STRANGE THEORIES NOWADAYS

of what may happen to the saints: they tell us the sinners will die out, or be restored, or something else; for they are not content with the Scripture teaching of eternity, but must needs invent strange notions about the punishment of the ungodly. Then they begin to picture new destiny for saints too, and the heaven of our fathers has sad doubts cast on it. I care not for their dreams, for I am "accepted in the Beloved." It matters nothing what all the eternities can reveal: he that is accepted in Christ, and eternally one with Him, has nothing before him at which he need tremble.

V. And now I wish to finish with this one

PRACTICAL USE.

If it be so that we are "accepted in the Beloved," then let us go forth and tell poor sinners how they can be accepted too. Are you, to-day, though unconverted, anxious to be found right at last? Listen, friend. If you want to be accepted, you must accept. "And what," do you ask, "must I accept?" You must accept Christ as the free gift of God; you must accept Christ as God's way of accepting you, for if you get into Christ you are accepted. The guiltiest of the guilty *may be* accepted in Christ: no matter how great and grievous their transgressions may have been, the atoning sacrifice can take all their guilt away, and the perfect righteousness can justify the most heinous sinner before God.

You may be accepted. Listen. If you come to Christ now and trust Him you *will be* accepted. Never did one come to Christ to be rejected. You shall not be the first. Try it; and though you came into this house condemned you shall go out accepted, if you come now and hide in those dear wounds of His as doves do hide them in the clefts of the rocks. Listen again. It is not only that *you may be* accepted; it is rather that *you will be* accepted, *you cannot but be* accepted in Christ: there is no sort of fear nor possibility that you shall come to Christ and be cast out. Christ must change, truth must change, God must change toward His Well-beloved, He must cease to love him ere He could refrain from loving a soul that is in Him. Guilty as you are, come to Christ this morning. Come, despise not the exhortation, for you must be accepted; it cannot but be that you should be accepted if you come. And you shall be accepted *at once*. If at this moment you are as vile as vile can be, if while I speak you know that you are black as hell's dark night, yet the moment that you come to Christ you are "accepted in the Beloved." Trust Him; trust Him. Have you done so? Your sin is gone; righteousness is imputed;

YOU ARE SAVED.

And, then, to close, if you get into Christ you shall be accepted as long as you are in Christ, and as the grace of God will never let you go out of Christ you shall be accepted forever, "accepted in the Beloved" world without end. If that be the verdict of this day it shall be the verdict of every day till days shall be no more; the hope for you dying, the song for your rising again, the verdict which shall be given out when the great assize shall sit, and you shall be tried for your life for the last time. They that sit in judgment shall say, "Let that man go; he is accepted in the Beloved." If thou believest in Jesus it shall be so; it is so; it shall be so forever and ever. God bless you all by His good Spirit, for Christ's sake. Amen.

[The prayers of the readers of this Journal are requested for the blessing of God upon its Editors in America and England, and those whose sermons, articles, or labors for Christ are printed in it; and for its weekly circulation of more than 250,000 copies to be blessed by the Holy Spirit to the conversion of many sinners and the quickening of God's people. Mr. Spurgeon and Dr. Talmage especially request prayer every Sunday morning on behalf of their labors.]

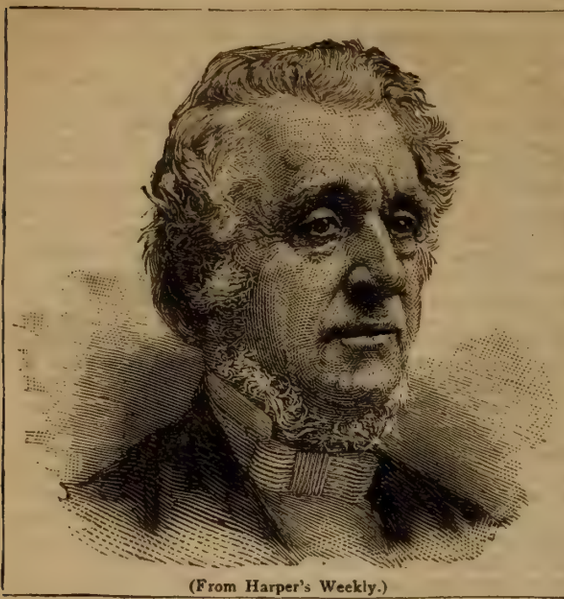
THE LATE DR. W. C. PALMER.

(*See Portrait on page 524.*)

Dr. Palmer, whose portrait appears on the next page, was well known on both sides the Atlantic as an earnest preacher and revivalist, and as the most prominent leader among the advocates of what is generally known as the doctrine of Holiness.

He was born in the State of New Jersey on February 9th, 1804. The family, soon after his birth, removed to New York, and in that State Dr. Palmer made his home during his long, laborious, and useful life. He was indebted to his parents for a consistent Christian example and for thorough Christian training, and at the age of thirteen, to the intense joy of those parents and in answer to their constant and earnest supplications, he gave himself to the Saviour. He at once commenced work for the Lord as a Sabbath-school teacher, and concentrated all his energies on that humble yet useful sphere of labor.

The calling in life he selected was that of a physician, believing that in that profession he would find abundant opportunities for Christian service. He regarded the vocation as one of the happiest and most honorable it was possible to follow, and his conception of the Christian physician passing in and out among his fellows, "going about doing good" to the souls and



(From Harper's Weekly.)

The late Dr. W. C. Palmer.

A Journey across Gateshead Fell in a Snow Storm.

bodies of men, was indeed an enviable one. He commenced his studies in the College of Physicians and Surgeons of New York, and passed his examinations with credit. Nor did the studies and the association with unbelievers and sceptics, into which those studies brought him, affect his faith or cause the ardor of his love for his Saviour to abate. He received his diploma, and immediately commenced practice as a physician. Success attended him from the first, and he soon acquired a large and lucrative practice.

Dr. Palmer's conduct as a physician furnished practical proof of the sincerity of the motives which had prompted him to select the medical profession as a sphere of Christian service. The profits of his practice, large as they were, were consecrated to the promotion of evangelical religion and in charity. No one knows how much he gave away, but it is known that, though his profession furnished him with a princely income, he was never a rich man.

After thirty-three years' labor as a physician he relinquished the profession and devoted the whole of his time to religious exercises. He became one of the managers of the Missionary Society of the Methodist Episcopal Church, and was the President of the Young Men's Total Abstinence Society, one of the first total abstinence societies organized in America. Other religious and philanthropic work also occupied his attention and received his personal and pecuniary support.

Dr. Palmer's name and that of Mrs. Phœbe Palmer, his beloved wife, will, however, be chiefly remembered by their earnest and indefatigable advocacy of the doctrine of Holiness. That is, not the advocacy of the duty of every Christian to strive after perfect holiness according to the Divine injunction—all Christian churches include that in their creed—but the firm belief that it is possible for Christians *in this life* to attain perfect holiness. He believed and preached that by perfect consecration the believer might, and many have, reached "a higher life," in which temptation has no power, and in which no sin of thought, word, or deed is committed. To the preaching of this "higher life" Dr. and Mrs. Palmer devoted themselves, and held meetings in most of the great cities of this country and Europe. They also established a monthly magazine as an organ of their views, which is still issued.

Mrs. Phœbe Palmer died in 1874, and Dr. Palmer married her sister, Mrs. Langford, who has aided him enthusiastically as his first wife did, in the propagation of his favorite doctrine. She accompanied Dr. Palmer to Ocean Grove, N. J., this summer, to hold a series of meetings, as has been their habit every year since 1875. Dr. Palmer, however, was obliged to return to New York, owing to an attack of dysentery. He was so much better on July 19th that he returned to Ocean Grove, and his friends were delighted to see that, although weak from suffering, he appeared to be convalescent. On the following day he wrote a letter and attended to other matters which had accumulated during his absence. About five o'clock in the evening, while he was sitting on the piazza of his cottage, he suddenly put his hand to his heart and exclaimed, "I am going," and in a few minutes breathed his last. His death is deeply mourned by hundreds of friends.

A FAMOUS JOURNEY OVER GATESHEAD FELL.

(*See Illustration.*)

When John Wesley commenced his great work of religious revival he encountered hardships and dangers of which modern evangelists happily know nothing by experience. Like the great Apostle of the Gentiles, he was "in journeyings often, in perils of waters, in perils of robbers, in perils by his own countrymen, in perils by the heathen, in perils in the city, in perils in the wilderness, in perils in the sea, in perils among false brethren." The servant of Christ, however, was not cast down; the Master whom he served supported and encouraged him, and enabled him to do a work the final results of which no man can estimate. He worked for the glory of God and for the salvation of men, and not for his own glory; yet glory and honor came to him. His name is more widely known and esteemed to-day than that of kings and emperors, and his conquests won by the power of the Holy Spirit are more enduring than those of the greatest generals of history.

The illustration on this page depicts John Wesley's miserable plight when, in attempting to cross Gateshead Fell in one of his evangelizing tours, he and his companion were overtaken in a snow-storm, and one of their horses, overcome by fatigue, lay down in utter exhaustion. The following is the modest account the great evangelist gives of the occurrence in his journal:

February 23d, 1745: "We found the roads *abundantly worse* than they had been the day before; not only because the snows were deeper, which made the causeways in many places unpassable [and turnpike-roads were not known in these parts of England till some years after], but, likewise, because the hard frost, succeeding the thaw, had made all the ground like glass. We were often obliged to walk, it being impossible to ride, and our horses several times fell down while we were leading them, but not once while we were riding them during the whole journey. It was past eight before we got to Gateshead Fell, which appeared a great pathless waste of white. The snow filling up and covering all the roads, we were at a loss how to proceed, when an honest man of Newcastle overtook and guided us safe into the town."

This was roughing it indeed, but as the result of his apostolic zeal and self-denial, a community was called into existence which is laboring successfully in Christ's great army to-day; and though John Wesley "rests from his labors," his works are ever following him.

COLONEL TOWNLEY'S OFFER.

(*See Illustration on page 525.*)

A funeral was leaving the doors of a country house. It was that of a man about forty years of age, and in one of the carriages sat his widow, some ten years younger, and his only child, a boy about ten years old. Whatever might have been the mourning in the other carriages, sincere or otherwise, there could be no doubt about the sincerity of the grief in that one. The widow and her boy were weeping bitterly, and no wonder: the dearest being on earth to both of them was being carried to his last resting-place. The last sad rites performed, the widow and her boy returned to their desolate home. That, too, they must soon leave, for the widow's circumstances were straitened, and they would have to seek some less expensive residence than the one in which they had passed many happy days.

Two weeks later such a residence had been found, and Mrs. Hamilton was sitting with her boy in a disordered room, the bulk of the furniture packed up ready for removal there. It had been a heart-breaking day for them both, but especially for the widowed mother, for whom every room in the house had a tender association with the time when she had been brought there, a blushing bride, a few years ago. All those memories came upon her like a flood now that the hurry and labor of the day were over, and with her boy Edgar on her knee she sat in a low rocking-chair weeping silently.

They must have sat there longer than Mrs. Hamilton was aware, for the shadows had deepened into darkness when a message was brought her that Colonel Townley had arrived from Europe, and begged to know at what hour in the morning she could receive him. The intelligence agitated her considerably, for though the colonel's name was familiar to her, she had never had an interview with him, and she expected that it would be impossible to make it otherwise than painful to both. She knew not why the colonel should seek her in her trouble, but she apprehended that some sorrow was before her,

and she carried her foreboding to the Throne of Grace, to which she had taken all her troubles for many years. When she rose from her knees she was calmer, for she had confided her future and that of her boy to the care of Him who careth for us.

The next day Colonel Townley called and briefly introduced himself. He said, "I ventured to intrude upon you so early, madam, because I have plans to lay before you which it is well you should consider before you make changes which, I presume, your husband's death will render necessary."

Mrs. Hamilton bowed respectfully, and he went on: "You are doubtless aware that my nephew before you became his wife was my adopted son. I educated him when he was left an orphan; I took him into my business, and informed him that if he conducted himself properly he would be my heir. I so regarded him until his marriage, which, as you know, I opposed. My disapproval was not due to personal feeling toward you, but I had other plans for him which that marriage thwarted. I explained to him how his own interests were concerned in obeying my wishes, but he was obstinate. We quarrelled and separated, and I never saw him again. While on a tour in Europe I heard of his death, and immediately returned. I loved him more than either he or I knew, and if he had lived I think we should have been reconciled. Will you take me to see his grave?"

"What would your husband have said?"

Mrs. Hamilton knew perfectly the circumstances Colonel Townley detailed. She knew, too, that the colonel was a hard, implacable, domineering man, a despot in his home and in his business, whose fury against his nephew when he married her had been described to her by her husband.

On the way to the cemetery the colonel entered upon his plans. He proposed that she should give up her boy to him. He promised to adopt him as his own son and give him all the advantages once showered on the father. "I will train him, madam, and make a man of him, and at my death he will be one of the richest men in the city. You see the advantages of my offer; what do you say?"

"Yes," said Mrs. Hamilton, "I see its advantages, but I see its perils too. Worldly prosperity is not the chief thing I covet for Edgar. I am anxious that he should be a godly man, and, forgive my saying so, I fear that the training you would give him would not tend to gain that object." They had by this time arrived at the cemetery, and Mrs. Hamilton, her eyes full of tears, pointed out the grave of her husband. The colonel reverently removed his hat and stood for a few moments looking sadly at the poor, grass-covered mound. Then turning to her he said:

"It would be a sad thing for the boy if you suffered your own prejudices to be an obstacle to his brilliant prospects. What," said he, pointing to the grave, "would he think of your blighting his child's future? Madam, do you not love your boy?"

Mrs. Hamilton rested her hand on Edgar's shoulder caressingly and said, "Ah, sir, you cannot understand how much. It is because I love him that I dare not intrust his training to one who, I fear, would teach him that the world and wealth were the highest objects to strive after, and would make him worldly and sordid and avaricious."

"Do you think I am a heathen, madam? I am not a professor of religion, but I am a better man than many of them. Your husband, I am sure, would wish you to accept my offer."

"I believe not, sir. He was a different man before he died from the man he was when you knew him. He learned to love the Saviour, and he often prayed that you, who had been so kind to him, might come to love Him too and discover that wealth is not all you think it. No, sir, brilliant as your offer is I must decline it. I dare not put my boy's eternal welfare in peril for the sake of money."

"I am sorry to hear your decision, madam," said the colonel, "sorry on the boy's account and on my own. Perhaps it is not final. If you change your mind write to me. I must go to the city now." And Colonel Townley bade her a ceremonious farewell and left her.

Mrs. Hamilton fell on her knees by the grave and prayed. She knew she had done right, but it was at a great sacrifice. Would her boy grow up to reproach her that she had lost him a fortune? What would her husband have said? The tempter was distressing her, but after a little while calm came.

As Colonel Townley travelled away he was perplexed. What was he? His mind travelled back over the years of his life to the time when such a boy as the one he had left stood at his mother's knee. That mother had died while he was young, but Colonel Townley remembered her well. Yes, she would have acted as that woman did to-day. She had a similar dread of his becoming hardened and worldly. Yet here he was to-day just what she had dreaded. He was troubled at that thought, and when he had looked in at his office he went home and straight to his private room, where from an old bureau he scarcely ever opened, he took his mother's portrait and a packet of faded letters. These he read, and for the first time in many years the stalwart man shed tears. If his mother in heaven could see those tears there must have been joy in her heart. He had travelled the broad road against which she warned him, and as he looked at her portrait those loving eyes seemed to cast on him a reproachful look. Could he retrace his steps? Was it too late? Who could help him? With these questions in his mind the colonel went to bed, but not to sleep. All night he tossed restlessly, and in the darkness the faces of those two women were before him. They were strangely alike, he thought, as he lay there—a certain spiritual, holy light in each, and the aversion he had seen in Mrs. Hamilton's eyes that day seemed somehow to have communicated itself to those of his mother as she looked upon him who had neglected all her warnings.

The next day saw Colonel Townley again at Mrs. Hamilton's door. "Madam," he said when he was alone with her, "you did not spare me yesterday when you told me you would not trust me with your son. I think you consider me in a bad way, and since I left you I have been coming around to your opinion. Do you think there is any hope for a man who has neglected religion all his life? You have proved your sincerity by refusing my fortune for your boy, now do you think you could help me?"

Colonel Townley was a sincere seeker. Such never go empty away. He had thought to bestow a gift when he first entered that house; he paid it many visits afterward, and there he learned the way through Jesus to riches far better than those on which his heart was set and to the peace which passes all understanding. Edgar Hamilton did not lose his fortune after all.

MRS. CHANTREY'S SECRET.

A SERIAL STORY.

(*Continued from page 511.*)

A Weary Struggle.

AN image of a besotted, drunken woman always in his house, and bearing his name, stood out for a moment sharply before Mr. Chantrey's imagination. He shuddered, and paused; but almost before she could notice it, he went on in low and solemn tones.

"Your sin does not separate you from me; you are my wife. I must help you and save you at whatever cost. Your soul is nearer to mine than any other; and what one human being can do for the soul of another, it is my lot to do. Do not be afraid of me, Sophy. You cannot estrange yourself from me; and you cannot wear out the patience of God. He is ever waiting to receive back those who have wandered farthest from Him. Can I refuse love and pity, when He freely gives them in full measure to you? Will Christ forsake you—He who saved Mary Magdalen? He will cast out this demon that has possession of you."

He was replying to some of the questions which had troubled him, while he was kneeling at her side, before she was awake. There was no separation possible of their lives. If she broke away from him, or if he sent her away from his home, they would still be bound together by ties that could never be broken. Whatever depth she sank to, she was his wife, and he must tread step by step with her the path that ran through all the future. But if any one could help her, and lead her back out of her present bondage, it was he; and he must not fail her in any extremity for lack of pity and tenderness.

He was about to speak again, when a loud, rough noise broke in upon the quiet of the house. It was nearly midnight; and Ann Hol-

land's drunken brother was stumbling and staggering through his shop into the peaceful little kitchen. Sophy sat up and listened. They could hear his thick, coarse voice shouting out snatches of vulgar songs, mingled with oaths at his sister, who was doing her utmost to persuade him to go quietly to bed. His shambling step, dragging across the floor, seemed about to enter the darkened room where they were sitting; and Sophy caught her husband's arm, clinging to it with fright. It was a more bitter moment for Mr. Chantrey than even for her. The comparison thrust upon him was too terrible. His delicate, tender, beloved wife, and this coarse, brutal, degraded man! Was it possible that both were bound by the chains of the same sin?

But Ann Holland succeeded before long in getting her brother out of the way, and releasing them from their painful imprisonment. The streets of Upton were hushed in utter solitude and silence as they walked through them speechless and heavy-hearted; those streets which, on the morrow, were to have been crowded with groups of his people, eager to welcome him home. They passed the church, lit up with the moonlight, clear enough to make every grave visible; a lovely light, in which all the dead seemed to be sleeping restfully. He sighed heavily as he passed by. Sophy was clinging to him, sobbing now and then; for her agitation had subsided into a weak dejection, which found no relief but in tears. Every step they trod along the too familiar road brought a fresh pang to him. For thousands of memories of happy days haunted him, and a thousand vague fears dogged him. He dared not open his heart either to the memories or the fears. Nothing was possible to him, except a silent, continuous cry to God for help.

"It is a melancholy coming home," Sophy murmured, as they stood together on the threshold of their aunt's house. He had not time to answer, for the door was opened quickly, and Mrs. Bolton hurried forward to welcome him. She had been expecting him for some time, for Ann Holland had sent word that both he and Mrs. Chantrey were at her house. One glance at his anxious and sorrowful face revealed to her the anguish of the last few hours. Sophy crept away guiltily up stairs, and she put her arm through his and led him into the dining-room, where a luxurious supper was spread for him.

"You know all about it, then?" said Mrs. Bolton, as he threw himself into a chair by the fireside, looking utterly bowed down and wretched.

"Yes," he answered. "Oh! aunt, could you do nothing for her? Could you not prevent it? It is a miserable thing for a man to come back to."

"I have done all I could," she replied, hesitatingly. "I have been quite wretched about it myself; but what could I do? I told your friend Mr. Warden there was nothing in reason I would refuse to do; but his ideas were so impracticable they could not be carried out."

"What were they?" he asked.

"Positively that I should abstain altogether myself," she said; "and not only that, but I must refuse it to my guests, and have nothing of the kind in my house; not even those choice wines your uncle bought. Neither wine for myself nor ale for my servants! It was quite out of the question, you know. Mr. Warden was meddlesome to the very verge of impertinence about it, until I was compelled to give up inviting him to my house. He went so far as to doubt my being a Christian! And it was of no use telling him I followed our Lord's example more strictly by drinking wine than he did by abstaining from it. He used his influence with Sophy to persuade her to suggest the same thing, that I would keep it altogether out of her sight at all times; but she soon saw how impossible it was for a person of my station and responsibility to do such a thing. I told her it was putting total abstinence above religion."

"Did Sophy think that would save her?" asked Mr. Chantrey.

"She had a fancy it would," answered Mrs. Bolton, "but only because Mr. Warden put it into her head. She was quite reasonable about it, poor girl! I proved to her that our Lord did not do it, nor some of the best Christians that ever lived; and she was quite convinced. Even Ann Holland was troublesome about it, begging me to do all kinds of extraordinary things—to have Charlie here was one of them, as if that could cure her—but I soon made her understand her position and mine. I am sure nobody can be more anxious than I am to do what is right. I am afraid it is the development of an hereditary taste in your wife, David, and nothing will cure it; for I have made many inquiries about her family, and I hear several of her relations were given to excess; so you may depend upon it, it is hereditary and incurable."

There was little comfort for him in this speech, which was delivered in a satisfied and judicial tone. Sophy's sin had been present to Mrs. Bolton for so many months, and she had grown so accustomed to analyze it and argue about it, that she could not enter into the sudden and direful shock the discovery had been to her nephew. An antagonism had risen in her mind about it, not only against Mr. Warden, but against some faint, suppressed reproaches of conscience, which made her secretly cleave to the idea that this vice was hereditary, and consequently incurable. She was afraid also of David reproaching her. But he did not. He was too crushed to reason yet about his wife's fall, or what measures might have been taken to prevent it. Long after his aunt had left him, and not a sound was to be heard in the house, he sat alone, scarcely thinking, but with one deep, poignant, bitter sense of anguish weighing upon his soul. Now and then he cried to God inarticulately; that dumb, incoherent cry of the stricken spirit to the only Saviour.

There was no doubt in Upton, when the people saw their rector again, that he knew full well the calamity that had befallen him. No one ventured to speak to him of it; but their very silence was a measure of the gravity of his trouble. His friend Warden told him more accurately than any one else could have done, how it had gradually come about, and what remonstrances he had made both to Mrs. Bolton and Sophy. Mr. Chantrey was impatient to get into his own house, where he could do what his aunt had refused to do, and where he could shield his wife from all temptation to yield to the craving for stimulants in any form. When they were at home once more, with their little son with them, filling up her time and thoughts, all would be well again.

But he did not know the force of the habit she had fallen into. At first there were a few gleams of hope and thankfulness during the pleasant days of summer, while it was a new thing for Sophy to have her husband and child with her. But he could not keep her altogether from temptation, while they visited constantly at Bolton Villa, and the houses of other friends. It was in vain that he abstained himself; that he made himself a fanatic on the question, as all his acquaintances said; Sophy could not go out without being exposed to temptation, and she was not strong enough to resist it.

Before the next spring came the people of Upton spoke of her as confirmed in her miserable failing. There was no one but herself who could now break off this fatal habit; and her will had grown wretchedly feeble. The sin domineered over her, and she felt herself a helpless slave to it. There had been no want of firmness or tenderness on the part of her husband; but it had taken too strong a hold upon her before he came to her aid. The intolerable sense of humiliation which she suffered only drove her to seek to forget it by sinking lower into the depth of her degradation and his.

A great change came over the rector of Upton. He went about among his parishioners, no longer gladly taking the leadership among them, and claiming the pre-eminence as his by right. It had been one of his most pleasant thoughts in former days that he was the rector of the parish, chosen of God and appointed by men, to teach them truths good for himself and them, and to go before them, seeking out the path in which they should walk. But his own feet were now stumbling upon dark mountains. He was quickly losing his popularity among them; for whereas, while he was himself happy and honored, he had not seen clearly all the evils, and wrongs, and excesses of his parish, now he was growing, as they said, more fanatical and ascetic than Mr. Warden had been, who had won the name of a puritan among them.

Why could he not leave the Upton Arms and the numerous smaller taverns alone, so long as the landladies and their daughters attended church, as they had been used to do? His presence at the dinner parties of his friends was a check upon all hilarity; and by and by they ceased to invite him, and then, half ashamed to see his face, ceased to go to his church, where his sermons had not the smooth and flowery eloquence of former days.

Probably Mr. Chantrey knew better now what was good for his people; he had clearer views of the snares and dangers that beset them, and the sorrows that lie lurking on every man's path. He saw more distinctly what Christ came to do; and how he did it by complete self-abnegation, and by descending to the level of the lowest. But he had no delight in standing up in his pulpit in full face of his dwindling congregation. Language seemed poor to him; and it had grown difficult to him to put his burning thoughts into words. As the bitter experience of daily life seared his very soul, he found that no smooth, fit expressions of his self-comm ning rose to his lips. It pained him to face his people, and speak to them in old, trite forms of speech, while his heart was burning within him; and they knew it, as they sat quiet in their pews, looking up to him with inquisitive or indifferent eyes.

Mrs. Bolton could not escape her share of these troubles, though she never accused herself for a moment as having had any part in causing them. It was the archdeacon who had obtained the living of Upton for her favorite nephew; and she had settled there to be the patroness of every good thing in the parish. Mr. Chantrey's popularity had been a source of great satisfaction and self-applause to her. She had foreseen how useful he would be; what a shining light in this somewhat dark corner of the church.

The increasing congregations, and the number of carriages at the church-door, had given her much pleasure. She had delighted in taking the lead, side by side with her nephew, and in being looked up to in Upton, as one who set an example in every good thing. But this unfortunate failing in her nephew's wife, developed under her roof and during his absence, had been a severe blow. No one directly blamed her for it, except the late curate, Mr. Warden, and a few extravagant, visionary persons, who deemed it best to abstain totally from the source of so much misery and poverty among their fellow-beings, and to take care, as far as in them lay, to place no stumbling-block in the way of feeble feet. But, strange to say, all the estimable people in Upton regarded her with less veneration since her niece had gone astray. Even Ann Holland was plainly less impressed and swayed by the idea of her goodness; and there were many others like Ann Holland. As for her nephew, he was gradually falling away from her in his trouble. He would seldom go to dine with her without Sophy; and he had urgent reasons to decline every invitation for her.

Their conversations upon religious subjects, which had always tended to make her comfortably assured of her own state of grace, had quite ceased. David never talked to her now about his sermons, past or future. He was in the "wasteful wilderness" himself, and could not walk with her through trim alleys of the vine-

yards. Now and then there fell from him, as from his friend, unpractical notions of a Christian's duty; as if Christianity consisted more in acts of self-denial than in an accurate creed concerning fundamental doctrines. It was an uneasy time for Mrs. Bolton; and her chief consolation was found in a volume of sermons, published by the archdeacon, which made her feel sure that all must be right with the widow of such a dignitary.

(To be continued.)

GIDEON THE DELIVERER.

S. S. Lesson for Aug. 26, Judges 7: 1-8; Golden Text, 7: 20. By Mrs. M. Baxter.

The Midianitish Scourge—According to Warning—No Help from the False Gods—The Lord's Answer—The Salutation to Gideon—A Noteworthy Tense—Creative Words—Gideon's Question—The Answer Applied—The Work Commenced at Home—Lynching Threatened—God's Deliverance—Gideon Making Sure—The Army Reduced—A Strange Test—Typical Warfare.

THE state of things grew worse instead of better among the children of Israel; they again "did evil in the sight of the Lord," and this time the Midianites were the scourge which He used. So terrible was their oppression that the people fled from their homes and lands, and "made them dens which are in the mountains, and caves, and strongholds." If they attempted to sow their land, their enemies destroyed their labor, and God s Word was fulfilled, "It shall come to pass if thou wilt not hearken unto the voice of the Lord thy God . . . the Lord shall send upon thee cursing, vexation, and rebuke, in all that thou settest thine hand unto for to do" (Deut. 28: 15-20).

Hard pressed under their affliction, the rebellious people found no solace and no relief from their false gods. "Israel was greatly impoverished because of the Midianites;" it is a terrible thing when the children of God are impoverished through the ungodly, but sure it is that if we are not winning them to the Lord's side, they have power to make us their prey; an unfaithful believer is morally the weakest of all beings. The Lord's answer, when at last the people cried unto Him, was by sending them a prophet to convict them of their sin, but at the very same time He was preparing them a deliverer. Gideon, one of the younger sons of Joash (a landed proprietor of Ophrah and one of the leaders in idolatry), was threshing wheat by the winepress to hide it from the Midianites, when "the angel of the Lord appeared unto him, and said unto him,"

THE LORD IS WITH THEE,

thou mighty man of valor." Gideon was not surprised to get a message from God; probably as a believer he was alone in his family, and the Lord always has special care for such, and makes up for the want of sympathy around, by manifesting Himself the more fully and blessedly. But the angel's words troubled him; he looked at circumstances, and the words of the angel seemed to him a mockery, he said, "O my Lord, if the Lord be with us, why then is all this befallen us? and where be all His miracles which our fathers told us of? . . . but now the Lord hath forsaken us, and delivered us into the hands of the Midianites." Gideon recognized God's hand in judgment; he saw no chance or fate in what had happened, but he had yet to learn God's hand in deliverance. "The Lord looked upon him, and said, Go in this thy might, and thou shalt save Israel from the hand of the Midianites; have not I sent thee?"

God "calleth those things which be not, as though they were" (Rom. 4: 17); He called Gideon a mighty man of valor, because He was about to make him one. God's Word is creative, and thus when Jesus said to the woman who had a spirit of infirmity eighteen years, "Woman, thou *art* loosed from thine infirmity" (Luke 11: 12), while as yet she was bent double; He was pledged to bring it to pass, asking of her only faith to receive the fulfilment of His word. "Go in this thy might," the might of God's spoken Word, the might of a mission commanded by God, and for which God was responsible, but above all the might of the Lord with thee. The Lord had looked upon Gideon, but Gideon, instead of looking upon the Lord, looked upon himself, and began to calculate probabilities of success accordingly. "O my Lord, wherewith shall I save Israel? behold my family is poor in Manasseh, and I am the least in my father's house." Had Gideon known more of God, he would have seen his nothingness as the greatest claim that God should use him (1 Cor. 1: 26-29). Wherewith? Gideon had neither riches, power, influence, nor talent. Wherewith? But the answer of God was enough

WITH ME.

"Surely I will be with thee, and thou shalt smite the Midianites as one man." "Wherewith shall I endure the trials which are pressing upon me?" says some oppressed child of God. Wherewith shall I gain control over the wayward heart of my son? says an anxious mother. Wherewith shall I meet the humiliation which the losses in my business have brought upon me? says a man of business. Wherewith shall I love the one who has proved himself my greatest enemy? says another. There is one answer to the real seeker: With *Me*. "Surely I will be (nay, I am) with thee."

Gideon was a timid soul; and in order to be sure of his ground he asked a sign, viz., that his offering might be accepted. When he had presented his offering, and the angel of the Lord brought forth fire out of the rocks to devour it, and then departed out of his sight, Gideon still continued communing with God, and built an altar unto the Lord. But now that his faith was established, Gideon must begin to act. At the command of the Lord he must commence by overthrowing idolatry at home, in his father's house. He feared his father's household, and therefore waited until night, and then the work began. With the help of ten servants, probably men whom he had taught to fear the Lord, he threw down the altar of Baal which belonged to his father, and cut down the idol grove which was beside it. Are any of my readers

ALONE IN THEIR FAMILIES

as witnesses for God? He calls you to overthrow, by the power of God with you, the idolatry of your father's house: not by unkind reflections, not by *the odious impression* that you think yourself holier than they, not by taking the high hand and dealing out law to them; but by the power of God which is with you, and by following Him at any apparent risk to yourself. In spite of the hardest insinuations, or the most earnest solicitations from friends to follow in *their* ways, follow still after Jesus. None are fit for work elsewhere who have not been proved true in home trials.

The morning came, and with it the revelation that the altar of Baal was thrown down, the grove cut down, and the bullock, representing the seven years' sin of Israel, offered upon the altar built unto the Lord. There was a hue and cry after the man who had dared to make such an attack upon the sin of the city, and a demand was made upon Joash to yield up his son for execution. It was a terrible moment for Gideon; human probabilities were all in favor of his father's yielding him up to die, since Joash himself was the great upholder of idolatry. But God had called Gideon to deliver Israel, and He was not at a loss how to do it, but made Joash himself turn right round. Addressing the men of the city, he said, "Will ye plead for Baal? Will ye save him? He that will plead for him, let him be put to death whilst it is yet morning: if he be a god, let him plead for himself, because one hath cast down his altar." Here was sound, common-sense reasoning. If Baal could not take care of himself, how could he take care of his votaries? Oh how we learn through this that we run no risk when we trust God, He can change the hearts of our relations who oppose us when we simply follow Him. Things came to a crisis; the Midianites concentrated themselves, and united with other enemies; Gideon, on his side, "blew a trumpet, and Abiezer was gathered after him," and in response to his messengers, many also from other tribes. But far from being uplifted with success, we find him communing with God far into the night, and getting himself "rooted and fixed in God" before the conflict should commence. True, he sought for signs, but he was determined to make

SURE OF HIS POSITION.

Some who seek for signs nowadays justify their position from the history of Gideon. God does in some cases vouchsafe signs to His people, but His written Word is the precious and safe guide for us at all times. Any way, let us follow Gideon in making sure.

The strength of Gideon's army at this time was thirty-two thousand; how provisioned, we know not, how drilled we know not, but the Lord soon took all into His own hands. Gideon, being sure in his God, was prepared for anything which God might say or do, however unusual and apparently unpropitious: this is *real* faith. God told him that his army was too large, "lest Israel vaunt themselves against Me, saying, Mine own hand hath saved me." So the order was given, "Whosoever is fearful and afraid, let him return and depart early from Mount Gilead" (Deut. 20: 8). Twenty two thousand, more than two thirds of his forces, returned, and ten thousand only remained. But even these were too many, for the Lord commanded Gideon to bring them down to the water that He might try them for Him there. The test was a simple one: "Every one that lappeth with his tongue [or his hand] as a dog lappeth, him shalt thou set by himself; likewise every one that boweth down on his knees to drink."

THIS WAS GOD'S DRILL.

The muscular strength of the men, their prowess in performing military evolutions, familiarity with their weapons—all this passed for nothing; if under all this there was a heart fearful and afraid, the man did not come up to the mark. Those who work for God and who show a timid disposition, afraid of the roughs, afraid of the public papers, afraid of the opinion of other Christians, afraid of not getting a living, cannot pass with God. "Let him return" is God's decision; he cannot fill up God's form for candidates. Again, they who stoop down to take a deep draught of what earth can give, rather than taking in passing like those who lapped, do not pass muster with God.

To strengthen yet more Gideon's faith, his loving God took him down to the host that he might know by the very dream of an enemy how surely God had given him the victory. He returned to his little company, after having worshipped the Lord, and he announced to his three hundred that the Lord *had delivered* the host of Midian into their hand. Then dividing them into three companies of a hundred strong, he gave them their weapons, to each man a trumpet and an empty pitcher with a torch within, and gave the word of command: "Look on me, and do likewise." It was

STRANGE WARFARE,

yet how typical—praise, self-emptiness, and the sight of God within; praise, because we have the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ; in ourselves emptiness—yes, and brokenness—for the pitchers were broken ere the light could shine, and then the shout of victory in the certainty that God is with us—this is God's warfare. But it answered. When Gideon blew with the trumpet, his feeble followers did the same, and the shout rang in the air on all sides of the Midianitish camp, "The sword of the Lord and of Gideon," and instantaneously a crash of broken pitchers startled the sleeping Midianites, who, seeing the children of Israel in the light of three hundred flaming torches, and knowing not how many thousands were pressing on from behind, fell upon the first they came across, always their own people, and the whole army of Midian was routed. God's mighty man of valor had prevailed because he trusted in God, and the Lord was with him.

FOREIGN TOPICS.

An Outbreak in Spain Against the Government occurred on Monday, August 6th, at Badajos, a city eighteen hours by rail from Madrid. The garrison, consisting of about nine hundred soldiers, proclaimed a republic, with Señor Ruiz Zorilla as President. The civilians of the city were overpowered or joined with the military in the rising. The King and his Prime Minister were absent from Madrid when the news of the movement arrived, but Marshal Campos telegraphed to the garrisons near Badajos for the troops stationed there to surround Badajos and capture the insurgents. General Blanco collected a small force from those garrisons and marched to Badajos, but found that the disaffected soldiers had fled in the direction of the Portuguese frontier, carrying with them arms, cannon, and large sums of money. The revolt was declared to be suppressed, but later intelligence tends to show that it was not an isolated affair, as everybody believed, but had ramifications in other provinces. The authorities now have acquired proofs of a republican plan, which was to make in several important towns a movement simultaneous with that of the Badajos military. Severe precautions have been taken all over the kingdom. Arrests have been numerous. Señor Sagasta has been recalled by his colleagues for the second time. There is great excitement in Madrid.

The Relations of France and China have undergone no improvement. The correspondent of the London *Times* at Hong Kong says he has been informed that there are no Chinese troops either in Tonquin or on the frontier, but the garrisons in the provinces of Yun-Nan and Kwang-Si have been secretly increased. Much grain and rice is being stored at Canton. The impression prevails that China is *playing a waiting game*, which is costing the French much and the Chinese little. Vianlan, who has been proclaimed King of Annam, in succession to Tu-duc by the Mandarins at Hue, is considered the nominee of the war party in Annam.

The Count de Chambord, the Last Representative of the Bourbon kings of France, whose serious illness was mentioned in these columns recently, has suffered another relapse. A cablegram from his residence at Frohsdorf, in Austria, on Saturday, says his condition is extremely unfavorable. He is slowly losing strength. He was much agitated during Friday night, and was occasionally delirious. His physicians have been summoned to hold a consultation as to his case.

The Decrease in the Rate of Deaths from the cholera in Egypt was maintained last week. The commander of the British forces in Egypt announces that there have been no fresh cases of cholera among the soldiers since the last report, and that the sick are doing well. The deaths from cholera in Egypt to date have been 16,488, of which 6366 persons died in Cairo. There is an unconfirmed report of a carbuncular plague at Damietta. The deaths from cholera averaged twenty-two each day in Alexandria last week.

At a Banquet Given by the Lord Mayor of London to Mr. Gladstone and his colleagues on August 8th, the Premier commented on recent public events. He said the Government had gone to Egypt in an unselfish spirit, and desired simply to accelerate reform there. It was felt that too much haste might spoil the work. When the views of the Government in this respect were accomplished, the British would disappear from the country. He said that nothing would be more grateful to every one of the ministers than an early and successful accomplishment of the grand movement toward reform in Egypt. In regard to the Tamatave affair and the difficulty with France, Mr. Gladstone said the Government had received fuller advices from Madagascar confirming the hope that no difficulty existed which could not be solved by generous and honorable dispositions, which should always exist, especially between France and England. He also said he was thankful to be able to record the great change in the condition of affairs in Ireland. The authority of the law, he said, had been reasserted there, and peace and security prevailed. The dark dens of assassination had been effectually suppressed, and the confidence which had united their unhappy frequenters and enabled them to execute their deadly purposes had been in a large degree destroyed. Deep gratitude was due to the Almighty, and secondarily to Earl Spencer, the Lord Lieutenant, and Mr. Trevelyan, the Chief Secretary.

The Irish Dynamite Conspirators who were imprisoned in Liverpool to take their trial for endangering life and property have been convicted. The trial was concluded on August 9th. The judge in summing up said that the question was whether the prisoners had brought or had caused the bringing of the machines to Liverpool, and whether they had intended them to cause damage. He was sure that those who attacked the Crown and sought to dismember the kingdom would meet enemies in a vast majority of Englishmen. The prisoners were found guilty and sentenced to life-long penal servitude. The informers in the recent Dublin trials were sent by the British Government to Australia, but the authorities at Melbourne refused them permission to land, and they were therefore sent to New South Wales.

The Announcement of the Death of Cetewayo, King of the Zulus, is contradicted by members of the sable king's family. According to their account the wily monarch was severely wounded in the battle with the insurgents, but succeeded in making his escape. A member of Mr. Gladstone's administration said in the House of Commons that the Government had received a telegram from the Governor of Natal, in which the latter says he is informed that King Cetewayo, who was reported to have been killed by the Zulu insurgents, is in the reserved territory. A reliable witness says he has seen him alive since his reported death. One statement that Cetewayo is alive comes from Cetewayo's brother, who says that Cetewayo took refuge in an isolated kraal after the late battle, having received two wounds in the leg.

The Luther Celebration.—The Members of the evangelical churches throughout Germany are signing a memorial suggesting that two days toward the end of September should be set apart for the celebration at Wittenberg of the forthcoming Luther anniversary. The festival at Erfurt promises to be a very imposing and magnificent affair. About a thousand students have announced their intention of taking part in the historical procession, and from all parts of the country artists' and choral societies have promised their co-operation in making the celebration the most complete and splendid possible. Large numbers of strangers, especially English and Americans, are expected to be present. An exhibition of various articles belonging to Martin Luther will be held on the 10th of November at the Brandenburg Provincial Museum in Berlin. This museum already possesses the Bible of which Luther made daily use, and which has annotations in his own handwriting. An announcement that the statue of the Reformer is to be erected in Berlin has been received in the capital with the greatest enthusiasm.

A Bitterly Hostile Feeling Animates the population of the Hungarian towns where the defendants in the recent Jewish trials reside. A riotous demonstration was made against the Jews acquitted of the terrible charge of murdering a Christian girl to obtain blood for use in the Passover cakes. Scharf, the principal defendant, and his family were mobbed. They removed to Pesth, but the hostility to them was more openly manifested there. The house in which the family had been staying was wrecked on August 9th, and a number of Jewish shops in the vicinity were plundered. The police were powerless, and the military had to be summoned. Fighting in the streets continued at a late hour. The riot was resumed the following night, when the soldiers found it necessary to fire on the mob, and several rioters were wounded and thirty-two persons arrested. The authorities, in order to stop the disorders, were compelled to place a cordon of troops around the street where the plundering of the Jewish houses occurred. The entire garrison was confined in the barracks in readiness for further anti-Semitic outbreaks. Moritz Scharf, the boy who was the principal witness for the prosecution in the recent trial, and who swore he saw the murder committed, has confessed to a reporter that his testimony was false. Since the acquittal there have been several cases of arson at Tisza Ezlar, where the murder is alleged to have occurred, which persons opposed to the Jews seek to attribute to them. Six persons, four of whom are officials, are to be placed on trial for conspiracy in bringing a false charge against the Jews.

The Death of Dr. Robert Moffat, the Veteran missionary and the father-in-law of Livingstone, is announced in a brief cablegram from England. Dr. Moffat was eighty-eight years of age, fifty-five of which he had spent in missionary labor. He was born in 1795, in Fifeshire, Scotland, and was taught the business of a gardener. After his conversion he offered his services to the London Missionary Society and was sent to South Africa. There he labored with marked success, preaching the Gospel and teaching the natives the arts of civilization. He frequently made tours among the barbarous, warlike tribes, and his remarkable adventures on these dangerous journeys are described in his "Missionary Labors and Scenes in Southern Africa," published in London in 1842. In 1837, his health failing, he found it necessary to return to England, and he remained at home for five years, during which time he reduced the Bechuana language to written characters, and had printed a version of the New Testament and the Psalms in that language. He returned to Africa in 1842, and continued his work until 1870, when, being seventy-five years old, he was obliged to retire from active labor, and after that he lived in London. In 1873 he was presented by his friends in England with a purse worth $145,000, in recognition of his services in Africa to the cause of religion and civilization. Mary, the daughter of Dr. Moffat, who was married to Dr. Livingstone, died in April, 1862.

Mr. Gladstone's Praise of the Blue Ribbon.—In the *British Temperance Advocate* for this month there is a letter from "A. C. Bevington," in which the writer says: "As I am stationed at Hawarden, I have had the honor of several visits at my humble home from the distinguished Premier of England; and in connection with his last visit a very interesting conversation ensued in relation to the Gospel Temperance Mission, when the following statements in substance were made by Mr. Gladstone: 'I see,' he said, as he looked at the blue ribbon worn by my wife, my two boys, and myself, 'I see, Mr. Bevington, that you and your family are connected with the Blue Ribbon Movement, and I am very pleased to see it. From the first, I have watched the temperance question with great interest; but I am bound to say that no phase of it has ever yielded me so much satisfaction as this has done. To witness the large number of ministers of all denominations, and, of course, the still larger number of members of perhaps all the churches, wearing the blue ribbon is an exceedingly gratifying circumstance, and speaks well for the future.

The Prophetic News and Israel's Watchman for July contains a report of the proceedings and addresses delivered at the recent Prophetic Conference at Wimbledon, England; also an article by Mrs. Fielder on "The Redeemed Companies of Rev. 7: 4–8;" "Watchman, What of the Night?" by Dr. Meymott, and a summary of passing events from a prophetic standpoint. Price six cents, annual subscription seventy cents. Back numbers of this periodical for this year may be had from the office of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD at the same price, which includes postage.

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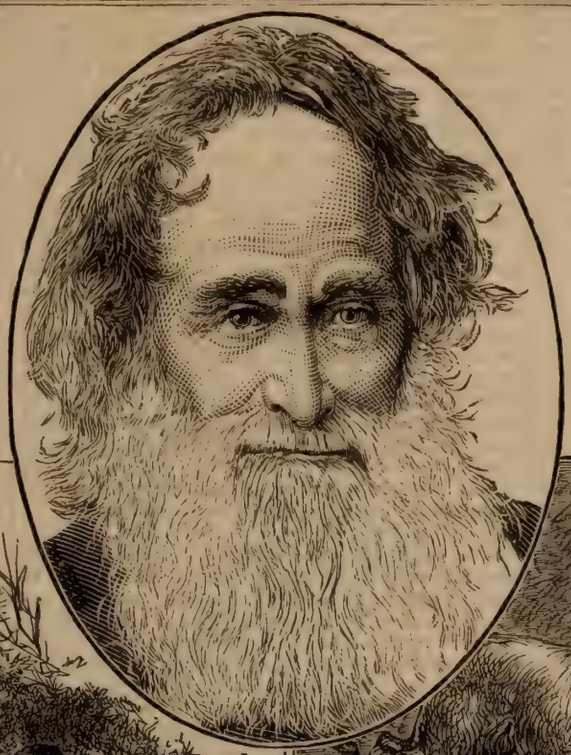

The late Dr. ROBERT MOFFAT, Fifty-five Years Missionary in Africa—Scenes in his Life.

THE LATE DR. ROBERT MOFFAT.

Birth in 1795—Goes to Sea—Becomes a Gardener—His Godly Mother's Influence—Leaves Home—Converted to Christ—A Memorable Visit to Warrington—Resolves to Become a Missionary—Accepted by the London Missionary Society—Ordination in 1816—Sails for South Africa—Africaner's Career and Conversion—Mr. Moffat's Marriage in 1819—Grand Work Among the Bechuanas—Return to England.

ROBERT MOFFAT is dead! A brief announcement of the fact without details was cabled across the Atlantic on Thursday, August 9th, and was doubtless read by the great majority of newspaper readers without interest or emotion. Yet what a life it was that has now closed! Grand in its simple beauty, sublime in its unlimited devotion, brilliant in its splendid achievements. The lives of kings and great generals appear sordid and insignificant compared with his, and the lustre that surrounds their names pales beside that with which the name of Moffat glows on the page of history. The half century of his warfare is a record of conquest, in which one simple, faithful, intrepid man confronted savage potentates, unarmed save with his faith; labored in squalor and discomfort, braving disease and all danger to extend the empire of the Prince of Peace. At the age of eighty-eight his Master has called him home, where he must surely have received a glorious welcome, and where he must meet hundreds of men who, but for his devotion and self-sacrifice, would never have heard the name of Jesus. He was a king among men, and the crown he wears now is an eternal crown, won by a lifetime of patient labor for the good of others.

Robert Moffat, "the Patriarch of Kuruman," and the "Apostle of the Bechuanas," whose portrait, engraved from *a photograph of his own selection*, appears on our frontispiece, was *born* at Ormestone, near Haddington, Scotland, on December 21st, 1795. The greater part of his *boyhood* was spent at Carron Shore, near the great Carron Iron Works, where his father held an appointment in the Customs.

A GARDENER.

When Robert was about twelve years of age he was ambitious to be a *sailor*, and at the request of a ship's captain his father consented that he should try a taste of sea life in a coasting vessel; but not finding much that was pleasant on board ship or during the voyage, he returned to school, and began to study botany and horticulture, in order to qualify himself for the position of a skilled gardener.

Some time after this—the exact period cannot be ascertained—Robert's father removed to Inverkeithing, Fifeshire, and the lad obtained congenial employment near the town in the gardens of the Earl of Moray. Scotch gardeners then, as now, had a good repute in England, and he was invited to a situation in Cheshire, where he continued two or three years, pursuing his studies with avidity.

Robert's *parents* were pious, God-fearing people. The virtuous and consistent example of his father produced upon him the happiest effect. From his mother he received instruction of a more positively religious nature. The worthy woman had set her heart upon her boy "knowing from a child the Holy Scriptures."

HIS MOTHER'S REQUEST.

When about to quit his native country for his new situation in England, his mother wished him to promise that he would read his Bible every day, both morning and evening. Sensible of his own weakness, and perhaps also of his boyish disinclination, he tried to evade the request. But as she was about to bid him farewell, she took his hand, and looking into his face with tearful eyes, said, imploringly, "Robert you *will* promise me to read the Bible; more particularly the New Testament, and most especially the Gospels—those are the words of Christ Himself; and there you cannot possibly go astray." He could not resist such an appeal, and replied, "Yes, mother, I make you the promise." He knew, as he once remarked in relating the circumstance, that the promise once made must be kept. "And, oh!" he added, "I am happy that I did make it."

Not long after he went to Cheshire, the reading of God's word and the preaching of the Gospel was blessed by the Holy Ghost to his *conversion* to Christ. Though the particulars of this momentous event are nowhere published, it is known that it was in Warrington that the cardinal occurrence in the life of the future missionary happned.

A MEMORABLE POSTER.

On a calm summer's evening the meditative youth was walking into that town from High Leigh, when, just as he had crossed the bridge, a poster caught his eye. It was the first of the kind he had ever seen. The two lines which arrested his attention were "London Missionary Society," and "Rev. W. Roby, of Manchester." The meeting announced had been already held, and therefore he could not attend it; but, to use his own words, the poster had made him "another man." The stories his mother had told him about the Moravian Brethren in Greenland flashed back upon his memory with the force of a new inspiration. There lay before him, in the path of his chosen profession, a flattering and lucrative prospect; but "it now tempted him in vain;" all at once it had "dwindled into nothingness, when compared to the service of Christ among the perishing heathen." Hearing him speak thus, persons who had the power and will to serve him said, "his brains were turned." "And so they were," he responded, "but turned the right way."

ORDAINED AS A MISSIONARY.

The same influence that had made the mute poster speak to Robert's heart induced him to resolve upon going to Manchester, to seek out Mr. Roby for the express purpose of offering himself for mission work. Not without much timidity and some sense of misgiving, he knocked at the door. Mr. Roby received him with great kindness, told him to be of good courage, and promised to use what influence he had with the directors of the Society on his behalf. The final consequence was that Robert Moffat was *accepted* by the Society, and, in October, 1816, was, with eight other young men, *ordained* in Surrey Chapel, London, as a minister of the Gospel to the heathen.

SAILS FOR SOUTH AFRICA.

The youthful missionary sailed for the Cape of Good Hope on October 31st, 1816, being not quite twenty-one years of age. Like the pioneers of Protestant missions in India, he was tried by a discouraging reception. When he reached the Cape he had to solicit the permission of the British governor to visit the heathen beyond the boundaries of the colony. This was refused for some time, but while waiting he was not idle. Day after day, with commendable importunity, he repeated and emphasized his application to the Government. The post of Resident with one of the Kaffir chiefs was offered to him, where he might act as agent and as Christian instructor at the same time; but he declined to be fettered, even though the chains were of gold, and in God's strength was determined to secure the untrammelled liberty of a missionary of the Cross.

Boarding with a godly Hollander, he soon acquired the Dutch language, so as to be able to preach the glad tidings of salvation to the Dutch Boers and their native servants. At length permission was granted him to go up the country.

AFRICANER'S CAREER.

The scene of action which at length opened to the enthusiastic missionary was on the North-west Border, beyond the Orange River, where a Hottentot chief, known as Africaner, had gathered a fierce body of desperate marauders about him. He had been outlawed from the colony for the murder of a farmer named Pienaar, who was shot down in the presence of his wife and family. At one time the lands of this chief reached within a hundred miles of Cape Town, and his kraals, and pastures, and hunting-grounds were scenes of rude abundance and barbaric freedom.

Many attempts were made by the colonial authorities to destroy Africaner, but they only excited him to reprisals, and he became the terror of all the farmsteads in the Border Country.

It was to

THE KRAAL

of this dreaded outlaw and "banditti chief" that Moffat set forth. The farmers at whose houses he was entertained *en route* assured him that Africaner would think no more of taking his life than he would of slaying a zebra or an antelope. One said the outlaw chieftain would set him up for a mark for his young men to shoot their arrows at; another, that he would strip off his skin and make a drum of it to dance to; another, that he would strike his head from his body, and use his skull for a drinking-cup; and a motherly old lady, wiping the tears from her eyes as she bade him farewell, said, "Had you been an old man it would have been nothing, for you would soon have died, whether or no; but you are *young*, and going to be eaten up by that monster!"

Undeterred, however, by these reports, Robert Moffat proceeded onward in his journey, and at length arrived at Africaner's kraal. He found that though the appearance of things was somewhat discouraging, the chief was not so formidable as he had been pictured by the fears of the planters. He received a reluctant welcome, but presently the order was given to the women to make a house for him. This they did by binding long rods into a hemispheric form, and covering them with mats. It was as uncomfortable as it was frail, for the rain streamed through it, the sun heated it to an almost unbearable degree, and when the wind blew it was filled with suffocating dust. Vagrant *dogs* crept into it for a night's shelter, and frequently ran off with the food the missionary had prepared for the following day; *serpents* coiled themselves behind his boxes; and at times he had to start up from sleep to drive away contending *bulls*, lest in their struggles they should crush himself and his dwelling.

The young missionary's *sincerity* and *fitness* for the work which he had undertaken was thus tested at the very commencement, but his devotion rose as hardships and difficulties increased. Through the day he was fully employed in teaching school and holding services; and in the stillness of the evening he silently retired to a pile of rocks in the neighborhood to sing and pray.

ENCOURAGING SIGNS.

He was soon cheered by *a pleasing change* in Africaner. The truth, applied by the Holy Spirit, was apprehended by him as a transforming energy, and the fierceness of the bandit was melted into the gentleness of the Christian. The weapons by which he had become so formidable were laid aside, and the Bible was almost always in his hands.

The outlawed robber chieftain now submitted himself in all things to the missionary, as "his guide, philosopher, and friend;" and some months after his conversion Mr. Moffat proposed that he should accompany him to Cape Town. Africaner said, "I had thought you loved me, and do you advise me to go to the Government to be hung up as a spectacle of public justice?" Then laying his hand on his head, he said, "Do you not know that I am an outlaw, and that one thousand rix dollars have been offered for this poor head?" At last, however, Mr. Moffat, having assured him that he would be well received in Cape Town, he consented to go.

A FARMER'S INCREDULITY.

On their way they came near a farmhouse in which the missionary had received kind entertainment when travelling toward Namaqua-land. Mr. Moffat left the wagons and went alone to meet the farmer. The latter seemed startled by his appearance, and asked, in rather a wild manner, who he was. When the name was given the farmer exclaimed, "Moffat, it is your ghost!" and it was with difficulty he was persuaded it was the living missionary, for the cur-

turn have you done me, but one good turn you did when the ribbon was put on my coat, so that we'll say we are square now.' "

An Unwise Wealthy Man.—**Major Colquhoun** said: "I know of a man who had all his life toiled honestly and amassed much wealth. He was a man of taste and refinement, loved pictures and other objects of art. During his many journeys over the world on business, he collected a large number of beautiful articles. Wearied with his labors, he returned to his native land, to spend the remainder of his days there, and looked about for a suitable mansion in which to put his treasures of art and beauty. After several fruitless searches he found a fine house surrounded by beautiful grounds which the proprietor was willing to sell for a large sum. He now looked forward to a long life of enjoyment and refined pleasure amid his wealth. He was not satisfied, but expected to be so when settled in his new home. Although he was an estimable man, he knew not Jesus, and therefore could not have the quiet rest which He gives to those who love Him. He hardly had got into his new residence when the first summons came to him in the shape of disease. The doctors could do nothing for him, and he had to leave his house and treasures to appear naked before God. His pictures and curiosities were sold, and the proceeds, along with the rest of his money, were given to endow a hospital, which will be of great benefit to the district in which it is. But what of his own soul? for he knew not Jesus."

THE PURLEYS.

By Rev. Charles Courtenay.

(*Concluded from page 515.*)

THE HUSBAND.

It was in the afternoon that I called on Mr. Purley. I had been carefully advised as to my time of approach.

"Yes, father is at home. He is lying down."

While waiting for his appearance I saw that the wife had prepared a cup of beef-tea ready for his awakening. The weather being cold, and his work in an exposed position, she took care that he should be well fortified against discomfort and danger.

And now I am facing the husband and father, the cause of so much trouble, and the object of so many prayers. A good-looking man enough, clean, neat, and with but little appearance of dissipated habits; moreover very respectful, and really desirous of talking to me. I gradually bring the conversation round to the subject of strong drink. I press him as to his personal habits. I declaim against the cruelty, the selfishness, the sinful extravagance, the physical and spiritual danger involved in excess.

Just as I anticipated, he denies it all. He does not take too much. He is a strictly moderate drinker. He knows exactly where to stop. He is not only no drunkard, but is not even approaching one. He takes his glass of beer, he doesn't deny, and he's not ashamed of it. I change my tactics. I press him on the subject of his soul. I speak of sin, judgment, eternity.

"Could you face the Judge on the great White Throne to-night?"

Were the tears that flowed so freely a hopeful sign? Up to a certain point "Yes." The man's soul was not beyond the reach of impressions. He had real leanings toward Christ and the Gospel. So far they were hopeful. But then he was a man who could weep easily. He was one of those weak men who wear their hearts on their coat sleeve, as the saying is. And, added to his natural weakness, there was the artificial tearfulness produced by the influence of strong drink. I cannot say that, on the whole, his tears produced in me much hopefulness. And all the less when I again reverted to the subject of strong drink, and, taking his own version of the matter, pleaded with him, on the score of influence, to give up its use.

"Doesn't the amount of drink you take affect your temper, and make you snap at your wife and daughter?"

Well, yes, he wouldn't deny but that it did sometimes.

"And wouldn't the money you spend in drink come in nicely for a rainy day, or to provide for your wife and children should you be cut off by death?"

Yes, he wouldn't deny that.

"And wouldn't you be better personally in your own health if you were to take less? Do you require to take so much?"

Well, he thought he might possibly do with less.

Here let me say that he was a highly nervous man, and not at all strong.

"Then if the drink affects your temper, doesn't improve your health, wastes your money, and exposes your soul to danger, why not give it up?"

Alas! how firm is weakness! Here was a man who couldn't say "No" to a glass of ale, who carried weakness in every feature and movement, and in the very mildness of his voice, and yet was in the matter of abstinence as strong as a giant.

"No, sir, I won't give it up, I'm determined."

It was no use my staying longer. I had failed in my mission. So, with a sad, disappointed heart, I left the room. At the door the wife was waiting, her face twitching with the greatness of her anxiety, and yet unable to ask how my errand had sped because of her husband's presence. He must not know that this interview was her work. All that I could do to signify my failure was to shake my head.

Poor wife! Thy heavy heart is not to be lightened yet. Thy tears must flow unchecked. Thy prayers yet remain to be answered.

"You'll come again and see us, sir," she said with assumed lightness, but with a yearning in the tone that could not be mistaken. Things were looking very dark for the wife, and daughter, and husband, all three.

Of course I did not give him up. He is but *a poor workman who despairs* at his first failure. Again and again I called, and at each new visit pleaded with more energy for his surrender to the thousand claims of mercy, justice, and reason.

It was most disheartening work, however. Failure, failure, failure, nothing but failure.

He was certainly drinking harder. His visits to the public-house were becoming daily more frequent and more prolonged. He was showing his intemperance more unmistakably too in his face and his whole outward bearing. And more than once he had misconducted himself during his working hours; so much so that his master called him into his office and solemnly warned him that he could not retain him in his service if he acted so again.

Violent diseases require violent remedies. Certainly John Purley's treatment must be an uncommon one. And so it was. One day he was brought home unconscious on a stretcher. He had been badly hurt while at work. A horse had violently kicked him. For days he hung between life and death, not even the doctor knowing how it would go with him. With his eyes closed, and his breathing so low as to be scarcely perceptible, he lay the very picture of death. That he was conscious, however, all the time was proved by the first remark he made after his accident. In the lowest of tones he said to his wife—

"I've been a bad husband, my dear."

This was the first breaking of the clouds, for the tone in which it was said and the look which accompanied it expressed even more than the words. Afterward he said a great deal more, in continuation of the same subject, for his mind seemed full of nothing else. Often would a shudder pass over him at the remembrance of the past.

There came a time, however, when he grew braver and calmer at the prospect of temptation. Indeed, the change that came over him in connection with the whole subject was marvellous. His wife had one day ventured with much fear and trembling to read him a verse or two from the Book she loved so dearly. She was careful to select only those portions which were most suited to his case. She observed an eagerness in his looks after she had read a while, a sort of thirsty expression, as though the words she read were the very ones that he had been wanting.

At first she read but once a day. Afterward, at his special request, she read twice, and sometimes three times. It made her so happy. And many a little prayer did she and her daughter have together for a blessing on the reading of the Word to him. One day she overheard him saying to himself—

"That was love now, wan't it? Fancy that! To die for a horrid old sinner like me. I say 'twas wonderful! 'That whosoever believeth' —*whosoever*. Come now, John, my man, there's no way of getting out of that, is there? You're there, sure enough. Yes, Lord, it's all right. I'll believe. I'll take it. It's all true. Thank the Lord!"

When next she entered his room he was lying back, with his eyes cast upward, and with a most beaming expression on his face.

"You look happy, John," she cried.

"My dear," he whispered, "I am. I feel as light as a feather. I'm that happy I can hardly contain myself. I've found Jesus; that's why."

They had never prayed together before, but now Mrs. Purley slipped on her knees beside her husband's bed, and in simple words poured out her praises. And now nothing would content him but that I should be sent for. He wanted to tell me what had happened.

"You see, sir, I've been struck down. The Lord wouldn't let me go on any longer so madly. And it's been good for me, sir, for He's been teaching me such a lot. I know you'll be right-down glad to hear I've been to Jesus and put my trust in Him, and I'm so happy."

Just then the wife and daughter came in full of joy.

"They've had a lot to put up with, haven't they, sir? But they shan't have any more of it if the Lord spare me. I'll make it up to them, I know."

"Let us all thank God together," I said.

After I had finished, John himself began—

"O Lord, I've been a bad husband and father. Thou knowest I have, but I'm going to be better, Lord. I'm going to give up the drink and everything that's wrong. Give me strength, Lord, I'm so weak. Keep me straight for Jesus' sake."

It was extraordinary the speed with which John Purley recovered after this. It seemed as though he had taken a new lease of life. The doctor was completely astounded. The first thing he did as soon as he could hold a pen was to sign the pledge.

"And now I'll make up for it all." This was John Purley's resolve as told in confidence to his wife, and told in prayer to his God. And if ever man tried to undo the past and make up for it, and if ever man fulfilled his resolve, John Purley was the man.

Let us peep in upon them one winter's night not many months after the events just narrated.

There's Mrs. Purley as neat and clean as ever, and looking as happy as a queen. No marks of care are upon her brow now. Yes, and she has some color in her cheeks too.

Then there's the daughter, quite a young woman now. It is wonderful what a difference it has made in her, in looks, manners, and everything.

And last of all, there's John himself, bustling about, here, there, and everywhere, every movement seeming to say by its eagerness, "And now I'll make up for it all."

That is something like a model family circle, *I* think.

And when later on John takes down the big family Bible and reverently reads therefrom, and afterward leads them all in prayer, I think you will agree with me that this is just the finishing touch to one of the prettiest pictures in the world.

THE LATE DR. ROBERT MOFFAT.

Birth in 1795—Goes to Sea—Becomes a Gardener—His Godly Mother's Influence—Leaves Home—Converted to Christ—A Memorable Visit to Warrington—Resolves to Become a Missionary—Accepted by the London Missionary Society—Ordination in 1816—Sails for South Africa—Africaner's Career and Conversion—Mr. Moffat's Marriage in 1819—Grand Work Among the Bechuanas—Return to England.

ROBERT MOFFAT is dead! A brief announcement of the fact without details was cabled across the Atlantic on Thursday, August 9th, and was doubtless read by the great majority of newspaper readers without interest or emotion. Yet what a life it was that has now closed! Grand in its simple beauty, sublime in its unlimited devotion, brilliant in its splendid achievements. The lives of kings and great generals appear sordid and insignificant compared with his, and the lustre that surrounds their names pales beside that with which the name of Moffat glows on the page of history. The half century of his warfare is a record of conquest, in which one simple, faithful, intrepid man confronted savage potentates, unarmed save with his faith; labored in squalor and discomfort, braving disease and all danger to extend the empire of the Prince of Peace. At the age of eighty-eight his Master has called him home, where he must surely have received a glorious welcome, and where he must meet hundreds of men who, but for his devotion and self-sacrifice, would never have heard the name of Jesus. He was a king among men, and the crown he wears now is an eternal crown, won by a lifetime of patient labor for the good of others.

Robert Moffat, "the Patriarch of Kuruman," and the "Apostle of the Bechuanas," whose portrait, engraved from *a photograph of his own selection*, appears on our frontispiece, was *born* at Ormestone, near Haddington, Scotland, on December 21st, 1795. The greater part of his *boyhood* was spent at Carron Shore, near the great Carron Iron Works, where his father held an appointment in the Customs.

A GARDENER.

When Robert was about twelve years of age he was ambitious to be a *sailor*, and at the request of a ship's captain his father consented that he should try a taste of sea life in a coasting vessel; but not finding much that was pleasant on board ship or during the voyage, he returned to school, and began to study botany and horticulture, in order to qualify himself for the position of a skilled gardener.

Some time after this—the exact period cannot be ascertained—Robert's father removed to Inverkeithing, Fifeshire, and the lad obtained congenial employment near the town in the gardens of the Earl of Moray. Scotch gardeners then, as now, had a good repute in England, and he was invited to a situation in Cheshire, where he continued two or three years, pursuing his studies with avidity.

Robert's *parents* were pious, God-fearing people. The virtuous and consistent example of his father produced upon him the happiest effect. From his mother he received instruction of a more positively religious nature. The worthy woman had set her heart upon her boy "knowing from a child the Holy Scriptures."

HIS MOTHER'S REQUEST.

When about to quit his native country for his new situation in England, his mother wished him to promise that he would read his Bible every day, both morning and evening. Sensible of his own weakness, and perhaps also of his boyish disinclination, he tried to evade the request. But as she was about to bid him farewell, she took his hand, and looking into his face with tearful eyes, said, imploringly, "Robert you *will* promise me to read the Bible; more particularly the New Testament, and most especially the Gospels—those are the words of Christ Himself; and there you cannot possibly go astray." He could not resist such an appeal, and replied, "Yes, mother, I make you the promise." He knew, as he once remarked in relating the circumstance, that the promise once made must be kept. "And, oh!" he added, "I am happy that I did make it."

Not long after he went to Cheshire, the reading of God's word and the preaching of the Gospel was blessed by the Holy Ghost to his *conversion* to Christ. Though the particulars of this momentous event are nowhere published, it is known that it was in Warrington that the cardinal occurrence in the life of the future missionary happned.

A MEMORABLE POSTER.

On a calm summer's evening the meditative youth was walking into that town from High Leigh, when, just as he had crossed the bridge, a poster caught his eye. It was the first of the kind he had ever seen. The two lines which arrested his attention were "London Missionary Society," and "Rev. W. Roby, of Manchester." The meeting announced had been already held, and therefore he could not attend it; but, to use his own words, the poster had made him "another man." The stories his mother had told him about the Moravian Brethren in Greenland flashed back upon his memory with the force of a new inspiration. There lay before him, in the path of his chosen profession, a flattering and lucrative prospect; but "it now tempted him in vain;" all at once it had "dwindled into nothingness, when compared to the service of Christ among the perishing heathen." Hearing him speak thus, persons who had the power and will to serve him said, "his brains were turned." "And so they were," he responded, "but turned the right way."

ORDAINED AS A MISSIONARY.

The same influence that had made the mute poster speak to Robert's heart induced him to resolve upon going to Manchester, to seek out Mr. Roby for the express purpose of offering himself for mission work. Not without much timidity and some sense of misgiving, he knocked at the door. Mr. Roby received him with great kindness, told him to be of good courage, and promised to use what influence he had with the directors of the Society on his behalf. The final consequence was that Robert Moffat was *accepted* by the Society, and, in October, 1816, was, with eight other young men, *ordained* in Surrey Chapel, London, as a minister of the Gospel to the heathen.

SAILS FOR SOUTH AFRICA.

The youthful missionary sailed for the Cape of Good Hope on October 31st, 1816, being not quite twenty-one years of age. Like the pioneers of Protestant missions in India, he was tried by a discouraging reception. When he reached the Cape he had to solicit the permission of the British governor to visit the heathen beyond the boundaries of the colony. This was refused for some time, but while waiting he was not idle. Day after day, with commendable importunity, he repeated and emphasized his application to the Government. The post of Resident with one of the Kaffir chiefs was offered to him, where he might act as agent and as Christian instructor at the same time; but he declined to be fettered, even though the chains were of gold, and in God's strength was determined to secure the untrammelled liberty of a missionary of the Cross.

Boarding with a godly Hollander, he soon acquired the Dutch language, so as to be able to preach the glad tidings of salvation to the Dutch Boers and their native servants. At length permission was granted him to go up the country.

AFRICANER'S CAREER.

The scene of action which at length opened to the enthusiastic missionary was on the North-west Border, beyond the Orange River, where a Hottentot chief, known as Africaner, had gathered a fierce body of desperate marauders about him. He had been outlawed from the colony for the murder of a farmer named Pienaar, who was shot down in the presence of his wife and family. At one time the lands of this chief reached within a hundred miles of Cape Town, and his kraals, and pastures, and hunting-grounds were scenes of rude abundance and barbaric freedom.

Many attempts were made by the colonial authorities to destroy Africaner, but they only excited him to reprisals, and he became the terror of all the farmsteads in the Border Country.

It was to

THE KRAAL

of this dreaded outlaw and "banditti chief" that Moffat set forth. The farmers at whose houses he was entertained *en route* assured him that Africaner would think no more of taking his life than he would of slaying a zebra or an antelope. One said the outlaw chieftain would set him up for a mark for his young men to shoot their arrows at; another, that he would strip off his skin and make a drum of it to dance to; another, that he would strike his head from his body, and use his skull for a drinking-cup; and a motherly old lady, wiping the tears from her eyes as she bade him farewell, said, "Had you been an old man it would have been nothing, for you would soon have died, whether or no; but you are *young*, and going to be eaten up by that monster!"

Undeterred, however, by these reports, Robert Moffat proceeded onward in his journey, and at length arrived at Africaner's kraal. He found that though the appearance of things was somewhat discouraging, the chief was not so formidable as he had been pictured by the fears of the planters. He received a reluctant welcome, but presently the order was given to the women to make a house for him. This they did by binding long rods into a hemispheric form, and covering them with mats. It was as uncomfortable as it was frail, for the rain streamed through it, the sun heated it to an almost unbearable degree, and when the wind blew it was filled with suffocating dust. Vagrant *dogs* crept into it for a night's shelter, and frequently ran off with the food the missionary had prepared for the following day; *serpents* coiled themselves behind his boxes; and at times he had to start up from sleep to drive away contending *bulls*, lest in their struggles they should crush himself and his dwelling.

The young missionary's *sincerity* and *fitness* for the work which he had undertaken was thus tested at the very commencement, but his devotion rose as hardships and difficulties increased. Through the day he was fully employed in teaching school and holding services; and in the stillness of the evening he silently retired to a pile of rocks in the neighborhood to sing and pray.

ENCOURAGING SIGNS.

He was soon cheered by *a pleasing change* in Africaner. The truth, applied by the Holy Spirit, was apprehended by him as a transforming energy, and the fierceness of the bandit was melted into the gentleness of the Christian. The weapons by which he had become so formidable were laid aside, and the Bible was almost always in his hands.

The outlawed robber chieftain now submitted himself in all things to the missionary, as "his guide, philosopher, and friend;" and some months after his conversion Mr. Moffat proposed that he should accompany him to Cape Town. Africaner said, "I had thought you loved me, and do you advise me to go to the Government to be hung up as a spectacle of public justice?" Then laying his hand on his head, he said, "Do you not know that I am an outlaw, and that one thousand rix dollars have been offered for this poor head?" At last, however, Mr. Moffat, having assured him that he would be well received in Cape Town, he consented to go.

A FARMER'S INCREDULITY.

On their way they came near a farmhouse in which the missionary had received kind entertainment when travelling toward Namaqua-land. Mr. Moffat left the wagons and went alone to meet the farmer. The latter seemed startled by his appearance, and asked, in rather a wild manner, who he was. When the name was given the farmer exclaimed, "Moffat, it is your ghost!" and it was with difficulty he was persuaded it was the living missionary, for the cur-

turn have you done me, but one good turn you did when the ribbon was put on my coat, so that we'll say we are square now.' "

An Unwise Wealthy Man.—**Major Colquhoun** said: "I know of a man who had all his life toiled honestly and amassed much wealth. He was a man of taste and refinement, loved pictures and other objects of art. During his many journeys over the world on business, he collected a large number of beautiful articles. Wearied with his labors, he returned to his native land, to spend the remainder of his days there, and looked about for a suitable mansion in which to put his treasures of art and beauty. After several fruitless searches he found a fine house surrounded by beautiful grounds which the proprietor was willing to sell for a large sum. He now looked forward to a long life of enjoyment and refined pleasure amid his wealth. He was not satisfied, but expected to be so when settled in his new home. Although he was an estimable man, he knew not Jesus, and therefore could not have the quiet rest which He gives to those who love Him. He hardly had got into his new residence when the first summons came to him in the shape of disease. The doctors could do nothing for him, and he had to leave his house and treasures to appear naked before God. His pictures and curiosities were sold, and the proceeds, along with the rest of his money, were given to endow a hospital, which will be of great benefit to the district in which it is. But what of his own soul? for he knew not Jesus."

THE PURLEYS.

By Rev. Charles Courtenay.

(*Concluded from page 515.*)

THE HUSBAND.

It was in the afternoon that I called on Mr. Purley. I had been carefully advised as to my time of approach.

"Yes, father is at home. He is lying down."

While waiting for his appearance I saw that the wife had prepared a cup of beef-tea ready for his awakening. The weather being cold, and his work in an exposed position, she took care that he should be well fortified against discomfort and danger.

And now I am facing the husband and father, the cause of so much trouble, and the object of so many prayers. A good-looking man enough, clean, neat, and with but little appearance of dissipated habits; moreover very respectful, and really desirous of talking to me. I gradually bring the conversation round to the subject of strong drink. I press him as to his personal habits. I declaim against the cruelty, the selfishness, the sinful extravagance, the physical and spiritual danger involved in excess.

Just as I anticipated, he denies it all. He does not take too much. He is a strictly moderate drinker. He knows exactly where to stop. He is not only no drunkard, but is not even approaching one. He takes his glass of beer, he doesn't deny, and he's not ashamed of it. I change my tactics. I press him on the subject of his soul. I speak of sin, judgment, eternity.

"Could you face the Judge on the great White Throne to-night?"

Were the tears that flowed so freely a hopeful sign? Up to a certain point "Yes." The man's soul was not beyond the reach of impressions. He had real leanings toward Christ and the Gospel. So far they were hopeful. But then he was a man who could weep easily. He was one of those weak men who wear their hearts on their coat sleeve, as the saying is. And, added to his natural weakness, there was the artificial tearfulness produced by the influence of strong drink. I cannot say that, on the whole, his tears produced in me much hopefulness. And all the less when I again reverted to the subject of strong drink, and, taking his own version of the matter, pleaded with him, on the score of influence, to give up its use.

"Doesn't the amount of drink you take affect your temper, and make you snap at your wife and daughter?"

Well, yes, he wouldn't deny but that it did sometimes.

"And wouldn't the money you spend in drink come in nicely for a rainy day, or to provide for your wife and children should you be cut off by death?"

Yes, he wouldn't deny that.

"And wouldn't you be better personally in your own health if you were to take less? Do you require to take so much?"

Well, he thought he might possibly do with less.

Here let me say that he was a highly nervous man, and not at all strong.

"Then if the drink affects your temper, doesn't improve your health, wastes your money, and exposes your soul to danger, why not give it up?"

Alas! how firm is weakness! Here was a man who couldn't say "No" to a glass of ale, who carried weakness in every feature and movement, and in the very mildness of his voice, and yet was in the matter of abstinence as strong as a giant.

"No, sir, I won't give it up, I'm determined."

It was no use my staying longer. I had failed in my mission. So, with a sad, disappointed heart, I left the room. At the door the wife was waiting, her face twitching with the greatness of her anxiety, and yet unable to ask how my errand had sped because of her husband's presence. He must not know that this interview was her work. All that I could do to signify my failure was to shake my head.

Poor wife! Thy heavy heart is not to be lightened yet. Thy tears must flow unchecked. Thy prayers yet remain to be answered.

"You'll come again and see us, sir," she said with assumed lightness, but with a yearning in the tone that could not be mistaken. Things were looking very dark for the wife, and daughter, and husband, all three.

Of course I did not give him up. He is but *a poor workman who despairs* at his first failure. Again and again I called, and at each new visit pleaded with more energy for his surrender to the thousand claims of mercy, justice, and reason.

It was most disheartening work, however. Failure, failure, failure, nothing but failure.

He was certainly drinking harder. His visits to the public-house were becoming daily more frequent and more prolonged. He was showing his intemperance more unmistakably too in his face and his whole outward bearing. And more than once he had misconducted himself during his working hours; so much so that his master called him into his office and solemnly warned him that he could not retain him in his service if he acted so again.

Violent diseases require violent remedies. Certainly John Purley's treatment must be an uncommon one. And so it was. One day he was brought home unconscious on a stretcher. He had been badly hurt while at work. A horse had violently kicked him. For days he hung between life and death, not even the doctor knowing how it would go with him. With his eyes closed, and his breathing so low as to be scarcely perceptible, he lay the very picture of death. That he was conscious, however, all the time was proved by the first remark he made after his accident. In the lowest of tones he said to his wife—

"I've been a bad husband, my dear."

This was the first breaking of the clouds, for the tone in which it was said and the look which accompanied it expressed even more than the words. Afterward he said a great deal more, in continuation of the same subject, for his mind seemed full of nothing else. Often would a shudder pass over him at the remembrance of the past.

There came a time, however, when he grew braver and calmer at the prospect of temptation. Indeed, the change that came over him in connection with the whole subject was marvellous. His wife had one day ventured with much fear and trembling to read him a verse or two from the Book she loved so dearly. She was careful to select only those portions which were most suited to his case. She observed an eagerness in his looks after she had read a while, a sort of thirsty expression, as though the words she read were the very ones that he had been wanting.

At first she read but once a day. Afterward, at his special request, she read twice, and sometimes three times. It made her so happy. And many a little prayer did she and her daughter have together for a blessing on the reading of the Word to him. One day she overheard him saying to himself—

"That was love now, wan't it? Fancy that! To die for a horrid old sinner like me. I say 'twas wonderful! 'That whosoever believeth' —*whosoever*. Come now, John, my man, there's no way of getting out of that, is there? You're there, sure enough. Yes, Lord, it's all right. I'll believe. I'll take it. It's all true. Thank the Lord!"

When next she entered his room he was lying back, with his eyes cast upward, and with a most beaming expression on his face.

"You look happy, John," she cried.

"My dear," he whispered, "I am. I feel as light as a feather. I'm that happy I can hardly contain myself. I've found Jesus; that's why."

They had never prayed together before, but now Mrs. Purley slipped on her knees beside her husband's bed, and in simple words poured out her praises. And now nothing would content him but that I should be sent for. He wanted to tell me what had happened.

"You see, sir, I've been struck down. The Lord wouldn't let me go on any longer so madly. And it's been good for me, sir, for He's been teaching me such a lot. I know you'll be right-down glad to hear I've been to Jesus and put my trust in Him, and I'm so happy."

Just then the wife and daughter came in full of joy.

"They've had a lot to put up with, haven't they, sir? But they shan't have any more of it if the Lord spare me. I'll make it up to them, I know."

"Let us all thank God together," I said.

After I had finished, John himself began—

"O Lord, I've been a bad husband and father. Thou knowest I have, but I'm going to be better, Lord. I'm going to give up the drink and everything that's wrong. Give me strength, Lord, I'm so weak. Keep me straight for Jesus' sake."

It was extraordinary the speed with which John Purley recovered after this. It seemed as though he had taken a new lease of life. The doctor was completely astounded. The first thing he did as soon as he could hold a pen was to sign the pledge.

"And now I'll make up for it all." This was John Purley's resolve as told in confidence to his wife, and told in prayer to his God. And if ever man tried to undo the past and make up for it, and if ever man fulfilled his resolve, John Purley was the man.

Let us peep in upon them one winter's night not many months after the events just narrated.

There's Mrs. Purley as neat and clean as ever, and looking as happy as a queen. No marks of care are upon her brow now. Yes, and she has some color in her cheeks too.

Then there's the daughter, quite a young woman now. It is wonderful what a difference it has made in her, in looks, manners, and everything.

And last of all, there's John himself, bustling about, here, there, and everywhere, every movement seeming to say by its eagerness, "And now I'll make up for it all."

That is something like a model family circle, *I* think.

And when later on John takes down the big family Bible and reverently reads therefrom, and afterward leads them all in prayer, I think you will agree with me that this is just the finishing touch to one of the prettiest pictures in the world.

CHRISTIAN HERALD AND SIGNS OF OUR TIMES.

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CURRENT EVENTS.

The Strike of the Telegraph Operators has failed. On Friday last the Executive Committee of the Brotherhood sent telegrams to all points, announcing that the strike was a failure, and giving permission to all the members to return to work immediately. There was considerable dissatisfaction manifested by prominent members at this decision, but the general feeling among the operators and of the public was that the hopelessness of the struggle was demonstrated, and that the Brotherhood had acted wisely in ending it. It was chivalrously agreed that no man should apply for work until the lady operators had had the first chance of being engaged, and a committee was appointed to escort them to the Western Union building to make application. Very few of them were taken on, and a very small percentage of the male operators were re-engaged. The strike had lasted twenty-nine days, and it is estimated that the loss to the strikers was about $400,000. How much the companies lost by decrease of business is of course unknown. They have won because their resources were greater than those of their employes, and they could afford to maintain the struggle so long as no concentrated effort was made by the public to compel them to do their duty. The triumph of the companies, however, has its dangers for them. The public is disgusted with their greed and their arrogance, and is more than ever determined to overthrow the monopoly, either by a Government service or some other method.

The Object on which the Civil Service Reform Association is concentrating its energies, now that the Pendleton bill has become law, was described by Mr. George William Curtis, in his annual address before the Association at Providence, R. I., on August 1st. He said: "This object is the repeal of the United States statutes which limit the term of most of the subordinate offices to four years, and which result in practically establishing that term for all offices, places, and employments in the service, except such as are specifically excepted. This mischievous practice is strongly intrenched in tradition and it is speciously defended. But it was introduced to prostitute the public service to personal control, and it is one of the chief sources of the abuses which have aroused public attention and indignation. The people are beginning to see that the absolute dependence of the great army of employes of the Government upon personal favor instead of the faithful discharge of duty creates an enormous danger to republican institutions. The limited term fosters utter servility and lack of self-respect, because reappointment depends not upon official fidelity and efficiency, but upon personal favor. The incumbent cannot be properly devoted to his duty, since it is necessary to propitiate the influence which can secure reappointment. The applicant is equally busy in seeking similar influence to obtain the place, and as fixed terms are constantly expiring, the wretched and demoralizing contest is perpetually raging. The repeal of the four years' law, therefore, is an essential step toward the complete correction of the personal and partisan prostitution of the public service, which is the object of this league." Mr. Curtis spoke in terms of high praise of President Arthur's "steady refusal to satisfy the faction of his party which demands that the public patronage shall be prostituted to a factional interest." At the business meeting which followed, Mr. Curtis was unanimously re-elected president of the Association.

Judge Jere. S. Black Died on Sunday Morning last at his residence at York, Pa. On Monday, August 13th, he was attacked by a painful disease, which from its first appearance he insisted would terminate fatally. His physicians, however, believed that his life could be saved by an operation. Judge Black consented to undergo the suffering, and the operation was successfully performed. It was, however, followed by blood poisoning, and on Sunday he died. His last hours were peaceful, and shortly before he breathed his last he told his son, Chauncey, that he had "no fear of crossing the dark river," assured, as he was, that his Heavenly Father would welcome him on the other shore. He was an active member of the Church of the Disciples to which President Garfield also belonged and was in early life an intimate friend of the founder of the Church. Judge Black occupied a prominent place in public affairs, and even in the retirement of his latter years he has exerted considerable influence on public affairs and was a trusted counsellor of the Democratic party. The people have admired and honored him, and he did nothing to shake that confidence at any step in the whole of his career, as he rose from the plough to the bar, to the District Attorneyship of his county, to the Supreme Court Bench, and to a seat in Buchanan's cabinet. He was always just, upright and consistent, and though intensely combative, his opponents respected him as a fair, though formidable foe. He was seventy-three years of age when he died.

A Destructive Fire Broke Out at Vineyard Haven, Mass., on Saturday, August 11th, which was not gotten under control until Sunday morning. It completely destroyed the town. Only one store remained unburned, and fifty acres in the heart of the town, which were thickly covered with hotels and private dwellings, were burned into a heap of smoking ruins. Hundreds of people were rendered homeless, and are being supported by charity. Happily, no lives were lost by burning.

A Startling Statement as to the Policy of the Mormons was made by Dr. Jackson, a Utah missionary, in Westminster Presbyterian Church, New York, on Sunday evening, July 29th. He said that there is danger of a Mormon outbreak against the Christian settlers in the Territory and of a fanatical massacre. He described the efficient organization of the Mormons as being adapted to such a crisis. All power is centred in the hands of John Taylor, the President or Prophet. Taylor has telegraph wires from his house to the houses of the bishops, and they in turn have wires to the houses of those subordinate to them, and so on till every man within 500 miles north and south is reached almost instantly by the great central power—a power that could even cut off the supply of water from the agriculturist who should be suspected of apostasy. Under the guise of what is known as Zion's Co-operative Mercantile Association, the entire mercantile business of the Territory is done through the Church and through the President. One half of the population of Idaho, Dr. Jackson said, are sworn to obey John Taylor, and he may control the elections in that Territory. His influence extends to Washington, Oregon, Colorado, New Mexico, Nevada, and Montana.

The Number of Immigrants Received by this country during the fiscal year ending June 30th was 599,114. Of this number 191,643 came from Germany; 79,852 from England and Wales; 63,200 from Ireland; 34,596 from Sweden, and 31,715 from Italy. The number shows a decrease of 189,878 over the returns for 1882, and of 70,317 over those for 1881. The falling off is in part due to the operation of the law checking Chinese immigration. But for that law about 40,000 Chinamen would probably have arrived during the year.

Governor Crittenden of Missouri has Written a letter which deserves the thanks of Christians throughout the country. Referring to the Downing law, which the Legislature passed and by which all liquor saloons in the State are required under penalty to be closed on the Lord's day, the Governor says: "The law must be enforced, and it is not unnatural in its demands nor hurtful to society in its results. The saloon-keepers should recognize the fact that in the public estimation they are not engaged in as honorable and elevating a trade as those in the commercial, mechanical, ministerial, or professional business, and it is a matter of presumption for them to assert it. Their threats to rigidly enforce the Sunday law against all other classes, all other trades, is foolish, and is warming into life a feeling of disgust at their selfishness. I think I can safely say where one dollar demands freedom from the restraint of this law, ten ask its rigid enforcement. The question of the sanctity of this day in the minds of an invincible majority of our people is no longer a debatable one. Those who oppose it should consider well their position. *No man or body of men can* overthrow that day in this country." A stubborn fight is being made against the law in St. Louis by the liquor-dealers.

A Legal Decision on the Sabbath Question has been pronounced in Manitoba. Six young men went to Manitoba to work on a railroad. The contractor ordered them to work on the Sabbath, and they refused, whereupon he dismissed them, and they brought suit for damages. The court gave a decision for the amount claimed, and the Chief Justice of Manitoba said he "was bound to tell them that they were not bound to work on Sunday."

The Appalling Statistics of Divorce Recently published have led the Congregational ministers of Chicago to agree unanimously not to solemnize marriage where either party has procured divorce on other than scriptural grounds.

A Useful Work Appears to be in Progress at Excelsior Springs, Clay County, Mo., according to a report sent to us by a correspondent. The mineral waters found there having attracted a large number of visitors seeking health and recuperation, a few Christian people were moved to undertake the erection of a church. Prominent among these was *Mr. B. Faucett*, who contributed and collected largely toward the building fund. *Rev. J. V. Flack, D.D.*, has accepted the pastoral charge there, and is building up a non-sectarian church. The pastor is content to labor without salary, but the report he sends us of the success already attained, indicates that he is not without the reward he covets in the prosperity of the Lord's work. He asks the prayers of the readers of The Christian Herald for a continued blessing.

A Wedding was Solemnized Underground on August 16th in Virginia. A party of excursionists from Pennsylvania had been exploring the famous Luray Caverns on the previous day. In the party were two affianced lovers, who were so impressed with the beauties of the place that they desired to be married there. The next day arrangements were made for realizing their wish. The wedding party obtained the services of an expert guide, who conducted them to the cavern called the ball-room, which was lit up by seven flambeaux, and looked brilliant. The bride and groom stood under *a large arch of stalactites*, and eleven young ladies and gentlemen stood around them. The responses of the parties, though uttered in low tones, were reverberated throughout the chamber. It was a pretty sight, and after the couple had been pronounced man and wife the crowd began to come in, and the bride and bridegroom received the congratulations of a large number of friends as they held their first *reception half a mile underground*. It was a romantic idea, and as the bride and bridegroom were led by an expert guide they had no reason to apprehend having to spend their married lives in the gloomy caves where they commenced. It may be hoped that in the future, when they involuntarily descend into gloom and trouble and finally death, they may have a heavenly Guide, in whom they may have as much confidence, and who will lead them into celestial light (Psa. 23 : 4).

A Difficult and Curious Question, which the law courts will have to determine, has arisen in Baltimore, Md. It is raised by the relatives of two people who claim considerable property, and it turns on a doubt as to which of two persons found dead, died first. It appears that about three weeks ago a man named Schmidt, who kept a beer saloon in Baltimore, first shot his wife and then himself, both being dead before the arrival of any physician. The wife was shot while in the store, first in the throat and then in the body, and Schmidt then ran up-stairs and shot himself. According to the statements of witnesses examined at the inquest, it would appear that Mrs. Schmidt may have lived for fifteen minutes after she was shot, while Schmidt, from the nature of the wound inflicted by himself, evidently lived but a few minutes. Should Mrs. Schmidt prove to have been the survivor, the property will go to her brothers; but, should Mr. Schmidt prove to have been the survivor, the property will pass to relatives in Germany. The claim in both cases is based on probabilities, there being no certain evidence either way. Usually, the death of a person being proved, the heirs have only to substantiate their claim to the inheritance, but in this case they are as much concerned in proving that their relatives lived a certain time as that they are dead. The believer, in claiming a heavenly inheritance, also takes into account, though in a better way, the subject of life and death. His inheritance was won for him by the death of his Redeemer, and was secured to him by His resurrection life (Rom. 4 : 25).

A Night of Agony in Niagara was Spent by a boatman who was suddenly surrounded by a fog while out on the river. The incident, as related to a reporter engaged in investigating Captain Webb's death, is as follows: The boatman being unable to see on account of the fog lost his bearings and knew he was drifting to death. His cries alarmed the village, and bells were rung for him to row toward them. Then an oar broke. His only hope then lay in a paltry little anchor, and a common rope, which was, moreover, much worn. Then he threw it over. It bumped along the stones, and his heart beat each time it failed to catch a grip. At last it caught and brought the boat up standing, while the tense string throbbed like the bass gut of a harp. For the moment it held. How soon would it part? He shrank from feeling along the strands. He was more afraid not to do so lest he should read his fate in the twine, tense and twanging under the current. Inch by inch his fingers travelled to his arm's length. So long as it held there he was safe. Time and time again through the long night he did this, but never, he said, without a heart like lead and hands quivering like a leaf. When morning dawned at last he was easily saved. It must have been an agonizing night; such times have men passed through who, having found themselves drifting to eternal death, and havin vainly struggled under the guidance of others to save themselves, have at length trusted tremblingly to the anchor of Christ. But then there is no real cause for fear; that anchor of the soul is always sure and steadfast (Heb. 6 : 19).

A Suit for Breach of Promise of Marriage commenced last week in Brooklyn, deserves the attention of people who may be tempted into similar difficulties. The lady, who appeared as plaintiff, was formerly the wife of a German schoolmaster. She formed the acquaintance in Germany of a young man who persuaded her to elope with him. She consented, and came to America, and her husband died from the consequences of the shock caused by his wife's flight. She then begged the young man to marry her, but he refused, and has married a wealthy lady, and left the woman who sinned for his sake to earn her living as a domestic servant. The reports published in the daily newspapers show that society is becoming increasingly careless of the sanctity of the marriage tie. Women so tempted should remember that in this case, as in thousands of others, the sin that will be inevitably punished in a future world, has been followed also by sorrow and misery in this life (Prov. 1 : 31).

A Singular Fatality Occurred at Wilkesbarre, Pa., on August 16th. A young woman employed at the Trucksville woollen mill was standing near the main shaft when the machinery was set in motion; and her hair, which was very long and was worn hanging down her back was caught by the rapidly revolving shaft. In an instant she was whirled around the shaft with great violence, and before the machinery could be stopped and the unfortunate girl extricated she had received fatal injuries. Her hair was partially torn from her head and she was otherwise terribly bruised. She also received injuries to her spine, and has since been lying in a paralyzed condition. She is about twenty years of age and of considerable personal beauty. This distressing calamity will doubtless lead to some precautionary measures being taken by the proprietors of the mill to prevent its recurrence. What a blessing it would be if some protection could be found against still more distressing moral calamities. In those, too, it often happens that personal charms, which people naturally value, involve the catastrophe (II Tim. 3 : 6).

A Snake around a Lady's Waist Caused her a fright recently. The daughter of a gentleman, whose residence is on the fringe of the woods at Sheridan, Pa., was, a few days ago, out walking in company with a lady companion, when suddenly she felt a peculiar and painful sensation around her waist, as if being tightly pressed. She was quite overcome, and seemed to be held in a vise-like grasp, which almost deprived her of breath. She found that something had coiled round her waist, and she called to her companion for help. The latter upon coming to her rescue was horrified to see the head of a large snake protrude from the folds of her dress. With rare presence of mind she caught hold of the light summer costume which her companion wore and pulled the skirt from her body. With it there fell a large black snake, which the young ladies declare was fully six feet in length. It darted away and made its escape into the bushes. The young lady was so alarmed that she fainted. We are not surprised that the lady should have been frightened by a danger so close and deadly, because she could see and feel the enemy that threatened her life. There are many people, however, who are in danger of losing eternal life through deadly sins that hold them in their power, but they are not alarmed, and do not call for help, but caress the enemy that is trying to slay their souls (Eph. 4 : 17-19).

IN HIM: LIKE HIM.

A New Sermon by Pastor C. H. Spurgeon.

"He that saith he abideth in him ought himself also so to walk, even as he walked."—1 John 2 : 6.

Abiding in Christ—The Obligation of the Text—A Bible "Ought"—Initiation Followed by Imitation—I. How the Obligation is Proved—By the Original Covenant—The Necessity to the Mystical Christ—The Fruit of the One Spirit—An Article of Agreement—Preaching with the Feet—II. In what the Walking Consists—Holiness—Obedience—Activity—Self-Denial—Lowliness—Tenderness—Love—Delight in God—III. What is Needful—Constant Anointing—Communion—An Unfinished Portrait.

"He that *saith* he abideth in Him:"—that is exactly what every Christian does say. He cannot be a Christian unless this be true of him, and he cannot fully enjoy his religion unless he assuredly knows that he is in Christ, and can boldly say as much. We must be in Christ, and abidingly in Christ, or else we are not saved in the Lord. It is our union with the Christ that makes us Christians: by union with Him as our life we truly live—live in the favor of God. We are in Christ, dear brethren, as the manslayer was in the city of refuge: I hope that we can say we abide in Him as our sanctuary and shelter.

Beloved, since we, then, are the people who say that we abide in Him, it is upon us that the obligation of the text falls: we ought ourselves also so to walk even as He walked.

"A BIBLE OUGHT"

has great weight with a conscientious man. Ought it to be so? Then it shall be so, God helping me. If we *say*, we must *do*. If we talk, we must walk, or it will be mere talk. If we make the profession of abiding in Christ, we must prove it by our practice of walking with Christ. If we say that we are in Christ and abide in Him, we must take care that our life and character are conformed to Christ, or else we shall be making an empty boast. This is true of every man who says he is in Christ, for the text is put in the most general and absolute manner: be the man old or young, rich or poor, learned or simple, pastor or hearer, it is incumbent upon him to live *like* Christ if he professes to live *in* Christ.

The first thing about a Christian is initiation, initiation into Christ; the next thing is imitation, the imitation of Christ. We cannot be Christians unless we are in Christ; and we are not truly in Christ unless in Him we live and move and have our being, and the life of Christ is lived over again by us according to our measure. "Be ye imitators of God, as dear children." It is the nature of children to imitate their parents. Be ye imitators of Christ as good soldiers, who cannot have a better model for their soldierly life than their Captain and Lord. It is said to have been the distinguishing mark of Cæsar as a soldier that he never said to his followers "Go!" but he always said "Come!" Of Alexander, also, it was noted that in weary marches he was sure to be on foot with his warriors, and in fierce attacks he always was in the van.

The most persuasive sermon is the example which leads the way. This certainly is one trait in the Good Shepherd's character, "when He putteth forth His own sheep He goeth before them." If Jesus bids us do anything, He first does it Himself. He would have us wash one another's feet; and this is the argument—"Ye call me Master and Lord, and ye say well; for so I am. If I, then, your Lord and Master, have washed your feet, ye also ought to wash one another's feet." Shall we not do as He does whom we profess to follow? He has left His footprints that we may set our feet in them. Will we not joyfully fix our feet upon this royal road?

But I stop a minute. I know that there are some here who cannot say that they are in Christ. Then, if you are not in Christ, you are out of Christ; and out of Christ

YOUR POSITION IS DANGEROUS,

terrible, ruinous. If we saw a man hanging over a deep pit, if we saw a man exposed to a sea of fire, and likely to perish in it, all our tenderest emotions would begin to flow, and we should pray in an agony of spirit, "Oh, God, save this man from danger!" My brethren, there are some among us to-night who are in the utmost danger; in a most emphatic sense they are lost already, for they are without God, and without Christ, strangers to the commonwealth of Israel. Oh, my hearers, how shall I speak of you without tears? Poor souls, abiding under the wrath of God! Poor souls! The mercy is that you are not past hope. There is an arm that can reach you; there is a voice that calls you—calls you even now; hear it: "Look unto Me, and be ye saved, all the ends of the earth; for I am God, and besides Me there is none else."

I. I shall first of all ask you to *consider how this obligation is proved.* Let us spend a few minutes over the question, Why ought we to walk as Jesus did?

When we read the word "ought," if we are honest men, we begin to look about us and to make inquiries as to the reason and the measure of this obligation.

AN "OUGHT" IS A COMPULSION

to a true heart. There is a "needs be" to every godly man that he should do what he ought. What, then, is the ground upon which this "ought" is fixed?

First, *it is the design of God* that those who are in Christ should walk as Christ walked. It is a part of the original covenant purpose; for "whom He did foreknow He also did predestinate to be conformed to the image of His Son." That is the drift of the plan of grace, the aim of the covenant. Grace looks toward holiness, that there should be a people called forth to whom Christ should be the elder brother, the first-born among many brethren. You certainly have not had the purpose of God fulfilled in you, dear friend, unless you have been conformed to the image of His dear Son.

Observe, again, another point of this necessity: *it is necessary to the mystical Christ* that we should walk as He walked, for we are joined unto the Lord Jesus in one body. Now, Christ cannot be made a monster; that would be a blasphemous notion. The mystical body must be the most beautiful and precious production of God; for the church is Christ's body, "the fulness of Him that filleth all in all." And shall that mysterious fulness be something defiled, deformed, full of sin, subject to Satan? God forbid! "As He which hath called you is holy, so be ye holy," and as your HEAD is holy, so be ye, as members of His body, holy too. Ought it not to be so? Does anybody raise a question? Does not every member of Christ, by the very fact that he is joined to Him by living union, feel at once that he must walk even as Christ walked?

And this, beloved, again, must all be *the fruit of the one Spirit that is in Christ and in us.* The Father anointed Christ of old with the same anointing which rests on us in our measure. The Holy Spirit descended upon Him, and rested upon Him, and we have an unction from the same Holy One. If, then, the Spirit of God dwell in you (and if it do not, you are not in Christ), it must work in you conformity to Christ that you should walk even as He walked.

Perhaps further argument is not needed; but I would have Christians remember that this is

ONE ARTICLE OF THE AGREEMENT

which we make with Christ when we become His disciples. It is taken for granted that when we enter the service of Jesus we by that act and deed undertake by His help to follow His example. We put ourselves into Christ's hands unreservedly, and we said, "Lord, sanctify me, and then use me. Take my body and all its members; take my mind and all its faculties; take my spirit and all the new powers which Thou hast bestowed upon me with it; and let all these be Thine. Reign in me; rule me absolutely, sovereignly, always and alone. I do not ask to be my own, for I am not my own, I am bought with a price." Are we not, then, to be true to this blessed compact? "I do remember my faults this day," says one. Ay, but remember also the vows that still engage you. Do not desire to escape from the sacred bond. This day remember the Lord to whom you dedicated yourself in the days of your youth, perhaps long years ago, and again entreat Him to take full possession of the purchased possession, and hold it against all comers, forever.

For, once more, inasmuch as we are in Christ, we are now bound to live to Christ's glory, and this is a great means of glorifying Christ. What can we do to glorify Christ if we do not walk even as He walked? Suppose you church-members are unjust in your trade; suppose that in your common conversation you are loose; suppose that in your acts you are licentious or untrue; what does the world say of your Christianity? Why, it becomes to them a thing of contempt. They sniff at it. In the early ages some of the worst opponents of Christianity used to wing their shafts with the

INCONSISTENCIES

of Christian professors, and they were wise in their generation. One of them said, "Where is that catholic holiness of which we have often heard so much?" and another said, "We heard of these people that they love their Christ, and love other men so that they would even die for love of their brethren; but many of them do not love as well as the heathen whom they despise." I dare say there was a good deal of slander and scandal in what they said; but I am also afraid that, if it were said to-day, there would be a vast deal of sorrowful truth in it. Christian love is by no means so plentiful as it might be, nor holy living either.

Is not this the thing that weakens the preaching of the Gospel—the want of living the Gospel? If all the professed Christians who live in London really walked as Christ walked, would not the salt have more effect upon the corrupt mass than the stuff which is now called salt seems to have? We preach here in the pulpit; but what can we do, unless you preach yonder at home? It is you preaching in your shops, in your kitchens, in your nurseries, in your parlors, in the streets, which will tell on the masses. This is the preaching—the best preaching in the world, for it is seen as well as heard. I heard one say he liked to see men *preach with their feet;* and this is it, "they ought also so to *walk* even as Christ walked." No testimony excels that which is borne in ordinary life. Christ ought to be glorified by us, and therefore we ought to be like Him, for if we are not, we cannot glorify Him, but must dishonor Him.

II. Now, secondly, *consider wherein this walking with Christ as He walked consists.* Here is a wide subject. I have a sea before me with as much sailing room as Noah in the ark. I can only just point out the direction in which you should sail if you would make a prosperous voyage.

First, brothers, to put it all together in one word,

THE FIRST THING

that every Christian has to see to is *holiness.* I will not try at any great length to explain what that word means, but it always sounds to me as if it explained itself. You know what wholeness is—a thing without a crack, or flaw, or break; complete, entire, uninjured, whole. Well, that is the main meaning of holy. The character of God is perfectly holy: in it nothing is lacking; nothing is redundant. When a thing is complete it is whole, and this applied to moral and spiritual things gives you the inner meaning of "holy." When a man is healthy, perfectly healthy, in spirit, soul, and body, then he is perfectly holy; for sin is a moral disorder, and righteousness is the right state of every faculty. I cannot spare time to tell you all that the word "holy" means; but if you wish to see holiness, look at Christ. In Him you see a perfect character, an all-round character. He is the perfect one; be ye like Him in all holiness.

We must go a little into detail; so I say, next, one main point in which we ought to walk according to the walk of our great Exemplar is

OBEDIENCE.

Our Lord Jesus Christ took upon Himself the form of a servant; and what service it was that He rendered! "He was a son; yet learned He obedience by the things that He suffered." And what obedience that dear Son of God rendered to the Father! He did not come to do His own will, but the will of Him that sent Him. He yielded Himself up to come under law to God, and to do the Father's will. Now in this respect we ought also to walk even as He walked. We have not come into the world to do what we like, to possess what we choose, or to say, "That is my notion, and therefore so shall it be." Sin promised freedom, and brought us bondage; grace now binds us, and insures us liberty.

Such a life would necessarily be one of great

ACTIVITY,

for the life of Jesus was intensely energetic. The life of Christ was as full as it could hold. After He had been developed and disciplined by thirty years of seclusion, He showed Himself among men as one moved to vehemence with love: "He was clad with zeal as with a cloak." From the day of His baptism till His death He went about doing good. It is wonderful what was packed into about three years: each action had a world of meaning within its own self, and there were thousands of such acts; each sermon was a complete revelation, and every day heard Him pour forth such sermons. His biography is made up of the essence of life. He not only had zeal burning at His heart, but, like a sheet of flame, it covered Him from head to foot. There is never an idle hour in the life of Christ. It is wonderful how He sustained the toil. Perhaps He measured out His zeal and His open industry by the fact that he was only to be for a short time here below. It might not be possible to others that they should do as much as He did in so short a space, because they are intended to live longer here, and must not destroy future usefulness by present indiscretion; but still, activity was the rule of our Master's existence. At it, always at it, altogether at it, spending and being spent for His Father; such was His mode of walking among men. Oh, friends, if we, indeed, are in Him, we ought also so to walk even as He walked! Wake up, you lazy ones!

Next, we ought to walk as Christ did in the matter of

SELF-DENIAL.

Of course, in this work of self-denial we are not called to imitate Christ in offering up ourselves as a propitiatory sacrifice. That would be a vain intrusion into things which are His peculiar domain. The self-denials which we practice should be such as He prescribes us. There is a will-worship which is practiced in the Church of Rome of self-denials which are absurd, and must, I think, be hateful in the sight of God rather than pleasing to Him. Saint Bernard was a man whom I admire to the last degree, and I count him to be one of the Lord's choice ones; yet in the early part of his life there is no doubt that he lessened his powers of usefulness to a large extent by the emaciation which he endured, and the way in which he brought himself to death's door. At times he was incapable of activity by reason of the weakness which he had incurred through fasting, and cold, and exposure. There is no need to inflict useless torture upon the body. When did the Saviour thus behave Himself? Point me to a single mortification of a needless kind.

Enough self-denials come naturally in every Christian man's way to make him try whether he can deny himself in very deed for the Lord's sake. You are thus tested when you are put in positions where you might get gain by an unrighteous act, or win fame by withholding a truth, or earn love and honor by pandering to the passions of those about you. May you have grace enough to say, "No; it cannot be. I love not myself, but my Lord. I seek not myself, but Christ. I desire to propagate nothing but

His truth, and not my own ideas;" then will you have exhibited the self-denial of Jesus. These self-denials will sometimes be hard to flesh and blood.

And then in the Church of God to be able to give all your substance, to devote all your time, to lay out all your ability—this is to walk as Jesus walked. When weary and worn, still to be busy; to deny yourself things which may be allowable, but which if allowable to you would be dangerous to others—this also is like the Lord. Such self-denial as may be helpful to the weak you ought to practise. Think what Christ would do in such a case, and do it; and, whenever you can glorify Him by denying yourself, do it.

Another point in which we ought to imitate Christ most certainly is that of

LOWLINESS.

I wish that all Christians did this. When I see some Christian women dressed out—well, like women of the world, though not with half a worldling's taste, and when I see men so big that they cannot speak to poor people, as if they were made of something better than ordinary flesh and blood; when I notice a haughty, high, hectoring disposition anywhere, it grates upon my feelings, and makes me wonder whether these blunderers hope to go to the heaven of the lowly. The Lord Jesus would never have been half as big as some of His followers are. What great folk some of His disciples are, as compared with Him! He was lowly, meek, gentle, a man who so loved the souls of others that He forgot Himself. You never detect in the Lord Jesus Christ any tendency toward pride or self-exaltation. Quite the reverse; He is ever compassionate and condescending to men of low estate.

And then note again another point, and that is His great

TENDERNESS,

and gentleness, and readiness to forgive. His dying words ought to ring in the ear of all who find it hard to pass by affronts, "Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do." Did He not set us an example of bearing and forbearing? "Who, when He was reviled, reviled not again." For every curse He gave a blessing. You cannot be Christians if this spirit of love is foreign to you. "Oh," say you, "we indorse the confession." I do not care. You must love your enemies, or you will *die with the Creed in your throats*. "Oh," say you, "we are regular in our pews, hearing the Gospel." I do not care; you must forgive them that trespass against you, or you will go from your pews to perdition. "Oh, but we have been baptized, and we come to the communion." I do not care even about that; for unless you are made meek and lowly in heart you will not find rest unto your souls. Pride goeth not before salvation, but before destruction; and a haughty spirit is no prophecy of elevation, but the herald of a fall. Take care, take care, you that say that you are in Christ; you ought also to walk in all the lowliness and in all the tenderness of Christ, or else at the end you will be discovered to be none of His. Hard, cruel, unrelenting, iron-hearted professors will no more go to heaven than the hogs they fatten.

There is one little big word which tells us more than all this about how Christ walked, and that is the word

"LOVE."

Jesus was incarnate love. "God is love," but God is a spirit, therefore if you wish to see love embodied, look at Christ. He loves the little children, and suffers them to come to Him. He loves the widow, and He is tender to her, and raises her dead son. He loves the sinners, and they draw near to Him. He loves all sinful and tempted and tried ones, and therefore He comes to seek and to save. He loves the Father first, and then for the Father's sake He loves the myriads of men. Do you love nobody? Do you live within yourself? Are you immured within your own ribs? Is self all your world? Then you will go to hell. There is no help for it; for the place of unloving spirits is the bottomless pit. Only he that loves can live in heaven, for heaven is love: and you cannot go to glory unless you have learned to love, and to find it your very life to do good to those about you.

And, then, think of His delight in God. How wonderful was Christ's *delight in His God!* I can never think of His life as an unhappy one. He was, it is true, "a man of sorrows and acquainted with grief;" but still there was a deep spring of wondrous happiness in the midst of His heart, which made Him always blessed; for He said to His Father, "I delight to do Thy will, O My God! Yea, Thy law is within My heart." He delighted in God. And you and I also must delight in God. This charming duty is far too much neglected. Strange that this honey should so seldom be in men's mouths! Oh, brethren, let us find our pleasure, our treasure, our heaven, our all, in the Lord our God, even as our Lord Jesus did. In this thing let us walk even as He walked.

In a word, Christ lived above this world; let us walk as He walked. Christ lived for God, and for God alone; let us live after His fashion. And Christ persevered in such living; He never turned aside from it at all; but as He lived so He died, still serving His God, obedient to His Father's will, even unto death. May our lives be a mosaic of perfect obedience, and our deaths the completion of the fair design. From our Bethlehem to our Gethsemane may our walk run parallel with the pathway of the Well-beloved! Oh, Holy Spirit, work us to this sacred pattern!

III. I close now by saying, in the last place, consider, dear friends,

WHAT IS NEEDFUL

to all this.

First, it is needful to have *a nature like that of Christ*. You cannot give out sweet waters so long as the fountains are impure. "Ye must be born again." That being done, the next thing that is necessary is *a constant anointing of the Holy Spirit*. Can any Christian here do without the Holy Spirit? Then I am afraid that he is no Christian. But, as for us, we feel every day that we must try for a fresh visitation of the Spirit, a renewed sense of indwelling, a fresh anointing from the Holy One of Israel, or else we cannot walk as Christ walked.

And then, again, there must be in us a *strong resolve* that we will walk as Christ walked; for our Lord Himself did not lead in that holy life without stern resolution. He set His face like a flint that He would do the right; and He did the right. Do not, I pray you, be led astray by thoughtlessly following your fellow-men: it is

A POOR, SHEEPISH BUSINESS,

that running in crowds. Dare to be singular; dare to stand alone. Stand to it firmly that you will follow Christ.

And so, once again, I add that if we want to walk as Christ walked, we must have much *communion with Him*. We cannot possibly get to be like Christ except by being with Him. I wish that we could rise to be so much like the Saviour that we should resemble a certain ancient saint who died a martyr's death, to whom the world said, "What are you?" He said, "I am a Christian." They asked, "What trade do you follow?" And he said, "I am a Christian." They inquired, "What language do you speak?" And he said, "I am a Christian." "But what treasures have you?" said they; and he replied, "I am a Christian." They asked him what friends he had, and he said, "I am a Christian;" for all he was, and all he had, and all he wished to be, and all he hoped to be, were all wrapped up in Christ. If you live with Christ you will be absorbed by Him, and He will embrace the whole of your existence; and, in consequence, your walk will be like His.

Take care that you do not in all things copy any but Christ; for if I set my watch by the watch of one of my friends, and he sets his watch by that of another friend, we may all be wrong together. If we shall, each one, take his time from the sun, we shall all be right. There is nothing like going to the fountain-head. Take your lessons in holiness, not from a poor erring disciple, but from the infallible Master. God help you to do so.

A person has written to me this morning to say that he has *painted my portrait*, but that he cannot finish it until he sees me. I should think not. Certainly you cannot paint a portrait of Christ in your own life unless you see Him—see Him clearly, see Him continually. You may have a general notion of what Christ is like, and you may put a good deal of color into your copy; but I am sure you will fail unless you see the grand original. You *must* get to commune with Jesus. You know what we did when we went to school. Our schoolmasters were not quite so wise then as schoolmasters are now. They wrote at the top of the page a certain line for us to follow, and a poor following it was. When I wrote my first line I copied the writing-master's model, but when I wrote the next line

I COPIED MY COPY

of the top line; so that when I reached the bottom of the page I produced a copy of my copy of my copy of my copy of the top line. Thus my handwriting fed upon itself, and was nothing bettered, but rather grew worse. So one man copies Christ, perhaps; a friend who hears Him preach copies *Him*, and his wife at home copies the hearer, and somebody copies her; and so it goes on all down the line, till we all miss that glorious handwriting which Jesus has come to teach us. Keep your eye on Christ, dear brother. Never mind me; never mind your friend; never mind the old doctor that you have been hearing so long. Look to Jesus, and to Him alone. We have had our sects and our divisions all through that copying of the lines of the boys, instead of looking to the top line that the Master wrote. "He that saith he abideth in Him ought himself also so to walk even as He walked." May the Spirit of God cause us to do it! Amen and Amen.

HOW MARY BROWN WAS SAVED.

(*See Illustration on page* 540.)

THE following story is narrated by a contributor to the *Methodist:*

Some years ago I was in a store in Sixth Avenue, New York, purchasing lace and ribbon. There was a very pretty young girl who served me. I noticed her more than usually attractive face and manner. I could not help thinking to myself how sad it was to see such a girl there, so young, so pretty, so unprotected. I wanted to get some lace like a collar I had brought with me.

She cut off the yard and a half of lace I had chosen and handed me my change and the parcel containing some muslin and my bit of lace. It was almost with a sensation of regret that I moved away. I went to another portion of the store to get some ribbon, and having found what I wanted, the parcel being returned from the desk, I bethought me to wrap that and the lace together, so that I should not have so many small articles to carry. Undoing my parcel, what was my surprise to find the muslin, but no lace with it. I unfolded the bundle, shook it out, looked over my dress, on the floor, under the counter, but it was nowhere to be seen. I went hastily to the girl, and told her that the lace was not in the paper she had given me. She knew nothing of it, save that she had handed it to me. Soon the foreman was attracted to ask what was the matter. Then came the owner of the store. He listened to my tale, and then, turning to the girl, said sternly, "Come with me, Miss Brown."

The poor girl's face was scarlet to her temples. Then he said politely to me, "Wait here, madam, a moment, if you please." It was but a few minutes when he came back and asked me to go upstairs. With a beating heart I followed him to a little off-room. There stood the girl, with her face between her hands, sobbing convulsively: the piece of lace lay upon the table.

Mr. —— went out, called away by some one who wanted to speak with him. I cannot ex-

Mary Brown's Customer.

A Train Saved by a Woman's Energy.

press the pain I felt. I could not at first speak. The girl threw herself at my feet, clasping her hands. "Forgive me," she cried. "I forgive you," I said; "but why, my poor girl, did you take it?" "It looked so pretty, and I could hide it so easily, I yielded to the temptation."

She leaned against me as if she clung to me for protection, as if she needed love and kind words. "Where does your mother live?" I asked. "My mother is dead. Oh, she begged me so to be honest when she died!" and the girl looked up at me with streaming eyes. "Believe me, madam, it is the first time I ever took anything." "And your father?" "Oh, ma'am, *he comes home drunk every night, so I ran away*, and I came here to ask for a place, and they took me in, for I had been to school, and I knew how to keep accounts, and then the girls were good to me and helped me so I soon learned."

Just then the forbidding-looking storekeeper came back. He beckoned me out. "It's a bad case," he said; "It's partly my own fault. I ought not to have been taken in, but I was misled by her remarkably pleasant ways, and by her pretty, innocent-looking face." "But it is the first time," I pleaded. "There must always be a first time," he replied; "but these first times ruin the reputation of my store. You'll have to bear witness against her, madam." "That I will never do," I said. "Let her come home with me now; I will keep her." "The girl is 'prenticed to me for the next six months, and she's my property until her term expires."

The man's hardness was so repulsive to me that I was glad to hurry off. I determined to call the next day, when, perhaps, I might again speak to the girl alone. I went home sorrowful enough. I was engaged out in the evening, but I could not wear my lace. Its recollection was too sad. The following morning I called early at the store. I made a pretext first of buying something, but my eyes searched eagerly for the girl; she was not there. With reluctance I went to the desk, and inquired for Mr.——. He was out. Then I bethought me of Mary's name, and I asked for Miss Brown.

The man was apparently deep in accounts; he did not raise his head to look at me, but answered carelessly, "She's at the Island by this time."

At the Island! My heart leaped into my throat. How fearful—at the House of Refuge! Oh, my poor girl! In a moment I had determined to follow her, and see what I could do for her. I soon landed in front of the great House of Refuge! I had not provided myself with a pass, but I spoke so imploringly that they allowed me to enter. I was shown over the establishment as a visitor; I looked eagerly for Mary Brown, and yet I dreaded seeing her. At length I mentioned her name. Yes, they knew her: her pretty face and sweet ways had marked her here too. They showed me the narrow cell where she was locked in at night: then I followed on upstairs to the workroom—whizz, whirr, went the machinery, and every one of those industrial girls and women who guided it had committed some fault that barred them away from free intercourse with their fellow-beings. I shuddered, and felt that perhaps the only difference between us was that, in the great goodness of God, I had been guarded from the sorrow of temptation and sin.

Soon I saw Mary. It was not difficult to pick her out. She was diligently sewing on her machine, so absorbed that she did not see me. I approached her; she looked up, her face was dyed crimson, her hands trembled. "Mary," I said, "I came to see after you." "How kind!" she said, in a faltering voice. "Would you like to come with me, Mary?" I spoke in a low voice. "Oh, ma'am," she answered, "I can't; I've got to work my time out!" "How long Mary?" "Six months, ma'am. If I work well and do my duty I'll be free then." "And you will do your duty, Mary?" "Oh, yes, ma'am. It was well I was found out so soon," she said, bursting into tears. "It will be a lesson I shall never forget."

"God help you, my child! In six months from the day you entered I shall be here for you; do not forget that. You may depend upon me." The poor girl could not speak her gratitude. I left and returned to my happy home, more grateful than I had ever been for its blessings.

* * * * * *

Six months passed, as they pass for us all, whether in pain or pleasure, in a prison or a palace.

I was again at the Island. I found Mary awaiting me with eager, anxious face. I brought her home—to my country home. No one knew of her story—not even my husband. I wished her to start on the fair ground of self-respect. Mary was to be my maid, to sew for me, to wait on me, but soon she became maid-of-all-work. She showed herself most willing, kind, and skilful in everything she undertook. We had a great deal of company that summer, and I became so dependent upon Mary that, little by little, I let many of my duties slide into her hand. At first I would give her the keys of the storeroom, which she was to return to me, until gradually I left the keys entirely with her; and she was intrusted with the cares of housekeeper as well as those of maid.

Three years passed — years in which my respect and affection for Mary always increased. One day a farmer—a well-to-do farmer from the far West—came to the North, and, fortunately for her, unfortunately for me, he met my faithful girl. He paid her his court, and then came to ask her hand of me. When I told Mary his wish, she confessed her affection for him, but with much emotion she told me she would never marry him until he first knew of her fault. I reasoned with her that it might not be wise—that she had long since redeemed her life. Her only reply was that he must know it and choose for himself. So I told him as much of Mary's life as I knew, but he only loved her better for her loyalty. Mary left us, and went with her husband far West. When she was leaving me she said, choked with tears, "You saved me! Some day you must write my story. It may be a help to keep some girl from crime."

I have written my Mary's story, only I have changed her name.

A WOMAN SAVES A RAILWAY TRAIN.

(*See Illustration on this page.*)

A WOMAN'S energy saved a large number of lives in New Hampshire, U. S., on June 14th. She had occasion to cross the Nashua and Rochester Railroad near Nashua about noon on that day, and was startled at seeing a large pile of timber laid across the line. She knew that a passenger train would be due in a short time at the spot, and quickly realized that some wicked men had placed the obstruction there with the design of wrecking the train. She looked around for a man to remove the timber, but in vain, and she calculated that before she could give an alarm at the station and the company could send a gang to clear the line, the train would have arrived. It was evident that she alone could save the train. She did not hesitate, but commenced the arduous task of removing the timber, and had the satisfaction of dragging the last piece off the line just as the train was coming into sight. It was a noble act for a woman to perform; it was a type of the work that has been done in the moral and spiritual world in which gigantic obstructions, such as strong drink, and other temptations to sin and

infamy, have often been overthrown by apparently inadequate agency. "Not many wise men after the flesh, not many mighty, not many noble are called: but God hath chosen the foolish things of the world to confound the wise; and God hath chosen the weak things of the world to confound the things which are mighty" (1 Cor. 1: 26–29.)

THE FISHERMAN'S LOST CHILD.

(*See Illustration.*)

"LOST! lost! a child lost." The distressing cry went through a fishing village on the North Atlantic coast. There is no cry that so powerfully moves those who have children of their own. It is a trouble that more than any other makes all men brothers, and draws together every woman whose maternal love is strong and warm.

"Whose child is it?" was asked eagerly by a score of voices, and hurrying men and women replied as they hastened to join in the search. "George Fraser's little Freddie."

"Dear, dear!" said a matronly woman with four little children around her knee. "Little Freddie; why he is not two years old. Where can he be? And his mother sick and his father's out in his boat, and there's only Kitty to do anything. Will, Will," she called at the top of her voice to her husband at work in their garden, "George Fraser's little boy is lost, do go and help them search for him."

"Was lost and is found."

Will started with the other villagers to look for the tiny wanderer, who could but just toddle unsteadily along, and usually performed his locomotion in quadruped fashion.

The search was unavailing. It covered but a small area around the cottage, for it was not thought possible that the little mite could have travelled far. Every bush, every cluster of rocks was carefully examined, but no trace of him could be seen. The tide was coming in, and alarm increased. He might have laid himself down to sleep somewhere, and the cruel waters would carry him away. George Fraser's boat, too, could be seen coming in, and Kitty was not the only one who trembled at the thought of the strong man's distress at the loss of his treasured child.

Her father must have landed by this time. The thought came upon her as she stood there, and moved, partly by a desire to meet her trouble and partly by the hope that father could do something, she walked toward the place where he moored his boat about a mile away. Her tears fell fast as she trod the path she had gone over the day before with Freddie in her arms. She looked anxiously toward the point at which she knew she would first see her father, and there he was, coming slowly homeward.

But what was he carrying? Kitty strained her eager eyes, and to her intense delight saw Freddie safe in his father's arms. With a cry of joy she ran to meet them, and flinging her arms around her father's neck laughed and wept and kissed him by turns.

"Why, lassie," George said, "what ails you? How came you to let the little laddie come so far away? I found him sitting close by the logs where I tied the boat, just where he was yesterday when I went away. I could scarcely believe my eyes."

Then Kitty told him all, and the father's heart almost stood still while he listened. Kitty relieved her father of his lantern and rubber coat, and while the fisherman carried his boy in his arms they wended their way to the cottage, while the unconscious cause of all the trouble laughed and prattled as Kitty scolded him, and he waved her red necktie around his head triumphantly from his elevation. It appeared that being left alone when Kitty went to her mother, he had crawled along the path his father travelled to his boat, with the childish idea that he would find him there, and must have escaped many dangers on his way to the place where the father found him. There was more joy that night in the fisherman's cottage than if Freddie had not been lost and found that day. When Freddie was comfortably sleeping in his little cot, George Fraser opened his old Bible and read *the fifteenth chapter of Luke*; the little family needed no commentator to explain it to them.

MRS. CHANTREY'S SECRET.

A SERIAL STORY.

(*Continued from page 527.*)

A Sin and a Shame.

IT was May again; a soft, sunny day, with spring showers falling, or gathering in glistening clouds in the blue sky. The bells chimed for morning service, as the people came up to church from the old-fashioned streets.

Mr. Chantrey read the service in a clear, steady voice, but with a tone of trouble in it which only a very dull ear could have missed. When he ascended his pulpit, and looked down with sad and sunken eyes upon his people, every face was lifted up to him attentively, as he gave out the text, "Am I my brother's keeper?" Mrs. Bolton moved uneasily in her pew, for she knew he was going to preach a disagreeable sermon. It was not as eloquent as many of his old ones, but it had a hundredfold more power.

His hearers had often been pleased and touched before; now they were stirred, and made uncomfortable. Their responsibilities, as each one the keeper of his brother's soul, were solemnly laid before them. The listless, contented indifference to the sins and sorrows of their fellowmen was rudely shaken. Their satisfaction in their own safety was attacked. As clearly as words could put it, they were told that not one of them could go to heaven alone; that there was no solitary path of salvation for any foot to tread. As long as any fell because of temptation, they were bound, as far as in them lay, to remove every kind of temptation. If each one was not careful to be his brother's keeper, then the voice of their brother's blood would cry unto God against them. There was scarcely a person present who could listen to their rector's sermon with feelings of self-satisfaction.

He left his pulpit at the close of it, troubled and exhausted. His little son followed him into the vestry to wait until the congregation, that loved to linger a little about the porch, should have dispersed. But hardly had he entered than, looking out, as it was his wont to do upon the grave of his other child, he saw a figure stretched across it, asleep. Could it possibly be his wife? Large drops of rain were beginning to fall upon her upturned face, but they did not rouse her from her heavy slumber; nor did the noise of many feet passing by along the churchyard path. It was a moment of unutterable shame and agony to him. His people saw her; they had heard of his trouble before, but now they saw it; and they were lingering to look at her. He must go out in the midst of them all, and they must see him take his miserable wife home.

Those who were there that day will never forget the sight. His people made way for him, as he passed among them, still in the gown he had worn while preaching, with a rigid and wan face, and eyes that seemed blind to every object except the unhappy woman he could not save. His little boy was pressing close behind him, but he bade him go back into the church, and wait until he came for him. Then he knelt down beside his wife in the falling rain, and lifted her gently, calling her by her name, "Sophy! Sophy!" But her heavy head fell back again upon the grave, and he was not strong enough to raise her from it. He burst into tears, a passion of tears; such as men only weep in hours of extreme anguish of mind. Slowly his people melted away, helpless to do anything for him; except two or three of his most familiar friends, who stayed to assist him in taking the wretched wife back to her home.

Ann Holland lingered unseen in the porch until all were out of sight. The child she loved so fondly was standing with the great door ajar, holding it with his small hand, and peeping out now and then. She called to him when all were gone, and he came out of the church gladly, yet with an air of concern on his round, rosy face.

"My mother is ill, very ill," he said, putting his hand into hers. "I saw her lying on baby's grave. Couldn't anything be done for her to make her well? Isn't there any doctor clever enough to cure her?"

"I don't know, dear," answered Ann Holland.

"My father never lets me go to see her when she's worst," he went on; "only Sarah goes into her room, and him. She talks and laughs often, and yet my father says she is ill. When I am a man I shall be a doctor, and learn how to make her well. But it will be a long time before I am clever enough for that, I'm afraid. My father says she's too ill for anybody to come to see us; isn't it a pity?"

"Yes, my dear," she answered.

"She can never hear me say my hymns now," he said; "and when she's not so ill that my father won't let me see her, she sits crying, crying ever so; and if I want to play with her, or read to her, she can't bear it, she says. I should think there ought to be somebody to cure her, if we could only find out. My father scarcely ever laughs now, because she's so ill; and when he plays with me he only looks sad, and he speaks in a quiet voice as if it would make her worse. Do try, Miss Holland, and ask everybody that comes to your house if they don't know of some very, very clever doctor for my mother."

"I will try," she said. "I'll do all I can. But you may run home now, Master Charlie. See! There's your father coming back for you."

"I know I sha'n't see my mother again today," he answered; "good-by, and remember, please."

She watched him running across the little meadow to his father; and then she turned away, and walked slowly through the street homeward. Little knots of the townspeople lingered still about the doorways, discussing their rector's troubles. Though most of them greeted her, anxious to hear her opinion as one who was considered on friendly terms with the rector's family, she evaded their questionings, and passed on to the solitude of her own dwelling. It had been solitary now for some days, for her brother had disappeared early in the week; having stripped the house of money, and set off on one of his vagrant tramps, of which she knew nothing except that he always returned penniless, and generally with the good clothes she provided for him exchanged for worthless rags.

How many years it was that her life had been embittered by his drunkenness she could hardly reckon, so many had they been. These strange absences of his had at first been a severe trial to her; but of late years they had been a holiday time of rest, except for the continual anxiety she felt on his behalf. Her quaint and quiet kitchen, as she unlocked the door and entered it, seemed a haven of refuge, where she could indulge in the tears she had kept under control till now. The love she felt for Mr. Chantrey was so deep and true, that any sorrow of his must have grieved her. But she knew so well what this sorrow was! She knew through what long years it might last; and how hopeless it might grow before the end came. Looking back upon her own blighted life, she could foresee for him only a weary, miserable, ever-deepening wretchedness.

The Sunday afternoon passed by slowly, and the evening came. The soft sunshine and spring showers of the morning were gone; and a sullen sweep of rain, driven by the east wind, was beating through the streets. A neighbor looked in to say she had seen the curate from the next parish pass through the town toward the church; and she thought Mr. Chantrey would very likely not be there. But Ann Holland had already decided not to go.

At any moment she might hear her brother's shambling step draw near the door, and his fingers fumbling at the latch. She could not bear the neighbors to see him when he came off one of his vagabond tramps, dirty and ragged as he usually was. She must stay at home again for him; again, as she had done hundreds of times, mourning pitifully over him, and ready to receive him patiently, impenitent as he was. She went up stairs to make his bed quite ready for him; and to put out of his way everything that could by any chance hurt him, if he should stumble and fall in his drunken weakness. When she returned to the kitchen, she lighted a candle, and opened the old family Bible, with its large type, which seemed to her a more sacred book than the little one she used daily. But she could not read: the words passed vaguely and without meaning beneath her eyes. Her mind was full of the thought of her unhappy brother, and Mr. Chantrey's miserable wife.

It was past her usual hour of going to bed before she made up the kitchen fire to be in readiness, lest her brother should knock her up at any hour during the night. At the last moment she opened the street-door, and stood listening for a little while, as she always did when he was not at home. The rain was still sweeping through the street, which was as silent as if the town had been deserted. The gas-lights in the lamps flickered with the wind, and lit up the pools and channels of water running down the pavements.

But just as she turned to go in, her quick ear caught the sound of distant footsteps, growing louder as they came in her direction. It was the tramp of several feet, marching slowly like those of persons bearing a heavy burden. She waited to see who and what it could be so late this Sunday night; and soon, under the flickering lamps, she caught sight of several men, carrying among them a hurdle, with a shapeless heap upon it. A sudden, vague panic seized her, and she hastily retreated inside her house, shutting and barring the door. She said to herself she did not wish to see what they were carrying past. But were they going past? She heard them still, tramping slowly on toward her house; would they pass by with their burden? She put down the light, for her hand trembled too much to hold it; and she stood listening, her ears quickened for every sound, and her white face turned toward the closed and fastened door.

A knock came upon it, which almost caused her to shriek aloud. Yet it was a quiet rap, and a neighbor's voice answered as she asked tremulously who was there. She hastened to open the door, so welcome was the sound of the well-known voice; but there, opposite to her, in the driving rain, rested the hurdle, with the confused mass lying huddled together upon it. The men who bore it were silent, standing with their faces turned toward her; all of them strangers, except the one neighbor, who was on her threshold.

"They found him lying out in the fields near the Woodhouse farm," said her neighbor, in a loud whisper; "he'd strayed there, we reckon."

"Is he dead?" she asked mechanically.

"Not dead, bless your heart! no!" was the answer; "we'll carry him in. There now! Don't take on. There's a special providence over folks like him; they never come to much harm, you know. Show us where to lay him."

Ann Holland made way for the men to pass her, as they carried their burden into the quiet, pleasant kitchen. She followed with the light, and looked down upon him; her brother, who had played with her, and learned the same lessons, when they were innocent little children together. His gray hair was matted, and his bloated face smeared with dust and damp. He was barefooted and bareheaded. But as she gazed down upon him, and listened to his heavy struggle for breath, she cried in a tone of terror, "He is dying."

An hour later the house was comparatively quiet again. A doctor had been, and said nothing could be done for Richard Holland, except to let him die where he was, undisturbed. The men who had carried him home had dispersed or had adjourned to the Upton Arms to drink and to talk over this close of a drunkard's life. The news had in some way reached the Rectory; and now only Mr. Chantrey and Ann Holland watched beside him. They had laid him, as he was, on the little white-covered sofa in the parlor, never so soiled before.

Mr. Chantrey sat gazing at the degraded, dying man. No deeper debasement could come to any human being; almost the likeness of a human being had been lost. The mire and slough of the ditch into which he had fallen still clung to him; for only his face had been hastily washed clean by his sister's hand; a face that had forfeited all intelligence and seemliness; a coarse, squalid, disfigured face. Yet Ann was not repulsed by it; her tears fell upon it; and once she had bent over it, and kissed it gently. Now and then she put her mouth close to the deafened ear, and spoke to him, calling him by fond names, and imploring him to give some sign that he heard, and knew her. But there was no sign. The heavy breathing grew more thick and labored, yet feebler as the time passed slowly on. David Chantrey marvelled at the poor sister's patience and tenderness.

"Don't trouble to stay with me, sir," she said, at last. "I thought perhaps he'd come to himself, and you'd say a word to him. But there's no hope of that now."

"No," he answered, "I will not go, Ann," and his voice trembled with dread. "Do you think my wife could ever be as bad as this?"

"God forbid!" she cried earnestly. "God keep her from it! Oh! if she could but see; if she could but know! But he wasn't always like this. He was a kind, good-natured, clever man once. It's drinking that's ruined him."

"I will stay with you to the end," said Mr. Chantrey; "it is fit for me. You are teaching me a lesson of patience, Ann. All this day I have been thinking if it would be possible for me to give up my wife, and send her away from me, to end her days apart from mine. I have been in despair; in the very deeps. But now, why! even if I knew she would die thus, I cannot forsake her."

"Ay! we must have patience," she answered. "I always hoped to win him back again, but it was too strong for him and me. God knows how he's been tempted on all hands; even those that call themselves religious, and go to church regular as can be. He used to cry to me sometimes, and promise to turn over a new leaf; and then somebody perhaps that he looked up to would treat him at the Upton Arms. He might have been a good man, if he'd been left alone."

"Let us pray together for him and ourselves," said Mr. Chantrey, kneeling down once again by the little couch, as he had knelt the night of his return home. Ann still held her brother's head upon her arm, and her bowed face nearly rested upon it. But all words failed David Chantrey. "Father!" he cried, "Father!" There was nothing more that he could say. It was the single, despairing call of a soul that was full of trouble; that was "laid in the lowest pit, in darkness, in the deeps." But the bewildered brain of the dying man caught the cry, and he muttered: "Father! father! where is he?"

"It's God, our Father who art in heaven," said Ann Holland, uttering the words very slowly and distinctly in his ear; "try to think of Him, and pray to Him. He'll hear you, even now."

"Father!" he muttered again, "why! he'd be ashamed of his boy."

"It's God," she said, keeping down her sobs, "you've no other father. Think of Him: God, who loves you."

"He'd be ashamed of me," repeated the dying man.

For a minute or two he kept on whispering to himself words they could not hear, except the one word "shame." Then all was still. The miserable end had come; and neither love nor patience could avail him anything on this side the grave. He had gone as a drunkard into the presence of his Judge.

(To be continued.)

DEATH OF SAMSON.

S. S. Lesson for Sept. 2, Judges 16: 21-31; Golden Text, Ps. 68: 35. By Mrs. M. Baxter.

The Source of all Strength—Samson's Power in Faith, not Muscle—The Duty of Communion—Turning Light into Life—The Reasoning of Manoah's Wife—Samson's Moral Weakness—His Indignation against His Enemies—Failure of the Attempt to Bind Him—The Water from the Rejected Instrument—His Connection with Delilah—On Dangerous Ground—The Secret Told—His Epitaph.

"THE God of Israel is He that giveth strength and power unto His people." Our golden text thus attributes all strength to God, whether physical strength as in the case of Samson, military strength as in Gideon's case, or spiritual strength in the conquest of temptation, in the endurance of trial and in the carrying on of work for God, as in the case of the Apostle Paul. Ascribe ye strength unto God, says David in the same Psalm, and in this confidence, he of all Israel volunteers to meet the giant champion of the Philistines, himself at the time a mere stripling. "Sing aloud unto

GOD OUR STRENGTH,"

was one of the songs of Israel.

We are about to consider something of the history of Samson, the strongest man that ever lived, not because he was muscularly more developed than another, for when the Lord departed from him he was as weak as any other man, but because he was a man who by faith took in and exercised the strength of God. Before his birth, the children of Israel had again done evil in the sight of the Lord, and "the Lord delivered them into the hands of the Philistines forty years." But oh how true it is of our God that in wrath He remembers mercy. While the bondage was becoming continually more severe, the deliverer was being prepared just about the beginning of the time when the Philistines ruled over them. The angel of the Lord appeared to the wife of Manoah, of the family of Dan, and told her she should bear a son, contrary to all human probability. The angel warned her to drink *no wine nor strong drink*, for her son should be a Nazarite unto God from the womb; and said, "he shall begin to deliver Israel out of the hand of the Philistines."

It is very evident that Manoah and his wife were believers, and in the habit of communing with God. This appears from their conversation together after the angel had appeared unto the woman. Probably they had grieved over the idolatry of their country, and had cried to God to send deliverance. Manoah entreated the Lord for a repetition of the vision, that he and his wife might be further instructed. Would to God every one who gets a message from Him, either through the reading of His Word, in converse with other Christians, or any other way, would always commune with the Lord about it. Too often the steps which we gain in light fail to become steps in life and experience, simply because we rest in the light, instead of carrying it to God, that He may

TURN LIGHT INTO LIFE,

knowledge into experience. The Lord graciously granted Manoah's request, and repeated his injunctions.

Manoah's wife seems to have had more spiritual perception than her husband; she saw the angel's face "like the countenance of an angel of God, very terrible." Manoah asked his name, and "knew not that he was an angel of the Lord." The angel refused to eat of Manoah's bread, but consented that he should offer a burnt-offering unto the Lord, but when the angel ascended in the flame of the altar, Manoah's conclusion was, "We shall surely die, because we have seen God." But his wife said unto him, "If the Lord were pleased to kill us, He would not have received a burnt-offering and a meat-offering at our hands, neither would He have shewed us all these things, nor would as at this time have told us such things as these." Well may we believe that this good mother was much in communion with God about her boy, and that his strong faith in God was nurtured in his early home. We are told of his boy life, "The child grew, and the Lord blessed him. And the Spirit of the Lord began to move him at times in the camp of Dan, between Zorah and Eshtaol."

God always meets faith, in whatsoever manner it is exercised by His children. Had Samson trusted God for moral strength as he did for physical, his history would have been very different; we should not have seen him overcome by a woman's tears, while at the same time he was irresistible in strength to the Philistine enemies of his country. It was a sore trial to his parents when Samson chose

A PHILISTINE WIFE;

it was contrary to the law of God, who said, "Neither shalt thou make marriages with them; thy daughter thou shalt not give unto his son, nor his daughter shalt thou take unto thy son." This must have been a special trial to Samson's mother. Knowing that God had called him to deliver Israel from the Philistine yoke, she would so long that her son might be consistent as a witness for his God. But while God did not approve, he permitted the marriage festivities to take place, He all the time overruling.

As far as the history goes, it would seem as though Samson's parents had far more real care for the glory of God than he, but Samson had an all-conquering faith. When a young lion roared against him, the Spirit of the Lord came upon him, and in that strength of God, without any weapon, he tore the lion as he would have rent a kid. Yet his moral weakness is only too apparent; he did not discover the selfishness and treachery of his Philistine wife, who wept before him, urging him to tell her the secret of the riddle which he had proposed to the children of her people, until, overcome by her, he told her the riddle, which she at once disclosed. This roused his indignation, and when his wife was given to another, his wrath was so great against the Philistines that he destroyed their standing corn by sending into it three hundred foxes, in couples, with firebrands tied to the tails. And in addition to this, with his own hand he smote the Philistines with a great slaughter. But the Philistines, being masters of Israel at this time, demanded that Samson be delivered to them. Three thousand men of Judah came to bind him, and he allowed them to do it with one restriction: they were not to fall on him themselves; he knew that the strength which he claimed and obtained of God was powerless against Israel, that it could be used

ONLY FOR GOD'S PURPOSE,

i.e., against the Philistines. A mighty shout rang through the Philistine camp when Samson appeared, bound with two new cords. But a power unknown to the Philistines was present. "The Spirit of the Lord came upon him, and The cords that were upon his arms became as flax that was burned with fire, and his bands were melted [see margin] from off his hands."

Hardly had the Philistines recovered their surprise, when the hands set free by God were engaged in slaying them with no better a weapon than the jawbone of an ass. One thousand men fell before him, and at the end of the conflict he remained with no further harm than a burning thirst. But the man of faith looked to the Lord to relieve him: "he called on the Lord, and said, Thou hast given this great deliverance into the hand of Thy servant; and now shall I die for thirst, and fall into the hand of the uncircumcised?" Samson thought little of the poor weapon which he had used, but God chose it to refresh him when thirst so overpowered him. God clave a hollow place in that very jawbone which he had thrown away, and there came water thereout; and when he had drunk, his spirit came again, and he revived." What a lesson to us that we should not cast away as useless the meanest thing which God uses.

Samson's name means solar or sunny, and many things in his history would lead us to think he was a merry, thoughtless, rash, hair-brained young man, yet possessed of marvellous faith on the one point of strength. A holy man he was not. His errand to Gaza is not to his credit; but when the Philistines made sure of taking him captive, God shewed that His leave must be obtained even in the case of one of the most unsatisfactory and inconsistent of His children, and so He gave Samson strength to take the doors of the gate of the city, with the posts and bar, and carry them up to the top of a hill; probably the Philistines were too electrified to follow.

But God, although bearing long with Samson, could not ignore the sins of his child, or fail to visit them with judgment. In some way he became connected with Delilah, of whom we do not hear whether she was a Philistine or a woman of Israel; in any case she was treacherous and heartless, making Samson her dupe that she might enrich herself. Samson had never given up his will to God; he sought his own ends, and most terrible was the judgment which came upon him through the unprincipled woman, who was doing the same thing with regard to him. The lords of the Philistines offered her a magnificent bribe, eleven hundred pieces of silver from each of them, if she would entice him, to say wherein his great strength lay. Three times Samson deceived her, and proposed tests of his strength, against all of which he was found proof. But Samson was

ON DANGEROUS GROUND;

he was now making use of the gift of God for his own vainglory, and this laid him open to his fall. At last, "when she pressed him daily with her words, and urged him, so that his soul was vexed unto death, that he told her all his heart." This was desecration; the secret was God's, it was nothing personal: "I have been a Nazarite to God from my mother's womb; if I be shaven, then my strength will go from me, and I shall become weak, and be like any other man." His strength lay in his relation to God. But Delilah saw she had discovered his secret, and called in the lords of the Philistines. Samson was asleep, and when Delilah cried, "The Philistines be upon thee, Samson," he said, "I will go out as at other times before, and shake myself. And

HE WIST NOT

that the Lord was departed from him." Oh, how great was his fall! his eyes put out, himself bound with fetters of brass, grinding in a Philistine prison! Here he had time to think of his sin and folly, and to return unto the Lord.

His enemies assembled at a feast to rejoice and praise their gods that Samson had come into their hands, and Samson was sent for to make them sport. Once more he cried to the Lord. The house of Dagon was crowded with idol worshippers, three thousand people upon the roof, who beheld while Samson made sport. He requested the lad who led him to let him feel the pillars on which the house stood. Then he prayed, and said, "O Lord God, remember me, I pray Thee, and strengthen me, I pray Thee, only this once, O God that I may be at once avenged of the Philistines for my two eyes." With one more cry, "Let me die with the Philistines," he leaned, in the strength of God, upon the two middle pillars of the house, and down it came in a mighty crash, crushing thousands of the Philistines. He was ready to sacrifice himself in fulfilling his vocation, the destruction of the Philistines, but the most commendatory words which the history says about him are these: "So the dead which he slew at his death were more than they which he slew in his life." So ended the life of a man of faith, whose works were not right before God.

FOREIGN TOPICS.

The Republican Outbreak in Spain Appears to have been of a more formidable character than was at first supposed. Its ebullition was premature, and therefore was more easily suppressed than it would have been had the insurgents waited until the various sections were organized. It is stated that the organization was on the same lines as the Russian secret societies, each district forming a distinct circle, whose members did not know each other, but received instructions from their local chief. Each affiliated member had a number. Above the local chiefs of the movement were generally half-pay officers, discontented, unattached inferior officers, and sergeants in almost every corps. The local groups and chiefs only communicated by roving agents sent from juntas in Madrid or the great towns and corresponding with Ruiz Zorrilla. Parallel with the military conspiracy was the civilian propaganda of veteran Intransigente republicans, who were at Badajos, ready to take over from the military when successful the management of the towns. The plot was well contrived, as the leaders escaped detection, and the men captured could give information only as to local arrangements. Four sergeants who were arrested were tried by court-martial and shot.

The Difficulty between England and France respecting the Madagascar affair has not yet been arranged, and newspaper correspondents in both countries report an excited and irritated condition of the public mind in respect to it. English journals, especially the London *Standard*, are urging the government to insist on an apology from France, and the indignation is becoming so strong that the Foreign Office has refrained from publishing the later despatches. The Under Secretary of Foreign Affairs said in the House of Commons, in reply to a question, that the government was aware that Mr. Shaw, *an English missionary* in Madagascar, had been imprisoned by the French, but had received no definite news as to the charge against him. It appeared, however, that Admiral Pierre, the French commander, held him to be guilty of what was considered a serious offence. The government, said the Under Secretary, would communicate with France on the subject of the arrest of Mr. Shaw. Public feeling is further excited by the intimation, on the part of France, that it may be necessary to blockade Chinese ports unless concessions are made at Pekin. The attitude of the French Government in both Madagascar and the East is tending to isolate her in Europe.

A New Canal Project Which, if Carried Out, will tend to concentrate attention on the Holy Land and attract Jewish merchants thither is under discussion. The Sultan has received very favorably the suggestions of an English company for cutting a ship canal from the Mediterranean by the valley of the Jordan to the Red Sea. The execution of the project would render the Porte independent of the Suez Canal and be very important in regard to the Sultan's eastern dominions.

Irish Obstruction has again been Organized in the British Parliament. On Thursday, the Irish members continued dividing the House and speaking against time throughout the night, and the House did not adjourn until six o'clock on Friday morning. Mr. Parnell and Mr. Healy used language more violent than has been heard in late years within the walls of Parliament. Mr. Parnell threatened that unless the deficiencies of the Land act were speedily remedied he would lead *a deeper and more desperate agitation* than any that had yet been witnessed. The act, he said, had been applied with a slowness and inefficiency very different from the way in which the Coercion act had been applied. Notwithstanding this assertion, it is matter of fact that under the Land act there has been a reduction made in the rents of the holdings aggregating $20,000,000, and landlords have voluntarily made reductions which raise the figure to $40,000,000. The government are proceeding with marvellous patience with Irish reforms in spite of the ingratitude of Parnell and his colleagues, and has introduced a bill granting a guarantee for $5,000,000 for laying a rail track through Western Ireland, and $250,000 to assist poor tenants to move from one part of Ireland to another and a like sum to aid those who desire to emigrate.

A Plan to Facilitate Emigration from Ireland on a wholesale scale is under the consideration of the British Government. A despatch to the New York *Graphic* from London describing the scheme says all the details are not yet ready to place before the public, but it has been decided to move from Ireland and settle in Canada 200,000 poor Irish, in families. Ten thousand families, to average five persons each, aggregating 50,000 people, will be moved next spring, and the transportation will be continued as rapidly as the territory to be occupied can be got ready. Those to be moved next spring will, it is understood, be placed upon the lands offered by Chairman Stephens, which the Government will accept. These lands will be divided into sections of one hundred acres each, each section to be provided with all the buildings, equipments, animals, seed, and food necessary for beginning farming upon unbroken land. Each settler will be given his homestead free for the first three years, and after that will be required to pay as rent three per cent upon $500, but may at any time acquire absolute title upon payment of the latter sum. It has not been decided where the second 50,000 emigrants will be located. A public meeting in support of the project was held in London on Friday last, under the presidency of the Earl of Shaftesbury, at which the Archbishop of Canterbury earnestly advocated the proposed emigration.

The Bankruptcy Bill, Prepared by Mr. Chamberlain, the Radical member of the British Cabinet, has been adopted by the House of Commons. It completely revolutionizes the mode of procedure in Great Britain, and will be a new departure in dealing with this extremely difficult subject, which puzzles statesmen in every land. Mr. Chamberlain's plan, which will doubtless in its working be closely watched by statesmen on this side the Atlantic, is a compromise between officialism and private management. Under the new system the creditors get control of the estate while the court alone deals with the debtor. There can now be *no private arrangements*. Every debtor who fails must go into bankruptcy, from which he can only emerge after the strictest scrutiny into his conduct and dealings in the court. Another alteration is that when a seizure is made by the sheriff, goods to the value of $100 shall be left to the debtor. This will prevent the cruelties now practised, by which the debtor is often stripped of everything he possesses except the clothing he wears.

Sir Moses Montefiore, the Eminent Jewish philanthropist, has sent to each of the ten Jews who were tried in Hungary and acquitted of the charge of murdering a Christian girl, a letter of sympathy and congratulation. The venerable philanthropist also enclosed in each letter the sum of $250 toward recouping their losses through the prosecution. There are indications now of a fresh outbreak of anti-Jewish disturbances in Russia, and the Jews there are filled with the deepest anxiety at the prospect of a new persecution, which threatens to be more serious than any they have endured in that country. The general design appears to be to deprive them of their commercial privileges under particularly odious and unjust conditions. So violent is the hostility toward the race that an English Jew representing a London merchant was summarily ejected from Russia, solely because he was a Jew, and in spite of the fact of his English citizenship.

A Small Difficulty between our Government and that of Turkey has arisen, owing to the ill-treatment of Dr. Calhoun, an American medical missionary, in Barbary. The Constantinople correspondent of the New York *Herald* gives the following account of the affair: "Dr. Calhoun has been for over a year quietly practising medicine, much to the grief of the native practitioners, who had hitherto been having everything their own way, until he was called to treat a young Turkish girl for erysipelas. Finding that nothing could stop the progress of the disease but the amputation of the limb affected, Dr. Calhoun, with the consent of the parents, did so, but the child died. His rivals immediately seized upon this circumstance as a pretext for driving him out of the place." This was done with some violence, and though, through the representation of our Minister, he was permitted to return to Barbary, he has not been allowed to resume his practice.

The Sheepskin Manuscript Discovered by Mr. Shapira, and for which he asked $5,000,000, is pronounced a forgery by the eminent scholars to whose examination it was submitted. Dr. Ginsburgh so declares it, and Dr. Newbauer, who is a famous expert, calls them forgeries by test of grammar and idiom. Professor Sayee, of Oxford, writes that if the fragments are genuine they must belong to the Moabite, not Jewish, Deuteronomy. He maintains it is absurd to suppose that sheepskin can have lasted 3000 years even if asphalted. Two pieces of the manuscripts are shown at the British Museum.

The Genuine Chara ter of the Christian Work in Madagascar was proved recently by the conduct of the Queen of that country, whose policy toward her enemies showed that her religion was no mere profession. After the bombardment of Tamatave by the French it became necessary that French subjects should be expelled her capital. When requested to sign the order, she replied: "*We are Christians*, and must remember at this trying time that we are so, and act as becomes Christians. They gave our friends at Majanga an hour. We will give them five days, and not a hair of their heads, remember, is to be harmed." When the French left they could not get bearers to take them to the coast, although they offered three times as much as the ordinary price, the men fearing that when they got to Tamatave they would not be allowed to return. But the Queen, through her Prime Minister, ordered bearers to take them at her own cost, and her orders were obeyed.

The Blue Ribbon Army in Africa is Enrolling recruits. Mr. and Mrs. Mountain are now laboring there in the cause of Gospel temperance. Mr. Mountain, in a letter recently received, says: "Of course our Gospel work forms the staple of our labor, but the Blue Ribbon Army is a most important adjunct to the preaching of the Gospel. I am sorry to say that the Army is as necessary here as elsewhere. It is very successful. In Graaf-Reinet, a town of about 5000 inhabitants, there are 1400 who wear the ribbon. This, however, has been our most successful field of labor. In other places we have had much encouragement. We are at present laboring at Fort Beaufort, on our way to Lovedale, King William's Town, and Queenstown. We expect to spend till next March in this portion of the country, going from place to place as the Lord directs, and then we propose proceeding to Natal, whence several invitations have reached us. After that we hope to return to Cape Town for a number of missions in the Western Province. Should health permit, it is our purpose then to proceed to New Zealand in furtherance of our Evangelistic and Temperance work.

The Prophetic News and Israel's Watchman for August contains: "The Church in Resurrection," by Mrs. Fielder; "The Second Advent and Glorious Epiphany," by Rev. W. Frith; "Fallen Angels," by Rev. T. J. Malyon, LL.B., and other papers on unfulfilled prophecy, with a summary of passing events from a prophetic standpoint. Price six cents, annual subscription seventy cents. Back numbers of this periodical for this year may be had from the office of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD at the same price, which includes postage.

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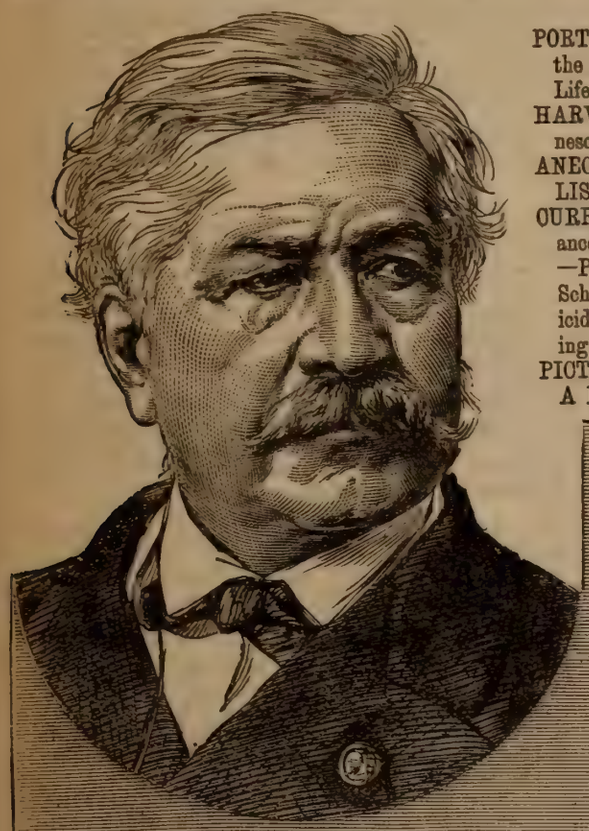

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THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, this week, publishes the portrait of a man who for several years has occupied a prominent position in the world's attention. His great achievement, the construction of the Suez Canal, has been the wonder of modern times as much as the great means of facilitating travel. This latter advantage is of immense importance, and it has been diligently sought in numberless ways by this generation, which, beyond all that have preceded it, has been eager to move from place to place with ease and rapidity. Prophetic students have noticed this characteristic, and have seen in it *one among many signs* that we are living in that age of the world which will close this dispensation. Daniel 12 : 4 distinctly names this characteristic as one of many by which we may recognize that age, and prepare for the events near at hand.

During the last few weeks renewed attention has been given, both among politicians and shipowners, and others interested in maritime traffic, to the terms of a proposed agreement between the British Government and the Suez Canal Company, represented by its president, M. Ferdinand de Lesseps, for the construction of *a second canal* or waterway alongside the existing canal, to be aided by an advance of *forty million dollars* from the English Government. That agreement has fallen in abeyance, owing to the opposition of the British Parliament, which deemed the concessions granted to M. Lesseps and his colleagues prejudicial to British interests.

The Suez Canal is unquestionably one of the greatest engineering feats of the present century. The idea itself was not new. Napoleon I. found time to think of its feasibility, and went so far, indeed, as to order a survey of the isthmus through which the canal is pierced ; but the report which was presented to him caused the temporary abandonment of the scheme ; for his surveyors reported that there was a considerable difference in the levels of the Mediterranean and of the Red Seas, which would necessitate huge and costly locks.

CAREER OF M. LESSEPS.

The projector and the supreme director of the Canal is the Vicomte Ferdinand de Lesseps, who is one of the most extraordinary men of the age. He was *born* at Versailles, in France, in 1805, and is now in the seventy-eighth year of his age. He chose diplomacy as his profession, and occupied several important positions in the diplomatic service of his country. During the time of Mehemet Ali's supremacy, from 1836 to 1840, he was employed in the French Consular Service in Egypt. He was subsequently appointed Consul at Barcelona, then French Minister at Madrid, and in 1849 he went as Special Envoy to Rome, when the French military intervention took place for the restoration of the Papal Government. In the year 1854, when Said Pasha became Viceroy of Egypt, M. de Lesseps, who knew him intimately, was invited to pay a visit to Cairo. There, living as an honored guest in the Viceroy's palace, he matured the project of the Suez Canal which he had been considering ever since 1840.

THE OBSTACLES IN MAKING THE CANAL

were political as well as natural. The former were principally raised by Great Britain. Before the Suez Canal was cut, the great Mediterranean Sea had only one outlet—that of Gibraltar, which is a British stronghold. It was, therefore, within the power of England to prevent any ship entering or leaving the Mediterranean if she desired to do so. This inestimable power Great Britain was reluctant to lose, and she saw that if another outlet was cut through the Isthmus of Suez her splendid position would be deteriorated. Vessels could then enter and leave the Mediterranean through the Suez Canal in defiance of her. It was useless to point out that she would herself gain largely by being able to send her ships through it to India, instead of having to send them southward around the southernmost point of Africa and then on a long voyage northward to reach India. She saw power slipping from her hands at Gibraltar, and vigorously opposed the project from its first initiation.

The opposition was led by Lord Palmerston and Sir Stratford Canning (afterward Lord Stratford de Redcliffe), the English minister at Constantinople. No assistance or encouragement was afforded by any influential party or class in England ; merchants, shipowners, capitalists, engineers, as well as politicians, set themselves against it. But M. de Lesseps persevered, and the French nation, under the Emperor Napoleon III., entered readily into the scheme, which also found favor in Italy and Austria, and in other Mediterranean States, who naturally desired an outlet for their ships uncontrolled by a power which at any time might become hostile.

The "Compagnie Universelle du Canal Maritime de Suez" was formed, with an original share capital of forty million dollars ; but it raised twenty millions additional by debentures, and received nearly twenty millions from the Viceroy of Egypt as indemnity for his non-fulfilment of some of the conditions of the contract. The canal, with its ports at each end, was to belong to the Company for ninety-nine years, from 1869, after which it would revert to the Egyptian Government. The total cost of the Suez Canal has thus amounted to eighty million dollars, of which the British Government in 1875 became the proprietors of twenty million dollars by purchase from the Khédive of Egypt.

THE ORIGINAL CONCESSION MODIFIED.

The original preliminary concession by the Viceroy of Egypt, Said Pasha, to M. Lesseps, in 1854, and subsequently the definitive concession in 1856, agreed to supply 20,000 natives, who were to work by *forced labor* for the benefit of the Company. This concession was afterward withdrawn, owing to the humane intervention of England. Latterly, the work of excavation was done by the aid of floating dredges and other mechanical contrivances, a quicker and more economical arrangement.

DIMENSIONS OF THE CANAL.

The total length of the canal is 88 miles, and it follows nearly a straight line from the Mediterranean to the Red Sea. It is throughout its entire length of the uniform *depth* of 26 feet 4 inches, but its *width* varies. From Port Saïd to the southern side of Lake Ballah, through the Lake Timsah, and through the Bitter Lakes, and also for 11 miles near Suez, its width is 329 feet, at the surface of the water. But ships have to take a middle course, as the canal has sloping sides which decrease its depth on both sides. The depth of 26 feet 4 inches is only in a track 72 feet wide in the middle of the canal.

The route selected took advantage of certain depressions or valleys which were called lakes, but were, in fact, previous to the construction of the canal, low-lying tracts of country, at some places below the level of the Mediterranean and Red Seas. Lake Menzaleh is next to the Mediterranean, Lake Timsah about half way across the isthmus, and the Bitter Lakes are next to the Red Sea. The water began to flow from the Mediterranean in February, 1869, and from the Red Sea in July, and by the beginning of October of the same year these arid valleys were converted into great lakes navigable by vessels of the largest class.

The cutting of the canal presented no great difficulty. The whole length of the navigation is 88 geographical miles. Of this distance 66 miles are actual canal, formed by cuttings, 14 miles are made by dredging through the lakes, and 8 miles required no works. There was no need of locks, as the level of the two seas, contrary to what was formerly supposed, is almost identical.

The harbors at Port Saïd and Suez form not the least important part of this great work. The Mediterranean entrance to the canal is formed by two breakwaters constructed of concrete blocks, the western one 6940 feet in length, and the eastern one 6020. The entrance to the canal at Suez is also protected by a breakwater, and in connection with this harbor are two large basins and a dry-dock.

The Suez Canal was formally opened November 16th, 1869, in the presence of the Khédive, the Empress of the French, the Emperor of Austria, the Crown Prince of Prussia, and others. The canal has since been open to ships of all nations. The passage through it occupies about fifteen hours, but vessels allow more time than that to provide for delays. Six miles an hour is the rate which the Canal Company fixed for travel, and they do not allow it to be exceeded.

Such, described in mere outline, is the great work executed within the past thirty years, by French enterprise and capital. Though for reasons already mentioned, Great Britain opposed the construction of the canal, she has, now that it has been cut, availed herself of the convenience beyond any other nation, nearly four-fifths of the aggregate tonnage yearly passing through the canal belonging to that one country. In 1875, when the late Khédive, Ismail Pasha, was obliged to raise money by selling his portion of the Company's stock, the British Government wisely purchased his shares at the price of nearly twenty million dollars.

INCREASING TRAFFIC AND RECEIPTS.

The number of steam vessels that passed through the canal, out and home, in the year ending with last April, was 3154, having an aggregate tonnage of 4,889,923 tons. Of these vessels, 2469 were British, with 3,781,905 tons ; 197 were French, with 382,855 tons ; 111 were Dutch, with 199,473 tons ; 115 German, with 144,732 tons ; 65 Italian, with 119,370 tons ; 81 Austrian, with 112,115 tons ; 42 Spanish, with 75,340 tons ; and 74 of all other nations, with 74,133 tons, including Russian, Belgian, Turkish, and Chinese ; Britain having by far the most.

The receipts of the canal for the year 1882 amounted to about $12,500,000, of which nearly $10,000,000, or four-fifths, was paid by the British ships. The year's working expenses were $3,650,000. After certain deductions for the sinking fund and interest on consolidated coupons, there was a net profit of $6,300,000. Of this amount the shareholders received $4,500,000, the balance being divided among the Egyptian Government for rent of land, and the founders of the canal, and other minor claimants.

ADVANTAGES OF THE CANAL ROUTE.

The advantages of the canal route may be estimated from this one fact. The distance between London and Bombay is by it shortened more than four thousand miles, not very far from half the whole voyage. By way of the Cape of Good Hope, by which all ships to India had originally to sail, it is 10,595 nautical miles ; by way of Suez it is reduced to 6330. Its importance to the British possession of India cannot therefore be overestimated.

M. DE LESSEPS'S POPULARITY IN FRANCE.

A Paris correspondent of a London daily journal observes that "the feeling with which his countrymen regard M. de Lesseps is something more intense than admiration. When, therefore, M. de Lesseps holds a meeting of shareholders, his report is accepted, all is unanimity, the only interruptions being the *mal-apropos* of gushing, gray-haired shareholders rising to propose medals for him and votes of thanks. His call for ayes and noes seems a mere matter of form ; his meetings are models of dispatch.

M. DE LESSEPS'S HOME LIFE.

"Apart from his power the French love in him his human nature. He recently hurried back from London, in the very crisis of negotiations, to watch *a sick baby*, and he may be seen

that coming closes the battle by the destruction of its leaders and their armies.

"And I saw an angel standing in the sun; and he cried with a loud voice, saying to all the fowls that fly in the midst of heaven, Come and gather yourselves together unto the supper of the great God; that ye may eat the flesh of kings, and the flesh of captains, and the flesh of mighty men, and the flesh of horses, and of them that sit on them, and the flesh of all men, both free and bond, both small and great. And I saw the beast, and the kings of the earth, and their armies, gathered together to make war against him that sat on the horse, and against his army. And the beast was taken, and with him the false prophet that wrought miracles before him, with which he deceived them that had received the mark of the beast, and them that worshipped his image. These both were cast alive into a lake of fire burning with brimstone. And the remnant were slain with the sword of him that sat upon the horse, which sword proceeded out of his mouth; and all the fowls were filled with their flesh."—Rev. 19: 17–21.

The reader, for an unsymbolic description, is referred to Ezek. 39 and Zech 14.

2. THE PLACE

or battle-field.

The name of the place is given in Hebrew, Hermageddon—which means "mountain of destruction." That the mountains of Jerusalem are to be the mountains of slaughter to the armies assembled by these unclean spirits, can be learned from Ezek. 39. God, addressing Antichrist, the leader of this host, says:

"And I will cause these to come up from the north parts, and will bring thee upon the mountains of Israel; and I will smite the bow out of thy left hand, and will cause the arrows to fall out of thy right hand. Thou shalt fall upon the mountains of Israel, thou and all thy bands, and the people that are with thee. I will give thee unto the ravenous birds of every sort, and to the beasts of the field to be devoured. Thou shalt fall upon the open field; for I have spoken it, saith the Lord."—Ezek. 39: 2–6.

This is not figurative, but literal language, and refers to the same battle predicted in Rev. 19 and Zech. 14. The next and important inquiry is—

3. What

NATIONS AND THEIR KINGS

are to engage in this, the last and greatest of earth's battles? Nor are we left in doubt upon this question. John tells us that these were the kings of the whole habitable—*i.e.*, the Eastern and Western Roman empires. The three powers sending forth these agents are symbolized by "the dragon," the Wild Beast and the false Prophet. The dragon represents the Eastern Roman empire and its rulers, Constantinople being its permanent locality. The Wild Beast represents the Western Roman empire and its rulers (see Rev. 13: 12), and let the reader understand that whatever power may dominate Europe in the latter days, whether Frank or Rosh, he will be an emperor, and "the king of the North." (See Dan. 11: 40.) The false prophet, whose seat is at Rome, represents the Papal Hierarchy.

The reader need not be told that these powers could move all the nations from the Chinese wall to the Pillars of Hercules; and should the first mentioned one engage in a war of conquest, every nation of Asia, even China herself, and every European power, would inevitably be compelled to take sides, offensively or defensively.

It is said to be a war against Christ and His people; but certainly these parties are not visible contestants. This, by the tenor of the Scriptures, seems to be the explanation: The Wild Beast, which is to be some future "king of the North" who, after supporting a scarlet dressed woman drunk with the blood of the saints—which implies that it will be an ecclesio-political government—proposes to make himself master of the East, as he already has of the West, and to take possession of Syria and Palestine, the land he knows God has given by solemn promise to His elect nation—the Jews. He is said to antagonize Christ and His people, since Christ Jehovah was the Maker of that Covenant and under bonds to administer it. It is revealed in most unfigurative language, if we will but refer to the original stocks of the nations referred to, what nations will be gathered by these fell spirits of the pit, into this war, and the literal powers symbolized by the Wild Beast, the head of which is the prime instigator and leader. He is styled in prophecy, Gog, "chief of Rosh Tubal and Meshech and the King of the North," which I claim is some future autocrat of all the Russias, and his antagonist the Tarshish of the West, whose emblem is a lion—which clearly points to England. Since in a future chapter I shall give my reasons at length for these views, I will so refer to them, asking the reader, if he doubts, to suspend judgment until he examines what I have to say.

But though this Gog, or "king of the North," is eventually to fall by the power of Israel's Messiah, yet before he reaches his end, and upon his threatening to enter the holy land, he is antagonized by

A FORMIDABLE POWER;

i.e., the Lion of Tarshish, and the young lions thereof, who occupy the countries of Tarshish, Dedan and Sheba. We think no one will doubt that this refers to the British empire in the last days, which will embrace all of India and Afghanistan, with all the coast from the Gulf of Persia to the Straits of the Red Sea; and thence to Suez, that she may guard her canal and preserve her communication with the Eastern empire. Thus she will become Edom, Moab and Ammon of the latter days, for the prophets refer not to races of men, but the powers occupying the territories mentioned.

Here we see the nations of the whole habitable globe, which these unclean spirits are to gather together and marshal under the opposing standards of Tarshish and Gog—England and Russia—for the last great battle on the plains of Megiddo and the mountains of slaughter around Jerusalem, which armies are to be given as food to the birds of heaven, and the beast and prophet given to the burning lake. This has been known for the last half century, at least, as "The Eastern Question." It is all concerning the possession of Constantinople, and consequently, the dominion of Palestine and Syria and the whole East. The contestants, as all readers of modern events must know, are England and Russia. These unclean spirits have been actively engaged in their fell work ever since the Euphrates River commenced to dry up. The Turkish empire began to wane A.D. 1820. The "king of the North" has been steadily extending his territory on every side, and, despite the protests and threats of England, conquered all the countries west of China.

Twice in the last few years has this Gog of the North quarter attempted to lay his hand upon Constantinople, the key of the whole East, but has been prevented by Tarshish and her allies. But though repulsed, he has never for a moment intermitted his schemes of aggrandizement and preparation for the coming contest. England has been active in attempting to checkmate, and defend her interests against, this "wild beast" of insatiable appetite for territory. She has annexed all India to her empire, with an eye upon a "scientific frontier," which means one offering the most material defences against the increasingly threatening attitude of Russia.

More than two years ago, when studying these prophecies, I laid down my pen quite in despair of being able to understand them, and the then existing relations of France and Russia. The prophet expressly says that in the last battle for universal empire, Gomer and all his bands—allies—shall be at the steps of Gog, which means that France would be a voluntary ally of Russia. How was this conceivable, when past events proved that they were natural enemies, and France for self-protection had allied herself to England, her immemorial enemy, in order to oppose Russia's strides toward Constantinople to lay hands upon the key of the East? Nor did I resume the pen until it was announced by an European correspondent that a secret treaty, offensive and defensive, had been formed between France and Russia. The sun of prophecy passed from behind the cloud and poured a clear light upon the future political map of Europe!

France has long been preparing to wipe out the disgrace of Sedan and to reclaim her lost provinces of Alsace and Lorraine, and consummate her long cherished desire to extend her territory to the Rhine. The Gog of Russia has long had his eye upon the land of Magog—Germany and Austria—but neither could well consummate its wishes without the mutual consent and assistance of each other, and hence this treaty. Germany and Austria, situate between these two enemies and hostile powers, are like grains of wheat between the upper and nether millstone, and must therefore lay aside their asperities and form an alliance as the only hope of their existence as nations.

Since penning these lines, this paragraph from an English paper has fallen under my eye: "The conference between Prince Bismarck and Count Andrassy has been the subject of general comment throughout Europe during the past week. It is one of those events capable of exercising a decisive influence over the future of all European nations. An alliance between Germany and Austria is said to have been the result of the interview, Germany guaranteeing to Austria her acquisitions of territory held under the Berlin Treaty, and Austria engaging to assist Germany if an attempt is made to wrest from her the spoils of the Franco-German war. The alliance indicates that the two nations fear a combination between Russia and France. Its tendency is to divide Europe into

TWO HOSTILE CAMPS.

On the one side there will be Germany and Austria, to which England will be drawn by her jealousy of Russia, and on the other Russia, France, and probably Italy and Denmark. With millions of men under arms, and a store of weapons of the most destructive character the world has ever seen, the elements of a great conflagration are all present."

This has been the work of these unclean spirits; and let every Christian know that before this war shall close, which the statesmen of Europe confess must soon come, Christ will come for His saints. We are no prophet, but we are willing to risk an opinion, based upon the above prophecies, that *France in a few years will avenge her disgrace*, and carry her boundary to the Rhine, while the "Czar of all the Russias" will also be of Germany and Austria—"Gog of the land of Magog"—and after that he will lay his insatiate hand upon Constantinople.

The reader may well be impressed with this fact, that these wonder-working but unclean spirits have well-nigh accomplished their mission. The nations of Europe are armed to the teeth, and the vast standing armies of all these kings cause the very earth to groan beneath their weight, and the populations are being exhausted in feeding them. A general war is expected and inevitable by every Cabinet of Europe, and then—the End.

Since writing the above the political papers announce that Bismarck, having formed an alliance with Austria—foreseeing the inevitable result of the alliance between France and Russia—is seriously premeditating striking the first blow, and soon, before Russia is prepared! The reader need not doubt these combinations, nor the ultimate result—the frogs are at work. This war, the last, may burst forth any day, and, once commenced, will not close until the armies engaged are destroyed by Christ at His coming.

(*To be concluded.*)

ing none but the saints will know of it, and they will be withdrawn and remain with Christ in the air until the time of this second stage, when they will return with Him and take part in the last great battle.—Ed.

CHRISTIAN HERALD AND SIGNS OF OUR TIMES.

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The aim of this journal is to make known the way of salvation, and to keep alive the expectation of our Lord's return to the earth.

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NOTICE.

Many subscribers to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, who are laboring to extend the sphere of its usefulness, wish us to afford them the same facilities as were placed at their disposal last year. It appears that the concession in price then made, enabled them to introduce the journal to persons and families to whom it proved a blessing. God used it as a means of conversion in not a few cases; in others it gave comfort and encouragement to tried and afflicted believers; and ministers and lay preachers, to whom our friends sent it, acknowledged their indebtedness for help in their labors to the hints and suggestions contained in its pages.

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD has no higher object than that which its friends thus state was achieved last year. The same opportunity is therefore cheerfully given this year. Any subscriber wishing to introduce THE CHRISTIAN HERALD where it may do good, may send

THIRTY CENTS

to THE MANAGER, 63 Bible House, New York, for which sum the paper will be mailed to any address in the United States or in Canada every week from the date on which the money is received, until the end of 1883. Will our friends pray that God will use each number for the advancement of Christ's Kingdom?

CURRENT EVENTS.

One of the Most Destructive Cyclones of recent times struck the city of Rochester, Minn., on August 21st. The calamity was awfully sudden. At seven o'clock in the evening there were no signs of its approach. A minute and a half later the whole of the northern part of the city was in ruins; three hundred houses were completely demolished, two hundred others were seriously damaged, and sixteen people were killed and eighty-two injured. An eye-witness states that the storm rose at a point about eighteen miles north-west of the city. He saw approaching "a decided and dreadful inverted cone with a height seemingly immeasurable and murkiness appalling, with *the speed of a cannon ball* it came down the valley at Silver Creek, and when within half a mile of the city, its roar could be heard fully three hundred feet in the air. It rose, and in *its whirling mass were trees and stones, animals and débris* of every conceivable description. Trees were snapped and twisted and lifted bodily into the air with tons of earth clinging to their roots." It cut a wide swath through timber and buildings, leaving behind it a scene of appalling ruin. No time was given for any preparations, had it been possible. The scene among the devastated district and the place where the dead lay was indescribably sad. Mothers wildly searched for their children, while little homeless waifs were found whom the tempest had orphaned. One child was the only survivor of a family of seven. The mayor telegraphed to St. Paul for assistance, and in three minutes $5000 was raised and despatched for the relief of the sufferers, most of whom are very poor.

A Series of Letters have been Published recently by the New York *Sun*, apparently inspired by ex-Senator Dorsey, charging the late President Garfield with having, during the period between his nomination and election, made bargains of a dishonorable character. The disclosures were exceedingly circumstantial with names and dates, and they caused considerable regret among the late President's friends through the country. The most serious of these charges was that Mr. Jay Gould agreed to subscribe a large sum to the campaign fund, on condition that Mr. Stanley Matthews was nominated for a Supreme Court justiceship. There was, it will be remembered, some surprise caused by the nomination, though no one believed it was the result of a corrupt bargain, until the statement was published in the *Sun*. General Garfield's friends will be glad to learn that Mr. Jay Gould has issued over his own name an emphatic and categorical denial of the story, thus clearing the late President's name of a reproach which ought never to have rested upon it.

The Proposal to Punish the Chiricahua Prisoners, captured by General Crook, is strenuously opposed by that officer. In the course of a communication to the Indian Bureau, General Crook says: "Though the Chiricahua prisoners are doubtless guilty of many and repeated acts of hostility and outrage, both in Mexico and the United States, they are now prisoners, and surrendered with the understanding on their part that their past misdeeds would not be punished, provided they behaved themselves in the future. To attempt now to punish those who are on the San Carlos Reservation as prisoners would be an act of perfidy and bad faith, and would unquestionably not only prevent the return to the agency of the Chiricahuas left in the Sierra Madres, but would precipitate an Indian war, which would be more serious in its results upon the interests of the two countries than any which has preceded it. I believe firmly that an exact acquiescence by our Government in the terms upon which these Indians understood that they are to be allowed to live upon the San Carlos Reservation, offers the only possible means of protecting the lives and interests of the people of Sonora and Chihuahua as well as our own country, and am as firmly convinced that if the present prisoners are treated with good faith, not only will the renegades now in the mountains return, but also that neither country will hereafter have any reason to complain of depredations or outrages from them."

An Earnest Appeal to the Democrats of Ohio, who sympathize with the effort to control the liquor traffic, was made by Senator Sherman in his speech at Findlay on August 24th. He referred to the action of the Liquor Dealers' Convention in organizing political clubs to assist the Democratic party in this campaign, and claimed that Democrats who approve of the Scott law should hold the Temperance question superior to party ties. He said: "If a particular interest can organize for selfish ends to control elections, and avail themselves of the aid of one of the great parties, that party ought to be defeated by the aid of every man who believes in wholesome restraint upon the traffic. No man should hold his party ties so strongly as to allow them to control his vote on questions like these, when good order, temperance, sobriety, and public safety depend upon the exercise by him of an independent franchise. When the Liquor Dealers' Convention says to the Republican party that it will oppose us because we passed what we regard as wise laws, we can only appeal to our Democratic fellow-citizens to make good any loss that we may suffer in this way. Let the people of Ohio once understand that the liquor-dealers have formed a political alliance with any party, however strong, to prevent the passage of wise temperance laws or to secure their repeal, and there will be a popular revulsion against such an unholy alliance."

A State Convention of the Constitution Prohibition party was held at Nashville, Tenn., on August 23d. The delegates pledged themselves not to support any man for office who does not pledge himself to aid in having the question of an amendment to the Constitution of Tennessee submitted to the vote of the people by the next Legislature, with the view of prohibiting the manufacture, importation, or sale of alcoholic stimulants. It is stated in the declaration of principles that "it is not now the purpose or plan of the party to put separate and independent candidates of their own party into the field, except in counties where the parties and the candidates of existing parties will not agree to give the people a chance to vote on the constitutional amendment herein provided for, in which case they will put candidates of their party into the field and support them without regard to former party affiliations."

The American Tract Society has Issued its fifty-eighth annual report. From this document it appears that the circulation of its publications for the year aggregates about 12,346,400 copies of books, tracts and periodicals, and its receipts from sales and grants amount to $249,816.98. About seventy per cent of the whole circulation, it is stated, has been effected by the ordinary facilities of the book trade, and for the support of such distribution no appeal is made to the benevolent. From donations and legacies the society has received during the year $111,951.73, and appropriated to benevolent work $85,651.73. Among the beneficiaries of its benevolent work were sailors, immigrants, inmates of the charitable institutions, missions and mission-schools.

The Death of the Rev. Samuel J. Wilson, D.D., Professor of Ecclesiastical History in the Western Theological Seminary of Allegheny City, occurred on August 17th. He was one of the most popular ministers in the Presbyterian Church in the United States, as highly esteemed by his ministerial brethren as by the students and laymen. He was Moderator of the General Assembly that met at St. Louis in 1874, and was appointed to represent the Presbyterian Church at home and abroad on many important occasions. In 1875 he was appointed by the General Assembly to deliver the discourse on the History of the Church from the time of the Adoption of the Presbyterian Form of Government, one of the series of discourses delivered during the Centennial year. Dr. Wilson was born in Washington County, Pa., in 1828, was graduated at Washington College, Pa., and had been connected with the Western Theological Seminary for twenty-five years.

Apprehensions of an Outbreak of Yellow fever were caused last week by the report of the death of United States Surgeon Owen, at Pensacola, Fla., and two deaths at Woolsey, all from that disease. There was a slight panic at Pensacola, and Lieutenant-Commander Welch telegraphed to the Acting Secretary of the Navy for assistance. Surgeon Guiteras was sent to his aid, and Commander Welch has been authorized to employ physicians and policemen. An inspection of the city resulted in the report that it was healthy, and few houses absolutely unclean. Three cases of yellow fever were, however, reported from the Navy Yard on Saturday.

The General Convention of the Protestant Episcopal Church is to be held in Philadelphia in October next. Preparations are already being made for it. This convention is anticipated with unusual interest, because an effort will be made there to alter the liturgy. The project has frequently been advocated, but has always been opposed on the ground that it may lead to dangerous innovations.

A Little Girl's Prayer that, if People were less hypocritical than they are, would be often offered, is mentioned by the Boston *Commonwealth*. It states that in a family residing at Palmer, Mass., there is a little girl who, having been detected in wrong-doing, was punished by her mother. The effect of the punishment on the child's mind may be inferred from the fact that she made the following prayer when she went to bed at night: "O God, please make me good; not real good, but *just good enough* so I won't have to be whipped." How many older people there are, who have no hatred of sin nor love of holiness, who, while professing to be Christians, never attain eminence or usefulness in the church—because in entering it they seek only safety from punishment (Acts 8 : 24).

A Curious Defence was made by a Prisoner in the Supreme Court of California recently. He was accused of the murder of a man named McIntyre and was brought into court from the jail at St. Quentin to answer. It appeared from his defence that he was serving a life sentence at St. Quentin, to which he had been subjected for murdering a man named Renowden, in Santa Clara County, in March last. He had been tried, convicted and sentenced for Renowden's murder, and he claimed that he was, in consequence, legally and civilly dead, and that, in bringing him up for trial on another charge the authorities have blundered. He claimed that being dead in law for the murder of Renowden he cannot be subject to prosecution on trial for any other crime. The plea is a novel one, but it seems probable that the court will pronounce it valid. The claim of being dead to the law while yet alive is that of the Christian, but in his case it is not his own death that he pleads, but that of his Divine Substitute (Rom. 6 : 11).

Misleading Portraits were Taken out of the Rogues' Gallery in New York last week. Superintendent Walling, of the city police, discovered that among the pictures in the Rogues' Gallery are the portraits of many honest men, taken years ago, and which have since been exhibited as thieves and evildoers. These pictures were placed in the gallery when it was the custom to photograph all persons arrested on suspicion, despite the fact that many of them subsequently proved their innocence. The superintendent has been weeding the gallery of these pictures, and in future none will be placed in it except those of convicts. This will make it a valuable auxiliary in the detection of criminals. It will not, however, make it perfect. There are probably in it some pictures of men wrongfully convicted, and there are many respected members of society whose portraits, if justice were done, would be placed there. But so it must be. The estimates men form of each other are often wrong, and it will be so until the last great day on which all wrongs will be righted (Matt. 13 : 41–43).

A Stage-Driver has been Playing a Practical joke on a Methodist elder. The Rev. John Peate recently told a reporter of the Titusville (Pa.) *Herald* that, while returning from his vacation, which he spent at Nantucket, Mass., to his duties in Pennsylvania, he had been made the victim of a practical joke. A friend of his happened to be at Truro, Mass., so Mr. Peate determined to pay him a visit on his way home. The elder ascertained the nearest railroad station to Truro, and arrived there at eleven o'clock at night. He says: "The gruff stage-driver informed me that Truro was a township, not a village, which left me in a dilemma, afterward solved by asking Jehu to take me to the most populous place in the township. We rumbled along for two hours through the fog and over the sandy roads, bothered by monstrous mosquitoes, chilled by the sea air, and otherwise uncomfortable, when suddenly the stage stopped, and the driver, throwing open the door, said laconically, 'Here's the most populous place.' And it certainly was, for he had landed me at a graveyard which had been in use two hundred years, and contained more tombstones than the town did inhabitants." The elder laughed good-humoredly at the joke, but it was only a poor one. The graveyard is not populous. If men would only realize how unimportant a part of themselves is laid there, they would be more in earnest in providing for the future of the soul than they now are in providing for their mortal bodies (Luke 12 : 20, 21).

A Bible was Used to Cure Delirium Tremens recently. A correspondent of the Boston *Congregationalist* states that a man was attacked while on board a crowded steamboat with the terrible Nemesis of intemperance. He beheld frightful visions, and suffered torture from the belief that devils were struggling to get at him. He raised frenzied cries for help, which rang through the ship and horrified every one. At last he suddenly turned to his attendant, sand *begged piteously for a Bible*. Immediately the inquiry was started for a copy, and one belonging to a passenger was carried to the state-room of the frantic sufferer, and eagerly seized by him. Then, laying it on the bed above his breast, with a wild laugh, he exclaimed: "There, devils! *you are beaten now;* you can't get over that book." A strange calm came over him as he lay protected by the Word of God. The man in his frenzy doubtless used the Bible as he would a fetish, and the belief in its efficacy calmed him by overcoming his belief in the existence of his imaginary assailants. If he had used the Bible as God intended it to be used, he would never have had occasion to use it as a fetish (Ps. 119 : 11).

A Despairing Man Committed Suicide at Corona, L. I., last week by throwing himself under the wheels of the steam cars. It was thought at first that he lost his life in an endeavor to board the train. That opinion, however, was contradicted by a slip of paper found in his pocket. On it the man had written: "I was forty years of age last 16th of June. Being out of employment so long is the reason of my poverty. I am a baker by trade. I leave a good, loving wife, and two dear, good daughters, twelve and sixteen years of age, whom I have left in great need. Because my clothes look shabby you need not take me for a tramp, for I have always been an honest workingman. The bad situations which I have had these last couple of years have ruined me and my family. If there is a God, I will, in the other world, do all the good I can for my family and friends." The last sentence affords the explanation of his sad and wicked end. Had he believed in God and earnestly sought Him, he would have been preserved from despair, for he would have been assured that his trials were permitted for a wise purpose, and would be ended when that purpose was accomplished (Isa. 26 : 3).

A Scheme to Aid Preachers and Public speakers has originated in the fertile brain of a Western inventor. In introducing his project to the public the inventor dwells upon the fact that "every public speaker must bring his audience into rapport with himself before he can impress them with his ideas; preachers encounter so much apathy that it takes all the fire and eloquence of a revivalist to make converts. Now, my invention does away with all this trouble," he says, "by *the use of laughing gas*. You are aware that the effect of inhaling nitrous oxide in a diluted form is mild exhilaration. You can understand, therefore, that if laughing gas could be thinly distributed through the air which an audience breathed, they would be kept in a mental condition to be easily convinced, agitated, or delighted. Thus half the work of winning or entertaining them would be accomplished by mechanical means. The enormousness of the fortune which I can make out of my invention is only equalled by the good which it will accomplish." We may leave the inventor and the public speakers to settle the value of the invention with each other, but preachers must be left out of the calculation. They do not make converts by eloquence nor power of mind, nor by human skill, but by the omnipotent power of the Holy Spirit (1 Cor. 2 : 4, 5),

ON HUMBLING OURSELVES BEFORE GOD.

A New Sermon by Pastor C. H. Spurgeon.

"Humble yourselves therefore under the mighty hand of God, that he may exalt you in due time."—1 Peter 5 : 6.

A Sin Hard to Kill—God Resists it—Especially in His Children—Humility to be Cultivated—I. In Church Life—Undertake Low Offices—Conscious of Incompetence—Willing to be Ignored—Never Arrogant—II. In Affliction—The Idol Generally Broken—Submit Entirely—III. In Daily Dealings with God—The Crucial Test of Little Trials—IV. In Seeking Forgiveness—A Prince among Galley-Slaves.

Pride is so natural to fallen man that it springs up in his heart like weeds in a watered garden, or rushes by a flowing brook. It is an all-pervading sin, and smothers all things like dust in the roads, or flour in the mill. Its every touch is evil as the breath of the cholera-fiend, or the blast of the simoom. Pride is as hard to get rid of as charlock from the furrows, or the American blight from the apple-trees. If killed it revives, if buried it bursts the tomb. You may hunt down this fox, and think you have destroyed it, and lo! your very

EXULTATION IS PRIDE.

None have more pride than those who dream that they have none. You may labor against vainglory till you conceive that you are humble, and the fond conceit of your humility will prove to be pride in full bloom. It apes humility full well, and is then most truly pride. Pride is a sin with a thousand lives; it seems impossible to kill it, it flourishes on that which should be its poison, glorying in its shame. It is a sin with a thousand shapes; by perpetual change it escapes capture. It seems impossible to hold it; *the vapory imp* slips from you, only to appear in another form and mock your fruitless pursuit. To die to pride and self one would need to die himself.

Let pride lodge where it may, it does its entertainer great mischief, for it bars out the favor of God, "God resisteth the proud." It must be sent adrift ere God can visit us with favor, for no grace comes to the proud, "but He giveth grace unto the humble." Humility is the grace that attracts more grace. As money makes money, so humility increases humility, and with it every other spiritual gift. If you would have much grace have much humility. God hath assistance for the humble, but resistance for the proud.

The more pride enters into the Christian's heart the less grace will enter there, and the more opposition from God will come there; for pride is never so hateful to God as when He sees it in His own people. If you see disease in a stranger you are very sorry, but if you discover its symptoms in your own child your grief is much more deep. A viper is loathsome anywhere; but how it would make you start if you saw the head of one of those creatures peeping out from the bosom of a beloved friend! So pride is detestable anywhere, but it is worst in those whom the Lord loves best.

All this I have given by way of preface, but I think it is also an argument which may run before the words of the text, and strengthen them, "Humble yourselves *therefore* under the mighty hand of God."

I. First, our text is evidently intended to bear upon us in our

CHURCH LIFE.

We will use it in that respect. Observe that Peter has been speaking to the elders, and telling them how they should behave themselves in the flock over which they are set as overseers. Then he speaks to the younger members, and he says, "Submit yourselves unto the elder." He says to all church-members, "All of you be subject one to another, and be clothed with humility;" and it is in the same context that he writes, "Humble yourselves therefore under the mighty hand of God." I am, as a member of a church, not to seek honor to myself, but I am to walk humbly. I am not to

make it in any respect the object of my Christian life to be esteemed among my fellow-Christians so as to have influence over them, and to take the lead among them. I am to have far humbler motives than that. I am to think very little of myself, and to think so much of others that I admire all that I see of God's grace in them, and am glad to learn from them as well as to help them in their progress to heaven.

Now, true humility in our church relationship will show itself in our *being willing to undertake the very lowest offices for Christ.* Some cannot do little things; they must be ordained to great offices, or they will sulk in indolence. Genuine humility makes a man think it a great honor to be a doorkeeper in the house of God, or to be allowed to speak a word to a little child about Jesus, or even to wash the saints' feet.

The next point of humility is, that *we are conscious of our own incompetence to do anything aright.* He who can do all things without Christ will end in doing nothing. The man who *can* preach without divine aid cannot preach at all. The woman who *can* teach a Bible-class cannot teach a Bible-class. Human ability without the grace of God is only puffed-up inability. Those of you who, apart from supernatural help, feel quite sufficient for any kind of holy service are miserably deluded. Self-sufficiency is inefficiency. The fulness of self is a double emptiness. He that has no sense of his weakness has a weakness in his sense. I believe, brethren and sisters, that any man whom God uses for a great purpose will be so emptied out that he will wonder that ever God uses him in the least degree; and he will be ready to hide his head, and long to get out of public notice, because he will feel himself to be utterly unworthy of the favor which God manifests toward him. I do not believe that God ever fills a cup which was not empty; or that He ever fills a man's mouth with His word while that man has his mouth full of his own words. Humble yourselves *therefore* under the mighty hand of God; if you desire that the Holy Spirit should bless you, be purged from your own spirit.

This humility will show itself, next, in this—*that we shall be*

WILLING TO BE IGNORED

of men. There is a craving in the heart of many to have what they do written upon tablets, and set up in the market-places. I once heard a professing Christian complain bitterly that he had been ignored. He had been a Sunday-school teacher for years, and yet he had never been publicly mentioned by any one. Did he make that a complaint? He might far rather have rejoiced in his quietude. The fierce light of public notoriety is not much valued by those upon whom it falls. I wish some people would ignore *me*—at least, all next week, so much at least as not to call to see me, or write me a letter, or name me in the papers. I would be happy as all the birds in the air to be ignored, if I might be let alone, and allowed peacefully to work for God with His sweet smile to cheer me in my loneliness.

O brothers, do not let us care about its being known that we have done our part. Let it be done as to God, and in God's sight; and then, as to what our fellow-mortals shall say, let us have scant concern; for, if we live on human praise, we shall grow not only proud, but vain, which, if it be not more wicked, is certainly more silly. Serve God, and do not wish to have a trumpet blown before you. Never cry with Jehu, "*Come, see my zeal* for the Lord of hosts." Go on serving God year after year, though you be altogether unknown, feeling it quite sufficient that you have by the grace of God served your generation and honored your Redeemer. This would be a great attainment in our church life if we could reach to it.

Brethren, we want humility, all of us, in our church life, in the sense of *never being rough*, haughty, arrogant, hard, domineering, lordly; or, on the other hand, factious, unruly, quarrelsome, and unreasonable. We should endeavor to think very carefully of those who are poorest, for fear we should hurt their feelings; and very noticeably of those who are obscure, lest we should seem to despise them. It is ours never to take offence, and to be most cautious never to cause it even by inadvertence. He that is set as a leader in the church of God, let him be the person that is most ready to bear blame, and least ready to give offence; let him say, "You may think what you please of me, but I shall lay myself out to do you good, and to be your servant for Christ's sake." Even for your own sake it will be wise to occupy a humble place, for in the vales the streams of peace are flowing. The mountains are the playground of the storm, but in the quiet villages the dove finds her shelter. If you would escape from ill-will, and live peaceably with all men, practise the maxims of an influential man, who, when asked after the Revolution how he managed to escape the executioner's axe, replied, "I made myself of no reputation, and kept silence."

I am speaking to a number of young men who have begun to speak for Jesus Christ in the church; let me earnestly entreat them to take great notice of my text, "Humble yourselves under the mighty hand of God." Recollect, you cannot do any good except "the mighty hand of God" be with you; therefore be humble, and look to that hand for all success. If you are satisfied, young brother, to stand in the corner of the street and talk about Jesus Christ to a few rough folk, you shall find hundreds of hearers by-and-by. If you are willing to be nothing, God will make something of you. The way to the top of the ladder is to begin at the lowest round. In fact, in the church of God, the way up is to go down; but he that is ambitious to be at the top will find himself before long at the bottom.

II. And now, secondly, I will use the text in quite another way—in reference to our behavior

IN OUR AFFLICTIONS.

Certain of us are never long together without affliction and trial; like salamanders, we live in the flame, passing from fire to fire. As by a succession of shafts we descend into the heart of the earth, going down from woe to woe; we had need learn *the way of these dark places.* Frequently our heavenly Father's design in sending trial to His children is to make and keep them humble; let us remember this, and learn a lesson of wisdom. The advice of Peter is that we should humble ourselves.

Many people have been often humbled, and yet they have not become humble. There is a great difference between the two things. If God withdraws His grace and allows a Christian man to fall into sin, that fall humbles him in the esteem of all good men; and yet he may not be humble. He may never have a true sense of how evil his action has been; he may still persevere in his lofty spirit, and be far from humility. When this is the case the haughty spirit may expect a downfall. The rod will make blue wounds when pride abates not at gentler blows. The most hopeful way of avoiding the humbling affliction is to humble yourself.

And do this, first, by *noticing whether you have been guilty of any special sin of pride.* You are suffering; let the rod point out to you wherein you have erred through pride. I believe that David was afflicted in his children because he had been proud of his children, and had indulged them. *When there is*

A BREAKAGE IN THE HOUSE,

it is generally the idol that is broken. Usually our sins lie at the roots of our sorrows. If we will repent of the sin, the Lord will remove the sorrow. Have you been tried in your worldly possessions? Were you ever puffed up by them? Is your health failing? Did you never glory in your bodily strength? Are you deceived? Were you never boastful of your own wisdom? Are you mourning over a failure in character? Did you not once dream that you were past temptation? Look into your affliction till you see, as in a glass, what was the thing you were proud of, and then take the idol down from its pedestal, humble yourself before God, and henceforth worship Him alone.

But, more than that, humble yourself so as to *submit entirely to God's will.* Yield up your will so as to have *no suit-in-law against the Lord*, no difference as to His goodness, not even if the evil you dread should actually come, and come in the worst form. Submit to the Lord's will as the rush bends to the wind, or as the wax yields to the seal. Pray against the calamity which moves you to fear, but let your petition always end with "Nevertheless, not as I will, but as thou wilt." Ask that you may not be obliged to drink the bitter draught, but do not upset the cup, or push it away. There let it stand, while you for the moment supplicate for its removal; and when there comes no answer to your prayer, then take it up meekly, put it to your lips resolutely, and drink right on, even as your Master drank His cup and drained it to the dregs.

Dear friend, what can be the use of striving against the hand of the Lord? It is a mighty hand; we cannot resist it, even if we are wicked enough to attempt rebellion. If affliction is to come it will come, and come with all the greater sharpness because we refuse to yield. If God appoints a trial, we cannot escape it. What can be the use of our striving against divine decrees? It will only make our sorrow the more severe. When the ox kicks out against the goad the iron enters the deeper into its flesh; but when the bullock hastens on its way, sensitive to the least touch, the driver scarcely urges it again. The tender, sensitive horse scarcely receives a stroke from the whip; he feels it too much; but *the mule that will not move* is struck again and again for his obstinacy. So will it be with us. A rebellious heart comes out of affliction worse rather than better. Submit, and you shall be so exalted by your affliction that you shall bless God for it, and feel that you would not have missed the trouble for ten thousand pounds if you could have done so. Heavy tribulation shall bring with it unspeakable preferment. You shall be exalted to a higher degree in *the peerage of Christianity* by battling with adversities. Therefore, I pray you, humble yourselves under the hand of God.

III. Thirdly, I am going to use the text in another way.

IN OUR DAILY DEALINGS

with God, whether in affliction or not, let us humble ourselves under His hand, for so only can we hope to be exalted.

It is a blessed thing whenever you come to God to come wondering that you are allowed to come, wondering that you have been led to come; marvelling at divine election, that the Lord should ever have chosen you to come; wondering at divine redemption, astonished that such a price should have been paid that you might be brought nigh to God. When you are doing this be very humble before God, because you have not made more improvement of the grace that He has given you. Next, humble yourself, dear brother, under the hand of God by feeling your own want of knowledge whenever you come to God. Do not think that you understand all divinity. There is only one body of divinity, and that is Christ Himself; and who knoweth Him to the full? When even His love, which is the plainest point about him, passeth knowledge, who shall know Christ in all His fulness? Come before God to be instructed in the knowledge of your God and Saviour. Do not think that you understand providence, for I am sure that none of us do.

One point concerning which I should like every one of us to humble ourselves under the hand of God is about our little enjoyment of divine things. The elder brother in the parable said, "Lo, these many years do I serve thee, neither transgressed I at any time thy commandment; and yet thou never gavest me a kid, that I might make merry with my friends." So have I known certain sincere Christian men fall into a horribly legal state of mind. They have always been very regular in their living, constant in

their religious observances, and persevering in their prayers, and yet they have never had much joy; but they see a poor soul, just saved from sin, full of delight, and they envy him, and cry out, "Why is a fuss made over such a sinner, when I have been all these years a Christian, and my brethren have never made any rejoicing over me? There is no music and dancing about me! Thou never gavest me a kid that I might make merry with my friends."

I do not know how we could make a fuss over some of

THE ELDER BROTHERS;

they would not bear it, they would be angry, and inquire, in hard and surly tones, what these things meant. Music and dancing are things too trivial for their solid souls. They stand outside and grumble, and we cannot warm them into a revival spirit. They are freezing outside the door of our happy home. Must they always stand there? How divinely sweet was the father's answer to that naughty elder brother! He said to him, "Son, thou art ever with me, and all that I have is thine." That is to say, "You live in my house. You are with me as my own dear son. Everything I have is yours by heirship. Your brother had his portion, and he spent it, but all that remains to me is yours." Hence his short commons had been of his own appointing. If he had not made merry with his friends it was his own fault.

Is it not much the same with us if we have been dull and melancholy; I mean those of us who are believers? Are not all things ours? Come, let us humble ourselves under the hand of God, because we have not made merry with our friends. *You growling Christians*—if you growl it is because you *will* growl; there is nothing to murmur at. You who never have a happy day, who never have any of the fervors and enthusiasms of young beginners; whose fault is that? It is your own. You might have anything in the Father's house. You have a right to rare music and dancing, for you are ever with God, and all that He has is yours. It is meet that we should make merry and be glad; and if we are dull at the business of holy merry-making, let us humble ourselves under the hand of God because of our despondencies and mistrusts. O my soul, if thy ceilings are painted with black instead of vermilion, blame thyself alone, and not thy God.

I am sure, dear friends, if any of us will go over our daily lives we shall find plenty of reasons for humbling ourselves under the hand of God. It is really dreadful how a man can serve God nobly and do great things, and yet in a certain matter he may fail sadly.

A GRAND OLD PROPHET

is that Jonah, going through the streets of Nineveh, and bravely delivering the Lord's warning. Whoever did the like? "Yet forty days and Nineveh shall be overthrown" is the word which he hurls into the face of princes. Grand man! One, yet a conqueror of myriads! Yes! But look at him a day or two after! Call that a grand man, sitting there crying because the cucumber that grew up over his head is withered! fretting because a worm has devoured a gourd! He is angry, and he says that he does well to be angry about a bower of melon-leaves. Dear me, that a man can be so great in noble things and so little in a trifling matter!

How many have like cause to be humble before God! Observe that good man: he bore the loss of his property with holy resignation, but he lost his temper because a button was gone from his linen. Such a thing has often happened. Do I put it so that you smile at it? It would be better to weep over it. As you think about yourselves, my brethren, recollect the causes that you have to be humble under the hand of God because of the gross weakness by which you have shown the natural depravity of your heart, and the faultiness of your nature.

IV. I finish by using my text with all the earnestness my soul can feel in reference to the unconverted part of this audience

IN SEEKING FORGIVENESS

as sinners.

The text was not originally meant for the ungodly, but it may fitly be applied to them. If you would find grace in God's sight and live, dear unconverted hearers, you must humble yourselves under the mighty hand of God. So you want to be saved, do you? The way of salvation is, "Believe in the Lord Jesus Christ." "But," you say, "I cannot understand it." Yet it is very simple; no hidden meaning lies in the words; you are simply bidden to trust Jesus. If, however, you feel as if you could not do that, let me urge you to go to God in secret and own the sin of this unbelief; for a great sin it is. Humble yourself. Do not try to make out that you are good. That will be fatal, for it will be a falsehood which will shut the gate of grace. Confess that you are guilty. When a man is clearly and manifestly guilty, it is of no use his standing before the judge and beginning to urge his own merit; his best course is to cast himself upon the mercy of the court. It is *your* only course, dear soul, the only one that can avail you.

Then, next, accept God's mercy in His own way. Do not be so vain as to dictate to God how you ought to be saved. Be willing to be saved by free grace through the blood of Jesus Christ; for that is God's way. Be willing to be saved by faith in Jesus Christ, for that also is God's way. If your unbelief begins to ask, "How can it be, and why should it be?" cease from such questions. Humble yourself and say, "God says it is so, and therefore it must be so;" if God says, "Believe, and be saved," I will believe and be saved; and if He says, "Trust Christ, and live," I will trust Christ and live.

If a man had forfeited his life, but should be told by the court that he shall have pardon freely given to him if he will freely accept it—he would be a fool if he began to inquire, "But is this according to law? Is this according to precedent? What may be the effect of this pardon?" and so on. These inquiries are for the court, not for the prisoner. My dear man, you do not want to hang yourself, do you? Yet some men argue against their own souls, and labor to find out reasons why they should not be saved. If this perverse ingenuity could but be taught right reason, and men would strive to find out why they should at once yield themselves to God's way of salvation, they might enter into comfort and rest much sooner.

Did I hear you say, "Alas, sir, I want to get comfort." Cease from that. Do not ask for comfort; ask for forgiveness, and that blessing may come through your greater discomfort. Sink lower down! Sink lower down! There is a point at which God will surely accept you, and that point is lower down. "Oh," you say, "I think I have a due sense of sin." That will not do. I want you to feel that you have *not* a due sense of sin, and come to Jesus just so. "Oh, but I do think that I have been broken-hearted." I should like to see you lower than that, till you cry, "I am afraid I never knew what it is to be brokenhearted." I want you to sink so low that you cannot say anything good of yourself; nay, nor see an atom of goodness in yourself.

A PRINCE AMONG GALLEY SLAVES.

Many years ago a certain prince visited the Spanish galleys, where a large number of convicts were confined, chained to their oars to toil on without relief—I think nearly all of them condemned to a life sentence. Being a great prince, the King of Spain told him that he might in honor of his visit set free any one of the galley-slaves he chose. He went down among them to choose his man. He said to one, "Man, how did you come here?" He replied that false witnesses swore away his character. "Ah!" said the prince and passed on. He went to the next, who stated that he had done something that was wrong, certainly, but not very much, and that he never ought to have been condemned. "Ah!" said the prince, and again passed on. He went the round, and found that they were all good fellows—all convicted by mistake.

At last he came to one who said, "You ask me why I came here. I am ashamed to say that I richly deserve it. I am guilty, I cannot for a moment say that I am not; and if I die at this oar, I thoroughly deserve the punishment. In fact, I think it a mercy that my life is spared me." The prince stopped and said, "It is a pity that such a bad fellow as you should be placed among such a number of innocent people. *I will set you free.*" You smile at that; but let me make you smile again. My Lord Jesus Christ has come here at this time to set somebody free. He has come here at this time to pardon somebody's sins. You that have no sins shall have no pardon. You good people shall die in your sins. But, oh, you guilty ones, who humble yourselves under the hand of God, my Master thinks that it is a pity that you should be among these self-righteous people. So come right away, and trust your Saviour, and obtain life eternal through His precious blood; and to Him shall be glory forever and ever. Amen.

[PORTION OF SCRIPTURE READ BEFORE SERMON—1 Peter 4.]

THE REV. JACOB FRESHMAN,

Missionary to the Jews in New York.

REFERENCE to Mr. Freshman and his work among the Jews of New York has on several occasions been made in our remarks on Current Events. We now have pleasure in giving, on page 556, a portrait of Mr. Freshman.

He was born in Hungary on April 14th, 1844, and is, therefore, now in the thirty-ninth year of his age. His father, the late Dr. Freshman, was at one time the Rabbi of the Jewish Synagogue at Quebec, in Canada, a position to which he was transferred when his son Jacob was about twelve years of age. By a series of extraordinary providences he was led to embrace Christ as the true Messiah, and became a minister of the Gospel he previously despised, as the work of "the Nazarene."

His son Jacob, when a youth, was of a serious turn of mind, and of a studious disposition. At the age of thirteen he was confirmed, according to Jewish precedent, in the Synagogue at Quebec, his father being the officiating Rabbi. But when the Rabbi became a Christian, his most strenuous efforts were directed to leading the members of his household to become disciples of "Him of whom Moses in the law and the prophets did write." At first he encountered very serious opposition, but in the end the grace of God triumphed, and transformed opponents into sincere disciples and followers of Christ.

One of the first members of the family to follow in his father's footsteps was the lad Jacob, for, having diligently perused the Old Testament Scriptures, the Holy Spirit made him see clearly that Jesus is truly the Son of God. Subsequently he attended the evangelical preaching of the Rev. J. Elliott at the Wesleyan Church in Quebec, and it was through his instrumentality that he was led to see himself as a sinner. For a considerable time his experiences were most painful, and the future seemed to him without a ray of hope. One evening a friend was trying to point the young man to the Lamb of God, and invited him to a prayer-meeting, and it was then that he was able to throw himself upon the mercy of God in Christ. He felt the burden of his sin roll away, and he rejoiced in believing.

A love for the souls of the unsaved around him now filled Mr. Freshman with an intense enthusiasm. His first efforts were in the Sunday-school, but his qualifications clearly indicated that God had fitted and intended him for service in a wider field, and he was urged by his father to stand up in his pulpit at Hamilton, where Dr. Freshman was then located, to preach the Gospel. One day Dr. Freshman received a telegram from Montreal, summoning him to a missionary breakfast. His compliance necessitated his absence from home on the Sunday, and it was suggested to him that his son,

Rev. Jacob Freshman, Jewish Evangelist, of New York.

A Lady Saved from a Burning House by a Befriended Boy.

Jacob, might perhaps occupy his pulpit on that day. "It is true," says the good Doctor, "he was only eighteen years of age; but I knew he had a mind equal to the emergency, notwithstanding his youth. When I mentioned the subject to him he thought I was beside myself. I continued to urge him until near midnight, and in a few hours I was to start on my journey. At length he reluctantly consented." Although he had been unable to make any preparation, the young man's ministrations gave gratification to the people, and were followed by the blessing of God.

He was afterward appointed a local preacher by the Rev. Dr. Rice, and at a later period entered the ministry, in which his experience has been very varied. He is now a minister in good standing of the Montreal Conference of the Methodist Church in Canada, but he has given up his ministerial charge to serve his brethren "according to the flesh," casting himself entirely upon the care of God. For more than twelve months he has been prosecuting his laudable mission among the Jews in New York, with a promising measure of success.

Mr. Freshman has travelled extensively and lectured with success on "The Manners and Customs of the Jewish People." A Hebrew-Christian Congregation has been organized by him in New York; preaching services and prayer-meetings are regularly held, and a number of conversions have taken place. The Gospel services have hitherto been held in Mr. Freshman's own house, 25 Seventh Street, but he is now endeavoring to raise funds for the extension of the work by erecting a Mission House in the city, at an estimated cost of $20,000, toward which the late Hon. W. E. Dodge contributed $1000, and Mr. Samuel Morley, M.P., has given $500. As a means of raising the fund for the mission Mr. Freshman is now engaged in a lecturing tour in Europe, where he is meeting with much success.

A LADY RESCUED FROM A BURNING HOUSE BY A BEFRIENDED BOY.

(*See Illustration.*)

Ragged, dirty, ugly. He had fallen in the muddy gutter; his hands and face were black, his mouth wide open, and sending forth sounds not the most musical. A rough hand lifted him up, and placed him against the wall. There he stood, his tears making little gutters down his begrimed cheeks. Men as they passed laughed at him, not caring for a moment to stop and inquire if he was really hurt. Boys halted a minute to jeer and load him with their insults. Poor boy! he hadn't a friend in the world that he knew of. Certainly he did not deserve one; but if none but the deserving had friends, how many would be friendless!

A lady is passing; her kindliness of heart prompts her to stay and say a word to the boys who are joking their companion, and laughing at his sorrow. Then she looks fixedly at the dirty, crouching lad against the wall. "Why, John, is it you?"

He removes one black fist from his eye and looks up. He recognizes her She has taught him at the ragged-school about the love of Jesus.

"Oh, ma'am, I'm so bad!"

She has him examined, then taken to the hospital. Afterward she visits him kindly and frequently.

Three years pass by.

There is a fire one night. A dwelling-house is in flames. The engines have not yet arrived. The inmates cannot be rescued. A boy has looked on. Suddenly he shouts, "Oh, she lives here!" Then he climbs up the heated, falling stairs. He fights against the suffocating smoke. He hunts about till he finds what he seeks. She has fainted—is dying perhaps. No! he will save her. Five minutes of agonizing suspense, and she is safe in the cool air.

The bystanders are struck with the intrepidity of the boy. He only walks away, muttering, "She didn't turn away from me when I was hurt."

O friends, the stone looks very rough at first sight, but it may be a diamond!

GEORGE GORDON'S STORY.

(*See Illustration.*)

A happy family circle surrounded the table in the dining-room of a Western farmer's home. The work of the day was finished, and six strong, healthy children, whose ages varied from seventeen to seven, were gathered at the evening meal. The appearance of the homestead within and without betokened prosperity and solid, substantial comfort.

The family at the supper-table seemed just such a family as one would expect to see in such a home. George Gordon, a man of about forty-five years, sat at the head of the table, a strong, well-built man, whose face told of exposure to sun and wind, but whose sparkling eye spoke of a heart soft enough yet and a disposition genial and kindly. His wife, a few years younger than her husband, was one of those large, blue-eyed, auburn-haired women, whose beauty never seems to arrive at maturity until they reach middle life and are surrounded by a troop of children. George Gordon could not have told her that she resembled a Madonna by one of the old masters; he never saw a Madonna, but if he had been asked what he thought of his wife, he would have said that King Lemuel's mother must have known just such a woman when she taught her son "the prophecy," which forms the thirty-first chapter of the book of Proverbs.

"Robert," said Helen, a full-grown girl of seventeen, the eldest of the family and the image of her mother, addressing her brother, a boy of fifteen, "I wish you had been at home this morning when the party of English tourists called. You ought to have seen a real live lord for once. There was a duke and his son, whom they said was a marquis, and there was an earl and ever so many great folks, just like you read in the old books of father's. They looked so grand and distinguished, I could fancy them wearing coronets and ermine robes. Of course they were not wearing them out here; they wore just ordinary clothes, but I suppose they wear their fancy robes at home. I wish you could have seen them. They stayed ever so long—while their horses were fed—and they talked quite sociably and pleasantly about the garden and the crops."

"I'm not a bit sorry I was away," Robert answered; "I would not give a button to see a lord. I've heard enough about them. I hate 'em."

"O Robert, don't say that," said his mother; "you have no reason to hate them, they never did you any harm."

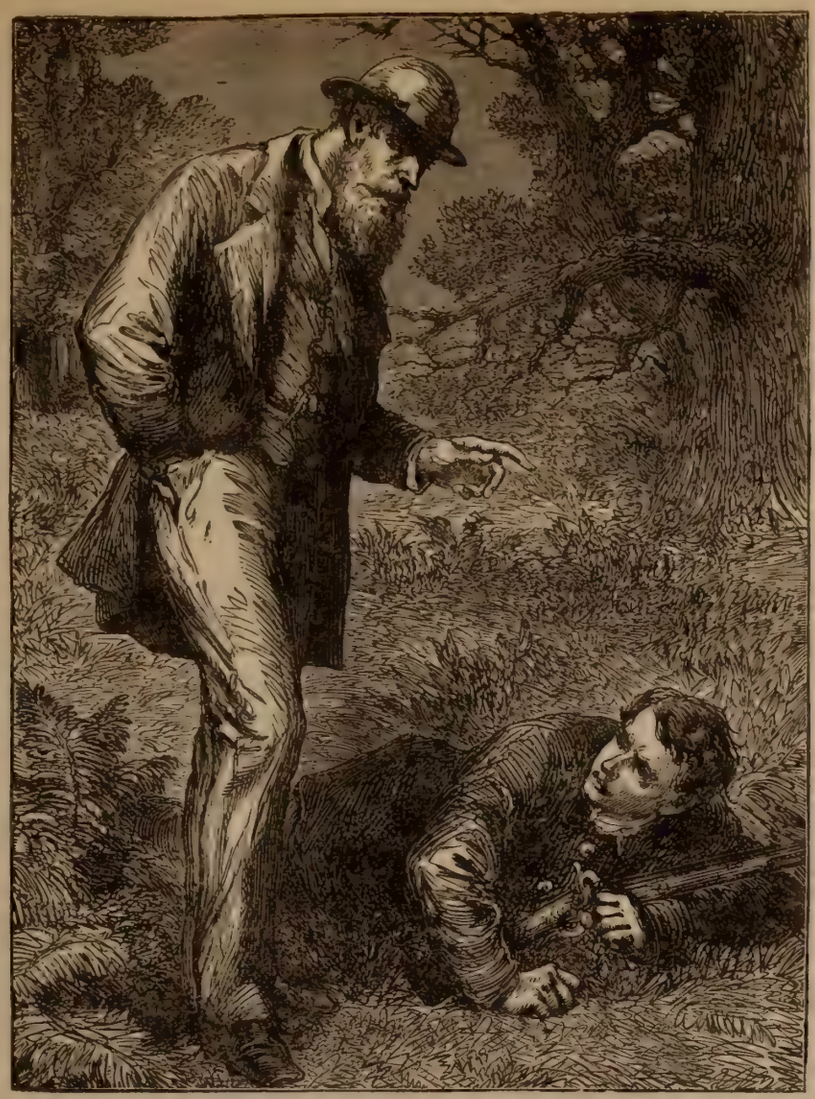
"That's so, mother," he said, "but if they do harm to other folks, it's right to hate them just as I hate a snake, though it never struck me. I have heard plenty about English lords from O'Flaherty, and I don't like the breed. He says some of them have estates so big that they can walk above fifteen miles in a straight line without going off their own ground, and they just let great tracts lie wild for the hares and rabbits and pheasants to breed in, and thousands of acres are in their parks, and no crops grow on them, while poor creatures all around them are starving; and if any poor fellow snares a hare or knocks a pheasant over, he is clapped in jail and kept there for years. I don't like such selfish ways, and I say again I hate 'em, and it's right to do it."

"The lords who were here this morning," Helen said, "didn't look bad men, Robert, I

don't think they are cruel and oppressive. You must not believe all that Irishman tells you."

"Oh, they are all alike. They don't show in their true colors here, I dare say. You ought to see them among their poor dependents at home to understand what they are. But they had better make the best of their time; it is short. Some day the wretched, starving people will make them give up all the land that lies waste now, and they'll sow corn on it for the poor to eat. What do you say, father? You have lived among 'em, and you know whether they are a bad lot or not."

George Gordon had sat silent while this discussion was going on; he was listening, but seemed disinclined to say anything until Robert directly appealed to him. "Well, my boy," he said then, "I guess the candidate who came here when he was running for Congress was about right when he said I did not know anything about political and social economy. I don't. I never had much of an education, and these problems are too much for me. It don't seem right that these men should have such big estates that they don't cultivate, while their neighbors have no land and are starving; but if any man comes to me, and says somebody must be stripped of the land they honestly own, then I say no. I am against that; it isn't honest. I'm a law-abiding man, I am. Robbery is wrong, and no arguments can make it right. Things aren't just as they should be in the world, for one man to have so much and another nothing at all, but we can't make a wrong right by doing another wrong and calling it justice. But I can't argue about such things. I can't see my way. But I'll tell you a little story, if you like, about a lord, that happened in England when I was there."



A Crisis in George Gordon's Life.

"The events of this story," the farmer began, "happened in a village that was all the property of Lord Templeton, and close to it were his preserves full of game. The lord had been away from this property, living in Italy and Austria and other countries for twenty years, ever since he was thirty years old. Scarcely any one remembered him in the village except Mr. Lattimer, who kept the village inn and who had once been his butler.

"All the boys and men in the village knew Lattimer well, much too well; for with him the majority of the male part of the village spent their time and their few poor pence. There were some political economists among them, like Robert's friend O'Flaherty, who had schemes for setting the world right, and they would talk of the hard lot of the farm laborers and of the fine times Lord Templeton was having, till the men began to feel that somehow Lord Templeton was keeping them out of their rights and to have a grudge against him.

"One young man, who was considered rather a smart young fellow about a farm, was very much affected. He became discontented, disliked his work, had no heart in it, and finally was discharged by his employer for laziness.

"He began living by killing the game on Lord Templeton's land and selling it to game-dealers in the nearest town. He used to lay snares generally, but sometimes, when he knew the keepers would be at a distance, he would venture a shot or two.

"One day he knew this would occur, and he sauntered off to the preserve with his gun unscrewed and its parts concealed about his person. He was pretty successful, and was congratulating himself, when he heard a footstep, and saw a man, tall and well-dressed, passing. He knew all the keepers, so was sure this was not one, but was probably some passing stranger who had no business to interfere. He lay down among the fern, however, ready for another shot. But the stranger stopped and deliberately walked to the place where he lay, and demanded to know what he was doing. The young poacher partially raised himself, and insolently told the stranger to mind his own business. 'This is my business,' was the reply, '*I am Lord Templeton.* You did not know I had returned.' The young man dropped his gun in terror. He had been caught in the very act, and Lord Templeton had only to say what he had seen to insure the poacher a term of imprisonment. 'How came you to take to so bad a business as this?' Lord Templeton asked. Then the young fellow began talking about the rights of man, the injustice of the great and wealthy, and the miseries of the poor. 'Ah!' said Lord Templeton, 'you have been at Lattimer's a little too much, I see. Now, if you had a chance to better yourself would you use it wisely?' 'That I would,' was the answer. 'Well, prove it, young man, by doing a year's steady work. If I hear in a year's time that you have done it, you shall have your chance.'

"The village soon saw the change in him, and approved, but thought keeping away from Lattimer's was carrying the point a little too far. But a pair of bright eyes, that the young fellow thought the most beautiful in all the world, shone brightly on him now, that had been full of tears very often as he stumbled down Lattimer's steps at closing time.

"The year passed away more pleasantly than the reformed poacher expected, and he worked very well without the beer. At the end of the year, twelve months to the day since Lord Templeton had caught him among the ferns, a footman in livery came to the cottage where he lived, with a message that his lordship would be glad to speak to him. He went to the Hall with a different feeling from the one he had when he entered it a year before. The interview was very satisfactory, too, for he came away with a beaming face. A month later the reformed poacher and the owner of the bright eyes were married, and sailed for America with money in hand to buy a farm of their own."

"Is that all, father?" said Robert. "Did he keep steady, did he get on?"

"Did he make a good husband?" inquired Helen.

"Ah!" said the farmer, "now I must stop. He had the best of wives, that I know, but as to himself, ask your mother, my dear, ask your mother."

But mother was crying silently, though apparently not very sorrowfully, for she rose, and throwing her arms around her husband's neck she kissed him tenderly, and then turned and smiled through her tears.

"Why, children," she said, "didn't you know? Father's been telling you his own story. The best father and husband that ever lived, but he won't join you, Robert, in hating the lords. One of them who might have made a convict of him, made a man of him instead."

"It is time for prayers now, my dears," said the farmer, his voice a little husky with a suspicion of tears in it. "Get me the Bible, Helen." Then he read of a heavenly home reserved for those who through Christ obtain mercy and the forgiveness of sins, and prayed that as he in the crisis of his life had profited by the mercy extended to him by human hands, so might all his dear ones accept that greater mercy won by Christ's sacrifice, and the happy home in which they were then gathered might be only a foretaste of that home in heaven, of which he had been reading, where they might all go, through the merits of the Saviour.

MRS. CHANTREY'S SECRET.

A SERIAL STORY.

(*Continued from page* 543.)

Leaving Home.

THE death of Richard Holland might have had a salutary effect upon Sophy Chantrey, if it had not been for the shock of learning how deeply she had disgraced herself and her husband in the sight of his people. She felt that she could never again face those who had seen her on that Sunday morning. She shut herself up in her room, refusing to admit any one, except the servant who waited upon her, and steadily set herself against any communication with the world outside. Even her husband she would hardly speak to; and her child she would not see.

The strain and stress of her remorse was more

than she could bear. Before the week was gone, she had fled for forgetfulness to *the vice which bound her* in so heavy a chain. All the cunning of her nature, so strangely perverted, was put into action to procure a supply of the stimulants she craved; and she escaped from her misery for a little while by losing herself in suicidal lethargy and stupefaction.

Mr. Chantrey himself felt it to be impossible to meet the gaze of his usual congregation; he shrank even from walking through the streets of his own town, while his shame was fresh upon him. He exchanged duties with fellow-clergymen, and so evaded the immediate difficulty. But he knew that this could not go on for long. He could not conscientiously retain a position such as he held, if he had not the moral and mental strength necessary for the discharge of its obligations. Strength of all kinds seemed to fail him. His physical vitality was low; the health he had gained in Madeira had been too severely taxed since his return.

He had fought bravely against the mental feebleness that was creeping gradually over him with a paralyzing languor; but he knew he could not bear the conflict much longer. Everything was telling against him. He would fain have proved to his people that a man can live out a noble, useful, Christ-like life, under crushing sorrows, and shame that was worse than sorrow. But it was not in him to do it. He found himself feeble and crippled, in the very thick of life's battle; and it appeared to him that his position as rector of the parish rendered his feebleness tenfold disastrous.

But this decay of power came slowly, though surely. By the close of his second winter in England he felt within himself that he must quit his country again, if he wished to live only a few years longer. There had been no bright sunny spot of gladness for him, no gleam of hope throughout the whole winter. He had been compelled to send his boy away again to school, to shield him from seeing the disgrace of his mother. His friends had almost ceased to come to his house, and he had no heart to go to theirs. It was only now and then that he accepted his aunt's invitations to dine alone with her.

"Aunt," he said one evening, when they two were alone together in her fantastic drawing-room, "I have resigned my living."

"Resigned your living!" she repeated in utter amazement, "resigned Upton Rectory!"

She could hardly pronounce the words; and she gazed at him with an air of bewilderment which brought a smile to his careworn face.

"Yes," he answered, "life has grown intolerable to me here."

"And what do you mean to do?" she asked.

"I am going out to my friend Warden," he replied, "who has a charge in New Zealand; he promises me a curacy under him, if I can get nothing better. But I am sure of a charge of my own very soon."

"A curate to Warden! a curate in New Zealand!" ejaculated Mrs. Bolton. "David, are you mad?"

"Not mad, but in most sober sadness," he said. "Life is impossible to me here, and under my circumstances; and I wish to live a few years longer for Sophy's sake, and my boy's. New Zealand is the very place for me."

"But you can go away again for a year or two," said his aunt, "and come back when your health is restored. The bishop will give you permission readily. You must not give up your living because your health fails."

"The bishop has my resignation, and my reasons for it," answered Mr. Chantrey, "and he has accepted it kindly and regretfully, he says; but he fully approves of it. All there is to be done now is to sell our household goods, and sail for a new home, in a new world."

"And Sophy?" gasped Mrs. Bolton; "what do you mean to do with her? Where shall you leave her?"

"She must come with me," he said; "I shall never leave her again. It will be a new chance for her; and with God's help she may yet conquer. Even if she cannot, it will be easier for me to bear my burden among strangers than here, where every one knows all about us. A missionary curate in New Zealand will be a very different personage from the rector of Upton."

He looked at his aunt with a smile, and an expression of hope, such as had not lit up his gray face for many a month. This new life opening before him, with all its social disadvantages, and many privations, would give his wife such an opportunity for recovery as the conventionalities of society at home could not furnish. Hope had visited him again, and he cherished it as a most welcome visitant.

"Good heavens!" cried Mrs. Bolton, lost in astonishment, "David, you must not throw yourself away in this manner! I will see the bishop myself, and recall to his memory his old friendship for the archdeacon. He cannot have promised the living yet to any one. What would become of me, here in Upton, settled as I am, with a stranger in the rectory? Why did you not ask my advice before taking such a rash step?"

"Because I should not have followed your advice," he answered. "I settled the whole matter in my own mind before I broached it even to Warden. It is the only chance for us both. I am a broken, defeated man."

"O my boy!" she exclaimed, with tears in her eyes, "I cannot consent to your going away. You have always been my favorite nephew; and I could not endure to see a stranger in your place. It is all Sophy's fault. And why should you sacrifice your life, and Charlie's, for her? Let some place at a distance be found for her; no one will blame you, and you will not suffer so much from the disgrace, if you do not witness it. Only stay in Upton, and all I have shall be yours. It will be a happy place to you again, if you will only wait patiently for brighter days."

"No," he said, sorrowfully; "it has been a pleasant place to me, but it can never be so again. I must go for Sophy's sake. There is no hope for her here; there is hope for her among new scenes and fresh influences. I have spoken to her about it, and she is eager to go; she feels that there would be a chance for her. To turn away from my purpose now would be to doom her to her sin without hope of deliverance. It would be impossible for me to do that."

It was a terrible blow to Mrs. Bolton. She foresaw endless mortifications and heartburnings for herself in the presence, and under the rule, of a strange rector at Upton, over whom she would have no more authority or influence than any other parishioner. Besides, she was really fond of her nephew, and anxious to make his life smooth and agreeable to him. No one could be blind to the fact that his health was giving way again, and she thought with some apprehension of the life of hardship and poverty he was choosing. That he should throw away all that was desirable and advantageous for the sake of his wife, who was merely a trouble and dishonor to him, was an infatuation that she could not understand. He pointed out to her that he was also losing his influence over his people, and she maintained that even this was no reason why he should give up a suitable living and a pleasant rectory. At last, angry with him, and apprehensive for her future position in the parish, she refused to listen any longer to his representations, and spent the few weeks that intervened before their departure in a state of offended estrangement.

All Upton was thrown into a ferment by the unexpected news that their rector had resigned his living, and was about to emigrate to New Zealand. At first it was declared too strange to be true. Then in a few of the lower class taverns it was said to be too good to be true; but in the Upton Arms, where the landlady considered it her duty to be regular at church, and even the landlord thought it the thing to go there pretty often, a civil amount of regret was expressed. It was the fault of his wife, said most of the respectable parishioners, who unfortunately did not know when she had had enough of a good thing. Even those who were in the same plight with herself *threw a stone at poor Sophy* when they heard that their pleasant-spoken, affable, popular rector, as he used to be, was about to flee his country. Very few sympathized with him. He was taking an unheard-of, preposterous, fanatical course. How could a man in his senses give up a living of $1600 a year, with a pretty rectory and glebe-land, for a colonial curacy?

But there was one person who heard the news, and brooded over it silently, with very different feelings. The last few months had been very tranquil ones for Ann Holland. The one anxiety of her quiet life had been removed, and after the first sorrow was passed she had found her home a very peaceful place without her brother. Her old neighbors could come in now to take tea with her without any dread of being rudely disturbed. The business did not suffer; it was rather increasing, and she had had some thoughts of employing a second journeyman. But to hear that Mr. Chantrey was going to leave Upton, and that very soon she should see neither him nor Charlie, who made her house so merry whenever he ran in, was as great a blow to her as to Mrs. Bolton.

Ann Holland had been born in the house she lived in, and had never dwelt anywhere else. All her world lay within the compass of a few miles from it, among the farm-houses where her business or her early friendships had made her acquainted with the inhabitants. The people of Upton only were her fellow-countrymen; all others were foreigners, and to her, lawful objects of mistrust. Every other land save her own seemed a strange and perilous place. Of New Zealand she had not even any vague ideas, for it was nothing but a name to her. She had far clearer views of heaven, of that other world into which she had seen so many of her childhood's friends pass away. To lie down upon her bed and die would have been a familiar journey to her compared with that strange voyage across boundless seas to a country of which she knew nothing but the name.

Yet they were going—Mr. Chantrey, with his failing health; Mrs. Chantrey, a victim to a miserable vice; and Charlie, the young, inexperienced boy. What a helpless set! She tried to picture them passing through the discomforts and dangers of a savage life, as she supposed it to be; Mr. Chantrey ill, poor, friendless, and homeless. Upon her screen were the announcements of his coming to the living, of his marriage, the birth of both children, and the death of one. She read them over word for word, with eyes fast filling and growing dim with tears. Very soon there would be another column in the newspaper telling of his resignation and departure—perhaps shortly afterward of his death. He would die in that far-off country, with no one to care for him or nurse him except his unhappy wife. She could not bear to think of it. She must go with them.

But how could she ever bear to quit Upton? All her own people were buried in the churchyard there, and she kept their graves green with turf, and their headstones free from moss. She had no memories or associations anywhere else, and she clung to all such memories and cherished them fondly. There was no one in Upton who knew the pedigrees of every family as she did. Even her household goods, old and quaint as they were, had a halo from the light of other days about them. How many persons, dead and gone now, had she seen sit opposite to her in that old arm-chair! How often had childish faces looked laughingly at themselves in her pewter plates?

Her mother's chairs and sofa, worked in tent-stitch, which only saw the daylight twice a year—what would become of them, and what common uses would they be put to in any other house? Her heart failed her when she thought of leaving these things. It was not, moreover, simply leaving them, as she would have to do

when she died, but she must see them sold and scattered before her eyes, and behold the vacant places empty and forlorn, without their old belongings. Could she bear to be so uprooted?

(To be continued.)

RUTH AND NAOMI.

S. S. Lesson for Sept. 9, Ruth 1 : 14-22. Golden Text, 1 : 16. By Mrs. M. Baxter.

Elimelech's Care for Himself — His Miserable Failure—Naomi's Plight—Her Warning to her Daughters-in-law—Their Choice—The Test of Discipleship—The Question of Service—Entering the Harvest-Field—The True Bride-Spirit—Claiming Union—The Nearer Kinsman—The Dead Self.

The book of Ruth is a beautiful picture as well as history. It represents God's training of the bride of Christ. Ruth was by birth a Moabitess, and became united in marriage to the son of a man who had practically lost his faith in God. Elimelech, her father-in-law, had left his own land to do the best for himself in a time of famine, and miserable was his success. He was away from the land of promise, the sons whom he was seeking to benefit disobeyed God in their marriage with heathen wives, then both died, and he soon afterward died himself. Had he thrown himself upon the Lord and trusted the maintenance of his family to Him, he might have lived on in the Lord's land under His blessing and His smile. As it was, the result of his own caretaking was to leave his wife a widow and childless, with two heathen daughters-in-law.

But our loving heavenly Father met *the lonely widow*, and brought to her knowledge that the Lord had "visited His people in giving them bread." The good news was not kept to herself, she shared it with her daughters-in-law, and their first impulse was to return with her to the Lord's chosen land. The new discovery of His love seems to have inspired her with a fresh zeal, and, without doubt, she had told them, not only of the land, but of the Lord who had given it. It is when we are filled with a consciousness of God's love to us that our lips are opened to tell others of His goodness, and we long to make them sharers in our joy and peace.

But every revelation of God involves responsibility, and calls for self-surrender. Naomi set before her daughters-in-law how much was involved in the step they were about to take; it was to renounce forever all self-made happiness. And this test it was which brought out in Ruth the true spirit of the bride. Orpah, who had not calculated on any such thing as real self-surrender, kissed her mother-in-law, and returned "unto her people and

UNTO HER GODS."

Not so Ruth: God had made Himself known to her, and her response was a full one. She said to Naomi, "Entreat me not to leave thee, nor to return from following after thee: for whither thou goest, I will go; and where thou lodgest, I will lodge: thy people shall be my people, and thy God my God: where thou diest, will I die, and there will I be buried: God do so to me, and more also, if ought but death part thee and me." Here was a distinct choice which involved the most complete self-surrender: any lot with Naomi was better than the most prosperous without her; domestic happiness separate from Naomi and Naomi's God had no charms for Ruth.

It is just in this way that an awakened soul is brought to choose Jesus, and to follow Him at whatever cost. Simply accepting His salvation is not

TRUE DISCIPLESHIP.

To be a disciple is to choose Him before friends, before comfort, before domestic happiness, before all else, because the heart sets a priceless value on Him. The best of all things becomes simply this, "Do they separate me from Jesus? will they involve my leaving Jesus?" "Entreat me not to leave Thee." The question ceases to be one of obligation, "What is my duty? what *ought* I to do?" Himself absorbs the soul, and gives color to all else. This is true discipleship. Following Jesus may be at the cost of separation, either morally or in point of fact, from father, mother, wife, child, brother or sister, but the one who chooses them before Jesus cannot be His disciple, for "whosoever doth not bear his cross and come after Me, cannot be My disciple . . . whosoever he be of you that forsaketh not all that he hath, he cannot be My disciple" (Luke 14 : 26, 27-33).

Once the question of discipleship settled, whether is it to be the world or Christ, there arises *the question of service*. Naomi had been to Ruth a saviour from the land of her birth with all its heathen associations. By her she was brought into the land of promise and came to Bethlehem (the house of bread). Once there Ruth sought, not from any stern sense of duty, but impelled by love, to manifest her gratitude by loving service. It was harvest time; and she said to her mother-in-law, "Let me now go to the field, and glean ears of corn after him in whose sight I shall find grace." She went, and the first words which fell upon her ear from the lips of the lord of the harvest-field were these, "The Lord be with you." Here Ruth was at home, the God of Naomi was known here.

It is a happy thing when a truly consecrated child of God enters

THE HARVEST-FIELD,

and becomes a gleaner, if not a reaper, of precious, immortal souls, and our harvest work always takes its tone from our experience. If we ourselves are in a constant struggling and striving, we shall lead our spiritual children into the same experience; if we know the blessed truth of rest in the Lord, they will speedily enter into the same and be kept as others are not, from the power and dominion of sin.

Ruth was hardly in the harvest-field before Boaz took notice of her, and soon he came and spoke to her. Jesus makes precious revelations to our souls, sometimes through some Christian drawing us away from the far land to His own house of bread, shining through that friend or through the representations of such an one as to win us into a position of nearness and of devoted consecration, even when our knowledge of His Person is very indistinct. But when He speaks right into our souls and claims relationship, surprising us by His unsuspected love, then it seems as though our heart must go out in full return of love to Him. "Hearest thou not, my daughter?" Ruth was overpowered, she fell on her face, and bowed herself to the ground, and said unto him, "Why have I found grace in thine eyes, that thou shouldest take knowledge of me, seeing I am a stranger?" This is the true bride-spirit, self-emptiness, crushed to nothingness by the love of Jesus.

There are some who boastfully blaze abroad any little communication which the Lord may make to them, in such a way as to lead others to think that there is some special virtue in them, and that the Lord is rewarding them for some great faithfulness on their part. Not so those who have the true

BRIDE-SPIRIT,

the love of Jesus swallows up with them all thought of self; the more He blesses the smaller they get, and the lower down. The answer of Boaz was most precious; he knew, for he had been fully shown, how much Ruth had given up for her mother-in-law, and how she had voluntarily exiled herself for her sake, and he said, "The Lord recompense thy work, and a full reward be given thee of the Lord God of Israel, under whose wings thou art come to trust."

Ruth had dreamed of no reward; the service itself was reward to her. This, again, is a characteristic of the true bride soul. All thought of bargaining with God is absent, all thought of laying God under obligation and compelling Him by the earnestness of prayer or fasting, or by the strictness of our consecration, is entirely absent when His love fills our hearts. On the contrary, we see Him more than willing to bless us, not needing to be forced, and we see with surprise and humiliation how little we understand the love which longs and waits its moment to bless us. The soul which pants for union with Christ sees Him, not herself, and sees His side of everything. Boaz himself provided food for her when meal-time came, and she took the parched corn from his hand.

When Ruth returned to her mother-in-law and told her how she had been gleaning in the field of Boaz and how graciously he had spoken to her, Naomi blessed the Lord, and said, "The man is of near kin to us, one that hath a right to redeem." Patiently and steadily throughout the harvest season, Ruth worked on, she did not grow tired; knowing she was held in favor it was no burden to her. That we may work with gladness, we need the constant consciousness that we please God. When the harvest was over, Naomi instructed Ruth in the law of Israel, which requires that the next of kin shall take the childless widow to raise up unto his brother a name in Israel (Deut. 25 : 5-10), and told Ruth how she was to proceed that she might

CLAIM THE UNION

to which the near kinship of Boaz entitled her. It is a blessed light which dawns upon us when we see union with Christ to be our eternal portion, it elevates our thoughts and inspirations, and makes the world in comparison seem doubly insipid. But when the Spirit of God leads us on to *claim* such union *now*, to appeal for oneness with Jesus as our right *now* by reason of His own relationship and His Word (John 17 : 23), then there can be no second object in our minds.

But Ruth must first wash herself, precious type of the cleansing from all sin, then followed the anointing, type of the unction of the Holy Ghost, then she was clad in fitting raiment, and so presented herself. Boaz did not repudiate her claim, but the very claim itself caused a discovery; there was a kinsman nearer than he. There can be no real experimental union with Jesus until He is the very nearest, the very dearest of all. If in seeking complete union with Christ, that near kinsman, our own self-life turns up, what shall we do? How put him out of the way? Thank God, that is the Lord's business. Naomi said, "The man will not be in rest until he have finished the thing this day." Thank God, Jesus who undertakes our case will not be in rest until He Himself has fully dealt with every hindrance to our full union with Him. Naomi said, "*Sit still*, my daughter;" and this is our true position, sitting at the feet of Jesus. "In returning and rest shall ye be saved; in quietness and confidence shall be your strength." Isa. 30 : 15. If we believe that the Lord Jesus has really undertaken the matter and we count Him equal to the work, then all which is left us is quiet confidence, sure that He cannot, will not fail. When we begin to worry and get discouraged, then Jesus stands by until we are quiet; He can do nothing until we cease from our own works and enter into His rest (Heb. 4 : 10).

Boaz undertook to deal with the kinsman, and lost no time. He sat in the gate where he could see all the incomers and outgoers, and it was not long before the kinsman appeared. Boaz called him in the presence of ten men of the elders of the city, and told him that Naomi sold a parcel of land belonging to her husband Elimelech, and said, "I thought to advertise thee, saying, . . . If thou wilt redeem it, redeem it; but if thou wilt not redeem it, then tell me, that I may know: for there is none to redeem it beside thee; and I am after thee." The kinsman was quite open to personal advantage, and answered, "I will redeem it." But when Boaz added that such redemption involved the taking Ruth the Moabitess, to wife, to raise up the name of the dead upon his inheritance, then the kinsman drew back and said, "I cannot redeem it for myself, lest I mar *my own* inheritance." Boaz called upon the elders to bear witness to the transaction. Jesus would have our union with Him to be so full, so real, so blessed, that all around us shall see that self's claim upon us is dead and exists no more, and that union with Him is present now. Amen.

FOREIGN TOPICS.

The Count de Chambord, the Last Descendant of the Bourbon Kings of France, died at Frohsdorf, in Austria, on August 24th. He was sixty-three years of age. The autopsy revealed the fact that the eminent physician who was called in consultation on his case was in error in saying that no cancer existed. The surgeon who made the autopsy found that the count died of cancer of the stomach and atrophy of the kidneys. His sufferings must have been fearful, but he bore them with fortitude. The Count de Paris, the head of the Orleans branch of the family, succeeds the deceased prince in his aspirations to the throne of France. The prospects of the monarchical party are improved by the death of the Count de Chambord. The two sections of the party are now for the first time in a century united, the legitimists being released from their allegiance by the death, without issue, of their leader. The Count de Paris is also a more enlightened, energetic, and capable man than the Count de Chambord, and would in all respects command more completely than he, the confidence of the French people. It is not expected, however, that the count will make any move at present toward the assertion of his pretensions. He is forty-five years of age. He served under McClellan in the Northern army during the early campaigns of our war.

Severe Fighting is Reported from Tonquin. The French army, in the attempt to occupy the Red River Delta, met with a series of repulses. They found one fortress in the rear of another on their line of march. These were shelled by the gunboats, and afterward stormed by the French troops. They were stubbornly defended, and the French, after fourteen hours' hard fighting, were compelled to fall back. The Black Flag warriors, aided by Chinese refugees, were well armed and disciplined, and fought with unexpected valor. The losses on both sides are not known, as the French account that the loss on their side was only eighteen killed, is obviously untrue. The fortress so stubbornly defended was evacuated by the Chinese the day following the battle, but they retired in good order, and it is expected they will contest every step of the French advance.

Mr. Shaw, the English Missionary whom the French seized and imprisoned in Madagascar, has been released. The charge made against him was that of harboring in his house two officials of the Hova Government. It appears that Mr. Shaw was a trusted adviser of the Queen of Madagascar, who, recognizing the fact that the progress made in civilization in the island has been mainly the result of the labors of the English missionaries, has in her recent difficulties applied to them for counsel. Mr. Shaw's knowledge of the Malagasy language enabled him to act as interpreter for the court. He, in common with the other missionaries, perfectly understood the fraudulent character of the claims made by the French Government, and sympathized with the Queen of Madagascar. It is supposed that his attitude was known to the French admiral, who took advantage of the visit of the two Malagese officials to Mr. Shaw's house to arrest the missionary. The incident has occasioned a coolness, between the two nations, which the missionary's release will not altogether dispel.

The British Parliament was Prorogued on Saturday last, and unless some unexpected emergency arises, will not reassemble until next February. The Queen's speech, delivered on the occasion by her commissioners confirms the report that the withdrawal of English troops from Egypt will soon be completed. Of Egyptian affairs she said: "The administrative reorganization of Egypt, though retarded at important points by the visitation of cholera, has steadily advanced. The aim of the temporary occupation of Egypt by my military forces, the considerations which must govern its duration and the constant direction of my efforts to the maintenance of established rights to tranquillity in the East and to the welfare of the Egyptian people, have been more than once explained to you, and they remain unchanged." The view taken of Irish affairs is roseate, and it may be hoped that the government, by its more intimate acquaintance with the condition of the country than that enjoyed by the general public, is justified in the language it puts into the Queen's mouth as to that unhappy country. She said: "I can refer with greater satisfaction than on some former occasions to the condition of Ireland. The late combination against the fulfilment of contracts, especially for the payment of rent, has been in a great degree broken up. There is a marked diminution in agrarian crime. Associations having murder for their object have been checked by the detection and punishment of the offenders."

Notice of a Motion to Grant Home Rule to Ireland has been given in the British House of Commons. On August 22d, amid loud cheers, Mr. Jesse Collings, liberal, member for Ipswich, gave notice that at the next session of Parliament he would offer a resolution declaring that "it is desirable to grant a measure of home rule to Ireland as the best means of securing permanent peace to the Irish." The significance of this step consists in the fact that Mr. Collings is a fellow-townsman and an intimate friend of Mr. Chamberlain, one of the most influential members of Mr. Gladstone's Cabinet, and it is well known that Mr. Collings and Mr. Chamberlain are in accord in their views on all political questions. Mr. Chamberlain is regarded by the advanced wing of the Liberal party as its leader, and in the event of Mr. Gladstone's death or retirement, Mr. Chamberlain would be the radical candidate for the Premiership. If, therefore, he sympathizes with his friend Mr. Collings on this subject, the prospects of Home Rule for Ireland may be considered to have materially improved.

A Disastrous Collision Occurred in the English Channel on Sunday last. The French steamer St. Germain, bound from Havre to New York, was approaching the Eddystone Lighthouse about three o'clock in the morning, when she collided with the steamer Woodburn, from Madras, India, bound for London. The Woodburn sank within five minutes, taking all hands down, of whom only eleven were saved by the tug Recovery, which at the time was towing the Woodburn into port. Accounts differ as to the manner of the collision. One says that the St. Germain passed close on the starboard of the Recovery, when some hailing took place. This appears to have been misunderstood on board the French vessel. She was hailed to starboard her helm, but, instead of doing that, she ported her helm. At the same time the Recovery starboarded her helm with the view of getting away, and the result was to haul the Woodburn's head over to port and cause her to move across the course which the St. Germain was taking. The St. Germain was running at a speed of twelve knots. She ran right over the Woodburn. The Woodburn's shaft was carried away by the collision, causing her to sink immediately. The captain, sixteen of the crew, and one passenger were lost. The St. Germain had on board six hundred passengers, who were transferred for safety to the, Recovery and landed at Plymouth.

A Spirit of Dangerous Agitation has been aroused in India by the proposal to give native judges, in some cases, jurisdiction over Europeans. The Europeans naturally protest against the natives sitting in judgment over them, and their friends in England are endeavoring to prevent the act being carried into execution. They have presented to the government a memorial, setting forth their objections to the bill, and affirming their conviction that such a measure was required neither by the necessities of administration nor by the expediencies of policy. "It is certain," the memorialists observe, "that this bill, if it is persisted in, will keep alive in the future those mischievous antipathies which its introduction has revived, and thereby will add seriously to the difficulties, already sufficiently great, of Indian administration." However this may be, Mr. John Bright gave expression to convictions of another character. Speaking at a recent public meeting, he said: "The bill is in accordance with the principles set forth in a proclamation of the queen at the close of the mutiny. India is not committed to our control to be held as a field for English ambition and greed." British rule in India is, according to many students of prophecy, foredoomed, and at best sustained only by principles and agencies of the most imperfect and precarious operation. This opinion appears in a strong light since the commencement of the excitement.

Dr. Ziemann's Evangelistic Labors in Germany have aroused the enmity of the rationalists. Many neological pastors are in arms against him. In Dortmund they sent him a letter forbidding him to hold meetings, but the doctor held them. Over 3000 people crowded the hall. In Hagen the enemy had boasted that the doctor would get no hall, they had bribed the landlords; but a woman of high rank, and with a warm heart in the cause, went personally to secure the hall, which was not refused her—and though a plot had been arranged to disturb the meeting, the power of God secured deep attention.

A Socialist Demonstration at Geneva Took place recently. The mass of those who attended were discontented workmen, not of the greatest intelligence or respectability, and speeches of undisguised hostility to constituted authority were made, and a demand was made upon the State to provide them with employment. The workmen afterward proceeded to the Hotel de Ville, and on the refusal of the authorities to receive a deputation from their body, several of them harangued their comrades before the building. A man named Heritici, the chief organizer of the demonstration, *unfurled a red flag*, but was seized at that moment by the police, who also arrested several other ringleaders. The place was afterward cleared, the public warmly applauding the action of the authorities. The spirit of anarchic confusion displayed at Geneva is common to all large centres, and its spread in recent years by all sorts of pretences and under all kinds of disguises, only further illustrates the fact that slowly but surely the forces of evil are being massed in preparation for the terrible conflict with law and righteousnes which must characterize the death-throes of the dispensation.

The Influence of the Aristocracy in France has been waning during the past quarter of a century, and continues decreasing. The Paris correspondent of the London *Record* furnishes an explanation of the fact. He says the Legitimists have neither the force of character nor the comprehension of things which might save them from obscurity and inaction. For the present they are organizing processions, pilgrimages, masses, acts of contrition, to obtain the Duke of Chambord's restoration to health. The great efforts of the intercession are directed to the "sacred heart of Jesus." A Jesuit, the Rev. Father de la Colombière, who died a few years ago, is proposed for beatification. "Let us then," says the *Univers*, "pray to Father de la Colombière, who will intercede on behalf of our prince. *His interest in the matter is identified with ours*, for if a great miracle is accomplished through his intercession, it will greatly forward the cause of his beatification." The coarse trading notion conveyed in the suggestion disgusts the masses as much as its superstition.

The Prophetic News and Israel's Watchman for August contains: "The Church in Resurrection," by Mrs. Fielder; "The Second Advent and Glorious Epiphany," by Rev. W. Frith; "Fallen Angels," by Rev. T. J. Malyon, LL.B., and other papers on unfulfilled prophecy, with a summary of passing events from a prophetic standpoint. Price six cents, annual subscription seventy cents. Back numbers of this periodical for this year may be had from the office of The Christian Herald at the same price, which includes postage.

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KING HUMBERT OF ITALY.

Birth in 1844 — His Father's Dominion—His Patriotic Services—Marriage in 1868—Succeeds to the Throne in 1878—An Attempt to Assassinate Him—Liberal Characteristics.

THE attention of the world has recently been directed to Italy in an especial manner, on account of the terribly fatal earthquake which occurred there on Saturday, July 28th, causing the utter destruction of the beautiful town of Casamicciola (*a picture of which appears on our front page*), and occasioning considerable damage to the adjacent villages of Lacceameno and Forio. Prominent among those who visited the scene of death and desolation, for the purpose of cheering the survivors, comforting the wounded, and endeavoring by sympathy and appropriate agencies to mitigate the horrors of the catastrophe, was the King of Italy, and this week we avail ourselves of the opportunity to give *his portrait and a brief sketch of his career.*

BIRTH AND PARENTAGE.

King Humbert is the eldest son and second child of the late King Victor Emmanuel, his sister, Princess Clotilde, the wife of Prince Napoleon Jerome Bonaparte, being one year older. He was *born* on March 14th, 1844, and is therefore now in the fortieth year of his age. His mother was before her marriage Archduchess Adelaide of Austria.

The kingdom of Sardinia, including the Principality of Piedmont, with the territory of Genoa and the hereditary Duchy of Savoy, as well as the Island of Sardinia, was ruled by Charles Albert, who abdicated in 1849, after the defeat at Novara, in favor of his son, the late King Victor Emmanuel, who was enabled, by the extraordinary events of 1859 to 1870, recently described in connection with the life of Guiseppe Garibaldi, to annex to his dominion all the other parts of Italy. He was proclaimed King of Italy in March, 1861, by a vote of the Italian Parliament at Turin, representing every province and capital except Rome and Venice, which were joined to the kingdom, respectively, in 1866 and 1870. But the work of reorganizing the ancient Kingdom of the two Sicilies devolved in large measure on the Present King, Humbert.

HIS SERVICES.

In July, 1862, Prince Humbert visited Naples and Palermo, while Garibaldi was at the very zenith of his fame, and shared the popularity of the great Liberator. When, three or four years later, the war between Prussia and Austria was imminent, Prince Humbert was despatched to Paris to ascertain the sentiments of the French Government in reference to the alliance between Italy and Prussia. On the outbreak of hostilities he hastened to take the field, obtained the command of a division of General Cialdini's army with the title of Lieutenant-General, and was present at the disastrous battle of Custozza on June 23d, 1866, where, it is said, he performed prodigies of valor.

On April 28th, 1868, Prince Humbert *married*, at Turin, his first cousin, the Princess Marguerite Marie Thérèse Jeanne of Savoy. After the seizure of Rome by the Italian troops in 1870, Prince Humbert and the Princess Marguerite took up their residence in Rome, which at this time became at last the Capital of a United Italy. Formerly the kingdom was composed of the separate Kingdoms of Sardinia, the two Sicilies, the Pontifical States, the Lombardo-Venetian provinces of the Austrian Empire, the Grand Duchy of Tuscany, the Duchies of Parma and Modena, and the Republic of San Marino.

KING OF ITALY.

Humbert succeeded to the throne of Italy on the death of his father, on January 9th, 1878, and on the nineteenth day of the same month took the oath of fidelity to the Constitution before the united Senators and Deputies, and subsequently delivered an address in which he declared it to be the "faith of his House and his own strength, that the religious observance of free institutions is the best safeguard against all dangers," and that his only aspiration was to deserve the praise, "He was worthy of his father."

ATTEMPT TO ASSASSINATE HIM.

As King Humbert was making a State entry into Naples, on November 17th, 1878, a man named Giovanni Passanante approached the royal carriage and attempted to assassinate his Majesty with a poniard. The king fortunately escaped with a slight scratch, but Signor Cairoli, the Prime Minister, who was riding with him, was wounded seriously in the thigh.

King Humbert, although a Roman Catholic, is liberal toward Protestants, and free from any persecuting or intolerant spirit. Under his rule, Protestant missions are freely carried on in Italy. In permitting the efforts of the evangelists, the king has incurred the enmity of the Pope, who, though residing in the same city, holds no communication with him.

THE RECENT EARTHQUAKE IN ISCHIA.

THE terrible catastrophe at Ischia has been already described in these columns (see page 496), and it is not necessary, therefore, to do more than furnish a few supplemental incidents to those previously given. It will be remembered that the calamity took place on the night of Saturday, July 28th. There was no sign whatever at Ischia giving warning of the fearful catastrophe impending. The evening is described as lovely and peaceful. The Gulf of Naples was like a mirror; not a breath of air was stirring; not a sail was to be seen. As darkness came on, the canopy of heaven was brilliantly studded with stars. The many visitors with which Casamicciola was crowded were enjoying the balmy Italian night. Many had gone to the theatre, where, by a singular coincidence, the play was a burlesque, which *opened with a scene representing an earthquake.* Others were enjoying a concert given in one of the hotels, called the Piccola Sentinella, and there, as if with prophetic irony, a pianist was playing Chopin's "Funeral March." In less than a quarter of a minute Death with one stroke laid his hand on thousands, and this scene of happy, careless enjoyment was changed to one of desolation, while the sound of gay laughter gave place to the shrieks of the dying.

ONE WHOLE FAMILY

fortunately escaped by having taken boat half an hour before to enjoy the evening on the water near the shore. They suddenly heard a roaring noise; the water became agitated; Casamicciola was instantly wrapped in a dense cloud; they heard the shrieks and groans from within the cloud, and, terrified, laid hands to the oars and rowed out as far as they could.

A NIGHT OF INTENSE HORROR.

The night passed by the survivors amid the ruins was one of intense horror; parents wandering about in misery seeking their children, and others calling in vain for lost relatives. When assistance arrived on Sunday morning there was not a single house standing, except a little church which had been unroofed, near the harbor, and three cottages, in which it was impossible to obtain shelter.

As soon as the extent of the catastrophe became known, steamers were sent with troops to rescue the survivors and bring off the wounded. They worked with great zeal, despite the danger by which they were surrounded from the crumbling ruins. The authorities, military and civil, vied with each other in the double task of saving the wounded and drawing the dead from their temporary tomb. This latter task was especially dreadful, the bodies of the victims in the course of a few hours being swollen and discolored to a frightful degree. The danger of the work, too, was considerable. At one time there were no less than thirty Bersaglieri and several guards and workmen severely wounded from unavoidable

ACCIDENTS AMONG THE RUINS.

The poor fellows were spurred on in their exertions by the faint cries and lamentations of the entombed and helpless people, which came forth from the fissures of the appalling masses of broken masonry which they were everywhere trying to penetrate—and when these ceased, by knockings and other faint appeals for help. On the Sunday the worst cases had to be taken down to the little piazza, the only open space away from the crumbling ruins and tottering walls, and while wooden sheds were being hastily erected, the surgeons commenced their work there in the open air. No less than five amputations were being proceeded with at one time. Planks, tents, bedding, and appliances, however, soon poured in, and the wounded were despatched to Naples, where they soon filled to overflowing all the available space in the numerous hospitals.

SEVERAL WONDERFUL RESCUES

were made. *Two young women* were found on the following Tuesday afternoon who could only make their whereabouts known by means of a faint tapping, hardly audible to their rescuers. The masonry of their room had fallen so as to form an arch over the bed in which they lay. The mother of the younger lay dead at a few yards distance, and they had remained helpless in the neighborhood of the putrefying corpse from Saturday until Tuesday afternoon, with no nourishment but one plum and one pear which they found near them.

A volume could easily be filled with the incidents of this memorable catastrophe. The *salon* of the Hotel Piccola Sentinella was fuller than usual, owing to the attraction of an English amateur pianist, who until that night had always refused to play. A small roll of music was between the knees of the corpse, while on the piano were Liszt's "Rhapsodie Hongroise" and a small volume of "The Beauties of Shakespeare." *One lady*, finding the stairs of her house gone, although the walls stood, tied her infant between two pillows and threw it into the road, where it was found unhurt; but in attempting to lower herself by means of sheets she fell and broke her leg. In another house, two young children found fragments of masonry falling on the bed on which they lay; the little boy of five managed to extricate his baby sister, and then both children went to sleep again and were so found quite unharmed by the Carbineers. On the Monday an entire family were got out alive from a cellar in which they had remained buried thirty-six hours. Another exploring party found a farmhouse of which only two walls were left standing. On the top of these were an aged couple, who had sat perched up there opposite each other since Saturday night, unable to help themselves or each other.

FLIGHT OF THE INHABITANTS.

Many of the terror-stricken inhabitants, flying shrieking to the shore, were overwhelmed in their flight and buried by the falling tenements or the tremendous quantities of *débris* flung about. The violence of the shock once subsided, nothing could be heard but the shrieks of the wounded and terrified people. Every light had been extinguished. A dense cloud of dust, blinding and suffocating to the survivors, hung over the scene, and to add to the horrors of the situation, houses half shaken continued to fall upon the miserable people seeking for shelter from the general ruin. For hours there was little or no relief for the poor sufferers. Those who had escaped were at the outset too panic-stricken to render assistance, and when the attempt was made the efforts and appliances were entirely inadequate to cope with the disaster.

VISIT OF THE KING.

King Humbert visited the island on Wednesday, August 1st. He reached Casamicciola shortly before six o'clock in the morning. He was accompanied by the Premier, Signor Depretis, and two others. He displayed the deepest sympathy with the terrible distress of the people, making a careful examination of the ruins, and, being especially impressed with the awful and most extraordinary havoc that had been wrought by the shock in the upper town, broke forth several times into exclamations of astonishment and grief. The Minister of Public

Works urged him to turn back, owing to the difficulty of the ascent, but he replied, "Where my people can go, there I can go. We are all on a level in such a calamity as this. Sorrow makes us all equal." All of the English and Americans in Naples felt a deep interest in the fate of Miss Moore, an elderly, pious, benevolent English lady, who has done so much for the spiritual and bodily welfare of the poor of Ischia for many years past. Her life is spared, though she is badly wounded and her home is one mass of ruins. The king, who remained some time on the scene, listened patiently to the story of all who approached him, and replied with kindly and benevolent words to hysterical complaints of the groups of old people and women and children who remained among the ruins, as if unable to quit the place of their former dwellings. He visited the tents of the Red Cross Society, and thanked the members of that gallant band for their philanthropic labors. From Lacco the king returned to Naples.

TOM TIT.

By Rev. Charles Courtenay.

(*Concluded from page 547.*)

ON the Tuesday afternoon following Miss Earnshaw found herself in the neighborhood of Tom Tit's abode. A very dreary place it was. But the house itself was the most dreary of all. Broken windows stuffed with rags, gate off its hinges, door black and grimy with dirt, and, indeed, every well-known accompaniment of poverty, degradation, and sin.

She had heard high voices when she entered the court, but, of course, knew not from whence they proceeded. And it was in a very disagreeable manner that she was to obtain the information, for no sooner did she approach the door than it flew violently open, and she found herself most unpleasantly, not to say painfully, butted by Tom Tit's flying form. From what she could gather in the confusion of the moment—for she could see a raised leg in the doorway—he must have been most unceremoniously kicked out.

Plucking up her courage and followed closely by the little refugee—I think he must have laid hold of a part of her dress with his dirty little hands by the marks she afterward found on it—the lady approached the formidable couple.

They had been drinking freely, she could see at once. Their faces were flushed, their hair dishevelled, and their clothing in great disorder.

"I have come to inquire about Tom Tit," she said, gently and persuasively.

"The little warmint!" said the woman.

"He's a little limb o' Satan," said the man.

"Oh, then, we must try to make him better." This was said conciliatingly and gently, for she was not altogether satisfied with the welcome of the two.

"You can't. Nobody can't."

"I think if we all tried very hard we might," she continued, but all the while feeling she was breasting a very swollen stream indeed.

"I tell yer, yer can't. Ain't me and my man tried? Ain't we both done our werry best? Ain't we a-lectured him, and a-wolloped him, both on us?"

"Would you mind his taking a situation if I could secure one for him?" Miss Earnshaw now asked.

At this both pricked up their ears. They saw a chance to throw off a troublesome burden.

Ay, that they wouldn't. Good riddance to bad rubbish. She'd make a present of him to anybody. And the father was for giving him away to the questioner on the spot. It could easily be seen that they loved the drink far more than their boy.

Telling them she would make inquiries and do her best, Miss Earnshaw wished them a polite good afternoon, to which she heard no reply whatever, unless the violent slamming of the door was one.

"Ain't they two old codgers?" inquired Tom Tit after the door was closed. "Wot lies they did crack, to be sure."

And when she told him that he must not speak disrespectfully of his parents, he bluntly replied that he "didn't believe they wos his parents, that he must have been changed when a baby, and that some duke or other was enjoying his property" and carrying out the thought further, that "when he came into his property he would present her with something werry 'andsome."

"Now, Tom Tit," his teacher said, "I am going to write to a friend of mine about you—I shall ask him to give you some work to do. Will you like that?"

"I'll work like a nigger," he replied.

"Will you mind going a great many miles away?"

"The fudder away the better from that ole pair; I don't want to see 'em no more."

"And you'll be a good lad?"

"I'll try to be like you, miss."

In due time there came a satisfactory reply. Her friend would try the lad.

Tom Tit's delight was unbounded. He turned somersaults without end.

"Now, Tom Tit," said his friend, "you must say good-by to your mother and father, and come to me to-morrow morning by ten o'clock and be properly clothed."

Punctually to the moment he arrived.

You should have seen Tom Tit with his face washed and his hair combed. And you should have seen him, too, without his rags, dressed in clean, wholesome, and entire jacket, waistcoat, collar, and trousers. You would hardly have known him again. To tell the truth, he scarcely knew himself when they took him to a glass, to judge by his astonished look and long-drawn, "Well, now, who'd a' thought it?" To see him smoothing himself down was a treat in itself.

Perhaps I ought to have said, before this, that of all Miss Earnshaw's little ragged boys, Tom Tit was the most satisfactory, morally. Although till so recently quite ignorant of the great truths of the Gospel, none seemed to take them in so intelligently as he, and none were so thoroughly interested. He delighted to hear of the love of Jesus to him, and seemed to realize it a little, for by his questions and answers she could see that the subject was working much in his sharp little mind. For the first time, too, he had learned to pray.

And so he quite understood her parting advice to him, to remember that he must trust Jesus as his Saviour and Friend, and that he must try to please Him. And when they knelt down and prayed together, his bright eyes were dimmed with the most hopeful of tears.

"What about the drink, Tom Tit?" asked the lady just before the train left.

"Not a drop. Them swipes I won't touch as long as I live. I'll be like yer blessed self, a teetotaler!" And he set his mark to it on the spot.

Now if I were going to make a long book I should picture Tom Tit's course in detail, and show how he kept up his quick-march step to the end. But as I am writing his life in brief, a few facts only must suffice.

Of course Miss Earnshaw heard a great deal about him from her friends. In fact, for a long time Tom Tit occupied a most disproportionate share of their letters. He was so sharp, so ready, so active, so willing, so funny, that in less than a week he had become a thorough favorite.

And what an influence he had! And all for good, for he was getting more and more light every day in spiritual things, and could soon say, with full assurance, that he believed in the Lord Jesus Christ as his own personal Saviour.

One way in which his influence was felt for good was in the matter of total abstinence. Indeed, it was the very first subject on which he pronounced his opinion. It happened that the very day after his arrival Tom Tit was seated at the bottom of the table in the servants' hall, quietly eating his dinner—I am afraid rather neglected by the rest of the company, who were indeed quite indignant that such a boy should be admitted even to the lowest place in the house—when Thomas, the footman, deeming the opportunity a good one for displaying his better breeding, loftily said,

"Boy, have you ever tasted bitter beer? I'll give you a glass if you won't ask for any more."

It was passed down and placed in front of Tom Tit.

Tom Tit held it up to the light, turned it round, and smelt it with the utmost coolness, every eye being fixed upon him. Then he placed it in front of him, and looked very attentively into its amber depth with one eye.

"What a low, vulgar boy!" said Thomas to the general public. "Well, boy, perhaps you will tell us what you see there."

Tom Tit looked round on the assembled company and winked. Then he said to the lofty Thomas,

"What do I see? Why, a werry ugly sight—I sees a tall feller with a fiery waistcoat, and a fiery phiz, an' he's a-drinkin' bitter beer. What do I see? Why, I sees this werry tall feller, out of the perpendic'lar like, a-tryin' to open the door with his penknife. What do I see? Why, I sees this werry gent a-biddin' the eight-day clock a werry good-night. What do I see? Why, I sees him a throwin' his werry long body into bed with his boots on. What do I see? Why I sees the gent's name, and a werry uncommon name it is, and it's—Thomas."

Now all this was really true of the footman, and was so well known that Tom Tit's picture was read from the first. Of course there was a general titter, which was none the less enjoyable from the fact that Thomas was a favorite with none.

In can easily be imagined how such onslaughts on the drink, and there were many more direct even than this one, would affect the general feeling. Indeed, Tom Tit's sly fun and cool home-thrusts made beer-drinking a very trying thing. Of course it took time. But he lived to see the day when nearly every servant had signed the pledge.

How Tom Tit rose in position, I should much like to tell had space permitted. It must not be supposed that he broke off all connection with the old past, for many a letter did his old teacher receive from him, and well-written and well-expressed letters they were. They were mostly concerning his spiritual difficulties and experiences, and about his spiritual work, for after a while he became a teacher in the Sunday School of the village.

Neither had he forgotten his poor father and mother, for often there came little remittances to her to spend for them as she thought best. They were not long needed, however, for both killed themselves with the drink.

* * * * *

One day there was a great sensation in the neighborhood of Tom Tit's old home, for there walked up the court a fine young man, well-dressed. He was seen to stop before Tom Tit's old home, and even to peer into the window, for the room was empty now. And when the inhabitants crowded round him, eager to know what he wanted there, a thrill was sent through many a grown-up man and woman among them by his answer—"I'm Tom Tit."

And when volley after volley of questions was poured in upon him, and he found it impossible to answer them all, he considerably startled the people by jumping upon an empty barrel and making a speech:

"It's a long time since I left you all, my friends, and you see what a change has come over me since I ran about this court as ragged an urchin as you'd see anywhere. And what's made the difference? Well, for one thing I gave up the drink, the drink that killed my poor father and mother, and that's killing some of you, I fear. But I did more than that. I took the Lord Jesus Christ for my Saviour and Master, and a good Saviour and Master I have found Him. My friends, take an old friend's advice. Give up the drink, and see to it that you look after your precious souls, for which the blessed Lord bled and died."

THE CAROUSAL.

A Sermon by Dr. Talmage.

"In that night was Belshazzar the King of the Chaldeans slain."—DANIEL. 5 : 30.

A Bible Picture—A Gay City—A Night in Babylon—A Royal Feast — A Scene of Oriental Magnificence — A Signal—The Toast of the Night—The Revelry at its Height—An Apparition — Consternation among the Guests—Daniel Summoned—God's Writing not to be Hidden — A Sermon to a Despicable British King—Latimer's Apology—Contrast between Opening and Close of Banquets—Sin, its King and Banquet—Rum and French Novels—Death at the Banquet—War Breaking in—The Destruction Sudden—The Last Chance.

BIBLE pictures, like the works of the old masters, improve by age. Like Raphael's Transfiguration or Da Vinci's Last Supper, they are worth more now than ever before.

A GAY CITY.

Night was about to come down upon Babylon. The shadows of her two hundred and fifty towers began to lengthen. The Euphrates rolled on, touched by the fiery splendors of the setting sun and gates of brass, burnished and glittering, opened and shut like doors of flame. The hanging gardens of Babylon, wet with the heavy dew, began to pour from starlit flowers and dripping leaf, a fragrance for many miles around. The streets and squares were lighted for dance and frolic and promenade. The theatres and galleries of art invited the wealth and pomp and grandeur of the city to rare entertainments. Scenes of riot and wassail were mingled in every street, and godless mirth and outrageous excess and splendid wickedness came to the king's palace to do their mightiest deeds of darkness.

A ROYAL ENTERTAINMENT.

A royal feast to-night at the king's palace. Rushing up to the gates are chariots upholstered with precious cloth from Dedan and drawn by fire-eyed horses from Togarmah, that rear and neigh in the grass by the charioteers, while a thousand lords dismount and women dressed in all the splendor of Syrian emerald and the color blending of agate and chasteness of coral and the sombre glory of Tyrian purple and princely embroideries brought from afar by camels across the desert and by ships of Tarshish across the sea. Open wide the gates and let the guests come in. The chamberlains and cupbearers are all ready. Hark to the rustle of the silks and to the carol of the music. See the blaze of the jewels. Lift the banners. Fill the cups. Clap the cymbals. Blow the trumpets. Let the night go by with song and dance and ovation, and let that Babylonish tongue be palsied that will not say, "O King Belshazzar, live forever."

ORIENTAL MAGNIFICENCE.

Ah, my friends, it was not any common banquet to which these great people came. All parts of the earth had sent their richest viands to that table. Brackets and chandeliers flashed their light upon tankards of burnished gold. Fruits, ripe and luscious, in baskets of silver entwined with leaves, plucked from the royal conservatory. Vases inlaid with emerald and ridged with exquisite traceries, filled with nuts that were thrashed from forests of different lands. Wine brought from the royal vats foaming in the decanters and bubbling in the chalices. Tufts of cassia and frankincense wafting their sweetness from wall and table. Gorgeous banners unfolding in the breeze that came through the opening window bewitched with the perfume of hanging gardens.

Fountains rising up from inclosures of ivory in jets of crystal to fall in flattering rain of diamonds and pearls. Statues of mighty men looking down from niches in the wall upon crowns and shields brought from subdued empires. Idols of wonderful work standing on pedestals of precious stones. Embroidery stooping about the windows and wrapping pillars of cedar and drifting on floor inlaid with ivory and agate. Music mingling the thrum of harps and the clash of cymbals and the blast of trumpets in one wave of transport that went rippling along the wall and breathing among the garlands and pouring down the corridors and thrilling the souls of a thousand banqueters.

THE TOAST.

The signal is given, and the lords and ladies, the mighty men and women of the land, come around the table. Pour out the wine. Let foam and bubble kiss the rim. Hoist every one his cup and drink to the sentiment: "O King Belshazzar, live forever!" Be-starred headband and coronet of royal beauty gleam to the uplifted chalices as again and again and again they are emptied. Away with care from the palace! Tear royal dignity to tatters! Pour out more wine! Give us more light, wilder music, sweeter perfume! Lord shouts to lord, captain ogles to captain. Goblets clash; decanters rattle. There come in the obscene song and the drunken hiccough and the slavering lip and the guffaw of idiotic laughter, bursting from the lips of princes, flushed, reeling, bloodshot, and while mingling with it all I hear, "huzza, huzza, for great Belshazzar!"

CONSTERNATION.

What is that on the plastering of the wall? Is it a spirit? Is it a phantom? Is it God? The music stops. The goblets fall from the nerveless grasp. There is a thrill. There is a start. There is a thousand-voiced shriek of horror. Let Daniel be brought in to read that writing. He comes in. He reads it. "Weighed in the balances and found wanting."

Meanwhile the Assyrians who for two years had been laying a siege to that city took advantage of that carousal and came in. I hear the feet of the conquerors on the palace stairs. Massacre rushes in with a thousand gleaming knives. Death bursts upon the scene; and I shut the door of that banqueting-hall, for I do not want to look. There is nothing there but torn banners and broken wreaths and the slush of upset tankards and the blood of murdered women and the kicked and tumbled carcase of a dead king. "For in that night was Belshazzar the King of the Chaldeans slain."

GOD'S WRITING.

I go on to learn some lessons from all this, as on former occasions I learned certain lessons. I learn that when God writes anything on the wall a man had better read it as it is. Daniel did not misinterpret or modify the handwriting on the wall. It is all foolishness to expect a minister of the Gospel to preach always things that people like or that people choose. Young men, what shall I preach to you? Shall I tell you of the dignity of human nature? Shall I tell you of the wonders that our race has accomplished? "Oh, no," you say, "tell me the message that came from God." I will.

If there is any handwriting on the wall, it is this lesson: "Repent! Accept of Christ and be saved!" I might talk of a great many other things, but that is the message, and so I declare it. Jesus never flattered those to whom He preached. He said to those who did wrong and who were offensive in His sight: "Ye generation of vipers! Ye whited sepulchres! How can ye escape the damnation of hell!" Paul the Apostle preached before a man who was not ready to hear him preach. What subject did he take? Did he say: "Oh, you are a good man, a very fine man, a very noble man"? No; he preached of righteousness to a man who was unrighteous; of temperance to a man who was the victim of bad appetites; of the judgment to come to a man who was unfit for it. So we must always declare the message that happens to come to us. Daniel must read it as it is.

A minister preached before James I. of England, who was also James VI. of Scotland. What subject did he take? The king was noted all over the world for being unsettled and wavering in his ideas. What did the minister preach about to this man, who was James I. of England and James VI. of Scotland? He took for his text James 1 : 6: "He that wavereth is like a wave of the seas, driven with the wind and tossed." Hugh Latimer offended the king by a sermon he preached, and the king said: "Hugh Latimer, come and apologize." "I will," said Hugh Latimer. So the day was appointed, and the king's chapel was full of lords and dukes and the mighty men and women of the country, for Hugh Latimer was to apologize. He began his sermon by saying, "Hugh Latimer, bethink thee! Thou art in the presence of thine earthly king who can destroy thy body. But bethink thee, Hugh Latimer, that thou art in the presence of the King of heaven and earth who can destroy both body and soul in hell fire." Then he preached with appalling directness at the king's crimes.

THE END OF THE BANQUET.

Another lesson that comes to us: There is a great difference between the opening of the banquet and of sin at its close. Young man, if you had looked in upon the banquet in the first few hours you would have wished you had been invited there and could sit at the feast. "Oh, the grandeur of Belshazzar's feast!" you would have said. But you look in at the close of the banquet, and your blood curdles with horror. The king of terrors has there a ghastlier banquet. Human blood is the wine, and dying groans are the music.

Sin has made itself a king in the earth. It has crowned itself. It has spread a banquet. It invites all the world to come to it. It has hung in its banqueting hall the spoils of all kingdoms and the banners of all nations. It has gathered from all music. It has strewn from its wealth the tables and the floors and the arches. And yet how often is that banquet broken up and how terrible is its end; ever and anon there is a handwriting on the wall. A king falls. A great culprit is arrested. The knees of wickedness knock together. God's judgment like an armed host breaks in upon the banquet; and that night is Belshazzar the King of the Chaldeans slain.

DISSIPATION.

Here is a young man who says: "I cannot see why they make such a fuss about *the intoxicating cup*. Why, it is exhilarating. It makes me feel well. I can talk better, think better, feel better. I cannot see why people have such a prejudice against it." A few years pass on, and he wakes up and finds himself in the clutches of an evil habit which he tries to break but cannot; and he cries out: "O Lord God, help me." It seems as though God would not hear his prayer, and in an agony of body and soul he cries out: "It biteth like a serpent and it stingeth like an adder." How bright it was at the start! How black it was at the last!

Here is a man who begins to read *French novels*. "They are so charming," he says, "I will go out and see for myself whether these things are so." He opens the gate of a sinful life. He goes in. A sinful sprite meets him with her wand. She waves her wand, and it is all enchantment. Why, it seems as if the angels of God had poured out vials of perfume in the atmosphere. As he walks on he finds the hills becoming more radiant with foliage and the ravines more resonant with the falling water. Oh, what a charming landscape he sees!

But that sinful sprite with her wand meets him again. But now she reverses the wand, and all the enchantment is gone. The cup is full of poison. The fruit turns to ashes. All the leaves of the bower are forked tongues of hissing serpents. The flowing fountains fall back into a dead pool, stenchful with corruption. The luring songs become curses and screams of demoniac laughter. Lost spirits gather about him and feel for his heart, and beckon him on with "Hail, brother! hail, blasted spirit, hail!" He tries to get out. He tries to get out. He comes to the front door where he entered and tries to push it back, but the door turns against him, and in the jar of that shutting door he hears these words: "This night is Belshazzar the King of the Chaldeans slain." Sin may open bright as the morning. It ends dark as the night!

AN UNINVITED GUEST.

I learn further from this subject that death sometimes breaks in upon a banquet. Why did he not go down to the prisons in Babylon? There were people there that would like to have died. I suppose there were men and women in torture in that city who would have welcomed death. But he comes to the palace; and just at the time when the mirth is dashing to the tip-top pitch, death breaks in at the banquet. We have often seen the same thing illustrated. Here is a young man just come from college. He is kind. He is loving. He is enthusiastic. He is eloquent. By one spring he may bound to heights toward which many men have been struggling for years. A profession opens before him. He is established in the law. His friends cheer him. Eminent men encourage him. After a while you may see him standing in the American Senate or moving a popular assemblage by his eloquence as trees are moved in a whirlwind. Some night he retires early. A fever is on him. Delirium like a reckless charioteer seizes the reins of his intellect. Father and mother stand by and see the tides of his life going out to the great ocean. The banquet is coming to an end. The lights of thought and mirth and eloquence are being extinguished. The garlands are snatched from the brow. The vision is gone. Death at the banquet!

A NATIONAL BANQUET BROKEN UP.

We saw the same thing on a larger scale illustrated at the last war in this country. Our whole nation had been sitting at a national banquet—North, South, East and West. What grain was there but we grew it on our hills. What invention was there but our rivers must turn the new wheel and rattle the strange shuttle. What warm furs but our traders must bring them from the Arctic. What fish but our nets must sweep them for the markets. What music but it must sing in our halls. What eloquence but it must speak in our Senates. Ho to the national banquet reaching from mountain to mountain and from sea to sea! To prepare that banquet the sheep folds and the aviaries of the country sent their best treasures. The orchards piled up on the table their fruits. The presses burst out with new wines. To sit at that table came the yeomanry of New Hampshire and the lumbermen of Maine and the tanned Carolinian from the rice-swamps and the Western emigrant from the pines of Oregon, and we were all brothers—brothers at a banquet.

Suddenly the feast ended. What meant those mounds thrown up at Chicahominy, Shiloh, Atlanta, Gettysburg, South Mountain? What meant those golden grain-fields turned into a pasturing-ground for cavalry horses? What meant the corn-fields gullied with the wheels of the heavy supply train? Why those rivers of tears—those lakes of blood? God was angry! Justice must come. A handwriting on the wall! The nation has been weighed and found wanting. Darkness! Darkness! Woe to the North! Woe to the South! Woe to the East! Woe to the West! Death at the banquet!

SUDDEN END TO THE VICIOUS.

I have also to learn from the subject that the destruction of the vicious and of those who despise God will be very sudden. The wave of mirth had dashed to the highest point when that Assyrian army broke through. It was unexpected. Suddenly, almost always, comes the doom of those who despise God and defy the laws of men. How was it at the deluge? Do you suppose it came through a long north-east storm, so that people for days before were sure it was coming? No; I suppose the morning was bright; that calmness brooded on the waters; that beauty sat enthroned on the hills; when suddenly the heavens burst and the mountains sank like anchors into the sea that dashed clear over the Andes and the Himalayas.

The Red Sea was divided. *The Egyptians tried to cross it.* There could be no danger. The Israelites had just gone through; where they had gone why not the Egyptians? Oh, it was such a beautiful walking-place! A pavement of tinged shells and pearls, and on either side two great walls of water—solid. There can be no danger. Forward, great host of the Egyptians! Clap the cymbals and blow the trumpets of victory! After them! We will catch them yet, and they shall be destroyed. But the walls begin to tremble. They rock! They fall! The rushing waters! The shriek of drowning men! The swimming of the war-horses in vain for the shore! The strewing of the great host on the bottom of the sea, or pitched by the angry wave on the beach—a battered, bruised and loathsome wreck! Suddenly destruction came. One half-hour before they could not have believed it. Destroyed; and without remedy. I am just setting forth a fact which you have noticed as well as I.

Ananias comes to the Apostle. The Apostle says: "Did you sell the land for so much?" He says, "Yes." It was a lie. Dead! As quick as that! Sapphira, his wife, comes in. "Did you sell the land for so much?" "Yes." It was a lie, and quick as that she was dead! God's judgments are upon those who despise Him and defy Him. They come suddenly. The destroying angel went through Egypt. Do you suppose that any of the people knew that he was coming? Did they hear the flap of his great wing? No! no! Suddenly, unexpectedly, he came. Skilled sportsmen do not like to shoot a bird standing on a sprig near by. If they are skilled, they pride themselves on taking it on the wing, and they wait till it starts. Death is an old sportsman, and he loves to take men flying under the very sun. He loves to take them on the wing.

THE LAST CHANCE.

Are there any here who are unprepared for the eternal world? Are there any here who have been living without God and without hope? Let me say to you that you had better accept of the Lord Jesus Christ, lest suddenly your last chance be gone. The lungs will cease to breathe; the heart will stop. The time will come when you shall go no more to the office or to the store or to the shop. Nothing will be left but death and judgment and eternity. Oh, flee to God this night! If there be one in this presence who has wandered far away from Christ, though he may not have heard the call of the Gospel for many a year, I invite him now to come and be saved. Flee from thy sin! Flee to the stronghold of the Gospel! Now is the accepted time! Now is the day of salvation.

Good-night, my young friends! May you have rosy sleep, guarded by Him who never slumbers! May you awake in the morning strong and well! But oh, art thou a despiser of God? Is this thy last night on earth? Shouldst thou be awakened in the night by something, thou knowest not what, and there be shadows floating in the room, and a handwriting on the wall, and you feel that your last hour has come, and there be a fainting at the heart and a tremor in the limb and a catching of the breath—then thy doom would be but an echo of the words of the text: "In that night was Belshazzar the King of the Chaldeans slain."

REFUGEE JEWS IN JERUSALEM.

MR. OCZERET, of the London Society for Promoting Christianity among the Jews, thus writes of the wonderful door of entrance just open among the Jewish refugees in Jerusalem: "When I call to mind former years, and contemplate the situation of the Mission six or seven years ago and compare it with the present state, it appears to me almost like 'life from the dead.' The Lord has indeed given the increase, and has remarkably blessed the efforts of His servants. Now, scores of people, and among them some very respectable families, cleave to the Mission with an attachment of no ordinary kind. The days when the messenger of the Gospel was obliged to go into the streets and lanes in search of Jews willing to listen to his message, which he often delivered under a shower of abuse, are gone by. Opportunities need not be any longer sought for; they are at our very doors, from early in the morning till late at night.

"Some 70 to 75 Jews are daily employed on the large plot of ground belonging to our Society. To watch such a number of Jews, varying in age and in former station of life, earn their bread in the truest sense of 'the sweat of the face'—I say, to watch some of the refugees who are bowed down by age, suffering, and infirmities, digging, planting, and watering in the land once given to their fathers, would cheer the heart of many a Christian well-wisher of Israel. Those who lift up holy hands, praying for the peace of Jerusalem, and the restoration of the Jews to the Promised Land, would be encouraged to pray more fervently, seeing that God's own time to favor Zion is fast approaching.

"Indeed, to watch these people labor with the spade and mattock is a spectacle which must be seen, but cannot be described. It does away with many a wrong notion as to the physical incapacities of the Jew; it successfully refutes the erroneous idea of some, that the Jews are not fit to cultivate the soil, and it is a strong protest against the enemies of the nation, who maintain that Jews have grown indolent in the dispersion, that they are wholly given to usury, despising 'working with their own hands.'

"A night or two after our removal to the Sanatorium, I happened to enter the shed adjoining the house in which eight to ten unmarried men are accommodated. I was not a little surprised to find some of the inmates seated around the table with open Bibles. I did not stay more than a few minutes, but from a question or two put to me, I could gather that they had just been discussing the claims of Jesus to the Messiahship. Likewise during their dinner-hours I accidentally came across some of the laborers reading tracts, or repeating what they had heard in church. It is a great marvel that Jews of strict orthodox principles and of sincere piety should enter our church and remain during the service, watching the devotions of their brethren who are believers in Christ. Some of them, I have been told, follow the services in the Hebrew prayer-book. Nor is this wonderful change confined to the refugees alone. It has spread to the Jerusalemites, and even to the Jews in the country.

"A few Sundays ago a blind Jew and his friend, both natives of Saphet, were noticed in church during the German service. On being asked what had induced them to come, their reply was, 'We are on a visit to Jerusalem, and came to hear Mr. Friedlander preach.'

"In my daily intercourse with the people, it is gratifying to find that almost all are more or less acquainted with the New Testament. Whatever their reasons for reading the New Testament may be, we cannot but rejoice at its being read, for it is the same Word of God which once fastened itself on our own hearts, and brought us to the knowledge of the Lord Jesus Christ. With scarcely an exception, the Russian refugees who have been benefited by the missionaries cannot forget the labor of love bestowed upon them."

A Peaceful Bonaparte!—Prince Lucien Bonaparte has been awarded a good service pension of £250 a year by the Prime Minister on behalf of the Crown. Mr. Gladstone explained that the Prince, who is naturalized in England, has devoted his time and his fortune to the promotion of philosophical research, and he therefore felt it to be a privilege to award him the pension referred to. Mr. Gladstone further stated that not only in the collection of books, but largely in the printing and gratuitous distribution of books to all students of philology and to every great institution connected with it, the funds which Prince Lucien possessed were largely and liberally expended. There are no less than one hundred and sixty of these operations of printing, which the Prince has executed in other and happier days at his own expense. Among them he has printed the Gospel of St. Matthew in twenty-nine dialects and languages.

ANECDOTES RELATED AT THE EVANGELISTIC MEETINGS IN SCOTLAND.

Mealtime in a Dungeon.—At a Noonday prayer-meeting the Rev. J. L. Murray said: "A Christian was kept in a dark dungeon for the sake of his faith. The place was so dark that he could not read the Bible; but at his mealtimes, when the door was left open for a few minutes to let him see to eat his food, he read while the light streamed into the dark room. 'For,' said he, 'I can easily find my mouth in the dark and feed my body then.'"

A Good Rule in the House.—Mr. Scott said: "I was struck not long ago with a remark made by a servant-girl. She was speaking about her master's and her mistress's life, and said, 'They don't need *to talk* or dispute over any difficulty, they just take it to the Lord in prayer as a matter of course.' These Christian people were practical, and their daily life proclaimed that the love of Jesus ruled their every action. It *should* be so in all cases."

A New Banner to Fight Under.—"A Man was found by one of his companions, who looked with contempt upon all religious things, reading the Bible. With a strong expression of disdain, he said, 'What! are *you* turning Methodist?' The firm, decided reply was, 'From this time forth, God helping me, *this is my banner*, and I want to be true to it all my life.' The secret of spiritual power and work is decision and confession on the part of all who receive Christ as their Saviour."

A Young Wife's Anxiety Ended.—Mr. Jack told the following cheering incident. He said: "At the Kelvin Street meeting, an earnest worker stopped a bright young man at the door, and beckoned me to come and speak with him. I did so, and am glad to say that after a short conversation he decided to give himself to Christ. He was newly married, and his young wife was hovering about the door in great anxiety about him, praying the Lord that her dear husband might give himself to Jesus, and that very night her prayers were answered."

An Old Whiskey-Drinker Saved.—Mr. Simpson related a case of a thirty-year-old drunkard, hopelessly given to drink, who six weeks ago left his house on the Sabbath morning to endeavor to get a glass of whiskey to quench his thirst, and to soothe his nervous irritation. As God willed it, he could not get the whiskey, and so he wandered into the tent, in which he heard the Gospel preached. He accepted Christ as his Saviour, and got immediate deliverance. On a recent Friday night he told his story to a Christian worker, testifying that he had not now the least desire for drink. He is anxious about his wife's salvation, for she has been a hard drinker for the last thirty years."

A Thief Out of his Misery.—The Rev. Mr. Williams said: "A gentleman told me to-day that in his place of business in Australia one of his employés was detected in robbing the firm. When charged with the crime, the man said, 'It is true; I am now out of my misery. For years and years I have been burdened with this load of guilt, but now that it has come to the worst I am out of misery. Do with me—punish me just as you like.' The devil is a hard taskmaster. Change at once to the service of One whose yoke is easy and whose burden is light. 'If we confess our sins, He is faithful and just to forgive us our sins, and to cleanse us from all unrighteousness,' but 'whoso covereth his sins shall not prosper.'"

The Remainder of the Pipe-light.—Councillor Miller said: "A sailor in the China seas was badly off for something to read. He went to his chest and found a bit of a tract which he had thrown into his chest after lighting his pipe with the rest of it. He read the little bit, and by-and-by the truth it contained was blessed by the Holy Spirit, and the man was touched and melted to tears; then he searched for his Bible and read that. The sword of the Spirit pierced his heart, and he was converted to Christ. I learned that the tract, a piece of which had been blessed to the sailor, was written by the Rev. Dr. Horatius Bonar, and wrote, telling him of the circumstance I have just narrated, and asked if he had heard of it before. He replied that he had not, and thanked me for the information."

Mistake of a Postmistress.—At Cowcaddens the Rev. Mr. Wallace said: "A woman in a certain village took it into her head that the parish minister hated her. The consequence was that she hated him most heartily. Some of her neighbors wished to get her removed from the position she held as postmistress, and got up a petition to the Postmaster-General against her to which they required the minister's signature. When they asked him to sign it, he replied, 'No, I cannot accede to your request. I think she performs her duty fairly well, and it would be unjust to remove her.' Some one told her the minister's answer, and the poor woman's heart was completely changed by the power of kindness. If sinners would only understand the glad message of salvation, I am sure their heart would be broken and changed toward God who loves them."

How Peters are Made.—Mr. Oatts Said at one of the meetings: "Experience shows us that the cause of the declension of religious life among young men is neglect of God's Word. When I landed in New York, on my recent visit to America, I attended a meeting of young men, and afterward had some conversation with several. One told me that he left Glasgow with a letter of introduction from Mr. Moody, and thus had every chance of success in the land of his adoption. For a time he went on well, but soon the cares of this world and its enjoyments took up all his time, and he stopped reading the Bible "for want of time." Then his love for Christian work died out, and he became a backslider from Christ who had redeemed him with His most precious blood. There is reason, however, to believe that he is now 'doing his first works,' and has returned to the Shepherd and Bishop of his soul."

A Better Year than Ever.—A Member of the Mizpah Band said: "Twelve months ago I was an outcast on the streets of Glasgow. My family were houseless, their clothing was rags, and their bones bare of flesh, and there was a far-away look in their eyes. Desolate and forlorn, they were indeed the drunkard's children. It was I who had brought them to this state, and I wandered in the streets despised by all men. I often went into a quiet place longing to die there, and that my worthless body might be found by no one. I was in this condition when I entered a meeting and heard them speaking about peace in Christ. 'That is what I want,' I said, and that is what I got that very night by believing on the Lord Jesus Christ. My family are now comfortable, happy, well housed, clad respectably, and my neighbors respect us all. That is what Jesus has done for us in this world, and we are journeying toward heaven. I cannot describe the happiness of this last year."

Afraid of Awaking in Hell.—Mr. Galloway remarked at the same meeting: "I have just returned from Norway, where I spoke to a young lady who was anxious about her soul. She decided to trust simply to Jesus, and introduced me to a number of other ladies, one of whom told me her experience. For years she had been in great trouble, and feared when she retired to rest that she would only awake in hell! All this time she could not pray; her friends feared that self-destruction was to be her fate, and watched her night and day. One day she went to see a friend. While in his house a lady fell back in her seat dead. In terror at the sight, my friend fell on her knees in an agony of prayer. To her astonishment she got instant relief from the burden of anxiety and sin through the sight of a crucified Redeemer. I pressed upon her the necessity of daily study of the Bible, and of working for Jesus, and to-day I have received a letter telling me that her hired girl is extremely anxious about her soul."

A Sceptic Becomes a Preacher.—Mr. Simpson said: "There is a series of meetings going on just now in a little watering-place at which blessing has been realized. How were they started? An open-handed sceptic used to sit at his door on the Sabbath mornings, reading his newspaper, and scoffing at the people going to church. Mr. Moody visited the place, and this man heard him, and thought in his heart, 'What a fine thing it would be if that fanatic had the knowledge I have!' But, by-and-by, as Mr. Moody went on in the work, the thought changed into, 'That man's preaching is blessing others as well as himself;' and this idea awakened the question, 'What am I doing for my fellow-men?' 'Nothing,' was the reply, and this so worked upon him that he sought and found Jesus, who has given him power to work for Him, and thus bring a blessing to all around him. It is this man who has started these meetings, and it is to be hoped means will be found to continue them."

A Greek Athlete's Last Wrestle.—The Rev. Hector Hall said: "When I saw Major Colquhoun standing before me as he read the words in Isaiah 40, 'Even the youths shall faint and grow weary,' I thought, looking at his big, well-knit frame, 'Surely he is a man who does not know what faintness or weariness is.' Then I remembered an ancient Greek story of an old wrestler, who was so skilful, strong, and vigorous that he defeated every opponent. None could stand before him. One morning he felt faint and weary, and the doctor came and told him that Death was come to wrestle with him. The wrestler with raised hand and evil eye said, 'O Death! If thou wast a man I would strangle thee well.' He only thought of one way of conquering death, and that way he knew was futile against the adversary, but the weakest Christian can say, 'O Death, where is thy sting? and where, O grave, thy victory?' 'Thanks be to God, who giveth *us* the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ.'"

"THAT BLESSED HOPE."

By H. M. Barnett, B.A.

The Grace of Hope—The Supremacy Assigned by God to the "Blessed Hope"—The Propriety of the Epithet "Blessed"—In Millennial Blessedness—I. Christ will Assume Universal Sovereignty—A Delightful Contrast—The Divine Purpose Foreshown as to the Career and Triumph of the King of the Jews—The Inscription on the Cross—II. The Reign of Christ's Saints—The "Recompense of the Reward" as Shown in the Old and New Testaments—The Saints' Reign with Christ—The Sublime Conquest—The Thousand Years, and their Unspeakable Blessedness.

To hope is to expect what we desire. The apostle says, in Romans 8 : 25, "If we hope for that we see not, then do we with patience wait for it." In Hebrews 11 : 1, hope is declared to be involved in faith, with respect to its relations to the future. Now, although there is a hope—that of the hypocrite—which maketh ashamed, we are only concerned at present with a true hope. "Hope deferred maketh the heart sick; but when the desire cometh, it is a tree of life." (Prov. 13 : 12.) And all experience amply bears out this divine representation of the highly important influence which this fundamental factor in history is ever very effectively exerting. In Romans 15 : 13, Paul sets forth the mighty efficacy of hope in the weighty sentence: "Now the God of Hope fill you with all joy and peace in believing, that ye may abound in hope, through the power of the Holy Ghost."

THE HIGH PLACE ASSIGNED TO IT BY GOD.

But we are here concerned with an object of desire of so supremely exalted a description as that the blessed God actually characterizes it by the very term that He has again and again applied to Himself—viz., the adjective "blessed." It—*i.e.*, the desired object anticipated in this case—is "the glorious appearing of our great God and Saviour Jesus Christ." (Titus 2 : 13, Greek.) So that God Himself makes very much indeed of the Second Advent, *alias* the future Coming and Kingdom of the Lord Jesus Christ. Accordingly, we, too, ought to assign an exceedingly prominent place to "that blessed

hope;" as also the primitive Christian writers—and, especially, the inspired penmen of God's Sacred Word—are well known to have done. It is not, however, our present purpose to prove from the New Testament how very large a place this subject occupies in the revelation of Christ Jesus enshrined in the twenty-seven books composing the second volume of the sacred canon.

THE EPITHET "BLESSED."

Let us consider the traceable propriety of the application of the uniquely exalted epithet, "blessed," to our hope of the rapidly-nearing Second Advent of our forever-to-be-adored Lord and Saviour Christ Jesus. The presentment of the facts—of which Holy Scripture is known to make very much indeed—which will to a great extent characterize the glorious Millennial reign of our coming Lord, will suffice for the accomplishment of our present object. One remark, however, must be made here before the coast can be clear for us to fairly commence the work of adducing the features of Millennial blessedness. It is that the word for "appearing" in our passage (Titus 2 : 13) being "epiphany" (επιφανεια), we are taught that it is not the Rapture, or coming *for* the saints, with which we have here to do, but the subsequent "Coming of our Lord Jesus Christ *with* all His saints"—as Paul puts it. Of course, too, our blessed hope comprises our blessedness in reigning with Christ in eternity. But it is to Millennial glories that we propose to confine our regard in the present inquiry.

CHRIST'S ASSUMPTION OF SOVEREIGNTY.

1. The long-rejected Christ of God, whom Ezekiel (21 : 27) had termed "The Coming One, whose right it is to reign," will then have "taken to Himself His great power," and made His oft-predicted and long-anticipated reign the soul-animating theme of all the prophets of God since man cast off his allegiance to Him, *an accomplished fact* at last. The very soul of bliss is evidently involved in this stupendously glorious event—the succession to God-empowered rule, of Jehovah's Divinely-anointed King, on God's holy hill of Zion. How long has this sin-stricken and sorrowful world been groaning—more or less—under gross misrule, and longing for the inestimably precious boon of righteous and beneficent government! A seventh millenary (after 6000 years of perverted rule and bitter woe) blessed by perfect administration under the sceptre of God's "Heir of all things," will be a *blessed fact;* rich in untold fruits of creaturely blessedness, replete with beneficial effects upon all orders of beings, and redolent of the fragrant incense of adoring praises from millions of gladdened and thankful hearts.

A DELIGHTFUL CONTRAST.

Oh, how gratefully does this sublimely ennobled order of mundane things contrast with the most monstrously abominable state of anti-Christian *devil*ment, which it will have happily replaced, as a sweetly satisfactory result of the triumphant descent of the "Stone cut out without hands"! (Dan. 2 : 34.) How delightful will it be when "the Prince of the kings of the earth" shall have been manifested "in His times!" the magnificent fulfilment of Melchizedec, as the "King of Righteousness," and King of Salem; and of Solomon, as "the Prince of Peace," in all His glory—incomparably grander than David's mortal son's. How splendid, when, before the august majesty of the long-foretold "Governor among the nations," "all kings shall fall down prostrate and all nations shall serve" right loyally (see Psalm 72 : 11, and throughout). For "of the increase of His government, and of peace there shall be no end; upon the throne of David, and upon His kingdom, to order it and to establish it, with judgment and with justice from henceforth, even forever. The zeal of the Lord of Hosts will perform this." (Isaiah 9 : 7.)

THE DIVINE PURPOSE FORESHOWN.

And this testimony of the prophet foreshows—as do many hundreds of other such also in the Sacred Volume—the Divine purpose for the expression of which even Pontius Pilate was made the vehicle, that "Jesus of Nazareth" must yet triumphantly become "the King of the Jews." Yes, this most remarkable superscription of an accusation which the ungodly Roman judge steadily refused to alter, did serve the wonderful Divine purpose, in employing the three *representative* languages of the world to declare what shall be blessedly brought to pass in the bright day of Immanuel's glorious supremacy. For as the *Hebrew* tongue represents the conscience, or moral sense and religiousness of the human creature; the *Greek*, the literature—poetic and prosaic—of philosophy and art of Gentilehood; and the *Latin*—or ancient Roman—the sciences of political economy, jurisprudence, etc., we learn that all the gifts of mankind in regard to the regulation and supply of needs—moral, intellectual, and physical, will be brought to sweetly contribute each its quota of instrumental influence to the glorification of the lowly Nazarene, the crucified and risen Saviour; when God, the supreme Father, shall have made Him to be recognized as His "Firstborn, higher than the kings of the earth." (Psalm 89 : 27.)

THE REIGN OF CHRIST'S SAINTS.

2. A second fact of the blessed "golden age" of our adorable Lord's supremacy—the Millennium—will be the splendid reign of the resurrected and transfigured saints, in consorted—though subordinated—heavenly regency with the glorified "Head over all things," the "Desire of all nations"—Immanuel, over "the kingdoms of this world," according to Revelation 11 : 15. This sweetly consolatory aspect of truth—as a due "recompense of reward" for sufferers of "the reproach of Christ"—is frequently taught—thank the Lord—in both the Old and the New Testaments. But before adducing the proofs of this position, it is well that it should be explained that what is even better than kingdoms of glory and crowns of light—viz., the blessedness of seeing, being like unto, and forever being with "the Chief among ten thousand and altogether lovely One"—is omitted from the present treatment of "That Blessed Hope," because it is hoped that it may be elaborated on a future occasion (the Lord enabling the writer) in connection with the Rapture, or the "Purifying Hope," of 1 John 3 : 3, and because the "*epiphany* of the glory," being an admissible translation of the words immediately following those composing our subject (viz., that Blessed, or Happy Hope), it is felt that prominence is here given to the display, or objective aspect of

"THE RECOMPENSE OF THE REWARD."

To proceed with proof texts then: "The righteous or upright shall have domination or dominion over them in the morning" (of the resurrection and Millennial reign). See Ps. 49 : 14. "Behold, a King shall reign in righteousness, and princes (mark this) shall rule in judgment" wrote Isaiah (32 : 1), over 2500 years ago. Daniel, a little later, predicted the glorious Millennial reign of the saints of the most high (places), [as, it is thought, this phrase—"the most high"—might be properly rendered; answering to the *heavenly places* of Ephesians 1 : 3]. For in Daniel 7 : 18 the saints are absolutely assured that they shall take the kingdom which is said, a few verses farther on, to extend "under the whole heaven," which proves it to be an earthly kingdom, as to its sphere or locality. In Zechariah 14, too, just before the magnificent statement of verse 9, "The Lord shall be King over all the earth:" it is foretold that the Lord (his) God shall come, and it is added, "and all Thy saints with Thee." And this, furthermore, is the chapter, in the sixteenth verse of which, the annual celebration of the Feast of Tabernacles (the memorial of the accomplished effects, or fruits of redemption), where the Lord of hosts is to be worshipped by the assembled nations, is most vividly foreshown.

THE SAINTS' REIGN WITH CHRIST.

So that where God says most about the exaltation that is in store for Immanuel, as "King of kings and Lord of lords," over this renovated and emancipated earth, there do we repeatedly find the clearest evidence of the Divine purpose to bless the saints with a subordinate share of Christ's magnificent imperial rule over Daniel's fifth monarchy, the only absolutely universal one of all the five great kingdoms upon earth. (See Daniel 2 and 7.)

NEW TESTAMENT AFFIRMATIONS.

But the New Testament also furnishes evidence to the same effect. Thus in Luke 12 : 32, Jesus our Lord says, "Fear not, little flock; for it is your father's good pleasure to give you the kingdom." Again, in ch. 19, we have our adorable Lord Christ appointing His "faithful servants," on His "return" from the "far country" (heaven), to their respective provinces of royal administration, as His sacred political executive, with the enrapturing words, "Have thou authority over ten cities," and "Be thou also over five cities," respectively. (Luke 19 : 17 and 19.)

St. Paul, moreover, repeatedly brings out this rich consolatory truth of the glorious reign of the raised and "changed" saints with "the Christ of God," after His Second Advent—*e.g.*, "And if children, then heirs; heirs of God and joint-heirs with Christ; if so be that we suffer with Him, that we may be also glorified together." (Rom. 8 : 17.) And then comes the eloquent description of the glowing glories which will irradiate the entire terrestrial scene. Likewise he writes to Timothy (II Tim. 2 : 12), "If we suffer, we shall also reign with Him." And similarly he appeals to the Corinthian believers in 1 Cor. 6 : 2, thus, "Do ye not know that the saints shall judge the world?" In Hebrews 12, at the end of the chapter, too, we are said to "receive a kingdom that cannot be removed." The references to the coming and kingdom of our blessed Lord in the Epistles to the Thessalonians abound most remarkably, and this was an especially fruitful Church, which "waited for the Son of God from heaven" (1 Thess. 1 : 10); and appeared to appreciate the magnificently

SUBLIME PROSPECT

of their part in the majestically imposing revelation of the Lord Jesus at His descent from heaven, when, as the destroyer of them that know not God, and of them that obey not the Gospel of our Lord Jesus Christ, He shall come to be glorified in His saints, and to be admired in all them that believe. (II Thess. 1 : 7–8, R. V.)

St. John also, in Revelation, lays extraordinarily emphatic stress upon the regal (and priestly) glories with which the blessed Lord will graciously reward His tried saints when they shall have been blessed with their deathless and celestial resurrected bodies. In Rev. 2 : 26, 27, R. V., to wit, we find—"And he that overcometh, and he that keepeth My works unto the end, to him will I give authority over the nations; and he shall rule them with a rod of iron . . . ; as I also have received of My Father." Again, "He that overcometh, I will give to him to sit down with Me in My throne, as I also overcame, and sat down with My Father in His throne." (Rev. 3 : 21, R. V.) And, passing over some similar proof-texts (because we are but giving sample evidences out of both Testaments), we come to Rev. 20 : 4, in which the raised and transfigured servants of the blessed Lord and Saviour there brought before us are said to live and

REIGN WITH CHRIST 1000 YEARS.

There is, however, one other verse, in the Revised Version of Rev. 10 : 7, which demands special attention in the present connection. It runs as follows: "But in the days of the voice of the seventh angel, when he is about to sound, then is finished the mystery of God, according to *the good tidings* which He declared to His servants the Prophets." And when the seventh angel shall have sounded, the kingdom of the world is to become the kingdom of our Lord and of His Christ. (See Rev. 11 : 15, R. V.) So that the "good tidings" comprise this truth about the coming kingdom.

CHRISTIAN HERALD AND SIGNS OF OUR TIMES.

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The aim of this journal is to make known the way of salvation, and to keep alive the expectation of our Lord's return to the earth.

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NOTICE.

Many subscribers to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, who are laboring to extend the sphere of its usefulness, wish us to afford them the same facilities as were placed at their disposal last year. It appears that the concession in price then made, enabled them to introduce the journal to persons and families to whom it proved a blessing. God used it as a means of conversion in not a few cases; in others it gave comfort and encouragement to tried and afflicted believers; and ministers and lay preachers, to whom our friends sent it, acknowledged their indebtedness for help in their labors to the hints and suggestions contained in its pages.

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD has no higher object than that which its friends thus state was achieved last year. The same opportunity is therefore cheerfully given this year. Any subscriber wishing to introduce THE CHRISTIAN HERALD where it may do good, may send

THIRTY CENTS

to THE MANAGER, 63 Bible House, New York, for which sum the paper will be mailed to any address in the United States or in Canada every week from the date on which the money is received, until the end of 1883. Will our friends pray that God will use each number for the advancement of Christ's Kingdom?

CURRENT EVENTS.

The First Appointment under the New Civil Service rules in the Post Office was made last week. The successful man was Mr. Ovington E. Weller, of Granite, Baltimore County, Md. The department called for a clerk to fill a vacancy, and, under the rules, was given the names of four persons who were eligible for appointment. Judge Gresham directed the highest in rank to be selected, and Mr. Weller was found to be the man. Three departments have now called for clerks—the Treasury, War, and Post Office. In each case, so far, the letter and spirit of the new rules have been complied with, and Postmaster-General Gresham states that so far as he knew, there was no disposition on the part of department officers to evade the law. A question has arisen as to the extent of the law. There is a doubt whether competitive examinations will be needed for promotions or only for original appointments.

A General Free-Trade Conference of an Informal character is summoned to meet at St. Louis on October 2d. The call is addressed to all who, "believing that protection is wrong, desire to take active steps to secure its overthrow." It is issued by the Missouri Free-Trade League, one of the most energetic leagues in the country. One of the most significant features of the political situation at the present time is the growing favor of free-trade doctrines among the working classes, many of whom, notably the cotton spinners, contend that the high tariff has injured rather than benefited them. The immense surplus which Congress had to deal with last year they mention as a proof that so high a tariff is not needed for revenue, and they are now arguing that it is useless on other grounds. They have hitherto believed that it enabled the home manufacturer to charge higher rates for his goods, thus also enabling him to pay his operatives higher wages; but now complaint is made that, whether he realizes the profit or not, wages are gradually sinking, and therefore the operatives are taxed by the tariff to no purpose. Many signs indicate that this belief is rapidly spreading, and will lead to important political results. It is possible that one of those results may be the disintegration of both political parties, as there are many Democrats who are protectionists and many Republicans who are advocating a further reduction of the tariff.

The Downing Temperance Law in Missouri has been pronounced "inoperative" by Judge Noonan. The result is a disappointment of temperance people in the State, but it is thought that the failure may lead to the enactment of a more radical measure. The extremely moderate demand that the grog-shops should be closed on Sundays might, if it had been conceded, have satisfied the people for some time, but now that so bitter a fight has been waged against it by the liquor dealers, there is a call for more stringent measures. Governor Crittenden, who is not a Prohibitionist, has already uttered a significant warning. In the course of a lengthy interview on the subject, he said: "Now that the Downing law has been spurned and set aside, the saloon men will have to take the consequences. I am an anti-Prohibitionist from the sole of my feet to the crown of my head, but I feel, with the State, that if the law is to be defied in St. Louis, and I have to choose between lawlessness and prohibition, I am a Prohibitionist. Under such a provocation prohibition will carry the State by 50,000 majority."

An Internal Revenue Office Report Affords material for forming an opinion of the efficiency of the liquor law in the State of Maine. The report states that 813 persons in Maine paid the United States tax as dealers in liquors in 1882. This covers about 200 druggists, also every low seller, who, having been convicted of violating the State law, has paid the United States tax to escape the severe penalties imposed for unauthorized selling by the national Government. But counting the whole as dealers, the ratio is as one to 800 inhabitants. In 1850 there was one licensed dealer to ever 225 people. In the license States generally there is one to 210; in New York and New Jersey, one to 180; in California, one to 95. The average for the whole Union is one to 300.

A Terrible Indictment is Brought against the city officials of New Orleans by the Grand Jury of that city. The following are a few out of many charges made by this outspoken jury: "In June the moral condition of our city was terrible. The papers teemed with details of the most diabolical acts which ever disgraced our criminal record. Hoodlums had possession of the city. The police could not make arrests of the principal leaders. Juries and witnesses were intimidated. We regret to state in this connection that a large percentage of those convicted of acts of ruffianism during one term have been *in the employ of the city*. Out of the many haunts of vice with which the city is infested, we will take as an illustration two squares in the heart of the city, on Royal, between Canal and Bienville Streets. Here, under the license, sanction, and patronage of city officials, are concentrated drinking dens, gambling houses, and low resorts, where prostitutes take in and swindle or drug strangers. There is no effort at concealment about this saturnalia of crime, for the brightness of electric lights lends a glamor to the scene." It is evident that in New Orleans, as in New York and all the great cities of the Union, there is urgent need for Christian people to unite, and act vigorously for the suppression of vice, or the vengeance of God may fall on our beloved land. In spite of increased educational facilities, the country is becoming increasingly immoral.

The Effort of the Citizens' League, of Chicago, to prevent the large issue of cheap liquor licenses by the mayor, has failed. The Chicago correspondent of the New York *Tribune* reports that the long war between the city authorities and the Citizens' League may be considered at an end, and the temporary victory rests with the former. No decision can now be obtained from the Supreme Court in time to affect the current cheap licenses which have been issued by the mayor, and which run to the end of the municipal year. The victory gives the liquor-sellers that much more leeway, and *defrauds the city of about* $1,000,000 *of revenue.*

At the Convention of Freethinkers held at Rochester, N. Y., last week, a minister was permitted to deliver an address. The Rev. Thomas Mitchell, of Brooklyn, spoke for two hours on August 30th in defence of Christianity, and was attentively heard. The freethinkers are not likely to be readers of The Christian Herald, so it is useless to say anything in these columns to them; but there may be others who have read the report of Mr. Mitchell's speech, to whom a word of caution will do good. Young people not yet decided for Christ, who have listened to the arguments of sceptics, and are in danger of rejecting Christianity altogether, must not suppose that Mr. Mitchell was a delegated champion of religion. In discussing the questions at issue between religion and science, he stated his own views, in which many eminent Christians coincide; but there are other Christians equally devout who do not hold those views, and who believe that the antagonism between religion and science in the matters discussed is apparent, not real. Christianity must not be rejected on the assumption that the Rochester exposition is authoritative.

The Garfield Memorial Hospital in Washington is soon to be established. Mr. Thomas Fisher, of the Hospital Board, said in reply to inquiries last week: "The board has purchased the L. H. Schneider property, at the head of Tenth Street, on the elevation overlooking the city, for $38,000, and obtained possession of it August 1st. There is a fine double brick house on the place, with outbuildings and nearly seven acres of grounds. It is the intention of the board to begin the erection of a wing to the house to cost $15,000, and Dr. J. S. Billings will superintend the work. The hospital will be open for the reception of patients very soon. The board has the money in bank to pay for these improvements, and they are in earnest about this matter." This statement disposes of the rumor extensively circulated that the scheme had failed for lack of adequate support.

Back Numbers.—Requests are Often Received at this office for numbers or volumes of The Christian Herald of the years 1879 and 1880. We have no copy for sale of either year. Any subscriber who possesses a file of the paper or a volume of either date, and desires to dispose of it, may hear of a purchaser by writing to the office, No. 63 Bible House, New York, N. Y.

Five Dollars in Aid of the Fund for Sending The Christian Herald to colored ministers in the South, have been received from William Armstrong, Manchester, N. H., and we gladly add to our mail-list five more of the names kindly sent to us by Southern friends. It is gratifying to learn that through this fund, not only the colored ministers are deriving benefit, but their congregations share in the blessing their ministers enjoy. Thus the contributors to the fund have the satisfaction of knowing that their money is expended in a very wide-reaching circle of good.

An Affrighted Wife's Mistake will Probably result in the death of her husband. She was often left alone at night, as her husband, who is a travelling salesman, residing in Minnesota, frequently goes too far away from home to return the same day. As she was somewhat apprehensive of burglarious attacks, he advised her to shoot anybody she saw prowling about the premises. One night recently the husband came in on a late train, and, failing to awaken his wife by knocking on the door, climbed a shade tree to gain admittance through the window. The noise aroused the wife, who jumped out of bed, got the revolver, and fired at the supposed burglar. The husband made his way to the ground with a ball in his side, and is now in a critical condition. His wife is nearly distracted over her mistake. The fierce denunciations hurled by Christians of one branch of Christ's Church against those of another branch, and often by ministers against each other, will doubtless end in such grief as that of this mistaken wife. When the darkness and mists of prejudice clear away, they will recognize in the faces of their antagonists the features of a brother (1 Cor. 4 : 5, 6).

A New Patent Life Preserver was Tested by the inventor at Philadelphia on August 29th. The apparatus consists of a larger circular rubber cushion, in the centre of which is a hole for the body of the wearer. After it is put on the cushion is inflated by means of an ingeniously constructed air-pump. Attached to the harness are *webbed gloves of oiled silk*, which may be used to propel and steer the operator. On Wednesday the professor, who invented it, invited his friends to see it in action. He put the thing on, and went down to the Delaware River. There he stood on the pier, flung himself overboard, and disappeared. An instant later, however, his head, shoulders, and breast were above water, but owing to the size of the air cushion and the way it was jammed up under his armpits, he was unable to reach the water with his webbed gloves. The tide was running up, and before the crowd realized his predicament the professor was sailing out in the channel as helpless a bit of flotsam as floated on the Delaware. Half a dozen small boats put off to rescue him, and he was taken out of the water and escorted back by a great crowd. Happily for this inventor his apparatus was tested when its failure did not involve disaster. It has not been so with the various preservers men have devised to prevent themselves sinking in the flood tide of sin. Education, culture, refinement, philosophy, and "the inherent nobility of human nature" have been tried, and in their failure have carried those who trusted them to their doom (Ps. 119 : 9).

Two Children Playing with a Rattlesnake were discovered by the mother of one of them a few days ago in a village near Stroudsburg, Pa. The children were about three years old, and were neighbors and playfellows. They were sitting on the grass in the rear of the house in which one of them lived, while the mother sat on the piazza watching their gambols. She noticed that while they were sitting side by side in the grass, her little one was occasionally lightly striking in front of her, with a short stick she had in her hand, and after each stroke both children would laugh loudly. The other child at intervals would bend forward, with her face close to the ground, and apparently stroke something with her hand. After this had continued for a few minutes, the mother thought she would go to ascertain what they were playing with. She was struck speechless and motionless with horror to see that their plaything was *a large rattlesnake*, which lay at full length, making no hostile demonstrations, simply raising its head when it was touched, opening its mouth, and darting its tongue out and in. It was this performance of the snake which caused the children's mirth. Finally she took a step or two forward, and the snake discovered her. Instantly its whole appearance changed. As quick as lightning it threw itself into the coil which gives it the power to make its deadly spring, and sounded its rattle. The children then became alarmed and ran away, and the reptile was quickly killed with a club. The mother's promptitude in rescuing the children from the danger they, in their innocence, were braving, is not always equalled by parents who see their offspring threatened by spiritual danger far more deadly (1 Samuel 3 : 13; Prov. 29 : 15).

A Drunken Man on a Revolving Belt at Lawrence, Mass., on August 11th, was tortured for four hours before death ended his sufferings. He was forty years of age and a habitual drunkard. On the last day of his life, while intoxicated, he entered the belt and boiler house of the Webster & Dustin building, at Lawrence. He doubtless went into the boiler-house with the intention of sleeping there, and in his dazed condition did not notice the belt, and fell upon it, being drawn by it against a pulley, where he was held fast. When found he was dead, and in two parts of his body the belt had eaten its way to the depth of three or four inches, showing that the man must have suffered terribly before death came to his relief. In his pockets was found his revolver, which was loaded, and twenty dollars in money, which showed that he had not been driven by poverty to sleep in so dangerous a place. There is a proverb current about a special providence watching over drunken men, but this incident does not illustrate it; it rather illustrates the scriptural warning (Prov. 23 : 29, 30).

The Marriage and Death of a Lady were recently announced together in a Brooklyn journal. The lady was the victim of consumption. When travelling in Illinois two years ago she made the acquaintance of a physician. Her many attractions made a deep impression on his mind, which culminated in a declaration of love. The two were engaged, and the young lady went to Florida for her health. Recently she became worse, and at her earnest entreaty was brought back to the North to die. On her arrival, her lover was sent for. He at once endeavored to persuade her to marry him, in order that he might more fittingly do all in his power to make her last moments comfortable. She finally consented, and the ceremony was performed. In spite of constant attention and medical care she died in forty-eight hours afterward. The funeral of the bride of two days, attended by the bereaved bridegroom, was a touching sight. The marriage relation is used in the Bible to typify the connection between Christ and His people. As in this sad case, the union is one formed for the sole benefit of the bride, but, unlike it, death means, not separation, but closer union (Eph. 5 : 25–27).

A $75,000 Mausoleum has been Erected at Cuttingsville, Vt., by a citizen who has therein deposited the remains of his beloved wife and daughter. It is twenty feet high, seventeen wide, and twenty long, and is believed to be the most magnificent modern tomb in the world. The interior is finished entirely in statuary and Brocadilla marbles. It contains exquisitely finished busts of the owner, his wife, and daughter. On either side of the mausoleum are posed in an angular juxtaposition, two immense French plate mirrors in elaborately engraved marble frames, which by their position produce a wonderful and dazzling optical illusion, presenting to the astonished observer vast marble halls and corridors stretching away in every direction as far as the eye can reach, peopled by a grand concourse of snow-white figures, while here and there on every hand a landscape greets the eye of mountain, vale, and stream, reflected from the portal at the front. We may hope that the souls of those whose bodies repose amid such splendor may now be moving amid much more glorious scenes. A man who so loved them as to build that magnificent habitation for their bodies, would surely labor and pray that their souls might be admitted into the glorious city John saw with its gates of pearl and foundations of jewels (Rev. 21 : 10–27).

A GOSPEL WORTH DYING FOR.

A New Sermon by Pastor C. H. Spurgeon.

"To testify the gospel of the grace of God."—Acts 20 : 24.

Paul's Value of Life—Something still more Important—A Sacred Deposit—True Heroism—Death of Epaminondas—Paul's Readiness to Die for the Gospel—I. What the Gospel was—A Gospel of Grace—Of Promise—Within Reach of All—II. How to Live for the Gospel—A Non-Progressive Theology—A Boy on a Burning Deck—Making the Gospel Known—Testifying to it—III. Why the Gospel Should be made Known—The Only Gospel—The Vision John Saw.

PAUL says that, in comparison with his great object of preaching the Gospel, he did not count even his life to be dear to himself; yet we are sure Paul highly valued life. He had the same love of life as other men, and he knew besides that his own life was of great consequence to the churches, and to the cause of Christ. In another place he said, "To abide in the flesh is more needful for you." He was not weary of life, nor was he a vain person who could treat life as though it were a thing to fling away in sport. He valued life, for he prized time, which is *the stuff that life is made of*, and he turned to practical account each day and hour, "redeeming the time because the days are evil." Yet he soberly said to the elders of the church at Ephesus that he did not regard his life as a dear thing in comparison with bearing testimony to the Gospel of the grace of God.

According to the verse before us the apostle regarded life as a race which he had to run. Now, the more quickly a race is run the better; certainly, length is not the object of desire. The one thought of a runner is how he can most speedily reach the winning-post. He spurns the ground beneath him; he cares not for the course he traverses except so far as it is the way over which he must run to reach his desired end. Such was life to Paul: all the energies of his spirit were consecrated to the pursuit of one object—namely, that he might everywhere bear testimony to the Gospel of the grace of God; and the life which he lived here below was only valued by him as a means to that end.

He also regarded the Gospel, and his ministry in witnessing to it, as

A SACRED DEPOSIT

which had been committed to him by the Lord Himself. He looked upon himself "as put in trust with the Gospel;" and he resolved to be faithful though it should cost him his life. All believers occupy a somewhat similar place. We are none of us called to the apostleship, and we may not all have been called to the public preaching of the Word of God; but we are all charged to be valiant for the truth upon the earth, and to contend earnestly for the faith once delivered to the saints. Oh, to do this in the spirit of the apostle of the Gentiles!

Paul was a true hero; a hero of even a nobler stamp than those brave Greeks whose stories still stir the blood and fire the soul. Their heroism to a large extent depended upon public note, the present approval of their fellow-citizens, or upon the animal excitement of the battle-field; but Paul's heroism, so far as man was concerned, was self-contained, deliberate, and as sure to display itself in the solitude of a dungeon as in the assembly of the faithful. He was parting with his weeping friends, and going forward to trials of unknown intensity, but he was altogether unmoved by fear, and advanced on his way without a question.

His leave-taking of the elders irresistibly reminds me of the old historian's record of Epaminondas the Theban general who, when he was mortally wounded by a Spartan spear, the head of which remained in his flesh, bade his friends leave it alone a little, "for," said he, "I have lived long enough if I die unconquered;" and when they told him that the battle was won, and that his comrades were victorious, he bade them draw out the head of the spear, that his life might end. One observed to him

that he had fallen, but that he had not lost his shield, and that the victory was won; to which he replied with his last breath, "Your Epaminondas thus dying doth not die." So Paul has lived long enough if the Gospel is prospering in its course, and though he lays down his life he does not die if his ministry is fulfilled.

We shall this morning first of all inquire, *what was this gospel which Paul judged to be worth dying for?*—"the Gospel of the grace of God." When we have made that inquiry, I think we shall be prepared for another; if we cannot die for it, *how can we live for it?* and then, thirdly, I shall press this consecration upon you by answering the question—*Why should we?* Oh, that the Holy Spirit may work in us the holy devotion and self-sacrifice of Paul!

I. First, then, our inquiry this morning is,

WHAT WAS THIS GOSPEL

for which Paul would die? It is not everything called "gospel" which would produce such enthusiasm, or deserve it. For, my brethren, we have gospels nowadays which I would not die for, nor recommend any one of you to live for, inasmuch as they are gospels that will be snuffed out within a few years. It is never worth while to die for a doctrine which will itself die out. I have lived long enough to see half a dozen new gospels rise, flourish, and decay. They told me long ago that my old Calvinistic doctrine was far behind the age, and was an exploded thing; and next I heard that evangelical teaching in any form was a thing of the past, to be supplanted by "advanced thought." I have heard of one improvement upon the old faith and then of another; and the philosophical divines are still improving their theology. They have gone on advancing and advancing, till heaven knows and perhaps hell knows what next they will advance to; but I am sure I do not. I would not die for any one of all the modern systems.

What is this gospel which Paul valued before his own life? It was called by him "the Gospel of the grace of God." That which most forcibly struck the apostle in the Gospel was that it was

A MESSAGE OF GRACE,

and of grace alone. Amid the music of the glad tidings one note rang out above all others and charmed the apostle's ear; that note was grace—the grace of God. That note he regarded as characteristic of the whole strain: the gospel was "the Gospel of the grace of God." In these days that word "grace" is not often heard; we hear of moral duties, and scientific adjustments, and human progress; but who tells us of "the grace of God" except a few old-fashioned people who will soon be gone? As one of those antiquated folk I am here this morning, and I shall try to sound out that word "GRACE" so that those who know its joyful sound shall be glad, and those who despise it shall be cut to the heart. *Grace* is the essence of the Gospel. *Grace* is the one hope of this fallen world! *Grace* is the sole comfort of saints looking forward for glory! Let me try to explain in a brief manner how the Gospel is the good news of grace.

The Gospel is an announcement that God is prepared to deal with guilty man on the ground of free favor and pure mercy. There would be no good news in saying that God is just; for, in the first place, that is not news, we know that God is just; the natural conscience teaches man that. That God will punish sin and reward righteousness is not news at all; and if it were news, yet it would not be good news, for we have all sinned, and upon the ground of justice we must perish. But it is news, and news of the best kind, that the Judge of all is prepared to pardon transgression, and to justify the ungodly. Ah, Paul, I can understand your getting into a holy excitement over such a revelation as that of free grace. I can understand your being willing to throw your life away that you might tell to your fellow-sinners that grace reigns through righteousness unto eternal life.

But the Gospel tells us much more than this, namely, that in order to His dealing with men upon the ground of free favor, God the Father has Himself removed the grand obstacle which stood in

THE WAY OF MERCY.

God is just; that is a truth most sure; man's conscience knows it to be so, and man's conscience will never rest content unless it can see that the justice of God is vindicated. Therefore, in order that God might justly deal in a way of pure mercy with men, He gave His only-begotten Son, that by His death the law might receive its due, and the eternal principles of His government might be maintained. Jesus was appointed to stand in man's stead, to bear man's sin, and endure the chastisement of man's guilt.

In the Gospel there is also revealed a motive for mercy which is in agreement with the grace of God. There is always needed in the action of every wise man a competent motive; men do not act without reason if they are reasonable men. The same is true with God, the highest of all intelligences; He acts upon the highest reasons. His motive for dealing with men on the footing of free grace is the revealing of His own glorious character.

In order to the accomplishment of the designs of grace it was necessary further that a Gospel message should be issued

FULL OF PROMISE,

encouragement, and blessing; and truly that message has been delivered to us; for that Gospel which we preach to-day is full of grace to the very brim. It speaks on this wise: Sinner, just as you are, return unto the Lord, and He will receive you graciously and love you freely. God hath said, "I will be merciful to their unrighteousness, and their sins and their iniquities will I remember no more." For Christ's sake, and not because of any agonies, or tears, or sorrows on your part, He will remove your sins as far from you as the east is from the west. The Gospel message is of grace, because it is directed to those whose only claim is their need. The whole have no need of a physician, but they that are sick. Christ came not to call the righteous but sinners to repentance. Come, therefore, ye morally sick; ye whose brows are white with the leprosy of sin; come and welcome, for to you is this free Gospel proclaimed by divine authority. Assuredly such a message as this is worth any exertion for its spreading, and it is so blessed, so divine, that we may gladly pour out our blood to proclaim it.

Further, brethren: that this Gospel blessing might come within the reach of men, God's grace has adopted a method suitable to their condition. "How can I be forgiven?" saith one, "tell me truly and quickly!" "Believe in the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved." God asks of you no good works, nor good feelings either, but that you be willing to accept what He most freely gives. He saves upon believing. This is faith; that thou believe that Jesus Christ is the Son of God, and that thou trust thyself with Him.

Dost thou say, "But faith itself seems beyond my reach"? Then, in the Gospel of the grace of God we are told that even

FAITH IS GOD'S GIFT,

and that He works it in men by His Holy Spirit; for apart from that Spirit they lie dead in trespasses and sins. Oh, what grace is this, that the faith which is commanded is also conferred! "But," saith one, "if I were to believe in Christ and have my past sins forgiven, yet I fear I should go back to sin; for I have no strength by which to keep myself for the future." Hearken! the Gospel of the grace of God is this, that He will keep thee to the end. Dost thou hear this, thou guilty one—thou who hast no claim upon God's grace whatever? His free grace comes to thee, even to thee; and if thou art made willing to receive it, thou art this day a saved man, and saved forever beyond all question. I do say it again, this is a Gospel so well worth the preaching that I can understand Paul saying, "Neither count I my life dear unto myself, so that I might finish my course with joy, and the ministry which I have received of the Lord Jesus, to testify the Gospel of the grace of God."

I read in an old book

A DREAM

of one who was under concern of soul. He fell asleep and dreamed that he was out in the wilds in a terrible storm. The lightnings flamed around him, and the voice of the thunder made the earth to rock beneath him. He looked eagerly around for a shelter. He ran to the first house before him, but he was denied admittance. He that dwelt there was named *Justice*, and he said in angry tones, "Get thee gone—I cannot shelter a criminal, a traitor to his King and God!" He fled to the next house, and it turned out to be the mansion of *Truth*. Truth came to the door with calm but stern countenance, and said, "Thou art full of falsehood, thou canst not sojourn here." He fled to the home of *Peace*, which stood near, and hoped that there perhaps he might be housed from the storm; but Peace said, "Begone! there is no peace, saith my God, unto the wicked." He could not then tell what to do, for the storm waxed yet more furious; when lo! he saw a portal over which was written "*Mercy*." "Ay," said he, "this is the place for me, for I am guilty." The door was open and he was welcomed there. To that house I invite you. Come in and be at rest. You who cannot as yet be harbored by justice, or peace, or truth, may come to mercy, and receive abundant grace.

This is the Gospel of the grace of God, and I know that it touches the heart of many of you. It often stirs my soul like the sound of martial music, to think of my Lord's grace from old eternity, a grace that is constant to its choice, and will be constant to it when all these visible things shall disappear as sparks that fly from the chimney. My heart is glad within me to have to preach free grace and dying love; I can understand why crowds met at dead of night to hear of the grace of God. I can understand the Covenanters on the bleak hills listening, with sparkling eyes, as Cameron preached of the grace of the great King! There is something in a free-grace Gospel worth preaching, worth listening to, worth living for, and worth dying for!

II. This brings me to the second head; you and I are not called to die for it just yet; let us see to-day that we live for it. How can we

LIVE FOR THIS GOSPEL

of the grace of God?

I answer, first, if anybody here is to live for this Gospel, he must have received it from God, and he must have received a call to minister or serve for it. He must feel himself under bonds to hold and keep this Gospel; not so much because he has chosen it, but because it has chosen him. I forget who it was, but a quaint old minister was once told that he could not preach in a certain pulpit if he held the doctrines of grace. "Well," said he, "I think I might be allowed to preach there, for I can truly say that I do not hold the doctrines of grace, the doctrines of grace hold me." That might be rather a quibble, but there is a grand truth in it. When a man picks and selects his creed, the probabilities are that by-and-by he will pick again, and will select another next time.

There is about the love which constitutes our domestic bliss a something of necessity; our beloved one was chosen by us, but yet we could not help it, we were carried away and overborne, and so our marriage came to pass. It was not altogether choice, there was a mystic power that enchained our hearts; and I am sure it is so with the doctrines of grace if we believe them—we chose them with a willing soul, but yet we were under constraint, and could do no other. To me there is but one form of doctrine; I know no other. Brethren, I cannot be of any other faith than that which I preached nearly twenty-nine years ago on this platform.*

I think I have read as much as most men, and

* This sermon was preached in Exeter Hall, where Mr. Spurgeon's congregation is now worshipping, while the Tabernacle is being renovated.

I know most of the maunderings of advanced thinkers; but I have never come into their secret, and I never can. I abhor the very idea of an advance upon the Gospel which Paul preached. I am to-day what I was when, as a youth, I preached to crowds in this Hall. I have progressed in my theology not so much as the tithe of an inch. I hope I preach better and with more experimental knowledge of the truth; but that which I preached thirty-three years ago I preach to-day.

You know the story of the boy who stood upon the burning deck because his father said, "Stand you there;" and I desire to imitate his steadfastness. Other boys might be much wiser than he was, but his wisdom was obedience. I prefer obeying God to being wise with my own wisdom. The Gospel which the Bible has revealed, and the Holy Ghost has taught me, I must preach, and no other. I am incapable of believing the novelties of the hour. I must abide in my old faith. I would say with Luther, "I cannot help it, so help me God!" You shall leave this rock, if you like, my brother, for you may be able to swim; but I must stop where I am, for I should drown. When the crack of doom shall be heard, I shall be here, God helping me, believing the Gospel of the grace of God and none other creed. Steadfastness at this particular time has a special value, and I urge you to it; to the Gospel which ye have received, to the Gospel of the grace of God, I implore you to stand fast so long as you live.

But the next thing Paul did was to

MAKE IT KNOWN.

Wherever he went he published the Gospel. This is what we must do. "Oh," says one, "I cannot make it known." Why not? "I could not tell out the Gospel." Why not? "Why, I am a person of mean appearance, and I do not suppose people would pay me any respect." Just what they said about Paul—"his personal presence is weak." "Oh, but I am no speaker." Just so, that also is what they said of Paul—"His speech is contemptible." "Oh, but if I were to say anything, I could not adorn it with a figure of speech, or illustrate it with a simile; I could not even quote a bit of poetry, to make it fine." *Paul also used home-spun.* He says, "We use great plainness of speech." Many of the other teachers were great orators, but Paul always fought shy of oratory; he stood up and allowed the truth to flow out of his mouth freely, in its own way; and I do believe at the present moment we want *a race of preachers* who will not be fine, or scholarly, or rhetorical, or sensational; men of whom you will say when you have heard them—"I cannot make out why people flock to hear such a ministry. All that they can go for is *what* the man says; for he does not say it grandly, he does not seem as if he wanted to do so, he appears only concerned to get his message out of his own heart, and get it into the people's hearts." That is just what Paul did.

Do you not think that you could tell the Gospel out in his fashion? "Oh, but I have so many infirmities." Yes, Paul said he gloried in infirmities because the power of Christ the more clearly rested on him. When he had done preaching the people could not say, "Oh, we understand why we felt it so; you see Paul practises all the graces of manner. We quite understand why his speech penetrated our hearts; he has such a melodious, bell-like voice. We can understand why we like to hear him; he has such expressive eyes, they look into our souls." Now, Paul, in all probability, had weak eyes; according to his name he was a short man; and it is likely that he spoke very plainly. Yet he never felt sorry that it was so; on the contrary, he believed that in his weakness he was strong, for the power of Christ rested upon him. He hoped also that for this very reason their faith would not stand in the wisdom of man, but in the power of God. Brothers and sisters, we are all qualified, to go and tell to others the Gospel of the grace of God.

Yet further, Paul desired to *testify* to the Gospel. Now, to testify is something more than to proclaim; it means to bear personal witness to the truth. Paul was specially

QUALIFIED TO TESTIFY;

was he not? When he preached he frequently told that story about the fierce persecutor who was on the way to Damascus, and was suddenly struck down—a persecutor who had never asked to be saved by grace, who had no free-will toward Christ, but who had a very strong will against Him, and was haling men and women to prison, and compelling them to blaspheme, being exceeding mad against them. Oh, how sweetly Paul told out the Gospel of the grace of God when he said, "The Lord appeared to me by the way." "I obtained mercy, that in me first Jesus Christ might show forth all long-suffering for a pattern to them which should hereafter believe on him to life everlasting." Friend, cannot you tell of your conversion, and let men know how free grace came to you when you looked not for it?

Nor would Paul end there; for he would often tell his consolations, how the Gospel had comforted him when he had been stoned, and tried by false brethren, and yet had been upheld by the grace of God. My friend, if the Gospel has done nothing for you, hold your tongue or speak against it; but if the Gospel has done for you what it has done for some of us, if it has changed the current of your life, if it has lifted you up from the dunghill and made you to sit as on a throne, if it is to-day your meat and your drink, if to your life it is the very centre and sun—then bear constant witness to it.

III. My time is gone, but yet I must detain you a minute while I remind you of reasons why we, my brethren, should live to make known the Gospel of the grace of God.

First, because *it is the only Gospel in the world*, after all. These

MUSHROOM GOSPELS

of the hour, which come and go like a penny newspaper, which has its day and then is thrown aside, have no claim on any man's zeal. These changing moons of doctrine, what are they doing for England? They are doing much evil in this city—they are alienating the mass of the people from going to any place of worship at all. Why should they come to hear uncertainties? Why should they come merely to be taught their duty, and to be moralized, and so on? Men are not led to assemble in multitudes by such poor attractions. I do not know that I should go across the street Sunday after Sunday merely to hear a moral essay. I might as well stay at home and read the paper. But to hear the Gospel of the grace of God is worth many a mile's walk, and if it were plainly set forth in all our churches and chapels I warrant we should see very few empty pews; the people would come and hear it, for they always have done so.

It is your graceless Gospel which starves the flock till they forsake the pasture; it is your Socinian reasoning which leads men to treat ministry and public worship with contempt. The old Gospel is a sweet savor which attracts the masses. When Whitefield sounded it forth, what common was big enough to hold the thousands? Man wants something that shall cheer his heart in the midst of his labor, and give him hope under a sense of sin. As the thirsty need water, so does man want the Gospel of the grace of God. And there are no two Gospels in the world any more than there are two suns in the heavens. There is but one atmosphere for us to breathe, and one Gospel for us to live by. "Other foundation can no man lay than that which is laid, Jesus Christ the righteous." Therefore tell out the Gospel, lest men die for lack of the knowledge of it.

Now, if you and I arouse ourselves this day, and God's Holy Spirit shall help us so to do, and we begin to proclaim the Gospel of the grace of God, do you know what I think is sure to happen? I prophesy the best results. They tell us that all sorts of evils are growing strong, and brethren, darkly prophetic, tell us that awful times are coming—I cannot tell you how dreadful they are to be. Popery is to come back according to some, and once again the harlot of the Seven Hills is to dominate over all the earth. Is she? We shall see. If you boldly proclaim the Gospel I tell you it will not be so. If the Gospel of the grace of God be fully and fairly preached it cannot be so.

Listen to what John saw—"I saw another angel fly in the midst of heaven having the everlasting Gospel to preach unto them that dwell on the earth, and to every nation, and kindred, and tongue, and people, saying with a loud voice, fear God and give glory to Him." Do you see that angel? Observe what follows! Close behind him flies another celestial herald. "And there followed another angel, saying, Babylon is fallen, that great city, because she made all nations drink of the wine of the wrath of her fornication." Fly, angel of the everlasting Gospel! Fly, for as surely as thou dost speed thy flight, that other angel will follow who shall proclaim the downfall of Babylon, and of every other system that opposeth itself to the grace of the Lord God Almighty! The Lord stir you up for His name's sake. Amen.

[PORTIONS OF SCRIPTURE READ BEFORE SERMON—Psalm 32; Romans 3 : 9–31; 4 : 1–8.]

[The prayers of the readers of this Journal are requested for the blessing of God upon its Editors in America and England, and those whose sermons, articles, or labors for Christ are printed in it; and for its weekly circulation of more than 250,000 copies to be blessed by the Holy Spirit to the conversion of many sinners and the quickening of God's people. Mr. Spurgeon and Dr. Talmage especially request prayer every Sunday morning on behalf of their labors.]

THE ISLAND OF ISCHIA.

ON page 572 and on the first page of this number are views of different parts of the Island of Ischia as they existed previous to the awful calamity of July 28th.

The island has been noted for its health-restoring baths for centuries. It lies off the southwest coast of Italy, fifteen miles from Naples, and during the summer tourists and invalids can take any one of several steamers which run from Naples to the island daily. In the winter communication is less frequent.

In its general shape the island resembles an egg. It is sixteen miles in circumference, and lies directly west of the Bay of Naples. The inhabitants all told number over 28,000. The leading towns are Casamicciola, where the greatest number of lives was lost, situated something over a mile from the landing place for steamers on the north shore; Forio, on the west coast, and Ischia, on the northeast coast. Ischia is nearer Naples than either of the other towns, but the landing place is not good, and hence Casamicciola is the terminus of the steamers' trips. Casamicciola lies at the foot and north of Mount Epomeo, which rises to a height of 2700 feet and commands a beautiful view of the Bay of Naples and Mount Vesuvius. The general direction of the elevation is east and west—with the island. Both Forio and Ischia are north of the mountains, and Lacceameno is a small village near by.

Casamicciola consisted of a row or two of houses, and a little piazza on the shore level, the rest of the town rising abruptly on the hillside, on which it scattered itself in a capricious and irregular manner, which gave it a singularly picturesque and agreeable aspect, as seen from the sea. Hotels, pensions, and private houses seemed to have perched themselves capriciously here and there among their gardens and orange-groves, and some of the streets in the upper town ran in the same way along the edges of natural terraces in the hill-side. This conformation of the town certainly added to the horrors of its situation. In some cases houses falling bodily from above crushed others standing on a lower level. In others, as, for instance, near the little church, whole buildings toppled

Ischia in the Italian Island of Ischia.

from the little coign of vantage on which they stood, into the adjacent valley, forming masses of masonry, dislodged earth, and half-uprooted trees, which rendered the task of regular excavation and search for the bodies of almost superhuman difficulty.

The town of Ischia, of which a representation is given above, is at the north-eastern part of the island, and appears to have escaped the destruction which overwhelmed its more prosperous rival city, Casamicciola. Ischia is the more ancient city.

The Rev. J. C. Fletcher, in a letter to *The Evangelist*, written three days after the calamity, thus speaks of the Island of Ischia which he passed in a small steamer forty-eight hours before the earthquake occurred: "On the 26th of July—Thursday last—I had to leave Naples to go to Genoa to preach in the Presbyterian Church for the Rev. Donald Miller. I embarked with my wife on a steamer which plies between Palermo, Naples, Leghorn, Genoa, and Marseilles. The day was exquisite; the Bay of Naples, with Vesuvius sending up its graceful column of vapor, now seemed more beautiful and attractive than ever. By some whim of our captain, the steamer, instead of passing through the channel between Ischia and the mainland, took us around three sides of the island, and thus, though I knew Ischia well, I was enabled to comprehend its size better than before, and to see every town and hamlet upon its sides or down on the margin of the sea. It has an area of twenty-four square miles (that is two square miles more than Manhattan Island), and has a population, by the last census, of 30,000.

"The scene was lovely and impressive in the highest degree, and when I at last lost sight of the fading towns and villas of Ischia, I thought that no landscape could be sweeter and more full of repose. A little more than forty-eight hours after this, while the islanders were surrounded in their pretty homes by their families, talking of the week's work done, suddenly a tremendous shock was felt, and a sound was heard which sounded as if an express train at greatest speed were thundering over an iron bridge. Two other shocks rapidly succeeded, and the terrible work was done."

THE COMING GREAT EARTHQUAKE.

By Rev. M. Baxter.

THE earthquake in Ischia with its terrible destruction of life has horrified the whole civilized world. To the student of prophecy, however, it speaks with a voice, not only solemn, but premonitory. To him its lessons are obvious. Though on a small scale compared with the destruction which overwhelmed the cities of Herculaneum and Pompeii, or with the ruin caused by the earthquake at Lisbon in 1755, it is a sufficient reminder to us of what is predicted in Holy Writ as marking the final end of the drama of the present dispensation of the world, when there shall be "*Earthquakes in divers places*" (Matthew 24 : 7). The Ischian episode bears only a faint resemblance to what one day will be enacted *on a scale as awful* [*as it will be sudden* when, as a modern poet says, will be heard

"A universal crash
As if the very ribs of Nature broke
And all her dark foundations failed."

Latter-day scoffers ask with an air of cynical unbelief, "Where is the promise of His coming? for since the fathers fell asleep all things continue as they were from the beginning of the Creation"—a statement which is manifestly contradicted by such results as those which the recent earthquake reveals to us. But the Apostle, with the strongest emphasis, declares that "the day of the Lord will come," and, what is equally certain, just as we have seen in the mysterious and terrible convulsion at Ischia, it will come when men least suspect it. That day "will come as a thief in the night"—"the heavens shall pass away with a great noise, and the elements shall melt with a fervent heat; the earth also, and the works that are therein, shall be burned."

Several hundred commentators agree that we are living at the end of the Sixth Vial mentioned in the sixteenth chapter of Revelation, and are consequently standing on the threshold of the Seventh and Last Vial, on the outpouring of which there is to be "a great

EARTHQUAKE SUCH AS NEVER WAS

since men were upon the earth, so mighty an earthquake and so great, and the cities of the nations shall fall." Therefore, undoubtedly within a few years from now the cities of the nations, a term which appears to embrace the chief cities of every nation, will be shaken down by this coming unparalleled earthquake (Rev. 16 : 17, 18).

This Coming Great Earthquake is also foretold in Ezekiel 38 : 20, where it is predicted to cause "every wall to fall to the ground."

The *Rock*, a prominent English journal, in its comments upon the catastrophe, says:

"The final dissolution of the present framework of our globe—*not its annihilation*—will be the precursor to a state of things which will be evolved out of the present world by a process not altogether dissimilar from that which has just taken place in the south of Europe. When men shall be wholly absorbed in their schemes of avarice or ambition; when worldliness in all its fascination shall be at its height; when the long process of repose, and the regularity of nature's laws will suggest the idea of the continuity and stability of 'the earth and the works that are therein;' when the sneer of the sceptic and the ribaldry of the profane will urge men to inquire 'where is the promise of His coming?'—then, in the very midst of the gay scenes of the world's revelry, when all around wears the face of festivity and careless glee, in a moment, without warning,

SUDDEN DESTRUCTION

will come upon the unthinking inhabitants of this planet. The tremendous forces of nature, now held in reserve, will then be let loose, and the world of that period will be made to feel that the Apostolic warning was not a cunningly-devised fable, but a terrible reality, far outweighing in its results anything which the inventive faculty of man could possibly have devised."

A HUSBAND'S PAINFUL DISCOVERY.

(*See Illustration.*)

"ALICE, will you come for a walk?" said a man of some thirty years of age, apparently a respectable clerk, addressing his wife, to whom he had been married about a year.

"Yes, dear, with great pleasure," she answered, and hurried away to dress.

"This is a glorious evening," she said, as they strolled through the shady paths of a large public park. "I think this Indian summer is the most beautiful time of the whole year. I looked forward to this time all through those bitter cold winter days."

"Yes," he said, "this is much better, but I was very happy in the winter. It was so nice to come home through the snow, expecting all the way the warm room and the loving welcome I always had. It was worth all the discomfort outside. You have made me very happy, Alice. This last year is the golden year of my life. It seems almost too good to last."

"Oh, don't say that, Robert. I trust we shall

have many such. I only need one thing to complete my happiness; I long to see you a Christian. You cannot think how earnestly I pray for that."

"Well, well, all in good time, my love. You have done wonders already. I am a very different man from the wretch I was before you knew me. Why, I do not know myself. I never spent an evening innocently like this or like the evenings we had last winter. Every night it was either the theatre or the saloon, sometimes one, sometimes the other. And always rum and bad company. I should surely have been murdered or done murder if you had not saved me. Now I go to church regularly with you, and there is no knowing what you will do for me in time."

"Robert saw her packing and started with a gesture of dismay."

"Don't say that, Robert, it is not I who can do that. I am weak enough, but God can save you and keep you safe. You must not trust in me. O Robert, do pray God to give you a new heart! I do not like to think of you attributing your better life to my influence. If that were all, you would go back to your sin if I were to die."

"Do not speak of such a thing, Alice; if I were to lose you it would kill me. If I did live, the memory of you would keep me safe, I think. I never knew what life really meant till I had you. You are my heaven."

"Ah, Robert, when you talk so you break my heart. It is very blessed to know you love me so much, but I cannot think of that when you call me your heaven. It grieves me; unless you seek the heaven above, you will never know real happiness. I want you to love Jesus, then you will be kept safely, and will know how good He is."

"There, there, do not fret, my love, I will do as you wish, but I feel too wicked to pray. Do you think God would hear a man who has led so bad a life as I? It is worse than your dear innocent soul can conceive."

Then Alice told him of the unutterable love of Christ, of His receiving the worst of sinners and forgiving them, and her husband was melted almost to tears as he listened. They walked around the park until it grew dark, and then entered the brightly-lighted streets of the city on their way to their happy home.

They met crowds of people hastening to the various places of amusement, and more than once as they passed buildings resplendent in electric lights and with huge posters at the doors, Robert told his wife their names, and pressing the hand that rested lovingly on his arm hurried on as if he thought the very sight of them a profanation to the gentle Christian woman at his side.

As they passed one such place Alice noticed a showily dressed woman with hard, bold face, the livid tints of which told of habitual intoxication, looking earnestly, it seemed angrily, at herself and her husband. She was about to mention this strange manner to him, when she lost sight of the woman in the crowd and thought no more of it. A few moments afterward, however, she was nearly thrown to the ground by a rough push that separated her from her husband with a wrench which almost broke her arm. As she recovered her balance and turned to ascertain the cause, she saw the woman she had seen in the crowd standing face to face with Robert, and glaring at him wildly.

"So," she was saying, "I have found you at last, have I? You thought I was dead, I suppose. But I ain't; I'm very much alive, as you'll find. You are not rid of me yet. You'd have killed me if you could. But I had friends as took care of me. I've been earning my own living since then, but I don't mean to do it any longer. What's the use of a husband if he don't keep you. Say, Robert, aren't you glad to have found your long-lost wife?"

Robert made no reply to this torrent of words. A ghastly pallor spread itself over his features, which turned to a look of abject misery as he looked helplessly at Alice. The woman followed the direction of his glance, and said: "Ah! that is the young woman you had with you. Come here, my dear, let me introduce you. This is my husband. I expect he's been fooling you. He left me sick in hospital. I was run over one night when I had been having a good time, and they carried me there, and they told him I was dead and buried in Potter's Field, but it wasn't me. But he didn't care; he was glad to hear I was dead. But I am a pretty lively corpse, ain't I?"

At last Alice found her voice. "It is not true, Robert. Oh, you can surely deny it?"

"Heaven help me, my poor child, I cannot," he said. "It is quite true, but I never knew it until this moment. Go home now," he added, in a lower tone, "I will come to you soon."

Alice turned away with such desolation at her heart as she had never known before. She was sick—stunned by the terrible revelation. She went home, to her a home no longer, and for hours sat there motionless in a stupor of grief and horror. Robert did not come, until at last as morning was breaking she heard his step. She was then on her knees before a trunk she was packing with her wearing apparel preparatory to the journey she knew she must take. Her heart bled for her husband, but there was no question in her mind as to her duty.

As Robert entered and saw what she was doing, he started back with an exclamation of dismay. "You surely will not leave me to that woman," he cried in a voice of anguish. "It will be my ruin, body and soul. I cannot give you up, my poor, wronged wife."

"You must, Robert. I cannot do wrong even for your sake, dearly as I love you. I am going away now, but I shall never cease to pray for you. But O Robert, do pray for yourself and that miserable woman."

"But I cannot let you go. Do listen to reason, Alice," he said. "My marriage with that woman was no marriage. There is no union where there is no union of soul. Your duty as a Christian is to stay with me lest you undo all the good you have done for me."

Alice shook her head; such sophistries were of no avail with her. "I am going, Robert. I am doing right. God help you, my poor fellow, to bear the burden bravely and faithfully."

Robert continued pleading with her for some time, but to no purpose. She continued her packing until all was done, and then went to the chair in which he had flung himself in an agony of remorse, which shook his frame with sobs. "Good-by," she said, "God will help you if you will ask Him. May He bless and keep you," and gently kissing his forehead she went out of her once happy home to earn her bread.

It was many years before the two met again. During that time Robert drained to the dregs the cup of remorse his own sin had prepared. Degraded in reputation, and pauperized in pocket by the woman who bore his name, he still strove to be patient, and even labored hard for her reformation. But his efforts were futile, and she ultimately drank herself to death. When Alice and he at last met, after a long search on Robert's part, they were nearer in heart than when they had parted. Sorrow and remorse had done their chastening work, and Robert had sought and found the Saviour of sinners.

MRS. CHANTREY'S SECRET.

A SERIAL STORY.

(*Continued from page 559.*)

Ann Holland's Self-sacrifice.

"SIR," Ann said one evening, when Mr. Chantrey, worn out with the conflict of his own parting with his people, was sitting depressed and silent by her fireside, "Mr. Chantrey, are you thinking of taking out a servant with you?"

"No," he answered; "the cost would be too much. You forget we are going to be poor folks out yonder, Ann. Don't you remember telling me it might have been better for my wife if she had had to work hard for Charlie and me?"

"That was long ago," she replied; "it's different now. Who's to mind you if you are ill?

and who's to see Master Charlie kept nice, like a gentleman's son? I've been thinking it would break my heart to sit at home thinking of you all. There is nothing to keep me here, now my poor brother's gone. Take me with you, sir."

"No, no!" he exclaimed, vehemently—so vehemently that she knew how his heart leaped at the thought of it; "you must not sacrifice yourself for us. What! give up this pleasant home of yours, and all your old friends? No; it cannot be."

"There'd be trouble in it," she said; "but it would be a harder trouble to think of you in foreign parts, with none but savages about you, and no roof over your head, and wild beasts marauding about."

"Not so bad as that," he interrupted, smiling so cheerfully that her own face brightened. "There are no wild beasts, and not many natives, and I shall have a home of my own somewhere."

"I could never sleep at nights," she went on, "or eat my bread in comfort, for wondering about you. I don't want to be a cost to you; and when I've sold all, I shall have a little sum of money in hand that will keep me a year or two after my passage is paid. I'm not too old for work yet. If it's too bad a place for me to go to, what must it be for you? And you're not as strong as you ought to be, sir. If anything should happen to you out there you'd like to know I was with them you love, taking care of them."

"It would be a greater comfort than I can tell," said Mr. Chantrey, in a tremulous voice. "Now and then the thought crosses my mind that I might die yonder; and what would become of Sophy and Charlie, left so desolate? There's Warden; but he is too austere and harsh, good as he is. But, Ann, I ought not to let you come."

"There's no duty to keep me at home," she answered. "If my poor brother was alive, I could never forsake him, you know; but that is all over now. And I could have patience with her, poor lady! Ay, I'd have patience for her own sake as well as yours. She could never try me as I've been tried. And I've great hopes of her. Maybe if James, poor fellow, could have broken off all his old ways, and begun again fresh, turning over a new leaf where folks hadn't seen the old one, he might have been saved. I've great hopes of Mrs. Chantrey; and nobody could help her as I could. It seems almost as if our blessed Lord laid this thing before me, and asked me to do it for His sake. Sure if He asked me to go all round the world for Him, I couldn't say no. To go to New Zealand with folks I love will be nothing to Him leaving heaven, with His Father and the holy angels there, to live and work like a poor man in this world, and to die on the cross at the end of all."

Her voice fell into its lowest and tenderest key as she spoke these last words, and the tears stood in her eyes, as if the thought of Christ's life, so long familiar, had started into a new meaning for her. The opportunity for copying Him more literally than she had ever done before was granted to her, and her spirit sprang forward eagerly to seize it. Mr. Chantrey sat silent, yet with a lighter heart than he had had for months. He felt that if Ann Holland went out with them half his load would be gone. There was a brighter hope for Sophy, and there would be a sure friend for his boy, whatever his own fate might be. Yet he shrank from accepting such a sacrifice, and could only see the selfishness of doing so at the first moment.

"You must take another week to think of it," he said.

But when the week was ended, Ann Holland was more confirmed in her wish than before. The news that she was going out with Mr. Chantrey's family caused as great a stir in the town as that of the rector's resignation. The Hollands had always been saddlers in Upton, and all the true old Upton people had faithfully adhered to them, never being tempted away by interlopers from London or other places, who professed to do better work at lower prices. To be sure the last male Holland was gone, but every one knew that his only share in the business for many years had been the spending of the money it brought in. That Ann Holland should give up her good trade and go out as servant to the Chantreys—for so it was represented by the news-bearers—was an unheard-of, incredible thing. Many were the remonstrances she had to listen to, and to answer as best she could.

It was a bitter day for Ann Holland when she saw her treasured household furniture sold by auction and scattered to the four winds. Many of her old neighbors bought for themselves some mementoes of the place they knew so well, but the bulk of the larger articles were sold without sentiment or feeling. It was a pang to part with each one of them, as they were carried off to some strange or hostile house to be put to common uses. The bare walls and empty rooms that were left, which she had never seen bare and empty before, seemed terribly new, yet familiar to her. She wandered through them for a few minutes, loitering in each one as she thought of all that had happened to her during her monotonous life; and then, with a sorrowful yet brave heart, she walked along the street to the rectory, which was already dismantled and bare like the home she had just left.

During these busy weeks Mrs. Bolton had looked on in almost sullen silence, except when now and then she had broken out into a passionate invective of her nephew's madness. He had never been indifferent to the luxuries and refinements that give a charm to life, and her nature could not comprehend how all these were poisoned at their source for him. He was eager to exchange them for a chance of a true home, however lowly that home might be. He would willingly have gone to the wilds of Siberia, if by so doing he could secure his wife's reformation. An almost feverish haste possessed him. To carry her away from Upton, from England, and to enter upon a quite new career in a strange place, and to accomplish this plan quickly, absorbed him nearly to the exclusion of any other thought. Mrs. Bolton felt herself very much neglected and greatly aggrieved. Her plans were frustrated and her comforts threatened, yet her nephew hardly seemed to think of her—he for whom she had done so much, who would not have been even rector of Upton but for the late archdeacon.

Yet she relented a little from her displeasure as the day for parting came. She was as fond of him and his boy as her nature would allow. Sophy had never been otherwise than an object of her jealousy, and now she positively detested her. But when Mr. Chantrey came on the last evening to sit an hour or two with her, and she saw, as with newly-opened eyes, his care-worn face and wearied, feeble frame, her heart quite melted toward him.

"Remember," she said, eagerly, "you can come back again whenever you choose, as soon as you grow sure how useless this mad scheme is. I wish I could have persuaded you to keep on your living, but you are too wilful. You are welcome to draw upon me for funds to return at any time, and I shall supply them gladly, and give you a home here. If you find your expectations fail, promise me to come back."

"And bring Sophy with me?" he asked, with almost a smile.

"No, no," she answered, shrinking involuntarily from the idea of having her in her house. "O my poor boy! what can you do?"

"I can only bear the burden sin lays upon me," he said. "It is not permitted to us to shake off the iniquities of others. All of us, more or less, must share in the sufferings of Christ, bearing our portion of the sins of the world, which He bore, even unto death. I am ready to die, if that will save my poor Sophy from her sin.

"But all that makes a Christian life so miserable!" exclaimed Mrs. Bolton.

"If in this life only we have hoped in Christ, then are we of all men men most miserable," he answered.

"And you would teach that we must give up everything," she cried, "all advantages, and blessings, and innocent indulgences, and pleasures of every kind?"

"If the sins or temptations of those about call for such a sacrifice, we must give them up, every one," he replied; "they are no longer blessings or innocent indulgences. If God calls upon us to make some sacrifice, and we refuse to do it, do you think He will yield like some weak parent, who will suffer his child to run the risk of serious injury rather than give him present pain? The whole law of our life is sacrifice, as it was the law of Christ's life. It is possible that some small self-denial at the right moment may spare us some costly expiation later on. Christianity must perish if it loses sight of this law."

Mrs. Bolton did not answer him. Was he thinking of her own refusal to remove temptation out of the way of his wife when she first began to fall into her fatal habit? He was not in reality thinking of her at all, but her conscience pricked her, though her pride kept her silent. It was such an unheard-of course for a person in her station, that none but fanatics could expect her to take it. Quixotic, irrational, eccentric, visionary, were words that flitted incoherently through her brain; but her tongue refused to utter them. Was Christ then so prudent, so cautious, so anxious to secure innocent indulgences and to grasp worldly advantages? Could she think of Him making life easy and comfortable to Himself while hundreds of thousands, nay, millions of unhappy souls were hurrying each year into misery and ruin?

There was not much conversation between her and her nephew; for as a parting draws very near, our memories refuse to serve us, and we forget to say the many, many things we may perhaps never again have any season for saying. They bade one another farewell tenderly and sorrowfully; and he went out, under the tranquil, starry sky, to wander once more beside the grave of his little child, and under the old gray walls of his church. He had not known till now how hard the trial would be.

Up to this time he had been kept incessantly occupied with the numberless arrangements necessary for so great a change; but these were all completed. He had said farewell to his people; but the aching of his own great personal grief and shame had prevented him from feeling that separation too forcibly. But the stir and excitement were over for the hour. Here there were no cold, curious eyes fastened upon him; no fear of any harsh voice putting into words of untimely lamentation the unacknowledged reason of his departure. The beloved familiar places, so quiet yet so full of associations to him, had full power over his spirit; and he could not resist them. The very ivy-leaves rustling against the tower, and the low, sleepy chirp of the little birds were dear to him.

What, then, was the church itself, every lineament of which he knew as well as if they were the features of a friend? It was a beautiful old church; but if it had been the homeliest and barest building ever erected, he must still have mourned over the pulpit, where he had taught his people; the pews, where their listening faces were lifted up to him; the little vestry, where he had spent so many peaceful hours. And the small mound, blooming with flowers, under which his child slept, how much power had that over him! He paced restlessly up and down beneath the solemn yew-trees, his heart breaking over them all.

To-morrow by this time he would have left them far behind him; and never more would his eyes behold them, or his feet tread the path he had so often trod. They seemed to cry to him like living, sentient things. To and fro he wandered, while the silent stars and the waning moon, lying low in the sky above the church, looked down upon him with a pale and mournful light. At last the morning came; and

he remembered that to-day he must quit them all, and sail for a far-off country.

The vessel Mr. Chantrey had chosen for the long voyage was a merchant ship, sailing for Melbourne, under a captain who had been an early friend of his own, and who knew the reason for his leaving England. No other cabin passengers had taken berths on board her, though there were a few emigrants in the steerage. Captain Scott, himself a water-drinker, had arranged that no intoxicating beverages, in any form, should appear in the saloon. The steward was strictly forbidden to supply them to any person except Mr. Chantrey himself.

This enforced abstinence, the complete change of scene, and the fresh sea breezes, during the protracted voyage, he reckoned upon as the best means of restoring his wife to health of body and mind. Ann Holland, too, would watch over her as vigilantly and patiently as himself; and Charlie would be always at hand to amuse her with his boyish chatter. A bright hope was already dawning upon him.

(To be continued.)

A PRAYING MOTHER.

S. S. Lesson for Sept. 16, 1 Sam 1, 2 : 1–3. Golden Text, 1 : 27. By Mrs. M. Baxter.

Hannah's Home Trouble—Where She Carried it—The Assurance Given—Prayers for Children's Salvation—Mistakes about them—The Promise of the Blessing—Instances—Hindrances—Samuel Consecrated by Hannah — Her Anxiety Ceasing—Parental Disappointments.

WHERE do we not meet with anxious mothers? And how many praying mothers there are who are anxious mothers still! Hannah was the beloved wife of a man whose name, Elkanah, means "possessed of God." She herself knew the Lord, and although suffering very much from domestic trial, yet she knew to whom to go and practically cast her burden upon the Lord. So sore was the pressure of Peninnah's reproaches when she went up to the house of the Lord in Shiloh, that Hannah went into the temple or tabernacle of the Lord to unburden her heart.

There are some who have great trial in their own homes, but their only thought is to tell out their trouble to some human friend from whom they claim sympathy. It is just sympathy they seek and a strengthening in their own self-pity. They think they are very badly used, and they want somebody to strengthen them in the thought. Not so Hannah; she went to One who could and would not only sympathize with her, but lift her out of her trouble. She poured out her heart to the Lord, asking Him to give her a child, but only that she might give him to the Lord all the days of his life. Hannah did not seek the luxury of a child's love, nor yet the pride of a mother whose son would shine in the world, but she did long for one who should be a witness for God in the degenerate days in which she lived. Her heart's cry was too deep to be spoken out loud, and Eli, the high priest, who saw her, thought that she was drunken, and reproached her for it. Hannah's answer reassured him; he could see that her heart was burdened and that her face spoke out the truth of what she said. Then he answered and said, "Go in peace: and the God of Israel grant thee

THE PETITION

that thou hast asked of Him." Eli did not say, "May the God of Israel grant thee thy petition," as though there were any doubt about it, but, "The God of Israel *grant thee* thy petition." It was not a wish but a declaration, and Hannah took it as such and rested her heart upon it. She "went her way, and did eat, and her countenance was no more sad." It was to her as sure as though she had that moment held a son in her arms; God could not fail her, she had, through Eli, His promise to rest upon.

But how many of us who are mothers have gone to the Lord with hearts just as troubled as Hannah's, entreating Him to save our children's souls, or, if they are saved, to make them holy; and yet instead of going away in peace with countenances no more sad, we have anxiously watched our children to see if there was any indication that our prayer was heard, manifesting by that very eager watching, some doubt as to whether the prayer would be answered or not. We have treated our loving God as though the spiritual welfare of our children were nearer our hearts than His, and have been in a fever of anxiety to provide in the best way possible for the bringing about an answer to our prayers, and have done all we could to help God in the matter. Oh, how foolish we have been. If we were more equal than God to the bringing about of our children's salvation, why appeal to Him at all about it? If He is equal to the task, and has assured us that if we believe in the Lord Jesus Christ, we shall be saved and our children, why be in a fret of anxiety about it? Why not be quiet enough and confident enough in our heavenly Father's love for our children, to give Him credit for loving them better than we do, and accomplishing their salvation in His own divine way. And then by our quietness and confidence we shall be in a position to receive His directions how to act with regard to them.

Now, are we fully persuaded that God wills the salvation of our children? "To the Word and to the testimony!" Besides the passage already quoted (Acts 16 : 31), we have this precious promise: "As for Me, this is My covenant with them, saith the Lord; My Spirit that is upon thee, and My words which I have put in thy mouth, shall not depart out of thy mouth, nor out of the mouth of thy seed, nor out of the mouth of thy seed's seed, saith the Lord, from henceforth and forever" (Isa. 59 : 21). Again, we have strong evidence of the love of God to the children of His people. When Noah was told of God to prepare an ark at the time of the deluge, when destruction had been determined on the earth, God said to Noah, "Come

THOU AND ALL THY HOUSE

into the ark; for *thee* have I seen righteous before Me in this generation" (Gen. 7 : 1). God promised the land of Canaan, not to Abraham only, but *to his seed* (Gen. 13 : 15). Moses declared "Those things which are revealed belong unto *us and to our children* forever;" and he declared to the children of Israel, "I call heaven and earth to record this day against you, that I have set before you life and death, blessing and cursing; therefore choose life, that both *thou and thy seed* may live" (Deut. 29 : 29; 30 : 19). Again, in the New Testament, we see how the grace of God reached whole households. In the case of Zaccheus, salvation came, not to him alone, but to his "*house*" (Luke 19 : 9); the nobleman of Capernaum believed and "*his whole house*" (John 4 : 53); when Paul preached to the women by the riverside at Philippi, the *household* of Lydia was baptized, and so it was with the jailer's family in the same city (Acts 16 : 15, 31–34.) Our Father's heart is much larger than we imagine; He has an eye upon every child in our families.

What, then, is the reason, many say, that my children, for whom I have been so much in prayer, and whom I have watched over with such anxiety, yet show no signs of conversion? Possibly the hindrance is that either your consecration of them, or your faith in God regarding them is defective. Hannah, when she had weaned her son, brought him and gave him to the service of the Lord. Her one idea was that God should have His rights in her child; he was

GOD'S PROPERTY,

and was taught to regard himself as such. Hannah did not look forward to the time when she would blush with gratified pride because her son surpassed all the sons of her neighbors in scholarship. Hannah looked higher than this, and craved that he should be a vessel of God's grace, polished or unpolished. To Hannah, had she lived in our days, there would have been no attraction in the thought that her son might become a large landed proprietor, perhaps a member of Congress; Hannah looked above the politics of earth, and craved for her son to be more familiar with the King of kings, than with the petty rulers of this our earth, and so she did her part, gave up all right in her son, and looked upon him as the Lord's property. Now, whatever happened to him was God's affair, not her's; it was true consecration; all the care of him was left to God; she did not bear the burden, but believed that God was able; and thus she manifested her faith.

If we have given up our right to our children, and hold them as the Lord's, we shall never seek for them such pleasures, society, or earthly advantages as are calculated to lead them into the world. But if we have taken by faith the salvation and sanctification of our children from God we shall cease from anxiety, even if, in their wilfulness, they do go into the world, *knowing* that our faithful God will not fail those who really trust in Him, and that He will in some way or other make their very waywardness work together to bring them into a deeper conviction of sin and a more real knowledge of Himself than if they had always walked so as to give joy to our hearts. Very, very often we really hinder our children's conversion and growth in grace by our anxiety; they feel that they are watched, that a great deal is expected of them; some of them are tempted to unreal profession just to keep mother from being so anxious; some are driven to hate the things of God, because they feel that their natural inclinations for the world are thwarted, and they have gained nothing in the place of it. If we are

AT REST IN GOD

in the confidence that He has undertaken them, listening to His voice in every direction He gives us about them, then all the strain and the anxiety ceases, and the children being more at ease can be more real. Then God can show us where to lead them and how to lead them to mother's God. Oh, in our life of failure as mothers, what a blessed thing it is to know that our God has a deeper love for them than we have, that *His standard of holiness* is much higher than our's, and, above all, that His Almightiness is already exercised on their behalf.

When Hannah presented her Samuel to the Lord, and sung her lovely song of praise, there was not the least trace of anxiety observable. She neither recognized herself as a great saint, because she had made such a gift to the Lord, nor yet other people as shortcomers because they were not equally devoted. Hannah said, "My heart rejoiceth in the Lord" (not in Samuel), "mine horn is exalted in the Lord; my mouth is enlarged over mine enemies; because I rejoice in Thy salvation." Hannah had her heart's full desire, and although Samuel was but a little child and did not yet know the Lord, still Hannah was rejoicing as much as though she saw him already the chosen messenger and prophet of the Lord. Now, dear readers, especially dear parents, are we filled with praise continually, not so much because we see or think we see marks of grace upon our children, but because of God's salvation, because God is on our side and on our children's side?

Many of us have been

OFTEN DISCOURAGED

because our plans have failed; we have tried our best to shield our children from contaminating influences, and yet have failed; we have sought to instil principles of the strictest integrity and the most transparent truthfulness, and yet we have seen our children manifesting a spirit of untruth, of evasion, of self-indulgence, of vanity or of unkindness, which wounds and mortifies us. Are we sure that there was nothing of self in our training? Were we not as much grieved that *our* son or *our* daughter could manifest such a spirit, as we were that God was dishonored? Let us be willing for any personal mortification, provided God has undertaken for our children; let us take our eyes off them and fix them upon Him, then we with Hannah shall sing: "The Lord killeth, and maketh alive: He bringeth down to the grave, and bringeth up. The Lord maketh poor, and maketh rich: He bringeth low, and lifteth up."

FOREIGN TOPICS.

The Empire of Annam has Yielded to French coercion. The French journals publish a statement that Dr. Harmand, the representative of the Republic, has been received by the Emperor of Annam, who has accepted the terms of peace imposed. France demanded that Annam should pay the cost of the war and should hold all the forts on the Hue River until the money was paid; a "protectorate" of France over the empire is to be acknowledged, and the Annamite troops in Tonquin are to be placed at the disposal of the French commander. The terms are severe, and it is not surprising to learn that a revolution has broken out in Hue against the emperor who signed them. China is also reported as dissatisfied. She exercises suzerainty over Annam, and claims that the emperor exceeded his powers in concluding a treaty of peace with France. Military preparations are being pushed forward in China.

Ranavalona, Queen of Madagascar, is Dead. A cable message received last week states that she died on July 13th. Her decease occasions general mourning throughout the island, and intensifies the gloom now hanging over the country. At a time when a foreign enemy is on their shores, the Malagese bemoan with good reason the loss of their wise and enlightened monarch, under whose sway the country has made rapid advances in civilization. There is no queen whose death would be so sincerely lamented by her subjects. Her reign commenced in 1868, and during the fifteen years that it covers, the criminal law has been codified and trial by jury established; the term of military service was reduced to five years; native schools were established in every village, and every slave in the island emancipated. In September, 1870, the Queen, who had embraced Christianity, ordered the national idols to be destroyed, and her commands were executed amid popular rejoicing. Five idols were cast into the flames with the paraphernalia of worship, and the temples razed to the ground. Christian teachers, European and native, were then sent into every locality, and the cause of true religion has prospered there. Nothing is known here at present of the queen's successor, save that she is hostile to the French.

A Volcanic Eruption of Extraordinary Violence occurred on August 26th in the island of Krakatoa, one of the Dutch dependencies in the Strait of Sunda, lying midway between the extreme westerly point of the island of Java and the southeasterly part of the island of Sumatra. Terrific detonations were heard all day in the adjacent islands, and showers of stones and ashes, which caused total darkness, fell at intervals. The threatening rumblings gradually became more and more distinct, and by noon the Maha Meru, the largest of the volcanoes of Java, was belching forth flames at an alarming rate. This eruption soon spread to the Gunung, the crater of which is the largest in the world, being nearly four miles in diameter, the Gunung Guntur, and many other minor mountains, until more than a third of *the forty-five craters of Java* were either in active eruption, or seriously threatening it. An observer says in a description published in the New York *Sun*: "Just before dusk a great luminous cloud formed over the Gunung Guntur, and the crater of that volcano began to vomit up enormous streams of white acid, sulphurous mud, and smaller quantities of lava. There were rapidly succeeding explosions, followed by tremendous showers of cinders and enormous fragments, which were hurled high into the air and scattered in all directions, to fall after the force was spent upon the valleys below, setting the forests on fire and carrying death and destruction. With these terrible eruptions came sympathetic demonstrations from the sea. The overhanging clouds were so surcharged with electricity that at one time more than fifteen huge waterspouts were seen. These have continued at somewhat long intervals ever since. Men, women, and children rushed in terror from their tottering dwelling places, filling the air with their shrieks of horror. Hundreds were unable to get out before the houses fell, and were buried beneath the great masses of rocks and mud which were piled up, where a few hours before all had been peace, happiness, and fancied security." The eruptions continued until Wednesday, August 29th, by which time *thirty thousand persons had been killed*, and the islands were a scene of indescribable desolation.

Mr. Parnell in a Speech Delivered in Dublin on August 29th took a brighter view of Irish prospects than usual. His speech was marked by unwonted moderation. He referred to the success of the efforts of the Irish members of Parliament to promote the Laborers, Tramways and Navigation acts. He said he believed the day was near when the Irish would gain the full programme of measures for which the League had been formed. Mr. Parnell thanked the Irishmen of America and Australia for their support of the cause of progress in Ireland, which, he said, had been most encouraging. He said that the bulk of the English members of the House of Commons had conceded that home rule was necessary for Ireland. There are indications that a general parliamentary election is impending which may interfere with Mr. Gladstone's projects for Ireland, but if he continues in power, it is believed that next session a limited measure of home rule will be proposed by the government.

The Varna, an Arctic Exploration Steamer having on board the Dutch expedition, has been wrecked. The object of the expedition was to establish a meteorological station at Dickson Haven at the mouth of the Yenisei River in western Siberia. The Varna, a Norwegian vessel, was chartered by the expedition, and sailed on July 5th, 1882. She carried provisions for 700 days, a large collection of scientific instruments, furs, clothing, and houses in sections to be put together at the station. The expedition encountered ice on August 1st near the south coast of Nova Zembla. They were, however, able to penetrate for eighteen miles into the ice, but early in September the vessel was seen to be frozen in and drifting with the ice pack. Nothing more was heard of the expedition until last week, when the party was brought to Vardoe in Norway on the steamer Obi, which had rescued them from the Dijmphna, a Danish exploration vessel. The Varna foundered on July 4th last, and her crew took refuge on board the Dijmphna which was also frozen in, but whose crew were still hoping to find open water.

The Duke of Edinburgh's Expenses in Attending the coronation of his brother-in-law, the Czar of Russia, were set down at $10,000, and recently a spirited debate took place in Parliament over a proposition to refund him the amount from the national treasury. Mr. Labouchere, the leader of the Radicals, made a vigorous attack on the measure, calling attention to the fact that $20,000 had already been paid for the English Ambassador's expenses on the same occasion, and saying that "his Royal Highness ought to defray his own expenses when he wanted to visit his relations." In the debate that followed it was evident that the Radicals did not so much object to this particular sum of $20,000 as to the principle on which grants are being asked for the royal family. It is expected that Parliament will soon be requested to provide for the sons of the Prince of Wales, and efforts are being already made to organize an opposition to the demand.

Renewed Outbreaks against the Jews are reported from Russia and Hungary. The European correspondent of the *Sun* cables to that journal that the Russian Government forbids Jews from carrying on the business of distilling and retailing liquors. As this most lucrative business in southern Russia is almost wholly in the hands of the Jews, who have always monopolized the trade in vodka, the force of the blow will be readily appreciated. Violent riots against the Jews occurred at Egerszeg, Hungary, on August 24th, and continued three days and nights. Two thousand peasants took part in the outbreak. They wrecked all the houses and shops of Jews in the place, and shouted "Murder all Jews!" Troops were called out, but were unable to suppress the violence of the mob until they were reinforced. The peasants were armed with muskets, and stoutly resisted the troops. It is reported that twenty soldiers and many rioters were killed. Riots against the Jews have also occurred at Churgo, Keszthely and Kanisa Nagy (Great Kanisa). The most fearful outrages are committed, and a constant stream of fugitives is flowing into the cities, abandoning homes and property to the marauders, who carry away everything portable and burn or destroy the rest.

The Last Moments of Dr. Moffat, Whose portrait and biography appeared in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD of August 23d, are described in the English journals just received. His departure was exceedingly bright and peaceful. Only twenty-four hours before his death he was in his garden, trimming shrubs, and admiring the beauties of nature—manifestations of the Divine beneficence in which he always rejoiced. Nine hours before his death he sent for his friend, Mr. Maxted, and at once began repeating favorite hymns and texts of Scripture. He asked for texts to show that Christians would know each other in heaven. He referred to his beloved departed wife, and spoke of her last happy moments with tears of joy. She had lived with him for fifty years, and was a most devoted helper with him in the Lord's service. Her prayerfulness and wisdom and ability to counsel him were conspicuous traits in her character. At the interment of the veteran missionary in Norwood Cemetery on Thursday, August 16th, there were present representatives of the various Church and Nonconformist Missionary Societies, besides a vast assemblage of friends from all parts of London and distant parts of the country.

Mr. Francis Murphy, the Temperance Orator, whose work in Great Britain has been eminently successful, is about to return to this country for rest. He will be welcomed on his arrival at *a monster meeting in Cooper Union, New York*, over which Judge Noah Davis has promised to preside. Mr. Murphy has paid a farewell visit to Norwich and other places in England where he has labored. At Norwich, on August 13th, the meeting was held in St. Andrew's Hall, which was well filled by an enthusiastic audience. The orchestra was surmounted with the Blue Ribbon banner, on which were inscribed in gilt letters the famous motto, "With malice toward none, and charity to all." There were on the platform a large number of ministers and other gentlemen identified with the Blue Ribbon Temperance Movement. Mr. Murphy and his son received quite an ovation, and made earnest speeches, which were applauded again and again. At the close of the meeting a large number of new pledges were taken.

Volume V. of the Christian Herald and Signs of our Times is now ready, bound in cloth, containing all the numbers for 1882 with complete index. Price $3 including postage. Ten per cent less to ministers and the trade.

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JOHN HOWARD,

The Prison and Hospital Philanthropist.

Born in 1726—Apprenticeship—Early Indication of Philanthropy—Singular Marriage—Religious Associations—Captured at Sea by a French Privateer—Horrible Treatment of Prisoners at Brest—Plan for Visiting the French Prisons—A Peep at the Bastille—Visits Smyrna while the Plague is Raging There—An Encounter at Sea with Pirates—His Work among London Prisons—A Striking Incident—A Riot among Prisoners—Shocking Scenes at the Marshalsea—Illness and Death in Russia.

IN the great day of final separation, when the Judge of all the earth will discriminate between the blessed and the cursed, a standard of merit will be adopted which the judges and historians of the world have ignored. Christ who on that day will sit on the throne of His glory, having before Him all nations, informs us what that standard will be. Among those who on that day will be honored, are they to whom the Judge will say, "I was in prison and ye came unto me" (Matt. 25 : 36). The pioneer in that self denying work in modern times is the man whose portrait adorns the first page of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD this week.

The birth-place and early life of John Howard are involved in some obscurity. He was probably *born* at Clapton, near London, in the year 1726, but some think at Cardington, near Bedford, where his father possessed a small farm. His father was an upholsterer, at Smithfield, and had a small country-house at Enfield, whither, after he had made his fortune, he retired. John Howard's mother died while he was still an infant, and he was placed out to nurse with the wife of a Cardington farmer.

Young Howard was early removed from school, and bound as an apprentice to a firm of wholesale grocers in Watling Street, London. It would seem, however, that the business was not congenial to the boy, inasmuch as almost immediately upon his father's death, in September, 1742, he procured the surrender of his indentures. His apprenticeship obligations were cancelled upon the payment of a sum of money; but the youth, freed from the yoke of servitude, was by no means disposed to riot in his new liberty, but with a steadiness and care such as belong to the ripest years of human life, he attended to the preservation, improvement, and proper use of the patrimony he inherited.

EARLY PHILANTHROPY.

The family house at Clapton was falling into ruin, and he undertook to superintend its restoration. The young man did not live in the house, but took a kindly interest in his father's old retainers, who still worked there. Bread in those days was dear, and Howard was in the habit of watching by a buttress of the garden-wall, at the hour when the baker was passing with his cart, when he would buy a loaf and fling it over the wall. The gardener, if Howard met him, would be accosted with: "Harry, see if there is not something there among the cabbages." (*The panel of our frontispiece picture on the left-hand side of the portrait illustrates the above incident.*)

Howard at this time was in delicate health, and had frequent need of the attention of an experienced nurse; he therefore removed from the house at which he had at first boarded to that of Mrs. Sarah Lowne, a widow, who devoted her time to the care and comfort of the young invalid.

A STRANGE MARRIAGE.

Though he was only twenty-five, and the widow was fifty-two, Howard made her an offer of marriage which was at first declined and was only accepted at last on his urgent solicitation. He always avowed that he had been happy in his choice, though his domestic enjoyment was of a different character from that which he afterward enjoyed during the ten years of wedded companionship with his second wife—his beloved Henrietta. The first Mrs. Howard died in 1755, between two and three years after her marriage, and her tomb is in St. Mary's, Whitechapel. We have no means of ascertaining the house where Howard lived at Stoke Newington, but we know where he worshipped. It was in the old Congregational Chapel there, in which was a small pulpit, surmounted with a huge sounding-board, and the tall-backed pews and heavy galleries so common in the last century. The pastor was the Rev. Micaiah Townsend.

IMPRISONED IN FRANCE.

At the time of his wife's death, the news arrived in England of the sudden destruction of Lisbon by an earthquake and by fire. Sixty thousand of the poor had perished. No plan of assisting the sufferers occurred to Howard, but he felt that in the midst of so much misery, where the destitute were dying in their tents from hunger, cold, and sickness, strong hands and willing minds would soon find their duty; the great point was to go, to see the work for himself. Attended, therefore, by a single servant, he took his berth on board the Lisbon packet, the Hanover. All Europe was entering on war. England and France were already fighting on the high seas and in every part of the world, and the seas were swept by innumerable privateers—and one of them captured the Hanover. The crew and passengers were carried into the town of Brest and treated with the utmost barbarity.

HORRIBLE TREATMENT OF PRISONERS.

Before reaching that port, Howard was kept without food and water for forty hours. When the prisoners were at length landed, he was confined with many others in the castle of the town in a dark, damp, and filthy dungeon, where, after several hours, a leg of mutton was brought and thrown at them—like flesh to wild beasts—which the starving captives tore to pieces with their hands and teeth, devouring it with almost ferocious voracity (*see representation in the right-hand section of the upper portion of frontispiece*). In this dungeon, thus fed, the prisoners were detained for a week, compelled to sleep on the cold earthen floor; they were then removed and separated, Howard being sent to Carpaix, and his servant to Dinan. During his imprisonment he learned that bad as his condition was; many prisoners captured by these licensed pirates had fared worse. Some had been treated with barbarity so inhuman that they had died. He afterward learned that many hundreds had perished, and that thirty-six were buried in a hole at Dinan in one day. It was at this period he saw and felt the need of prison reform, and his experience determined the course of his future life; and when an exchange of prisoners was effected, and Howard obtained his release, he at once entered on his career of usefulness.

PLAN FOR VISITING THE FRENCH PRISONS.

In the year 1775, Mr. Howard left England for a tour of inspection among the prisons of Germany, Holland, and France. Paris was his first halting-place. Here the prisons were rigorously closed against the traveller's researches. He fortunately discovered that there was an old law which directed the keepers of prisons in Paris to admit all persons who were desirous of bestowing alms on the prisoners. He availed himself of the arrangement, and was thus able to speak with and examine almost every inmate of the great prisons of Paris. The dungeons he visited were dark, damp, and noisome beyond description. Many prisoners lost their lives by disease, many more lost the use of their limbs; while all suffered from cold and hunger. In the severe winter of 1775, hundreds of persons perished within the walls of the Bicetre from cold.

THE BASTILLE.

Into the famous fortress-prison of the Bastille, Howard found it impossible to penetrate. Neither the influence of the English Ambassador nor of his Parisian friends availed to open its gates. It was dangerous even to *speak* of this fortress, and he who once entered its gloomy portal very rarely quitted it alive. Being resolved not to leave Paris without some glimpse of this dark world, Howard one day presented himself at the outer gate, rang the bell, and, on its being opened by the officer in charge, boldly stepped in, passed the sentry, walked coolly through a file of guards, and advanced as far as the great drawbridge of the inner court. While he was contemplating the dismal structure an officer ran toward him, agitated and surprised at the apparition of a stranger in the place; Howard, perceiving that his manner was threatening and suspicious, thought it prudent to retreat, re-passing the guard, who were mute with astonishment at this strange exhibition of temerity. (*The episode is illustrated in the left-hand section of the lower portion of our front picture.*)

THE PLAGUE IN SMYRNA.

In 1786 the plague was raging in Smyrna, and Howard decided to go there. He had two objects in view in thus exposing his life to peril. He wanted to succor and relieve the afflicted, and he desired to see for himself the treatment of the sick in an Italian lazaretto. Having performed the first part of his mission he set out on his homeward journey, in a vessel with a foul bill of health, that he might be put into strictest quarantine at Venice.

ATTACKED BY A PIRATE.

The voyage was long and attended by many perils. Near the coast of the Morea a Barbary privateer bore down on the vessel and attacked her. It was a question of victory or slavery. The Venetians, therefore, fought with the courage of despair, but their numbers were few and their arms indifferent. Howard, though witnessing actual fighting for the first time, fought on deck with the courage of an old warrior. His coolness and presence of mind saved the crew. He assumed the direction of the only large gun on board, and when the stock of ball failed he rammed the gun almost to the muzzle with nails, spikes, etc., and, waiting his opportunity, sent the contents in among the pirate crew with such signal effect that in a few moments they hoisted sail and made off. (*This scene is illustrated in the panel at the right-hand side of the lower section of the frontispiece.*)

A LONDON PRISON IN 1787.

To detail every step in the humane career of this devoted servant of Christ would be impossible in the space at command, but a few incidents selected from the record of his labors in the metropolis of his own country will furnish an idea of the general character of his work there and on the continent of Europe.

The general description of the London prisons written by Howard gives a fearful idea of the neglect of discipline which prevailed when he began his inspection searches. The statistics which Howard supplies relative to the prison world of London make up a terrible picture of the miseries experienced by the captives.

NEWGATE

was rebuilt between 1778 and 1780. As then erected, and as it still remains, it presents a great improvement upon its predecessors; but, as Howard observed, it is far from being a model, and at the commencement of the present century the gaol fever broke out there, which he predicted would be the result of its defective sanitary arrangements. One shudders on entering the condemned cells which Howard opens for our inspection. There are upon each of the three floors five, all vaulted. The strong stone-wall is lined all round with planks studded with broad-headed nails; and such is the aspect of these darksome, solitary abodes that criminals, before unmoved, have been struck with horror, and have shed tears on entering them. When Howard lived, fifteen condemned cells seemed not more than to suffice for the demand which was created by the Draconic severity of the judicial code. In twelve years 467 executions took place in London, including *two by burning*, the two culprits being women, one condemned for murder, the other for coining.

A PRISON INTERIOR.

The prison, when Howard visited it, was a veritable Pandemonium. No attempt had been made to classify the prisoners or to preserve order in the cells. The unhappy creatures were

driven into one of the fifteen cells at the caprice of the gaoler and were left there to get on as they might. Every cell was a school of vice. The herd of prisoners in each had full liberty to do as they chose. The hoary-headed criminal, whose life had been passed in vice, was there, and at his side the youth who was then, for the first time in prison, and who might if he desired learn new lessons in the art of law-breaking. The grossest cruelty and oppression was practised by the stronger on the weaker prisoners. Every newcomer was made to contribute to a fund known in prisoners' patter as "garnish," which was expended in riotious orgies. Woe to the uninitiated prisoner who came in empty handed. His clothes were seized and impounded, and he was beaten and maltreated.

Another famous prison was New Ludgate, *a prison for debtors*, in which was a room about thirty-five feet by eighteen, with twenty-three beds ranged round the walls, on three tiers of shelves. At one of his recent visits, he informs us, there were in this room thirty-nine debtors, seven of them with their wives and children. The room was swarming with vermin. There was a chapel in the court, and under it a tap-room.

THE BRIDEWELL

We pass on next to Bridewell, where there was no court, and fresh air could be obtained only by means of a hand-ventilator, with a tube to each room of the women's ward. It enjoyed a privilege peculiar to itself, that of having an allowance of *rye straw once a month*. "No other prison in London," says Howard, "*has any straw or bedding*."

At Whitechapel prison a curious custom prevailed which is worthy of record as an indication of the state of prison discipline in England in the eighteenth century. The debtors had the privilege of hanging out a begging-box from a little closet in the front of the house, and clearing it of the gifts of passers-by each in turn. It brought in only a few pence daily, of which pittance none partook but those who on entrance paid the keeper a fee, and treated the prisoners with half-a-gallon of beer.

A REMARKABLE INCIDENT

will ever associate with the history of the prison called "the Savoy" the remembrance of Howard's amazing personal courage and influence over prisoners. During an alarming riot there, the men confined had killed two of their keepers, and no person dared to approach them, until the intrepid philanthropist undertook to do so. Gaolers and friends endeavored to dissuade him; but in he went among the desperate ruffians, whose savage spirits he so completely subdued by his persuasions, that they allowed themselves to be quietly conducted back to their cells.

The King's Bench prison at Southwark Howard visited and found full to overflowing. It was so crowded in the summer of 1776 that a prisoner paid five shillings ($1.25) a week for *half a bed*, and many lay in the chapel. The debtors with their families, two-thirds of whom were within the prison walls, formed a population of 1004.

THE MARSHALSEA.

But, perhaps, of all the London prisons, the Marshalsea was the worst, where debtors and pirates were huddled together in dark, narrow rooms, four men in each, sleeping in two beds. The tap-room was let to a prisoner, and there the inmates of the place, at times, slept on the floor; and to show the habits of drinking which prevailed, it is sufficient to repeat a statement by Howard, that one Sunday six hundred pots of beer were brought in from a neighboring tavern, because the prisoners did not like the beverage supplied by the tapster within the walls.

Such were the London prisons as Howard found them. Not one Christian man in a thousand in London had any idea that such a condition of things existed in the city. But John Howard made his discoveries public, and the death knell of the vile system was rung. His was no second-hand statement "on authority." He knew whereof he spoke, and he was able to tell his fellow-Christians of the things he had seen, and that disclosure was sufficient to insure the overthrow of the evil.

ILLNESS AND DEATH.

John Howard had been in many a plague-stricken spot, and had come away uninjured. The information that fever and contagious and loathsome diseases were raging in a prison never kept him away; they rather attracted him by the consciousness of opportunity for Christian labor. But his life of service was drawing to its close. He was sixty-four years of age when, in 1790, he undertook a tour of prison and hospital inspection in Russia. During that tour he heard that at Cherson a prison and a hospital had with singular carelessness been recently built *on a morass*. He desired to satisfy himself by personal inspection of the fact before reporting it, and went to Cherson. There he found the fever raging, and he labored night and day in hospital, prison, and the houses of the city for the relief of the sick and dying.

In the midst of his work an urgent request was brought him to visit a dying girl in a village twenty-four miles off. He was weary and faint from protracted exertion; it was raining heavily and the cold was intense. But the self-denying philanthropist had no thought for himself, and set out immediately. In his exhausted condition of body, wet and nerveless, he entered the sick room of the sufferer and talked to her of Jesus. He soothed her last moments, and then returned to Cherson. But his work was done. From the room of the dying girl he went out a dying man. The fever he contracted there did its work quickly, and in a few days the Christian philanthropist lay dead. Though far from home he was no stranger. His work and labor of love were well known. At his funeral there were princes, statesmen and eminent generals, who had come to honor the devoted Christian worker; but the best testimony to the grandeur of his character was the crowd of ragged, pallid, weeping poor, the friendless who grieved over their dead friend. In St. Paul's Cathedral, London, his fellow-citizens erected a statue of him in which he is appropriately represented standing with the key of prison-doors in his hand and broken manacles under his feet. It was an honor that was due to him, but it was not needed to perpetuate his memory; that will never die.

THE FOUR DAVYS.

By Rev. Charles Courtenay.

BILLY DAVY.

"HALLO, old codger!"

A very familiar greeting this, without a doubt, and, moreover, slightly coarse. Not a greeting that any of my readers would be over-delighted to receive, especially in public.

Neither did the thumping slap on the back, which accompanied it, add to its delicacy, especially as the friendly hand was not at all clean. Being a chimney-sweep's, it could, perhaps, hardly be expected to be.

Now if it had been a brother sweep, or a dustman, or a coalheaver just off duty, who was so cheerily hailed and thumped, who could have wondered? Would it not have been a very natural action? But then, you see, it wasn't such a man at all. And it is just this which makes the performance worthy of notice. Let me take your minds back a little, and show you a picture or two.

The first is a little boy in a very comfortable home. He is neatly dressed, and spotlessly clean, and looks well-cared for, and you can see at a single glance of the eye that he is the child of good parents. Had we time, I might lead your minds to a thousand like scenes, all pointing to the same fact. Was there ever a day when he did not kneel at his mother's knee to say his simple prayers?

We pass over a few years. The lad has become a young man. He has left his father's roof to earn his own living. With such a training is it any wonder that he should manage it well? Indeed, so well did he go to work that there were not wanting more wise heads than one to predict a bright career for the young man.

"He'll get on, sure enough. No fear. He's got the making of a prosperous man about him." And they were not given to prophecy either.

Let us now leap over a few more years, say ten or fifteen.

With such a start, my readers will expect something very striking in his rate of progress. They will expect to see a jolly round face, all of a twinkle with good-humor, and a good round form, such as rightfully belongs to the well-fed, easy-going, well-to-do man of business. They will not be surprised if there starts up before the mind's eye a high-stepping steed, and an exceedingly natty little dog-cart, full of little living likenesses of the owner himself, and all screaming with delight, as off they go.

Nothing of the kind. No greater mistake in the world.

I wish I could have obliged my readers with such a picture,

They must rather imagine a very disreputable, greasy-looking fellow, with a very hard and gloomy face, and an aspect which may be generally described as abject and woe-begone in the extreme.

They must conjure up in their minds one who has lost, not only all the respect of his fellow-townsmen, but also his own.

"Hallo, old codger!"

Listen to this, and remember the familiar thump of the very sooty hand, and I think you will gather at least a little of the truth.

Follow him up the street, and you cannot fail to observe other speaking signs of the same character.

One jocular fellow, for instance, knocked his hat off into the gutter.

Another playfully poked him in the ribs.

A waterman, whose spirits were somewhat light at the time, watered his toes.

More than one winked as they passed, throwing, I am bound to say, a great deal of expression into that familiar action.

Even the small boys claimed a sort of acquaintance with him, and displayed not a little humor at his expense.

Some were especially strong in the dramatic line, getting up, on the spur of the moment, scenes of great vividness.

One naughty little boy, with his hat on one side, and his hands in his pocket, reeled across his path in an evidently drunken fashion.

A second, placing his hands in the form of a cup, seemed to be greatly absorbed in the act of drinking therefrom, or "having a good pull," as he was pleased to express himself.

A third was sportive enough to throw himself into an exceeding irregular and sprawling posture on the pavement, and there to feign a drunken sleep, the snores being especially pronounced.

A fourth, for there seemed no end to their playfulness and ingenuity, struck an attitude, evidently intended to represent intense thirst, at the same time calling out in a tone of great urgency and agony, for "a glass of summat strong, quick."

But perhaps the sign and token which would be most firmly impressed on the mind of the beholder, and that because of its frequency, was that our friend was usually addressed, not by his surname, but by his Christian name. Everybody called him "Billy," or "Bill." He might have been without a surname, for the use that was made of it.

Is there any more information needed about him? Is it not clear that the well-brought-up lad, the young man of fair promise, had, somehow, been drawn into the whirlpool of strong drink, and had lost therein his bright prospects, his money, his business, and, worst of all, his good name?

Alas! to what a depth can strong drink drag its victims.

(To be concluded.)

THE TIMES.

Dr. Talmage's Sermon, Preached Last Sunday Morning, September 9, 1883.

"I will show wonders in the heavens and in the earth."—Joel 2 : 30.

An Eventful Epoch—A Period of Disaster—An Epileptic Earth—Disasters Volcanic—A Series of Earthquakes—Disasters Cyclonic—A Cyclone at Sea—Disasters Oceanic—The Roll of the Lost—Disasters Epidemic—An Era of Blessing—Of Longevity—Rapid Travel—Blessing of Quick Information—Of Gospel Proclamation—A Falsehood on its Travels—Wonders of Self-Sacrifice—The Track and the Engineer—Relics of Peter the Great—The Incoming Fleet.

Dr. Cummings—great and good man—would have told us the exact time of the fulfilment of this prophecy. As I stepped into his study in London on my arrival from Paris just after the French had surrendered at Sedan, the good Doctor said to me: "It is just as I told you about France; people laughed at me because I talked about the seven horns and the vials, but I foresaw all this from the Book of Daniel and the Book of Revelation." Not taking any such responsibility in the interpretation of this passage, I simply assert that there are in it suggestions of many things in our time.

Our eyes dilate and our heart quickens its pulsation as we read of events in the third century, the sixth century, the eighth century, the fourteenth century; but there are more far-reaching events crowded into the nineteenth century than into any other, and the last quarter bids fair to eclipse the preceding three quarters. We read in the daily newspapers of events announced in one paragraph and without any especial emphasis—of events which a Herodotus, a Josephus, a Xenophon, a Gibbon would have taken whole chapters or whole volumes to elaborate. Looking out upon our time, we must cry out in the words of the text: "Wonders in the heaven and in the earth."

A PERIOD OF DISASTER.

I propose to show you that the time in which we live is wonderful for disaster and wonderful for blessing, for there must be lights and shades in this picture as in all others. Need I argue this day that our time is wonderful for disaster? Our world has had a rough time since by the hand of God it was bowled out into space. It is *an epileptic earth*. Convulsion after convulsion. Frosts pounding it with sledge hammer of iceberg, and fires melting it with furnaces seven hundred times heated. It is a wonder to me it has lasted so long. Meteors shooting by on this side and grazing it, and meteors shooting by on the other side and grazing it, none of them slowing up for safety. Whole fleets and navies and argosies and flotillos of worlds sweeping all about us. Our earth like a fishing smack off the banks of Newfoundland, while the Gallia and the Bothnia and the Arizona and the Great Eastern rush by. Beside that our world has by sin been damaged in its internal machinery, and ever and anon the furnaces have burst, and the walking beams of the mountains have broken, and the islands have shipped a sea, and the great hulk of the world has been jarred with accidents that ever and anon threatened immediate demolition. But it seems to me as if our century were specially characterized by disasters volcanic, cyclonic, oceanic, epidemic. I say volcanic because an earthquake is only a volcano hushed up. When Stromboli and Cotopaxi and Vesuvius stop breathing, let the foundations of the earth beware. Seven thousand earthquakes in two centuries recorded in the catalogue of the British Association. Trajan, the emperor, goes to ancient Antioch, and amid the splendors of his reception is met by an earthquake that nearly destroys the emperor's life. Lisbon, fair and beautiful, at one o'clock on the first of November, 1755, in six minutes 60,000 have perished, and Voltaire writes of them: "For that region it was the last judgment, nothing wanting but a trumpet!" Europe and America feeling the throb; fifteen hundred chimneys in Boston partly or fully destroyed.

But the disasters of other centuries have had their counterpart in our own. In 1812, Caraccas was caught in the grip of the earthquake; in 1822, in Chili, 100,000 square miles of land by volcanic force upheaved to four and seven feet of permanent elevation; in 1854 Japan felt the geological agony; Naples shaken in 1857; Mexico in 1858; Medosa, the capital of the Argentine Republic, in 1861; Manilla terrorized in 1863: the Hawaiian Islands by such force uplifted and let down in 1871; Nevada shaken in 1871; Antioch in 1872; California in 1872; San Salvador in 1873; while this summer, of 1883, what subterranean excitements! Ischia, an island of the Mediterranean, a beautiful Italian watering place, vineyard clad, surrounded by all natural charm and historical reminiscence; yonder, Capri, the summer resort of the Roman Emperors; yonder, Naples, the Paradise of art—this beautiful island suddenly toppled into the trough of the earth, 8000 merry-makers perishing, and some of them so far down beneath the reach of human obsequies that it may be said of many a one of them as it was said of Moses, "The Lord buried him." Italy weeping, all Europe weeping, all Christendom weeping where there are hearts to sympathize and Christians to pray. But while the nations were measuring that magnitude of disaster, measuring it not with golden rod like that with which the angel measured heaven, but with the black rule of death, Java, of the Indian Archipelago, the most fertile island of all the earth, is caught in the grip of the earthquake, and mountain after mountain goes down, and city after city, until that island, which produces the healthiest beverage of all the world, has produced the ghastliest accident of the century. One hundred thousand people dying, dying, dead, dead.

DISASTERS CYCLONIC.

But look at the cyclonic, the disasters cyclonic. At the mouth of the Ganges are three islands—the Hattiah, the Sundeep and the Dakin Shabazpore. In the midnight of October, 1877, on all those three islands the cry was: "The waters, the waters!" A cyclone arose and rolled the sea over those three islands, and of a population of 340,000, 215,000 were drowned. Only those saved who had climbed to the top of the highest trees. *Did you ever see a cyclone?* No. Then I pray God you may never see one. I saw one on the ocean, and it swept us eight hundred miles back from our course, and for thirty-six hours during the cyclone and after it we expected every moment to go to the bottom. They told us before we retired at nine o'clock that the barometer had fallen, but at eleven o'clock at night we were awakened with the shock of the waves. All the lights out. Crash! went all the lifeboats. Waters rushing through the skylights down into the cabin and down on the furnaces until they hissed and smoked in the deluge. Seven hundred people praying, blaspheming, shrieking. Our great ship poised a moment on the top of a mountain of phosphorescent fire, and then plunged down, down, down, until it seemed as if she never would again be righted. Ah! you never want to see a cyclone at sea. But a few weeks ago, I was in Minnesota, where there was one of those cyclones on land that swept the city of Rochester from its foundations and took dwelling houses, barns, men, women, children, horses, cattle, and tossed them into indiscriminate ruin, and lifted a railtrain and dashed it down, a mightier hand than that of the engineer on the air-brake. Cyclone in Kansas, within a few months; cyclone in Missouri, cyclone in Wisconsin, cyclone in Illinois, cyclone in Iowa. Satan, prince of the power of the air, never made such cyclonic disturbance as he has in one day. And am I not right in saying that one of the characteristics of the time in which we live is disaster cyclonic?

DISASTERS OCEANIC.

But look at the disasters oceanic. Shall I call the roll of the dead shipping? Ye monsters of the deep answer when I call your names. Ville de Havre! The Schiller! City of Boston! The Melville! The President! The Cimbria! But why should I go on calling the roll when none of them answer, and the roll is as long as the white scroll of the Atlantic surf at Cape Hatteras breakers. If the oceanic cables could report all the scattered life and all the bleached bones that they rub against in the depths of the ocean, what a message of pathos and tragedy for both beaches! Week before last, eighty fishermen perished off the coast of Newfoundland, and whole fleets of them off the coast of England. God help the poor fellows at sea, and give high seats in heaven to the Grace Darlings and the Ida Lewises and the life-boatmen hovering around Goodwin's Sands and the Skerries.

The sea, now owning three-fourths of the earth, proposes to capture the other fourth, and is bombarding the land all around the earth. The moving of our hotels at Brighton Beach backward 100 yards from where they once stood, a type of what is going on all around the world and on every coast. The Dead Sea rolls to-day where ancient cities stood. Pillars of temples that stood on hills geologists find now three-quarters under the water, or altogether submerged. The sea having wrecked so many merchantmen and flotillas wants to wreck the continents, and hence disasters oceanic.

DISASTERS EPIDEMIC.

Look at the disasters epidemic. I speak not of the plague in the fourth century that ravaged Europe; and in Moscow and the Neapolitan dominions and Marseilles wrought such terror in the eighteenth century; but I look at the yellow fevers, and the choleras, and the diphtherias, and the scarlet fevers, and the typhoids of our own time. Hear the wailing of Memphis. and Shreveport, and New Orleans, and Savannah of the last two decades. From Hurdwar, India, where every twelfth year three million devotees congregate, the caravans brought the cholera, and that one disease slew 18,000 in eighteen days in Bossorah. Twelve thousand this summer slain by it in India, and twenty-five thousand in Egypt. Disasters epidemic. Some of the finest monuments in Greenwood, and Laurel Hill, and Mount Auburn are to doctors who lost their life battling with Southern epidemic.

AN ERA OF BLESSING.

But now I turn the leaf in my subject and I plant the white lilies and the palm-tree amid the nightshade and the myrtle. This age no more characterized by wonders of disaster than by wonders of blessing. Blessing of longevity. The average of human life rapidly increasing. Forty years now worth four hundred years once. Week before last I came from Manitoba to New York in three days and three nights. In other times it would have taken three months. In other words, three days and three nights now are worth three months of other days. The average of human life practically greater now than when Noah lived his 950 years, and Methusaleh lived his 969 years. Blessing of intelligence. The Salmon P. Chases and the Abraham Lincolns and the Henry Wilsons of the coming time will not be required to learn to read by pine-knot lights, or seated on shoemaker's bench, nor will the Fergusons have to study astronomy while watching the cattle. Knowledge rolls its tides along every poor man's door, and his children may go down and bathe in them. If the philosophers of the last century were called up to recite in a class with our boys at the Polytechnic, or our girls at the Packer, those old philosophers would be sent down to the foot of the class because they failed to answer the questions! Free libraries in all the important towns and cities of the land *except one place called Brooklyn!* Historical alcoves and poetic shelves and magazine tables for all that desire to walk through them or sit down at them.

QUICK INFORMATION.

Blessings of quick information; newspapers falling all around us thick as leaves in a September equinoctial. News three days old rancid and stale. We see the whole world twice a day—through the newspaper at the breakfast-table,

and through the newspaper at the tea-table, with an "extra" here and there between.

Blessing of *Gospel proclamation*. Do you not know that nearly all the missionary societies have been born in this century? and nearly all the Bible societies, and nearly all the great philanthropic movements? A secretary of one of the denominations said to me the other day in Dakota: "You were wrong when you said our denomination averaged a new church every day of the year; they established nine in one week, so you are far within the truth." A clergyman of our own denomination said: "I have just been out establishing five mission stations." I tell you, Christianity is on the march, while Infidelity is dwindling into the imbecility that was demonstrated a few days ago at Rochester, N.Y., where after the blowing of the trumpets and the gathering of all the clans there assembled a small group of semi-idiots to denounce the Christian religion and eulogize one of their dead patrons, a libertine, arrested in New York and Boston again and again for scattering obscene literature—that dead man the patron saint of the whole movement. While Infidelity is thus dwindling and dropping down into imbecility and indecency, the wheel of Christianity is making about a thousand revolutions in a minute. All the copies of Shakespeare and Tennyson and Disraeli and of any ten of the most popular writers of the day, less in number than the copies of the Bible going out from our printing-presses. Two years ago, in six weeks, more than two million copies of the New Testament purchased, not given away, but purchased, because the world will have it.

More Christian men in high official position to-day in Great Britain and in the United States than ever before. Stop that falsehood going through the newspapers—I have seen it in twenty—that the judges of the Supreme Court of the United States are all infidels except Judge Strong. By personal acquaintance I know three of them to be old-fashioned evangelical Christians, sitting at the holy sacrament of our Lord Jesus Christ, and I suppose that the majority of them are stanch believers in our Christian religion. And then hear *the dying words of Judge Black* last month, a man who had been Attorney-General of the United States, and who had been Secretary of the United States, no stronger lawyer of the century than Judge Black—dying, his aged wife kneeling by his side, and he uttering that sublime and tender prayer: "O Lord God, from whom I derived my existence and in whom I have always trusted, take my spirit to Thyself and let Thy richest blessing come down upon my Mary." The most popular book to-day is the Bible, and the mightiest institution is the Church, and the greatest name among the nations, and more honored than any other, is the name of Jesus.

Wonders of self-sacrifice: A clergyman told me in the northwest a few weeks ago that for six years he was a missionary at the extreme north, living 400 miles from a post-office, and sometimes he slept out of doors in winter, the thermometer sixty and sixty-five degrees below zero, wrapped in rabbit skins woven together. I said: "Is it possible? you do not mean sixty and sixty-five degrees *below* zero?" He said: "I do, and I was happy." All for Christ. Where is there any other being that will rally such enthusiasm? Mothers sewing their fingers off to educate their boys for the Gospel ministry. For nine years no luxury on the table until the course through grammar school and college and theological seminary be completed. Poor widow putting her mite into the Lord's treasury, the face of emperor or President impressed upon the coin not so conspicuous as the blood with which she earned it. Millions of good men and women, but more women than men, to whom Christ is everything. Christ first and Christ last, and Christ forever.

Why, this age is not so characterized by invention and scientific exploration as it is by Gospel proclamation. You can get no idea of it unless you can ring all the church bells in one chime, and sound all the organs in one diapason, and gather all the congregations of Christendom in one *Gloria in Excelsis*. Mighty camp-meetings. Mighty Ocean Groves. Mighty Chautauquas. Mighty conventions of Christian workers. Mighty General Assemblies of the Presbyterian Church. Mighty Conferences of the Methodist Church. Mighty associations of the Baptist Church. Mighty conventions of the Episcopal Church. I think before long the best investments will not be in railroad stock or Western Union, but in trumpets and cymbals and festal decorations, for we are on the eve of victories wide and world uplifting. There may be many years of hard work yet before the consummation, but the signs are to me so encouraging that I would not be unbelieving if I saw the wing of the apocalyptic angel spread for its last triumphal flight in this day's sunset; or if to-morrow morning the ocean cables should thrill us with the news that Christ the Lord had alighted on Mount Olivet or Mount Calvary to proclaim universal dominion.

O you dead churches, wake up. Throw back the shutters of stiff ecclesiasticism and let the light of the spring morning come in. Morning for the land. Morning for the sea. Morning of emancipation. Morning of light and love and peace. Morning of a day in which there shall be no chains to break, no sorrows to assuage, no despotism to shatter, no woes to compassionate. O Christ, descend! Scarred temple, take the crown! Bruised hand, take the sceptre! Wounded foot, step the throne! "Thine is the kingdom."

These things I say, because I want you to be alert. I want you to be watching all these wonders unrolling from the heavens and the earth. God has classified them, whether calamitous or blessing. The divine purposes are harnessed in traces that cannot break, and in girths that cannot slip, and in buckles that cannot loosen, and are driven by reins they must answer. I preach no fatalism. A swarthy engineer at one of the depots in Dakota, said: "When will you get on the locomotive and take a ride with us?" "Well," I said, "now, if that suits you." So I got on one side the locomotive and a Methodist minister, who was also invited, got on the other side, and between us were the engineer and the stoker. The train started. The engineer had his hand on the agitated pulse of the great engine. The stoker shoveled in the coal and shut the door with a loud clang. A vast plain slipped under us and the hills swept by, and that great monster on which we rode trembled and bounded and snorted and raged as it hurled us on. I said to the Methodist minister on the other side the locomotive: "My brother, why should Presbyterians and Methodists quarrel about the decrees and free agency? You see that track, that firm track, that iron track; that is the decree. You see this engineer's arm; that is free agency. How beautifully they work together. They are going to take us through. We could not do without the track and we could not do without the engineer." So I rejoice day by day. Work for us all to do, and we may turn the crank of the Christian machinery this way or that, for we are free agents; but there is the track laid so long ago no one remembers it, laid by the hand of Almighty God in sockets that no terrestrial or satanic pressure can ever affect. And along that track the car of the world's redemption will roll and roll to the Grand Central Depot of the Millennium. I have no anxiety about the track. I am only afraid that for our indolence God will discharge us and get some other stoker and some other engineer. The train is going through with us or without us. So, my brethren, watch all the events that are going by. If things seem to turn out right, give wings to your joy. If things seem to turn out wrong, throw out the anchor of faith and hold fast.

There is a house in London where Peter the Great of Russia lived a while when he was moving through the land *incognito* and in workman's dress, that he might learn the wants of the people. A stranger was visiting at that house recently, and saw in a dark attic an old box, and he said to the owner of the house, "What's in that box?" The owner said: "I don't know; that box was there when I got the house and it was there when my father got it; we haven't had any curiosity to look at it; I guess there's nothing in it." "Well," said the stranger, "I'll give you two pounds for it." "Well, done." The two pounds are paid, and recently the contents of that box were sold to the Czar of Russia for fifty thousand dollars. In it, the lathing machine of Peter the Great, his private letters and documents of value beyond all monetary consideration. And here are events that seem very insignificant and unimportant, but they encase treasures of divine providence and eternities of meaning which after a while God will demonstrate before the ages as being of stupendous value. As near as I can tell from what I see, there must be a God somewhere about.

When Titans play quoits they pitch mountains; but who owns these gigantic forces you have been reading about the last two months? Whose hand is on the throttle valve of the volcanoes? Whose foot suddenly planted on the footstool makes the continents quiver? God! God! He looketh upon the mountains and they tremble. He toucheth the hills and they smoke. God! God! I must be at peace with Him. Through the Lord Jesus Christ this God is mine and He is yours. I put the earthquake that shook Palestine at the crucifixion against all the down-rockings of the centuries. This God on our side we may challenge all the centuries of time and all the cycles of eternity.

THE INCOMING FLEET.

A few days ago I was at Fire Island, Long Island, and I went up in the cupola from which they telegraph to New York the approach of vessels hours before they come into port. There is an opening in the wall, and the operator puts his telescope through that opening, and looks out and sees vessels far out at sea. While I was talking with him, he went up and looked out. He said: "We are expecting the Arizona to-night." I said: "Is it possible you know all those vessels? do you know them as you know a man's face?" He said: "Yes, I never make a mistake; before I can see the hulks, I know them by the masts; I know them all, I have watched them so long." Oh, what a grand thing it is to have ships telegraphed and heralded long before they come into port, that friends may come down to the wharf and welcome their long-absent loved ones. So to-day, we take our stand in the watch tower and we look off and through the glass of inspiration or providence we look off and see a whole fleet of ships coming in. That is *the ship of peace*, flag with one star of Bethlehem floating above the top-gallants. That is *the ship of the Church*, mark of salt wave high up on the smoke stack, showing she has had rough weather, but the Captain of salvation commands her and all is well with her. *The ship of heaven*, mightiest craft ever launched, millions of passengers, waiting for millions more, prophets and apostles and martyrs in the cabin, conquerors at the foot of the mast, while from the rigging hands are waving this way as though they knew us, and we wave back again, for they are ours; they went out from our own households. Ours! Hail, hail! Put off the black and put on the white. Stop tolling the funeral bell and ring the wedding anthem. Shut up the hearse and take the chariot. Now, it comes around the great headland. Soon she will strike the wharf and we will go aboard her. Tears for ships going out. Laughter for ships coming in. Now she touches the wharf. Throw on the planks. Block not up that gangway with embracing long lost-friends, for you will have eternity of reunion. Stand back and give way until other millions come on. Farewell to sin. Farewell to struggle. Farewell to sickness. Farewell to death. All aboard for heaven!

THREE PROPHETIC DAYS.

By E. B. S.

Peter in his second epistle (3 : 8) tells us not to be ignorant of this one thing, that one day is with the Lord as a thousand years. It is plain, however, from reason and from Scripture, that *time* belongs to this earth and not to eternity. It can be measured, but can eternity be measured? Where is its centre? its beginning or its end?

The faithless Jews numbered our Lord's years (John 8 : 57). He did not tell them His age by centuries; but of one fact He assured them, which was; "Before Abraham was, I am." John 8 : 58. This we may not be able to comprehend, but the Lord's statement is sufficient for the faithful child of God.

The sun, by whose apparent motion we measure time, was given us "for signs and for seasons and for days and years." By him time is calculated; and by him we can measure it and count days and years; but the sun will soon have finished his work. Soon the hour will come when the angel will swear, by Him who made all things, that time shall be no more; the mystery which God hath spoken of by all His prophets having been accomplished. Rev. 10 : 6, 7.

By the help of Scripture, however, the record of the sun's course may be used to warn and guide the Church. Days and years are terms of value for this world alone, but though they cannot be understood when used in prophecy in relation to God and eternity in the sense in which we use them, they may, and probably do, refer to periods of time as clearly defined and limited in the purposes of God as natural days and years are in our conception of life and time. Bearing this in mind, and never forgetting that days and years and other periods of time mentioned are in their natural sense for this world only, let us see what may be learned from their spiritual and eternal signification.

The same remarks apply to all periods of time mentioned in prophecy. The words "hour," "generation," "time, times, and half a time," etc., as used by our Lord, His apostles and the prophets, have a definite though not a natural signification. Thus the word "hour," in the passage, "The hour cometh and now is when the dead shall hear the voice of the Son of God: and they that hear shall live" (John 5 : 25), evidently is no hour of sixty minutes, but through the long-suffering mercy of God has not closed to this moment. The same word occurs in our Lord's conversation with the woman of Samaria (John 4 : 21), and there it also denotes a lengthened period of time, the limits of which, though known to God, are unknown to men.

The word "generation" is similarly used. Our Lord says (Mark 8 . 38): "For whosoever shall be ashamed of Me and of My words in this adulterous and sinful generation, the Son of man also will be ashamed of him, when He cometh in the glory of His Father with the holy angels." A perusal of the four previous verses in the same chapter shows that the word "generation" covers the whole of this Gospel dispensation. Again in 1 Pet. 2 : 9, we read: "Ye are a chosen generation," bearing the same meaning that the word "generation" is often used in Scripture to denote, a dispensation. The antediluvians are called a generation, which is described as notorious for violence, and at its close only one was found faithful; another generation covering the period from that time to Christ's first advent, noted for its idolatry and faithlessness; another generation, the present one, until the sign of the Son of man shall be seen in the heavens, which generation our Lord designates as being wicked and adulterous.

While, however, the limits of all these periods are unknown to us, an indication which may assist us in forming an approximate idea of their extent, is given by Peter in the passage already referred to. Peter emphatically impresses upon us the fact that a day is equivalent with the Lord to a thousand years, and he speaks of it in connection with our Lord's return. Accepting the apostle's ratio between God's time and man's time, some remarkable conclusions are reached. We read in Exodus, "God blessed the Sabbath *day*," for He made the heavens and the earth in six days and rested on the seventh. Taking this fact, that God made the earth in six periods of time and rested on the seventh to be a prophetic picture of this world's history, it appears that up to the flood were the first two days; two days to the first advent of our Lord; and two days between it and His second coming, which will usher in the seventh day, the day for which the whole creation is now groaning, when all things will be restored to their original beauty. It is that day of which Paul speaks in Heb. 4 : 9, where he says: "There remaineth, therefore, a Sabbath rest for the people of God."

Scripture authorizes us to divide the world's history into four dispensations. The first dispensation of two days closing with the flood; the second dispensation of two days closing with the birth of Christ; the third dispensation of two days which will end this present period of grace; and the fourth dispensation of one day is the millennium, the rest, the thousand years, etc. These last two dispensations are often spoken of in Scripture as "the latter days."

The point of commencement of this dispensation is indicated by the Apostle Peter, who in Acts 2 : 17, speaks of the fulfilment of the words spoken by the Prophet Joel, showing us how this dispensation opened with the gift of the Holy Ghost and is to close with the sun being turned into darkness and the moon into blood.

Another indication that the period described as two days covers the whole of this dispensation is our Lord's emphatic message to Herod, Luke 13 : 32, where He plainly shows us, in speaking of this present dispensation, that He counts it as two days. He says: "Go tell that fox I do cures *to-day and to-morrow*, and the third day I shall be perfected." Do not all who believe in the atonement of the precious blood of Christ know that these two days (to-day and to-morrow) have not yet closed? though the drawing of the third day when our Lord will be perfected may be very near.

The three following verses of the same chapter (Luke 13 : 33–35) taken in connection with other passages describing the same event give a most important clue to the understanding of the chronology in verse 32. Our Lord first speaks of the utter failure of the Jewish nation to do His will; their being cast off in consequence until they will be willing to receive Him, saying: "Blessed is He that cometh in the name of the Lord." The rejection of the Jews forms the subject of an argument by the Apostle Paul, who asks the question, "Did God cast off His people?" and answers it, "God forbid" (Rom. 11 : 1.) And further, "For I would not, brethren, that ye should be ignorant of this mystery, lest ye be wise in your own conceits, that blindness in part is happened to Israel, until the fulness of the Gentiles be come in; and so all Israel shall be saved; as it is written, "There shall come out of Zion the Deliverer; He shall turn away ungodliness from Jacob" (Rom. 11 : 25, 26). This passage establishes very clearly the fact that they are only cast off *for a period*. This view is confirmed by the words of the Apostle James (Acts 15 : 15, 16), who says this agrees with the words of the prophets; as it is written, "After these things I will return and I will build again the tabernacle of David, which is fallen."

Hosea also speaks of their affliction and of their being healed, and also gives *the period of their affliction* and the time of their healing. "*After two days* will He revive us; in the third day He will raise us up, and we shall live in His sight." (Hosea 6 : 2.) It will be seen that this passage corresponds with our Lord's message to Herod (Luke 13 : 32).

From a comparison of these portions we gather that the fulness of the Gentiles will be accomplished in two days; during those days Israel is rejected; the third day our Lord's work will be perfected by Israel being restored and God's will being done upon earth the same as it is done in heaven, the primary object of our Lord's mission to this world.

The same truth is taught us by a figure, in the first three days ministry of Christ, as recorded by John. The first day He was calling disciples; the second day calling disciples, and on the last He called Nathanael, a type of the Jewish nation who will not receive Him in faith and will not believe until they see Him coming whom they have pierced; and on the third day will be the marriage.

The final result of this comparison of passages of Scripture and the deductions drawn from parallel expressions is stimulating and encouraging. Only one conclusion can be drawn by the student of prophecy who reads the Scriptures in faith, apart from tradition. He sees that the fulfilment must be very near of the predicted glory described in the following verses: "Let us rejoice and be exceeding glad, and let us give glory unto Him; for the marriage of the Lamb is come, and His wife hath made herself ready. And it was given unto her that she should array herself in fine linen, bright and pure; for the fine linen is the righteous acts of the saints. And He saith unto me, Write, Blessed are they which are bidden to the marriage supper of the Lamb. And He saith unto me, These are true words of God." (Rev. 19 : 7–9.)

ANECDOTES RELATED AT THE EVANGELISTIC MEETINGS IN SCOTLAND.

A Soldier's Conversion.—**Mr. Richard Hill** said at a recent meeting: "A happy Christian soldier was asked how he was brought to the Saviour, and instead of going into the minutiæ of his conversion, he said, 'The Lord met me one day and said, *Halt, attention, right about face, march;* and that was all about it, my friends.'"

A Banker's Clerk's Fidelity.—**Mr. Guinness** said: "God has peculiar ways of working sometimes. A banker's clerk who was a real Christian was transferred to an office in Marseilles, where there was no aggressive Christian work of any kind going on. His soul being on fire with love to our dear Redeemer, he opened a meeting in a small room which became so crowded that he had to take another place much larger. Soon he had to take another still larger. The Lord so blessed his labors that now week by week there are gathered together two thousand five hundred people to listen to the simple story of Jesus and His dying love."

A Prodigal's Ruin.—**Dr. Cameron, Speaking** on the "Prodigal Son," said that "Not long ago one of the leading young men of our city went to spend a night at the theatre, and endeavored to make his life happier by draining the cup of pleasure to the dregs. Ah! he was wandering in a far country, and never returned to the father who longed for him so eagerly. That prodigal spent his last night on earth in sinful license, and had no time for repentance. Death came silently and suddenly upon him, and he stood before the Almighty God whom he had so openly sinned against without having accepted the pardon so freely offered to him and to you."

A Ploughman's Good Fortune.—"**Not long** ago I spent a little time with the wife of a rich Australian farmer. Years ago the Government of Australia sent home word that able-bodied men would get assisted passages and land on good terms. A number of ploughmen read this offer at the village smithy, and afterward discussed it over the glowing fire of the farmhouse-kitchen. They all believed what the paper told them, because it bore the government mark, but they didn't accept the offer. Some did, and got the passage, but rued it and drew back; but one, the husband of my friend, went. He ventured his all; he sold all he had to raise the money he needed, because he believed in the statements and accepted the offer of the government. Forty years after he sailed from this country he returned a rich man. A sinner who

gives up everything for Christ, and believes His word, is made rich with true riches at once and forever. He is a son of God, and 'a joint-heir with Jesus Christ.'"

A Good Breakfast Gratis.—"One Sabbath morning a poor woman came in to the Free Breakfast so destitute and abandoned that she had no hope left of improvement in the future. She heard while she was appeasing her hunger some words which kindled hope anew in her despairing breast. They were, 'He careth for you.' 'What!' she thought, 'Jesus cares for me? I fancied no one cared for *me*. What did it matter if the police dragged me to the station drunk; who cared about it? But it seems that Jesus cares for me.' She continued to think the matter over; she did more, she trusted Him, and sought His pardon for her sins, and on that cold Sabbath morning and since, for many years, she has found it true that Jesus, indeed, cares for her."

Volunteers for the Coal-Shaft.—**The Rev. Mr.** Munro said: "One beautiful day in summer a fearful accident occurred in a coal mine in England, by which many hundreds of brave men lost their lives. Still there were a number who were unhurt; some were wounded, but not fatally, and soon they all gathered near to the shaft, but it was blocked, and they were unable to escape without help from the surface. Many hundreds of men and women were crowding to the pit's mouth, but only a confused noise was made instead of prompt action for a rescue, until a man in authority appeared on the tumultuous scene, and called for volunteers to go down the shaft. A Christian standing by noticed that the hands held up were those of men who had friends at the bottom. It was the same reason which induced Jesus to die for us. He loved us, and gave Himself for us."

What a Bunch of Flowers Did.—**Mr. Guinness** said: "I will relate to you an incident which will show how a great work for Christ was begun in Spain. There was a lady in London who took a bunch of flowers to a hospital and laid it on the bed of an invalid together with a small card on which was printed a text of Scripture. The patient was a Spaniard; and being a stranger in a strange land, lying sick and weary, his heart was moved by the little token of love, and he read the card, which he discovered was strikingly adapted to his case. The lady had some conversation with him on her next visit, and he was led to give himself to the Saviour. On his recovery from illness he came to our Institute at Harley House, Bow Road, London, where he was trained as an evangelist for work among his own people. He became very intimate with a Swede who was also in training, and induced him to go with him to Spain, where they both preached the Gospel with great boldness, and were much blessed in their work."

A Drunken Waif Rescued.—**Mr. Simpson** Related the following: "Three or four days ago there was a man walking our streets, his hands waving above his head, and staggering along under the influence of drink. A friend who was passing, and who has a love for souls, saw him, and laying his hand upon him, said, 'Ah, man, you are a poor sinner.' 'Yes,' said the man, 'I know that!' My friend then said, 'The Lord Jesus loves you.' 'No, no,' replied the drunkard, 'He does not love me.' 'Ah,' said the other, 'but He does, and wants to save you,' and he pressed the thought upon him that the Lord Jesus was anxious to save his soul. The unfortunate drunkard broke down and said, 'What am I to do?' He was told to go into the Green and sit down on one of the seats till he got a little sober, and then come to the Circus and meet him at three o'clock. The man promised to do so, and he was as good as his word. He presented a sad sight—a mere human waif. He was filthy, ragged, and degraded; but he was pointed to the Lord Jesus, and he found Him ready to save his long-lost soul. On the Sabbath morning, after the Free Breakfast was over, that man came into the little room where I was, and I scarcely knew him—there was such a marvellous change in his face and whole appearance. Two hours ago I again saw him, and he told me that Christ was precious to him, and he was still holding on to Him."

THE MARSHALLING OF THE NATIONS.*

By Rev. J. R. Graves, LL.D.

(*Concluded from page 551.*)

THE UNMISTAKABLE SIGNS

of Christ's coming, are apparent. The disciples, after hearing his predictions of His coming and of the ending of the Gospel or Gentile Dispensation, eagerly asked what would be the sign of the coming and of the end of the age that would close at His coming. I will suppose my readers as eagerly ask me to answer these two questions, but essentially one. I will endeavor to find the answers to both of these questions, under the same division, and present not only the Saviour's teachings, but also of His apostles, whom He instructed.

From these sources we learn that His coming, and the close of this Dispensation will be immediately preceded by the following portentous signs: 1. Gross ignorance of divine things will be prevalent among all classes, with respect to His coming. In His address of comfort to Zion and Jerusalem, in view of His immediate appearing, Christ Jehovah puts these words into the mouth of His prophet: "Arise, shine; for Thy light is come, and the glory of the Lord is risen above thee. For, behold, the darkness shall cover the earth, and gross darkness the people; but the Lord shall arise upon thee, and His glory shall be seen above thee. And the Gentiles shall come to thy light, and kings to the brightness of thy rising."—Isa. 60 : 1-3. "But the wicked shall do wickedly, and none of the wicked shall understand."—Dan. 12 : 10. "And with all deceivableness of unrighteousness in them that perish, because they received not the love of the truth, that they might be saved. And for this cause God shall send them strong delusion, that they should believe a lie; that they all might be damned who believed not the truth, but had pleasure in unrighteousness."—II Cor 2 : 10-12.

2. A great

APOSTASY FROM THE FAITH

once delivered to the saints on the part of its professors. "Nevertheless when the Lord cometh, shall He find faith on the earth?"—Luke 18 : 8. If this is not equivalent to an assertion that there will not be a saint on the earth at His second coming (see future chapter), it certainly indicates that there will be very few indeed at that time. "Let no man deceive you by any means, for that day [*i.e.*, the coming of Christ] shall not come, except there come a falling away first."—II Thess. 2 : 3. "Now, the Spirit speaketh expressly, that in the latter times some shall depart from the faith, giving heed to seducing spirits and doctrines of demons; speaking lies in hypocrisy, having their consciences seared with a hot iron."—I Tim. 4 : 1, 2. "There shall be false teachers among you who privily shall bring in damnable heresies, even denying the Lord that bought them, and bring upon themselves swift destruction. And many shall follow their pernicious ways; by reason of whom the way of truth shall be evil spoken of. And through covetousness shall they with feigned words make merchandise of you; whose judgment lingereth not and their damnation slumbereth not."—II Pet. 2 : 1-3. (Read onward to the end.)

3. A general unbelief in Christ's coming, abounding iniquity, hypocrisy, untruthfulness, disobedience to parents, and

SCOFFING INFIDELITY.

We learn from God's Word to what depths of abominable iniquity and infidelity the world had reached, "while the long-suffering of God waited, in the days of Noah"—and how few believed God's Word, spoken by Him concerning the coming flood; and also the wickedness and infidelity of Sodom and Gomorrah, in the days of Lot. And Jesus said this would be the case with the whole world just before His coming, and He gave it as one of the signs of His coming: "And as it was in the days of Noah, so shall it be also in the days of the Son of man. They did eat and they drank [*i.e.*, to drunkenness], they married wives, they were given in marriage, until the day that Noah entered into the ark, and the flood came and destroyed them all. Likewise also as it was in the days of Lot, they did eat, they drank, they bought, they sold, they planted, they builded; but the same day that Lot went out of Sodom, it rained fire and brimstone from heaven and destroyed them all. Even so shall it be when the Son of man is revealed."—Luke 17 : 26-31.

What more irrefragable proof than this could be framed in human language, that the world is not to be converted before the revelation of the Son of God from heaven, and consequently that His coming is pre-millennial? And is not this a graphic picture of the present state of the world—an inveterate unbelief in His second coming, and a presumptuous recklessness under its proclamation, and an inordinate greed for lust and gain?

Could a darker picture possibly be drawn of the moral condition of the world, out of Christ, than this? Christ will make their destruction manifest unto all men at His coming. With this dark and fearful picture of universal and most abominable wickedness before their eyes, how can any candid mind believe that the world is to be converted before Christ comes?

Thus we have delineated before us the state of the churches, and of the world, just prior to the coming of the Lord for His saints, to take them away from the most terrible evils to come upon all them left upon the face of the whole earth. There is but one commendable feature connected with all this, and it is given as a sign of the end.

4. There will be an extensive

SPIRIT OF INQUIRY,

among the faithful few followers of Christ, concerning His coming.

The Saviour has left on record most emphatic commands to His faithful disciples to watch for and recognize the signs of His near approach, and pronounced especial blessings upon all who do study His word and compare the events that are transpiring among the nations, with the moral condition of the world and the spiritual state of the churches; with the signs He has given we must believe that "the wise"—the truly justified in Christ—will, in a good measure, understand the things, and be found ready and waiting for His appearing. "And none of the wicked shall understand, but the wise [the justified] shall understand."—Dan. 12 : 10.

A distaste for prophetic study, to search and to understand what is written concerning Christ's second coming, should be to each professor of Christianity a satisfactory evidence of unregeneracy. But many will search most diligently into these prophecies as the time of the end appproaches, and great attainments in a knowledge of them will be made. (Dan. 12 : 4.)

"Many shall endeavor to search out the sense, and knowledge shall be increased by their means." (A. Clark.) "And there will be many teachers who will understand, for they will give the timely warning of the Bridegroom's approach, and all the wise virgins will hear and be prepared to go into the marriage." (On Matt. 15.) This sign is being fulfilled in this, our day, as is evidenced by the numerous new books and tracts almost weekly offered to the public in this country and England, and the Prophetical Conferences that have been held in New York and London; and the papers, weekly and quarterly, devoted to the discussion of prophecy and the signs of the second coming. Many are indeed diligently searching the teachings of God's word with respect to Christ's coming, and knowledge upon this subject is being largely increased and widely diffused.

* From "The Seven Dispensations," an excellent work on unfulfilled Prophecy, of 569 pages, with copious indices. Published by the Baptist Book House, Memphis, Tenn., price $2.

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THE MANAGER,

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NOTICE.

Many subscribers to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, who are laboring to extend the sphere of its usefulness, wish us to afford them the same facilities as were placed at their disposal last year. It appears that the concession in price then made, enabled them to introduce the journal to persons and families to whom it proved a blessing. God used it as a means of conversion in not a few cases; in others it gave comfort and encouragement to tried and afflicted believers; and ministers and lay preachers, to whom our friends sent it, acknowledged their indebtedness for help in their labors to the hints and suggestions contained in its pages.

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD has no higher object than that which its friends thus state was achieved last year. The same opportunity is therefore cheerfully given this year. Any subscriber wishing to introduce THE CHRISTIAN HERALD where it may do good, may send

THIRTY CENTS

to THE MANAGER, 63 Bible House, New York, for which sum the paper will be mailed to any address in the United States or in Canada every week from the date on which the money is received, until the end of 1883. Will our friends pray that God will use each number for the advancement of Christ's Kingdom?

CURRENT EVENTS.

President Arthur Returned to Washington on Friday from his five weeks' trip to the West. A Washington despatch says: "He was met at the depot by Assistant Secretary of State Davis, Private Secretary Phillips, and Assistant Secretary Pruden. After greeting these gentlemen cordially he drove directly to the White House. He appeared to be in good health, and is very much sun-browned." He has received a hearty reception everywhere, and Chicago showed marked enthusiasm. Few changes in public opinion in the course of the history of the nation are more remarkable than that in respect to President Arthur. His accession to power was regarded with apprehension in many quarters, and in others was plainly characterized as a national misfortune; but his conduct in the Presidential chair has won public confidence, and he is now one of the strongest candidates for the Republican nomination.

A Report of the Imports and Exports of the United States has been issued by the Chief of the Bureau of Statistics, which, in view of the discussion now going on as to the advantages of high tariff, is very significant. The following is a brief synopsis of the figures: Month ended July 31st, 1883 (excess of imports), $4,466,589; seven months ended July 31st, 1883 (excess of exports), $41,616,430; twelve months ended July 31st, 1883 (excess of exports), $107,379,236. The total values of the imports of merchandise during the twelve months ended July 31st, 1883, were $714,236,719, and for the previous twelve months, $738,021,773, a decrease of $23,785,054. The values of the exports of merchandise for the twelve months ended July 31st, 1883, were $821,615,955, and for the twelve months ended July 31st, 1882, $742,126,183, an increase of $79,489,772.

The Results of the Labor of the Utah Commission have been stated in an official letter addressed by Mr. A. B. Carlton of the Commission to the Secretary of the Interior. Mr. Carlton says: "This board is charged under the law with the duty of excluding all polygamists from voting and from eligibility to office. This is the full extent of our authority under the law; and in this our work has been completely successful. We have excluded some 12,000 polygamists from the polls; and at the November election of 1882, many municipal elections since that time, and at the general election in August, 1883, embracing about 800 officers who were elected, we have excluded all polygamists from eligibility. In short, the commission has strictly and stringently executed the law of Congress, and has stretched the legal tether to its utmost tension in order to make it as effective as possible, insomuch that the Mormons have sued the members of this Board in ten several cases for what they allege to be an excess of authority against them." This statement relieves the commission of blame for the failure of the law, but it does not change the fact that the law has failed.

A New Project for Dealing with the Indians is advocated by General Sheridan, who explained it to the Shoshone and Arapahoe chiefs at their recent conference with the Presidential party. General Sheridan's proposal is that the Indians should surrender their reservations for interest-bearing bonds, and break up their tribal relations by becoming settlers. The chiefs appeared to be strongly opposed to the plan when it was suggested to them. It may be doubted whether they are yet sufficiently advanced in civilization to prosper in farm life, and it is certain that many of them would consider the removal from the reservation to a much smaller area of land poorly compensated by the receipt of a bond the value of which they probably would not appreciate.

The Convention of Colored Men to be Held at Louisville, Ky., on September 24th, has been stigmatized as a scheme to support the present administration. The charge has now been publicly denied by Frederick Douglass in the Washington *Star*. He said, also, that he proposed to go as a delegate to the convention, if one should be held, and that he had received letters from Texas, Louisiana, Arkansas, Nebraska, Illinois, Indiana, Maryland and other States informing him that the delegates from those States would attend. He said also that he had received letters from Senator Harrison, of Indiana; from the Mayor of the city of Indianapolis, and other prominent gentlemen of Indiana, welcoming the convention to Indianapolis, in case it should not be welcomed to Louisville, and in any case if the colored people should wish to hold the convention there.

The Change in the Rate of Internal Postage from three to two cents, which takes effect on October 1st, is to be accompanied by the issue of new two- and four-cent stamps. Proofs of the new designs were shown last week to a *Tribune* reporter, who has written a lengthy description of them. The two-cent is a head of George Washington engraved by Alfred Jones from a copy of Houdin's cast from the life. It differs considerably from the head of Washington on the present three-cent stamp. The new one is much more refined, has less breadth of cheek, and the chin is delicately discriminated. The hair is more artistically drawn, and there is a better arrangement of the cue, producing altogether a younger, sweeter and more intellectual head without losing any of the power and force so clearly defined as a characteristic of the face of the Father of his Country. The new head is set in an oval medallion like the old, and this is placed upon a shield of the heraldic form. Another great improvement is in the lettering. Instead of "U. S. Postage" at the top upon a comparatively light ground, which does not give effect to the white letters, the ground is much darker and the lettering is unabbreviated and reads "United States Postage." *The color* used is an ink prepared from various ingredients in which an oxide of iron plays a prominent part. It is a light purple or a carmine-red of pale tone according to the phraseology of the collector. The four-cent stamp, also engraved by Alfred Jones, bears the portrait of Andrew Jackson, and is taken from a bust of him discovered at Nashville. The head is on an oval medallion, placed upon a panel with bevelled edges. The legend around the top of the medallion is precisely similar to the new two-cent stamp. *The color used is green*, not unlike that of the present three-cent stamp.

Preparations for the Christian Convention have already commenced in Chicago. The convention will be conducted by Messrs. Moody and Sankey, and will commence on September 18th. A male choir of one hundred voices will lead the singing, and the general exercises will be under Mr. Moody's personal direction. From this time until the convention meets, Major Whittle, Mr. McGranahan and the evangelists will conduct a series of preparatory meetings and Bible readings.

The Libel on Messrs. Moody and Sankey, which has been extensively circulated, is contradicted in a published card by Mr. Moody, who denies that he and Mr. Sankey are no longer able to work in harmony, and declares that if their lives are spared they will continue together in the labor they both love and enjoy. The recently revamped tale about Mr. Sankey's using his position as an evangelist in the interests of a reed-organ company is also branded as false, Mr. Moody declaring positively that during the ten years of their association Mr. Sankey has not acted as agent of any organ company, nor has he sold any organs on commission. On September 18th, 19th, and 20th, the Christian Convention will assemble in Chicago. Messrs. Moody and Sankey will conduct the meetings. At its close they will start for the East, and expect to leave for Europe on October 1st.

Ben Hogan, the Converted Prize-Fighter, whose rescue from a life of sin, through the instrumentality of Mr. C. W. Sawyer, has been mentioned in these columns, is now holding services in San Francisco. The Central Presbyterian Tabernacle has been crowded by people anxious to hear him, and though it is one of the largest churches in the city, hundreds were unable to gain admission. On one evening about thirty-five of the leading sporting men, including prize-fighters, gamblers and wrestlers, attended in a body, attracted by their recollection of Hogan, whom all had known in the days of his professional connection with the prize ring. They all seemed deeply impressed, and one of them remarked, "He is a changed man from what I saw him in New York six or seven years ago, and I don't doubt but he's honest in all he says." Mr. Hogan is holding meetings this week in the rooms of the Y. M. C. A. of San Francisco.

The New Postal Notes now being Sold at All money order offices are a convenience appreciated by the public. They can be bought like postage stamps without a written application; they cost only three cents, and they may be had of any denomination below five dollars. Many subscribers remitting money to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD have availed themselves of this means. It would save us considerable loss of time and money if all our friends who have access to a money-order office would send us postal notes instead of postage stamps.

A Gold Spike and a Silver Sledge were used on Saturday last in fixing the last rail of the great Northern Pacific Railroad. The road, which is the third great road across the Continent, covers with its branches 2654 miles, and connects the Eastern coast by the Chicago trunk lines at Duluth, Minn., situated at the western extremity of the great lakes, with Tacoma, Washington Territory, on the Pacific coast. The road was commenced at its termini, and the last rail was laid near Helena, Mont. The completion of a work of that magnitude was, therefore, naturally considered a matter of more than ordinary interest to the public who will use it and the men who originated and completed it. Thus we see the significance of the golden spike and the silver sledge. This is another of the many facilities given us by men of genius and energy, enabling us to journey whither we desire to go. The human race is making vast and rapid strides in bringing under control the whole of the earth; it is only when the world recedes and men pass through the portal of death into the world of spirits that such facilities fail. Then man is powerless, and the only sure pathway to the blessed haven is the new and living way Jesus opened for us, and completed on the cross, not amid the plaudits of nobles, but amid the jibes and taunts of enemies, His limbs torn with nails and His head pierced by the crown of thorns (Heb. 10 : 20).

A Romantic Marriage, Which was Solemnized in Texas, was described recently on the occasion of its forty-eighth anniversary by the husband. From his narrative it appeared that in 1835 he was settled in Texas, and being lonely he thought he would marry if he could find a suitable wife. One day he was passing the clearing of another settler when he heard some one chopping. He concluded to turn aside and see who the axeman was. To his utter astonishment he found a buxom lass, about twenty years old, splitting rails. He engaged her in conversation, and then and there, on the rail cut she had chopped, and was preparing to split into rails, wooed and won the damsel. A more happy and beloved couple never joined hands than they proved, and the old gentleman in telling the story bore testimony to the excellent wife a rail-splitting lass proved to be. They have several children living. Young ladies often consider that a ball-room is the likeliest place in which to become acquainted with their future husbands. It often happens, however, that the husbands who find them there are not able in after life to bear testimony like that of the old gentleman in Texas, who first saw his wife when she was engaged in the prosaic occupation of splitting rails. It may encourage Christians whose occupations are laborious and uncongenial to reflect that the call of God to work for Him has often come to men engaged in such duties. Moses, David, Elisha and the Apostles were all called while at work (Prov. 22 : 29).

A Thrilling Adventure with a Panther is narrated in *The Polaris* of Portland, Oregon. It appears that two young men, accompanied by an old hunter, went hunting recently on the Lewis River. They were very successful, but one morning they noticed that the quarters of a deer they had hung up the night before, had been dragged down and carried away. The old hunter recognized the work of a panther, and warned the boys of the danger of an attack from one of the savage brutes. About midnight of the following day the two boys were awakened by a shout, and, springing to their feet, they found their companion in a struggle for life or death with a large panther. The camp-fire had burned low, giving little light, but they could see that the old man was trying to free himself from the panther by main strength. Just at this opportune moment one of them fired both barrels of his gun, at once, sending the charge into the neck and shoulder of the brute. This had the effect of preventing it from making another spring, and, quick as a flash, the other fired, and the would-be man-eater rolled on the ground helpless. The old man's wounds were then bound up, and he was assisted to the nearest house, which was eight miles off, for treatment. The party evidently had a narrow escape. It is surprising that the panther should have found them all asleep after they knew that there was a danger of its attack. There are many who show a similar lack of watchfulness in spiritual matters though conscious of the nearness of a relentless enemy. Like Peter they disregard warnings, and like him, too, they have to lament the consequences (Luke 22 : 31 and 62).

A Number of Tenants of a Tottering House in New York City refuse to leave it, though warned that it is likely to fall. The building is a three-story and basement brick dwelling, and is inhabited by five families. The partitions in the basement story have been taken out, and the central piers of the basement, both front and rear, are torn and weak, so that the house is settled and the wall bulged. The Bureau of Buildings sent its inspector to examine it, and he recommended that it should be torn down instantly. The police were instructed to clear the tenants out, but the inspector found that he had not the legal power to do so. Some of the more sensible tenants moved their household goods out into the street and vacated their apartments, but others, although repeatedly warned, still cling to the place and refuse to move. They are blamed by the press and their neighbors, and if the house should fall while they are in it they will have no pity; for, as people justly say, they were warned. But while men marvel at the temerity of these tenants, it occasions no surprise that a much more urgent warning is unheeded (II Peter 3 : 9, 10).

A Wonderful Mirage was Visible on the Coast of Maine a few days ago. The day had been warm and calm, and waves of heated air seemed to vibrate with great intensity on the sea. Suddenly the ocean assumed a wonderful appearance. Above the true horizon seemed suspended in air a second ocean, which faded away and formed a gray vapor that appeared like an immense tidal wave and fell and rose to a great height. Vessels before invisible rose from below the horizon and sailed in spectral procession through the clouds. Just beyond the spectral cliffs the sea broke on a long ledge and the spray leaped skyward with lightning rapidity. The phenomena lasted till sunset, and then in the haze slowly faded away. Observers describe the scene as one of unequalled beauty. It is explained by natural causes, but prophecy indicates that a more wondrous sight will yet be manifested with which natural causes will have nothing to do. It is the scene the seer of Patmos saw in prophetic vision when the city of God will descend from heaven adorned as a bride for her husband (Rev. 21 : 2 and 3).

A Rescued Party Taken off a Sinking Ship and carried into Baltimore, Md., on September 7th, give a thrilling account of their experience. The captain of the Deerhound, an English steamer, saw them on a battered hulk in the open sea on September 4th, and took them on board his own vessel. The ship they were on had lost her masts, spars and sails, and was leaking badly. The party consisted of nine persons, and included the captain and his newly-married wife. They took nothing on board but some few clothes, and appeared afraid the steamer would sail away without them, as several others had done. They were exhausted from their terrible experience, loss of rest, and hardship. They had not suffered for want of food, but they had endured the terrible agony of seeing sail after sail pass by without coming to their relief, in spite of their signal of distress, and they saw the danger of another storm coming up and carrying all to the bottom of the ocean, and that overcame them. This English Good Samaritan found the poor creatures in no need of pressing to leave their wretched ship; they were so eager to go that they gladly left their property behind lest they should miss the opportunity. Would that poor shipwrecked sinners similarly realized their danger and showed like alacrity in accepting the offer of salvation! (Luke 5 : 11.)

THE DOCTRINES OF GRACE DO NOT LEAD TO SIN.

A New Sermon by Pastor C. H. Spurgeon.

"For sin shall not have dominion over you: for ye are not under the law, but under grace. What then? shall we sin, because we are not under the law, but under grace? God forbid."—Romans 6 . 14, 15.

Grace a Doctrine Cavilled at—One of the Biggest Guns—The Doctrine Producing Licentiousness—An Objection Plausible but False—Too Mean for the Devil—A Boy's Reason for not Robbing an Orchard—Bad Guardians for Morals—Historical Reputation—The Puritans Calvinists yet Moral—The Gospel the Only Real Reform—I. It Delivers from the Power of Sin—II. The Power in Love—A Story of a Soldier—A Drunkard's Daughter—III. The Evil of Sin Specially Revealed — IV. Imparts a New Nature — V. Cleansing by Atonement—VI. Gives Daily Help—VII. Entire Elevation—A Profligate Son's Legacy.

LAST Sabbath morning I tried to show that the substance and essence of the true Gospel is the doctrine of God's grace—that, in fact, if you take away the grace of God from the Gospel you have extracted from it its very life-blood, and there is nothing left worth preaching, worth believing, or worth contending for. *Grace is the soul of the Gospel;* without it the Gospel is dead. Grace is the music of the Gospel; without it the Gospel is silent as to all comfort. Grace commences to save, and it perseveres till all is done. From first to last, from the "A" to the "Z" of the heavenly alphabet, everything in salvation is of grace, and grace alone; all is of free favor, nothing of merit. "By grace are ye saved through faith; and that not of yourselves: it is the gift of God." "So then it is not of him that willeth, nor of him that runneth, but of God that showeth mercy."

No sooner is this doctrine set forth in a clear light than men begin to cavil at it. It is the target for all carnal logic to shoot at. Unrenewed minds never did like it, and they never will; it is so humbling to human pride, making so light of the nobility of human nature. That men are to be saved by divine charity, that they must as condemned criminals receive pardon by the exercise of the royal prerogative, or else perish in their sins, is a teaching which they cannot endure. Straightway the unrenewed man seeks out artillery with which to fight against the gospel of the grace of God, and one of

THE BIGGEST GUNS

he has ever brought to the front is the declaration that the doctrine of the grace of God must lead to licentiousness. If great sinners are freely saved, then men will more readily become great sinners; and if when God's grace regenerates a man it abides with him, then men will infer that they may live as they like, and yet be saved. This is the constantly-repeated objection which I have heard till it wearies me with its vain and false noise. I am almost ashamed to have to refute so rotten an argument.

This morning I want to talk a little about this notion; for in part it is a great mistake, and in part it is a great lie. In part it is a mistake because it arises from misconception, and in part it is a lie because men know better, or might know better if they pleased.

I begin by admitting that the charge does appear somewhat probable. It does seem very likely that if we are everywhere to cry, "Come, ye sinners, come and welcome, and receive free and immediate pardon through the sovereign grace of God," it does seem probable that some may basely reply, "Let us sin without stint, for we can easily obtain forgiveness." But that which looks to be probable is not, therefore, certain; on the contrary, the improbable and the unexpected full often come to pass. I believe that the inference which would lead men to sin because grace reigns is not logical, but the very reverse; and I venture to assert that, as a matter of fact, ungodly men do not, as a rule, plead the grace of God as an excuse for their sin. As a rule they are too indifferent to care about reasons

at all ; and if they do offer an excuse it is usually more flimsy and superficial. There may be a few men of perverse minds who have used this argument, but there is no accounting for the freaks of the fallen understanding. I shrewdly suspect that in any cases in which such reasoning has been put forward it was a mere pretence, and by no means a plea which satisfied the sinner's own conscience.

If men do thus excuse themselves, it is generally in some veiled manner, for the most of them would be utterly ashamed to state the argument in plain terms. I question whether the devil himself would be found reasoning thus—"God is merciful, therefore let us be more sinful." It is so diabolical an inference, that I do not like to charge my fellow-men with it, though our moralist opposers do not hesitate thus to degrade them.

I have admitted that a few human beings have turned the grace of God into lasciviousness ; but I trust no one will ever argue against any doctrine on account of the perverse use made of it by the baser sort. Cannot every truth be perverted? Is there a single doctrine of Scripture which graceless hands have not twisted into mischief? Let us act like rational men. We do not find fault with ropes because poor insane creatures have hanged themselves therewith ; nor do we ask that the wares of Sheffield may be destroyed because edged tools are the murderer's instruments.

It may appear probable that the doctrine of free grace will be made into a license for sin, but a better acquaintance with the curious working of the human mind corrects the notion. Fallen as human nature is, it is still human, and therefore does not take kindly to certain forms of evil—such, for instance, as

INHUMAN INGRATITUDE.

It is hardly human to multiply injuries upon those who return us continued benefits. The case reminds me of the story of half-a-dozen boys who had severe fathers, accustomed to flog them within an inch of their lives. Another boy was with them who was tenderly beloved by his parents, and known to be so. These young gentlemen met together to hold a council of war about *robbing an orchard*. They were all of them anxious to get about it except the favored youth, who did not enjoy the proposal. One of them cried out, "*You* need not be afraid ; if our fathers catch us at this work, we shall be half killed, but your father won't lay a hand upon *you*." The little boy answered, "And do you think because my father is kind to me, that therefore I will do wrong and grieve him? I will do nothing of the sort to my dear father. He is so good to me that I cannot vex him." It would appear that the argument of the many boys was not overpoweringly convincing to their companion ; the opposite conclusion was quite as logical, and evidently carried weight with it.

By the way I cannot help observing that I have known persons object to the evil influence of the doctrines of grace who were by no means qualified by their own morality to be judges of the subject. *Morals must be in a poor way when immoral persons become their guardians.* I have found men pleading against the doctrines of grace on the ground that they did not promote morality, to whom I could have justly replied, "What has morality to do with you, or you with it?" These sticklers for good works are not often the doers of them. Let legalists look to their own hands and tongues, and leave the Gospel of grace and its advocates to answer for themselves.

Looking back in history, I see upon its pages a refutation of the oft-repeated calumny. Who dares to suggest that the men who believed in the grace of God have been sinners above other sinners? With all their faults, those who throw stones at them will be few if they first prove themselves to be their superiors in character. When have they been the patrons of vice, or the defenders of injustice?

Pitch upon the point in English history when this doctrine was very strong in the land ; who were the men that held these doctrines most firmly? Men like Owen, Charnock, Manton, Howe, and I hesitate not to add

OLIVER CROMWELL.

What kind of men were these? Did they pander to the licentiousness of a court? Did they invent a Book of Sports for Sabbath diversion? Did they haunt ale-houses and places of revelry? Every historian will tell you, the greatest fault of these men in the eyes of their enemies was that they were too precise for the generation in which they lived, so that they called them Puritans, and condemned them as holding a gloomy theology.

Sirs, if there was iniquity in the land in that day, it was to be found with the theological party which preached up salvation by works. The gentlemen with their womanish locks and essenced hair, whose speech savored of profanity, were advocates of salvation by works, and all bedabbled with lust they pleaded for human merit ; but the men who believed in grace alone were of another style. They were not in the chambers of rioting and wantonness ; where were they? They might be found on their knees crying to God for help in temptation ; and in persecuting times they might be found in prison, cheerfully suffering the loss of all things for the truth's sake. The Puritans were the godliest men on the face of the earth. Are men so inconsistent as to nickname them for their purity, and yet say that their doctrines lead to sin?

Nor is this a solitary instance—this instance of Puritanism ; all

HISTORY CONFIRMS THE RULE :

and when it is said that these doctrines will create sin, I appeal to facts, and leave the oracle to answer as it may. If we are ever to see a pure and godly England we must have a gospelized England : if we are to put down drunkenness and the social evil it must be by the proclamation of the grace of God. Men must be forgiven by grace, renewed by grace, transformed by grace, sanctified by grace, preserved by grace ; and when that comes to pass the golden age will dawn ; but while they are merely taught their duty, and left to do it of themselves in their own strength, it is labor in vain. You may flog a dead horse a long while before it will stir ; you need to put life into it, for else all your flogging will fail. The Gospel alone supplies men with motive and strength, and therefore it is to the Gospel that we must look as the real reformer of men.

I shall fight this morning with the objection before us as I shall find strength. The doctrine of grace, the whole plan of salvation by grace, is most promotive of holiness. Wherever it comes it helps us to say, "God forbid," to the question, "Shall we sin, because we are not under the law, but under grace?" This I would set out in the clear sunlight.

I wish to call your attention to some six or seven points.

I. First, you will see that the gospel of the grace of God promotes real holiness in men by remembering that the salvation which it brings is salvation

FROM THE POWER OF SIN.

When we preach salvation to the vilest of men, some suppose we mean by that a mere deliverance from hell and an entrance into heaven. It includes all that, and results in that, but that is not what we mean. What we mean by salvation is this—deliverance from the love of sin, rescue from the habit of sin, setting free from the desire to sin. Now listen. If it be so, that that boon of deliverance from sin is the gift of divine grace, in what way will that gift, or the free distribution of it, produce sin? I fail to see any such danger.

Suppose the salvation we preach be this : you that have lived ungodly and wicked lives may enjoy your sins, and yet escape the penalty —that would be mischievous indeed ; but if it be this—you that live the most ungodly and wicked lives may yet by believing in the Lord Jesus be enabled to change those lives, so that you shall live unto God instead of serving sin and Satan —what harm can come to the most prudish morals? Why, I say spread such a gospel, and let it circulate through every part of our vast empire, and let all men hear it, whether they rule in the House of Lords or suffer in the house of bondage. Tell them everywhere that God freely and of infinite grace is willing to renew men, and make them new creatures in Christ Jesus. Can any evil consequences come of the freest proclamation of this news? The worse men are, the more gladly would we see them embracing this truth, for they most need it.

II. Secondly, let it not be forgotten as a matter of fact that

THE PRINCIPLE OF LOVE

has been found to possess very great power over men. In the infancy of history nations dream that crime can be put down by severity, and they rely upon fierce punishments ; but experience corrects the error. Our forefathers dreaded forgery, which is a troublesome fraud, and interferes with the confidence which should exist between man and man. To put it down they made forgery a capital offence. Alas for the murders committed by that law! Yet the constant use of the gallows was never sufficient to stamp out the crime. Many offences have been created and multiplied by the penalty which was meant to suppress them. Some offences have almost ceased when the penalty against them has been lightened. It is a notable fact as to men, that if they are forbidden to do a thing they straightway pine to do it, though they had never thought of doing it before. Law commands obedience, but does not promote it ; it often creates disobedience, and an over-weighted penalty has been known to provoke an offence. Law fails, but love wins.

Love in any case makes sin infamous. If one should rob another it would be sufficiently bad ; but suppose a man robbed his friend, who had helped him often when he was in need, every one would say that this crime was most disgraceful. Love brands sin on the forehead with a red hot iron. If a man should kill an enemy, the offence would be grievous ; but if he slew his father, to whom he owes his life, or his mother, on whose breasts he was nursed in infancy, then all would cry out against the monster. In the light of love sin is seen to be exceeding sinful.

Nor is this all. *Love has a great constraining power toward the highest form of virtue.* Deeds to which a man could not be compelled on the ground of law, men have cheerfully done because of love. Would our brave seamen man the lifeboat to obey an Act of Parliament? No, they would indignantly revolt against being forced to risk their lives ; but they will do it freely to save their fellow-men. Remember that text of the apostle, "Scarcely for a righteous (or merely just) man will one die ; yet peradventure," says he, "for a good (benevolent) man some would even dare to die."

GOODNESS WINS THE HEART,

and one is ready to die for the kind and generous.

Kindness also, working by the law of love, has often changed the most unworthy, and therein proved that it is not a factor of evil. We have often heard the story of the soldier who had been degraded to the ranks, and flogged and imprisoned, and yet for all that he would get drunk and misbehave himself. The commanding officer said one day, "I have tried almost everything with this man, and can do nothing with him. I will try one thing more." When he was brought in, the officer addressed him, and said, "You seem incorrigible : we have tried everything with you ; there seems to be no hope of a change in your wicked conduct. I am determined to try if another plan will have any effect. Though you deserve flogging and long imprisonment, I shall freely forgive you." The man was greatly moved by the unexpected and undeserved pardon, and became a good soldier. The story wears truth on its brow ; we all see that it would probably end so.

A DRUNKARD'S DAUGHTER.

That anecdote is such good argument that I will give you another. A drunkard woke up one morning from his drunken sleep, with his clothes on him just as he had rolled down the night before. He saw his only child, his daughter Millie, getting his breakfast. Coming to his senses he said to her, "Millie, why do you stay with me?" She answered, "Because you are my father, and because I love you." He looked at himself, and saw what a sottish, ragged, good-for-nothing creature he was, and he answered her, "Millie, do you really love me?" The child cried, "Yes, father, I do, and I will never leave you, because when mother died she said, 'Millie, stick to your father, and always pray for him, and one of these days he will give up drink, and be a good father to you;' so I will never leave you." Is it wonderful when I add that, as the story has it, Millie's father cast away his drink, and became a Christian man? It would have been more remarkable if he had not. Millie was trying free grace, was she not?

AN UNGRATEFUL COBBLER.

Hear another story: In the old persecuting times there lived in Cheapside one who feared God and attended the secret meetings of the saints; and near him there dwelt a poor cobbler, whose wants were often relieved by the merchant; but the poor man was a cross-grained being, and, most ungratefully, from hope of reward, laid an information against his kind friend on the score of religion. This accusation would have brought the merchant to death by burning if he had not found a means of escape. Returning to his house, the injured man did not change his generous behavior to the malignant cobbler, but, on the contrary, was more liberal than ever. The cobbler was, however, in an ill mood, and avoided the good man with all his might, running away at his approach. One day he was obliged to meet him face to face, and the Christian man asked him gently, "Why do you shun me? I am not your enemy. I know all that you did to injure me, but I never had an angry thought against you. I have helped you, and I am willing to do so as long as I live, only let us be friends." Do you marvel that they clasped hands? Would you wonder if ere long the poor man was found at the Lollards' meeting?

All such anecdotes rest upon the assured fact that grace has a strange subduing power, and leads men to goodness, drawing them with cords of love, and bands of a man. The Lord knows that bad as men are the key of their hearts hangs on the nail of love. He knows that His almighty goodness, though often baffled, will triumph in the end. I believe my point is proved. To myself it is so. However, we must pass on.

III. There is no fear that the doctrine of the grace of God will lead men to sin, because its operations are connected with

A SPECIAL REVELATION

of the evil of sin. Iniquity is made to be exceeding bitter before it is forgiven or when it is forgiven. When God begins to deal with a man with a view of blotting out his sins and making him His child, He usually causes him to see his evil ways in all their heinousness; He makes him look on sin with fixed eyes, till he cries with David, "My sin is ever before me." By the operations of grace we are made weary of sin; we loathe both it and its imaginary pleasures. We would utterly exterminate it from the soil of our nature. A deep inward experience forbids the child of God to sin; he has known within himself its judgment and its condemnation, and henceforth it is a thing abhorrent to him. An enmity both fierce and endless exists between the chosen seed and the serpent brood of evil; hence the fear that grace will be abused is abundantly safeguarded.

IV. Remember also that not only is the forgiven man thus set against sin by the process of conviction, but every man who tastes of the saving grace of God, is

MADE A NEW CREATURE

in Christ Jesus. Now if the doctrine of grace in the hands of an ordinary man might be dangerous, yet it would cease to be so in the hands of one who is quickened by the Spirit, and created anew in the image of God. One said the other day, "If I believed that I was eternally saved, I should live in sin." Perhaps *you* would; but if you were renewed in heart you would not. "But," says one, "if I believed God loved me from before the foundation of the world, and that therefore I should be saved, I would take a full swing of sin." Perhaps *you* and the devil would; but God's regenerate children are not of so base a nature. To them the abounding grace of the Father is a bond to righteousness which they never think of breaking; they feel the sweet constraints of sacred gratitude, and desire to perfect holiness in the fear of the Lord. *A new heart makes all the difference.* Given a new nature, and then all the propensities run in a different way, and the blessings of almighty love no longer involve peril, but suggest the loftiest aspirations.

V. One of the chief securities for the holiness of the pardoned is found in the way of

CLEANSING THROUGH ATONEMENT.

The blood of Jesus sanctifies as well as pardons. The sinner learns that his free pardon cost the life of his best Friend; that in order to his salvation the Son of God Himself agonized even to a bloody sweat, and died forsaken of His God. This causes a sacred mourning for sin, as he looks upon the Lord whom he pierced. Love to Jesus burns within the pardoned sinner's breast, for the Lord is his Redeemer; and therefore he feels a burning indignation against the murderous evil of sin. To him all manner of evil is detestable, since it is stained with the Saviour's heart's blood. What! live in the sin which slew Jesus? Find pleasure in that which wrought His death? Trifle with that which laid His glory in the dust? Impossible! Thus you see that the gifts of free grace, when handed down by a pierced hand, are never likely to suggest self-indulgence in sin, but the very reverse.

VI. Sixthly, a man who becomes a partaker of divine grace, and receives the new nature, is ever afterward a partaker of

DAILY HELPS

from God's Holy Spirit. God the Holy Ghost deigns to dwell in the bosom of every man whom God has saved by His grace. Is not that a wonderful means of sanctifying? By what process can men be better kept from sin than by having the Holy Spirit Himself to dwell as Vicegerent within their hearts? The Ever-blessed Spirit leads believers to be much in prayer, and what a power for holiness is found in the child of grace speaking to the heavenly Father! He who has most grace is most conscious of his need of more grace. The gracious are often afraid to put one foot before another for fear of doing wrong. Have you not felt this holy fear, this sacred caution? It is by this means that the Holy Spirit prevents your ever turning your Christian liberty into licentiousness, or daring to make the grace of God an argument for folly.

VII. The entire

ELEVATION OF THE MAN

who is made a partaker of the grace of God is also a special preservative against sin. I venture to say, though it may be controverted, that the man who believes the glorious doctrines of grace is usually a much higher style of man than the person who has no opinion upon the matter. It is a hopeful sign when minds begin to roam among lofty truths. The man who has been taught of God to think will not so readily sin as the being whose mind is buried beneath his flesh. The man has now obtained a different view of himself from that which led him to trifle away his time with the idea that there was nothing better for him than to be merry while he could. He says, "I am one of God's chosen, ordained to be His son, His heir, joint-heir with Jesus Christ. I am set apart to be a king and priest unto God, and as such I cannot be godless, nor live for the common objects of life." He rises in the object of his pursuit; he cannot henceforth live unto himself, for he is not his own, he is bought with a price.

Is there a sinner here, a guilty sinner, one who has no merit, no claim to mercy whatever; is there one willing to be saved by God's free grace through believing in Jesus Christ? Then let me tell thee, sinner, there is not a word in God's Book against thee, not a line or syllable, but everything is in thy favor. "This is a faithful saying, and worthy of all acceptation, that Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners," even the chief. Jesus came into the world to save thee. Only do thou trust Him, and rest in Him. I will tell thee what ought to fetch thee to Christ at once, it is the thought of His amazing love.

A PROFLIGATE SON

had been a great grief to his father; he had robbed him and disgraced him, and at last he ended by bringing his gray hairs with sorrow to the grave. He was a horrible wretch of a son; no one could have been more graceless. However, he attended his father's funeral, and he stayed to hear the will read; perhaps it was the chief reason why he was there. He had fully made up his mind that his father would cut him off with a shilling, and he meant to make it very unpleasant for the rest of the family. To his great astonishment, as the will was read it ran something like this: "As for my son Richard, though he has fearfully wasted my substance, and though he has often grieved my heart, I would have him know that I consider him still to be my own dear child, and therefore, in token of my undying love, I leave him the same share as the rest of his brothers." He left the room; he could not stand it, the surprising love of his father had mastered him.

He came down to the executor the next morning, and said, "You surely did not read correctly?" "Yes I did; there it stands." "Then," he said, "I feel ready to curse myself that I ever grieved my dear old father. Oh, that I could fetch him back again!" Love was born in that base heart by an unexpected display of love. May not your case be similar? Our Lord Jesus Christ is dead, but He has left it in His will that the chief of sinners are objects of His choicest mercy. Dying He prayed, "Father, forgive them." Risen He pleads for transgressors. Sinners are ever on His mind; their salvation is His great object. His blood is for them, His heart for them, His righteousness for them, His heaven for them. Come, O ye guilty ones, and receive your legacy. Put out the hand of faith and grasp your portion. Trust Jesus with your souls, and He will save you. God bless you. Amen.

[PORTION OF SCRIPTURE READ BEFORE SERMON—Romans 6.]

DR. MOFFAT'S TWO MARVELLOUS ESCAPES.

(*See Illustrations on page* 588.)

SINCE the death of Dr. Moffat, whose portrait and life appeared in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD of August 23d, numerous anecdotes have been related of him by personal friends and officers of the Missionary Societies. Two of these, which are of thrilling interest, are depicted on the next page.

A SAVAGE CHIEF.

The early trials of the little band of Christian pioneers in Kuruman were increased by a long drought, for which they were blamed and cursed. It was said that their chapel-bell frightened away the clouds; and even Mr. Moffat's black beard was imagined to have something to do with the unkindliness of the heavens. The feeling, indeed, fomented and intensified by the professional "rain makers," became so stormy against the missionaries, that they were informed they would be driven out of the country if they did not speedily take themselves away. The chief who conveyed this message stood at their cottage door, *quivering a spear in his right hand* in

Dr. Moffat Threatened by a Savage Chief.

In Peril from a Tiger and a Cobra.

an imposing manner, delivering the decision which had been arrived at in a secret council; while Mrs. Moffat stood calmly *with a babe in her arms* watching the crisis, for such undoubtedly it was.

As fearlessly as David before Goliath and the Philistines, strong, too, like him, in the Divine power on which he threw himself and his cause, with a steadfast, unflinching gaze the missionary looked the spear-bearing chief straight in the eyes, and said with the utmost deliberation: "We were unwilling to leave you. We are now resolved to stay at our post. As for your threats, we pity you, for you know not what you do. We have suffered, it is true; it is no more than we are prepared to expect from whose who know no better. If resolved to get rid of us, you must take stronger measures to succeed, for our hearts are with you. You may shed my blood, or you may burn our dwelling; but I know that you will not touch my wife and children; and you will surely reverence the gray head of my venerable friend (pointing to Mr. Hamilton). As for me, my decision is made, *I do not leave your country.*" Then, throwing open his waistcoat, he stood erect and fearless. "Now, then," he added, "if you will, drive your spears to my heart; and, when you have slain me, my companions will know that the hour is come for them to depart." "These men," said the chief to his twelve armed attendants, "must have ten lives. When they are so fearless of death, there must be something in immortality," and he departed to tell those whom he represented of the missionary's intrepidity.

A TIGER AND A COBRA.

In one of his early journeys in Africa, Mr. Moffat had a providential escape from a tiger and a serpent. He had left the wagons and wandered to a distance among grassy openings in quest of game. He had a small gun on his shoulder, which was loaded with small shot; an antelope passed, at which he fired, and slowly followed the course it took.

After advancing a short distance he saw a tiger staring at him between the forked branches of a tree, behind which his long spotted body was concealed, twisting and turning his tail like a cat just going to spring on its prey. It was a critical moment, for the missionary had no ball in his gun. He, therefore, moved about as if in search of something on the grass, taking care to retreat at the same time.

After getting, as he thought, a suitable distance to turn his back, he moved somewhat more quickly, but in his anxiety to escape what was behind, he did not see what was before, until startled by treading on a large cobra serpent asleep in the grass. It instantly twirled its body round his leg, when he leaped from the spot, dragging the venomous and enraged reptile after him; and while the reptile was in the act of throwing itself into a coil preparatory to striking, Mr. Moffat, without turning round, drew his gun to his shoulder and shot it. Seizing its tail, he took it to his people at the wagons, who, on examining the bags of poison, asserted that had the creature struck him he could never have reached the wagons. The serpent was six feet long.

These narrow escapes from death were only two out of many which the devoted missionary had in the course of more than half a century of labor for God in Africa. But though dangers were thick on every hand, he went calmly on with his work unmoved. In perils from wild beasts and still more savage men, discouraged by the apathy of those who should have aided him, he worked with a single eye to God's glory and the salvation of perishing souls. The spiritual darkness around him filled his heart with longing to let in the Light of the World. God kept him safely until his work was done.

A REMARKABLE FAITH CURE.

Miss Carrie F. Judd, of Buffalo, N. Y., publishes in her *Triumphs of Faith*, an interesting letter from Mary L. Helms, dated Norfolk, N. Y., June 14th, 1883, in the course of which she describes her restoration to health as follows:

"For years I have been a great sufferer, caused by an inflamed stomach, which, finally, after I had tried a number of physicians and a great variety of medicine to no purpose, settled into a form of chronic inflammation. For years I have suffered thus, and it has been a wonder to my friends and physicians and to myself that I could endure such suffering. For years my only relief was in *taking morphine*, but never to have the habit confirmed; then tried the homœopathic treatment. At times I would rally and God seemed to give me strength for special duties.

"Last autumn my complaint assumed a new form, and, to all human appearance, my work was done. Indeed, I desired it should be; I thought I would rather go and be with Jesus. The usual remedies were used, but to no purpose. My convictions were strong that in God alone was my help. I did not ask to be cured; I thought I did not desire it. I only asked that the terrible suffering might be stayed. I was relieved, and, much to the surprise of all, I began to gain, but I could not say it was Jesus alone that had raised me; I did not give God the glory for what He had done.

"God laid His hand on me again, and my sickness returned with more than its former severity. I recognized the kind hand of my heavenly Father in this stroke. I saw more than ever the necessity of a clean heart—a full consecration to God of all my powers of soul and body. I did not even now ask to be healed, I only prayed that I might be wholly the Lord's. For two weeks I wept and prayed. My kind heavenly Father gave me strength to read. I read His Word and everything my strength would allow that would give me light. The experience of others gave me new strength. My Blessed Jesus seemed standing at my bedside, talking like some dear friend, and with each promise would say, 'It is yours, only believe;' all the while showing me *one idol after another* and saying, as to Peter, 'Lovest thou Me more than these?' until my heart seemed truly like a nest of unclean birds. Jesus said to me, 'This cometh out only by prayer and fasting,' and so for several days I fasted and prayed.

"On Friday morning, March 31st, while reading the 32d Psalm, I felt that through faith in Jesus I could claim these promises as my own, and Jesus seemed to say, 'Whether is it easier to say, Thy sins are forgiven thee, or, Arise and walk?' Great light and peace filled my soul, and, with this peace, *bodily health returned.* I seemed to move as by magic and breathe an atmosphere of love. I felt as though I wanted to tell the world what great things God had done for me. I am still rejoicing in His blessed presence, living by faith in the Son of God, rejoicing in Jesus as my Saviour and Physician, for, surely, Himself 'took our infirmities and bare our sicknesses.'"

A MOTHER'S HOPES FRUSTRATED.

(*See Illustration.*)

Two ladies, mother and daughter, were in a handsomely-furnished room in a brown-stone house in a fashionable locality. They were moving restlessly about, as if reluctant to sit down to the breakfast which had been placed on the table. Now and again one of them would go to the window and look out as if in expectation of some one whose coming had been delayed. Presently a firm, vigorous step was heard on the pavement, and there was a ring at the bell. In a few minutes the door opened and

a stalwart young man of some two and twenty years entered.

"Frank, what can have detained you so?" asked the elder of the two ladies. "Alice and I have been waiting for you nearly an hour."

There was an unwonted pallor on the young man's face and a gravity in his manner that was not habitual with him, which both ladies noticed. He leaned heavily on the table as he answered in solemn tones: "Mother, Ernest is dead. I have just come from his bedside. I called last night to inquire how he was, and found that he was in extreme danger. He begged that I would see him if I called, and I went up and I remained with him all night. He died only half an hour ago."

"Poor fellow," said Alice; "how very sad. Such a promising young man and so wealthy, too. It must be a terrible blow to his father. All his hopes were centred in his heir."

"Yes," said Frank Belton, "and they are shattered now. The poor man is almost beside himself with grief, and I think the mother is worse still. She is a good Christian woman, but it will take some time to reconcile her to this loss."

"I do not doubt that," said Mrs. Belton, looking fondly at the speaker, the thought evidently crossing her mind of what her own feelings would be if she were to lose *her* son. "I can sympathize with her sincerely, though I knew little of him. It is a melancholy end to so much anticipation; but I should not be surprised if his death improved your prospects, Frank. I know it appears selfish to say so, but it is not really selfish, for I wish with all my heart the young man had lived. It is of no use wishing in such matters, and it does seem likely that his father's firm will offer you a partnership instead of a salary now."

Mrs. Belton's Hopes Frustrated.

"Ah, mother," Frank answered, "you are always anxious on my account, but I am afraid you will be disappointed. Mr. Meritt will offer me the partnership, I believe; indeed, I do not see how they can manage without some active young man in the firm, but I shall not accept it. I shall never be a lawyer now."

"Not accept it! Never be a lawyer!" repeated Mrs. Belton, rising in astonishment and clasping her hands to keep down her excitement. "What can you mean, Frank?"

"Simply, mother, that grand as the profession is, I cannot follow it. I must preach the Gospel. It is my duty, and I dare not trifle with my conscience. I never saw it clearly until now."

Mrs. Belton stood aghast. She was speechless for a moment, and stood looking reproachfully at her son. At last she said: "Frank, have you lost your senses? Do you mean that you will give up voluntarily a prospect that does not come to one man in a thousand? With your talents and such a position at your age there is no office beyond your reach. You might sit in the Senate yet or even become President before you die. Do you know what you are giving up to be a clergyman, with perhaps not three thousand dollars a year for a salary, and that precarious?"

"Yes, mother," he said, "I have counted the cost. I had a long talk with Ernest last night. You know we have been very intimate friends, almost like brothers, and have often talked together of our brilliant future, though not so much lately, since we knew what religion really meant. But last night Ernest wanted to see me principally on that matter. He wanted to tell me that, standing, as he did, on the brink of the grave, the brilliant career we had sketched together had lost all its roseate hue. He said he could see nothing satisfactory in it at all, and should not follow it if he were to recover. He begged me with his dying breath to give my life wholly to God's service, and, mother, with God's help I will do it."

"Frank, you astonish me," Mrs. Belton said; "I thought you had too much manliness to act on the impulse of a moment. This feeling will pass away, and then you will regret this insane step."

"No, mother, never, God helping me. It is not the impulse of a moment; I have often meditated this course. Ernest's appeal only confirms me."

His sister Alice had sat looking at Frank anxiously while this dialogue was going on; she now rose, and throwing her arms around his neck kissed him, and told him she would ever pray that God would give him strength to keep his resolution. "You are right, Frank," she said; "it is a far nobler thing you do than anything else you could have done. May God bless you."

The worldly mother, thus deserted by the only ally who could have influenced her son, sat down in despair, weeping tears of disappointment. But the time came when she too rejoiced in Frank's decision, and was content when she saw him a useful and successful minister of the Gospel, even though she knew his name would never become famous nor his wealth and station in society attain the eminence she had hoped for.

MRS. CHANTREY'S SECRET.

A SERIAL STORY.

(*Continued from page 575.*)

In Despair.

IT was early in June when they set sail; and as the vessel floated down the Channel somewhat slowly against the western wind, Ann Holland spent most of her time on deck, watching, often with dim eyes, the coasts of England, as they glided past her. She could still hardly realize the change that had torn her so completely away from her old life. It made her brain swim to think of Upton, and the old neighbors going about the streets on their daily business, and the church-clock striking out the hours; and the sun rising and setting, and the days passing by, and she not there. It felt all a dream to her; an odd, inexplicable, endless dream, which never could become as real as the old days had been. Her thoughts were all busy with the past, recalling faces and events long ago forgotten; she scarcely ever looked on to the end of the voyage. The sea was calm, and the soft wind sang low among the rigging, while point after point along the shores stole by, and were lost to sight almost unheeded, though she could not turn her steadfast, sorrowful gaze from them till she could see them no more. Yet when Mr. Chantrey, reproaching himself for bringing her, asked her if she repented, she was always ready to say heartily that she would not go back, and leave them, for the world.

Charlie alone of them all was quite happy in the change. For the last nine months he had been constantly at school; seldom going home, and then but for a day or two, when his mother was at her best. The boy found himself all at once set free from school restraints, restored to his father and mother, who had no one else to interest them; and with all the delights of a ship and a voyage added to his other joys. He was wild with happiness. There was not one thing left him to wish for; for even his mother's nervous state of health could not cast any gloom upon his gladness. He had grown accustomed to think of her as a confirmed invalid; and when she came on deck he would sit quietly beside her for a little while, and lower his clear young voice in speaking to her, without feeling that his short-lived self-control damped his pleasure. But she was not often there long enough to test his devotion too greatly.

Sophy Chantrey was passing through a season of intense misery, both of mind and body; more bitter even than the wretchedness she had felt when she could indulge the craving that had taken so deep a hold upon her. There was nothing voluntary in her abstinence, and consequently neither pleasure nor pride in being able to exercise self-command. Her health was greatly enfeebled; and her mind had been weakened almost to childishness. She felt as if her husband was treating her cruelly; yet she could see keenly that it was she who had brought ruin upon his future prospects, as well as those of her boy. She had never been able to sink into

utter indifference; and she could not forget, strive as she would, all the happy past, and the unutterably wretched present.

Here, on board ship, there was no chance for her to procure the narcotics, with which she had lulled her self-reproaches formerly. Her longing for such stimulants amounted almost to delirium. She could not sleep for want of them; and all day long she thought of them, and cried for them, until her husband and Ann Holland could scarcely persevere in refusing them to her. It seemed to them at times as if she must lose her reason, the little that remained to her, and become insane, unless they yielded to her vehement entreaties. Even when, after the first week was gone, and the craving was in some measure deadened, her spirits did not rally. She would lie still on deck when her husband carried her there, or on the narrow berth in their cabin, with eyes closed, and hands listlessly folded, an image of despair.

"Sophy!" he cried one day, when she had not stirred, or raised her eyelids for hours; "Sophy, do you wish to kill me?"

"I have killed you," she muttered, still without moving, or looking at him.

"Sophy," he answered, "you are dreaming. Look up, and see me here alive, beside you. Life lies before us yet; for you and me together."

"No," she said, "don't I know it is death to you to be tied to me as you are? I am a curse to you, and you hate and loathe me, as I do myself. But we cannot get rid of each other, you and I. Oh, if I could but die, and set you free!"

"I do not hate you," he answered, tenderly; "you are still very dear to me. I do not wish to be free from you."

"Then you ought," she cried, with sudden passion; "you ought to hate that which degrades and shames you. I am dragging you down to ruin; you and Charlie. Do you think I do not know it? Oh, if I could but die. Perhaps I may live for many, many years yet; live to be an old woman, a drunken old wretch! Think what it will be to live for years and years with a lost creature like me. It is death, and worse than death, for you."

"But why should you be lost?" he asked; "have you never thought of One who came to seek and to save that which is lost?"

"Yes; He found me once," she said, in tones of despair, "He found me once; but I strayed away again, wilfully, in spite of His love, and all He had done for me. I knew what He had done, and how He loved me; yet I went away from Him wilfully. I chose ruin; and now He leaves me to my choice."

"This is the delusion of a sick brain," he answered; "you have no power to think rightly of our Lord. Listen to what I can tell you about Him, and His love for you."

"No," she interrupted; "none of you others know, you people who have never fallen like me. You do not know what it is to feel yourselves given up, and sold to sin. You and Ann Holland think you can save me by keeping temptation out of my way; but I know that as soon as it comes again I shall be as weak as water against it."

"Have you no wish to be saved, then?" he asked, his heart sinking within in him at her hopeless words.

"Wish to be saved!" she repeated; "did the rich man in torments wish to be saved? He only asked for one drop of water to cool his tongue but for a moment. He knew he could not be saved, and he did not pray for it."

"Do you think that I have no wish for your salvation?" he asked. "Am I leaving you in your sin? Have I done nothing, given up nothing, to secure it? Has Ann Holland given up nothing?"

"Oh, you have," she cried. "You are doing all you can for me, but it is useless."

"Christ has done more," he said. "His love for you passes ours infinitely. Then if you have not wearied out ours, can you possibly exhaust His? He can stoop to you in all your misery and sinfulness, if you will but stretch out your hand toward Him. There is no sin He will not forgive, and none He cannot conquer, if you will but rouse yourself to work with Him. Against your own will He cannot save you."

"I will try," she murmured.

Yet time after time the same subject, almost in the same words, was renewed. Sophy's enfeebled brain could not long retain the thought of a divine love and power, which was ceaselessly though secretly striving to reclaim her. There was no opportunity for her to exert her own will, for she could not be tempted in her present circumstances, and the strength gained by such an exertion was impossible to her. Again and again, with untiring patience, did Mr. Chantrey give ear to her despairing utterances, and meet them with soothing arguments. But often he felt himself on the verge of despair, doubtful of the truths he was trying so earnestly to implant again in her heart. In the smooth happy days of old, both of them had believed them. But now he asked himself, Does God indeed care? Does He see and know? Is He near at hand, and not afar off?

Their vessel had entered the tropical seas, and a profound unbroken monotony reigned around them. They had not sighted land since the shores of England had sunk below the horizon. A waste of waters encircled them, and a dead calm prevailed. Through the sultry and hazy atmosphere no rain fell in cooling showers. Day after day the sea was of perfect stillness, and an oppressive silence, as of death, brooded over the low, regular heaving of the waters. The dry, torrid heat was exhausting, and the ship with its idle sails made but little way across the quiet sea. Mr. Chantrey's weakened frame suffered greatly, and even Ann Holland's brave and cheery spirit almost sank into despondency.

"If it hadn't been for Mrs. Chantrey," she thought mournfully, "we should all have been at Upton now, as happy as the day's long. The summer's at its height there, and the harvest is being gathered in. How cool it would be under the chestnut-trees, or under the church walls! Mr. Chantrey's sinking, plain enough, and what is to become of us if he should die before we get to that foreign land? Dear, dear! Whoever would go to sea if they could get only a place to lay their heads on land?"

It was a dreary and monotonous time. After the sun had gone down, red and sullen, through the haze, and when the ship left a long track of phosphorescent light sparkling behind it, Mr. Chantrey would pace up and down the deck, as he had often walked to and fro in the churchyard paths in the starlight. He had many things to think of. For his wife his hope was strengthening; a dim star shone before him in the future. Her brain was gradually regaining clearness, and her mind strength. Something of the old buoyancy and elasticity was returning to her, for she would play sometimes with her child merrily, and her laugh was like music to him. But how would it be in the hour of temptation, which must come? She said her craving for stimulants was passing away; but how would she bear being again able to procure them? He would watch over her and guard her as long as he lived, but what would become of her if he should die?

This last question was becoming every day more and more urgent. The exhausting, oppressive heat and the protracted voyage were sapping his strength, and he knew it. The fresh sweet sea-breezes on which he had reckoned had failed him, and he was consciously nearer death than when he left England. He longed eagerly for life and health, that he might see his wife and child in happier circumstances before he died. To leave them thus seemed intolerable to him. What was he to do with his boy? He could not leave him in the care of a mother not yet delivered from the bondage of such a fatal sin. Yet to separate him harshly from her would almost certainly doom her to continue in it. If life might be spared to him only a few years longer, he would probably see her once more a fitting guardian for their child. The growing hope for her, the dim dread for himself—these two held alternate sway over him as he paced to and fro under the southern skies.

Captain Scott, his friend, urged upon him that there was one remedy open to him, and only one on board the ship. The long stress and strain upon his physical as well as his mental health had weakened him until his strength was slowly ebbing away; his heart beat feebly, and his whole system had fallen under a nervous depression. Now was the time when, as a medicine, the alcohol, which was poison and death to his wife, would prove restoration to him. Could he but keep up his vital powers until the voyage was ended, all would be well with him. His life might be prolonged for those few years he so ardently desired. He could still watch over his wife, and protect his child during boyhood, and die in peace—young perhaps, but having accomplished what he had set his mind upon. But Sophy? How could she bear this unexpected temptation? He did not suppose he could effectually conceal it from her, for of late she had clung to him like a child, following him about humbly and meekly, with a touching dependence upon him, striving to catch his eye and to smile faintly when he looked at her, as a child might do who was seeking to win forgiveness. She was very feeble and delicate still, her appetite was as dainty as his own, and the heat oppressed her almost as much as himself. Yet that which might save him would certainly destroy her.

Day after day the debate with Captain Scott was resumed. But there was no real debate in his own mind. He would gladly take the remedy if he could do so with safety to his wife, but not for a thousand lives would he endanger her soul. Not for the certainty of prolonging his own years would he take from her the merest chance of overcoming her sin. To do it for an uncertainty was impossible.

There was hope for him still, if the vessel could but get past these sultry seas into a cooler climate. One good fresh sea-breeze would do him more good than any stimulant, and they were slowly gliding to latitudes where they might meet them at any hour. Once out of the tropics, and around the Cape of Good Hope, there would be no fear of exhausting heat in the air they breathed. All his languor would be gone and the rest of the voyage would bring health and vigor to his fevered frame. Only let them double the Cape, and a new life in a new world lay before them.

His brain felt confused and delirious at times, but he knew it so well that he grew used to sit down silently in the bow of the ship, and let the dizzy dreams pass over him, careful not to alarm his wife or Ann Holland. Cool visions of the pleasant English home he had quitted forever; the shadows and the calm of his church, where the sunshine slanted in through narrow windows made green with ivy-leaves; the rustling of leaves in the elm-trees on his lawn in the soft low wind of a summer's evening; the deep grassy glades of thick woods, where he had loved to walk; the murmuring and tinkling of hidden brooks—all these flitted across his clouded mind as he sat speechless, with his throbbing head resting upon his hands. Often his wife crouched beside him, herself silent, thinking sadly how he was brooding over all the wrong and injury she had done him, yet fearing in her humiliation to ask him if it were so. Her repentance was very deep and real, her love for him very true. Yet she dreaded the hour when she must face temptation again. She could not even bear to think of it.

But shortly after they had passed the southern tropic, as they neared the Cape, the climate changed suddenly, with so swift an alteration that from sultry heat of a torrid summer they plunged almost directly into the biting cold of winter. As they doubled the Cape a strong north-west gale met them, with icy cold in its blast. The ropes were frozen, and the sails grew

stiff with hoar-frost. Rough seas rolled about them, tossing the vessel like a toy upon their waves. The change was too sudden and too great. All the passengers were ill, and David Chantrey lay down in his low, narrow berth, knowing well that no hope was left to him.

(To be continued.)

THE CHILD SAMUEL.

S. S. Lesson for Sept. 23, 1 Sam. 3. Golden Text, ver. 9. By Mrs. M. Baxter.

Samuel's Youthful Ministry—Not in Contact with God—A Common Parental Mistake—Why the Days were Without a Vision—God's View of Eli's Sin—Heinous Sins of Ministers—God's Awful Silence—The Call of the Lord—A Docile Listener—His Knowledge of the Lord—The Terrible Revelation—Eli's Submission—According to Law not Grace—The Great Need of the Time.

HANNAH'S gift of her son to the Lord was accepted. Samuel was a Levite (1 Chron. 6 : 33-35), and although according to the order, the Levites did not commence their ministry until they were from twenty to thirty years of age (Num. 4 : 23, 30, 35, 39, 43, 47 ; 8 : 24 ; 1 Chron. 23 : 3, 27), yet "Samuel ministered before the Lord,

BEING A CHILD

girded with a linen ephod." It is evident that he was very young when his ministry began, for "his mother made him a little coat, and brought it to him from year to year, when she came up with her husband to offer the yearly sacrifice" (Ch. 2 : 13, 19). It was evidently a thing out of the common order that one so young should be permitted to minister, but Eli recognized it as the Lord's will, and blessed Elkanah and his wife for "the loan which is lent unto the Lord." So it was that "the child Samuel ministered unto the Lord before Eli." Whatever Eli directed, Samuel was ready to do, but it was to please Eli, for "Samuel did not yet know the Lord."

It is not unusual for parents to be much mistaken about the spiritual state of their children. Some children have naturally a kind of religious tendency, obey easily, have very few fits of naughtiness, love prayer and hymns, and naturally take up religious language from those who surround them ; yet many of such children do not yet "know the Lord," there has been no real coming in contact with God. There are others whose natural disposition is just the reverse : self-willed, inclined to question and oppose, contradictory, having no natural reverence, no one dreams of counting such as these to be converted children, until some very real change does take place. Yet it sometimes happens that these latter children have more real understanding of their own hearts, and more real acquaintance with God, than those who are naturally more docile. Samuel's unblamable life as a child was no proof that he knew the Lord, and his ministry was before Eli, not yet before the Lord.

"And the word of the Lord was precious [or scarce] in those days, there was *no open vision.*" The history of the previous chapter accounts for this. The sons of Eli, who seems to have been both judge and priest, were "sons of Belial, they knew not the Lord" (Ch. 2 : 12), and their life was so scandalous that "men abhorred the offering of the Lord." The Lord had sent "a man of God" to warn Eli, and show him that he was responsible for the sin of his sons. True, Eli had reproved them, but only with weak words ; he had still permitted them to exercise their office, and bring the most terrible reproach upon the Lord through their life of sin. God sees sin far otherwise than we do : it must have been an awful moment for Eli when the messenger of God said to him, "Wherefore kick ye at My sacrifice and at Mine offering, which I have commended in My habitation ; *and honorest*

THY SONS ABOVE ME,

to make yourselves fat with the chiefest of all the offerings of Israel My people?" Much as Eli had grieved over the sin of his sons, he had probably not recognized that he was honoring these licentious young men above the holy God whom they dishonored, yet such was his sin before God. When those who are in the ministry are unholy in their lives, worldly, selfish, money-loving, slaves of position, of pleasure, etc., God counts this sin honoring themselves or their children above Him. To be permitted to serve God is the greatest honor which can be bestowed upon man ; if such service does not absorb all else, if it is not in itself enough of position, of honor, of pleasure, then it is clear that whatever else divides the heart is honored above God.

Thank God, it is not often we hear now of inebriate ministers of the Gospel, or of immorality in connection with the ministry. But oh, how often we hear of worldliness, of fashion, of evil temper, of pride, of debt among ministers as well as others. No wonder, then, that the Word of God is precious, no wonder that there is generally so great a lack of power. The writer of Ps. 74 says (ver. 9.) : "We see not our signs : there is no more any prophet : neither is there any among us that knoweth how long." No punishment, no trial can be greater to a child than the refusal of his father to speak to him ; and this was the position at this time in Israel. There are some, even believers, who do not seem conscious of this lack ; they seem to get on very well having only second-hand transactions with God ; and yet when it comes to the point, one finds them in a great uncertainty about the will of God, and knowing little of the strong confidence of those who walk in the light of His countenance.

Without doubt Eli had known precious communion with God, but now God spoke no more directly to him. But He had declared to him that He would raise up a faithful priest, that should do according to that which was in His heart and in His mind (Ch. 2 : 35). Did it ever strike Eli that the boy Samuel was the chosen of God? We are told "Samuel grew before the Lord," and again "the child Samuel grew on, and was in favor both with the Lord and also with men."

What was his age at the time when

GOD CALLED HIM

it is difficult to ascertain, but that he had not done growing is sure. It was far gone into the night ; the night lamp was still burning, when the Lord called, "Samuel." The boy, knowing no one else was at hand, "ran to Eli, and said, Here am I ; for thou calledst me. And he said, I called not ; lie down again." Had Samuel been like many children, very deficient in obedience, he would not have moved at the first call ; and when Eli said, "I called not," he would have argued the point, and insisted, "But I am *sure* you did call." Yet all Samuel's docility and obedience was no proof that he knew the Lord ; Samuel knew what it was to pray to God, but as yet he had never known a distinct communication from God to him. He lay down, but a second time the same voice called him, and a second time he went to Eli, and yet a third time, and then only it was that "Eli perceived that the Lord had called the child." Oh, it must have been hard for the old man, once God's chosen messenger, to know that a mere boy was now chosen before himself to receive communications from Israel's God, and *that* because of his own unfaithfulness! But he directed Samuel, "Go, lie down ; and it shall be, if He call thee, that thou shalt say, Speak, Lord ; for thy servant heareth."

Samuel went and lay down ; but we may well believe there was not much sleep for him ; he must have been overwhelmed with the deep condescension of the great God of the universe, that He should make known His thoughts to a growing lad only half educated, such as he! But this is ever God's way. He hides these things from the wise and prudent, and reveals them unto babes (Matt. 11 : 25). God needs not our wisdom ; for the foolishness of God is wiser than men (1 Cor. 1 : 25). "If any man among you seemeth to be wise in this world, let him become a fool, that he may be wise" (1 Cor. 3 : 18). "Except ye be converted, and *become* as little children (simpler, smaller, more completely nothing), ye shall not enter into the kingdom of heaven" (Matt. 18 : 3). God cannot mix His wisdom with ours, man must fall back when God comes on the scene ; thus a child is more fit to receive His thoughts than a man who has thoughts of his own to lay aside.

"The Lord came, and stood, and called as at other times, Samuel, Samuel. Then Samuel answered," oh, how differently now that he had really heard the voice of God, "Speak, for thy servant heareth." "My sheep hear My voice," they do not only pray, but they hear God speak. Samuel now

"KNEW THE LORD."

His great joy, however, in thus holding real intercourse with God, must have been somewhat tempered by the communication made him by the Lord about Eli's sin and God's judgment upon his house. It must be now with Samuel a choice between the Lord and Eli. Whenever a young believer first knows a real interchange of thought with God, there is always a call for separation. It may be from the world, or it may be, as with Samuel, a call to some obedience to the Lord, which may seem likely to separate us from those whom we most esteem in the Lord. It is not improbable that the conduct of Hophni and Phinehas had been a burden on the heart of the young priest, but his loyalty to Eli, who had been till now his one tie to the Lord, and who had always represented the mind of God to his natural mind, this must have silenced Samuel's thoughts on the subject. And now

THE TERRIBLE REVELATION

was made to him by God Himself, that Eli was not all which he had imagined, and Samuel must be weaned from Eli to follow God only.

The hours must have passed slowly until the morning broke. He must meet Eli ; he "opened the doors of the house of the Lord :" but he "feared to show Eli the vision." God always makes the way for His children to be true and loyal to Him : "Eli called Samuel, and said, Samuel, my son, . . . What is the thing which the Lord hath said unto thee? I pray thee hide it not from me ; God do so to thee, and more also, if thou hide anything from me of all the things that He said unto thee. And Samuel told him every whit, and hid nothing from him. And he said, It is the Lord ; let Him do what seemeth Him good." It was the law ; and the law knows no mercy. Blessed be God, in grace there is provision which the law knows not. Alas! unfaithful parents, parents which have not restrained their children, are not peculiar to the days of Eli and Samuel ; "disobedience to parents," which is a sign of the last days (II Tim. 3 : 2), is terribly prevalent among us, and that in all so-called Christian lands. But where a parent knows and owns his fault and puts himself and his children into the hands of God, there is both power and will in Him to bring order out of confusion, and to conform both parents and children to Himself.

After the revelation of the Lord to Samuel, he still "grew," but not only physically, for "the Lord was with him," he was now in communion with God, and He "did let none of His words fall to the ground." God could not find a grown man or woman in all Israel little enough in their own eyes to be channels of His thoughts to the people, He must needs choose this boy. And all the people were conscious of it ; for "all Israel from Dan even to Beersheba knew that Samuel was established to be a prophet of the Lord. And the Lord appeared again in Shiloh ; for the Lord revealed Himself to Samuel in Shiloh by the word of the Lord." What is the great need of the church in the present day? A child-like, self-empty spirit, a spirit too much occupied with the Lord to criticise other Christians, the want of this keeps back the power of Pentecost. Lord, revive among us the child-spirit and the child-faith which may not hinder thee. Amen.

FOREIGN TOPICS.

China and France Still Confront Each Other in menacing attitude. China is pushing forward preparations for war with extraordinary vigor. All the garrisons are being reinforced, the fortresses strengthened, and the camp on the Tonquin frontier massed in effective position. She has now twenty thousand troops all armed with the best European weapons ready for action in that camp and sixty formidable vessels in Tonquin waters. Meanwhile the Marquis Tseng, the Chinese minister is negotiating with the French Secretary of State with the object of effecting a pacific settlement. The Chinese government has sent imperative instructions to Marquis Tseng to demand the withdrawal of the treaty which France effected with Tonquin, and this demand has been met with a firm refusal. France, however, offers China guarantees for the integrity of her frontier. The greatest uncertainty exists in Europe as to the probable course of events. Some observers declare that war is inevitable, while others hope that it may yet be averted. England is strenuously exerting herself to maintain peace. If war should break out she would almost certainly be involved. The London *Daily News* states that it has reason to believe that the Marquis Tseng clings as strongly as ever to the hope of European arbitration between China and France, in view of the enormous preponderance of the trade of England, Germany and even of America over that of France in the East. It is thought that the cabinets of the neutral Powers would be fully justified in offering their friendly services to France and China.

The Funeral of the Count de Chambord, on September 3d, was an imposing ceremony. All the inhabitants of Frohsdorf attended; there were several princely mourners; and five thousand French royalists, French deputations, bearing banners and wreaths, and workmen's delegates from Paris, Lyons and Brittany brought up the rear. The route of the procession was lined with infantry. Fifty thousand foreigners are said to have been present to witness the obsequies. The Count de Paris, whom the deceased pretender recognized as his heir, did not attend the funeral, and his absence, and the cause of it, have disturbed the harmony which was believed to have been established in the rival royalist camps. The Countess de Chambord, who appears to have been a very suitable wife to Henri V., refused to allow the Count de Paris to occupy the place of chief mourner at the funeral. He, as the acknowledged head of the House of Bourbon, could not consistently occupy a lower place, so did not attend at all. The Orleanists bitterly resent the action of the countess, while she, disregarding the arrangement her deceased husband made with the Count de Paris, proudly refuses to admit to her presence "the representatives of a royalty proceeding from revolution."

Ivan Tourgenieff, the Famous Russian Novelist, is dead. He died at Bougeval, in France, on September 3d, after a long illness. He was sixty-five years of age. To him more than to any other man Russia owes what progress she has made during the past quarter of a century. He was a man of remarkable literary ability, and being profoundly moved by the miseries of the poorer classes of his countrymen he set himself to the task of making their condition known. Considering the best means for the purpose he wrote a series of novels depicting the life of the serf and the poor farmer as he had witnessed it. His word-pictures were pathetic and thrilling, and were widely read. They were a revelation to Russia and to Europe. Until they appeared no one in Europe knew anything of Russian peasant life, and even the Russian statesmen were densely ignorant as to the actual condition of the poor. Tourgenieff's novels found their way into the castles of the nobles and even into the imperial palace. There they were read by the Czarewitch, afterward Alexander II., who was deeply moved by the stories, and was drawn into sympathy with the serfs. He caused inquiries to be made which confirmed Tourgenieff's statements, and on succeeding to the throne he commenced the series of measures which ultimately issued in the emancipation of the serfs. Tourgenieff's plain speaking eventually brought upon him the wrath of the emperor, who banished him, and he died in exile.

An Insult to the King of Italy has been Given by M. Rochefort, the French journalist. In an article published in his journal, the *Intransigeant*, he accused the king of having pocketed the money subscribed by the French people for the Ischia sufferers, while he was at the same time urging Germany to annihilate France. An Italian officer waited upon M. Rochefort and demanded satisfaction for the insult to his king, but M. Rochefort refused to grant him a hostile meeting. At a meeting of a committee of the Ischia survivors, held in Naples on September 7th, a resolution was adopted declaring that they would refuse all proffers of aid, on the ground that when charity is offered them in order to serve as a pretext for insulting their king they feel that it is their duty to reject such charity, not only from France, but from the whole world.

The Volcanic Eruption in Java, on August 26th, has involved a loss of life not easily computed. An official report has not yet been published. The number of natives killed at Bantam, Batavia, and Lampong is estimated at thirty thousand. The number of Europeans lost is unknown. The garrison and the Dutch Resident at Telokbetong were saved. Terrible distress prevails at Telokbetong, as it is unapproachable by the sea, owing to the bay being filled with banks of pumice stone. The telegraph line from Batavia to Telokbetong was destroyed. The Marquis of Ripon, the Viceroy of India, sent two agents to Java to ascertain the extent of the calamity and the condition of the sufferers who escaped death, but are in danger of starvation. Some of the towns on the island are inaccessible by reason of the masses of lava surrounding them, and it is supposed that all the inhabitants must be dead.

The Jordan Canal is a Prominent Topic in European journals. In a recently published account of the physical changes it would produce, it is stated that the fall from the Gulf of Akabah to the Dead Sea is about thirteen hundred feet, and if, as supposed, this be continuous from end to end or nearly so, a very short cutting will suffice to bring the waters of the Red Sea into the Jordan Valley. This stream, it is calculated, would fill the whole ravine in about three years. The river Jordan, the Dead Sea, and Lake Tiberias would all disappear, with some three hundred square miles of land, principally on the western side of the ravine as now existing, but in their place would be a vast inland sheet of water fertilizing the neighboring desert with the rainfall produced by the evaporation from its surface. Not a mere canal would thus be created, but a wide, open channel, traversing Palestine from north to south, navigable in every sense of the term, with safe harbors here and there on either side. Many students of prophecy believe that the project is destined to bring about a literal fulfilment of the forty-seventh chapter of Ezekiel, in which mention is made about bringing out the waters toward the East country into the desert and then down to the sea. It mentions, moreover, the healing of the waters and the appearance of a great multitude of fish, both of which results are promised in the prospectus of the projectors of the canal scheme.

A Christian Home in Madagascar is Described by a correspondent of the London *Standard*, who recently visited it. He thus writes to his journal: "Living with Mrs. Stebbings in her own home, and learning the ideas, the manners, and the graces of an English lady, are a score or two of Hova girls. Modest and graceful young women the majority of them are, and possessed in some cases of a quaint beauty peculiar to their race, which refinement and education have enhanced. The young ladies of this school are in high demand in the Hova marriage market. As wives it has already been discovered they are very different from the ordinary Hova girl. One such letter, asking for the hand of the senior damsel, arrived while I was at the station. The writer piously based his claim on the advice given in the scriptural text, 'Ask and ye shall receive,' which he duly quoted —a manner of wooing that he evidently considered would prove as convincing to the missionary's wife as to her pupil. The evening of my stay at this station I shall not soon forget. The young girls sang and played to each other, while others stitched and knitted. English hymns we sometimes had, and at others their own simple Hova melodies. At one table three young girls assiduously indited letters to brothers and relatives at Mojanga for me to carry with me. It was, in short, the most striking of my experiences in Madagascar."

The Spiritual Darkness of China was Described at a recent meeting in London of the China Inland Mission. The Secretary of the Mission, in bidding a public farewell to a missionary then setting out for China, said that "in the great empire of China there is but one missionary to every million of inhabitants. The missionary about to depart is bound for the province of Hu-nan, which contains a population of some 18,000,000, and in which is resident but one Protestant missionary, though others had been there and gone away. Other missionaries are being trained for labor in China, among whom are several ladies, some of whom are paying their own expenses. As much of the work of the mission in China can be carried on only by ladies, the society is doing its best in this respect."

The Luther Festival.—Preliminary Festivities in connection with the Luther commemoration, which is to be kept throughout Protestant Germany next November, were held on August 8th in the town of Erfurt, where the great Reformer lived eight years as a student and a monk. The entire town was gayly decorated with flags, garlands, and triumphal arches. The streets were crowded with visitors, more than 20,000 persons having arrived by special trains. Of the students about 1000 were present, the German universities having sent deputations in some cases a hundred strong. The Hereditary Prince of Saxe-Weimar arrived early in the morning. The procession consisted in all of about 3000 persons. It was marshalled in five divisions, subdivided into forty-four sections, a large number of the students were on horseback, but a still larger number were on foot. The school girls were conspicuous in their white attire, and elicited much enthusiasm. The procession, after a march of two hours, arrived at the Domplatz, in the midst of which, on a raised pedestal or platform, was a gigantic bust of Luther. Here there were upward of fifty thousand spectators assembled, and the crowning point of the festival was the singing of Luther's famous hymn, "Ein' feste Burg," by the assembled multitude, accompanied by the music of eight collective military bands. After this, the Court Chaplain, Rogge, spoke ardently against Romanism, which, he said, appeared now to be advancing more than ever.

The Condition of Society in England Occasions alarm in intelligent observers. Society in all its ranks contains elements of fermentation which, it is feared, will betray their presence and development by an awful and universal explosion. Mr. Raikes, M.P., is not usually regarded as a pessimist, but at a large meeting held on August 1st, he said: "The outlook of public affairs, although we try to take the most cheerful view we can, is sufficiently menacing to make any one naturally shrink, if duty would allow it, from recapitulating the long tragedy of errors of which the present Parliament are the authors. I do not recollect any period when the condition of affairs at home and abroad gave ground for greater apprehension. There is *a revolutionary spirit* in some parts of the country which may be difficult to quell."

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD AND SIGNS OF OUR TIMES.

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THE LATE THOMAS B. SMITHIES,

Originator of The Band of Hope Review.

Labors for Working Men—Early Temperance Efforts — First Literary Venture — Growing Work : Breakfasts for the Poor—A Visit to the Pitcairn Islanders—Sympathy and Aid of Mrs. Smithies—Love for the Word of God—Regard for the Sabbath-Day—Period of Failing Health —Happy Departure.

THE indefatigable worker whose portrait appears on the first page of this number was a man to whom the whole English-speaking world was largely indebted. The problems involved in the relations of capital and labor have perplexed the wisest philosophers of our time, and many schemes have been devised by Henry George, William Godwin Moody and others to solve them, but the intelligent observer is conscious that they are not yet solved. The tendency of the world is continually toward the reduction of wages to a point at which the lot of the workman is most deplorable. Very soon, here, as in Europe, the workingman will labor from early morning until late at night for a pittance which will barely keep him in food and clothes, and which gives him no opportunity of laying aside any savings for sickness or old age. Capitalists, as we saw in the recent strike of Western Union operators, are stronger than their employés. There are more workers than can be employed, and the result is that there is competition for employment and consequent reduction of wages. This condition of society is noticed with alarm by those who are concerned for the welfare of society, and the question is asked on every hand, "What will the end be?"

This question Mr. Smithies took into consideration, and the result was an effort to grapple with it in one of its most serious branches. The workingman in England at the commencement of Mr. Smithies's career was ignorant, unthrifty, and too often drunken. Thus the speed with which he was being carried downward in the social scale by the forces we have mentioned, he was accelerating. This tendency Mr. Smithies set himself to check. Wages might inevitably tend to decrease—that problem he left to others —but the workingman might be taught how to make the best use of what he did earn. He might be forced to realize that his habits of drinking, smoking, and general wastefulness were foolish and stupid ; that to indulge in them was bad for himself and his family, and that he might be better off if he would.

Mr. Smithies undertook the duty of getting that idea into the workingman's head, and his success has been extraordinary. By pictures, by parables, by pithy, humorous teaching, the same lessons of industry, sobriety, thrift, Sabbath observance, and mutual helpfulness were taught, and thousands of homes were transformed by them. He was one of the greatest moral teachers of modern times, and deserved all the honor the world could give him. On July 20th last he finally laid down his pen, and went to his long rest, but his works follow him, and he had the supreme satisfaction, which any man might covet, of knowing that he left the world better for his having lived in it.

PRACTICAL HELP.

Years ago two Christian gentlemen in London were engaged in earnest conversation about the case of a man of some repute who had yielded to the temptation of strong drink. "Can nothing be done?" said the country brother to his friend. "Why, you see," replied the London friend, "*ministers don't like to speak with him now* lest their church members should hear of it and suspect them." "Is there, then, no Christian man," rejoined the other, "in this great London of yours who can afford to dare to look upon a dark case and have mercy upon it?" The country brother was turning away disgusted. "Stop! I have it!" And the Londoner sat down, wrote a hasty note, which he gave to his friend, saying, "If there is a man—mark me, I do not say in London, but in all the world—who can give true help in a case of this kind it is the gentleman to whom this note is your introduction." The envelope was addressed T. B. Smithies, Esq.

When the bearer of the note arrived at the address indicated he was shown into a room where seven or eight persons, in every stage of impatience, waited to see, not an M.D., but Mr. Smithies. An author with a bundle of temperance copy ; a gentleman who bore a suspicious little memorandum book of the kind commonly used to enter subscriptions in ; a tall full-blooded African ; and a thin, white, nervous minister who had a meeting to arrange. All these unbusiness-like persons had business with Mr. Smithies, "urgently private" or "public" business as the case might be. Whatever the matter was with them, they all went in, one by one, into Mr. Smithies's room, as if he had been a fashionable physician, and all of them came out hopeful and smiling after a short, a *very* short consultation. Our country brother's turn came at last, and he carried in his note and his "case" to the friend of "British workmen." He saw a gentleman of five and forty, of open smiling countenance and truly courteous manners. The first shake of the hand seemed to warn the visitor against prolixity of statement, and at the same time encouraged him to proceed. Mr. Smithies grasped the case in two minutes, made a few pencil notes, and then gave the right advice. He also put a gold coin into the stranger's hand, to enable the advice to be carried out, and did so without any solicitation having been made to him for pecuniary aid. Such was Mr. Smithies in his labor.

Thomas Bowater Smithies was born in the city of York, England, in the month of August, 1815, so that he had nearly attained the sixty-eighth year of his age when "he fell asleep in Jesus." He was surrounded by the prayerful solicitudes of a loving home, and he gave his heart to the Saviour, and himself to His service, while he was still very young.

EARLY TEMPERANCE EFFORTS.

He was engaged for some years at York as a clerk in an insurance office, but before and after business hours he diligently and successfully sought to further the cause of temperance. It was while he was thus engaged that Mr. Smithies discovered the power of well-displayed printer's type. The temperance society with which he was connected, though composed of conscientious and earnest people, was too poor to print the announcements of its meetings, so Mr. Smithies and hs fellow-workers used to go round regularly to the barbers' shops, lawyers' offices, and other places where placards were displayed to the public gaze, to beg them when they had served their purpose. (*This scene is depicted in our frontispiece picture, numbered* 1.) From these superannuated placards Mr. Smithies cut the letters, and with these letters he constructed appropriate and effective notices for his society. He pasted them down so artistically that they invariably attracted attention, and he thus learned an art of great service to him in the more important work of his after-life.

Some time during the year 1850, Mr. Smithies, then nearly thirty-five years old, removed from the city of his birth and labors, and became a clerk in London. The enlarged life and busy enterprise of the British metropolis seemed to set his soul on fire ; and while saddened by spectacles of misery and wickedness perpetually thrust under his notice, he determined for Christ's sake and with His help to do something to mitigate the one and counteract the other.

FIRST LITERARY VENTURE.

Prompted by this resolve, therefore, and directing his efforts at the outset almost entirely to the entertainment and instruction of the young, he employed the little capital he had acquired by the most rigid economy, in commencing, in 1851, *The Band of Hope Review*, a monthly sheet costing one cent, which from its first number has always been conspicuously characterized by the general excellency of its wood-cuts. It speedily became manifest that Mr. Smithies possessed the indescribable tact without which no man, however otherwise dowered by nature, can be a successful editor, and his little publication secured the cordial appreciation of its readers, and soon reached a paying circulation. As funds came in they were unselfishly re-invested in improvements and in well-directed efforts to gain a much larger number of patrons.

The success of the little sheet induced him to extend his efforts, and in January, 1855, appeared the first number of one of the most successful and useful of English periodicals—*The British Workman*. At once it excited attention, it secured the support of many influential friends of the working classes, it became evident that it would do valuable service, and, accordingly, in 1856, its editor relinquished business for literature. The new paper still grew in usefulness and popularity, and in 1860 its circulation had become so great that it was possible to commence in it the series of cartoons, or large pictures, still continued, the costliness of which is rarely suspected by their admirers.

THE ILLUSTRATED JOURNAL.

Among the moral and spiritual forces which are being exerted upon the world, a considerable place must be given to illustrated religious literature. This the universal popularity of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD and other journals abundantly proves. The work of the artist catches the eye of the careless and awakens curiosity, and then the religious teacher has a chance of reaching the conscience and the heart. Immeasurable good has been effected by this instrumentality. Cases come to our knowledge almost every day. We speak "words of truth and soberness" when we declare that by it hundreds of thousands of homes have been made happier, because by it godless and intemperate parents have been won to sobriety, to industry, to attendance upon public worship, to the study of the Word of God, to prayer, and to the observance of all those duties and amenities on which the happiness of the home depends. By the grace of God, moral miracles have been wrought by the illustrated Gospel tract, and the illustrated religious journal.

BREAKFASTS FOR THE POOR.

Recognizing with humble gratitude that God was wonderfully blessing the instrumentality with which he had now altogether identified himself, Mr. Smithies, in the exercise of a wise discretion, extended his efforts, and there appeared in quick succession, the *Earlham* tracts and the *Starlight* temperance series of tracts, both of which enjoyed at once an immense circulation, and were characterized by the same ingenious and liberal use of pictorial illustrations. Then came at intervals the *Children's Friend*, the *Infants' Magazine*, the *Family Friend*, and the *Friendly Visitor*. Nor was he content with literary work alone. In other ways he sought to do good to those who had no helper. One of these ways was the occasionally providing of free breakfasts for them, which were followed by earnest, religious addresses. (*One of these breakfasts is illustrated in our frontispiece picture.*)

VISIT TO THE PITCAIRN ISLANDERS.

As an instance of the universal favor with which some, at least, of Mr. Smithies's publications were received, and of the comparatively hidden nooks and corners of the world to which they found their way, we may mention that when Sir Charles Dilke visited the Pitcairn Islanders some years ago, he was met by two bright-eyed lads, Adams and Young, descendants of the *Bounty* mutineers. Adams asked, "Have you a *Sunday at Home* or a *British Workman?*" We do not know whether Sir Charles had either of these with him, but we do know that the nature of the question struck his mind with the force of a considerable surprise. (*The panel of our frontispiece picture numbered* 2 *depicts the scene just referred to.*)

MRS. SMITHIES.

To his mother, by that time an aged Christian lady, the son was so devotedly attached, that it used to be said, that for her sake *he remained single*. When she died a few years ago, he, aided by some friends, erected to her memory a

into a good business, besides money and property. He squandered every penny of the money, sold the property, and ruined the business, and died the death of a drunkard. The mother is now living broken-hearted, and in almost abject poverty."

Saved from a Den of Iniquity.—Mr. Henderson said: "Some weeks ago a poor girl came to my door begging, and I learned that she came from the country, and had taken to evil courses to earn a living. Her sister was then living an abandoned life. The same evening I heard the details of the sad story, and at once went to the den of iniquity where the sister lived, and going down on my knees prayed God to save the inmates. The sisters both left the house with me, and, though they preferred to get a situation in Glasgow, I persuaded them to go home to their father in Clackmannanshire, and he now gratefully and joyfully writes me that both his daughters have accepted Christ as their Saviour, and are living modest, pure, and promising lives."

Trophies of Tract-Reading.—At one of the noonday meetings Mr. Sloan mentioned the following encouraging incident: "I was much struck with the appearance of a woman in a meeting lately; she was so rough-looking, yet tidy and clean in her dress and person. When I spoke to her she told me that she was a laundress, and that a lady for whom he was working gave her a tract and spoke a few kind words at the same time. She and her husband were nominally Roman Catholics, but they both read the tract, and by the power of the Holy Spirit were awakened and converted to the Lord Jesus by its means. Tract distributors should take courage, and although in many cases they may not reap where they have sown, yet the seed will always grow in some spot, to the praise and glory of Divine grace."

A Devil's Lie Exposed.—Mr. Morrison, Missionary to sailors, related: "Not long ago, we were singing the hymn, 'I'll praise Him all the time,' in the open air, when a big, drunken man, about six feet two inches in height, staggered among the workers and came into the meeting. He promised to come back again, but I didn't expect him to come. He did return, however, and gave himself to Christ." Mr. Jack, rising, said: "I wish to confirm what Mr. Morrison has said. I spoke with this man on his second visit. He was sober, but smelled strongly of drink. I learned that he had some objections which he thought absolutely prevented him being a Christian, and I therefore inquired, 'What is your difficulty?' He answered, 'I have sinned against the Holy Ghost, therefore there is no forgiveness for me.' 'My brother, if you had done so, you would have no feeling of sin left. You are anxious to be saved. I tell you of a Saviour who is able and willing to save you. Will you trust Him?' 'I will trust Him *now*,' was his reply, and I am told that he is going on well."

A Suicide Stopped.—"A Man Came to me in the Hall in James Morrison Street, and said, 'I have come to bid you good-by, Mr. Scott.' 'Are you going away?' I inquired. 'Yes,' he said, '*I am going to America.*' 'Have you taken Christ?' I asked. 'Yes,' he replied, 'years ago; I would like to tell you how it took place. I was passing the Gospel Tent on my way to the Clyde to drown myself, and heard the refrain, "I will guide thee with Mine eye," coming out over and over again, and my mind kept repeating it, but I went on to the clump of trees above the suspension bridge. As I stood on the brink of the river, it flashed through my mind, "Is God guiding me to do this deed? No, He is not." With that I turned away and crossed over to the wash-houses at the east end of the Green, and sat down on the seat. Almost immediately another man came and sat down alongside, saying, "You seem out of sorts." I gave him no answer, but he put his hand in his pocket, took out a shilling, and gave it to me, saying, "I don't know anything about you, but you are in low water." I thought, "It is certain that the Lord has guided me here," so I got a bed and something to eat. Next day I got work, but I have never seen the man who helped me since then.' The Lord 'guided' him to a good situation in the United States, where he is living a life of faith upon the Son of God, who loved him and gave Himself for him."

TWOFOLD FULFILMENT OF PROPHECY.

A BIBLE-READING.

By Rev. A. J. Gordon, of Boston, Mass.

A School Needing to Learn Perspective—Double Fulfilment of Prophecy—I. The Word "Generation"—II. The Time of the End—The Known World Enlightened — III. The Outpouring of the Spirit—Attendant Signs—Zechariah's Confirmation.

A BLIND girl, who had never seen from her birth, had her eyes operated upon, and the film that had grown over them removed. Her vision was perfectly recovered, so that she could see as well as any in the family; only there was this singular defect, she had no idea of distance, and consequently she would reach out for an orange lying on the table, and the next moment for an apple hanging on a tree on the other side of the street. In a word, she had

NO PERSPECTIVE

in her vision; the near and the remote seemed to her to lie upon the same plane. There is a school of interpretation growing up to-day which resembles this blind girl, in the peculiarities of its prophetic vision. It has no perspective in its pictures of the future; it throws all the predictions of the New Testament upon one plane, like the objects in a Chinese painting—huddles the ages and dispensations all together in the foreground, telling us that the second coming of Christ has taken place, and that the kingdom has already come.

Seizing upon a few statements of our Lord, such as

"THIS GENERATION

shall not pass away, till all these things be fulfilled," it asserts that the predicted second advent must have occurred within the lifetime of our Lord's contemporaries. All this comes from their having no eye for perspective in their prophetic scheme. The simple fact is, that almost all the great predictions of the Bible have a double fulfilment—a near and remote, a spiritual and a literal. Bearing this truth in mind, the whole matter of interpretation becomes exceedingly simple; and we discover where we stand between past and future fulfilments of Scripture. Let us give a few examples of this double fulfilment, to make the matter plain.

I. "Verily I say unto you, *this generation shall not pass* till all these things be fulfilled" (Matt. 24 : 34). "All these things" here include the events of our Lord's coming and kingdom, we believe. And hence, as we have seen, some have hastily concluded that these events actually came to pass in the days of those then living. The real truth is, that the twenty-fifth of Matthew mingles predictions of the destruction of Jerusalem and of the end of the world in the same discourse. Now, doubtless, the destruction of Jerusalem was a solemn type and presage of the end of the world. It was "*the end of the age*"—*that is, of the Jewish age;* and as such it very strikingly prefigured the "end of the age" which is the harvest when Christ shall come to gather the wheat into His garner, and "burn the chaff with unquenchable fire."

We believe that Canon Farrar has hit the exact truth when he has said of this perplexing passage, that our Lord chose a word of double meaning. The word *genea* [generation] often means those living at a given time; and it means, as several times used in the New Testament, "race" or "nation." Now, it is perfectly true that the generation then living witnessed the end of the age, and the solemn type and prefigurement of the Judgment Day is the destruction of Jerusalem. But that generation, the Jewish race, was not to pass away till the literal end of the age, and the literal coming of Christ in judgment should occur. Looking at the text thus, and regarding the divine method of twofold fulfilment, all becomes plain, and we can see how in the light of it Christ has come providentially, and is yet to come literally.

II. Take another illustration. Christ says, "And this Gospel of the kingdom shall be preached in all the world for a witness unto all nations; and

THEN SHALL THE END COME"

(Matt. 24 : 14). Now, so early as the A.D. 64, the Gospel had thus been preached. Paul, writing to the Colossians, said, "The Gospel which ye have heard, and which *was preached unto every creature which is under heaven.*" Must not the end have come, then, immediately after? The end of the Jewish age did immediately follow. But this was but a miniature fulfilment. *The then known world had heard the Gospel;* but now evangelization is taking a wider sweep; it is preaching the Gospel to all nations, literally and exhaustively. And thus the great end, the termination of this Christian dispensation, is approaching.

III. Still another instance to the point may be found in Joel's prophecy of

THE OUTPOURING OF THE SPIRIT.

"It shall come to pass afterward that I will pour out my Spirit upon all flesh," etc.; and then follows the accompanying signs and wonders—the sun turned into darkness, and the moon into blood, etc. On the Day of Pentecost, when the Spirit was poured out, we hear Peter saying, "This is that which was spoken by the prophet Joel." And many have therefore supposed that the giving of the Spirit on the Day of Pentecost was the exhaustive fulfilment of Joel's prediction. We suppose it to be only a miniature fulfilment. For the signs in the sun and moon our Lord distinctly connects with His second advent; and we see no reason to believe that they have yet occurred.

We judge that there will be a great world-wide and final outpouring of the Spirit in connection with our Lord's coming again, and the conversion of the Jews. For mark Joel's explicit "*afterward.*" The connection shows that this afterward is subsequent to the restoration and conversion of Israel. Isaiah says the same, declaring that the desolations of Zion shall continue "*until the Spirit be poured upon us from on high*" (31 : 15). And Zechariah, in describing the conversion of Israel in connection with Messiah's coming again, declares God's Word—"I will pour out upon the house of David, and upon the inhabitants of Jerusalem, the spirit of grace and of supplications" (12 : 10). Thus we believe that Pentecost was the first and partial fulfilment of Joel's prophecy, and that the full and final accomplishment will be in connection with the Lord's return.

Alluding to

ZECHARIAH'S WORDS

reminds us of another instance in his prophecy: "And they shall look upon Me whom they have pierced, and they shall mourn for Him" (13 : 10). John quotes these words in connection with the piercing of Christ at the crucifixion: "And again another Scripture saith, They shall look on Him whom they pierced" (19 : 37). But this, surely, was not the final application of the prophecy. It was a partial fulfilment; and the Day of Pentecost, when the people's hearts were pricked under Peter's preaching of Christ crucified, "whom ye have taken and by wicked hands have crucified and slain," was a still closer fulfilment. But after all this we hear the words of John in Patmos: "Behold He cometh with clouds, and every eye shall see Him, and they also which pierced Him, and all the tribes of earth shall wail because of Him." Thus the final, full, and literal accomplishment of this prediction is yet to come. It will occur in connection with our Lord's literal, personal second coming.

These are but examples which the student of Scripture may multiply at length of what we mean by twofold fulfilments of prophecy.

CHRISTIAN HERALD AND SIGNS OF OUR TIMES.

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THE MANAGER,

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NOTICE.

Many subscribers to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, who are laboring to extend the sphere of its usefulness, wish us to afford them the same facilities as were placed at their disposal last year. It appears that the concession in price then made, enabled them to introduce the journal to persons and families to whom it proved a blessing. God used it as a means of conversion in not a few cases; in others it gave comfort and encouragement to tried and afflicted believers; and ministers and lay preachers, to whom our friends sent it, acknowledged their indebtedness for help in their labors to the hints and suggestions contained in its pages.

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD has no higher object than that which its friends thus state was achieved last year. The same opportunity is therefore cheerfully given this year. Any subscriber wishing to introduce THE CHRISTIAN HERALD where it may do good, may send

THIRTY CENTS

to THE MANAGER, 63 Bible House, New York, for which sum the paper will be mailed to any address in the United States or in Canada every week from September 1st until the end of 1883. Will our friends pray that God will use each number for the advancement of Christ's Kingdom?

CURRENT EVENTS.

A Significant Address has been Issued by the Independent Republicans of Massachusetts. It has more than local importance, because it represents the feelings of a large portion of the dominant party in all the States, and of that immense mass of voters who do not pledge their allegiance to any party, but take a patriotic interest in the welfare of the nation. In the course of the address, the signers say: "Office as a public trust, to be administered for the benefit of the people, and not of the party, is what the people rightfully demand. And any party that would replace the present administration must be pledged to something purer and better. The time has passed when a nomination means an election, and the people are more critical than ever before of the men and the principles offered to their choice. As independents we rejoice at this, and no desire for temporary success will lead us to the support of weak or untrustworthy men. Party platforms have become *traps for the unwary*, and party professions are to be trusted only so far as the character of the nominations afford a guarantee of earnest devotion to the reforms needed in the State and nation. The independent voters whom we represent stand ready to assist any party with *honest and right principles*, but they are equally ready to withhold their votes from any party that weakens in its efforts to obtain the reforms which the people demand. Reform in the civil service, reform in the methods of taxation, economy in State affairs, and more careful legislation the people will have, through parties now existing or over the remains of parties which lack the ability or the desire to secure these reforms." This declaration deserves the careful study of practical politicians who have hitherto relied on the old system of tactics for success at the polls.

The Relief Ship Proteus, while on its Voyage to Lady Franklin Bay, has been crushed in the ice. The Proteus was laden with stores for the Greely Arctic Expedition, and was under the command of Captain Pike. The utmost anxiety is now felt as to the safety of the expedition, from which nothing has now been heard for two years. The Proteus sailed from St. John, Newfoundland, on June 29th, and arrived at Cory Island on July 16th. In attempting to penetrate Smith's Sound she was caught in the ice, and on July 23d she was crushed and sank in four hours. The crew took to the open boats, in which they were exposed for thirty-one days, and travelled over a thousand miles to Upernavik, where they were taken on board the relief ship Yantic. This is the second failure in the attempt to carry relief to Lieutenant Greely and his companions at Lady Franklin Bay. Last summer the Neptune failed to reach them, and this year Lieutenant Garlington, who commanded the relief party which sailed in the Proteus, was instructed to exhaust every endeavor to reach them or communicate with them this summer. Their stock of provisions must now be getting very low. Lieutenant Greely had imperative orders to retreat this fall by land if not relieved, but that mode of retreat will involve considerable danger and hardship as well as the abandonment of public property. Lieutenant Garlington was instructed to land stores at Littleton Island, so that in the event of Lieutenant Greely retreating he might find relief there, but there appears to have been some misunderstanding, as the Proteus passed the island without landing the stores, and sank with them on board.

The System of Civil Service Reform Inaugurated by President Arthur when he was Collector of the New York Custom House has been continued by Collector Robertson. In a recent report, that officer says: "I have removed from office but seventeen employés since I have been collector, and all these removals were for sufficient cause. Eight were for intemperance, three were for continued absence without leave, one for neglect of duty, one for sleeping at his post, two for passing baggage without proper examination, and two upon charges in financial matters. Every appointment has been made under the operation of the civil service rules. When I became collector there were sixty persons temporarily filling positions. These places have since been permanently filled by candidates who have passed the requisite examination." How marked this improvement is may be realized by the fact that under a former collector, out of 903 officers employed 830 were removed; another made 338 removals in eighteen months, and another 510 removals in sixteen months.

The Convocation of the Colored Clergy of the Protestant Episcopal Church assembled in New York on September 12th. Rev. Alexander Crummell, D.D., presided. Among the resolutions adopted was one declaring that "In order to put the colored race on an equal footing with the white in regard to morality and intelligence, the Bishops of the Episcopal Church, together with the Missionary Board in New York City, have been requested to lend their efforts toward the erection of colored churches, parish schools, and theological seminaries throughout the country, where the colored youth can be properly fitted for the ministry." Dr. Crummell, the President of the Convocation, is Rector of St. Luke's Church, Washington, the largest colored congregation of the Episcopal Church. He is one of the most distinguished colored clergymen in this country. He was born in New York, is a graduate of Cambridge University, England, was Secretary of State in Liberia, and President of the Liberian University.

Princeton College was Re-Opened, after the summer vacation, on September 13th. The religious service was conducted by the Rev. Dr. Duffield. President McCosh made a few remarks. He stated that there had been 200 applicants for admission to the college. Twenty of these are from other colleges, and entered for the most part the junior class here. The freshman class will probably number about 150. The School of Philosophy will be opened. The trustees expect soon to secure a separate professor for the chairs of moral philosophy, jurisprudence and political economy. Dr. McCosh then called attention to the fact that hazing was no longer popular in the college, and warned the sophomore class that any attempts at amusement in that direction would be severely dealt with.

New Cases of Yellow Fever Continue to Break out in the Navy Yard at Pensacola, Fla. On September 12th six new cases and two deaths were reported, and on September 15th, three new cases but no deaths. The statement that the disease was introduced by pilots is contradicted in an affidavit signed by fifteen pilots on the bar.

A Memorial Institute for the Promotion of temperance and education is being erected in Brooklyn on the corner of Broadway and Willoughby Avenue. It is designed as a memorial to the late Hon. William E. Dodge, the eminent New York philanthropist, and will be similar in character to the Cooper Institute. Mr. Benjamine J. Warner is building it, and intends to expend $100,000 upon it. The first floor will be devoted to stores, and on the upper floors will be reading-rooms, class-rooms, and large halls for the use of the temperance societies, good templar lodges, etc.

The Twenty-Sixth Anniversary of the Fulton Street Prayer-Meeting is to be celebrated today. On September 20th, 1857, the first meeting was held, and since that time every day at noon there has been a meeting. Requests for prayer have come in from every quarter of the world, and a vast multitude of letters have been received, testifying that the prayers have been answered. The missionary who usually conducts the service entered on his seventy-fifth year on September 3d.

The Arrival of Mr. W. Forbes in Canada is announced. He is one of the most effective and successful evangelists and Gospel temperance speakers of modern times. He intends paying a visit to the United States at the close of his Canadian engagements, and will probably speak in most of our chief cities. His addresses are full of anecdote and apt illustration, and his intense earnestness and genial humor delight all classes of hearers. Mr. Forbes's success in England has been phenomenal, and both in London and the provincial towns the places in which his meetings have been held were crowded with enthusiastic audiences, and much good was done. We strongly urge our readers to lose no opportunity of hearing him. A portrait of Mr. Forbes was published in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD of August 2d, with a short sketch of his life and work. At present, applications to Mr. Forbes should be addressed to the Y. M. C. A., Montreal. Or they may be sent to this office, and we will forward them to him.

Five Dollars have been Received at this office from a subscriber at Denbigh, Ont., in aid of the fund for supplying THE CHRISTIAN HERALD to colored ministers in the South. Also *ten dollars* from Cambridgeport, Mass., from a subscriber who desires it to be used in sending the paper to "those who have not read it, that they may learn from it, not only the way of salvation from sin, but may be saved from the woes that are coming upon the earth." Both sums are devoted to the purposes which the donors respectively indicate, and we pray that in both, God's blessing may follow.

A Curious Recovery of Eyesight is Reported in an Alabama journal. It appears from its statement that about seven years ago Captain Thompson, who is the pattern-maker at the Lynn Iron-works, Birmingham, Ala., and captain of the Birmingham Rifles, received a blow on the left eye, which destroyed the sight of that orb, although it did not change its outward appearance. On September 6th, while at work, Captain Thompson noticed that he involuntarily shrank or dodged as he moved past objects on his left-hand side. This was a novel experience, and he wondered why he should be so peculiarly nervous. Presently, however, he had occasion to place his hand to his right eye to rub some dust from it. Then he discovered, as he closed his right eye, that the old-time darkness did not surround him. He could see with the eye which had been totally blind for seven years. In regard to this phenomenon the physicians of Birmingham say that the sight was obscured by a coagulated particle of blood under the iris, which has at length dissolved. Thus it appears that the cause which prevented Captain Thompson seeing with that eye was an impediment within it, and in this the case resembles that of the spiritually blind. When the Holy Spirit removes the veil, the soul perceives the truth which before was hidden from its view (II Cor. 3 : 14–18).

An Appropriate Monument is to be Erected to the memory of the late Dr. Joseph Barratt, of Middletown, Conn., the eminent scientist who was the first to discover the famous fossil marks in the red sandstone of the Portland quarries. The monument will consist of two large fossil stones, the larger of which weighs three thousand pounds. It is in the shape of a tablet, on the upper side of which the forms of the trunks of two trees stand out in great perfection. These are half in the stone and half exposed, and show on the outside in perfect detail all the markings of the original trees that filled the space they occupy. This stone is to be dressed on the four edges and laid as a tablet on a well-founded base, and in the space between the tree-trunks a deep mortise is to be made to receive the second stone, which is to be set upon this. The second stone is in the form of a flattened pyramid, one side being thickly covered with well-defined bird tracks of the usual type, and the other side being sufficiently clear to bear an inscription. Thus the pursuit to which the eminent geologist devoted his attention will be fitly represented on his last resting-place. To the earnest Christian worker the form of the stone that will mark his tomb is of little moment, but we are assured that his victories will be fitly symbolized in the honor bestowed by his Master (Daniel 12 : 3).

A Scientific Blunder Appears to have been made in an important study. Learned medical theorists have informed the world that certain dreaded diseases are produced by the presence in the human system of minute living creatures to which they gave the name of "Bacteria." M. Pasteur and other eminent chemists who studied the subject, made many experiments in breeding and cultivating these disease germs, and the theory has been widely accepted. On September 14th, however, Dr. Rollin R. Gregg, of Buffalo, N. Y., published through the Associated Press the result of an experiment of his own. He states that by boiling a *quantity of healthy blood he obtained all the forms of bacteria.* Other experiments in analyzing healthy blood gave the same results. From these experiments Dr. Gregg concludes that all the bacteria of disease are forms of fibrine. If Dr. Gregg's argument is correct, it would appear that bacteria are present in the blood of every one, and consequently if, as we have been taught, they are disease germs, then they are doing their fatal work in all our bodies. The soundness of this theory of physical disease must be left for the scientists to decide, but we know that a parallel theory in spiritual matters is sound. Not a human being enters the world without the germs of a sinful life in him, and these are in constant activity and development, in spite of careful training and education, until by the miraculous agency of the Holy Spirit the man is born again (Rom. 7 : 18–25).

The Romance of a Freedman is Described in a Georgia journal. Thirty years ago Kelly Smith, negro, was sold in North Carolina and taken by his new owner to Georgia, leaving behind him a wife and baby boy. Since that time he had not seen nor heard from his family. He is now employed on a turpentine farm near Worth, Ga. A short time ago some hands from North Carolina were sent to work on the same farm, and among the rest a negro named John about thirty years old. As was natural, Kelly Smith made inquiries about the people in his old home, and pretty soon he ascertained that he was *talking to his own son*, whom he had not seen in three decades. From him the old man learned that his wife was still living, and though she supposed her husband was dead had not married. He is now corresponding with her, and believes he will be able to induce her to join him and his son in his new home. The discovery of the relationship existing between the two men thus strangely brought together must have produced a sudden change in the feelings they had toward each other when they supposed they were strangers. A similar though far deeper change comes over the heart of a man to whom is revealed the fact that God is his Father, ready to receive and welcome him (Isa. 63 : 16).

A Startling Discovery in a Mine was Made by a miner in the Cornell Colliery at Scranton, Pa., on September 12th. He was in the act of loading some coal that he had blown down the day before, when he stumbled across the bodies of two men. He could see by the light of the lamp which he carried in his hat that the bodies were terribly mangled. An investigation showed that every bone in the bodies of the men had been broken, and that coal-dust had been literally driven through their flesh as if fired from a gun. They were identified as two newly-engaged workmen who had descended the pit the first time a few days before. They were conducted by a guide to the chamber in which they were to work, and had not been seen afterward. It is thought they must have been at work when a blast was fired in an adjoining chamber which penetrated the wall of coal and buried them under the falling débris. The discovery of the bodies shocked all the miners who, though rough fellows, would not wittingly have injured their fellow-workmen. There is reason to fear that in that day when the secrets of all hearts are made known, it will be found that many souls have been injured by the carelessness and unwatchfulness of inconsistent Christians (Eph. 5 : 11–15).

A Fall from the Stage of a Theatre into the cellar has caused serious injuries to several actresses and actors, and might have resulted in the death of some of them. On September 10th there was a rehearsal at the Fourteenth Street Theatre of a play to be produced in the evening. In the course of the rehearsal a part of the stage was raised, to represent a bridge, and on this ten members of the company were standing, when it suddenly gave way and they were precipitated in a heap into the cellar below. Ambulances were called for, and the injured persons were taken to the New York Hospital, where they received surgical attention. It is thought that all will recover, though one lady's injuries will prevent her going on the stage again. The details published respecting the circumstances of the sufferers excite sincere commiseration and sympathy. Unhappily, the history of theatres furnishes many instances of similar catastrophes. But the most deplorable are those which have occurred both before and behind the footlights, in which the fall was metaphorical, but the consequences were real and eternal. These disasters have been so frequent that we may wisely give to every one, especially to young people, the same advice that the chief officers of Asia gave to Paul (Acts 19 : 31).

THE KING'S WEIGHINGS.

A New Sermon by Pastor C. H. Spurgeon.

"Talk no more so exceedingly proudly; let not arrogancy come out of your mouth: for the Lord is a God of knowledge, and by Him actions are weighed." —1 Samuel 2 : 3.

The Refuge of the Early Believers—Hannah's Delight in God's Attributes—I. The Process of Judgment—Not as Man Dreams—The Atheist's Twin Brother—Not as Man Judges—Wrong to Measure Actions by Results—Two Sets of Weights—The Weighing a Searching Business—By the Law—According to Sincerity—Motives Taken into Account—And Circumstances—Done Personally—Story of a Banker—Weighing in Progress—Results to be Published—II. The Consideration Humbling—III. The Position Indicated—A Strange Process.

IT is very beautiful to see how the saints of old time were accustomed to find comfort in their God. When they came into sore straits, when troubles multiplied, when helpers failed, when earthly comforts were removed, they were accustomed to look to the Lord and to the Lord alone. Thus Hannah thinks of the Lord, and comforts herself in His name. By this means they were made strong and glad; they began to sing instead of sighing, and to work wonders instead of fainting under their burdens, even as here the inspired poetess sings, "My heart rejoiceth in the Lord, mine horn is exalted in the Lord." To them God was a reality, a present reality, and they looked to Him as their rock of refuge, their helper, and defence, a very present help in time of trouble. Can we not at the outset learn a valuable lesson from their example? Let us do as they did; let us

LEAN UPON OUR GOD,

and stay ourselves upon Him when heart and flesh are failing.

Hannah, who was once a woman of a sorrowful spirit, had so learned to delight herself in God, that she could dwell upon the different points of the divine character with joyful adoration. Like others of God's instructed people, she was very happy in the thought of God's *holiness*. Notice the second verse: "There is none holy as the Lord." Hannah also tuned her heart to celebrate the *power* of Jehovah, saying, "Neither is there any rock like our God." One of the leading ideas in the metaphor of a rock is strength, abiding endurance, unmoving stability, unconquerable power. Let us also rejoice in the Lord God Almighty, and delight in the mighty God of Jacob, the Lord strong and mighty, the Lord mighty in battle. Hannah touched, in her rapturous hymn, upon the *wisdom* of the Lord, and sang thus, "For the Lord is a God of knowledge," or of "knowledges;" for every kind of knowledge is with Him. Hannah also derived comfort from the fact that God is strictly *just*; for she says with delight, "By Him actions are weighed." It is to this that I would turn your attention. May the Holy Spirit direct our meditations.

I. The staple of our discourse will consist of a consideration of

THE PROCESS

of divine judgment, which is continually going on: "The Lord is a God of knowledge, and by Him actions are weighed." The figure of weighing suggests a thorough testing, and an accurate estimating of the matters under consideration. Solomon saith, "All the ways of a man are clean in his own eyes; but the Lord weigheth the spirits." God sees men's actions, notes them, thinks upon them, and deliberately forms an estimate of them. "For the ways of man are before the eyes of the Lord, and He pondereth all his goings."

Our first note here shall stand thus—*this is not as man dreams.* Many imagine that God takes no note of what is done among the sons of men; indeed, their God does not appear to be a personal, intelligent existence, at all; or, if intelligent, they boast that He is too great to mark the trivial actions of men; that is to say, in order to make God great, they would make Him blind. Their idea of His greatness would

seem to be loftiness, impassiveness, and a measure of ignorance; our notion of greatness is the reverse; we believe in a great God to whom all things are known and by whom the least matters are observed. The atheist cries, "No God;" and he who would deny to God universal knowledge is twin brother to him. As good have no God as a God who does not know. "Jehovah is a God of knowledge, and by Him actions are weighed."

This text plainly rebukes those who say—God is too merciful to take much account of what we do, poor creatures that we are, shot out of the back of a tumbril into the midst of a society all in chaos, which tempts us to indulge the passions of our nature. They dream that God will surely wink at such inconsiderable things as the actions of men; but surely it is not so, since it is written, "The Lord is a God of knowledge, and by Him actions are weighed." The great and glorious God does not forgive sin because He does not know of it, or does not remember how sinful it is; but this is the wonder of His mercy, that He blots out the sins of His people with the fullest knowledge of their foulness. After having weighed sin, noted its motive, marked its meaning, and considered its consequences, the Lord nevertheless forgives it for Jesus' sake. Do not fall into any error on this point, or imagine that the Lord thinks little of human guilt, and therefore readily pardons it. No. "The Lord is a God of knowledge, and by Him actions are weighed."

Consider, next, that this form of procedure is

NOT AS MAN JUDGES.

By men actions are judged flippantly, but "by God actions are weighed." By men actions are more frequently counted. Such a man has done this, and that, and that, and that, and that; what a wonderful man he is! Yes, but by God human deeds are not so much measured in the bushel as weighed in the scale. A man's life may be made up of countless bubbles, each one brilliant as the rainbow; but what a collapse there will be when the Lord comes with the balances to weigh the deeds done in the body!

By men actions are frequently measured as to apparent bulk, and persons placed in certain positions bulk very largely upon the public mind; their doings fill the newspapers, though they are empty enough in themselves. You scarcely get a day's issue of a journal but what something is reported of a man of mark; not that what he has done is by any means surprisingly good, or wise, or benevolent, but it is done by him, and therefore it must be emblazoned. Men and women must have something to talk about, and certain persons are selected for observation, and therefore to their lives an exaggerated importance is attached. Let no such person delude himself; at the bar of

DIVINE JUSTICE

the acts of princes and peasants, of lords and laborers, shall have an equal trial, and shall be tested in the self-same scales.

Constantly men measure actions by their brilliance. Oh, it was a splendid action; it was so dashing, so unlooked for, so extraordinary! Was it right and pure and holy? If not, the light of genius cannot save it from condemnation. He who gave £10,000 to a fund did a brilliant act of charity; and yet the legacy may not have weighed so much as the two mites that made a farthing which were all the poor widow's living. He who silently adores the Lord may have given Him a greater weight of praise than he whose charming voice led the great congregation. The godly life of a poor bedridden woman may have been more highly esteemed of the Lord than the flaming eloquence of the great preacher. Ah me! how easily are we deceived by appearances! but not so the Lord; for "by Him actions are weighed."

Men are exceedingly apt to measure actions by their consequences. How wrong it is to measure actions by results, rather than by their own intrinsic character! A man upon the railway neglected to turn a switch, but by the care of another no accident occurred. Is he to be excused? Another man was equally negligent, certainly not more so; but in his case the natural result followed—there was a collision, and many lives were lost. This last man was blamed most deservedly, but yet the former offender was equally guilty. If we do wrong and no harm comes of it, we are not thereby justified. Yea, if we did evil and good came of it, the evil would be just as evil. It is not the result of the action but the action itself which God weighs.

You have all admired Grace Darling because of her gallant act in rescuing mariners from a wreck; but suppose she had not saved a single sailor, and had been herself drowned, would she not have been equally a heroine? Of course she would. Her success had nothing to do with the excellence of her design; the moral weight of her conduct lay in the self-sacrificing courage which led her on such a howling, murky night to risk her life upon the cruel waters for her unknown fellow-men. Had she been swallowed up by the remorseless deep, her action would have weighed as much before the throne of God as when she landed the saved ones at the lighthouse.

If a man gives his life to convert the heathen, and he does not succeed, he shall have as much reward of God as he who turns a nation to the faith. Two ministers have labored in the same field; the first preached the Gospel faithfully, but saw scant results; the second, following him, found the rough work done, and reaped full sheaves from the field. The thoughtless are apt to think the second man greatly superior to the first, but it is not so; one soweth and another reapeth. When God comes to weigh the actions of men, He may give greater praise to the sower than to the reaper. We have

ODD WAYS OF MEASURING

up our fellow-men—odd, I mean, as compared with our self-measurement. Usually we have two sets of weights—one for ourselves, and a second for our friends. When we place ourselves in the scale we weigh pretty heavily; we are full weight, and a little bit over. It is very different with our fellow-men; they may really weigh more than we do, but we adjust the machine in such a way that it is greatly to their disadvantage. But by God "actions are weighed" truly, honestly, righteously, and the result is very different from the judgment of men.

I would now have you note that this weighing is

A VERY SEARCHING BUSINESS.

"By Him actions are weighed." A man enters a goldsmith's shop, and says, "Here is old gold to sell. See, I have quite a lot of it." "Yes," says the goldsmith, "let me weigh it." "Weigh it? Why, look at the quantity; it fills this basket." What is the goldsmith doing? Looking for his weights and certain acids by which he means to test the metal. When he has used his acids, he puts the trinkets into the scale. "You are not going to buy by weight?" "I never buy in any other way," says the goldsmith. "But there is such a quantity." "That may be, but I buy by weight." It is always so with God in all our actions; He estimates their real weight. We may hammer out our little gold, and make a great show of it, but the Lord is not mocked or deceived. Every dealing between us and God will have to be by a just balance and standard-weight.

And in what way will He weigh it? The weights are somewhat of this sort. The standard is *His just and holy law*, and all which falls short of that is sin. Any want of conformity to the law of God is sin, and by so much our acts are found wanting. Remember this, ye who would justify yourselves.

The Lord also inquires how much of *sincerity* is found in the action. You acted in such a manner, and therein you were right; but did you do this in pretence, or from force, or in sincerity and in truth? In worship did you heartily adore? In charity did you give cheerfully? You did give your gold; was it with the motive of doing good, or that your name might be in the list, or because it would not look well for your name to be left out? That which is not done sincerely has no weight in it. It is weighed in the balances and found wanting.

The Lord also weighs actions according to their *motives*. He asks not only what you did, but why you did it? Was self the motive force? The preacher weighs his sermon this morning, and asks his conscience whether he seek alone the glory of God. Will not you, my brethren, weigh what you are doing in this world? To what end are you living? What wind is filling your sails? You have been kept from outward transgressions; your life has been moral and pure in the sight of men; but have you lived for God's glory? Have you sought to obey God and please Him? Have you been moved by love to God and man? Have you been in heart God's servant? If not, if another motive has ruled you, his servant you are whom you have obeyed. To be in the fear of the Lord is solid living; all else is froth.

Sometimes actions may be

WEIGHED BY THE CIRCUMSTANCES

which surround them. Men are not to be considered good if their surroundings forbid their being what they would like to be. "As a man thinketh in his heart, so is he." Yonder man has been strictly faithful. Yes; but he could not have made a sixpence by being false, or it may be he would have lied heavily. Another man is placed where the whole custom of his trade is knavery, and he takes a firm stand, and at great risk refuses to swerve from strict integrity. Now, this second man will bear weighing, but the first will not. Are not some children so carefully brought up from their childhood, happily for them, that their character is never discovered until they get out into life, and are tempted? and then it is seen that the truthful boy was a little hypocrite, and the thoughtful girl was as frivolous as any of the giddy throng. So you see that the fruit of tender culture may not always be what it should be or what it seems to be.

It is wonderful how amiable we all are until we are irritated. What a deal of patience we have when we have no sickness to bear! I had enough and to spare till my pains multiplied, and then *my stock ran very low*. I am afraid that most of us have a great quantity of fictitious goodness which arises out of our favorable circumstances, and has no other foundation. Now God judges with this before Him, for He places some men amid

PECULIAR DIFFICULTIES,

and others in positions of special advantage; this He takes into account in the weighing. Many a man thinks himself a Joseph, and the only reason is that no Potiphar's wife has tried him; many a man has never been an Achan because no wedge of gold or goodly Babylonish garment has come in his way. Multitudes of men are honest because they never had a chance of making a grand haul by setting up a bubble company—which is *the modern mode of thieving*. The lion in the Zoological Gardens is very good because he is behind iron bars, and many a man's goodness owes more to the iron bars of his position than to his own heart and motive.

Another weight to put in the scale is this—Was there any *godliness* about your life? I may be speaking to men in Exeter Hall whose lives are such that they think themselves examples, and yet their lives are spoiled from end to end by a grievous flaw. This point must be inquired into. You are to be weighed by God, and this will be the main matter—Has God been recognized in your life? This is the inquiry to test us all—Is God the main object of our living? do we throw ourselves with intensity into the pursuit of that which will glorify His blessed name. If not, the scales of the sanctuary will soon discover that we are sadly wanting. Thus, you see, in different ways God searches deeply into the life of man, and woe to that man who cannot bear the weighing; the greater his pretensions the more terrible his dismay when the scales refuse him.

This weighing of our lives must be exceedingly accurate because it is

DONE PERSONALLY

by God Himself. Notice my text: "The Lord is a God of knowledge, and *by Him* actions are weighed." He will judge righteous judgment. He is a God of knowledge, and therefore He knows not only thine outward deeds, but thy secret designs and desires. Moreover, He knows the standard of right; with Him are the weights and the scales. Therefore knowing what our actions are, and what they ought to be, He readily enough discovers our discrepancies and mistakes, and there will be no possibility of our escaping His infallible decision. I wonder we are so ready to deceive ourselves as we are; I wonder that so many count it worth their while to deceive their fellow-Christians and their ministers. It is a poor ambition to live a life of deceit. Be what you seem to be, and seem to be what you are. Ah me! I fear that many professors live a life of utter falsehood, comforting themselves with a lie.

I once heard a story (I do not know if it is true) of an old banker who said to his son to whom he bequeathed the business, "This is the key of our large iron safe; take great care of it. The bank depends upon that safe; let the people see that you have such a safe, but never open it unless the bank should be in the utmost difficulty." The bank went on all right as long as the iron safe was fast closed, but at last there came a run upon it, and in his greatest extremity the young gentleman opened it, and he found in it—nothing at all. That was the stock of the bank; poverty carefully concealed, imaginary wealth winning confidence, and living on the results. Are there not many persons who all their lives long are doing a spiritual banking business, and deriving a considerable income of repute from that which will turn out to be mere nothing? Beware of driving a trade for eternity upon fictitious capital, for failure will be the sure result.

Again, I want you to notice that this weighing *is carried on at this present time*—"By Him actions *are* weighed." Not only shall they be weighed at the last great day, but every minute they are being weighed. How mean must a hypocrite feel to himself if he believes that he has never once deceived God! He knelt in prayer, but he did not pray; God knew that he did not, and perceived the insult. At service-time he sang with the assembly, but his heart was never in communion with God, and the Lord knew it. He never established a repute with heaven. His conduct was understood at all times, and he was always branded as false-hearted.

"By Him actions are weighed." Please remember, dear hearers, that this is

TRUE OF ALL

of us—not of open sinners only, but of those who are considered saints. You are getting old I see, my friend, but not too old to have your actions weighed. Old age is venerable, but it cannot screen you from inspection. "Oh," said an old man the other day, "you can trust *me; I* am past temptation." Gray hairs should not talk such nonsense; you can be tempted still; and your actions are still weighed as well as those of that silly boy whom you blame for his rashness. And you, good sir, who have been a professor of religion for forty years, and who when you rise up to pray stand like a cedar in the garden of God, your actions are still examined, and if you are rotten at heart, it is no matter how green you seem to be with the verdure of apparent grace, you will in due time be detected and destroyed.

And one day, to conclude this point, *the King's weighings will be published*—set up where men and angels shall read them. Oh, can you bear it that the whole of the secrets of your soul should be made public in the market-place of the universe; that the actions which seemed so admirable should have their secret motives searched out and should be seen to be leprous with selfishness? Can you endure to have your secret sins laid bare; your private designs, deep intentions, and evil purposes set out in the open daylight? Can you bear to have your envyings, jealousies, plottings, lyings—all held up to public gaze? With what shame will the wicked cover their faces when all their hidden things shall be read out and published through the streets of the universe! Then shall they be ashamed and confounded, while everlasting contempt shall be poured upon them.

II. It is now time for me to observe the humbling nature of this consideration. "Talk no more so exceeding proudly; let not arrogance come out of your mouth; for the Lord is a God of knowledge, and by Him actions are weighed."

The fact of divine judgment on ourselves should forever

PREVENT OUR INSULTING

others. When you see any one found out in wrong-doing, do not act as if you were his executioner. When you pass by a person who has lost his or her character, do not straighten your back and disdainfully regard him as the mire of the streets. Do not act the part of the very superior person. "By Him actions are weighed." Your actions are none too good. Perhaps there is not so much difference between you and the person whom you condemn, if all were known. You and the sinful one are not the least alike as to your outside wrappings and labellings, for you are labelled "saint," and she is labelled "a fallen woman"; but if all were known, and all is known by God, the man without fault himself who would dare to cast the first stone is not sitting in your seat.

Next, I think we must give up all idea of speaking proudly in the presence of God. Our good works, what are they when weighed? They look very pretty indeed as we set them out in array; but when God puts them into the scales they look very different. I remember a good man who said when he was dying that he once began to separate his good works from his bad works, but he found them so much like one another in the light of eternity, that he ceased separating them, and threw them all over, and determined to float to heaven on the cross of Christ. This was wisely done, for our best things are so stained with sin, and the whole of a holy life is worth so little in the way of merit, that the short cut of the whole matter is just to cry, "God, be merciful to me a sinner," and rest ourselves on Jesus Christ alone. Dear friend, if ever you have had the weighing process carried on in your own heart I know you have given up all hope of being saved by your own merit or strength. May the Lord carry on the weighing process in your consciences till you glory only in the Lord, and every false, pretentious thing is banished forever.

III. In closing, let us briefly consider the position in which all this leaves us. If God weighs our actions and we are thereby found wanting, and can only cry, "Guilty" in His sight,

WHAT THEN?

Then we are in God's hands. That is where I wish every one of my hearers to feel himself to be. But who is the Lord? First, according to Hannah, He is a *God of salvation.* "My spirit hath rejoiced in thy salvation." Salvation for sinners, salvation for the guilty, salvation for those that are weighed in the balance and found wanting; free pardon, full remission, gracious acceptance, even for the worst and vilest; this is the gospel of the blessed God. How sweet to be in the hands of a God who is able to save, and delights to save, and makes it His glory to save!

Next, according to Hannah's song, He is *the God who delights in reversing the order of things.* He throws down those who are on high, and sets up those that are down. "He hath filled the hungry with good things; and the rich He hath sent empty away." Is not that a hint to you to be empty, to be hungry, to be poor and needy? Down, pride! Down! Down! Humble yourselves under the mighty hand of God, and He shall exalt you in due time.

Once more, this God is one who delights to carry on strange processes in the hearts of His people. "The Lord killeth, and maketh alive; He bringeth down to the grave, and bringeth up. The Lord maketh poor, and maketh rich; He bringeth low, and lifteth up." See! This is God's way of making men live—He kills them. This is God's way of giving them resurrection—He brings them to the grave; this is God's way of making men rich—He first makes them poor; this is God's way of lifting men up—they are first brought down.

Are you brought down this morning? Be of good courage; this is the royal road to comfort in Christ Jesus. Is the Holy Ghost making you conscious of sin? He does so that you may be conscious of pardon. Do you feel condemned? The Lord condemns you now that you may not be condemned with the world. Are you black, and foul, and vile in your own sight? It is that you may wash and be whiter than snow through the Lord Jesus. Oh, how I rejoice to meet with a real sinner! Sham sinners are a vexation, but those who are really and truly so are precious in our sight. We hear of the *bonâ-fide* traveller; give me the *bonâ-fide* sinner.

"A sinner is a sacred thing;
The Holy Ghost has made him so."

He who is made to feel that he is truly lost is well-nigh saved. Christ died for such. "This is a faithful saying, and worthy of all acceptation, that Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners." Oh, thou who art really a sinner, catch at that word!

God grant you may find salvation now, for Jesus' sake. Amen.

[PORTIONS OF SCRIPTURE READ BEFORE SERMON—1 Samuel 2: 1-10; Psalm 113; Luke 1: 46-55.]

[The prayers of the readers of this Journal are requested for the blessing of God upon its Editors in America and England, and those whose sermons, articles, or labors for Christ are printed in it; and for its weekly circulation of more than 250,000 copies to be blessed by the Holy Spirit to the conversion of many sinners and the quickening of God's people. Mr. Spurgeon and Dr. Talmage especially request prayer every Sunday morning on behalf of their labors.]

WORK IN THE HOP-GARDENS.

(*See Illustration on next page.*)

AMONG the numerous and various agencies employed by Mr. C. H. Spurgeon for reaching the masses, is an evangelist who labors among hop-pickers in the County of Kent. Those people, who every year work in the hop-gardens, were some time ago notorious for their mental and spiritual ignorance and their carelessness in all religious matters. Their need was made known in the press, and Mr. Spurgeon immediately undertook to support an evangelist to work among them during the season. Mr. J. Burnham, the evangelist in question, thus writes of his work this year:

"Many of your readers are already familiar with the character and work of our 'Hop-Pickers' Mission;' but for the information of the uninitiated, allow me briefly to state our case, and recapitulate the programme of work undertaken by this mission.

"The hops ripen in September, and, when ripe, need picking promptly, or the quality would be seriously depreciated by the mould, and the quantity diminished by fickle winds. To make the best of their crops, the farmers are glad to avail themselves of the help of many thousands of the poorest (and often most degraded) from the back slums of our cities and towns. The grouping of these myriads for the hop-picking affords a grand opportunity for taking the Gospel to them, an opportunity which has given birth to

'THE HOP-PICKERS' MISSION.'

"The work is as varied as it is interesting. Day after day we visit the hop-gardens with a good supply of Gospel literature, and spend the time in talking or reading to the pickers over the bins, and distributing tracts, etc. On Sun-

Work in the Hop Gardens.

An Evening at Home in China.

day mornings we divide our strength, one brother preaching in the village, another taking the Sunday-school service, two others preaching in neighboring village stations, while another, with the help of a few senior scholars, is visiting the 'strangers' encampments, singing and speaking for Jesus."

EVENING AT HOME IN CHINA.

(*See Illustration.*)

THE sketch of a Chinese family at home, which appears on this page, represents a scene very familiar to missionaries laboring in that vast empire. Since so many lady missionaries have gone thither under the auspices of the China Inland Mission, successful efforts have been made to penetrate the home life of the people. The object of those attempts is twofold. It is desired to reach those people who from various causes do not attend the public services, and to help those who do attend them by answering their questions, meeting their special objections, and encouraging them to be faithful to Christ in spite of public obloquy and persecution. In making visits to the homes of the people, the evening is the time generally chosen, and the missionary usually finds on the spacious veranda such a group as that depicted in the illustration.

In a letter recently received from *Mr. B. Aitken*, formerly manager of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, and who is now laboring as a missionary in Calcutta, India, he describes the religious condition of China as perfectly appalling. He travelled extensively in China on his way from New York to India, and the scenes he witnessed were horrible. The spiritual darkness of the people he describes as being worse than that which existed in India half a century ago. Nevertheless, much good is being done by the self-sacrificing men and women at work there, but as compared with the vast extent of the field, the laborers are few.

An interesting account is given of Mr. Fan, one of the converts by Mr. Drake, one of the China Inland Missionaries, in a recent letter. He says: "In the autumn of last year Mr. Fan invited me to spend a month or two at his house, as several of his friends and neighbors were desirous of *leaving off opium-smoking*. It was January, however, before I was able to pay the visit. I found on arrival that there were several men really desirous of leaving off the habit. Only two, however, ventured to begin the treatment on the first day; others were equally anxious, but were hindered by their fears that our efforts to overcome the 'craving' would be in vain. After four or five days, some others placed themselves under treatment; and after the lapse of ten or twelve days, some men from neighboring villages, convinced of the possibility of breaking off the pernicious habit, also placed themselves under our treatment. Our host threw open his house and allowed the patients to board and lodge with him. Thus they were kept out of the way of temptation, attended our morning and evening services, and during the day received a considerable amount of religious instruction. During the month, a number of the patients were cured, a few were still under treatment, and nineteen persons, including the four members of my host's family, expressed their desire to learn more of our doctrines, and promised to meet for worship statedly on the Lord's Day. Three of this number *threw away their idols* altogether."

A new plan of operations is suggested by Mr. King, who is one of the most active of the China Inland Missionaries. He writes: "I want to suggest to you a plan for commencing work which I believe would prove successful. If there were sufficient capable native Christians, and I had the means, I believe that by it we might open out-stations within a year in the principal prefectures of this province, namely, Hing-gan, Fung-ts'iang, T'ung-chau, Shang-chau, and Yüen-yang. These are all places of great importance. As, however, both men and means are scarce, we must go softly. When the church at Han-chung gets thoroughly energized, there will be no lack of the workers.

PLAN PROPOSED.

"My plan is this: I would not attempt to open a chapel at first, but would send a couple of men to open a shop, and call it Kiu-shï-t'ang [Salvation Hall—a title often taken by native medicine shops, and occasionally used for Protestant chapels.] The natives should sell suitable medicines, and especially remedies for curing opium-smokers. After a time, shorter or longer according to circumstances, the selling of tracts and useful books might be added. If the Christians were faithful and earnest, I should hope that many souls would be won for Christ. By very slow degrees a resident missionary and a chapel might be introduced, if desired; but in many places visitation and supervision would suffice. I should say $150 or $175 would be required for the first year, including the deposit on the house and the stock needed to commence with. Subsequently, $125 a year would cover needful expenses, and soon half or more of this might come in from the profits. If only the natives do all they can, they will have abundant opportunities of talking with the customers on the subject of the Gospel. The books published by the Hankow Tract Society and *the Shanghai American Press*, on religion, science, history etc., would sell well."

RACHEL FERGUSON'S APPEAL.

(*See Illustration.*)

A YOUNG lady lay sick of a dangerous malady in the house of a prominent merchant in a western city. All that wealth and scientific skill could do for her benefit had been tried, but without avail. The sands of life were fast running out, and if she had not had the certain assurance of a mansion beyond the skies, her lot would have been but a sad one. As it was, she contemplated the near approach of death with equanimity, satisfied that, for her, it was only the passage to a better life. The physician then attending her had prescribed stimulants, but these Rachel Ferguson had steadily refused to take. She knew, as he did, that they could not save her life, and she preferred to bear the pain rather than resort to such means of alleviating it. Her parents and friends called her firmness on this question obstinacy, but refrained from pressing upon her in her enfeebled condition anything obviously distasteful to her.

During her illness she asked several times that one of her friends, a Mrs. Stafford, should be sent for. Mrs. Stafford was away from home, but on her return, learning of her sick friend's desire to see her, she came at once. On her arrival Mrs. Ferguson took her aside before she went to Rachel's chamber, and said: "I do not know why my daughter is so anxious to see

you, but she has asked many times after you. I think you have more influence over her than any other of her friends; will you use it for her good?" Then she told her of Dr. Pelter's advice and of Rachel's refusal to follow it.

"Ah! Emily," said the sick girl, as Mrs. Stafford entered the room, "I am so glad to see you; I have been hoping these many days you might come before it was too late."

"Do not speak so, Rachel," Mrs. Stafford said; "I hope you are better than you think. If you are a docile patient and obey your physicians, there may be many years of life before you."

"No, Emily, I am not deceiving myself with false hopes; I know that I cannot recover. I should have liked to live if it had been God's will, but He knows best, and I am quite content to go. At first it seemed very hard to leave so many dear and affectionate friends and all the joys of life, but that is past now, and I am ready to go when the time comes."

"But we would rather you did not go, Rachel. Life will never be quite the same for me, if you die. And think of your father and mother; it is like death to them to part with you. Are you sure you are doing all you can to get well? I hear that Dr. Pelter has recommended at least one remedy you have not tried."

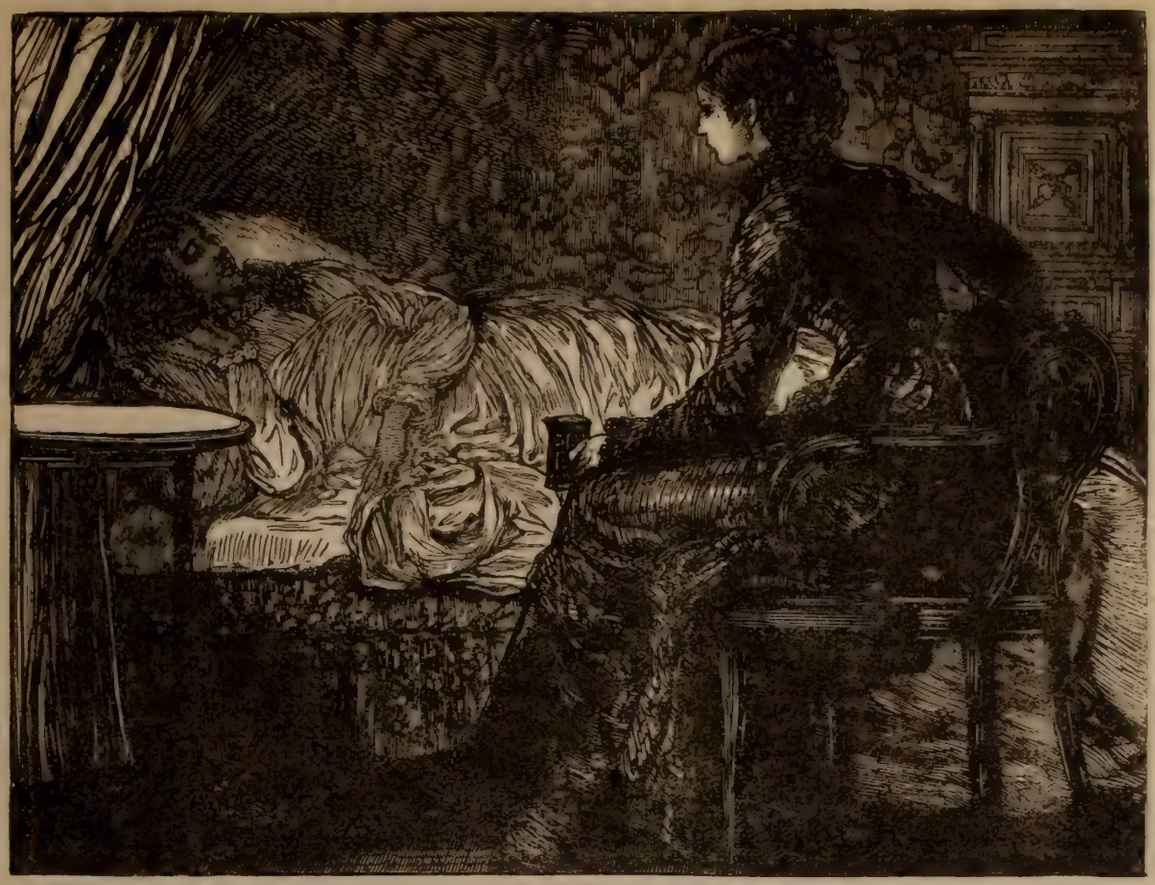
"It is only one, Emily, and it would not have cured me; it was only to help me to bear the pain. No, I have not taken that, but I have taken all his medicines."

"I wish you had tried it, Rachel, for all our sakes. See here," Mrs. Stafford said, rising and going to a small table in the room on which medicines and the delicacies an invalid might fancy, were standing, "I have just poured a little wine into this goblet, and I am going to see you drink it. I drink three or four times as much every day, and it does me good. Come now, oblige me."

"It grieves me to refuse you anything," said the sick girl, "but I cannot take it. Do not urge me; it would do me no real good. I have resolved not to touch it while I live, and it was chiefly about that that I wanted so much to see you. Emily, I would so like you to abstain from it, too."

"Why, my dear girl? I think it is a very pleasant and harmless thing for me. If I were ever in danger of becoming too fond of it, I should give it up immediately. Abstainers seem so odd and unsociable. I dislike being conspicuous."

"I think," said Rachel, "that is a cross we may easily bear for the sake of others. Your example may do more good to the poor slaves of the glass than you think. I pray God you may never become a slave yourself. Do think of it, Emily, when I am gone, and if you can make the sacrifice, I am sure you would be happier. But there is something more important still. I wish you would give your heart to the Saviour, Emily."



Rachel Ferguson's Last Interview with Mrs. Stafford.

Mrs. Stafford's face became grave. These serious subjects were distasteful to the lady, all whose joys and pleasures were found in social gayety. She was silent a few moments, and then said: "I expect I shall think of these things some day, but I want a few more years of pleasure before I settle down into a staid and solemn old lady."

"That is just the answer I should have given a year ago," said the sick girl. "This illness has opened my eyes. If I were well to-morrow I would not go back to the world. There are no pleasures or joys in it equal to those Jesus gives to those who love Him, and there are still higher delights in reserve. I am going away from earth, Emily, but I could not bear to die without telling you of this, and assuring you solemnly that the truest happiness lies in serving Christ. Promise me you will think of this and pray for yourself as I have prayed for you."

"Yes, my dear, I will," said Mrs. Stafford, leaning over and kissing her friend. "I must go now, but I will come again soon."

Mrs. Stafford went away solemnized and uncomfortable, but she had engaged to be at the theatre that night to see a new burlesque. It was a very amusing piece, and when she returned the serious impressions were gone. A few days afterward she called again at the house of her friend, but she learned that Rachel had died triumphantly only a few hours before, rejoicing in hope of a glorious immortality. Mrs. Stafford was shocked and saddened, but again there was some amusement to neutralize the good influence working within her. The most urgent of all matters for any human being was again postponed.

* * * * * *

Ten years later, one cold winter night, there was a call at the hospital telephone for an ambulance. In a few minutes "the case" was brought in. A bedraggled woman under the influence of liquor had fallen in attempting to board a car, and had been run over by a passing truck. The surgeons examined her, and found that she was fatally injured. There was no hope. That was their verdict, and it was true in a spiritual as well as a physical sense. The next day she was conscious, and was told that she must die. "No hope!" she cried, in a hoarse voice. "No hope! Dying! I cannot die."

But she did die. A degraded woman, divorced for drunkenness, a vicious, bad woman whom none cared to own. In ten years it had come to that. Mrs. Stafford had put off the Holy Spirit's pleading until it was too late, and she lay dead and unclaimed in her poor hospital bed, while her soul was—where?

MRS. CHANTREY'S SECRET.

A SERIAL STORY.

(*Continued from page 592.*)

Almost Shipwrecked.

MR. CHANTREY was no theoretical Christian preacher. To him the doctrines he had taught were living, active principles. God was not an abstraction but a living Being to whom he prayed and whom he called "Father." Yet this was a trial to him. It was no easy matter to say, "Thy will be done." Far away from the village he loved, from the old church where he had ministered, from that well-remembered spot where his child lay buried, he must lie down and die.

Truly, his lot was a bitter one. He might even now be sitting in his library, or standing at the bedside of some dying parishioner, smoothing the way to the dark river and cheering the fainting heart in the last conflict. But he was banished, and banished, too, for the sake of another. His wife's sinful weakness had forced this fatal journey upon him. For love of her—to save her he had surrendered all he held dear in this world. Weak and delicate as he was he had braved the dangers of the deep and the terrors of a rapid passage through widely varying temperatures, that he might remove her from the scene of her fall and temptation.

But now it seemed the sacrifice had been made in vain. He felt sure he must die there in that stifling cabin with the storm howling above his head and the icy waves roaring around him. Die, and leave his work undone. Die, and leave his wife alone to sink back into her sin and shame and his boy to the care of a woman who was too weak even to control her appetites. It was hard, but the sick man never lost his faith in God. He fought out his battle with the tempter, and with a firm voice said, "Thy will be done."

Sophy Chantrey was left along to nurse her

dying husband, for Ann Holland was lying ill in her own cabin, ignorant of his extremity. Captain Scott came down for a minute or two, but he could not stay beside him. His presence was sorely needed on deck, yet he lingered awhile, looking sorrowfully at his friend. Sophy watched him with a clearer and keener glance in her blue eyes than he had ever yet seen in them.

"What is the matter with him?" she asked, following him to the cabin door.

"As near dying as possible," he answered, gruffly. He believed that a good life had been sacrificed to a bad one, and he could not bring himself to speak softly to the woman who was the cause of it.

"Dying!" she cried. There was no color to fade from her face, but the light died from her eyes, and the word faltered on her lips.

"Yes," he answered, "dying."

"Sophy, come to me," called her husband, in feeble tones.

She left the captain, and returned at once to his side. The low berth was almost on the floor, and she had to kneel to bring her face nearer to his. It was night, and the only light was the dim glimmer of an oil-lamp, which the captain had hung to the ceiling, and which swung to and fro with the lurching of the ship. The wind was whistling shrilly among the rigging, and every plank and board in the vessel groaned and creaked under the beating of the waves. Now and then her feet were ankle-deep in water, and she dreaded to see it sweep over the low berth.

In the rare intervals of the storm she could hear the hurried movements overhead, and the shouts of the sailors as they called to one another from the rigging. But vaguely she heard, and saw, and felt. Her husband's face, white and haggard and thin, with his gray hair and his eyes sunken with unshed tears, was all that she could distinctly realize.

"Sophy," he said, "do not leave me again."

He held out his hand, and she laid hers into it, shuddering as she felt its chilly grasp. Her head fell on to the pillow beside his, and her lips, close to his ear, spoke to him through sobs.

"Is there nothing that can be done?" she cried. "It is I who have killed you. Must you really die for my sin, and leave us?"

"I think I must die," he said, touching her head softly with his feeble hand. "I would live for you if I could—for you and my poor boy. Sophy, promise me while I can hear you, while you can speak to me, promise me you will never fall into this sin again."

"How can I?" she cried. "I have killed you, and now who will care?"

"God will care," he said, faintly, "and I shall care; wherever I may be I shall care. Promise me, my darling, my poor girl!"

"I promise you," she answered, with a deep sob.

"You will never let yourself enter into temptation?"

"Never!" she cried.

"Never taste it; never look at it; never think of it, if possible. Promise," he whispered again.

"Never!" she sobbed; "never! Oh, live, and you shall see me conquer. God will help me to conquer, and you will help me. Do not leave us. O God, do not let him die!"

But he did not hear her. A faintness and numbness that seemed like death, which had been creeping languidly through his veins for some time, darkened his eyes and sealed his lips. He could not see her, and her voice sounded far away. She called again and again upon him, but there was no answer. The deep roar of the storm on the other side of the frail wooden walls thundered continuously, and the groan of the straining planks grated upon her ear as she listened intently for one or more word from him.

Was she then alone with him, dying? Was there no help, nothing that could be at least attempted for his help? Through the uproar and tumult she caught the sound of some one stirring in the saloon. She sprang to the door, and met Captain Scott on the point of opening it.

"Come," said she frantic with terror; "he is dead already."

The captain bent over the dying man, and with the promptitude of one to whom time was of the utmost value passed his hand rapidly over his benumbed and paralyzed body.

"No, not dead," he exclaimed; "but he's sinking fast, and there's only one remedy. You can leave him to die, or you can save him, Mrs. Chantrey. There is no one else to nurse him, and every moment is precious to me. Here's a brandy-flask. Give him some at once; force a few drops through his teeth, and watch the effect it has upon him. As he swallows it give him a little more every few minutes. Watch him carefully; it will be life or death with him. If I can get down again I'll come in to see you, but I am badly wanted on deck this moment. There's enough there, but not too much, remember. Get him warm, if possible. God bless you, Mrs. Chantrey."

He had been busily heaping rugs and blankets upon his friend's insensible form; and now, with a hearty grasp of the hand, and an earnest glance into her face, he hurried away, leaving Sophy alone once more.

A shudder of terror ran through her, and she called to him not to leave her; but he did not hear. She stood in the middle of the cabin, looking around as if for help, but there was none. The craving, which had been starved within her by the forced abstinence of the last few weeks, awoke again with insufferable fierceness. She was cold herself, chilled to the very heart; her misery of body and soul were extreme. The dim light and the ceaseless roar of the storm oppressed her. The very scent of the brandy seemed to intoxicate her, and steal away her resolution.

If she took but a very little of it, she reasoned with herself, she would be better fitted for the long, exhausting task of watching her husband. How would she have strength to stand over him through the cold, dark hours of the night, feeble and worn out as she already felt herself? For his sake, then, she must taste it; she would take but a very little. The captain had said there was not more than enough; but surely he would give her more, to save her husband's life. Only a little, just to stay the intolerable craving.

Sophy poured out a small portion into the little horn belonging to the flask. The strong spirituous scent excited her. How warm, and strong, and useful it would make her to her husband in his extremity! Yet still she hesitated. Suppose she could not resist the temptation to take more, and yet more, until she lost her consciousness, and left him to perish with cold and faintness? She knew how often she had resolved to take but a taste, enough to drive away the painful dejection of the passing hour; and how fatally her resolution had failed her, when once she had yielded. If she should fail now, if the temptation conquered her, there was no shadow of a hope for him. When she came to her senses again he would be dead.

Why did not somebody come to her help? Where was Ann Holland, that she should be away just at the very moment when her presence was most desirable and most necessary? How could Captain Scott think of trusting her with poison? How could she do battle with so close and subtle a tempter? So long a battle, too; through all the dreary hours of the storm! Only a little while ago she had made a solemn promise never to fall into this sin, never to enter into temptation. But she had been thrust into temptation unawares, in an instant, with no one to help her, and no time to gather strength for resistance.

Even David himself could not blame her if she broke her promise. It should be only a taste; it could not be more than that, for the flask was not full; and now she came to think of it she could not get on deck to ask the captain for more, because the hatches were closed. That would save her from taking too much. She would keep the thought before her that every drop she swallowed was taken from her dying husband, for whom there was barely enough. She could only taste it, and she did it for his sake, not her own.

She lifted the little horn to her lips; but before tasting the stimulant, she glanced round, as she had often done before, to see if any one was looking at her; a stealthy cunning movement, born of the sense of shame she had never quite lost. Every nerve was quivering with excitement, and her heart was beating quickly. But her glance fell upon her husband's face turned toward her, yet with no watchful, reproachful eyes fastened upon her. The eyelids half closed; the pallid, hollow cheeks; the head fallen back upon the pillow, looked like death. Was he then gone from her already? Had she suffered his flickering life to die out altogether, while she had been dallying with temptation?

With a wild and very bitter cry Sophy Chantrey sprang to his side, and forced a few drops of the eau-de-vie between his clenched teeth. Again and again, patiently, she repeated her efforts, watching eagerly for the least sign of returning animation. Every thought of herself was gone now; she became absorbed between alternate hope and dread. He was alive still; slowly the death-like pallor was passing away, faint tokens of returning circulation tingled through his benumbed veins. The beating of his heart was stronger, and his hands seemed less icily cold. But so slowly, and with so many intermissions, did the change creep on, that she did not dare to assure herself that he was reviving.

Now and then the scent made her feel sick with terror; for she knew that his life depended upon her unceasing attention, and the tempter was still beside her, though thrust back for the time by her newly-awakened will. "I will not let him die!" she cried to herself; yet she was inwardly fearful of failing in her resolution, and leaving him to die. Would the daylight never come? Would the storm never cease?

It was raging more wildly than ever; and Captain Scott found it impossible to go below, even though his friend was probably dying. Sophy was left absolutely alone. It seemed to her like an eternity, as she knelt beside her husband, desperately fighting against sin, and intently watching for some sure sign of life in him. He was not dead, that was almost all she knew. The night was dark still, and very lonely. There was no one who saw her, none to care for her; and her misery was very great.

Was there none who cared? A still small voice in her own soul, long unheard, but speaking clearly through the din of the storm around and within her, asked, "Does not Christ care? He who came to seek and to save that which was lost? He whom God sent into the world to be the Captain of salvation, and to suffer being tempted, that He might be able to succor all those who are tempted?" For a moment she listened breathlessly as if some new thing had been said to her. Christ really cared for her; really knew her extremity in this dire temptation; was ready with His help, if she would but have it. Could it be true? If He were beside her, witnessing her temptation and her struggling, seeing and entering into all the bitterness of the passing hours, why! then such a presence and such a sympathy were a thousand times greater and better than if all the world beside had been by to cheer her. Why had she never realized this before? He knew; God knew; she was not alone, because the Father Himself was with her.

She had no time to pray consciously, in so many words of set speech; but her whole heart was full of prayer and hope. The terror of temptation was gone; nay, for the time, the temptation itself was gone, for she was lifted up far above it. She could use the powerful remedy on which her husband's life depended with no danger to herself. Her thoughts ran busily forward into a blissful future. How happy they would all be again! How diligently she would

guard herself! Her life henceforth should be spent as under the eye of God.

At last the morning dawned, and a gray light stole even through the darkened port-holes—a faint light, but sufficient for her to see her husband's face more clearly. His heart beat under her hand with more vigor, and the color had come back to his lips. She could see now how every drop he swallowed brought a more healthy hue to his face. He had attempted to speak more than once, but she laid her hand on his mouth to enforce silence until his strength was more equal to the effort. At last he whispered so earnestly that she could not refuse to listen.

"Sophy," he said, "is it safe for you?"

"Yes," she answered; "God has made it safe for me."

(To be concluded.)

REVIEW OF THE QUARTER'S LESSONS.

S. S. Lesson for Sept. 30. Golden Text, Psalm 107 : 43. By Mrs. M. Baxter.

The Wrong Point of Observation—Consequent Perplexity—The Tranquilizing Light—Losses Apparent, not Real—The Law and the Leader—The First Manifestation of Power—Possession Beyond Faith—Failures Across Jordan—Decreasing Self-Dependence—Progressive Revelation—Safety in Christ's Life—Education for Union—Praying and Believing.

"WHOSO is wise, and will observe these things, even they shall understand the loving kindness of the Lord." It is always so that when men observe circumstances apart from God, they are filled with bitterness, perplexity, trouble, or despair. Their point of observation is self—how things affect *me*, what relation they bear to *me*, and always in reference to time, not eternity. Looked at in this light, every sickness is an injury done to me by some higher power, every bereavement is a cruelty. If in business everything does not bow to *me*, then the God whom I profess to call my God is tantalizing me; I am doing the best for myself, He is thwarting me at every turn. This is the general idea of God which men have who do not know Him. But let the revelation of a God of love, a God who loves *me* be made to me, One who spared not His own Son, but freely gave Him up for me, let me be persuaded of the love this God has for me, let me have come under its warmth, let me place every confidence in a God personally known and trusted, let me believe that He, seeing the end from the beginning and looking right on into eternity, makes all things to work together for my good—then things will all be seen in the light of His love, and I shall "understand the lovingkindness of the Lord."

Our lessons for the past quarter began with

THE CONQUESTS

which God wrought for His trusting people. The death of Moses was no real loss, but a great gain, making way for Joshua, to whom the real conquest of the land of Canaan was committed. Perhaps many of us, on looking back to an apparent loss, may ponder and see in its results the wonderful and unspeakable lovingkindness of the Lord. Moses seemed so necessary to the children of Israel, he had led them out of Egypt, when their bondage to the Egyptians was broken, he had led them through the wilderness, but Moses could not give them one bit of their promised possessions. "The law was given by Moses, but grace and truth came by Jesus Christ" (John 1 : 17). Many of us have learned by the law how terrible was our state of sin by nature; we have been brought out from it, and into the wilderness experience of fighting with the world, the flesh, and the devil, with alternate victory and defeat; marvellously sustained, yet always longing for a peace, a joy, a satisfaction which we did not, as yet, possess. But when Moses gives way to Joshua, when we become dead to the law by the body of Christ (Rom. 7 : 4), then it is that Jesus, our Joshua, takes things into His own hands, and a new life in Christ opens up within us. All is now changed; there is no more wandering over and over again the same ground, no more consciousness that something of judgment and condemnation attaches to the experience we are passing through. The old spirit of drive, urging, whipping, pushing us on to action, is supplanted by the blessed consciousness that "all things are possible with Him" who is our Leader.

THE FIRST MANIFESTATION

of God's power on behalf of the children of Israel was when they reached the Jordan. Here an apparently insuperable barrier lay in their way. "They had the experience of the Red Sea," you will say. True, but only two of those who had passed through the Red Sea were present here—Caleb and Joshua. God did not repeat Himself, He did not make the waters to stand up like a wall on either side as He had done when He divided the Red Sea, but the nether waters of Jordan flowed away and only the upper waters stood still until the people were passed over. Jordan means the river of judgment, and the children of Israel were to experience all the judgment of their past lives rolled away, and all judgment of the present stayed back by the ark of the covenant which stood still in Jordan. Jordan passed, every new step was possession, "Every place that the sole of your foot shall tread upon that have I given you." When Jesus has His right place as the Leader in our life, then there is lasting gain in every hour's experience, every step of ground is an entering into possession of our heirship with God and joint heirship with Christ. We may lack, we do lack most sadly the faith to claim it; but all the land of promise is most really ours. Led by Jesus, the engines to destroy our difficulties are songs of praise. The fortified walls of Jericho cannot stand against them. If, instead of surveying our difficulties at home, in the office, in our church, in our state of health, etc., we put our Joshua to the front, and glory in the glad certainty that He has undertaken all, then we cannot but be filled with joy and thanksgiving, and the mightiest walls fall down before us. The tempers, the self-will, the inconsiderateness, the contradiction, the misunderstandings of others, and our own soreness about them, all fall conquered and overcome, when our praise bears witness that all the care of these things is gone into the hands of the Almighty God.

BUT THERE ARE FAILURES,

too, in the land of promise, different from those in the wilderness. There was the temptation at Ai to self-dependence and at the same time there was a falling into sin, a covetousness, not of leeks, onions, garlic, or flesh, as in the wilderness, but a sacrilegious appropriation of God's portion for self, a withholding that which He had judged, and above all duplicity in concealing the sin. Oh, how this teaches us that even in the path of habitual victory we are not in a state on which we can rely, it is not ourselves, however much changed, who can keep us, we are more dependent on the Lord than ever, it is *Himself* who is our Power and our Victory, *He* keeps us, and our song will be Jesus only. It is most appropriate that in the land of promise, the mind of God should be made fully known; the law was read on Mount Ebal and Mount Gerizim. As our experience of the power of God on our behalf becomes more and more known to us, He opens our eyes to read and understand His mind in the Scriptures; and He writes His law upon our hearts. While under the law, we are sometimes almost afraid to know the real mind of God, because the impossibility of living up to it presses so strongly upon us. But where the glorious "I can" supersedes the sigh of "I ought," which was the old experience, then we want to know more of the mind of God, that by His prevailing grace we may do it. And if the mind of God is made known to us by some faithful friend who has seen us in danger, or noticed our mistakes, there is no feeling of mortification or of wounded pride when we have laid over on our Joshua Jesus the responsibility of keeping us in the will of God. Therefore, there can be no purpose in keeping ourselves self-deceived or in seeking to keep others deceived about us. In all these lessons we have seen the deep, unutterable love of Jesus brought out in type. In the cities of refuge we learned through the meanings of the names how Christ alone was our Refuge, and He perfectly so as our Holiness, our Strength, our Fellowship—for God and man meet in Him—our Fortress, our Height of witness, our Joy. But that which He is to us as our City of Refuge we shall never fully know until our union with Him is fully consummated hereafter; "Himself" means more every day.

But Joshua, after all, was but a type of Jesus, and Joshua must die. While he lived, Israel followed and served the Lord, and he said, "As for me and my house we will serve the Lord." Blessed type! All who are really the household of Jesus do serve the Lord. He is the "Son over His own house; whose house are we?" (Heb. 3 : 6.) But when Joshua died, Israel forsook God; again the type is so true, it is

THE LIFE OF JESUS

which keeps us faithful; their leader dead, then followed fall after fall, sin after sin. Bless God, our Jesus can never die, but those who live their own life in any sense, any life but His, must sooner or later fall away; the life, the power, the faithfulness, the love are in Jesus and not in us. True, judges were raised up, and there is much to learn from them. In Gideon we have seen how fully God chooses the foolish, weak, base, despised things of the world, even the things which "are not," to bring to naught things which are, that no flesh should glory in His presence. We have seen that Gideon had nothing to boast of, neither riches, position, power, nor talent; his very faith in God was of the weakest and most trembling kind, there was nothing in him but his very nothingness to commend him to God; and yet he was made mighty, even a mighty man of valor. Again in the case of Samson, strong though he was, it was the strength of faith as a man consecrated to God, and nothing in himself, and his death did more for Israel than his life.

In the history of Ruth and Naomi, we were led to see in type the bride of Christ and her

EDUCATION FOR UNION

with Him. First the full decision to leave her own country and her father's house, then the true spirit of discipleship in her tenacity of love to Naomi, developing a heart not self-centred, but whose centre was in another. Then the disinterested serving, not for gain and the true humility which led her to take the lowest place, and marvel at the kindness which was shown to her; all this, unconsciously to herself, fitting her for a position of honor. How little do we know how perfectly the Lord has adapted the circumstances of our lives to work together as instruments to repress or to develop, as He sees it is needed. We may not know the issues of every trying circumstance, we may not discover the meaning of every hour in which the tension of our faith may be at the highest pitch; but He may be bringing out through all this our acquaintance with Him and a repose of trust in Him, which will make Him joy over us with singing. He seeks to unite us even now with Him in a union always more intimate and real; it is beyond conception, words cannot speak, but the heart filled with Jesus knows what it is.

Our last two lessons for the quarter were *the praying mother* and *the child Samuel;* the one answers to the other. Praying mothers who are also believing mothers, counting, not on their prayers, but on the faithfulness of God, may look to have prophet sons, obedient to the Lord. Faith may be much tried, sorely tried, but the mother's "hand upon the throne of the Lord" (Ex. 17 : 16, margin) is the claim for the Lord's hand upon her son. God is faithful; He will never fail a mother who counts upon Him. And Samuel, the child, yet the chosen one, oh, how he teaches us the wisdom of God, who has "hid these things from the wise and prudent, and revealed them unto babes. Even so, Father; for so it seemed good in Thy sight" (Matt. 11 : 25, 26). Amen.

FOREIGN TOPICS.

Republican Agitation in Europe is Causing general uneasiness among the crowned heads and their nobles. The Paris correspondent of the New York *Herald*, in a letter cabled last week, said: "The moment has at last arrived when it is no longer possible to conceal the fact that Europe is becoming honeycombed with the germs of republican aspirations. These are now latent, but at the slightest encouragement are ready to burst forth into burning activity, causing a political cataclysm *analogous to the physical commotions at Ischia and Batavia*. The battle cries are no longer Germany and France, Slav and Teuton or Latin, but the great issue is between divine right on the one hand and civil liberty on the other. The Holy Alliance and the compact of divine right at Laibach was followed by the revolutions of 1848, and the consequent hegira of crowned heads—Kaiser Wilhelm himself riding away from Berlin disguised as a postilion. Just as the Holy Alliance of 1883 is stronger and more solid than that of 1815, so will the coming reaction be more far-reaching and intense than that of 1848, for the explosive force of revolutions, like that of gunpowder, is in mathematical proportion to the resistance." These, be it remembered, are the words of the correspondent of a secular journal, and describe the results of his observations of the movements now pulsating through Europe. Students of prophecy more than twenty years ago arrived at the conclusion that such a time was approaching, and that it would be marked by aspirations after a Republican form of government. The attitude of Prince Napoleon, too, is precisely that expected from him. In an interview published in the Paris *Figaro*, the prince said: "My conduct depends entirely upon the conduct of the Count de Paris. If the Count de Paris does nothing I shall do nothing. That would be like answering a letter that had not yet been received. If the Count de Paris issues a manifesto I shall issue a manifesto. If the Count de Paris leans toward the Right I shall lean toward the Left. If the Count de Paris adopts as his programme the will of his father, the Duke of Orleans, then *I shall go, if need be, as far as socialism.*"

Negotiations for a Settlement of the Difficulty between China and France were carried forward last week, but without definite result. It is believed that England is mediating, as the representatives of both the hostile Powers were in conference with Lord Granville, the British Secretary of State, on Saturday, and long communications were subsequently telegraphed to Paris and Pekin. There has, however, been no cessation in the preparations for war. France continues sending reinforcements to the army in Tonquin, and China is laying in stores and concentrating her troops on the frontier. The situation is critical, but if the mediation of England has been accepted, it is not hopeless. England would be certain to exert herself to the utmost to arrange the difficulty peaceably, as in the event of a conflict she would probably become involved.

Alarming Riots Occurred at Canton on September 10th. The Chinese are aggrieved by the conduct of France in Tonquin, and their animosity extends to Americans and English and Germans. To the Chinaman every one outside of China is a foreigner, and he draws no distinction between nations. There is consequently danger that if war with France should break out, missionaries and merchants of other nationalities would suffer. It was so in the recent riots. A quarrel arose between a Portuguese half-caste employed as a watchman on the quay and a Chinaman. A struggle ensued, and the Chinaman was pushed into the river and drowned. A boat of the British steamer Hankow picked up the body and carried it on board. They also took on board the Portuguese, the latter being taken out of reach of the excited mob, who set fire to the buildings. A terrible panic took place. Ladies and children, many only half dressed, and some in a fainting condition, were hurried on board the ships through a threatening crowd. No attack, however, was made upon them, the mob being more intent upon plunder than upon taking life. Stores were burst open and houses set on fire. Ten English establishments, one American, one French and two German were burned to the ground, and two English, one German and one French house were sacked by the mob. A party, consisting of nine Germans and three Englishmen, opened fire upon the crowd. The latter returned the fire, and four or five Chinese were killed and many wounded. When the fray had lasted half an hour the Chinese troops arrived and dispersed the mob. The consuls have made a joint formal complaint to the viceroy of the delay in sending troops after notification had been given of the tumult. Outbreaks at other treaty ports are apprehended.

The Platforms of the Radical Party in Great Britain show rapid progress. That recently put forward by the candidate of the party for member of Parliament for Manchester comprises the abolition of the House of Lords, adult manhood suffrage, the payment of members of Parliament, the disestablishment of the Church, the abolition of Parliamentary oaths, secular free and compulsory education, and local self-government for Ireland. As will be seen this platform shows a wider divergence between the Radicals and the Whigs than exists between the Whigs and the Tories. The divisions in the party will be thoroughly discussed at the approaching conference at Leeds, and an effort made to adjust them. The basis proposed by Mr. Chamberlain, the Radical chief, will be that the entire party accept the platform as the ultimate object of its efforts, on condition that the Radicals subordinate the more extreme measures for the present to insure a united front at the polls.

The Liquor Business of the Episcopal Church of England is not so extensive as was supposed. An inquiry shows that the property belonging to the Church, which was rented to liquor sellers, has been in many cases disposed of, and in others has been used for other purposes. There is, however, much still to be done in the way of reform, and Canon Wilberforce continues his vigorous attack upon the holding of public houses, a number of the most prosperous gin-palaces being still maintained under the direct administration of the Church. Strenuous efforts have kept this scandal quiet and prevented the impairment of the Church revenues, which the application of a remedy would entail. Those efforts are likely to be defeated by the agitation led by Canon Wilberforce, and the Church will be forced to get rid of all its liquor stores. The loss in money will be heavy, but there will be an immense gain in influence.

Mr. Philip Phillips, the "Singing Pilgrim," and his son have just completed fifty successive Services of Sacred Song in Rev. T. G. Smith's Evangelical Church, Amsterdam. A few earnest Christians of influence and wealth invited Mr. Phillips to give these services, believing they would do good, and at the same time counteract some of the demoralizing influences and amusements which generally accompany an International Exhibition.

The Luther Celebration in Germany Gathers strength as it proceeds. Wittenberg, where the great reformer taught in the university, held its quatre-centennial anniversary on September 13th. Colossal busts of Luther and Melanchthon had been placed on the balcony of the Town Hall and on stands throughout the city. The Emperor's bust in front of the Town Hall was decorated with flowers. Portraits of Luther and mottoes from his sayings and writings were displayed in many windows. The number of visitors is estimated at 50,000. They came principally from Thuringia, Saxony, and Brandenburg. Delegates from Hungary, Austria, and France also took part in the celebration. On arriving at Wittenberg the Crown Prince Frederick William, with Prince Albrecht and Herr Von Gossler, Minister of Ecclesiastical Affairs, drove direct to the Stadt-kirche and attended divine service. Over 1000 clergymen filled the church. After the reading of the liturgy, Superintendent-General Schultz delivered the festival sermon, taking his text from St. Matthew 21 : 42, 43. The royal party then proceeded to the Schloss-kirche, where the Crown Prince placed a splendid laurel wreath upon Luther's grave. The party afterward inspected the archives in the Town Hall relating to the Reformation.

Mr. Hartland, a Devoted Young Missionary of the Baptist Missionary Society, who went out to the Congo with Mr. Comber and others about four years ago, has succumbed to a severe attack of dysentery. Amid acute suffering of body, his mind was kept in a state of almost seraphic joy and peace. His dying words to his beloved fellow-workers were: "Christ is all in all. Let me go, my friends. Don't hold me back. I must go. I *want* to go to Him. 'Simply to Thy cross I cling.' Let me go." His struggles then ceased, and he was gone.

A Mohammedan Witness for Christ.—The Pastor Jacob of Oroomiah, Persia, writing to his son, in Manchester, England, narrates the following: "I have a young Mohammedan friend, whose name is Koola Bak. For nearly a year and a half he has been coming to my house to hear the Word of God. Some wicked people went and complained to their Great Moshtahed, or priest, who sent for him and asked what was his faith. He replied, 'In Jesus Christ.' Upon hearing this the Moshtahed rose up in great rage and beat him with his stick on the head. He was then bound upon a beam and beaten by three servants with switches until the blood gushed out of his back and feet. Shortly afterward the young man came to my house with his bleeding body, and told me all about it. He said to me: 'Pastor, I will not give up Christ, even if I am to be killed. I believe that He is able to deliver me from these wicked people.' A few days after this incident took place, the Moshtahed sent a gift to the young man and asked his pardon. The next day the Moshtahed with his brother visited the young man's house, and they still tried to win his heart, but he boldly said, 'No, it is impossible for me to forsake Jesus.' So they left him and went their way."

A Little Girl in a Tiger's Skin.—Miss Ada Leigh, writing from Paris, calls attention to the cruelties practised upon young children in training them for various performances. She says: "In visiting one of the haunts of the poor in Paris the cry of a child in pain arrested us. The sound of blows guided us to the door of an adjoining apartment, where a man was forcing a little girl into a tiger's skin, in which she was to perform. Besides the child's natural recoil at being clothed in such a garment, the skin was too tight for the muscles of her arms, so that her cry of fear was mingled with pain. Finding that the child did not belong to the man, and that its mother, an English gypsy, was then on a tour with some foreign troupe, we prevailed upon the man to give it to us—in fact, it would have been difficult to separate us, so tight was the grasp of the affrighted child. The man assented, only bemoaning that she had nearly burst the skin and spoiled his profits. The little girl was a merry inmate of our children's home for nearly two years, then, more than reluctantly, we gave her up to her gypsy mother, who appeared indignant at the cruel initiation of her child into the art of amusing a thoughtless crowd."

The Prophetic News for September Contains articles on The Rulership of the Millennial Kingdom, by a Resident of Jerusalem; Biblical Hailstorms—Past and Present, by Rev. E. J. Hytche; The Second Advent and its Glorious Epiphany, etc., etc. Also a summary of Passing Events from a prophetic point of view, and extracts from the Jewish press. Price six cents. Annual subscription seventy cents. Back numbers of this periodical for this year may be had at the same price, from the office of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, 63 Bible House, New York, N. Y.

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THE LATE QUEEN OF MADAGASCAR AND MR. SHAW, THE MISSIONARY.

Description of the Island—The Late Queen's Conversion to Christianity—Her Coronation—Her Interest in Education and Reforms—Emancipation of Mozambique Slaves—Christian Converts Exposed in Chains—A Number of Serpents Set Free—Peculiar War-Dance—Nineteen Christians Condemned to Death—Cruel Fate of Four Nobles—Remarkable Phenomenon—Bombardment of the Island by the French—Noble Conduct of the Late Queen—Arrest of Mr. Shaw, the Missionary, by the French.

MADAGASCAR has now for several months occupied an unusual interest in the attention of the world. This is due to the fact that the peaceful progress of the island in civilization, under Christian influences, has been suddenly arrested by the domineering action of the French in the island, and the arrest and imprisonment of Mr. G. A. Shaw, one of the agents of the London Missionary Society, for alleged political offences. (*His portrait appears on our front page.*) Happily he has been set at liberty, and will soon resume his evangelistic work at Tamatave. But recently a telegram was received at the Missionary Society's House in London, stating that the Queen of Madagascar had died on July 13th. We avail ourselves, therefore, of the double event to refer to some of the incidents which marked the reign of the late queen, and the circumstances which have given to the name of Mr. Shaw such publicity.

There are only two islands in the world larger than Madagascar. It is situated not far from the African Continent, and is 980 miles in length and 360 at its greatest breadth, extending over an area nearly twice as large as the British Isles, and has a population of about 3,000,000. In THE CHRISTIAN HERALD for January 25th, 1883, we gave an account of the original heathen condition of the country, and the introduction of Christianity, together with several instances of suffering and martyrdom heroically sustained by some of the earliest converts to Christ.

THE LATE QUEEN,

whose portrait appears on our frontispiece, was named Ranavalona II. She succeeded to the throne, at the death of her sister Rasohérina, on April 1st, 1868. After she had been elected queen she adopted the Christian religion. The late queen, while her deceased predecessor lay in state, read portions of an old Bible, which for some time lay on a table in the palace, and from the perusal of that Book the queen decided to embrace the faith for which many distinguished people of her country had suffered loss of life. (*This incident is illustrated in the picture between the two portraits on our front page.*) One of her first acts, as sovereign, was to issue a proclamation closing all Sunday markets, which was generally obeyed.

THE CORONATION.

The great national transaction equivalent to coronation in other countries, but here called the showing or presenting of the sovereign, took place on September 3d, 1868. The queen, with a hundred ladies of rank, ascended a richly decorated platform, and appeared before her people. She was enthusiastically cheered. Then, surrounded by the high-officers of her kingdom, she took her seat beneath the canopy, on the front of which were inscribed in shining letters the Malagasy words signifying, "*Glory be to God;*" on the other sides, "*Good will among men,*" "*On earth peace,*" and "*God shall be with us.*" On one hand of her Majesty stood a small table with the crown, on the other a small table bearing a handsome Bible, sent to her predecessor, Radama II., whose portrait was published in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD of January 25th, 1883, by the British and Foreign Bible Society. The queen wore a white satin dress, embroidered with crowns in gold, in the making of which, it is said, sixty native workpeople had been employed for a long time. Around her were the scarlet-clothed ladies of the royal family, and the members of the English and French missions.

The chief point of interest undoubtedly was the absence of all idols or charms, for Ranavalona II. was the first Malagasy sovereign who was crowned without these heathen appendages. A white silk flag, with the initials of her Majesty's name, and a royal crown superseded the idolatrous emblems, while the presence of the Bible and mottoes from the Word of God were a striking declaration of the change produced in public opinion since the death of the first queen of that name, only seven years before, when Christianity was proscribed, and its professors cruelly persecuted. The most notable event of the following year was the burning of the idols, which was fully described in our previous narrative.

EDUCATION AND REFORMS.

From the very outset of her reign Ranavalona II. showed an earnestness in seeking the welfare of her people, which is unusual in the character of royal personages. Under her sway *education* made rapid advances, and in the principal schools of the provinces there are now about 150,000 scholars. Frequently the queen displayed her interest in this work by personally distributing prizes to the pupils. (*One such occasion is represented in panel numbered 2 of our frontispiece picture.*) According to the native law, which previously operated, all the men in Madagascar were liable to government service in lieu of taxes. The late queen enacted, however, that teachers and others occupied in education should be exempt from such service. Other enlightened changes which she brought about involved the extinction of considerable vested interests. Officers were accustomed to secure to themselves the services of men of lower grade, and many had thus acquired command of a thousand subordinates, but by a new law thirty was the maximum number allowed to the highest officer in the country. This reform was hailed with general satisfaction.

EMANCIPATION OF MOZAMBIQUE SLAVES.

Reforms were also introduced in the army, and the system of life service was abolished, the longest period now required being five years. Many alterations in the administration of justice were likewise made, the old system being regarded as corrupt. Litigation was frequently kept pending for years, bribery was common, and suitors unable to pay costs were in consequence sold into slavery. Under the new system the decision formerly resting with the judges was placed in the hands of a jury of twelve and a chief judge. The late queen has laid the foundations of constitutional government, and the important offices which she established are now held by natives educated in the college at Antananarivo. In 1877 Queen Ranavalona effected the emancipation of all the Mozambique slaves in her dominions, and the importation of slaves was declared illegal. Though domestic slavery still exists, it has been shorn of its worst features, and the public slave markets have been abolished. A few facts gathered from the past history of the island will show how radical were the changes effected.

During the persecution of the reign of Ranavalona I. many of those convicted of Christianity were

EXPOSED IN CHAINS

to the view of the people every market day for months together, in order to intimidate others from following their example. They were thus "made a gazing-stock" and "had trial of cruel mockings," having frequently to endure the insults and contempt of a heathen mob, but in many instances their courage and steadfastness induced some of the bystanders to examine "the new doctrines for themselves," and finally to embrace the truth of which these faithful confessors were not ashamed. (*The picture numbered 3 on our front page depicts one such scene.*)

Not far from Antananarivo, the capital, there is a small village called Ambohitany. This was the seat of the idol Ramahavaly, who was considered the second in dignity and importance among the national gods. This idol was regarded as the patron or protector of serpents, and numbers of them are said to be found in the neighborhood of the village.

SERPENTS SET FREE.

For some alleged offence given to the idol, the followers and guardians of Ramahavaly were allowed to surround the house of Mr. Lyall, an English missionary, and set free a number of serpents in his courtyard. Being obliged to leave his dwelling, and proceed under a guard to a village at some distance, he was followed by the keeper of the idol who carried his god upon a pole covered with scarlet cloth. Behind him walked fifty athletic men, walking two abreast, having their bodies uncovered to the waist, each man bearing in his hand a serpent, which he held by means of a small quantity of straw. They moved along in profound silence, each man carrying the serpents frequently lifting the hand in which the reptile was carried, and exhibiting it to the spectators as it twined its slimy folds round his hand and arm. The people were thus impressed with the idea that the British resident was peculiarly obnoxious to the idol, and that the serpents were its emissaries and the visible agents of its vengeance. (*See division of our frontispiece picture numbered 4*).

A PECULIAR WAR-DANCE.

The Malagasy have a kind of dance, but it consists more in posturing and movements of the hands and arms than of the feet. Both sexes join in the amusement, but they do not dance together, as in the European waltz or polka. One of the tribes called the Sakalavas have a peculiar and picturesque dance, in which parties of men represent the various movements assumed in war. Thus, the attack, the conflict, the pursuit, the rejoicing after victory, etc., are all shown by a kind of dance action. Their guns, which are long, and studded with brass-headed nails, are repeatedly thrown up in the air and caught again in one hand, while a handkerchief or scarf is waved in the other. (*Such a dance is shown in our frontispiece picture, section No 5.*)

The 28th of March, 1849, will long be remembered as a terrible and yet a glorious day in the religious history of Madagascar. Nineteen Christians were condemned to death. Fifteen of them were sentenced to be

HURLED FROM A PRECIPICE.

Wrapped in mats, and with mats thrust into their mouths to prevent their speaking to each other or to the people, these fifteen heroic martyrs were hung by their hands and feet to poles, and carried to the place of execution. But the attempt wholly to stop their mouths failed, for they prayed and addressed the crowd as they were borne along. Thus they reached Ampamarinana. A rope was then firmly tied round the body of each, and, one by one, fourteen of them were lowered a little way over the precipice, which was a sheer depth of 150 feet. While in this position, and when it was hoped by their persecutors that their courage would fail, the executioner, holding a knife in his hand, stood waiting for the command of the officer to cut the rope. Then for the last time the question was addressed to them, "Will you cease to pray?" But the only answer returned was an emphatic "No." Upon this the signal was given, the rope was cut, and in another minute their mangled and bleeding bodies lay upon the rocks below.

HOW ONE OF THE CONDEMNED ESCAPED.

One only of the condemned was spared. A young woman, who was very much liked by the queen, was placed where she could see her companions fall, and was asked, at the instance of the queen—who wished to save her, but could not exempt her from the common sentence against the Christians—whether she would not worship the gods and save her life. She refused, manifesting so much determination to go with her brethren and sisters to heaven, that the officer standing by struck her on the head, and said, "You are a fool! you are mad!" They sent to the queen and told her that she had lost her reason, and should be sent to some

place of safe keeping, which was accordingly done.

THE FATE OF FOUR NOBLES.

A more terrible fate was reserved for the remaining four. They belonged to the class of Andrians, or nobles; and as, by the traditional usages of the country, it was deemed unlawful to shed the blood of persons of this rank, by a refinement of cruelty they were condemned to be burned alive. This sentence was carried out at Faravohitra. They were allowed to walk to their death. With wonderful composure and confidence, these four Christians, *one of whom was a woman*, mounted the hill, singing some of those hymns which had been their joy in former times and were their solace now. There was no wavering, no shrinking back from the fiery ordeal. They reached the place, calmly gazed upon the preparations for death, and meekly surrendered themselves to be fastened to the stakes. Just then

A REMARKABLE PHENOMENON OCCURRED.

An immense rainbow, forming a triple arch, stretched across the heavens. One end appeared to rest on the posts to which the martyrs were tied. The rain in the mean time fell in torrents, and the multitude who were present on the occasion were so struck with amazement and terror at the occurrence, that many of them took to flight. The pile was kindled, and then from amid the crackling and roaring of the fire were heard, not the sounds of pain, but the song of praise. That scene (*see No. 6 in our frontispiece picture*), and the hymn which these martyrs sang as they rose in their fiery chariot to heaven, will never be forgotten in Madagascar. But prayer followed praise. "O Lord," they were heard to cry, "receive our spirits; for Thy love to us has caused this to come to us; and lay not this sin to their charge!" Thus another company was added to "the noble army of martyrs," and yet another proof afforded of the power of the love of Christ to make men and women faithful unto death.

THE CAUSE OF QUARREL WITH FRANCE.

The French have behaved like brutal freebooters in the island. They originally recognized the authority of the Hova dynasty over the whole island, but have recently set up a claim based on a treaty made with another tribe who had no right to make it. That treaty gave the French the power to hold land in perpetuity while the Hovas have good reason to refuse that privilege to any foreign power. Finding that the foreigners made the land they occupied a pest to the island, a centre from which spread drunkenness and other vices, the Hovas insisted on some means of checking the nuisance. They, therefore, refused to sanction the treaty, but were willing to encourage the residence of foreigners by granting them leases for thirty-five years, which would be renewed if the settlers conducted themselves decently. The French demanded the privileges granted in the treaty with the Sakalavas. Hence the quarrel and the conduct of France, which is a disgrace to any nation calling itself civilized.

The French at length proceeded to violent measures. They bombarded and destroyed the ports of Amorokanga and Mojanga, on the north-west coast of Madagascar. These acts of hostility were watched at Antananarivo with dismay. The Malagasy people resented the outrage deeply. A war spirit was aroused, and they determined to resist, with all their power, this attack upon their country.

NOBLE CONDUCT OF THE QUEEN.

This unprovoked attack by the French upon the ports was looked upon as a declaration of war; and on Friday, May 25th, the French residents were ordered to leave Antananarivo by the following Wednesday. The action of the late queen in this matter deserves attention. The general wish of the officers was that they should be turned out of the capital at once, and a message to that effect was sent to the queen. The reply of her Majesty was: "The French call us barbarians, and, if we do as you suggest, perhaps we should prove ourselves to be so. But we are not barbarians. We are Christians, and we must remember, even at this trying time, that we are so, and act as becomes Christians. They gave our friends at Mojanga an hour. We will give their friends five days, and not a hair of their heads, remember, is to be harmed. If they cannot get palanquin-bearers to take them to the coast, I will provide them with bearers and with a guard to see them safe to Tamatave." Accordingly, the French residents were conducted in safety to the coast.

ARREST OF MR. SHAW.

On Friday, June 16th, the French established themselves in complete authority in Tamatave, with a French commandant, French custom-house officers, and French patrol. Notices, headed "Republique Française," setting forth the various decrees of Admiral Pierre, decorated the walls and fences of the foreign residents. In one of these the inhabitants were informed that Tamatave was in a state of siege, and all consular offices were annulled, and stringent regulations regarding the customs and walking in the streets after certain hours were to be enforced by expulsion and other pains and penalties.

The bombardment and occupation of Tamatave was thus completed. The greatest fears were entertained by English missionaries concerning the future. Mr. Shaw, one of the missionaries, was seized and imprisoned. The charge against him by the French authorities was that during the bombardment of Tamatave he "gave intelligence to 'the enemy,' and allowed some of the natives to find shelter in his house, and organized an ambulance corps for the succor and relief of the wounded." There have been negotiations upon the case between the English and French Governments, and he has since been released.

Christian work, in Tamatave at least, if not throughout the country, is now, in consequence, brought to a standstill. The civilization and Christianity of Madagascar are imperilled, certainly hindered. But God has already shown Himself gracious, with a peculiar grace, to Madagascar. Through days and long years of darkness did He bring His people with an exceeding glory, and He will not leave either the workmen or the work in this period of new emergency. We pray that the period of gloom through which the island has been passing will prove to be only the presage of a brighter and more blessed era than it has yet experienced.

THE FOUR DAVYS.

By Rev. Charles Courtenay.

(*Continued from page 595.*)

MR. WILLIAM DAVY.

If any should fancy that William Davy's path was a remarkably easy and smooth one, let me undeceive them at once. The devil did not let him alone, you may be very sure. To tell the plain truth, the fight was as hard a one as ever man had. There were times when he almost despaired of keeping down the awful cravings which seized him. People sometimes wondered why he now and then broke into a run when on one of his errands. And sometimes, too, when heavily weighted. It was an odd freak of William's which they couldn't understand at all.

But if they had had their eyes about them they might have seen that it was only when in the neighborhood of a grog shop that he ran. Hot and weary as he was with his work, it was a sore temptation to him to enter. And, moreover, there were not unfrequently old boon companions of his about, who would be only too delighted to entangle him again in the drink snares.

But if you had asked him, about this time, whether he would have dispensed with his difficulties, you would have been startled perhaps to hear that he thanked God with all his heart that his path was so toilsome. You will be curious to know why.

Suppose we ask William himself. If there is any subject on which he is communicative it is just this one.

"Well, you see, when I signed the pledge I felt so awfully feeble, that though I wasn't in any way religious, I was ready to do anything to get strong. I didn't seem to get on much till I found out that everything I wanted the Lord Jesus was waiting to give me, if I would only take Him for my Saviour. Well, the long and the short of the matter is, I just took the Lord at His word, and gave myself right over to Him."

I think you will agree with him, that his thankfulness rested on as good and broad a foundation of reasonableness as any man could require. And now came effects which nothing else could ever produce to the same depth and degree. His face brightened up marvellously. The old worn, gloomy expression passed quite away. It had now become as sunshiny a face as you could wish to see. Indeed, his whole figure was changed. It became more erect and firm. It gathered dignity. It was manly to a degree.

But what of his prospects in life? How were his earthly circumstances affected? Well, in quite as marked a way as were his face, figure, mind, and manners. First, his wages were advanced. It was only fair that a man who seemed to do two men's work should be paid more wages. Then his position was changed for a better one, for his master could not fail to see that his services could be used to far more advantage in a higher and more responsible post. Indeed, William Davy, with his shrewdness and business capacity, became after a while almost indispensable.

Of course the distance between him and his old companions became wider than ever; so wide now, that even the little measure of familiarity which remained disappeared. They did not venture to call him "William" now. It was much too familiar. They were obliged, in spite of themselves, to dub him "Mr. William Davy."

WILLIAM DAVY, ESQ.

"Nothing succeeds like success," it is often. and I think truly, said; at least, events seemed to prove it, for Mr. William Davy was mounting the hill almost as fast as at one time he descended it.

Before long an opening occurred of just the sort of business as would suit him, and which, as he had now a little capital of his own, he felt justified in taking.

How hard he worked! Morning, noon, and night he was at it. And all, of course, without beer. Trust him not to make strong drink a friend again. He used to say that it was total abstinence which enabled him to work so hard.

And how his business prospered! It seemed as if everybody had entered into a conspiracy to do all they could to make Mr. William Davy a rich man. But then they always got a good article for their money, which no doubt brought them again, and others with them.

How many times he enlarged his place of business I should hardly like to say. Again and again he was driven to advertise for new hands, so great was the pressure of business.

It was hardly likely that so successful and so keen-witted a man should escape public work. And so we find him before long elevated to an important post in the government of the town, and his advice sought on innumerable subjects. By and by he had made money enough to build a nice little house outside the town, where he might enjoy the country air. This, of course, necessitated the purchase of a horse and carriage, for the distance was too great to be walked every day. Indeed, his prosperity was most marked, and seemed to be ever on the increase.

There is little more to add, I think, except that there came a time when he retired from business with a very handsome fortune, and with his wife and family enjoyed the rest he so richly deserved.

Perhaps it may be of interest, however, to notice that now his letters were addressed to

"WILLIAM DAVY, ESQ."

A TIGHT GRIP.

Dr. Talmage's Sermon, Preached Last Sunday Morning, September 23, 1883.

"And his hand clave unto the sword."—II. SAM. 23 : 10.

A Valiant General—Magnificent Fighting—The Imbedded Sword-hilt—A Coward's Sword Easily Dropped—A Tight Grip on the Gospel Weapons—The Bible a Damascus Blade—Worth Gripping—A Criminal's Significant Avowal—The Nothingarian Creed—Eleazar's Self-forgetfulness—A Wounded Musician's Anæsthetic—A Blind Author's Device—The Song of Madagascar Martyrs—Eleazar's Hard Hitting—Knoxes Needed in the Church—Refined Christian Warfare—A Rigid Grip—An Aged Statesman's Death—The Testimony of Venerable Christians—The Scars of Battle—The Shame of the Unscarred.

A GREAT general of King David was Eleazar, the hero of the text. The Philistines opened battle against him, and his troops retreated. The cowards fled. Eleazar and three of his comrades went into the battle and swept the field, for four men with God on their side are stronger than a whole battalion with God against them. "Fall back!" shouted the commander of the Philistine army. The cry ran along the host: "Fall back!" Eleazar having swept the field throws himself on the ground to rest, but the muscles and sinews of his hand had been so long bent around the hilt of the sword that the hilt was imbedded in the flesh, and the gold wire of the hilt had broken through the skin of the palm of the hand, and he could not drop this sword which he had so gallantly wielded. "His hand clave unto the sword." That is what I call magnificent fighting for the Lord God of Israel. And we want more of it.

I propose to show you this morning

HOW ELEAZAR TOOK HOLD

of the sword and how the sword took hold of Eleazar. I look at Eleazar's hand, and I come to the conclusion that he took the sword with a very tight grip. The cowards who fled had no trouble in dropping their swords. As they fly over the rocks I hear their swords clanging in every direction. It is easy enough for them to drop their swords. But Eleazar's hand clave unto the sword.

O my friends, in this Christian conflict we want a tighter grip of the Gospel weapons, a tighter grasp of the two-edged sword of the truth. It makes me sick to see these Christian people who hold only a part of the truth, and let the rest of the truth go, so that the Philistines, seeing the loosened grasp, wrench the whole sword away from them. The only safe thing for us to do is to put our thumb on the Book of Genesis and sweep our hand around the Book until the New Testament comes into the palm, and keep on sweeping our hand around the Book until the tips of the fingers clutch at the words: "In the beginning God created the heavens and the earth." I like an infidel a great deal better than I do one of these namby-pamby Christians who hold a part of the truth and let the rest go.

By miracle God preserved this Bible just as it is, and it is

A DAMASCUS BLADE.

The severest test to which a sword can be put in a sword factory is to wind the blade around a gun barrel like a ribbon, and then when the sword is let loose it flies back to its own shape. So the sword of God's truth has been fully tested, and it is bent this way and that way, and wound this way and that way, but it always comes back to its own shape. Think of it! A Book written eighteen centuries ago, and some of it thousands of years ago, and yet in our time the average sale of this Book is more than twenty thousand copies every week, and more than a million copies a year. I say now that a book which is divinely inspired and divinely kept and divinely scattered is a weapon worth holding a tight grip of.

Bishop Colenso will come along and try to wrench out of your hand the five books of Moses, and Strauss will come along and try to wrench out of your hand the miracles, and Renan will come along and try to wrench out of your hand the entire life of the Lord Jesus Christ, and your associates in the shop, or the factory, or the banking house will try to wrench out of your hand the entire Bible; but in the strength of the Lord God of Israel, and with Eleazar's grip hold on it. You give up the Bible, you give up any part of it, and you give up pardon and peace and life and heaven.

I see hundreds, perhaps thousands, of young men in this audience. Do not be ashamed, young man, to have the world know that you are a friend of the Bible. This Book is the friend of all that is good, and it is the sworn enemy of all that is bad. An eloquent writer recently gives an incident of a very bad man who stood in a cell of a Western prison. This criminal had gone through all styles of crime, and he was there waiting for the gallows. The convict standing there at the window of the cell, this writer says, "looked out and declared, 'I am an infidel.' He said that to all the men and women and children who happened to be gathered there, 'I am an infidel,'" and the eloquent writer says, "every man and woman there believed him." And the writer goes on to say, "If he had stood there saying, 'I am a Christian,' every man and woman would have said, 'He is a liar!'"

This Bible is the sworn enemy of all that is wrong, and it is the friend of all that is good. Oh, hold on it. Do not take part of it and throw the rest away. Hold on to all of it. There are so many people now who do not know. You ask them if the soul is immortal, and they say, "I guess it is, I don't know; perhaps it is, perhaps it isn't." Is the Bible true? "Well, perhaps it is, and perhaps it isn't; perhaps it may be figuratively, and perhaps it may be partly, and perhaps it may not be at all." They despise what they call the apostolic creed; but if

THEIR OWN CREED

were written out it would read like this: "I believe in nothing, the maker of heaven and earth, and in nothing which it hath sent, which nothing was born of nothing, and which nothing was dead and buried and descended into nothing, and arose from nothing, and ascended to nothing, and now sitteth at the right hand of nothing, from which it will come to judge nothing. I believe in the holy agnostic church and in the communion of nothingarians, and in the forgiveness of nothing, and the resurrection of nothing, and in the life that never shall be. Amen!" That is the creed of tens of thousands of people in this day. If you have a mind to adopt such a theory I will not. "I believe in God the Father Almighty, Maker of heaven and earth, and in Jesus Christ, and in the holy catholic church, and in the communion of saints, and in the life everlasting. Amen." Oh, when I see Eleazar taking such a stout grip of the sword in the battle against sin and for righteousness, I came to the conclusion that we ought to take a stouter grip of God's eternal truth, the sword of righteousness.

THE UNCONSCIOUS GRIP.

As I look at Eleazar's hand I also notice his spirit of self-forgetfulness. He did not notice that the hilt of the sword was eating through the palm of his hand. He did not know it hurt him. As he went out into the conflict he was so anxious for the victory he forgot himself, and that hilt might go never so deeply into the palm of his hand, it could not disturb him. "His hand clave unto the sword." O my brothers and sisters, let us go into the Christian conflict with the spirit of self-abnegation. Who cares whether the world praises us or denounces us? What do we care for misrepresentation, or abuse, or persecution in a conflict like this? Let us forget ourselves. That man who is afraid of getting his hand hurt will never kill a Philistine. Who cares whether you get hurt or not if you get the victory? Oh, how many Christians there are who are all the time worrying about the way the world treats them. They are so tired, and they are so abused, and they are so tempted, when Eleazar did not think whether he had a hand, or an arm, or a foot. All he wanted was victory.

SELF FORGOTTEN.

We see how men forget themselves in worldly achievement. We have often seen men who in order to achieve worldly success will forget all physical fatigue and all annoyance and all obstacle. Just after the battle of Yorktown, in the American Revolution, *a musician wounded* was told he must have his limbs amputated, and they were about to fasten him to the surgeon's table—for it was long before the merciful discovery of anæsthetics. He said, "No, don't fasten me to that table; get me a violin." A violin was brought to him, and he said: "Now go to work as I begin to play," and for forty minutes, during the awful pangs of amputation, he moved not a muscle nor dropped a note, while he played some sweet tune. Oh, is it not strange that with the music of the Gospel of Jesus Christ, and with this grand march of the church militant on the way to become the church triumphant, we cannot forget ourselves and forget all pang and all sorrow and all persecution and all perturbation.

We know what men accomplish under worldly opposition. Men do not shrink back for antagonism, or for hardship. You have admired Prescott's "Conquest of Mexico," as brilliant and beautiful a history as was ever written; but some of you may not know under what disadvantages it was written—that Conquest of Mexico—for Prescott was totally blind, and he had two pieces of wood parallel to each other fastened, and totally blind, with his pen between those pieces of wood he wrote, the stroke against one piece of wood telling how far the pen must go in one way, the stroke against the other piece of wood telling how far the pen must go in the other way. Oh, how much men will endure for worldly knowledge and for worldly success, and yet how little we endure for Jesus Christ. How many Christians there are that go around saying, "O my hand, my hand, my hurt hand; don't you see there is blood on the hand, and there is blood on the sword?" while Eleazar, with the hilt imbedded in the flesh of his right hand, does not know it.

"Must I be carried to the skies
On flowery beds of ease,
While others fought to win the prize
Or sail through bloody seas?"

THE MARTYRS' SONG.

What have we suffered in comparison with those who expired with suffocation, or were burned, or were chopped to pieces for the truth's sake? We talk of the persecution of olden times. There is just as much persecution going on now in various ways. In 1849, in Madagascar, eighteen men were put to death for Christ's sake. They were to be hurled over the rocks, and before they were hurled over the rocks, in order to make their death the more dreadful in anticipation, they were put in baskets and swung to and fro over the precipice that they might see how many hundred feet they would have to be dashed down, and while they were swinging in these baskets over the rocks they sang:

"Jesus, lover of my soul,
Let me to Thy bosom fly,
While the billows near me roll,
While the tempest still is high."

Then they were dashed down to death. Oh, how much others have endured for Christ, and how little we endure for Christ. We want to ride to heaven in a Pullman sleeping-car, our feet on soft plush, the bed made up early so we can sleep all the way, the black porter of Death to wake us up only in time to enter the golden city. We want all the surgeons to fix our hand up. Let them bring on all the lint and all the bandages and all the salve, for our hand is hurt, while Eleazar does not know his hand is hurt. "His hand clave unto the sword."

As I look at Eleazar's hand, I come to the conclusion that he has done a great deal of

HARD HITTING.

I am not surprised when I see that these four men—Eleazar and his three companions—drove back the army of Philistines, that Eleazar's sword clave to his hand, for every time he struck an enemy with one end of the sword, the other end of the sword wounded him. When he took hold of the sword, the sword took hold of him. Oh, we have found an enemy cannot be conquered by rose water and soft speeches. It must be sharp stroke and straight thrust. There is intemperance, and there is fraud, and there is gambling, and there is lust, and there are ten thousand battalions of iniquity, *armed Philistine iniquity*. How are they to be captured and overthrown? Soft sermons in morocco cases laid down in front of an exquisite audience will not do it. You have got to call things by their right name.

We have got to expel from our churches Christians who eat the sacrament on Sunday and devour widows' houses all the week. We have got to stop our indignation against the Hittites and the Jebusites and the Gergishites, and let those poor wretches go, and apply our indignation to the modern transgressions which need to be dragged out and slain. Ahabs here. Herods here. Jezebels here. The massacre of the infants here. Strike for God so hard that while you slay the sin the sword will adhere to your own hand. I tell you, my friends, we want a few John Knoxes and John Wesleys in the Christian Church to-day. The whole tendency is to refine on Christian work. We keep on refining on it, until we send apologetic word to inquity we are about to capture it. And we must go with sword silver-chased and presented by the ladies, and we must ride on white palfrey under embroidered housing, putting the spurs in only just enough to make the charger dance gracefully, and then we must send a missive, delicate as a wedding card, to ask the old black giant of sin if he will not surrender.

Women saved by the grace of God and on glorious mission sent, detained from Sabbath classes because their new hat is not done. Methodist churches that shook our cities with great revivals sending around to ask some demonstrative worshipper if he will not please to say "amen" and "hallelujah" a little softer. It seems as if in our churches we wanted a baptism of cologne and balm of a thousand flowers, when we actually need a baptism of fire from the Lord God of Pentecost. But we are so afraid somebody will criticise our sermons, or criticise our prayers, or criticise our religious work, that our anxiety for the world's redemption is lost in the fear we will get our hand hurt, while Eleazar went into the conflict, "and his hand clave unto the sword."

A RIGID GRIP.

But I see in the next place what a hard thing it was for Eleazar to get his hand and his sword parted. The muscles and the sinews had been so long grasped around the sword he could not drop it when he proposed to drop it, and his three comrades, I suppose, came up and tried to help him, and they bathed the back part of the hand, hoping the sinews and muscles would relax. But no. "His hand clave to the sword." Then they tried to pull open the fingers and to pull back the thumb; but no sooner were they pulled back than they closed again, "and his hand clave unto the sword." But after a while they were successful, and then they noticed that the curve in the palm of the hand corresponded exactly with the curve of the hilt. "His hand clave unto the sword."

You and I have seen it many a time. There are in the United States to-day many aged ministers of the Gospel. They are too feeble now to preach. In the church records the word opposite their name is "emeritus," or the words are, "a minister without charge." They were a heroic race. They had small salaries, and but few books, and they swam spring freshets to meet their appointments. But they did in their day a mighty work for God. They took off more of the heads of Philistine iniquity than you could count from noon to sundown. You put that old minister of the Gospel now into a prayer-meeting, or occasional pulpit, or a sick room where there is some one to be comforted, and it is the same old ring to his voice and the same old story of pardon and peace and Christ and heaven. His hand has so long clutched the sword in Christian conflict he cannot drop it. "His hand clave unto the sword."

I had in my parish in Philadelphia a very aged man who in his early life had been the companion and

ADVISER OF THE EARLY PRESIDENTS,

Madison and Monroe. He had wielded vast influence, but I only knew him as a very aged man. The most remarkable thing about him was his ardor for Christ. When he could not stand up in the meetings without propping, he would throw his arm around a pillar of the church, and though his mind was partially gone, his love for Christ was so great that all were in deep respect and profound admiration, and were moved when he spoke. I was called to see him die. I entered the room, and he said: "Mr. Talmage, I cannot speak to you now." He was in a very pleasant delirium, as he imagined he had an audience before him. He said: "I must tell these people to come to Christ and prepare for heaven." And then in this pleasant delirium, both arms lifted, this octogenarian preached Christ and told of the glories of the world to come. There, lying on his dying pillow, his dying hand clave to his sword.

Oh, if there ever was any one who had a right to retire from the conflict it was

OLD JOSHUA.

Soldiers come back from battle have the names of the battles on their flags, showing where they distinguished themselves, and it is a very appropriate inscription. Look at that flag of old General Joshua. On it, Jericho, Gibeon, Hazar, City of Ai, and instead of the stars sprinkled on the flag, the sun and the moon which stood still. There he is, a hundred and ten years old. He is lying flat on his back, but he is preaching. His dying words are a battle charge against idolatry, and a rallying cry for the Lord of Hosts as he says: "Behold, this day I go the way of all the earth, and God hath not failed to fulfil His promise concerning Israel." His dying hand clave unto the sword.

There is the headless body of Paul on the road to Ostea. His great brain and his great heart have been severed. The elmwood rods had stung him fearfully. When the corn ship broke up he swam ashore, coming up drenched with the brine. Every day since that day when the horse reared under him in the suburbs of Damascus, as the supernatural light fell, down to this day when he is sixty-eight years of age, and old and decrepit from the prison cell of the Mamartine, he has been outrageously treated, and he is waiting to die. How does he spend his last hours? Telling the world how badly he feels, and describing the rheumatism that he got in prison, the rheumatism afflicting his limbs, or the neuralgia piercing his temples, or the thirst that fevers his tongue? Oh, no. His last words are the battle shout for Christendom: "I am now ready to be offered, and the time of my departure is at hand; I have fought the good fight." And so his dying hand clave unto the sword.

It was in the front room on the second floor that

MY FATHER LAY A-DYING.

It was Saturday morning, four o'clock. Just three years before that day, my mother had left him for the skies, and he had been homesick to join her company. He was eighty-three years of age. Ministers of the Gospel came in to comfort him, but he comforted them. How wonderfully the words sounded out from his dying pillow: "I have been young and now am old, yet have I never seen the righteous forsaken, or His seed begging bread." They bathed his brow, and they bathed his hands, and they bathed his feet, and they succeeded in straightening out the feet; but they did not succeed in bathing open the hand so it would stay open. They bathed the hand open, but it came shut. They bathed it open again, but it came shut. What was the matter with the thumb and the fingers of that old hand? Ah! it had so long clutched the sword of Christian conflict that "his hand clave unto the sword."

I preach this sermon as a tonic. I want you to hold the truth with ineradicable grip, and I want you to strike so hard for God that it will react, and while you take the sword

THE SWORD WILL TAKE YOU.

You noticed that the officers of the Northern army recently assembled at Denver, and you noticed that the officers of the Southern army recently assembled at Lexington. Soldiers coming together are very apt to recount their experiences and to show their scars. Here is a soldier who pulls up his sleeve, and says, "There, I was wounded in that arm," and shows the scar. And another soldier pulls down his collar, and says, "There, I was wounded in the neck." And another soldier says, "I have had no use of that limb since the gunshot fracture." O my friends, when the battle of life is over, and the resurrection has come, and our bodies rise from the dead, will we have on us any

SCARS SHOWING OUR BRAVERY

for God? Christ will be there all covered with scars. Scars on the brow, scars on the hand, scars on the feet, scars all over the heart won in the battle of redemption. And all heaven will sob aloud with emotion as they look at those scars. Ignatius will be there, and he will point out the place where the tooth and paw of the lion seized him in the Colisseum, and John Huss will be there, and he will show where the coal first scorched the foot on that day when his spirit took wing of flame from Constance. M'Millan, and Campbell, and Freeman, American missionaries in India, will be there—the men who with their wives and children went down in the awful massacre at Cawnpore, and they will show where the daggers of the Sepoys struck them. The Waldenses will be there, and they will show where their bones were broken on that day when the Piedmontese soldiery pitched them over the rocks. And there will be those there who took care of the sick and who looked after the poor, and they will have evidences of earthly exhaustion. And Christ, with His scarred hand waving over the scarred multitude, will say, "You suffered with Me on earth; now be glorified with Me in heaven." And then the great organs of eternity will take up the chant, and St. John will play: "These are they who came out of great tribulation and had their robes washed and made white in the blood of the Lamb."

But what will your chagrin and mine be if it shall be told that day on the streets of heaven that on earth we shrank back from all toil and sacrifice and hardship. No scars to show the heavenly soldiery. Not so much as one ridge on the palm of the hand to show that just once in all this battle for God and the truth, we just once grasped the sword so firmly, and struck so hard that the sword and the hand struck together and the hand clave to the sword. O my Lord Jesus, rouse us to Thy service.

"Thy saints in all this glorious war
Shall conquer though they die;
They see the triumph from afar,
And seize it with the eye.

"When that illustrious day shall rise,
And all thy armies shine
In robes of victory through the skies,
The glory shall be thine."

Sabbath Observance in France is Increasing.—The Paris correspondent of the London *Record* gives some very interesting and gratifying facts indicating a growth of Sabbath observance in that city. He says that wholesale business is altogether stopped, while retail trade is greatly lessening. In most localities only one distribution of letters takes place, and most public offices are closed. The new rules for military exercises leave the soldiers free to take part or not on Sundays, as conscience dictates.

A CATECHISM ON PROPHECY.

By Walter Scott.

IN a work recently published in England the doctrines held by the majority of students of prophecy are gathered into catechetical form by the author. In the course of the series the following questions and answers occur:

Will evil increase or decrease before the Lord comes?

It will increase. "But evil men and seducers shall wax *worse and worse*, deceiving and being deceived." "In *the last days* (already set in) perilous times shall come." This inspired oracle is followed by an account of Church-corruption, in words almost precisely similar to that employed to set forth old heathen wickedness (II Tim. 3 : 1–13, with Rom. 1 : 28–32).

What Scriptures show the coming of Christ for *His saints?*

John 14 : 3; I Thess. 4 : 13–17; II Thess. 2 : 1. In the *first*, we have simply the fact stated; in the *second*, we have precious details given; in the *third*, is laid the ground of weighty warning and needed instruction; see also I Cor. 15 : 23; I Thess 1 : 10; Phil. 3 : 20, 21; Rev. 3 : 10, 11.

What Scriptures show the coming of Christ with *His saints?*

Rev. 19 : 11, 14; Zech. 14 : 5; Col. 3 : 4, etc. The *first* shows the fact in relation to the Western powers; the *second*, treats of it in reference to the Northern and Eastern powers; the *third*, reveals the blessed association of the heavenly saints with Christ in His glorious appearing; see also I Thess. 3 : 13; II Thess. 1 : 10; Jude 14; Rev. 17 : 14.

Will Christ, in the first instance, come to the Earth?

No; but to *the air*, where His saints—the raised dead and changed living—will meet Him (I Thess. 4 : 17); afterward to *Mount Olivet*, accompanied by His heavenly people (Zech. 14 : 4) and the holy angels (Matt. 25 : 31).

Will Christ personally appear on the Earth?

Yes. Personally He will appear to the Jews, whom He will bring into permanent spiritual and temporal blessing (Zech. 12 : 10); see also Mal. 3 : 1; Ezek. 43 : 7; Zech. 8 : 3, etc. He will not, however, reign *on* but *over* the earth.

Will the Jews as a nation be converted before the restoration to Palestine?

No; for when restored to Palestine the mass of the people will receive the Antichrist or false Messiah. Two-thirds will be cut off in judgment by the Lord, and a remnant alone preserved and saved (Zech. 13 : 8, 9). Unbelief and infidelity will characterize the nation prior to and when restored; their spiritual quickening and blessing is a subsequent event.

Will the Temple be rebuilt and a Jewish ritual established?

Yes. The Antichrist to come will make the Temple the seat of his worship (II Thess. 2 : 4). It is also regarded as existing with its daily sacrifice and worship, during the course of the future judgments (Rev. 11; Isa. 64 : 6; Dan. 1 : 11). The Lord, too, in His great prophetic discourse (Matt. 24 : 15), pointed to *that* "holy place" in future at the end of this age.

Will the old Roman or Latin Empire be resuscitated, and by whom and when?

It will. Satan will be the agent in effecting its revival, which will be accomplished after the present interval of grace is closed and the Church translated to the Father's house. Satan will then be allowed to consummate the civil and ecclesiastical apostasies; see Rev. 17 : 8 for the former, and II Thess. 2 : 8, 9 for the latter.

Into how many parts will the resuscitated Roman Empire be distributed?

Into ten kingdoms. Ireland, America, and some portions of the Continent will probably be excepted, as not formerly constituting part of the old Roman Empire. Europe generally will be the area covered by the revived Empire; see Dan. 7 : 7, 8; Rev. 17 : 3, 7–16.

Who is meant by the "little horn" of Dan. 7, and what relationship will he sustain to the Jews?

This little horn or king will head the revived Roman power, and will politically favor the Jews, taking them under his special protection. It is this future Roman prince that is referred to in Dan. 9 : 27, who will make a political league with the apostate nation for seven years, and who will also ally himself with the Antichrist or Jewish prophet and king (Rev. 13).

Who is meant by the "little horn" of Dan. 8, and what relationship will he sustain to the Jews?

This king will be the future antagonist of the Jewish people, and is the same spoken of by the prophets Isaiah and Micah as "The Assyrian."

ANECDOTES RELATED AT THE EVANGELISTIC MEETINGS IN SCOTLAND.

A Converted Romanist's Confession.—At Cowcaddens, the Rev. Mr. Wells said: "I was much interested in a Roman Catholic who joined my church in the Townhead. When he applied to be admitted into full membership, I inquired, 'What made you leave your own church?' He replied in language so racy and original that I remember it yet. 'Well, your reverence, I thought that when the Lord Jesus takes one in hand, He can do it all Himself, your reverence, and don't need the help of priests, saints, and all that rubbish; so I've made up my mind to leave myself with Him alone."

A Wee Scotch Lassie.—Mr. Duncan said at a recent meeting: "Some time ago a little girl waited behind among the anxious at an evangelistic meeting. A worker inquired, 'What do you want, my girl?' 'I want to be a good lassie.' That reply was a true sign of an anxious inquirer. The Holy Spirit showed her the condition of her heart in the eyes of God, and now she longed to be quite different; and Christ opened His arms and received her as she was. *It is just like Him.* 'Suffer little children to come unto Me, for of such is the kingdom of heaven.'"

An Elderly Backslider Restored.—"When Dr. Bonar was at one of our Conferences, an elderly woman sent a message requesting him to call upon her. The Doctor visited her, and she told him that more than forty years before, she was a member of his church, but fell into sin, and since then she had never entered a church-door till two years ago, when she was truly converted to Christ at a meeting. During the forty years of her sinful career, she never forgot some of Dr. Bonar's words, and often in the midst of revelry they destroyed her pleasure, and shook her soul with terror."

A Thoroughly Happy Farmer.—"One of Our border farmers fell into financial difficulties, and prepared to go abroad. He was much disheartened by his failure, and drank to drown his misery. When the day came on which he was to sail he was so drunk that he forgot about it, and was thus short shipped. Shortly afterward he came to our meeting, and was converted. He was living in his brother's house at the time, and as after his conversion he refused to conform to the drinking-customs of the household, he was ejected from it. He is now working with his hands as a common field laborer, yet he is happier now than he was in his most prosperous days, for Christ is his companion, and in His salvation he rejoices all the day long."

A Sunday Class at a Bedside.—Mr. Hill then narrated the following incident: "Not long ago I visited a girl not yet sixteen years of age. For the last eight years she has been suffering indescribable pain from consumption of the bone. I could only sit beside her and weep as I heard her speak so sweetly of Jesus. I inquired, 'Did you never get into Doubting Castle?' 'Yes, Mr. Hill, I did.' 'Why did you go there?' 'When I was ill at first I began to think it strange that God should take away so many useful people and leave poor helpless me here.' 'How did you get out?' I said. 'Lord Jesus, give me something to do for You. That afternoon I spoke to one about Jesus, and now I have a class of eighteen who meet here once a week.' That warm-hearted Christian lying on a bed of suffering is a living rebuke to those who stand calmly by and see their brethren going down to destruction without putting out a hand to stay or turn them. She can point out on the list of names one after another who have given themselves into Christ's keeping."

A Persecuting Jewess Converted.—At a Noonday prayer-meeting, Mr. Baron said: "We have great reason to praise God for His favor in our work among the Jews of the city. Twelve months ago this week our first convert was baptized by the Rev. Dr. Bonar. His wife was bitter with anger against him, and in every way possible persecuted him, sparing no pains or labor to annoy him, thinking that for the sake of a quiet life he would abjure his new faith and return to Judaism. Her efforts, however, were fruitless, for God gave him grace to bear with meekness the daily trials inflicted upon him. This conduct told his wife of another power, of which she was totally ignorant, and caused her to search the Scriptures lest her husband might be right after all. Last week she confessed herself a Christian, and has applied for baptism into the name of Christ."

An Artist's Prayer.—At Cowcaddens, Mr. Arthur said: "There is a beautiful story about a picture which every one in this church has seen a copy of in the local picture-dealers' windows. It represents Christ knocking at a door, and standing patiently until the inmates choose to open it. The owner of the original painting took it out of the frame to have it cleaned, and noticed some Latin words written on the margin usually covered by the frame. His curiosity was aroused, and he read them, and saw they were a prayer by the painter, who is one of our greatest living artists. Translated, the prayer reads, 'Do not pass me over, O Lord!' Mr. Holman Hunt, when he finished the picture, realized its importance as a picture sermon, and being moved by the lesson it conveyed, he prayed that the Divinely patient Saviour might never leave his heart. Let this be the prayer going up from every heart, 'Do not pass *me* over, O Lord.'"

Two Pretended Inquirers.—Mr. R. Simpson, while addressing a Gospel Temperance Meeting recently, said: "A few weeks ago two young men came in as inquirers, and I talked to them solemnly about eternity and the judgment seat, as also of salvation from sin through faith in Christ. They literally *laughed in my face* and made fun of the whole thing. I said, 'Dear young friends, it won't do to spend my precious time, or take up yours, when your sins are sitting as lightly on your souls as the hair on your head.' One of the young men, though he did not say there was no God, declared *there was no devil.* Some days afterward he came to me and said, 'Before a week went round, the Holy Spirit showed me, not only that there is a devil, but *I felt as if I had seen him.*' He was now thoroughly awakened and alarmed; and God in the riches of His mercy brought both these young men to Himself."

Converted in a Stable.—The Rev. Mr. Munro said: "A young farmer in America went, at the earnest request of his father, to hear a certain minister, who preached from the text, 'Take My yoke upon you, and learn of Me, for I am meek and lowly in heart.' The sermon was the means of convicting him of sin, and he was much agitated. Next Sabbath he could not remain at home, owing to his knowledge of his unhappy state; but instead of going to hear the same man, he went to another church in which another minister spoke from the same text. Convinced before, he was now completely terrified, and had little rest that night. Next morning he entered the stable to yoke his oxen. He took the yoke off the wall on which it hung, and going into the stall, told the ox to turn round. At once the strong animal meekly turned its head to receive the yoke. The action of the ox made this thought flash through his mind: 'This poor beast is willingly doing for me what I refuse to do for Christ.' There and then in the stall he took Christ's yoke upon him, and in giving his testimony at a meeting afterward, said, 'For years that yoke has been

on my neck, and I testify that the Bible is true when it says, "His yoke is easy."'"

Speech and Hearing Restored.—A Worker said: "Last night a respectable young man, who gave his name and address, told us that exactly a year ago he was standing, after a course of hard drinking which had the effect of making him nearly deaf and altogether speechless, at the corner among the crowd who were listening to the open-air singing, when a lady worker invited him to enter. He made signs that he did not understand her, so she took out her note-book and wrote on it, 'Come into the church, all are welcome.' He entered, and had conversation by means of writing in the after-meeting. He took the pledge, and, what is better, he accepted Christ's offer of salvation. He has not tasted drink since then; he is a member of Free St. George's Church, Paisley, and is an active worker in that town. His speech and hearing are completely restored to him, and being in Glasgow again, he came from the south side of the river to see the place where he was born again. For the first two months he labored under great temptation to drink, but he took the craving to the Lord, who enabled him to overcome the devil and all the desires of the flesh."

A Lady Captures Two Sailors.—Mr. Marsh related the following encouraging incident: "A young lady who, out of love to Christ, had determined in her own heart to seek sinful souls for the Master at all times and seasons, used to go out into Ratcliff Highway, London, with the sword of the Spirit in her hand, believing that she would be protected by God, and enabled to do some work for the glory of God. On one occasion she got two rough sailors under a street lamp, and spoke to them about Jesus, the Son of the living God, who was willing to save and bless them and make them happy forever. Her gentle, modest manner drew out the best part of these men's natures, and with evident interest they entered into the conversation with sincere hearts, being also moved by the power of God. The lady read John 3 : 16 to them, but they kept saying, 'We're too bad, miss; we're too bad.' And she kept replying, 'But God says it. It's not what *you* think or say; God says it.' At last these men, by the steady strokes of the Spirit, whose sword was wielded by a helpless woman, were completely broken down, yielded themselves to Christ, and are now rejoicing in His salvation, and serving Him."

THE RESTORATION OF ISRAEL,

Viewed in Connection with the Restitution of all Things.

By the Rev. A. C. Tris.

RESTORATION and restitution are words of similar meaning. Dr. Young's "Concordance" (page 811) renders the Greek word, "Apokatastasis," as meaning, "a putting down again, a restoration." That the restitution of all things, mentioned in Acts 3 : 21, is not a destruction, or winding up of the cosmical state of affairs, but a setting up of that which is fallen down, is obvious. The Holy Ghost solemnly declares: "That God hath spoken of it by the mouth of His holy prophets from the ages," or since the world began, and, truly, the fact that the prophets of old dwelt upon this glorious theme of happiness is plain. The restitution of all things is closely connected with the Adamic-Abrahamic and Davidic Covenants, and is bringing before our view a vista of the grand scheme and plan of Jehovah, called "the new covenant" (Jer. 31: 31–37, 17; Heb. 8 : 10, 13).

ISRAEL'S NEW COVENANT.

That new covenant belongs principally to the Jews, and will be manifested in the latter days. The words of Jehovah do not admit of any cavil: "For this is the covenant that I will make *with the house of Israel* after those days, saith the Lord, I will put my laws into their minds, and write them in their hearts, and I will be to them a God, and they shall be to me a people" (Heb. 8 : 10). And, looking from that standpoint, the future of Israel is closely connected with the bright hope and expectation of the groaning earth and creature, and the glorious liberty of the children of God (Rom. 8 : 19–23).

MAN A RULER.

It is an undeniable fact that the first man, Adam, was endowed with the prerogatives of a ruler, "Who should have dominion over the fish of the sea, and over the fowl of the air, and over every living thing that moveth upon the earth" (Gen. 1 : 28). And, these prerogatives are yet the absorbing passion of all his descendants, and misrule is the universal sin of men.

It cannot be gainsayed that the elect of God (Rom. 8 : 33) have not been reinstated in the full possession, and have not come to the ruling power, which they lost in the first Adam; they are only in a state of expectation, "waiting for the manifestation of the sons of God" (Rom. 8 : 19), when the prerogatives of a ruler will be restored to them. The redemption wrought by Christ is, and will be, a finished work—a complete redemption. It commenced *with* and *in* the midst of the people of Israel, and, therefore, Israel must be restored– the work of Jesus must be accomplished as a glorious redemption in the midst of that same people, "restored Israel" (Ezekiel 37 : 21–28; 39 : 23–29; Rev. 14 : 3–5). Never was Christ yet the Husband of Israel, according to the covenant (Jer. 31 : 3); never did Christ have His marriage feast with "*His wife*" (Rev. 19 : 7). And also the promise given to Israel (Isa. 54 : 5), must be fulfilled: "For thy Maker is thine husband; the Lord of hosts is His name; and thy Redeemer the Holy One of Israel; the God of the whole earth shall He be called." "Then shall Jesus see the travail of His soul, and shall be satisfied" (Isa. 53 : 11).

THE WAY.

This grand scheme of the restitution of all things, and the way in which it will be accomplished, is universally ignored, but it has paramount claims on the attention of devout and thoughtful Christians.

When the fulness of time came, Gabriel brought the joyful tidings to Israel that "the Christ of God" should be born. The Jewish maid heard the angelic words: "He shall be great, and shall be called the Son of the Highest; and the Lord God shall give unto Him the throne of His father David: and He shall reign over the house of Jacob forever; and of His kingdom there shall be no end" (Luke 1 : 32, 33). Christ is proclaimed as a Ruler on earth and as the head of His Church, His body (Eph. 5 : 33).

CHRIST THE KING.

The proclamation of the archangel corroborates the prophecy which we find in Micah 5 : 2 that He, who should come forth out of Bethlehem Ephratah, should be "a ruler [mashal] in Israel" as one upon whose shoulder should be the government [misrah—princely power] (Isa. 9 : 6, 7). And this idea of a ruling Messiah on earth is everywhere predominant in the prophecies of the Old and New Testaments.

The prophecy of Balaam was: "That a Sceptre shall rise out of Israel, and shall smite the corners of Moab, and destroy all the children of Sheth" (Numbers 24 : 17). And in Ps. 110 it is said that Adonai should sit at the right hand of Jehovah, "*till*" He make His enemies His footstool, and then He will appear in Zion, and as a Conqueror smite "*the head*" of the mighty earth, *the Antichrist*. II Thess. 2 : 8, 9 and Ps. 110 : 6 declare the same truth. In accordance with the Abrahamic Covenant, Abraham's greatest Son must "bless all the nations of the earth" (Gen. 17 : 7; Gen. 22 : 18). And in accordance with the Davidic Covenant, David's royal Son shall sit upon His throne, and "shall have dominion from sea to sea, and from the river to the ends of the earth" (Ps. 72 : 8).

Let us pause before this wonderful prediction: that the Jews and the Ten Tribes of Israel, the whole house of Jacob, must be restored to Canaan; and that the Dynasty of David must be re-established (Jer. 33 : 23-26); and that He, who as the Shepherd of Israel did scatter the sheep (Jer. 31 : 10), shall gather and assemble them again as the Prince of the House of David (Ezek. 39 : 28, 29), and rule over them on the throne of David.

APOSTOLIC DOCTRINE.

That this is the true doctrine preached in the Primitive Apostolic Church is beyond contradiction. It was the decision of the Holy Spirit, expressed in the canon of the first Christian Council, held in Jerusalem (Acts 15 : 14–17), that THREE PERIODS should be seen (verse 14), "that God *at the first* should visit the Gentiles (the nations), to take out of them a people for His name;" *then* the restoration of Israel to Canaan, and the Dynasty of David (verse 16). "*After this*, saith the Lord, who doeth all these things, I will return, and I will build again the Tabernacle of David, which is fallen down; and I will build again the ruins thereof and I will set it up;" and *in the third period is mentioned the conversion of the nations* (verse 17): "That the residue of men might seek after the Lord, and all the Gentiles, upon whom My Name is called."

Drawing the above-mentioned arguments to one focus, it becomes evident that the restoration of Israel must be *the beginning* of the restitution of all things. Because Christ cannot reign upon the throne of David, except He returns to earth to Jerusalem, and if so, the solemn statement will be fulfilled: "That the heavens must receive Christ *until* the times of the restitution of all things" (Acts 3 : 21); "The dispensation of the fulness of times has come" (Eph. 1 : 10).

Because Israel cannot accept the Husband except they shall see Him (Zech 12 : 10). "They shall *look upon me*, whom they have pierced (John 19 : 37). Then Canaan will be called Beulah, and Israel as a nation must set the first example of a holy nation (Dan. 7 : 27).

Because the martyrs cannot reign with Christ (Rev. 20 : 1), neither the apostles sit upon twelve thrones judging the twelve tribes of Israel, "except the Son of man shall sit on the throne of His glory," in the millennial age (Matt. 19 : 28).

Because the nations cannot flow to Jerusalem Isa. 2 : 2–4; Zech. 14 : 16 except the King is there, whose name is Prince of peace (Ps. 72 : 3, 4).

Because the land of Canaan was as the Holy Land, the place where the resurrection from the dead *at first* commenced. The *first* sheaf of the great harvest arose out of the tomb of Joseph on the first day of the week (Matt. 28 : 1); so others did (Matt. 27 : 51, 52).

Because Satan had his victory over the seed of the woman in that Emanuel's land. The blood of the Son of God did moist the soil of Calvary, and where our Lord wore the crown of thorns as the emblem of the curse of earth. He shall be crowned with many crowns (John 19 : 1 in connection with Rev. 19 : 12).

Finally, because the heavenly hosts sang at the birth of Jesus in the fields of Ephrata in the land of Juda, they will sing the song of triumph on the return of Jesus to the earth. The words of Jehovah, mentioned in Heb. 1 : 6, (Greek) "and when He bringeth in again the first begotten into the "habitable" world, He saith, "And let all the angels of God worship Him," must then be fulfilled.

OUR DUTY.

And if all those glorious things will surely come to pass, shall we forget in the present time to pray for Israel, the Jews? Shall we neglect to intercede for the brethren and sisters of our Lord after the flesh, the covenant-owners of Canaan? Truly, such a negligence would be a glaring inconsistency in those who pray for the coming of the Kingdom of the Son of David. Let us feel a tender love toward the Jews. Jesus wept for them, and their return to their Messiah will be the brightest jewel in Jesus' kingly crown.

CHRISTIAN HERALD AND SIGNS OF OUR TIMES.

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NOTICE.

Many subscribers to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, who are laboring to extend the sphere of its usefulness, wish us to afford them the same facilities as were placed at their disposal last year. It appears that the concession in price then made, enabled them to introduce the journal to persons and families to whom it proved a blessing. God used it as a means of conversion in not a few cases; in others it gave comfort and encouragement to tried and afflicted believers; and ministers and lay preachers, to whom our friends sent it, acknowledged their indebtedness for help in their labors to the hints and suggestions contained in its pages.

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD has no higher object than that which its friends thus state was achieved last year. The same opportunity is therefore cheerfully given this year. Any subscriber wishing to introduce THE CHRISTIAN HERALD where it may do good, may send

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to THE MANAGER, 63 Bible House, New York, for which sum the paper will be mailed to any address in the United States or in Canada every week from September 1st until the end of 1883. Will our friends pray that God will use each number for the advancement of Christ's Kingdom?

CURRENT EVENTS.

The Attempt to Promote Harmony in the Republican Party in New York has had a somewhat peculiar result. The State Convention, held at Richfield Springs on September 18th, was remarkable for the unanimity of its proceedings, but impartial observers characterized the prevalent feeling as *apathy rather than harmony*. The concessions made by the Stalwarts were regarded by the other section of the party as apparent rather than real, and the result was that the management of the party remains practically in the same hands as before, and the State Committee has undergone no radical change. The platform adopted expresses the gratification of the party at "the wisdom and success of President Arthur's administration of the affairs of government, which commands universal respect throughout the country, and has the confidence and support of the Republicans of the State of New York." The following are the most important declarations of the same document: "We rejoice in the successful inauguration of civil service reform, a result of Republican agitation and national progress, and insist that the work thus auspiciously begun shall be prosecuted to complete success. We favor a system of tariff laws under which, while revenue for the government is provided, American producers are justly protected, American labor elevated, and home markets are secured to home products for the advantage alike of the producer and laborer. We believe in the wisdom of the people deciding all questions pertaining to the public welfare, and would accede to the desire of a large body of our citizens to submit to the voters of the State a constitutional amendment in regard to the manufacture and sale of intoxicating liquors." There was throughout the proceedings a notable absence of enthusiasm. Prior to the meeting of the convention, the interest of the public was concentrated, not on the platform nor the candidates, but on the composition of the State Committee.

The Status of Veterans under the New Civil Service Act has drawn forth an opinion from Secretary Folger, which he has stated in a letter he addressed to the Civil Service Commissioners on September 20th. The secretary recently made a requisition on the commission for a person to fill a clerkship, and the commission certified to him the names of four persons from which to make his selection. The secretary finds himself in doubt as to whether a section of the Revised Statutes does not limit him in making his selection from the four names. He says in his letter to the commissioners that this section gives the preference, other things being equal, to honorably discharged soldiers and sailors of the late war. He asks for further information on the subject. His opinion is that if one of the persons certified to him is an honorably discharged sailor or soldier, he must select that one.

A Philanthropic Gift has been made by a Washington lady. Miss Anna Smith has given the family residence of her late father for a reformatory for women. The property comprises a large house in a central part of Washington, and is valued at $25,000. Such an institution has long been needed at the National capital, and Congress has often been appealed to on the subject. In a number of cases young women, who had gone astray but were not deemed irreclaimable, have been sent from Washington to the Refuge in Baltimore, where it is said 1200 girls and women have found shelter in the last eighteen years. It is estimated that more than 80 per cent of them reformed. Miss Smith is the only surviving child of the late Admiral Joseph Smith, of the U. S. Navy. One of his sons fell in action in the war, and the other, who was also a naval officer, died shortly afterward. Miss Smith is greatly beloved by the poor of Washington, who have often been indebted to her private generosity for substantial assistance.

A Strange Company of Foreigners, Gorgeously attired, waited on President Arthur at the Fifth Avenue Hotel, New York, on September 18th. They were the ambassadors from Corea, "the Hermit Nation," with which our Government concluded a treaty about a year ago to establish commercial relations between the two countries. General Foote was sent as Minister to Corea, and this embassy is the return of the courtesy. The members of the embassy are all of high rank, the minister being the son of the queen and the vice-minister the son of the prime-minister. Until recently the penalty against any foreigner who entered Corea was death, and the American Minister was only the second foreigner the King of Corea had seen. They have now relations with three countries—the United States, China, and Japan. Min Yong Ik, the Minister Plenipotentiary, when presented to the President, wore a long tunice of plum-colored silk over white under-garments and white stockings. He wore a belt inlaid with gold. On his breast was a square of silk, on which were embroidered two storks. The other Coreans wore similar costumes of various colors. As they approached the room they knelt, and after entering they bowed first to the right and then to the left, their salaam bringing them down on their knees. After being introduced by Secretary Frelinghuysen, Min Yong Ik read his address in Corean. He said that he and Hing Yong Sik had come to pay their respects as ambassadors from the Government of Tah Chosun, and he wished the President and the people of this country health and welfare. He said that, having entered into a treaty together, he hoped both nations might keep it in peace forever. He then presented his credentials and a letter from his sovereign. The President replied, saying that he hoped that the commerce between the two nations might be beneficial to both, and that the tour of the Coreans might be such that they could carry back new and profitable ideas and a kindly feeling for this country.

The Meetings of the Christian Convention held last week in Chicago under the presidency of Mr. Moody were largely attended. A correspondent of the New York *Tribune* in a telegram to that journal says: "Large numbers of clergymen and evangelists have taken part in the proceedings, and the daily sessions have been crowded. The crowds who have gathered about the doors before the opening sometimes extend nearly a block away from the hall. A noticeable feature of this gathering has been the indication that Mr. Moody has to a large extent overcome the ministerial, and even the church, prejudices, which he used to encounter in Chicago. Without any concessions he has succeeded in drawing around him a larger clerical and lay representation from the churches than ever before; and, as the discussions were very practical in character, much good is looked for in the religious circles of the city." One of the most important subjects discussed was how to evangelize the foreign population. The question was not so much with the Irish or the Scandinavians as with the Germans. All the gentlemen who talked on the question agreed that the chances for church education among the Germans are too meagre, and help must be secured to break the practice of making Sunday a holiday instead of a holy day, directed to pleasure and beer-drinking. On Sunday, September 16th, Mr. Moody preached in his old church on Chicago Avenue to an audience that filled the aisles, vestibules, and every available spot in the building. The admission was by card, but more than a thousand people went away unable to enter the church.

Dr. Edwin F. Hatfield, the Eminent Presbyterian minister and author, died on Saturday last at his country residence at Summit, N. J. He was seventy-six years of age. His first charge was at St. Louis, where he labored from 1832 to 1835. From 1835 to 1856 he was pastor of the Seventh Presbyterian Church, in Broome Street, New York. During this long pastorate of twenty-one years, the church was in a very flourishing condition, and there were several revivals in which several hundred persons were converted. In 1856 he took charge of the North Presbyterian Church, at Ninth Avenue and Thirty-first Street. He closed this pastorate, which was his last, in 1863, and devoted the greater part of his life after this to literary work. For over thirty years he compiled the minutes of the General Assembly, and did a great deal of other statistical work. He was one of the Directors of the American Home Missionary Society, and from 1864 to 1866 he was financial agent of the Union Theological Seminary. From 1868 to 1870 he was Secretary of the Presbyterian Home Missionary Committee. Last May Dr. Hatfield was elected Moderator of the General Assembly at Saratoga.

The Serial Story Entitled "Mrs. Chantrey's Secret," which is concluded in this number of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, is published in book-form by Mr. Thomas Whittaker of No. 2 Bible House. Among a large number of religious stories also published by Mr. Whittaker are: "A London Baby;" "Miss Dewberry's Scholars," by Mrs. Margaret E. Sangster; "Nothing to Nobody," by Drenda; and "Alone in London," by the author of "Jessica's First Prayer." Mr. Whittaker has also published a life of Grace Darling, the heroine of the Farne Islands, by Eva Hope, elegantly bound in cloth, price $1.

Lightning in a Coal Mine was the Strange spectacle witnessed by the miners in a pit in Chartiers Township, Pennsylvania, on September 17th. The flash entered at the mouth of the pit, where it destroyed a large wooden building, and then passed underground a distance of nearly one thousand yards. When the flash entered the pit, Thomas Ashurst, inside hauler, was sitting on the track at a point five hundred yards from the mouth, and as the flash passed him one of his legs was temporarily paralyzed, and for several minutes he was unable to walk. The lightning followed the track up the entry two hundred yards beyond where Ashurst and several miners were standing. They distinctly saw the flash as it passed them, making seven hundred yards that the lightning is known to have travelled underground. The entry extends two hundred yards past the point mentioned, and it is quite probable the flash followed the car track to its end. The uncommon sight of the dark mine suddenly illuminated by the lightning is described as weird and awful in the extreme. It caused no little alarm among the men at work in the gloomy place. In the wonders of the last days, which the Apostle John saw in prophetic vision, the lightning plays an important part. Such a description as that given of the scene in the Pennsylvania mine helps us to realize the terrors of that approaching time (Rev. 16 : 17, 18).

Sleeping among Rattlesnakes was the Sickening experience of two men from New Jersey, who spent a night recently in the backwoods of the Pocono region of Pennsylvania. They were looking over some timber land with the view of purchasing a tract, and before they had finished, night came upon them. They were doubtful of finding their way back in the darkness, and concluded to spend the night in an old cabin in the woods, which had been used by some hunters. They kindled a fire in it, and found their shelter very warm and comfortable, and they soon fell asleep. They had not slept long, before one of them awaked, and detected the peculiar faint smell which indicated the presence of rattlesnakes. He aroused his companion, and they beat a speedy retreat, preferring to spend the night sleeping in the open air, though the ground was damp and cold, to staying in the hut. In the morning they looked into the cabin, and there saw five large rattlesnakes stretched on the hearth, close to the spot where they had been lying. The reptiles had been drawn from their hiding places in the roof of the old hut by the warmth of the fire. The men were thankful then that they had not remained in the place any longer. Cold and discomfort were not matters to be considered when life was at stake. Pity it is that men do not act so wisely when spiritual danger, far more to be dreaded than rattlesnakes, threatens them (Heb. 11 : 25).

A Pathetic Scene in a Police Court is Reported from Philadelphia. On September 20th the wife of a criminal serving out his sentence in prison appeared before Judge Hare, and made an earnest appeal for mercy for her husband. She was accompanied by three little children. The prisoner's record showed that he had served twelve terms in prison for various offences, and the judge said he did not think he could show any leniency to such a man. The destitute wife turned away, sobbing piteously, and the little ones, clinging to her skirts, wept with her. "Well, just come back a moment," said the judge, "I want another word with you, please." The woman was admitted behind the bar, and met the judge at the base of the steps leading up to the bench. "On second thoughts," said he, "I have concluded to give your husband one more chance. I will reduce his sentence one half—that is, to six months ; and while you are waiting for him to come out perhaps you and your little children may find this of some use." As he finished speaking, Judge Hare drew a roll of greenbacks from his pocket, thrust it into the woman's hand, and, with a quiet "Good-day," hastened into his private room before the astonished woman could express her gratitude. The prisoner was fortunate in having such an advocate. Nothing could be urged in his favor, but for the sake of his wife and children, who loved him, he was granted the mercy he did not deserve. It is on such terms that God pardons sinful man for the sake of Jesus, who loved us (1 John 2 : 1, 2).

The Strange Name of a Lake has been Accounted for by an inquirer, who set himself to the task of discovering its origin. He states that certain explorers, endeavoring to find the source of the Mississippi, came upon a lake from which they were convinced the Father of Waters took his rise. Then a discussion arose as to the name that should be conferred upon it. "Let's make a new name by coining a word," said an old voyager. "Some of you larned ones tell me what is the Latin for *true*." "*Veritas*," answered a scholar. "Well, now, what is the Latin for *head*?" "*Caput*." "Now write the two words together by syllables." The scholar wrote on a strip of birch-bark, "*veritascaput*." "Now drop the first and last syllables, and you'll have a good name for this lake." And "Itasca" it was. So the explorers stamped their discovery with a name that was intended to tell to future ages the origin of the mighty river, but now it is used without any recognition of its significance. So men use the name of the Creator irreverently, often profanely, forgetting that He is the true head and origin of all their blessings (James 1 : 17).

Poison Put in a Sugar-Bowl Nearly Cost a man his life at Blue Island, a suburb of Chicago. In a boarding-house there, a few days ago, during the absence of the servants from the dining-room, some unknown person entered and placed half a pint of sugar, mixed with strychnine, in the sugar-bowl on the table. One of the servants noticed, on her return to the room, that some sugar had been spilled on the table, but supposed that it had been done by some member of the family. The sugar from that bowl was used sparingly at the next meal, but one of the boarders, the owner of a brick-yard, was taken violently sick. He was saved by the use of emetics. It is believed that the attempted poisoning was done by an enemy of the boarder, whose buildings were recently fired by an incendiary. General indignation is felt against the criminal, who, in recklessly endangering the lives of a whole family in order to vent his spite against one man, showed a disposition positively Satanic. The parallel is probably closer than the reporter supposed. Satan, like this revengeful person, generally mixes his poison with the sweet things of life and things which unrenewed human nature craves (Job 20 : 12–14).

A Novel Way of Getting a Debt Settled has been adopted by a creditor in New York. A restaurant keeper on the east side owed one of his tradesmen about sixteen dollars, payment of which he persistently evaded. The creditor at length became tired of making application for the debt, and being determined that if he could not recover it himself, the debtor should not profit by his dishonesty, he thought over plans for "getting even." On Friday last the restaurant-keeper found all his tables occupied, just before his busiest hour, by a crowd of hungry tramps, who ravenously devoured his stock. As each man filed out after dinner, he handed the cashier an order signed by the creditor for fifteen cents, the amount on his check. It was impossible to obtain any money from the moneyless fellows who had eaten their fill, and they were allowed to depart in peace. The debtor was considerably out of pocket by the transaction, as the tramps had made free use of the articles on the tables for which no charge is made in the restaurants. It is not often that men who evade their obligations are punished in such amusing style, but they generally get punished in some way. As in the days of Malachi (3 : 8), men in our time, though honest to their fellow-men, are negligent in acknowledging their obligations to God, but the time will come when every man will indorse the Apostle Paul's statement on the subject (1 Tim. 4 : 8).

JOHN'S FIRST DOXOLOGY.

A New Sermon by Pastor C. H. Spurgeon.

"Unto him that loved us, and washed us from our sins in his own blood, and hath made us kings and priests unto God and his Father ; to him be glory and dominion forever and ever. Amen."—Rev. 1 : 5, 6.

An Outburst of Devotion—Characteristic of the Apostles—I. The Condition of Heart out of Which Outbursts Come—Who John Was—The Realized Person of Christ—The Acts Mentioned in the Doxology—No Cold Abstractions—Love's Anchor-Hold—Personal Gratitude for the Orphanage—Faith's Foothold—A Man Firmly Assured—Felt the Communion with Saints—II. The Outburst—One of Many—Progressive—Justified in Itself—The All-Inclusive Love—The Washing—The Peerage of Eternity—The Peculiar Priesthood—The Ascription.

JOHN had hardly begun to deliver his message to the seven churches, he had hardly given in his name and stated from whom the message came, when he felt that he must lift up his heart in a joyful doxology. The very mention of the name of the Lord Jesus, "the faithful witness, and the first begotten of the dead, and the Prince of the kings of the earth," fired his heart. He could not sit down coolly to write even what the Spirit of God dictated : he must rise ; he must fall upon his knees ; he must bless and magnify, and adore the Lord Jesus.

Now, in the matter of this bursting out of devotion at unexpected times, John is one among the rest of the apostles. Their love to their divine Master was so intense that they had only to hear His footfall and their pulse began to quicken, and if they heard His voice, then were they carried clean away; whether in the body or out of the body, they could not tell, but they were under constraint to magnify the Saviour's name ; whatever they were doing they felt compelled to pause at once, to render direct and distinct homage unto the Lord Jesus by adoration and doxology.

This explains to me, I think, those texts which bid us "rejoice evermore," "bless the Lord at all times," and "pray without ceasing ;" these do not mean that we are always to be engaged in devotional exercises, for that would cause a neglect of other duties. The very apostle who bids us "pray without ceasing," did a great many other things beside praying ; and we should certainly be very faulty if we shut ourselves up in our private chambers, and there continued perpetually upon our knees. Life has other duties, and necessary ones ; and in attending to these we may render to our God the truest worship ; to cease to work in our callings in order to spend all our time in prayer would be to offer to God one duty stained with the blood of many others. Yet we may "pray without ceasing," if our hearts are always in such a state that at every opportunity we are ready for prayer and praise ; better still, if we are prepared to make opportunities, if we are instant in season and out of season, and ready in a moment to adore and supplicate. We cannot be always singing, but we may be always full of gratitude, and this is the fabric of which true psalms are made.

This spontaneous outburst of John's love is what I am going to preach upon this morning. First of all I shall ask you to consider *the condition of heart out of which such outbursts come*, and then we will look more closely at *the outburst itself ;* for my great desire is that you and I may often be thus transported into praise, carried off into ecstatic worship.

I. First, let us look at *the condition of heart out of which outbursts* of adoration arise.

WHO WAS THIS MAN

who when he was beginning to address the churches must needs lay down his pen to praise the Saviour ? We will learn the character of the man from his own devout language. We shall see his inmost self here, for he is carried off his feet, and speaks out his very heart in the most unguarded manner. It would be easy to talk at great length about John from what we know of his history from other parts of Scripture ; but

at this time I tie myself down to the words of the text, and I notice, first, that this man of doxologies, from whom praise flashes forth like light from the rising sun, is first of all *a man who has realized the person of his Lord.* The first word is, "Unto *Him*;" and then he must a second time before he has finished say, "To *Him* be glory and dominion." His Lord's person is evidently before his eye. He sees the actual Christ upon the throne.

The great fault of many professors is that Christ is to them a character upon paper; certainly more than a myth, but yet a person of the dim past, an historical personage who lived many years ago, and did most admirable deeds, by the which we are saved, but who is far from being a living, present, bright reality. Jesus was no abstraction to John; he loved Him too much for that. Love has a great vivifying power; it makes our impressions of those who are far away from us very lifelike, and brings them very near. John's

GREAT, TENDER HEART

could not think of Christ as a cloudy conception; but he remembered Him as that blessed One with whom he had spoken, and on whose breast he had leaned. You see that is so, for his song rises at once to the Lord's own self, beginning with, "*Unto Him.*"

He makes us see Jesus in every act of which he speaks in his doxology. It runs thus: "Unto *Him* that loved us." It is not "Unto the love of God," an attribute, or an influence, or an emotion; but it is "Unto *Him* that loved us." I am very grateful for love, but more grateful to him who gives the love. Somehow, you may speak of love and eulogize it; but if you know it only in the abstract what is it? It neither warms the heart nor inspires the spirit. When love comes to us from a known person, then we value it. So, too, with the washing from sin. It is enough to make us sing of pardoning mercy forever and ever if we have been cleansed from sin;" but the centre of the joy is to adore Him "that washed us from our sins in His own blood." Observe that He cleansed us, not by some process outside of Himself, but by the shedding of His own blood of reconciliation. It brings the blood-washing into the highest estimation with the heart when we look into the wounds from whence the atonement flowed. So, too, if we are "kings and priests," it is Jesus who has made us so.

"Round the altar priests confess:
If their robes are white as snow,
'Twas the Saviour's righteousness
And His blood that made them so."

Our royal dignity and our priestly sanctity are both derived from Him.

"I SAW HIM,"

says the beloved apostle, and that vision almost blotted out the rest. His heart was all for Jesus. The censer must smoke *unto Him*, the song must rise *unto Him;* unto Himself, unto His very self.

I pray that every professor here may have a real Christ, for otherwise he will never be a real Christian. To have a real, personal Christ is to get good *anchor-hold for love*, and faith, and hope. Somehow men cannot love that which is not tangible. That which they cannot apprehend they do not love. When I was about to commence

THE ORPHANAGE

at Stockwell, a gentleman who had had very large experience in an excellent orphanage, said to me, "Begin by never expecting to receive the slightest gratitude from the parents of the children, and you will not be disappointed;" for, said he, "I have been connected with a certain orphanage," which he mentioned, "for a great many years, and except in the rarest case I have never seen any tokens of gratitude in any of the mothers whose children have been received." Now, my experience is very different. I have had a great many grips of the hand which meant warm thanks, and I have seen the tears start from the mother's eye full often, and many a grateful letter have I received because of help given to the orphan children.

How do I explain the difference? Not that our Orphanage has done more than the other; but the other Orphanage is conducted by a Committee with no well-known head, and hence it is somewhat of an abstraction; the poor women do not know who is to be thanked, and consequently thank nobody. In our own case the poor people say to themselves, "*Here is Mr, Spurgeon*, and he took our children into the Orphanage." They recognize in me the outward and visible representative of the many generous hearts that help me. They know me, for they can see me, and they say, "God bless you," because they have some one to say it to. There is nothing particular about me, certainly, and there are others who deserve far more gratitude than that which comes to me; but it does come to me because the poor people know the name and the man, and have not to look at a mere abstraction. Pardon the illustration; it suits my purpose well. If you have a Christ whom you cannot realize you will not love Him with that fervent affection which is so much to be desired.

This also gives *foothold to faith.* If you know the Lord Jesus you feel that you can trust Him. "They that know Thy name will put their trust in Thee." Those to whom Christ has become a well-known friend do not find it difficult to trust Him in the time of their distress. An unknown Christ is untrusted; but when the Holy Spirit reveals Jesus He also breeds faith. By the same means, your hope also becomes vivid, for you say, 'Oh, yes; I know Jesus, and I am sure that He will keep His word."

Next, the Apostle John, in whom we note this outburst of devotion, was

A MAN FIRMLY ASSURED

of his possession of the blessings for which he praised the Lord. Doubt has no outbursts; its chill breath freezes all things. Oh, for more assurance! Nowadays we hear Christian people talk in this way: "Unto Him that we hope has loved us, and that we humbly trust has washed us, and that we sometimes believe has made us kings, unto Him be glory." Alas! the doxology is so feeble that it seems to imply as little glory as you like. The fact is, if you do not know that you have a blessing, you do not know whether you ought to be grateful for it or not; but when a man knows he has covenant mercies, that divine assurance which the Holy Ghost gives to Christians works in him a sacred enthusiasm of devotion to Jesus. John was certain that he was loved, and he was furthermore most clear that he was washed, and therefore he poured forth his soul in praise. Oh, to know that you are washed from your sins in the blood of Jesus! This well-grounded assurance will throw you into ecstasy, and it will not be long before the deep of your heart will well up with fresh springs of adoring love. Then shall you also praise the Lord with some such words as these: "Unto Him that loved us, and washed us from our sins in His own blood, to Him be glory and dominion forever and ever. Amen."

Once more. I think we have brought out two points which are clear enough. John had realized his Master, and firmly grasped the blessings which his Master brought him; but *he had also felt*, and was feeling very strongly, *his*

COMMUNION WITH ALL THE SAINTS.

Notice the use of the plural pronoun. We should not have wondered if he had said, "Unto Him that loved *me*, and washed *me* from my sins in His own blood." Somehow there would have been a loss of sweetness had the doxology been so worded, and it would have hardly sounded like John. John is the very mirror of love, and he cannot live alone, or rejoice in sacred benefits alone. John must have all the brotherhood round about him, and he must speak in their name, or he will be as one bereft of half himself. Beloved, it is well for you and me to use this "us" very often. There are times when it is better to say "me," but in general let us get away to the "us;" for has not our Lord taught us when we pray to say, "Our Father which art in heaven. Give us this day our daily bread; forgive us our trespasses," and so on?

Let me ask you, beloved brethren, do you not love the Lord Jesus all the better and praise Him all the more heartily because His grace and love are not given to you alone? Why, that blessed love has embraced your children, your neighbors, your fellow church-members, myriads who have gone before you, multitudes that are round about you, and an innumerable company who are coming after; and for this we ought to praise the gracious Lord with unbounded delight. It seems so much the more lovely—this salvation, when we think of it, not as a cup of water of which one or two of us may drink, but as a well of water opened in the desert, ever flowing, ever giving life and deliverance and restoration to all who pass that way. "Unto Him that loved us." O my Lord, I bless Thee for having loved me; but sometimes I think I could adore Thee for loving my wife, for loving my children, and all these dear friends around me, even if I had no personal share in Thy salvation. Thus much upon the condition of heart which suggests these doxologies.

II. Secondly, let us look at

THE OUTBURST ITSELF.

It is a doxology, and as such does not stand alone: *it is one of many.* In the Book of the Revelation doxologies are frequent, and in the first few chapters they distinctly grow as the book advances. If you have your Bibles with you, as you ought to have, you will notice that in this first outburst only two things are ascribed to our Lord. "To Him be glory and dominion forever and ever." Now turn to the fourth chapter at the ninth verse, and read, "Those living creatures give glory and honor and thanks to Him that sat on the throne." Here we have three words of honor. Run on to verse eleven, and read the same. "Saying, Thou art worthy, O Lord, to receive glory and honor and power." The doxology has grown from two to three in each of these verses. Now turn to chapter 5: 13 "And every creature which is in heaven, and on the earth, and under the earth, and such as are in the sea, and all that are in them, heard I saying, Blessing, and honor, and glory, and power, be unto Him that sitteth upon the throne, and unto the Lamb forever and ever." Here we have four praise-notes. Steadily but surely there is an advance. By the time we get to chapter 7: 12, we have reached the number of perfection, and may not look for more. "Blessing, and glory, and wisdom, and thanksgiving, and honor, and power, and might, be unto our God forever and ever. Amen."

If you begin praising God you are bound to go on. The work engrosses the heart. It deepens and broadens like a rolling river. Praise may begin with the tear of gratitude; anon the bosom swells with love; thankfulness rises to a song; it breaks forth into a shout; it mounts up to join the everlasting hallelujahs which surround the throne of the Eternal. What a mercy it is that God by His Spirit will give us greater capacities by and by than we have here! for if we continue to learn more and more of the love of Christ which passeth knowledge we shall be driven to sore staits if confined within the narrow and drowsy framework of this mortal body. This poor apparatus of tongue and mouth is already inadequate for our zeal; but as Berridge says—

"Strip me of this house of clay,
And I will sing as loud as they."

These doxologies occur again and again throughout this book as if to remind us to be frequent in praise; and they grow as they proceed, to hint to us that we also should increase in thankfulness.

Now, this outburst *carried within itself its own justification.* Look at it closely and you perceive the reasons why, in this enthusiastic manner, John adores his Saviour. The first is,

"Unto Him that *loved* us." This love is in the present tense, for the passage may be read, "Unto Him that loveth us." Our Lord in His glory still loves us as truly and as fervently as He did in the days of His flesh. He loved us before the world was, He loveth us now with all His heart, and He will love us when sun, and moon, and stars have all expired like sparks that die when the fire is quenched upon the hearth and men go to their beds. "He loveth us."

He loved us first before He washed us; "Unto Him that loved us, and washed us." Not "Unto Him that washed us and loved us." This is one of the glories of Christ's love, that it comes to us while we are defiled with sin—yea, dead in sin. Christ's love does not only go out to us as washed, purified, and cleansed, but it went out toward us while we were yet foul and vile, and without anything in us that could be worthy of His love at all. He loved us, and then washed us; love is the fountain-head, the first source of blessing.

Think of this as being

A RECOGNIZABLE DESCRIPTION

of our Lord—"Unto Him that loved us." John wanted to point out the Lord Jesus Christ, and all he said was, "Unto Him that loved us." He was sure nobody would make any mistake as to who was intended, for no one can be said to love us in comparison with Jesus. It is interesting to note that, as John is spoken of as "that disciple whom Jesus loved," so now the servant describes the Master in something like the same terms: "Unto Him that loved us." No one fails to recognize John or the Lord Jesus under their several love-names.

He loves us; this is matter for admiration and amazement. O my brethren, this is an abyss of wonder to me! I can understand that Jesus pities us; I can very well understand that He has compassion on us; but that the Lord of glory loves us is a deep, great, heavenly thought, which my finite mind can hardly hold. Come, brother, and drink of this wine on the lees, well refined. Jesus loves you. Grasp that.

Remember, He loves you with His own love according to His own nature. Therefore He has for you an infinite love altogether immeasurable. It is also like Himself, immutable; and can never know a change. The Emperor Augustus was noted for his faithfulness to his friends, whom he was slow in choosing. He used to say, "Late ere I love, long ere I leave." Our blessed Lord loved us early, but He never leaves us. Has He not said, "I will never leave thee, nor forsake thee?" The love of Jesus is a pure, perfect, and divine love; a love whose heights and depths none can measure.

Then the apostle passes on to the second reason why he should thus magnify the Lord Jesus by saying, "and washed us from our sins in His own blood." "Washed us." Then we were foul; and He loved us though we were unclean. He washed *us* who had been more defiled than any. How could He condescend so far as to wash *us?* Would He have anything to do with such filthiness as ours? Would that sublime holiness of His come into contact with the abominable guilt of our nature and our practice? Yes, He loved us so much that He washed us from our sins, black as they were.

But think of

HOW HE WASHED US

—"with His own blood." Men are chary of their own blood, for it is their life; yet will brave ones pour it out for their country or for some worthy object; but Jesus shed His blood for such unworthy ones as we are, that He might by His atonement forever put away the iniquity of His people. At what a cost was this cleansing provided! Too great a cost I had almost said. Have you never felt at times as if, had you been there and seen the Lord of glory about to bleed to death for you, you would have said, "No, my Lord, the price is too great to pay for such a one as I am?" But He has done it; brethren, His sin-atoning work is finished forever; Jesus has bled, and He has washed us, and we are clean beyond fear of future defilement. Shall He not have glory for this?

Nor is this all. The Lord that loved us would do nothing by halves, and therefore when He washed us in His own blood, He "made us kings." What is that?

ARE WE KINGS

this morning? We do not feel our crowns as yet, nor perhaps grasp our sceptres as we might, but the Lord has made us a royal priesthood. We reign over our own selves, and that is a dominion which is hard to gain, indeed, impossible without grace. We walk like kings among the sons of men, honored before the Lord and His holy angels—the peerage of eternity.

Furthermore our Lord has made us priests. Certain men impiously set up to be priests above the rest of the Lord's people. As Korah, Dathan, and Abiram are they, and they had need fear lest they and their evil system should go down into the pit. Whoever they may be, all the people of God are priests. Every man that believes in Jesus Christ is from that moment a priest, though he be neither shaven nor shorn, nor bedecked in peculiar array. We are to be priests for all mankind. Wherever we go we are to teach men, and to intercede with God for them. In prayer and praise we are to offer up acceptable oblations, and we are ourselves to be living sacrifices, acceptable unto God by Jesus Christ our Lord. Oh, what dignity is this! How you and I are bound to serve God! Peter Martyr told Queen Elizabeth: "Kings and queens are more bound to obey God than any other persons; first as God's creatures, and secondly as His servants in office." This applies to us also. If common men are bound to serve God how much more those whom He has made kings and priests unto His name!

What does the doxology say? "To Him be glory and dominion." First, "To Him be glory." Oh, give Him glory, my beloved, this morning! Do I address any that have never yet accepted Christ's salvation? Accept it now, and thus give your Saviour glory. Have you never trusted Jesus to save you? The best, the only thing you can do to give Him glory is to trust Him now, sinner as you are, that He may remove your transgressions. Are you saved? Then, dear brother, give Him glory by speaking well of His name, and by perpetual adoration. Glorify Him in your songs, glorify Him in your lives. Behave yourselves as His disciples should do, and may His Spirit help you.

But the doxology also ascribes to Him dominion. My heart longs for Jesus to have dominion. I wish He might get dominion over some poor heart this morning which has hitherto been in rebellion against Him! Yield thee, rebel! Yield thee to thy Sovereign and Saviour! "Kiss the Son, lest He be angry, and ye perish from the way, when His wrath is kindled but a little." To Him be dominion over hearts that have never submitted to Him; and assuredly to Him be fullest dominion over hearts that love Him. Reign, my Lord, reign in my bosom more and more; cast out every enemy and every rival; reign supreme, and reign eternally.

Then it is added, let Him have glory and dominion

"FOR EVER AND EVER."

I suppose we shall have some gentlemen coming up to prove that "forever and ever" only means for a time. They tell us that everlasting punishment means only for a time, and, of course, everlasting life must mean just the same, and this praise must also have a limit. I mean not so, nor do you, beloved. I pray that our Lord may have endless glory, eternal dominion. I pray that Christ's power and dominion may be over this generation, and the next, and the next, until He cometh, and then that it may be said, "The Lord shall reign forever and ever."

Now we have come to the last word of the text. It finishes up with "Amen." "Forever and ever. Amen." Can you heartily say "Amen" to this? Do you wish Christ to have glory and dominion forever and ever? If you know He loved you, I am sure you do; if you know He washed you, I am sure you do. Now let our beating hearts in solemn silence say, "Amen;" and when we have done that, do you think you could join with one voice with me and say it out aloud, like thunder? Now, "Unto Him that loved us, and washed us from our sins in His own blood, and hath made us kings and priests unto God and His Father, to Him be glory and dominion forever and ever. Amen;" and "Amen" yet again. (Here the great congregation joined aloud with the preacher.) The prayers of David, the son of Jesse were ended when He came to that, and so may ours be, and so may this morning's service be. God bless you through His adorable Son. Amen and Amen.

[PORTIONS OF SCRIPTURE READ BEFORE SERMON—Revelation 1.]

[The prayers of the readers of this Journal are requested for the blessing of God upon its Editors in America and England, and those whose sermons, articles, or labors for Christ are printed in it; and for its weekly circulation of more than 250,000 copies to be blessed by the Holy Spirit to the conversion of many sinners and the quickening of God's people. Mr. Spurgeon and Dr. Talmage especially request prayer every Sunday morning on behalf of their labors.]

A BOAT ATTACKED BY A HIPPOPOTAMUS.

(*See Illustration on page 620.*)

A CORRESPONDENT, telegraphing from Madeira, reports a lamentable occurrence on the Mayumba River, not far from Ponta Negro, West Africa, by which two naval officers belonging to the British gun-boat Stork and a civilian lost their lives. (*An illustration of the event is given on the next page.*) The Stork had been ordered south to St. Paul de Loanda, and on her way thither she called in at the place mentioned. The officers met with a cordial reception from Mr. Prenslau, factory agent, under whose auspices *a boating trip* in the Mayumba seems to have been arranged.

The party consisted of Lieutenant Blennerhasset, commander of the Stork, two of his officers, and a merchant. They left in a large whaleboat, manned by a dozen natives, and enjoyed several hours' shooting. In the evening, when about a mile from Mambe, the residence of Mr. Wilson, an English merchant, and about ten yards only from the rushes which line the river bank, they were suddenly attacked by a huge hippopotamus, which by a single blow stove in the port-quarter of the boat, capsizing her and filling her in a few seconds.

The animal, probably wounded, and thus infuriated, made a ferocious and determined onslaught on the boat, and all the efforts of the occupants to beat it off were unavailing. The struggle was a fierce one, and in the end the boat was swamped and capsized, and all the occupants were thrown struggling into the water. With great difficulty Lieutenant Blennerhasset was saved, but the two officers and the merchant were all killed. The appearance of the bodies when found three days afterward showed that they had died from wounds inflicted by the savage monster, and not from drowning. The sad event has cast a gloom over the whole community, and especially on board the Stork, on which the deceased officers were popular.

As we read narratives of this kind, and shudder at the suffering and loss of life caused by the fierce brutes that infest the earth, we cannot but think of the different condition this world would have been in if man had not fallen. God gave man in Eden supreme control over the brute creation, but now an uncrowned monarch he is liable at any time to become the victim of his rebellious subjects. But the Scriptures encourage us to look forward in this matter, and not backward only. In the time of the restitution of all things the deposed monarch will once

A Hippopotamus Attacking a Boating Party off the African Coast.

A New South Wales Clergyman Misdirected by a Woman.

more resume his sway. The savage instincts of the brute will be tamed; the leopard will lie down with the kid, and a child will lead them. That that time may come quickly, and that we may through faith in Christ have our portion in it, let us pray without ceasing.

A MINISTER'S PERIL IN THE BUSH.

(*See Illustration on this page.*)

THE illustration on the right of this page depicts an incident in the life of the Rev. R. W. Vanderkiste, a Wesleyan minister in New South Wales, who met with a large variety of thrilling experiences. The following incident is thus described by himself: "I used to delight in riding to some lone and ministerless district, and, obtaining there a fresh horse and a guide, spend a couple of days in dashing about the bush in all directions, from early morning to late at night, making ten minutes' visits, praying and talking about Jesus to squatter, hut-keeper, shepherd, stockman, settler, and any one else whom I met. I used to enjoy this exceedingly. Heavy falls, and some other dangers, were encountered; but I never received any permanent injury except in one instance. But I had many narrow escapes.

"On one occasion, being in a strange part of the colony when the waters had risen rapidly, and having no guide, I came to a river, on the bank of which stood a dilapidated bark-hut. Dirty children were playing about, and *an untidy, repulsive-looking woman* was busied about the premises. I perceived that it was a ford, and asked the woman if it were safe to cross, as the rivers were high. She said, 'Quite safe; you can cross easy.' But there was a still, deep, yet eddying appearance about the water, which I was narrowly observing while conversing with this person, and which made me undecided.

"Under circumstances of doubt, it has been my wont to lift up my heart, childlike, to God for a Father's direction. The result in this case was that I decided not to venture, and riding back from the river, reached the residence of a squatter, a magistrate of the district, in time for dinner. I mentioned the ford, and, in answer to his question, described the hut and the woman, and the assurance of safety she had given me. His countenance fell as he said, 'That ford was washed away some time ago.' Had the ford been in existence, it is probable that a stout horse would have found enough work to wade or swim his way against the body of water which was rushing down; but, the ford itself being gone, to have tried to cross would have been almost certain death.

"The woman's assurance of the safety of the ford was explained to me afterward by the discovery that the district was one of the principal harbors for bushrangers, a favorite haunt of cattle-stealers and other bad characters. I removed, soon after, to a distant part of the colony, and was never able afterward to revisit this scene of danger and deliverance."

In a time of doubt, such as that experienced by Mr. Vanderkiste, the ungodly man is left to his own unaided reasoning, but the child of God naturally looks up for guidance to his Heavenly Father, who will keep him safely until his work is done (Prov. 3 : 6).

MR. G. MULLER, OF BRISTOL, AND HIS MISSIONS.

THE report just issued by Mr. Muller furnishes another striking illustration of the faithfulness of God in providing for the large family of orphans at Ashley Down, and the many other good works of the founder. Mr. Muller commences his interesting statement by giving his reasons for being so long absent from home during the past twelve months. He says: "A few Christian friends, who wished well to the Institution, desired me to discontinue my long missionary tours, as it appeared to them that *that* was the especial reason why the income had fallen off. I did not think so, however, because year after year, for several months at a time, the Scriptural Knowledge Institution had been left during my absence; and whenever I returned to Bristol I found that each branch of the Institution was in as good working order as if I had been on the spot.

The report contains a deeply interesting narrative of Mr. R. Muller's recent missionary journeys. A practical illustration of the difficulties of spreading the Gospel in Russia is given, and earnest prayer is desired for that vast country. The tenth journey was commenced on September 27th, when *Mr. and Mrs. Muller started for Madras*, in order to spend six months in Gospel itineracy in India.

Many persons may suppose that the care of the orphans is the only work carried on by Mr. Muller and his helpers at Bristol; a glance at this report will soon reveal other works which are equally important and deserving of support. The day and Sunday-school work is a most important factor in the extension of the Redeemer's kingdom. Next comes the Bible circulation, the results of which eternity alone can reveal. Out of the missionary fund help is given to 132 laborers in different parts of the globe.

The orphan account shows a balance in hand. Conspicuous among the offerings are those of orphans who have in former years reaped the benefits of the Institution. It must cheer the hearts of directors and supporters to see those whom the Institution has befriended contributing toward its maintenance.

DR. CLIFFORD'S VISIT TO A DYING CONTRACTOR.

(*See Illustration on page 621.*)

MR. PETER ROGERSON was a self-made man. He commenced life as a bricklayer's laborer, carrying the hod till he was 25 years of age. At 50 he was one of the busiest contractors in London; and at 60 he was worth a large fortune. He had tried to get into Parliament—contested a small borough at a bye-election, and debauched the constituency with his gold. But he failed. The free and independent electors of the little town were not very squeamish, but they drew the line at Mr. Peter Rogerson. They took his money, of course, and drank his ale, and cheered and laughed heartily at his rather broad speeches, and then went and voted for the old Squire's nephew, Captain French, of the Guards, who had never earned a penny in his life, and was head over ears in debt. Such are the whims and prejudices of the rural voter.

Mr. Peter Rogerson was not a philosopher, so he took his defeat very much to heart. Engineering difficulties, which would have disheartened other men, were nothing to him. A tunnel through the flinty rock, a bridge over shifting sands, were but trifles, in overcoming which he took a sort of masterful delight. But that was in his younger days, when his hand was steady and his head cool. Now his hand was always trembling, his brain constantly on fire, all his moral courage gone; for in his prosperity he had fallen into habits of dissipation, which in his earlier days he had been preserved from. His chagrin at the result of the election was extreme. He retired to his country house and shut himself up alone in his room. And yet not exactly alone, for he had with him the companion of his later years, the brandy-bottle. He came not forth from his room even for his meals, but had them sent up to him. In truth, he ate but little; brandy, brandy, and again brandy was his chief subsistence.

Mr. Peter Rogerson, in spite of all his wealth, had not many friends. Servants he had by the score, and sycophantic acquaintances who bore

with his gross humors for what they hoped to get out of him. His wife was dead—a happy release for her, for he had led her a miserable life—and his only son was either sheep-farming in the Australian bush or skittle-sharping in the slums of some continental city. The latter most probably, for he had been expelled in disgrace from Oxford for cheating at cards, and almost certainly had by this time squandered the large sum of money with which his father cut him off and banished him from his sight forever.

But the successful contractor had one friend, Dr. Clifford, a college chum of young Rogerson's, one who had helped him out of scrapes innumerable, and who, in return, had been presented to a first-rate country practice by the scapegrace's grateful parent. Dr. Clifford had conceived a liking for his benefactor apart from the claims the latter had on his gratitude. He saw in him a man of remarkable ability and of no little generosity, though spoiled by prosperity and by the absence of moral and religious principles. He saw with sorrow his increasing fondness for liquor, and had urged him to abandon it.

Dr. Clifford's Return from the Contractor's Death-bed.

The wintry morning sun with its red face was looking coldly upon the white earth when Dr. Clifford, in obedience to a summons from his benefactor, rang the lodge bell at the contractor's country house, Bankside, near Welmsdale. A respectable old lady emerged from the lodge, and with a kindly, albeit respectful, greeting to the doctor, opened the door.

"Good-morning, Mrs. Fraser!" exclaimed Dr. Clifford, politely raising his hat. "What a fine bracing morning!"

"It is that," answered the old lady, with a broad Scotch accent. "It's grand weather for the time of year, and it's to be hoped it will continue. But what's the matter, doctor? Is Mr. Rogerson ill, or is it only a friendly visit?"

"I fancy it's both, Mrs. Fraser, but I'll tell you when I come down." Saying which the young doctor passed up the avenue and into the house.

Wearily the wintry day wore on. Mrs. Fraser had sat for hours at the lodge window, looking eagerly up the avenue for the form of the returning doctor, but he came not. Her frugal midday meal was over, and the sun was near its setting, when at last the doctor's footstep was heard upon the snow-covered gravel. The old lady rose and bustled to the gate, but as she held it open for the doctor to pass out she cast an anxious, searching look up into his face.

"I am afraid I have no good news for you, Mrs. Fraser," observed Dr. Clifford, reading the question in her face. "Mr. Rogerson has been ill, very ill; indeed, he will never be well again."

"O doctor, he is not dead, is he?" said Mrs. Fraser.

"Yes, my good woman, it is all over. I doubt if I could have saved him if I had been sent for earlier. As it was there was no hope, though I did my utmost."

The doctor said no more as he passed out of the gate; but he might have told a terrible story of that day's experience. When he arrived in the morning he had found the contractor a raving maniac. He had not been sober in several days, and had been more or less under the influence of liquor ever since he had learned of his electoral defeat. The potations at night had been followed by heavy sleep, from which he awoke with a headache that was torture. He had applied again to the brandy-bottle until he fell into stupor, from which he was awaked only to drink again. This had gone on day by day, until at last the servants had sent for the doctor. But it was too late for treatment, and Dr. Clifford, after struggling through the short winter day with the frenzied man, saw him die, unable to give relief. It was a horrible deathbed, such as even he had been unnerved by witnessing.

The funeral was a spectacle that furnished a commentary on the vanity of worldly prosperity. Beside the doctor the only persons present were the hired servants. Rogerson had believed in "*the gospel of getting on*," the only gospel he did believe in, and the words of the burial service uttered over his dead body sounded like a mockery. He had succeeded as the world counts success, but there was no hope in his death, and even the question: "Whose shall these things be which thou hast provided?" he had not answered. Nothing was heard of his son, and after a long interval the estate, which had been acquired at such a stupendous moral cost, was dissipated by lawsuits between the dead contractor's distant relatives. Such was the end of one who at the outset of his career made not God his guide, who lived only for the world, and who received the wages which Satan gives to his slaves.

MRS. CHANTREY'S SECRET.

A SERIAL STORY.

(*Concluded from page 607.*)

Light out of Darkness.

THE gale off the Cape of Good Hope was weathered at last, and the vessel sailed into smoother seas. The bitterness of the cold was over, and only fresh invigorating breezes swept across the water. Nothing could have been more helpful toward Mr. Chantrey's recovery, except his new freedom from sorrow. His trouble had passed away like the storm. He could not but trust that the same strength which had been given to his wife in her hour of fiercest temptation would be still granted to her in ordinary trials, from which he could not always shield her. Sophy herself was full of hope. She felt her will, so long enslaved, regaining its former freedom, and her brain recovering its old clearness. The pleasures and duties of life had once more a charm for her. It was as though some madness and delusion had passed away, and she was once more in her right mind.

The voyage between Australia and New Zealand, taken in a crowded and comfortless steamer, was a severe testing time for her. It lasted for several days, and she could not be kept from the influence of the drinking customs of those on board. But she never quitted the side either of her husband or Ann Holland. In New Zealand, where no one knew the story of her past life, except Mr. Warden, it was more easy to face the future, and to carry out the reformation begun in her. They were poor, far poorer than she had ever expected to be, and she had harder work than she had been accustomed to do; but such exertions were beneficial to her.

Ann Holland, as a matter of course, lived with them in their little home, from which Mr. Chantrey was often absent while visiting the distant portions of his large parish, which extended over many miles. But Ann was not left to do all the drudgery of the household unaided. Sophy Chantrey would take her share in her every duty, and seldom sat down to sew or write unless Ann was ready to rest also. The old want of something to do could never revisit her; the old sense of loneliness could not come back. There was her boy to teach, and her simple, homely neighbors to associate with. The customs and conventionalities of English life had no force here, and she was free to act as she pleased. As the years passed by, David Chantrey lost forever a secret lurking dread lest his wife's sin should be only biding its time. He could go away in peace, and return home gladly, having almost forgotten the reason of his exchanging the pleasant rectory of Upton for the hard work of a colonial living.

From time to time letters reached them from Mrs. Bolton, complaining bitterly of the changes introduced by the new rector, whose customs and opinions constantly clashed with her own. She found herself put on one side, and quietly neglected in all questions concerning the parish; while her influence gradually died away. Again and again she urged her nephew to return to England, promising that she would make him her heir, and procure for him a living as valuable as the one he had resigned. She could not understand that to a man like David Chantrey the calm happy consciousness of days well spent, and the grateful remembrance of a terrible sorrow having been removed, were better than anything earth could give.

The old pride he had once felt in his social position and personal popularity could never lift up its crest again. He had gone down to the Valley of Humiliation, and there, to his surprise, he found "that the air was pleasant, and that here a man shall be free from the noise and hurryings of this life, and shall not be let and hindered in his contemplation, as in other places he is apt to be." His laborious simple life suited him, and no entreaties or promises of Mrs. Bolton could recall him to England.

Eight tranquil years had passed by when So-

phy Chantrey detected in her husband a degree of preoccupation and reticence that had long been unusual to him. For a few days he kept the secret; but at last, just as she began to feel she could bear his reserve no longer he spoke out.

"Sophy," he said, "I have had some letters from England."

"From Aunt Bolton?" she asked, with a faint undertone of vexation in her voice, for Mrs. Bolton's letters always revived bitter memories in her mind.

"No," he answered, holding out to her a large bulky packet; "they are from the bishop—our English bishop, you know—just a few lines; and from the Upton people. It seems that the living is about to be vacant again, for Seymour has had a very good one presented to him in the north; and the parishioners have petitioned the bishop, and petitioned me to accept the charge again. See, here are hundreds of signatures, and the churchwardens tell me every man and woman in the parish would have signed if there had been room. The bishop speaks very kindly about it, too, and they want my answer by the mail going out next week."

"And what will you say?" asked Sophy breathlessly.

"It is for you to say," he answered; "you must decide. Could you go back happily, Sophy? As for me, I never loved, or shall love, any place like Upton. I dream of it often. Yet I could not return to it at any great cost to you, be sure of that. You must answer the question. We have been very happy together here, all of us; and you and I have been truer Christians than perhaps we could ever have been if we had stayed at home. If you decide to settle here, I for one will never regret it."

"Would it be safe for me to go back?" she faltered.

"As safe for you as for me," he answered emphatically; "do not be afraid of that. A sin conquered and uprooted, as yours has been, is less likely to overcome us than some new temptation. I have no fear of that."

For the next few days Sophy Chantrey went through her daily work as in a dream. There were many things to weigh and consider, and her husband left her to herself, acting as if he had dismissed the subject altogether from his mind. For herself she shrank from returning among the people who had known her in her worst days, and whose curious suspicious eyes would be always watching her, and bringing to her mind sad recollections. She knew well that all her life long there would be the memory of her sin kept alive in the hearts of her husband's parishioners if he went back as rector of Upton. Yet she could not resolve to banish him from the place he loved so well, and the people who were so eager to have him with them again as their pastor. There was nothing to be dreaded on account of his health, which was fully re-established.

There was her boy, too, who was growing old enough to require better teaching than they could secure for him in the colony. Ann Holland would be overjoyed to think of seeing Upton again, and to return to her old friends and townsfolk. No; they must not be doomed to continual exile for her sake. She must take up the cross that lay before her, from which she had so long escaped, and be willing to bear the penalty of her transgressions, learning that no sins, though forgiven, can be blotted out as far as their consequences are concerned—can never be, through endless years, as though they had never been.

"We must go home to Upton," she said to her husband the evening before the mail left for England. "I have considered everything, and we must go."

"Willingly, Sophy? Gladly?" he asked, looking keenly into her face, so changed from when he had seen it first. What lines there were upon it which ought not to have been there so early, he knew well. How different it was from the fair fresh face of his young wife when they first went home to Upton Rectory. Yet he loved her better now than then.

"Willingly, though not gladly yet," she answered; "but do not argue with me. Do not try to persuade me against my own decision. You all came out for my sake, and I am bent upon returning for yours. In time I shall be as glad that I returned as you are that you came out, though I am not glad now. I shall be a standing lesson to the people of Upton."

"But I do not wish my wife to be a lesson," he said fondly. Yet he could not urge her to alter her decision. The old home and the old church, which he had diligently tried to forget, thrust themselves as freshly and imperiously upon his memory as if he had left them but yesterday. He had not known how great his sacrifice had been when he had given them up in his misery. Ann Holland and his boy shared his delight, and before they sailed for home Sophy herself found that she could take very real pleasure in their new prospects.

Mrs. Bolton did not live to welcome them back to Upton. The last few years had been years of vexation and loneliness to her, and there had been no one to care for her and to help her to bear her troubles. She had been ailing for some time, and the trying changes of the spring hastened her death before her favorite nephew could reach England. The hired nurses who attended her through her last illness heard her often muttering to herself, as if her enfeebled brain was possessed by one idea, "If any will come after Me, let him deny himself, and take up his cross daily, and follow Me." The words haunted her, and once she said, in an awed voice and with a look of pain, "He that taketh not up his cross and followeth after Me, is not worthy of Me." "Not worthy of me!" she repeated, mournfully, "not worthy of me!"

Passing through the mind of the dying worldly Christian were solemn thoughts. The world receding from her view, she was looking into the future. Well enough she knew that in the world to which she was hastening she must appear before the Being, whose voice spoke the solemn words that her conscience recalled, "Not worthy of Me." Who would not be accounted worthy? Those who in life had shrunk from bearing the cross. Was not that reasonable? Was it too much to be asked by Him who had humiliated Himself in life and gone voluntarily to an ignominious death to ransom others. Could not He ask those for whom He suffered and died to deny themselves for their fellows? The dying woman's conscience, speaking now in tones of thunder, told her He had that right.

Had she obeyed? Had she not rather defrauded her Saviour?

It was now really for the first time that her conduct thus passed before her. The archdeacon's widow could see by the light of memory the obeisance of the parish poor whom she was accustomed to visit. Again the respectful tones of the people struck her ear. She was accounted worthy by them, and her friends among the richer folk held her up as a model of piety and devotion. She had been ready to accept their judgment, and in the days of health and prosperity she had held herself to be a worthy Christian. Now she was about to stand before Him whose favor was life, whose frown was death, and He had said, "Not worthy."

How small now appeared to her enlightened soul the services she had rendered. The visits to the sick, the charitable gifts to the poor, the punctual and regular attendance at church—on all these she had prided herself. Now she saw them in another light. Those services had been her delight. If she had never known the Saviour she would have done just as she had done. She was happier living so. Any other life would not have so ministered to her vanity and love of approbation. Not one of those duties had been performed for Christ's sake. They gave her no comfort now; they were the robes of her own righteousness, worthless as filthy rags. She struggled to forget them as something that had deluded and cheated her.

Then there was Sophy. She thought of her with a paroxysm of self-upbraiding torture. Mr. Warden had solemnly warned her that she ought to help her erring, sinful relative, and she had heeded not. When she was told how she might save that poor weak creature, she had not attempted to do so in the only way that had a chance of success. She had seen Sophy sink lower and lower in degradation, and had counted the cost too much to save her. What was that cost? Simply the good opinion of the world. She had not dared to appear singular or unfashionable or inhospitable. Rather than appear to be either of these, she had continued to use the poison that was destroying Sophy, body and soul. As she lay there she saw the cross to have been a very light one, yet she had refused to take it up to save a soul. No wonder that Christ's words rang in her ears: "Not worthy of Me."

Might there not also have been others, of whom she did not know, who had similarly suffered at her hands? Others whom liquor had made its slave, and who might have been encouraged to abstain, if she had set them an example? This thought turned the consciousness of influence, on which she had once prided herself, into gall and bitterness. True, Sophy was saved, but not through her. She had not helped in the work. She had, on the contrary, blamed her nephew, and tried to dissuade him from taking up the cross she had refused.

This was a different death-bed from that she had looked forward to. It was as a respectable, honorable churchwoman that she had expected to leave the world; now she could utter no cry so appropriate as that of the publican, "God be merciful to me a sinner."

Something of all this she told the curate, who was a constant visitor in her sick chamber, but more than ever she longed for David Chantrey's return that she might tell him. She longed inexpressibly that the man who had taken up the cross might plead at her bedside for forgiveness for her, who had neglected it. But that desire was not granted. The lamp of life was flickering in its socket, and she knew that she would never see her nephew again. She had counted the days that would elapse before he could arrive, and she had measured her strength and was convinced it was hopeless. But God mercifully permitted her to receive assurance of forgiveness. A deep calm settled on her soul as she thought of the promises to the sinful and the negligent Christian repentant, and when a few days before the vessel in which the wanderers were journeying homeward entered the harbor, she died, there was not in this world a more humble, self-abased believer. She died trusting solely to the one hope—the love of the sinner's Saviour.

The rector of Upton and his wife have dwelt among their own people again for some years. Though the story is still sometimes told of Mrs. Chantrey's sin, the life she leads among them is a better lesson than perhaps it could have been had she never fallen. They see in her one who has not merely been tempted, but who has conquered and escaped from the tyranny of a vice shamefully common among us. There is hope for the feeblest and the most degraded when they hear of her, or when they learn the story from her own lips. For if by the sorrowful confession she can help any one, she does not shrink from making it, with tears often, but with a profound thankfulness for the deliverance wrought out for her by those who made themselves "fellow-workers with God."

Ann Holland found her shop and pleasant kitchen transformed into a fashionable draper's establishment, with plate glass windows down to the pavement. But she did not need a home. David and Sophy Chantrey would not have parted from her if the old house had not been gone. A few of her old-fashioned goods she managed to gather together again, to furnish her own room at the rectory, and among them was the screen containing the newspaper records of events at Upton. One long column gives a

high-flown description of the rector's return to his old parish, and Ann feels a glow of pleasant pride at seeing her own name there in print.

THE END.

ELI'S DEATH.

S. S. Lesson for Oct. 7. 1 Sam. 4 : 1-18. Golden Text, verse 22. By Mrs. M. Baxter.

A Necessary Crisis—Israel's Defeat—Their Faith in the Ark—The Lord Forgotten—Sin in the Lord's Officers Peculiarly Heinous—Outward Service Belied—The Philistines Overawed—Ungodly Desire for Christian Intercession—Eli's Forebodings—His Sad Death—A Child's Significant Name—The Philistine's Fatal Spoil—Heathen Priests Involuntary Preachers—God's Witness to Himself.

THE child Samuel, once established by God Himself to be His prophet, "the word of Samuel came to all Israel." Thus there was a testimony, and a true one, to the living God. But it was good in the midst of evil, and truth in the midst of error. The Word was revealed to Samuel, and by Samuel was brought to bear upon the people, but things were still terribly wrong in Israel, and the Lord had to bring about

A SAD CRISIS

that the evil might be subdued. "Israel went out against the Philistines to battle:" it may be that they were roused by Samuel's words to do something, and a bold attack upon the Philistines was the best thing they could think of. The place of their encampment was the best that could be; it was Ebenezer, which means the stone of help. ["Hitherto hath the Lord helped me" (Ch. 7 : 12).] The Philistines camped in Aphek [fortress or strength]. No strength is equal to experience of the Lord's succor, and yet the children of Israel did not succeed. They were not acting under the direction of God, nor were they relying upon His strength, so "Israel was smitten before the Philistines."

This was a great mortification to the elders of Israel, and when the unsuccessful soldiers returned into the camp, they said, "Wherefore hath the Lord smitten us to-day before the Philistines? Let us fetch the ark of the covenant of the Lord out of Shiloh unto us, that, when it cometh among us, *it* may save us out of the hand of our enemies." Oh, how the heart of Israel had departed from God! they were not looking to Him to save them, but only to

THE EXTERNAL TOKEN

of His presence; they did not say that *He* may save, but that *it* may save us. Oh, how many there are who look to the outward sign of a sacrament to save them! how many look to a church for salvation! how many to some wonderful experience! There are many who go to some meeting or some convention, expecting *it* to do the work; there are many who look to Bethshan, Mämedorf, Hauptweil, or Boll to heal their bodies. God is a jealous God; He will never suffer any "it" to take His place.

The people, in their mistaken zeal, went to Shiloh, and there with the ark of God was the sin of man, embodied in Hophni and Phinehas, instead of the power and presence of God manifest in the pillar of cloud and of fire. The people thought it must answer if the ark came into their midst, but God's thoughts are higher than man's, and He hated the ministry of those sinful young men; "Be ye clean, that bear the vessels of the Lord" (Isa. 52 : 11) is His word. When a minister, an evangelist, a Sunday-school teacher, or a district visitor manifests anger, overreaching, jealousy, or, worse still, the more flagrant sins of uncleanness, lying, theft, etc., the consequences of that sin are incalculably greater than when committed by one who has no such office; it is making "Christ the minister of sin" (Gal. 2 : 17). God speaks terrible words of sinful teachers, "I have seen also in the prophets of Jerusalem an horrible thing: they commit adultery, and walk in lies: they strengthen also the hands of evildoers, that none doth return from his wickedness" (Jer. 23 : 14).

Hophni and Phinehas did not neglect the outward service of God; when the ark was sought for, they were at their post, but all the while by their lives they were denying the God whom they professed to serve. When an evangelist can preach and pray with the utmost earnestness, can say he lives only for God, and that he does not belong to himself, and then loses his temper because somebody does not appreciate him, because his salary is not forthcoming, etc., the most stupid observer would say that he is making a false profession, and that he knows nothing of real devotion. Numbers of upright Christians are held back from holiness meetings by this mixing of sin with the highest professions of holiness.

GOD IS NOT SUBJECT TO MAN;

the stratagem did not answer; the bringing of the ark was not the bringing of God into the camp, man is not God's master, and churches, experiences, plans without Him are futile. The ark with a Hophni and Phinehas had no power against the Philistines: for a moment only they were overawed. They heard the children of Israel shout when the ark of God came into the camp, "so that the earth rang again;" "and the Philistines were afraid; for they said, God is come into the camp. And they said, Woe unto us! for there hath not been such a thing heretofore. Woe unto us! who shall deliver us out of the hand of these mighty Gods? these are the Gods that smote the Egyptians with all the plagues in the wilderness. Be strong, and quit yourselves like men, O ye Philistines, that ye be not servants unto the Hebrews, as they have been to you: quit yourselves like men, and fight." Every outward advantage was on the side of Israel, the fear of the Philistines was calculated to make them an easy prey, but

THE LORD WAS NOT WITH ISRAEL,

no pillar of cloud or of fire stood over the ark, and without God it was a mere chest of wood without virtue and without power. Oh, how frequently we find that men want to subject the power of God to their own purposes; a man who has no hold on God himself will ask the prayers of a believer who lives in an atmosphere of answered prayer, that he may obtain some purely selfish end—success in some business scheme for his own personal benefit, never intending that the profits shall be the Lord's—healing from some disease, only to be able to live more completely for his own ends—success in some mission work, not at all for the sake of the salvation of souls, but that the collections may bring him in a good living; in some instances we have known sentimental young women write for prayer that some young man may ask them in marriage! One's soul turns from this desecration, this unbecoming attempt on the part of men to trick God into serving their purposes; it will answer no better than the bringing of the ark into the camp. Those who attempt in this manner to avail themselves of the intercession of Christians, must know that the Holy Ghost, who prompts real prayer, is not taken in by man's devices.

BAD NEWS

always travels quickly; a man of Benjamin ran, with his clothes rent and earth upon his head, to Shiloh the same day. The old priest "Eli sat upon a seat by the wayside watching;" he knew that God had determined evil upon his house. His heart was full of anxiety; the calm of one whose conscience is all right did not belong to the poor old man; he knew the doom, pronounced by the Lord through Samuel, was coming nearer every day, and his heart could not but misgive him for the rash act of the children of Israel, "his heart trembled for the ark of God." A great cry and tumult throughout the city was the first indication that something was wrong. The old man's eyes were dim, and he asked, "What meaneth the noise of this tumult? And the man came in hastily, and told Eli;" he said, "Israel is fled before the Philistines, and there hath been also a great slaughter among the people, and thy two sons, also, Hophni and Phinehas, are dead, and the ark of God is taken." For the defeat of his people Eli was prepared, for the death of his two sons also, but when, added to all this crushing sorrow, the very ark of God was taken, it was too much for him. The tension of watching with more than a presentiment of evil had been very great, and now when a grief had come infinitely greater than all which he had feared, the strain became too great, and he gave way under it; when the messenger "made mention of the ark of God, Eli fell from off the seat backward by the side of the gate, and his neck broke, and he died: for he was an old man, and heavy." It was

A SAD DEATH,

caused by the consequences of his sins of omission. And the trouble came not on him alone; his whole family was involved in it. His daughter-in-law gave birth to a child, and named him Ichabod [where is the glory?]. The ark was taken, her father-in-law and her husband were dead, and she, too, died, saying, "The glory is departed from Israel; for the ark of God is taken." It is probable that this woman knew the Lord, and had the cause of God at heart; if so, she must have had a hard struggle in being the wife of a dissolute man like Phinehas.

FATAL SPOIL.

But what about the ark of God? In chastising His own people, did God entirely play into the hands of the Philistines, and leave the ark of the covenant, which He had caused to be made, to their unconsecrated hands? The Philistines took the ark of God from Ebenezer and brought it to Ashdod, and there they brought it into the house of Dagon, and set it by Dagon, as though to say "Our god is as good as the God of Israel;" but in the morning the image of Dagon "was fallen upon his face to the earth before the ark of the Lord." No hand was to be seen, it was an invisible power which had wrought this thing. The Philistines, nevertheless, did not humble themselves at this evidence of the power of God, and they set the image of Dagon up again. Must it not have struck them with some kind of misgiving that their god had no power to lift himself when he had fallen? The morrow Dagon had fallen a second time and his head and both his hands were cut off upon the threshold. This was not all; God sent most painful and deadly diseases upon the city, so that the lords of the Philistines were gathered together in counsel and determined to carry the ark of God to Gath. This done, the hand of God was as much against that city as it had been against Ashdod, and the inhabitants were smitten so that they sent the ark away to Ekron, but the Ekronites would not have the ark of God but sent and gathered all the lords of the Philistines, and said, "Send away the ark of the God of Israel, and let it go again to His own place, that it slay us not;" for already numbers had died, and others were smitten. Then not only the lords but the priests and divines were called together.

It is a marvellous fact that these heathen priests thus became preachers of the power of the God of Israel. After giving counsel that a trespass offering should be sent with the ark, they said, "And

YE SHALL GIVE GLORY

unto the God of Israel: peradventure He will lighten His hand from off you, and from off your gods, and from off your land. Wherefore then do ye harden your hearts, as the Egyptians and Pharaoh hardened their hearts? when he had wrought wonderfully among them, did they not let the people go, and they departed?" Then they counselled that the ark should be put in a new cart, and drawn by two milch kine, while their calves were tied up at home. If the kine disobeyed their natural instincts, and *leaving their calves* took the nearest way into the land of Israel, they would know then that God's hand had been upon them; if they returned, a chance had happened. The result was that the kine took the way to Bethshemesh; thus God, in spite of the sin of His own people, witnessed for Himself to the Philistines.

FOREIGN TOPICS.

A Political Crisis in the Danubian Principalities is producing uneasiness in Europe. It is chiefly important, because it increases the animosity existing between Russia and Austria. The latter government expected to control the policy of Servia and Roumania, but the people have resisted a foreign dictatorship, and each succeeding election of deputies has shown the growth of independent feeling in the country. At the recent election more than two-thirds of the men elected belong to the patriotic as opposed to the Austrian party. In Bulgaria Russian influence has been similarly checked. The Russian officers in that country forced the liberation of M. Zankoff, an imprisoned patriot, and urged the king to order a new election of deputies. The election has swept away the cabinet and carried M. Zankoff into power, but Russia has not profited, as the new cabinet has required the withdrawal of the Russian officers and demanded from the king a large concession of power to the people. Austria and Russia mutually suspect each other of plotting, and their relations with each other are strained. European diplomats are alarmed, as disturbances in the Danubian principalities have already on two occasions been followed by war.

Negotiations between France and China have proceeded during the past week with little apparent result. M. Challemel Lacour, the French Secretary of State, who seems lacking in diplomatic ability, has retired from the discussion, and the Chinese minister now communicates directly with M. Ferry, the prime-minster. M. Ferry has summoned to his aid M. Waddington, who represents France at the English Court, and has also requested the mediation of Earl Granville. The astute Chinese minister seems in no hurry to conclude the negotiations, which appear interminable. Time is a distinct gain to China. The French force in Tonquin is suffering heavily from disease ; the enemy is hemming it in, interrupting its communications, and cutting off its supplies, and generally harrassing it without venturing a pitched battle. The French, civil and military authorities in Tonquin have quarrelled, and Dr. Harmand, the French Consul, has sent General Bouet back to France. All these difficulties tend to discourage the Cabinet, who have also reason to dread the approaching meeting of the Chambers, which are likely to denounce the administration for involving the country in an expensive and inglorious war.

Reports of Professor Nordenskjold's Expedition to the Arctic have been received. The professor's intention was to land on the eastern coast of Greenland and endeavor to cross that country in its unexplored part and then attempt to cross from Baffin's Bay to Denmark Strait. It would appear from the cable report that he was unable to carry out his programme, for the cablegram intimates that he is on the western coast, from which he expects to go to Ivigtut. The expedition started from Awtleiksivick on the 4th of September, and reached a distance of 360 kilometres inland, attaining a height of 7000 feet above the level of the sea. This is the first time that human beings have penetrated so far into Greenland. The whole region is an ice desert, proving that there is no open water inland. Very valuable scientific data have been obtained.

A Report that Lieutenant Greely is Dead was received here on Saturday last. This confirms the fears that were aroused by the failure of the Proteus to carry relief to Lady Franklin Bay, where the United States Arctic Exploration station was fixed. The information now given, which it may be devoutly hoped is untrue, comes from Professor Nordenskjold, the Danish explorer, who had it from the Esquimaux who, it may be parenthetically remarked, are not noted for their truthfulness. The professor says : "During my excursion on the inland ice, Dr. Nathorst, with the steamer Sofia, anchored on July 27th in a bay near Cape York. The doctor was accompanied from Godhaven by an Esquimaux interpreter named Hans Christian, who had met at Godhaven a party of fifteen Esquimaux from Wolstenholm. They stated that they had been informed by other natives that the commander of the American expedition, whose name they pronounced 'Kasleyh,' and another member of the party, which had arrived at a point north of Smith Sound, were dead, and that the rest of the expedition had returned on sledges to Littleton Island." The government, after consultation with eminent Arctic explorers, have decided that it would be useless to send out another relief expedition this year.

There has been a Royal Gathering at Copenhagen, the capital of Denmark. The Czar and Czarina of Russia, the King and Queen of Greece, the Prince and Princess of Wales and other princely personages have been gathered there. Mr. Gladstone also, accompanied by Mr. Tennyson, the English poet laureate, joined the royal party. Efforts have been made to represent the meeting as one of international significance, but the English press contends that it was simply a family party, having no bearing on State affairs. The general tendency of European diplomacy is, however, of an ominous character. There are two hostile camps apparently forming, one of which is composed of Germany, Austria, Italy and Spain, while in the other are Russia and France. Overtures to England have been made by both coalitions.

O'Donnell, by whom Carey, the Informer, was killed, or in murderer's parlance "removed," arrived in England on September 18th. Elaborate precautions were taken by the government to prevent his Irish friends rescuing him. He landed at Southampton, and was taken under a strong guard to London. He had a preliminary examination the same day, but was remanded to await the arrival of Mrs. Carey and other witnesses who, from motives of prudence, were not allowed to make the journey on the same ship with O'Donnell. Mrs. Carey's evidence is anticipated with some interest, there being rumors that she has made startling disclosures to the police concerning the relations of her dead husband with prominent persons. It will be remembered that Carey, in giving his evidence, boasted that he could have given evidence, if he had chosen, implicating other men beside his fellow-prisoners. O'Donnell is surprised that a defence fund has not been raised by the National League, and charges his countrymen with ingratitude.

There is More Trouble in Zululand.—The British authorities at the Cape have sent a message to Cetewayo demanding his surrender. It appears he was badly wounded at Ulundi, in Zululand, in the early part of August. On August 19th Mr. Osborn, the British Resident in charge of the Reserve, endeavored to meet Cetewayo, who was in a kraal at Inkankla Bush, where he had taken refuge. Cetewayo, however, fled when the Resident, with a small mounted escort, came in view of the kraal. Armed parties of the natives appearing on the neighboring hill-tops, Mr. Osborn retired.

The New Queen of Madagascar is Razafindahetz, who assumes the throne under the name of Ranavalona III. She is a young widow, only twenty-two years of age, of good repute and a Christian, and all the people seem much delighted with her. The New York *Herald* publishes a description of the ceremonies at the funeral of the late queen, which took place at Ambohimanjer, and was preceded by a ceremony at the Chapel Royal. The dying request of the queen was that as little fuss as possible might be made at her funeral ; that the affairs of the State might be proceeded with as usual, and that her successor *would still hold fast to Christianity* and not change the "customs." Mr. Shaw has returned to England at the request of the government, and will lay before them a full account of the circumstances of his arrest and imprisonment During his confinement on the French vessel he was treated with extreme brutality. A public meeting, under the auspices of the London Missionary Society, will be held at Exeter Hall on the 27th inst., to welcome home Mr. Shaw and other Madagascar missionaries. According to a statement published by the London *Times* the published account of the French outrages at Tamatave falls far short of the truth, and adds that when the English Consul, Mr. Pakenham, was dying, the French priests endeavored to force him to become a Catholic, and compelled him to kiss the crucifix.

A Conference of Young Men's Christian Associations was held early this month in Liverpool, commencing with a conversazione and reception of delegates in St. George's Hall. Special sermons were preached in many of the churches and chapels throughout the city, and there were several prayer-meetings and conferences, closing by a public meeting in Hengler's Circus. From the returns sent in before the opening of the conference, it appears there are in 162 associations 17,618 members and 11,596 associates. Nineteen occupy buildings of their own, and forty-five have salaried secretaries who devote their whole time to the work. Twenty-one new associations had been formed during the year.

A Revival in Japan is Reported by the Rev. C. S. Long, of the Methodist Episcopal Church at Nagasaki, who tells of a remarkable work of grace in connection with his mission. In that newly-opened country missionary work is in an initial state, and the Church at Nagasaki, till the manifestation we speak of, was a very small affair indeed. It is one of the most impressive marks of the recent awakening that it began within the Church, and spread at once among the heathen congregation. Mr. Long writes: "We have now continued the meetings eleven days with marvellous results. Fifty have been converted, and forty-two have been added to the Church. Last Sunday (June 3d) I baptized twenty-seven persons in Nagasaki, and we have now a large number of candidates for baptism. I have never witnessed anything, even at home, more marvellous than the great revival now in progress here." The letter concludes: "A Buddhist priest, who has been attending our meetings, has just slipped in to tell me that he has renounced Buddhism, and accepts Christianity as the true religion."

The Order of Barefooted Nuns.—A Writer in a London paper relates that there exists an order of women, very little known, called the "Barefooted Klarissenites." They have a cloister in the quarter of the Invalides, Paris, and number eighteen, with some lay sisters for their service. Fourteen of these nuns are under twenty-three years of age, for the regulations are so severe that most of those who enter the house die young. They wear a coarse woollen garment, and go all the year round barefoot on cold stone floors ; they never warm themselves at a fire, eat meat only once a year, and sleep upon a narrow plank which is not long enough for them to stretch out the limbs upon. Ten hours of every day are spent kneeling in the chapel. They live on alms and the produce of work which they do in addition to their religious exercises. These devotees belong for the most part to families of rank. They are entirely shut off from the outer world, but they are once a year shown to their relatives from a distance, through a lattice in the chapel. When a nun dies, her companions lay her in her coffin, which is placed outside the bounds of the cloister to be examined by the authorities.

The Prophetic News for September Contains articles on The Rulership of the Millennial Kingdom, by a Resident of Jerusalem ; Biblical Hailstorms—Past and Present, by Rev. E. J. Hytche ; The Second Advent and its Glorious Epiphany, etc., etc. Also a summary of Passing Events from a prophetic point of view, and extracts from the Jewish press. Price six cents. Annual subscription seventy cents. Back numbers of this periodical for this year may be had at the same price, from the office of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, 63 Bible House, New York, N. Y.

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The late Dr. MEDHURST, Missionary in Java.—Scene during the Volcanic Eruption of August 25.

THE LATE DR. W. H. MEDHURST,

For Twenty-Seven Years a Missionary in Java.

Early Love of Pleasure—Conversion of a Crippled Sailor Brother—A New Life—First Efforts at Evangelization—Goes to Malacca as a Missionary Printer—Missionary Work in Java—Removal to China—A Difficulty with his "Pigtail"—Clumsy Use of the "Chopsticks"—Narrow Escape from Desperadoes—Attainments and Services—Return Home and Death—The Recent Volcanic Eruptions in Java.

THE recent appalling calamity in Java, in which, by the volcanic eruption, thousands of people lost their lives, has called attention to that strange land of which few people know anything. This week THE CHRISTIAN HERALD contains on its first page a picture which may help its readers to form some idea of the terrific scene, and with it a portrait of an eminent servant of Christ, who gave the best years of his life to Christian work in the island.

Walter Henry Medhurst, the distinguished missionary, *whose portrait appears on the front page*, was born in 1796, in London. He spent his youth at St. Paul's Cathedral Grammar School, and at the age of fourteen removed to the city of Gloucester, where he learned "the art and mystery" of printing.

YOUTHFUL LOVE OF PLEASURE.

Before he was fourteen years old, however, his natural liveliness gave way to an insidious influence. He became a frequenter of theatres and other places of questionable amusement. There he was plunging fast into the whirl of giddy dissipation. But, through a kind providence, he was arrested, in a manner neither striking nor wonderful, but so decided, that a radical change came over the habits and aims of his life.

HIS CRIPPLED SAILOR BROTHER.

He had an elder brother, named William, who was a sailor. By a fall from the topmast of a ship he broke his leg, and was sent home. He had hitherto lived "without the fear of God before his eyes;" but one Sunday as he hobbled along the street he caught sight of an old Congregational church, at that time under the pastoral care of the late Rev. John Clayton. Partly weary, partly curious, he walked in to take a seat. The straggler's attention was at once rivetted. A message from God fell upon the ear of the crippled youth, and was the means of his giving himself to Christ.

WALTER LED TO CHRIST.

Immediately after his own conversion, William felt intense anxiety about the spiritual state of his brother Walter, and wrote to him, urging him, in the most affectionate and pressing terms, to think about his soul, and the great salvation which God in His mercy had provided for it. William also exacted from his younger brother a promise that he would go to the Congregational church in Gloucester, and hear the Rev. William Bishop preach. Walter promised, and went. He slunk in, and took a pew nearest the door, not daring to hold up his head. He felt he was a stranger in a strange place, and experienced considerable awkwardness. The minister had already commenced his sermon; but, repeating his text shortly after the wandering youth had entered—"a firebrand plucked out of the burning" (Amos 4 : 11)—the words came with such divine power to his heart, that Walter thought he himself was addressed personally, and he left the church, convinced that Mr. Bishop must have known all about his former life. The impressions thus made were deepened, and he became "a new creature in Christ Jesus."

FIRST EFFORTS AT EVANGELIZATION.

And now, with the life, warmth, and promptitude so characteristic of him, Mr. Medhurst engaged in the service of his Saviour. During the week-days he kept to his printer's "case;" but on Sunday he was teaching the young in Sabbath-schools, giving away tracts in the highways and lanes, or in the villages around, and addressing groups of people, wherever he could gather them, on the way of salvation. In spite of occasional opposition, his zeal in the service of God increased, and his heart burned within him to be employed as an evangelist among the heathen abroad.

GOES TO MALACCA.

An opening at last appeared. The services of a missionary printer were much needed at Malacca, a station temporarily occupied by Dr. Milne, in the Malayan Archipelago. Hearing of this, Mr. Medhurst applied to the London Missionary Society, tendering his services as a printer, and they were ultimately accepted. Having turned the twentieth year of his age, he embarked from his native shores in September, 1816, but through the detention of the vessel at Madras, he did not reach Malacca for nearly a year afterward. His arrival was hailed with delight by Dr. Milne, who at once transferred to his new colleague the sole care of the printing department.

TWENTY-SEVEN YEARS IN JAVA.

From the period of his arrival, Mr. Medhurst continued till 1843 to labor in succession at the various stations then occupied in the Indian Archipelago, especially at Batavia, the splendid capital of Java, *where the appalling volcanic eruptions and earthquakes have recently taken place, as shown in our frontispiece picture.* He devoted this entire period of twenty-seven years to various schemes of missionary effort in the Straits of Malacca—to the study of various languages, to translations, school-instruction, printing, itinerating, and preaching the Gospel of Christ, being "instant in season and out of season."

REMOVAL TO CHINA.

On five Chinese ports being opened to foreigners by the Nanking Treaty of 1842, Mr. Medhurst was removed from Batavia to Shanghai. In conjunction with his colleagues, he opened that mission, where he labored with patience and zeal till he re-embarked for England in September, 1856, just forty years after he had first quitted his native shores as an ambassador to the Gentiles. As it is not our purpose to give a lengthened detail of his useful labors in China, we will content ourselves by narrating just a few incidents of interest connected with his career and efforts in that vast empire of about 360,000,000 of Christless people.

A DIFFICULTY WITH HIS QUEUE.

In order that he might pass unobserved *as a foreigner* through the interior, Dr. Medhurst found it absolutely necessary, as Mr. Hudson Taylor has done, to cultivate a queue like a native. For this purpose he underwent the shaving of the head, all but the crown, and the appending of a long plait to the hair of the crown. That an artificial queue like this should sometimes drop off was to be expected; and that, in the case of a foreigner in disguise, its falling off should awaken some danger was not to be wondered at. In his journal, Dr. Medhurst mentions the following by way of illustration:

"After sitting at table one evening, engaged in discussion with a party of natives, I rose and retired to the bedroom; but, in a few minutes afterward, I observed my guide coming in with my queue in his hand. It had dropped off while I was sitting in the chair, and had been left behind. My guide was greatly agitated, and said that he had just escaped a fearful danger; for had the queue become loose or fallen off during our previous march, or at any one of the numerous inns and tea-shops at which we put up, we could not have prevented our secret being discovered. He proceeded as speedily as possible to repair the damage. Greater care, of course, was taken in future, lest a like mishap should occur in a more public place, where the evil might be irreparable."

CLUMSY USE OF THE "CHOPSTICKS."

The great missionary traveller one day found himself in a dilemma, among the genuine natives of the interior of the empire, occasioned by his clumsy and awkward use of the "chopsticks." Heretofore he had always used the knife, fork, or spoon of civilized lands; but to do in China as the Chinese do, he must put these utensils aside for *the "nimble lads,"* as they designate the pair of common sticks employed in eating their food. Being in the house of a manager of a tea establishment, Dr. Medhurst was prevailed upon to remain for a few hours. He says:

"We were first regaled with basins of hot vermicelli soup; and, as the evening set in, a large feast was prepared for us in the central hall. With a great deal of difficulty I was enabled to take up with the chopsticks a few pieces of meat from the dishes in the middle of the table, which I not unfrequently let fall before they reached my plate or could be conveyed to my mouth. I was glad, therefore, when the feast was ended, and we removed from the ill-lighted table to a still more gloomy part of the room."

NARROW ESCAPE FROM DEATH.

During one of his missionary tours, Dr. Medhurst had a narrow escape from death. In March, 1848, he was at a town thirty miles from Shanghai, called Tsingpoo, distributing tracts among the grain-junk mariners, on the Imperial Canal. Distress and consequent dissatisfaction prevailed at the time, and the men, grown reckless, seemed ready for any disturbance, and especially to annoy foreigners, if not to rob them.

Early one morning, with two of his colleagues, he proceeded to distribute tracts from house to house. While engaged in his work, a number of Shantung navigators came behind the missionary and his friends, pushing and striving to get a larger number of tracts than would properly fall to their share, throwing stones also, shouting, and yelling. Dr. Medhurst turned about, and facing the mob, asked what they meant by making such a disturbance; he desired, too, to know who the ringleaders were, that they and he might both appear before the native magistrate. Upon this, the mob became still, and moving to each side of the street, left a free passage for the missionaries, who proceeded quietly in their work till it was time to return to their boats.

ATTACKED AND STUNNED.

They had not walked above half a mile, however, from the gates of Tsingpoo, when they observed a crowd of people rushing after them with the most infuriated looks and gestures. An attempt at parley was made, but in vain; for they approached nearer and nearer, with long poles, heavy hoes, ponderous rakes, and other rough weapons.

While warding off the blows aimed at him, Dr. Medhurst was struck from behind on his head; and being stunned, he fell on the ground. The cowardly assailants, seeing their victim prostrate, rushed upon him, struck him with their clubs while lying on his face, and wounded him severely with a blunt sword. As plunder was their main object, they proceeded to rob him of his watch, spectacles, cane, cap, etc. The other missionaries shared a fate nearly as severe; but Dr. Medhurst was the object of their most murderous attack, and he was convinced that it was only through the watchful providence of God that the blows did not cause immediate death.

ATTAINMENTS AND SERVICES.

As a missionary, Dr. Medhurst united the unwearied application of a student with the active duties of an evangelist. His attainments in oriental languages and literature were extensive; but his knowledge of the Chinese tongue was, both for its accuracy and extent, unrivalled. He was the author, in Chinese, of numerous treatises and tracts, explanatory of the Divine principles of Christianity—works which have had an extensive circulation in the interior of the empire. But his *translation of the entire Bible* into Chinese, in which, while he was greatly aided by his friends Messrs. Stronach and Milne, he was the most efficient laborer, will be his abiding memorial among the myriads of the Chinese who have read it and believed.

RETURN HOME AND DEATH.

This great and useful man, having been in the missionary field full forty years, left China on September 10th, 1856. He was more than sixty

EXAMPLES OF DISASTROUS HAILSTORMS.

Though from the general temperature of Great Britain, the hailstorms which occasionally occur do not work much mischief, as in tropical countries, yet occasionally they have wrought great havoc, even there. There was, for example, a memorable hailstorm in August, 1877, in the suburbs of London. At Kew Botanical Gardens, the violent hail broke no less than 25,000 panes of glass, which were only replaced at a cost of £6000. Five of the hailstones which fell at Richmond were nearly six inches in diameter, and the whole weighed over one pound. In some cases, slates were perforated by the hailstones, so that they looked as if they had been riddled by bullets. At Hanwell, too, some hailstones were picked up, some of which measured five inches, and weighed three quarters of an ounce. The water of nine weighed six ounces. We can thus see what a powerful material scourge the Most High reserves against the period when man's present incipient rebellion will terminate in open apostasy!

FORESHADOWINGS IN PAST EVENTS.

A reference to the historical records of Holy Writ will show that nearly every predicted future disturbance or dislocation of the physical world has a foreshadow in past events. Thus, the punishments of that prototype of the last Antichrist—Pharaoh—illustrates the material penalties of the last days, especially those hailstorms which God holds in "reserve" against the last and final "time of trouble." For we read that by Divine command (Exod. 9 : 23-26), "Moses stretched forth his rod toward heaven, and Jehovah sent thunder and hail; and the fire ran along the ground, and Jehovah rained hail upon the land of Egypt; so there was hail, and fire mingled with the hail, such as there was none like it in all the land of Egypt since it became a nation: and the hail smote throughout the land of Egypt all that were in the field, both man and beast; and the hail smote every herb of the field, and brake every tree of the field." But, as if to preclude any mistakes as to this hailstorm being a miraculous and judicial penalty, it was confined to the Egyptians; for we read (v. 26): "Only in the land of Goshen—where the children of Israel were—there was *no* hail."

Further on in Hebrew history—almost, in fact, at the very commencement of Joshua's famous invasion of Canaan—the Most High used a hailstorm as an agent to execute His will. Hence we read that, when the Jewish general was assailed by Adoni-zedec, king of Jerusalem, and his confederates, in order to exterminate the Gibeonites (Josh. 10 : 11), "Jehovah cast down great [hail] stones from heaven upon them, and they died: they were more that died with hailstones than they whom the children of Israel slew with the sword." It is noticeable, as remarked by Kitto, that "on this, as on some other occasions, the miracle is found not so much in the agency employed as in the circumstances of the event. A storm of hail, so terrible, so opportune, and so *discriminate* in its effects, could not but be recognized as a manifestation of that Divine aid which had been promised to the Hebrews."

CHASTISEMENTS OF THE JEWS BY HAIL.

Nor were the Gentiles the only persons who suffered from this form of punishment for national sin; for the Jews were also visited with it for their idolatry. Thus we read (Ps. 78 : 47, 48): "He destroyed their vines with hail, and their sycamore trees with great hailstones (margin); He gave up their cattle also to hail, and their flocks to lightnings." So, again, when God rebuked the false prophets who were leading Israel to national ruin, He threatened them with the same material penalty. Almost the last of the minor prophets, in remonstrating with the Jewish people on their flagrant sins, that haply they might repent, refers to the same physical penalty. Thus Haggai writes (2 : 17): "I smote you with blasting and with mildew and with a hail, in all the labors of your hands." But the scourge did not lead to penitence; that national excision followed, which has scattered them among all nations—a by-word and a reproach. Such punishment became all the more impressive, seeing that it is only a premonition of what shall occur at

THE FINAL APOSTASY OF THE GENTILES.

As it was in the past, so will it be in the last days of this dispensation. For, as all national sin will be intensified, and become more gigantic, ending, in fact, in the reign of Antichrist, the same physical penalties will be inflicted by the God who, in spite of scientists and infidels and agnostics, still governs the material universe.

We learn from Daniel 11 : 30 and 32, and Isaiah 28 : 14, 15, that the infidel ruler of the restored but unconverted Israel will make a covenant with Antichrist, the head of revived Rome, for his protection. But, as he will only regard it as another stepping-stone to universal supremacy, he will, in his secret heart, intend to break it whenever the fitting time arrives. As this treaty will be made for seven years, the Hebrew chiefs will fondly think that for that period, at least, they will escape that wholesale murder which will mark his assumption of universal dominion. Hence they will say (Isa. 28 : 15): "Because we have made a covenant with death, and with hell, we are at agreement—when the overflowing scourge shall pass through, it shall not come unto us." But

THE PRESCIENCE OF THE PROPHET

saw beyond these apostates; for he adds (v. 18): "Your covenant with Death shall be disannulled, and your agreement with hell shall not stand; when the overflowing scourge shall pass through, then ye shall be trodden down by it." As to the period when this event shall occur, there is no room left for doubt; for Daniel intimates (chap. 9 : 27) that "in the midst of the hebdomad [or seven years] he shall cause the sacrifice and oblation to cease." And, as Boothroyd translates the rest of the passage, "In the temple shall be the abomination [or idol] of desolation; for until the consummation it shall be given up to desolation."

ANTICHRIST TO BE BAFFLED BY HAIL.

It is in connection with the breach of this covenant that Antichrist will feel the fierceness of those hailstorms which the Most High has "reserved" against that "time of trouble." As a skilled warrior—probably the greatest that has ever wrecked this world—he will fortify every vulnerable point in the Holy Land. Stand they may, firmly against man's prowess, but not against the powers of heaven. Hence we read (Isa. 28 : 17) that "the hail shall sweep away the refuge [or fortress] of lies" in which the infatuated rulers of the Jews trusted. And, as "the waters shall overflow the hiding-place," or defenced cities, we may conclude that a deluge of water will sap the walls of the fortresses to the very foundation.

DESTRUCTION OF THE ARMY OF GOG.

Hailstorms will form a prominent element in the destruction of the vast army of Gog—the name of Antichrist as the head of central Asia and Russia. Hence we read (Ezek. 38 : 22): "I will rain upon him, and upon his bands, and upon the many nations that are with him, an overflowing rain, and great hailstones, fire, and brimstone." The Messianic Psalm (18 : 13) gives the same pre-record of this event, for it says: "Jehovah thundered in the heavens, and the Highest gave His voice; hailstones and coals of fire." And just prior to the time when Antichrist (Isa. 30 : 30-33) will be consigned to his eternal prison in Tophet: "Jehovah will cause His voice to be heard, and shall show the lighting down of His arm with the indignation of His anger, and with the flame of a devouring fire—with scattering, and tempest, and hailstones."

ANGELS TO INFLICT A HAILSTORM PENALTY.

It would seem from the Apocalypse that angels will be employed to inflict this hailstorm penalty. We are prepared for such employment of supernatural agency by the power fallen spirits have over the physical elements when God permits this exercise of their malignity. Hence we find, from Job. 1 : 16, that Satan used lightning to destroy the sheep and shepherds of the Idumean patriarch. Analogy would, therefore, suggest that what was within the power of evil spirits would also be within the grasp of the unfallen angels.

But we are not, however, left to mere inference as to the part the angelic host will take in the hailstorms of the last days; for we learn that when the first angel sounds the woe-trumpet (Rev. 8 : 7), there "followed hail, and fire mingled with blood, and they were cast upon the earth." As one result of this plague, one third of the trees throughout at least the realm of Antichrist will be destroyed. Again, when the seventh angel sounds his woe-trumpet and the (Rev. 11 : 15-19) "temple of God is opened in heaven, there were lightnings, and voices, and thunderings, and an earthquake, and great hail."

THE HUGE HAIL OF THE SEVENTH VIAL.

The infliction of the same penalty will mark the outpouring of the seventh vial of wrath. For, as one result of this vial (Rev. 16 : 17 and 21) being "poured into the air," there "will fall upon men a great hail out of heaven—every stone about the weight of a talent," or, in other words, nearly ninety-four pounds. Falling from the aërial regions with great velocity, and in dense masses, the destruction of man and beast, as well as of palace and fortress, will be inevitable.

Nor will this hailstorm apparently be restricted as to territory. For, as through the general rupture of the physical force at present imprisoned above and below the earth all the capitals of the ten kingdoms (Rev. 16 : 19) will fall, there can be little doubt that these judicial hailstorms will affect the whole realm of Antichrist, and his ten vassal kings.

POSSIBLE IMMUNITY OF JERUSALEM.

Whether these hailstorms will affect Jerusalem admits of doubt. We know from the Mosaic records that when the plague of hail afflicted Egypt (Exod. 9 : 26), the Israelitish colony in Goshen was untouched. Nor is it too much to anticipate that God, when judging the Gentile kings, will preserve the Holy City from the last and fiercest of all the prophetic hailstorms. But we have something more than mere analogy or conjecture to support this inference; for we read of that terrible crisis that (Isa. 31 : 4-5) "Jehovah of armies shall come down to fight for Mount Zion and the hill thereof. As birds flying [or rather hooting or fluttering over their young for their protection], so will Jehovah of armies defend Jerusalem".

But whether such a miraculous discrimination between Jerusalem and the lands of the Gentiles will occur or not, we learn that one physical miracle, at least, will be wrought on behalf of the faithful Jewish remnant; for, when Satan tries to prevent their flight to the wilderness (Rev. 12 : 14-15) by causing a deluge to impede their march, the "earth will open her mouth and swallow up the flood" so supernaturally ejected by Satan, as "Prince of the power of the air." It is to this faithful remnant who, when their kinsmen, and especially their rulers are sunk in Satanic delusion, are still loyal to Jehovah that our Lord doubtless referred in His last prophecy on Mount Olivet. He said (Matt. 24 : 15-16): "When ye see the abomination of desolation [either Antichrist or his image], spoken of by Daniel the prophet, stand in the holy of holies—let them who are in Judæa escape to the mountains." That this remnant will obey, we learn from Rev. 12 : 6 and 14, for they will "flee into the *wilderness*," and be sheltered there during the three years and a half reign of Antichrist. Nor will the miracle end with this escape. Their future existence, in fact, will be a *continuous* miracle; for Isaiah, speaking of the time of Antichrist, says of every member of this escaped remnant (Isa. 33 : 16), "his place of defence shall be the munitions [or fortresses] of rocks; bread shall be given him; his water shall be sure."

(To be concluded.)

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CURRENT EVENTS.

The New York State Democratic Convention held its meetings at Buffalo last week. The interest was centred chiefly in the position the different delegations from New York City would hold, as hitherto the disaffection of Tammany Hall has, whenever it was shown, operated in the direction of a Democratic defeat. The committee decided, and the convention confirmed the decision, that all the factions should be admitted on the same basis as last year. The County Democracy had protested against the admission of Tammany delegates, and notice was given of a counter protest, but the action of the committee settled the matter. Thus Tammany secured twenty-four seats and Irving Hall ten, and the County Democracy was declared the regular organization. This result was not considered one likely to secure harmony, but was accepted as the least of several evils. The importance of the arrangement is obvious, because the pacification of the quarrel between the Halls would materially contribute to a Democratic victory in 1884. The platform adopted by the convention reaffirms that of last year, recites the advantages that have accrued to the State through the Democratic triumph of last November, and indorses Governor Cleveland's administration.

The New Rate of Postage of Two Cents for every letter not exceeding half an ounce in weight, for any place in the United States and Canada, came into operation on Monday last. As no appropriation was made by Congress for the redemption of the old postage stamps, the post office will allow their use under the new law. A three-cent and a one-cent stamp will cover double postage and the old two-cent stamps may be used on single letters. We must ask our subscribers to refrain from sending us the three-cent stamps when making remittances to this office.

The Total Amount of Money in Circulation in this country on September 12th is stated in a government report, issued last week, to have been $1,575,104,647. The credulous people who listen with enthusiasm to the speeches of socialists and communists should take note of those figures. If the agitators could have their way there would be a quantity of property to divide, the value of which is not computed, but the actual money for division would supply only *thirty dollars and thirty-nine cents* to each person; and to do that every one must give up every cent he has.

The Prohibitionists of Ohio are Making a vigorous campaign in the hope of carrying the second amendment, and expect to poll a large majority outside Cleveland and Cincinnati. How stringent that amendment is may be inferred from the recent remarks of General Edward Meyer, one of the leaders in the movement. He said: "On the day after election, if the second amendment is carried, all property used for the manufacture of beer or fermented liquors will cease to be of any legal value. A court of justice will not enforce the collection of a bill from the wholesale liquor dealer against the retail liquor seller, and the latter cannot collect money due for drink. The man who rents his building to be used as a groggery cannot collect rents therefor. The consequence will be that capital will not risk money in a business that can give no legal security, and what will be the result? It will outlaw the liquor traffic."

The Colored Convention Assembled at Louisville, Ky., on September 24th. Mr. Frederick Douglass was elected permanent chairman after a long wrangle and much uproar. Mr Douglass the following day delivered a long and eloquent speech on the condition of the colored race and the best means of elevating it. There was manifested a strong, pugnacious, hostile spirit to Mr. Douglass throughout by a number of delegates numbering, it is thought, about one-third of those present. The speakers who opposed Douglass paid high tributes to his personal character, but denounced his recent political utterances, especially his advocacy of Governor Benjamin F. Butler for the Presidency. A motion was made that Mr. Douglass's address be adopted by the convention, and laid before Congress as its address, but it was lost. An effort was also made to induce the convention to indorse President Arthur's administration and the Republican party, but that, too, was rejected. Eventually, on September 27th, three sets of resolutions were passed dealing with the questions of education and labor. A national executive committee was appointed, with Mr. W. A. Pledger, of Georgia, as chairman.

The Episcopal Convention of New York has elected as Assistant Bishop of the Diocese Dr. Henry C. Potter of Grace Church, New York city, a nephew of Bishop Potter and son of Bishop Alonzo Potter, of Pennsylvania. The new Assistant Bishop-elect was born in Schenectady in 1835, and was graduated at Union College, where his father was then a professor. For some years he followed mercantile pursuits, but subsequently entering the service of the church, he was appointed to a charge in Greensburg, Pennsylvania, where he remained two years. He went from there to St. John's Church, Troy, of which he was the rector for seven years, and subsequently he became assistant minister at Trinity Church, Boston. Fifteen years ago he was called to Grace Church to succeed the Rev. Dr. Taylor. He is the author of several works, including a volume entitled "The Gates of Eastern Travel," a number of tracts, and an "Essay on Religious Orders," and a volume of "Sermons of the City," that had a wide circulation. A testimonial was prepared and signed setting forth Dr. Potter's fitness for the office, and will be presented to the General Convention at Philadelphia this week.

The Centennial Convention of the Protestant Episcopal Church, which will assemble in Christ Church, Philadelphia, during the first week in October, is in many respects a remarkable one. It is the thirty-fourth convention and the one hundredth anniversary of the consecration of the first American bishop. At the convention in 1785 the delegates met as one body, there being no bishop in this country at that time. Seven States were then represented in the convention, namely, New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Delaware, Maryland, Virginia, and South Carolina. Forty-five delegates composed the number of the first convention, while in the last convention, 1880, there were sixty-two bishops and nearly 400 delegates. The first convention was in session but five days, the last convention three weeks. The old church in which the convention will assemble is the one in which that of 1785 was held. On the 20th of July, 1775, the Centennial Congress assembled within its walls for worship, that day having been set apart for "general humiliation, fasting, and prayer throughout all the American Provinces." Benjamin Franklin was a member of the Vestry, and George Washington was a regular communicant. The parish was organized in 1695, twelve years after the laying out of the city by William Penn. In 1727 the present edifice was constructed wholly out of bricks that were brought from England. It was nine years in building. In the tower there is a chime of bells that was brought from England, and it is said that during the time the British held possession of Philadelphia the bells were sunk in the Delaware River. The communion service consists of seven pieces, all of solid gold, and was presented in 1695 by Queen Anne.

The Departure of Eight Missionaries for Burmah, on Saturday last, was the occasion of an interesting meeting the previous evening in Dr. Judson's church in New York. The party which sailed on the Circassia of the Anchor Line, includes the Rev. A. F. Rose and the Rev. M. Jameson, with their wives, and the Misses A. R. Gage, K. T. Evans, and L. A. Hardin, all of whom have been connected with Dr. Edward Judson's church, at Bedford and Downing Streets. The Rev. Mr. Rose has labored in Burmah for thirty years, making only two visits to this country in that time. During this year he has worked in behalf of the Burmese mission in connection with Dr. Judson's church. Accompanying the American missionaries was Dr. Wyatt Kyan, a native Burmese Christian. Dr. Kyan has recently been graduated at Kalamazoo and the University of Michigan, with the degree of M.D., after a stay in this country of twelve years. He spoke at the farewell meeting with deep feeling of his conversion and the abundant field among his people for Christian missions.

Mr. W. Forbes, the English Gospel Temperance evangelist, whose arrival in America was recently mentioned in these columns, has been holding successful meetings in Montreal and the Eastern Townships of the Province of Quebec, and in Kingston City Hall. He has been laboring under the auspices of the Young Men's Christian Association, The Dominion Alliance, and the Women's Christian Temperance Union. God has signally blessed his efforts on this side the Atlantic as He owned and blessed them in Europe. We trust that similar success will attend him when he comes to the United States. Letters to Mr. Forbes may be sent to the Y. M. C. A., Toronto, or to the office of The Christian Herald.

Mr. Jacob Freshman, the Jewish Evangelist, whose portrait appeared in The Christian Herald of August 30th, has returned from Europe. He is now holding services for his "brethren according to the flesh" in Cooper Union, New York. Three young Jewish converts have accompanied him from Europe, and are being trained for evangelistic work among the Jews of New York. Mr. Freshman, we are informed, is not working under the auspices of any society, but is relying only upon God for the means of supporting his work.

An Enthusiastic Welcome to Mr. Francis Murphy was given in Cooper Union on Tuesday, September 25th. It is doubtful if ever the immense hall was so thronged before. The seats were chiefly occupied by ladies, while men crowded the aisles, corridors, and every place from which a view of the platform could be obtained, or the words of the speakers heard. Chief Justice Noah Davis, of the Supreme Court, presided, and in his address of welcome gave a sketch of Mr. Murphy's life, portraying its lights and shadows with considerable feeling. When Mr. Murphy stepped forward to make his response the audience broke forth into long continued applause. Handkerchiefs were waved, and three hearty cheers were given. In a broken voice Mr. Murphy expressed his gratitude for the generous reception given him. His absence abroad, he said, had not weakened but had strengthened his love for the land of his adoption. He expected to devote the remainder of his life to Gospel Temperance work. He described, with much feeling, the hearty welcome he had received in Great Britain from both the English and Scottish peoples, and pointed out its significance in the fact that he is an Irish American, who could not expect the British people to be prepossessed in his favor.

The Remarkable Death of a Scoffer is Reported from Lancaster, Ohio. A colored camp-meeting was in progress at the Fair Grounds near the town. A well-known scoffer and a few agnostics of his kind ascended Mt. Pleasant, near by, and started a burlesque of the proceedings below. While in the enjoyment of this pastime the man who organized the disgraceful performance lost his balance and fell over a precipice, a distance of three hundred feet. He fell upon the rocks below and was crushed in pieces. The colored people are derided for regarding the man's death as a judgment from God, but there are many cases of a similar kind on record in both ancient and modern times, which show that the belief is not so ludicrous as the critics represent (Isa. 28 : 22).

A Boy's Ignorance Cost him his Life in New Jersey recently. On September 21st two boys, aged respectively six and eight years, went out into the woods and "played party." In the course of the play they gathered some seeds of the *stramonium*, or common stink-weed, and made a decoction which they called coffee, and drank some of the poisonous mixture. Both children were taken ill during the night, and grew steadily worse until the older one died. Then it was learned from the younger what they had been doing, and, proper remedies being applied, the surviving child was soon relieved of a number of the deadly seeds, and is believed to be out of danger. Such a warning will probably prevent the surviving child and all children who hear of the calamity from using any more growths the nature of which they do not understand, but it is remarkable that the moral poisons of corrupt literature, strong drink, etc., continue to do their deadly work among men who have seen their effects on others (1 Cor. 10 : 6).

A Countryman's Mistake on a Ferryboat caused a general laugh last week among those who witnessed it. While a Pavonia ferryboat was waiting in its slip on the Jersey side on Tuesday evening, a middle-aged man walked into the ladies' cabin. In his hand he carried an old grip-sack which he deposited in a seat and placed himself beside it. A young man occupied the next seat, to whom he put the question: "Can I stay here all night?" "What?" asked the young man. "Can I stay here all night?" repeated the old man somewhat sharply. "On this boat?" "Boat! *Is this a boat?*" asked the old man, grasping his satchel. "Yes," said the young man. "It's a ferryboat from Jersey City to New York." "Good gracious!" shouted the old man as he hurried out of the door, "I don't want to go to New York. *I thought it was a waiting-room.*" He lost no time in avoiding a journey he did not wish to take. If every man, who has made the mistake of acting as if this world were a permanent abiding-place would, when told of his mistake, be similarly prompt in seeking one that is eternal, the church would receive such a harvest of souls as has not been seen since Pentecost (Heb. 13 : 14).

An Application of the Mad-Stone at Terre Haute, Ind., is said to have cured a child who had been bitten by a rabid dog. The child was the possessor of a small dog, a great pet. Recently the dog went away, but returned in a few days. The little girl was very anxious about her pet, not knowing where it was, and when she saw it ran to play with it. The dog, always kind before, sprang at her and bit her in many places, nearly tearing the clothing off her body. Her screams brought assistance, and the dog was beaten off. It was noticed that it frothed at the mouth, and ran around in a circle. It was concluded that the dog was mad, and it was killed. A physician was called, and the wounds cauterized. But the parents of the child were not satisfied that their little one was safe from an attack of hydrophobia. They, therefore, took her from Washington, Ind., where they lived, to Terre Haute, to have the mad-stone used. It was applied, the child was pronounced cured, and the family party returned with their fears set at rest. The origin of the mad-stones, of which only a few exist, is unknown, even to the people who possess them, and no one seems to know how the belief in their healing virtues first arose. Nevertheless, the faith in their efficacy is widely prevalent. It is marvellous that faith in such matters is so easily produced when there is so little knowledge, while in spiritual matters it is so difficult to get the sinner to exercise it, though the Object is divine and unfailing (Mark 4 : 40).

A Heroic Engineer Died at Akron, Ohio, on September 24th. A despatch from that city says: "John Bull, the engineer of the Thunderbolt passenger train on the New York, Pennsylvania and Ohio Railroad, died to day from the injuries received in the recent collision with a freight train at Tallmadge. He could have saved himself by jumping, but he thought of the passengers, reversed his engine, and set the air-brakes. Having checked the train, he started the engine ahead under full steam. It broke loose from the cars and *received the shock of the collision.* The passengers were unhurt. He lived at Galion and was the oldest engineer on the road." It is evident that the man in detaching his engine and going ahead to meet the disaster alone, deliberately and intentionally sacrificed his life to save his passengers. Such heroism is rare indeed in human beings. In reflecting upon it we may be aided in our attempts to understand the love of Christ to the world (Rom. 5 : 7, 8).

The Impatience of a Physician had Fatal consequences at Winfield, L. I., recently. He was in deep depression because he did not succeed in establishing a lucrative practice. On the breaking out of the Tonquin war he tendered his services to the French Government, asking for an appointment with the army in the field. He received no reply to his offer. His previous despondency increased, and on September 15th he committed suicide. A few days afterward a letter addressed to him arrived from Paris, and was opened by Coroner White. It proved to be from the French Minister of War, accepting the physician's services, and instructing him to report to the French Consul in this city, where he would receive one year's pay in advance, and be furnished with transportation to the scene of hostilities. This is not the first time the dilatoriness of a government has driven men to despair, but in this case the victim appears to have sacrificed his life through lack of ordinary patience. Sometimes afflicted Christians show a similar want of patience, but for them there is no excuse (Lam. 3 : 26).

A Clergyman's Appearance in the Wrong pulpit caused some amusement in a church near Boston three Sundays ago. A Congregational clergyman agreed to supply the pulpit of a brother at Roxbury, and, knowing the locality in which the church was situated, though he had never seen the church, he concluded he would have no difficulty in finding it. He set out, and in due time descried a steeple. Reaching the church he walked in, and went straightway to the pulpit. He glanced around on the congregation and proceeded to give out an old standard Congregational hymn. The organ gave the tune, and the singing began. While it was in progress the sexton walked up the pulpit stairs, and said to the minister, "Mr. —— will be here in a few minutes." The situation flashed upon him, but suppressing his emotions he asked, "Why, isn't this Mr. ——'s church?" "No, sir," calmly replied the sexton, "this is *the Universalist Church.*" The unwitting interloper quickly descended, and made his way to his friend's church, this time taking care, before ascending to the pulpit, to assure himself that he was in the right place. If the sexton had not interfered, the Universalist congregation might have been shocked by listening to an orthodox Congregational sermon. If, however, the clergyman had preached to them Christ, the Saviour of sinners, they could not have complained that the sermon was inappropriate. That doctrine is of *universal* application (1 Cor. 1 : 23, 24).

"GLORY BE UNTO THE FATHER."

A New Sermon by Pastor C. H. Spurgeon.

"Blessed be the God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, who hath blessed us with all spiritual blessings in heavenly places in Christ: according as he hath chosen us in him before the foundation of the world, that we should be holy and without blame before him in love."—Ephesians 1 : 3, 4.

Blessing Distinct from Praise—The Idea of Reciprocation—I. God the Father Viewed Aright—The Object of Gratitude—The God of Christ—His Father—II. The Blessing Which Comes from the Father—Already Given—In Heavenly Places—Only in Christ—III. The First Outflow—IV. The Designed Result—Holiness—Blamelessness—Before Him—The Perfectly Holy—The Grossest of Falsehoods—Before Him in Love.

LAST Lord's-day I finished the morning services at Exeter Hall with a sermon upon John's choice doxology, "Unto Him that loved us and washed us from our sins in His own blood, to Him be glory and dominion forever and ever. Amen." I felt, therefore, that it would be most fitting to open this series of services with

ANOTHER DOXOLOGY;

and as the last was in praise of the Second Person of the divine Unity, this is to the honor and glory of the Adorable Person of the Father. May God, who gave His servants a praiseful spirit so that their epistles abound with doxologies, give the like spirit of joyous thankfulness to us at this time, that we may all say from the very bottom of our hearts, "Amen" to our text, "Blessed be the God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ." Of praise, we may say what was said concerning salt in the Scripture, "without prescribing how much."* Oh, to praise and pray without ceasing! May the Holy Spirit work in us perpetual thanksgiving!

Observe well, that the same word is used in reference to our wish toward God and God's act toward us: "Blessed be the God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, who hath blessed us." It is a very striking thing that our poor pebble-stones of wishes should be valued so much that the same word should be used in reference to them as in reference to the priceless diamonds of grace which the Lord hath bestowed upon us. We bless God because He blesses us. "Bless the Lord, O my soul, and forget not all His benefits."

Now, it is easy to understand how the Father of mercies, from whom every good and perfect gift proceeds, really blesses us; but how can we be said to bless Him? and what is the distinction between that and praising Him? For there is such a distinction, since we read, "All thy works shall praise thee, O Lord, and thy saints shall bless thee." Praise rises even from lifeless objects, as they display the power and wisdom of their Creator; but intelligence, will, and intent are needful for blessing God. Praise is the manifestation of our inward reverence and esteem, it adores and magnifies; but in blessing God we think well of Him, and wish well to Him, and desire that others may do the same. In blessing God there is the desire to do good to God even as He doth to us, if it were possible for us to do so. We fail in the power wherewith to accomplish such a desire, but it is well that it is in our hearts.

God cannot actually receive anything from us for His own enrichment or increase; for all things that we can do for Him are His already, and they must be done in His strength, so that when all is done it must be said, "Of thine own have we given thee." Neither can we add to His splendor or His happiness; for He is by nature inconceivably glorious and infinitely blessed; yet if such an increase were within our power, we would gladly render it. If all things were ours, we would lay them at His feet; and such things as we have, though we cannot give them directly to Him, yet we give them to His cause, and to the poor of His people. We are happy that, in assisting the needy believer, we are blessing the Lord.

* Ezra 7 : 22.

There is also a considerable measure of blessing God in such prayers as these: "Hallowed be thy name. Thy kingdom come. Thy will be done in earth, as it is in heaven." When we gladly ascribe unto the Lord glory, and power, and dominion, we are blessing Him. When we wish other men to love and serve the Lord, and do Him homage, we are blessing Him. When we desire to love Him more ourselves, and feel our hearts burn with aspirations after fellowship with Him, we are blessing Him. When we are zealous to make known the truth of the Gospel which glorifies God, and to make known His Son in whom especially He is revealed, we are blessing God. In sacred silence, when the heart cannot translate her emotions into words, and hardly into thoughts, we can bless the Lord. In rendering unto God such things as we can render, and in asking evermore the still larger question, "What shall I render unto the Lord for all His benefits toward me? we are blessing Him. If we cheerfully await His bidding, and count it a delight to stand with girded loins, crying, "What wouldst thou have me to do? Hast thou an errand for these willing feet? Here am I; send me." Then are we in effect blessing our Lord.

I. Here we have, first of all,

GOD THE FATHER

viewed aright. "Blessed be the God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ." When the divine Father is viewed aright *He becomes the object of our gratitude*, not of our dread. Instead of trembling before Him as before an austere judge, we rejoice in Him as a tender Father. He is no more to us the Thunderer of Sinai, but the Father of our spirits. Among the ignorant it is too much the custom to ascribe every mercy to the Lord Jesus Christ, and to think that He is all kindness and gentleness, while the Father is full of stern justice and severity; but it is not so. God is love, and that love dwells equally in each of the sacred Three. In every act of the Lord Jesus He reveals the tenderness and grace of the Father to us. He says, "He that hath seen me hath seen the Father," and "I say not that I will pray the Father for you, for the Father Himself loveth you." Let us cast out the fear which hath torment; let us no longer stand afar off, but draw nigh unto God with childlike confidence and hearts aglow with ardent love. May the Lord direct our hearts into the love of God.

Next, if we would view the Father aright we must regard Him *as the God of our Lord Jesus Christ*. This is a wonderful title. Jesus, after His resurrection, called him "My Father, and your Father; my God, and your God;" and when He was in the act of expiring, He cried, "My God, my God, why hast Thou forsaken me?" To our Lord Jesus as man, the Father was God, and He worshipped Him and served Him. How frequently Jesus drew near to God in prayer! How constantly He rendered obedience to Him! It is the God of Jesus Christ who hath blessed us with all spiritual blessings in heavenly places, and to Him Paul prayed for the Ephesians, "That the God of our Lord Jesus Christ, the Father of glory, may give unto you the spirit of wisdom and revelation in the knowledge of him." You remember how the tribes of Israel were blessed by the God of Jacob for their father's sake; even so are we blessed by the God of our Lord Jesus Christ according to the measure in which He would bless His spotless Son Jesus. Think, then, of the infinite Jehovah as the God of our Lord Jesus, and therefore the God of His redeemed people.

The text title is "*The Father of our Lord Jesus Christ*," which may respect the double filiation of Christ. First, as to His Godhead; there is that mysterious sonship which we cannot understand, but which is nevertheless clearly revealed. He is the Father of our Lord Jesus Christ as Jesus is God. And then there is that second sonship which belongs to Christ as man, in which again He is said to be the Son of God. "God sent forth His Son, made of a woman." The Father thrice said, "This is my beloved Son, in whom I am well pleased." The great work of expiation is over, and "now is the Son of God glorified," and the Father manifests His unbounded love to His Son; let it then be a matter of great joy to us that the Father loves His people even as He loves His Son, and blesses us as He blesses Him.

This is the true view of the Father; He is our Father, our God, our Saviour's Father, our Saviour's God. Let us delight ourselves in Him, and magnify and bless His name.

II. We come, secondly, to notice

THE BLESSING WHICH COMES

from the Father as viewed by faith. "Blessed be the God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, who hath blessed us with all spiritual blessings in heavenly places in Christ." "I wot," said one of old, "whom He blesseth is blessed." Satan may curse you; you may already be suffering the curse of the Fall; but, if God blesses you, what of all this? Let but the Lord say, "I have blessed him," and who can stay it, or who can reverse it? The blessing of God maketh rich, safe, happy. The blessing of God! How sure, how effectual! Oh, to receive it! He that hath it, though he be in poverty, he is rich; though he be in sorrow, he is consoled; though in shame, he hath honor; though he lie a-dying, he shall revive; though he were dead, yet shall he live. Such a blessing as this is enough to turn a dungeon into a paradise, a hell into heaven; and if it fall upon the most desponding and despairing, it must make their hearts to dance for joy.

THE BLESSING OF PATRIARCHS.

I have already told you *this is the blessing of the God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ*; and I would remind you that it was the custom of fathers to give blessings to their sons. All through the Old Testament we find patriarchs, when about to die, calling their children together, and pronouncing a blessing upon them. I should have liked to have received the blessing of Abraham, or Isaac, or Jacob; but what must be the blessing of the Father of our Lord Jesus Christ as He lays His hand upon each one of our poor unworthy heads, and says, "Surely, blessing I will bless thee"? Jacob could not bless the beloved Joseph after the fashion in which the Lord blesses His beloved Son and those who are in Him.

You could not desire a greater blessing than you have at this day, for the text says, "He hath blessed us with all spiritual blessings in heavenly places in Christ." I would call your attention very particularly to the fact that it is here stated that *God has already given the blessing*. Strictly speaking, I suppose it should be read, "God blessed us with all spiritual blessings in Christ Jesus;" and He continues still to do the same. Do you seek a blessing from God? He has pronounced it already upon you. Do you require anything? You have it; it is given to you in the covenant of grace. Like as when the Lord blessed Abraham He gave him the land of Canaan, so has He given to you all covenant blessings. Rise up, thou heir of heaven; shake thyself from the dust, for the God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ has blessed thee out of the fulness of His heart, and thou art blessed indeed. *The benediction is as comprehensive as your needs;* if you lack all things, behold all things are here.

Notice, *the apostle here dwells mainly upon all spiritual blessings;* does he therefore exclude temporal mercies? Nay, brethren, the greater secures the less. Doubtless Paul thought the comforts of time and sense to be so secondary compared with spiritual blessings in heavenly places, that he thought it no wrong to omit them or consider them to be included while he lifted up his praise in this verse to the Father for his spiritual gifts; for He that gives us

THE GOLD OF SPIRITUAL BLESSINGS

will never deny us the silver of temporal blessings. He that gives us heaven will surely give us all that is needful on the road thither. Spirituals are the best gifts; the heritage given to the firstborn. Delight yourselves in spiritual things, for this will mark the distinction between you and the carnal man who has his portion in this life, whereas the believer's motto is, "The Lord is my portion." Spiritual blessings are for spiritual men, for they only can appreciate or even perceive them; they are a prepared portion for a prepared people. They range from the first painful sense of sin up to the sinless perfection of eternal glory, and all these blessings are pronounced upon the head of each heir of salvation.

Furthermore, note well that our heavenly Father has blessed us with all spiritual blessings *in heavenly places* in Christ. Spiritual blessings are heavenly things; they come from heaven, they lead to heaven, they are of a heavenly nature, and are such as are enjoyed in heaven itself. You may read the text either as heavenly *places* or heavenly *things*, and be equally correct. It is a wonderful thing that, even here on earth, the saints enjoy and experience heavenly blessings; for a new nature is a heavenly thing, and love, and joy in God, and rest, and safety, and acceptance in the Beloved are all heavenly things. If you read it "places," it is equally true that heaven and all its mansions are ours, and we have already taken possession of them in Christ Jesus, our representative and forerunner.

Where Christ is, there is heaven, and He is in our hearts. The sun is above, but inasmuch as His light and heat are here, we say that we sit in the sun and bask in the sun; even so, though the presence of Jesus is in glory, yet we enjoy on earth that sacred revelation of God which is

THE CENTRE AND ESSENCE

of heaven. Present grace is heaven begun in the soul. He that dwelleth in love dwelleth in God and God in him; what more can heaven be? Even now "He hath raised us up together, and made us sit together in heavenly places in Christ Jesus." That which God has given to us is not bounded by the narrow horizon of this present visible world, but He has given to us all heavenly things most richly to enjoy; the boundless glories of eternity even now belong to us by virtue of the Father's benediction, which He has pronounced on us in Christ Jesus. Only here let me inquire whether you belong to the company upon whom the divine blessing rests. Are you seeking to be saved by your own works? Then you are not saved by grace through Christ Jesus. Are you without faith in Christ? Then the heavenly blessing does not belong to you.

A GOLDEN CASKET.

We must not fail to note that the plenitude of spiritual and heavenly blessings *only comes to us in Christ*. It is not in ourselves that these boons are vested; we hold them by virtue of our union with the Lord Jesus. He is that golden casket in which the treasures of the covenant are enclosed and secured. He is our Trustee, holding the heritage for us; and this is the form of our tenure—"joint heirs with Christ." How precious, then, is our union with Him! Of what vital importance is it to be bound up in the bundle of life with Him! As without Him we can do nothing, so without Him we can possess nothing. In Him we have already received a thousand blessings in actual experience, and in Him there is laid up a boundless supply for future enjoyment.

At the thought of this let our hearts sing hallelujahs. In the spirit of sonship let us reverence the Father of our spirits who is also the Father of mercies, and the God of all consolation. Blessed, forever blessed, be the Lord God of heaven and earth, for His unutterable goodness to His chosen in the person of His dear Son. Let us sing unto Him:

"O measureless might!
Ineffable love!
While angels delight
To hymn Thee above,
The humbler creation,
Though feeble their lay.
With true adoration
Shall lisp to Thy praise.'

III. Thirdly and briefly let us observe

THE FIRST OUTFLOW

of these heavenly blessings. The fountain of eternal love burst forth in our election—"According as He hath chosen us in Him before the foundation of the world." Consider these words one by one. The first is, *He hath chosen;* God has a will and a choice in the matter of salvation. Some people do not like this doctrine, but they must have it whether they like it or not, or else they must reject the word of inspiration. Is man's will to be deified? Is the whole result of the scheme of salvation to depend upon the creature's choice? God forbid. The Lord Himself gave you your faith, and brought you into living union with Jesus; do you not bless Him for this? It seems to me that here is something for which to praise and bless the Father world without end.

Carefully note that election shapes everything; the Father has blessed us with all spiritual blessings, "According as He hath chosen us in Christ." All the grace of earth and the glory of heaven come to us in accordance with the eternal choice. If we will not have the Father's election we cannot have His blessing, for His gifts are plainly stated to be according to His choice; they come because of the choice, and they prove the choice; they should therefore remind us of our election, and call forth our sweetest songs. They should make us ask with David "Whence is this to me?" A man who is elect of God ought to sing the praises of God both day and night, for he is chosen to show forth the praises of Jehovah.

The next word is "He hath chosen *us*." Herein is grace indeed. What could there be in us that the Lord should choose *us?* Some of us feel ourselves the most unworthy of the unworthy, and we can see

NO TRACE OF A REASON

for our being chosen. So far from being choice men in our esteem, we feel ourselves by nature to be the very reverse. But if God has chosen *us*, then let our hearts love Him, our lips extol Him, our hands serve Him, and our whole lives adore Him.

"Loved of my God, for Him again
With love intense I burn:
Chosen of Thee ere time began,
I choose Thee in return."

Then we are told *He has chosen us in Christ Jesus.* He first chose Christ as the head and then looked through Christ upon us and chose us to be members of Christ's mystical body. We are none of us chosen apart from Jesus Christ; but we are chosen in Christ, loved in Christ, given to Christ, united to Christ, and accepted in Christ. This is a blessed way of being chosen; for none can separate us from Christ.

Moreover, we are told the time when this choice was made: *Before the foundation of the world.* This is the earliest conceivable period. When this earth was fitted up for man we do know, for the Scriptures inform us, but how many ages elapsed before it was furnished for our race, we do not know; yet long before that period the Father had chosen His people. The foundation of the world may mean its first creation, when it was spoken out of nothing; *that must be ages of ages ago,* but before that the Father chose us. Remember those words "who hath saved us, and called us with an holy calling, not according to our works, but according to His own purpose and grace, which was given us in Christ Jesus before the world began." Did the Lord of glory choose me from before the foundation of the world; then I choose him with all my heart to be my Lord, my all. Did He love me from of old? Then I will love Him with all my soul and strength, and pray that my heart may be enlarged to love Him more.

IV. Fourthly and lastly, our text reminds us of another cause for praise, namely,

THE DESIGNED RESULT

of all this blessing: "That we should be holy and without blame before Him in love." *It is God's eternal design that His people should be holy,* and this purpose He has pursued at infinite cost. This is the design of all the blessings which the Father has given us in Christ. All these favors are a call to us to be holy, and each one has a tendency to promote our sanctification. When you grow in grace, and faith, and hope, and joy, all that growth is toward holiness. Always think of that, and bless God for your graces by manifesting their influence in your conduct. Bless God for increased knowledge and deepened experience, for He has designed by these to sanctify you more fully to Himself. There is something practical in every boon that comes from the Father's hand, and you should pray to Him that you may by each one conquer sin, advance in virtue and perfect holiness in His fear. We are chosen unto holiness.

The Father chose us to Himself that we might be *without blame* before Him in love. He would have us blameless, so that no man can justly find fault with us; and harmless, so that our lives may injure none but bless all. Holiness is, however, more than this. We are called to be made whole by being healed of the disease of sin, and by having all our broken powers reunited into one harmonious whole. This restored nature is to be wholly consecrated to God, and thus to become holy before God. Oh, that we may realize God's object in election even at this time, and so make our calling and election sure! Let us mightily strive after this, and never rest till we have it.

But notice where and what kind of holiness this is: holy and blameless *before Him.* I have met with several people who say they are perfectly holy; but I believe they are under a delusion, and I feel sure that those who watch them will not long think them perfect. This perfection of theirs is according to their own vain ideas and conceited notions, and not according to the judgment of the Lord, who searches the heart.

PERFECTION IN THE FLESH IS A LIE;

I believe it to be *one of the grossest falsehoods* ever palmed on foolish minds. It would be something to be holy and blameless before the devil as Job was. It would be something to be perfect before the eyes of men who are so ready to criticise us; but to be blameless *before Him* who reads our thoughts and sees our every failure in a moment—this is an attainment of a far higher order. Oh, to be spotless and faultless! Let us bless God that He is aiming every day to make us holy and blameless before Himself; and He will do it, for His purpose never fails. He has wrought it in a large measure in all His saints, and He will perfect that which He has begun. This is the goal toward which we are running, that we may attain to the complete likeness of Christ. Courage, brethren, it is yet beyond us, but He that hath begun the good work in us will perform it unto the day of Christ. We shall one day be without fault before the throne of God.

To conclude, we are to be holy and blameless before Him *in love.* Love is the anointing oil which is to be poured on all the Lord's priests; when He has robed them in their spotless garments, they shall partake of the unction of love. When He has delivered us from all sin, one choice thing shall be seen in us, and that is love—abounding love. "God is love; and he that dwelleth in love dwelleth in God, and God in him." As we love we live unto God. Perfect life will be perfect love. Judge of your sanctification by this—Do you grow in love to God? Do you also increase in love to the brethren? If your heart grows hard with the proud notion that you are somebody by reason of your high attainments, and that the poor little saints around you are unworthy even to unloose the latchets of your shoes, you are not growing in holiness. Do you love poor sinners more? For if your heart does not grow tender you are not growing holy. What a blessed thing it would be to be saturated with love! They said of Basil, that he was a pillar of fire because of his zeal. I wish it could be said of us that we were flames of fire because of our love.

Oh, to love our neighbor as ourselves, thinking no evil! "Oh," says one, "we should be imposed upon!" That would be no harm compared with being hardened by selfishness. "But we should be illtreated and defrauded." Suppose we were; it would be better than being miserly and cruel.

THE WORST OF ILLS

is hate, the best of blessings is love. When we become incapable of selfishness, and get right away from unkindness of heart and uncharitableness of thought, Christ will be living in us and we in Him, and then we shall be fulfilling the purpose of electing love and the design of the innumerable spiritual blessings which are already given us in Christ Jesus. To this let us all aspire. Let brotherly love continue. Let us love each other more than we have ever done, and join our hands anew in a firm league of concord. Let us love the universal church of Christ. Let our hearts burn with ardent affection toward the perishing multitudes of men, that we may bring them to put their whole trust in Jesus and live. May the Father deal with us according to His riches in glory by Christ Jesus, and to Father, Son, and Holy Ghost be glory forever and ever. Amen.

[PORTION OF SCRIPTURE READ BEFORE SERMON—Ephesians 1.]

[The prayers of the readers of this Journal are requested for the blessing of God upon its Editors in America and England, and those whose sermons, articles, or labors for Christ are printed in it; and for its weekly circulation of more than 250,000 copies to be blessed by the Holy Spirit to the conversion of many sinners and the quickening of God's people. Mr. Spurgeon and Dr. Talmage especially request prayer every Sunday morning on behalf of their labors.]

An Index to the Bible Containing a Classified list of subjects, with references, has been issued by the Board of Publication of the Reformed Church in a form convenient for the pocket, price fifteen cents. It is a little work very useful to ministers and Sunday-school teachers.

The Worst Paralysis of all Forms of that dire affliction, is described in a Boston journal in the course of some biographical reminiscences. The writer states that he is acquainted with a man who might be one of the first literary workers of his time. At sixteen, he had written poems worthy to take rank with the work of older men, and which won him admiring recognition from certain English poets, before whom he was ready to fall down and worship, with all his boyish enthusiasm. He was admitted to the private gatherings of these men whom he admired; gatherings where the air was thick with tobacco smoke, and the drinks ranged from choice claret to whiskey, and brandy and water and soda. Hospitality offered him *wine and cigars,* and in those early days he grew to love strong stimulants with a sort of passion, and later on, when troubles came to him—greater troubles than fall to most men's lot—his natural refuge seemed to be that spirit of fire whose acquaintance he had made when so young. And then, when his lonely days were long, it was another temptation to drink something that would impart a temporary cheer, that, if it could not, itself, give joy, could at least make one forget the want of it. And so it went, from bad to worse. A poor man, he spends a large part of his income for spirits and tobacco. His appetite for food grows less and less, and his craving for spirits more and more; and the strength, the energy, is dying out of this man, whom nature meant to be one of the foremost men of his time. "I wish I could give up drinking spirit," he said, one day; "but there would be no use of my saying that I will—*I cannot.*" He has proved the truth of the divine warning (John 8 : 34). Would that he and other men similarly enslaved would also prove the efficacy of the divine emancipation (John 8 : 32)!

A Wedding Procession in Batavia.

JAVA AND SUMATRA,

the scene of the recent appalling phenomena as illustrated in one of its aspects on our frontispiece, are two considerable islands, under the Government of Holland, and situated in the Indian Ocean, to the south of China, Burmah, Annam, and Siam. They are separated from each other by a very narrow strip of water called the Strait of Sunda. The islands are of volcanic origin, and there may still be counted upon them no less than forty-five distinct volcanoes. On Saturday, August 25th last, more than a third of the craters broke out into active eruption.

Just before dusk a great luminous cloud formed over Gunung Guntur, and the crater of that volcano began to emit enormous streams of white and sulphurous mud and lava. These were rapidly succeeded by explosions, followed by tremendous showers of cinders and enormous fragments of rock, which were hurled high into the air and scattered in all directions, carrying death and destruction with them. With these terrible eruptions came sympathetic demonstrations from the sea. Overhanging clouds were so surcharged with electricity that at one time more than *fifteen huge waterspouts* were seen. Men, women, and children rushed in terror from their tottering dwelling-places, filling the air with shrieks of horror. Hundreds were unable to get out before the houses fell, and were buried.

On Monday night the volcano of Papandayang was in an active state of paroxysmal eruption. A whirlwind accompanied this eruption, by which house-roofs, trees, men, and horses were carried into the air. The quantity of ashes ejected was such as to cover the ground and the roofs of the houses to the depth of several inches. Then occurred the extraordinary spectacle described in a previous number of The Christian Herald* of the great mountain, Papandayang, being split into seven parts.

The entire region is singularly destitute of evangelistic agency and Christian enterprise. Since the opening of China to the foreigner, to which we have referred in our life of Dr. Medhurst, the only work for Christ, so far as we have been able to discover, which has been done in Malaysia has been under the auspices of the Dutch Baptists, the Netherlands and Rhenish Missionary Societies, and by the colportage agency of the British and Foreign Bible Society.

* September 20th, p. 498.

WEDDING PROCESSION IN BATAVIA.

(*See Illustration on this page.*)

The Javanese are remarkably fond of histrionic display and showy processions. A formal visit to any notable personage is nearly always a scene of barbaric splendor. There are processions to the temples almost incessantly. Is a feast to be given in honor of departed spirits? There must be a long and demonstrative procession. Is a magnate to be entertained by the terpsichorean gesticulations of a company of dancing girls? A preliminary procession is inevitable. Or it may be, *as shown in the above picture*, a rich native, probably a descendant of some redoubtable emperor of Java, is about to add another wife to those already in his numerously-peopled harem. Then there must be a procession to the temple, which according to the wealth of the bridegroom is more or less superb and splendid, in consonance with the ideas prevalent in that region.

First and foremost, the cynosure of all eyes, there comes the bridegroom himself, riding upon a noble white horse, richly caparisoned, and surrounded and followed by attendants of all degrees, prepared to render any service, however important or insignificant. Then, surrounded by her dancing-girls, who also act as bridesmaids, comes the bride, borne upon the strong, brown shoulders of sturdy men, and these are followed by the drum and tom-tom bearers and players, whose repeated musical performances are deafening and distracting to the last degree. The rear is brought up by a miscellaneous crowd, generally orderly, but fully anticipating a share of the good things in the way of eating and drinking, which, as largesse, will be liberally distributed when the ceremony of the day has come to an end. In the foreground of the picture may be seen a couple of fruit-girls and a few enthusiastic young folk, who are evidently much interested in the proceedings.

A CLERGYMAN'S COLLEGE PARTY.

(*See Illustration on page 637.*)

A young clergyman was one of a large party seated at dinner in the house of Colonel Towers, a prominent member of his congregation. Total abstinence at that time had not attained the influence and power it now exerts in our churches, and it was quite customary for clergymen and the officers of their churches to drink wine and liquor in moderation. It consequently occasioned some surprise when the young clergyman, who had but recently accepted the charge of the congregation, respectfully but firmly declined Colonel Towers's invitation, "Will you give me the pleasure of taking a glass of wine with you, Mr. Winsor?"

The dinner party passed off pleasantly, and the guests took their departure in the best of moods, pleased with their new clergyman, and glad to have had the opportunity of meeting each other and him in pleasant social intercourse. They, like their host, were a little disappointed that Mr. Winsor was a total abstainer, thinking that it would render him less friendly and sociable than he would have been if he had taken his glass and cigar with his friends. Mr. Winsor did not leave with them. Colonel Towers asked him to remain for an hour longer and drink a cup of tea with himself and daughter and his business partner, Mr. Sutton, and the clergyman consented.

"Now, Mr. Winsor," Colonel Towers said, when the quartet were gathered around the table, "I should like to know your reasons for taking up with this fanatical teetotal idea. Every man has a right to adopt his own rules of life in such matters, but I think you will

decrease your opportunities of usefulness, if people come to regard you as an ascetic and an unsociable man. Wine is one of God's good gifts to man to be used wisely. Of course, those who have no self-control should not touch it, but I take it you are not one of that class."

"I cannot answer your question better, colonel, than by telling you how I became a total abstainer," said the clergyman. "It is a very mournful episode in my life, and one I cannot describe without some pain, but it is best you should understand why I regard total abstinence as an imperative duty for me.

"When I was at college I had a very dear friend, gifted beyond most young men with brilliant talents and a wonderful capacity for hard work. We all looked upon him as destined to a magnificent career, and he had all the essentials for accomplishing great things. He went into everything that he did with his whole heart, and succeeded. Whatever he did, whether in the base-ball field, or the social party, or in his study, he forgot everything else for the time being, and attended to the occupation of the hour. He was very popular, and we all admired him, but by me, particularly, he was beloved, and he returned my affection.

The Clergyman relates a College Reminiscence.

"At the conclusion of my college course I gave a party to celebrate my having passed my examination with some honor, and he was one of the guests. The festivities had scarcely commenced when I received a note from the Principal of my college begging me to come to him without delay on some private business of importance. I was sorry to leave, but the Principal was going away early the following morning, so I had no alternative but to comply with his wish. Begging my friend to take my place at the head of the table, I left, promising to return as speedily as I could.

"The business at the Principal's house occupied a longer time than I expected, and on my return an hour and a half later, I found my friends thoroughly enjoying themselves and, though perfectly sober, evidently in convivial mood. It was our usual hour for breaking up, and if we had separated then all would have been well. But that was unanimously declared impossible, and the toasts of the evening, in my honor, were drunk with enthusiasm. My brilliant friend was, as usual, the life of the party. I never saw him so witty or so amusing before. The party continued an hour longer, and when it separated the clock was striking midnight.

"I was retiring to rest when there came a loud knocking at the door. On opening it I found my guests with pallid faces, begging me to come immediately to the police station. My friend had been hurt, was dying, and wanted to see me. On our way thither they told me what had occurred. The night air had taken its usual effect on him, and the fumes of the wine of which he had drunk freely rose to his head. He was ready for any mad prank. A large mail wagon passed them, and he insisted on stopping it and mounting to the box beside the driver. How it happened they could not tell, but the horses took fright, and he fell while climbing to the top, and the wheels passed over him. They picked him up and carried him into the police station, while an ambulance was telegraphed for.

"I shall never forget his face as I looked upon it as he lay on the bench. 'I wanted to say good-by, old fellow,' he said. 'I'm dying, I know. I must have been mad. Don't blame yourself, my boy. It was my own fault; I had taken too much wine. Solomon was right, it is a mocker. It is very hard to die like this.' They were his last words. Before the ambulance came he had breathed his last.

"As I followed his poor mangled body to the grave I was almost beside myself with grief. My unfortunate party had been the means of blotting out a promising, useful life. Against the wine I swore over his grave eternal war. It had murdered my friend, and I can never touch it again."

The clergyman's hearers listened attentively, and Colonel Towers, especially, was deeply interested in the narrative. At its close he rose and shook hands with Mr. Winsor. "You are right," he said, "I, too, know of sad cases of its deceitful work. Perhaps it might be well if Christian men would as a body make a stand against it. But it is hard for one to do it alone."

"How much harder," said Mr. Winsor, "for those who are in danger, to abstain. I want you and all my Christian friends to set the example. Who knows how many lives and souls it may be the means of saving?"

To that work Mr. Winsor set himself, and soon had the joy of seeing total abstinence the rule in nearly every household in his congregation.

POVERTY'S PREY.

A SERIAL STORY.

Rather than Starve.

THE small back room, which was the home of a family, was not much larger than a prison-cell, and, in point of cleanliness and light and ventilation, was far inferior to it. There was a fair-sized sash-window; but more than half the panes were broken, and the place of the glass supplied by paper, or rags so worn as to be useless for any other purpose. Besides this, the next row of houses in this thick knot of dwelling-places was built so close as to shut out even a glimpse of the sky from the rooms on the ground-floor of a house four stories high. The whole street had been originally built for tenants of a better class; but, from some reason or other, it had fallen into the occupation of the poorest, and each room was considered sufficient accommodation for a separate family.

This small, dark, back room had been intended for a kitchen. Close against the window stood the dust-bin, into which was emptied all the waste of the house, when it was not cast out into the street. Fortunately there was very little waste of food; for every scrap that could be eaten was greedily devoured, except in very extraordinarily good times. It was fortunate; for the dust-bin was seldom looked after, as the inmates of the crowded dwelling knew little, and cared less, for sanitary laws.

Even the poor, hard-working woman, who had been struggling for years to pay the rent of this dark, unwholesome den as a home for herself and her children, hardly gave a thought to the tainted air they breathed, whether the window was open or shut. She sighed now and then for better light, and the cool freshness of free air; but darkness and a sickly atmosphere seemed to be the natural lot of all about her, and she was not given to murmur. She had grown so weary with the long and monotonous battle of life, that she had no longer energy enough to murmur. It was God's will, she said to herself, finding something like peace in the belief. There was a darker depth of misery to which she had not yet sunk—that of feeling there was no God at all.

Her husband had been dead for ten years, and she had had two little childern to hamper all her efforts to lift herself and them out of their poverty. She had often failed to procure necessaries, and she had never been so successful as to be able to provide for more than their barest wants. They had all learned how to pinch hard, how to eat little enough, and how to wear the scantiest clothing. They were always trying to trick Nature, who never ceased to demand urgently more than they could give, but who consented to take less than her claim, though the landlord would not.

The children spent most of their waking hours in the street; for there was a small boiler in the kitchen, and the mother took in washing, with which every inch of the small room was crowded. When the weather was too bad for them to be in the streets, they lived on the common staircase or in the passages, hearing and seeing every form of evil, and of good also, swarming about them, and growing up among them as other children grow up amid the peaceful influences of well-ordered homes.

In the mother's mind there were still lingering dim memories of a very different childhood, and of better times before her marriage. Sometimes there came to her, as there comes to all of us, sudden flashes of light out of the misty past; and she saw again her cottage-home down in the country, and the village-school she went to, and her first place as a young servant in the vicarage, where the clergyman's wife had taken care she should keep up her acquaintance with the Catechism.

Most of the Catechism had faded away from her remembrance; but many a quiet Sunday

afternoon she had talked to her children of the vicarage garden, where flowers grew all the year round, and of the village-green, where boys and girls could play unmolested and unnoticed; and how she left home to come to London for high wages, and had never seen it again. Then she told them of the gay and grand doings there had been in the great houses where she had been in service, until she met with their father, and gave up all the grandeur and luxury for love of him. And then her voice would falter a little as she talked to them of his death, and of all the troubles following quickly one after another, till she was thankful to have even such a home as this.

The poor mother was ignorant; but her ignorance was light and knowledge compared with that of her children. They knew nothing, and thought of nothing, beyond what they saw and heard about them. David could read a little, but Bess not at all. The thick knot of streets was swarming with children; and it was not difficult to escape the notice of the school-inspector on his occasional visits, especially as Bess was thirteen and David nearly fourteen years of age.

The boy had begun to earn a few pence in the streets as soon as he could sell matches; and he was now getting a precarious and uncertain living for himself by "hob-jobbing," as he called it. The Sunday afternoons and evenings, when their mother's work stood still for a few short hours, were their holidays. She had no longer a Sunday gown to wear; but she never failed to put on her wedding-ring, which on week-days was carefully laid aside, lest it should get too much worn with her hard work. Bess and David felt that their mother was different from most other women in the street. She did not drink or swear or brawl; and all their little world knew she was honest. They were vaguely fond of her good character; and David was beginning to feel for her a protecting tenderness he could not have put into words.

For a long while neither of them knew that she was suffering from the fatal and painful disease of cancer, which had thrust its deep roots into her very life. When he did know it, David's heart burned within him to see her standing bravely at her washing-tub, enduring her agony as patiently as she could. At last she was compelled to seek help from the parish; and the relieving officer, after visiting her, recommended out-door relief. There was no doubt what the end must be, and not much uncertainty as to how soon the end must come. A small sum a week would cost the overseers of the poor less than taking the woman and her girl—even if the boy was left to take care of himself—into the house, and provide for her the necessaries and comforts the medical officer would certainly pronounce indispensable. He advised a carefully reckoned dole worth about a dollar a week.

Mrs. Fell was more than satisfied. Separation from her children would have been more bitter than death itself; but now she would have Bess and David with her as long as she could keep death at bay. The four shillings and eightpence would pay her rent, and leave almost fourpence a day for other expenses! If she could only drag on through the winter, and keep a home for Bess and David, she would not murmur, however hard her pain was. She could bear worse anguish than she had yet borne for their sakes.

But there was one enemy she had not thought of. The wasting caused by her malady produced a craving hunger, worse to endure, if possible, than the malady itself. It was no longer possible to cheat herself, as she had been used to do in former years, with putting off her hunger until it changed into a dull faintness. The gnawing pain showed itself too plainly in the desperate clinching of her teeth, and the wistful craving of her sunken eyes. Threepence and three farthings a day—one penny and one farthing apiece—could do little toward maintaining a truce with this deadly foe, who must surely conquer her before the winter could be ended.

"It's just as if a wolf was gnawin' me," she said to David one evening, when he came in with a loaf of bread and a slice of cooked fish from a stall in the street; "not as ever I see a wolf, save once when father was alive, and you was a baby, and we all went to the Zoological Gardens for a holiday. It feels as if all the hunger I ever had had hidden itself away somewhere, and heaped itself up, and is all let loose on me now. You children take your share first, for fear I'd eat it all, and not leave enough for you."

"It's all for you and Bess, mother," he answered; "I ate my supper at the stall."

He did not say that he had made his supper of a crust of mouldy bread he had found lying in the street, and was still as hungry as a growing lad generally is. Like his mother, he was quite used to disregard the urgent claims of his appetite. But he sat down at the end of her ironing-board, and watched her by the feeble light of the candle as she greedily devoured the food he had brought It seemed as if his eyes were opened to see her more clearly than he had ever done before, and her face was indelibly impressed upon his memory. For the first time, as it appeared to him, he noticed her thin, sunken cheeks; her scanty hair turning gray; her eager, bright eyes; and the suffering that filled her whole face. The tears dimmed his sight for an instant, and a slight shiver ran through him, as he gazed intently on her.

"Mother," he said, "I only took fourpence all day for running two errands, for all I've been on the lookout sharp. Mother, I must take to beggin'."

"No, no!" she answered, looking up for a moment from the food she was so eagerly eating.

"I must," he went on; "there's lots o' money to be got that way. They all says so. I couldn't make myself look hungrier than I am; and I'll tell the truth, as you're dyin' of a cancer, ay! and dyin' of hunger. I know there'd be folks as would help us. I hate the thought of it as much as you; but it's better me than Bess. Little Bess 'ud be frightened," he added, looking at his ragged sister, for whose sake he had fought many a battle, and borne many a beating in the streets.

"I never thought it 'ud come to beggin'," said his mother in a sorrowful, faltering voice.

"Nor me," continued David; "but there's hardly no work for such as me as don't know nothink. I'd have chose to be a carpenter like father; but there's no chance of that. Don't you cry, mother; you've done your best for us, and it's my turn to do my best for you; and beggin's the best as I can do."

David felt it a bitter pass to come to. Untaught and ignorant as he was, he had his own dream of ambition to be a carpenter, and earn wages like his father. He had gone now and then to a night-school, and learned, after a fashion, to read and write a little; but there was no school where a ragged boy like him could learn any kind of handicraft by which he could earn a livelihood. If there had been such a place, how gladly would he have gone to it, and how heartily would he have set himself to work! There was no one to blame, perhaps; but still he felt it to be a hard and bitter lot to turn out as a beggar.

"I'll do it," he said, after a long silence, "not just around here, you know, mother; but out in the country, where folks ain't all in such a hurry. I'll take care of the police, and I'll be back again afore Sunday; and you've got Bess with you, so as you won't be lonesome. If I've luck, I'll try again next week. There's kind rich folk as 'ud do somethink for you, if they only knew; and I'll go and find 'em out. Don't you take on and fret, mother. It ain't thievin', you know."

"I'll think about it in the night, Davy," she answered sadly.

In the painful, wakeful hours of the night, the poor mother thought of her boy tramping the roads in his ragged clothing and with his almost bare feet, and stopping the passers-by to ask for alms. It had been the aim of her long, laborious life to save herself and her children from beggary. Oh, if this cruel malady had only spared her another two or three years, until David had been more of a man, and Bess a grown-up girl! She could have laid down to die thankfully then, though now she had a terrible dread of dying. But, as far as she could see, there was nothing else to be done than to let David try his luck. There were good rich folks, as he said, if he could only find them. She must let him go and search for them.

"You may go," she said in the morning, after they had eaten together the few fragments her hunger had been able to spare the night before; "and God bless you, Davy! Don't you never do nothink save beg. That's bad enough; but remember, both of yer, what I always said, 'Keep thy hands from *pickin' and stealin'*.' Them's good words to go by. And, Davy, come back as soon as you can; for I'll be hungrier for a sight of you than I am for victuals. Always tell out your tale quiet and true, as your mother's dyin' of cancer and famishin' with hunger; and if they answer 'No,' or shakes their heads, turn away at once, and try somebody else. Don't stop folks as are in a hurry. Kiss me afore you go, Davy."

It seemed a solemn thing to do. He felt half-choked, and could not speak a word as he bent down to kiss her tenderly. He put his arm round his sister's neck, and kissed her too; and then, catching up his threadbare cap, he went to the door trying to whistle a cheery street tune. He paused in the doorway, and looked back on them.

"Good-by, mother," he cried; "don't you fret after me."

David was in no haste to enter upon his new calling. He walked on until he had left the busier street far behind him, and had come upon the open and quieter roads in the suburbs. Here and there trees were growing on the inner side of garden-walls, and stretched out their leafy branches, tinted with autumn colors, over the side-paths along which he pursued his unknown way. The passers-by were more leisurely than those in the city, and occasionally gave him a glance, as if they both saw and noticed him—such a glance as he never met amid the crowds who jostled one another in the thoroughfares he was accustomed to. This observation made him feel shy, and more averse than ever to begin his unwelcome task. It was past noonday before he could bring himself to stop a kindly-looking lady, who had looked pleasantly on him, and to beg from her help for his mother.

His first appeal was successful, and gave him fresh courage to try again. The kind-hearted woman had helped him to take *the first step downward*. He met with rebuffs, and felt downcast and ashamed; but he also met with persons who gave him money to get rid of his pinched face, and others who believed his story, though he was several miles from home, and bestowed upon him a penny or two, feeling they had done all they were called upon to do for a perishing fellow-creature. Not one took any steps to verify his story, but passed on, and soon forgot the ragged lad, or remembered him with a pleasant glow of satisfaction in having discharged a Christian duty.

By the time night fell, David was ten miles from home, and felt foot-sore and weary; for his worn-out shoes, bought at some rag-mart, chafed his feet, and did not even keep out the dust of the dry roads. But he had his pocket nearly full of money; and he counted the pennies (there was no silver in it) from one hand to another with untold joyfulness. So much money he had never possessed at one time in his whole life; and, when he lay down to rest in a lodging-house in a back street of the town he had reached by nightfall, he could not sleep soundly, partly from delight, and partly from the fear of being robbed. If he had luck like this, he would go home rich on Saturday night. Early in the morning he started off again to

pursue his new calling, which was quickly losing its sense of degradation. If begging was so profitable a business, and he had no chance of being trained for any other by which he could earn honest wages, it was no wonder that the boy should choose beggary rather than starvation. David began to feel that there was less chance of dying of cold or hunger.

(To be continued.)

SAMUEL THE JUDGE.

S. S. Lesson for Oct. 14. 1 Sam. 7 : 3-17. Golden Text, verse 12. By Mrs. M. Baxter.

Lessons Taught by Painful Experience — The Time for Reformation—The Danger of Self-Confidence—Faith as a Strange God—An American Missionary's Faith Failing—Experience a Strange God—The Summons to Mizpeh—Renewed Fears—An Acceptable Offering—Purification Followed by Victory—The Praise Ascribed—A Satanic Snare—Samuel's Latter Days.

We saw in our last lesson that "the words of Samuel came to all Israel," but we saw also how terrible was the hindrance, in the ungodly lives of Hophni and Phinehas, to its taking any effect. Samuel, however, did not lose himself in disheartening and discouraging regrets; he did not fix his eyes on the evil or on the evildoers, but on the Lord. God had vindicated His honor and His holiness by the terrible judgment which He had brought upon Eli and his family, and by the defeat which His people had suffered, at the hands of the Philistines, and, above all, by the capture of the ark of God, the Lord had shown that no external religion would avail to help them, and that man-made plans were utterly useless. He had also shown the Philistines that He was Ruler, and had constrained these heathen to acknowledge Him; He had shown the men of Bethshemesh, Levites though they were, that they were not to intrude into holy things, and smote them because they looked into the ark.

Now was the time for

A THOROUGH REFORMATION,

"All the house of Israel lamented after the Lord," a deep sense of need manifested itself. It is just at such times that God loves to make Himself known; "He satisfieth the longing soul, and filleth the hungry soul with goodness" (Ps. 107 : 9), "Blessed are they which do hunger and thirst after righteousness: for they shall be filled" (Matt. 5 : 6). Then it was that "Samuel spake unto all the house of Israel, saying, If ye do return unto the Lord with all your hearts, then put away the strange gods and Ashtaroth from among you, and prepare your hearts unto the Lord, and serve Him only: and He will deliver you out of the hand of the Philistines." The people were in a teachable spirit, very unlike that which led them in their self-confidence to carry the ark of God into the camp; *now* they were ready to learn. No state of soul is more dangerous than that of self-confidence, "Wherefore, my beloved brethren, let every man be swift to *hear*, slow to speak" (James 1 : 19).

Samuel, as God's messenger, was seeking to lead the people to reality, to real heart work; even while the ark of God was absent from the tabernacle, he sought to bring them face to face with God Himself. But this could be only on one condition, "Put away the strange gods;" every other dependence must fall. If there is any lack in our communion with God, there must be a reason for it, something else is taking the place of God, or sharing the place of God in our hearts. It may not be money, business, pleasure, dress, or anything external; it may be simply our own efforts to serve God. While we are exercising our own energy, making our own plans, however zealous, we are constantly thwarted and disappointed; we pray God to help us, and the help does not come as we expected, and we are tempted to doubt whether God *does* answer prayer; and we find that we dare not speak too much of it to others, lest they should ask us, "Are your prayers always answered?" There is a strange god to be put away; we are really relying on ourselves, helped out by God, and this hinders real and full dependence upon God. Some are relying on their faith instead of on God Himself; and even faith, when put in the place of God, is a "strange god."

AN HONORED MISSIONARY,

who had gone out from America to India relying on God alone, and who started on the journey without having even the money for his passage, and who had labored for years in the interior, always depending upon God alone for subsistence, without ever making known his wants to any man, remarked in a meeting that he had been tempted to think he knew as much about faith as any man did, and it would not be easy to teach him any more about trusting God. But, unknown to himself, he was making his faith a "strange god." He was taken very ill, and instead of trusting God, sought the doctor, who said he must go home. He looked to the sea air to restore him, and thus his faith failed him about his body, and it was only when spending a time with Mr. Boardman that the Lord discovered to him that he had yet to learn full trust for spirit, soul, and body, and he said now his reliance was no longer on sea air, nor on the doctor, nor yet on his own faith, but on Jesus only.

With some, their

EXPERIENCE IS A "STRANGE GOD;"

their reliance is not on what God is, nor on what God says, but on what they feel about Him. All praise to God for any experience of His love and power which we have, but it is to Himself alone that we must trust. Thus when any one trusts in the fact of his conversion, or the fact of his sanctification, or the fact of his healing, instead of in the faithfulness of God, he is making the very work of God upon him to be a "strange god," just as the children of Israel make an idol of the serpent of brass which God had used as the instrument of their deliverance in the wilderness, and thus constituted it a strange god. If our hearts are hungry after deeper acquaintance with God, if we have a deep sense of need, then God will discover to us what are our idols, and but one thing remains to us, *i.e.*, to put them away at once, and to serve and depend upon God only.

"Then the children of Israel did put away Baalim and Ashtaroth, and served the Lord only. And Samuel said, Gather all Israel to Mizpeh, and I will pray for you unto the Lord." Samuel

KNEW WHAT PRAYER WAS;

it was no chance thing with the young prophet, and he must know the ground he had; if Israel were of one mind with God, then he knew there was a certainty of answer; as soon as they sought, not themselves, but God, then he knew God would be *only too willing* to undertake and carry out their cause. They gathered together to Mizpeh [watch tower], typical of looking out to see what the Lord would say, "and drew water, and poured it out before the Lord, and fasted on that day, and said there, We have sinned against the Lord." "If we confess our sins, He is faithful and just to forgive us our sins, and to cleanse us from all unrighteousness" (1 John 1 : 9). Confession is indispensable to a real getting right with God, when we are conscious that anything has been wrong, or when lack of power against our foes shows we have been wrong. The people poured out water to signify how completely they acknowledged themselves to be empty and nothing—"I am poured out like water" (Ps. 22 : 14); "For we must needs die, and are as water spilt on the ground, which cannot be gathered up again" (II Sam. 14 : 14).

When the Philistines heard that the children of Israel were gathered together to Mizpeh, they, having lost all fear of Israel, seemed to think it a good time to take advantage of them, and so "they went up against them." The children of Israel had not yet returned to full confidence in their God, they feared the Philistines, and entreated Samuel "Cease not" [or, Be not silent] "to cry unto the Lord our God for us, that He will save us out of the hand of the Philistines." Now was the time when an offering could be accepted; "Samuel took a sucking lamb, and offered it for a burnt offering wholly unto the Lord." It was the sacrifice which was acceptable, "the Lamb of God which taketh away the sin of the world." Now Samuel's cry could be heard, the hindrances were taken out of the way, "Samuel cried unto the Lord for Israel, and the Lord heard [or answered] him." We are not told how the answer came, but come it did before the event proved it. The Philistines knew nothing of what was going on, they knew not that heaven and earth were drawing near each other, and communications passing between them which would be fatal to their troops. They drew near to battle, but the Lord drew near to battle also, and although artillery was then unknown, a roar, louder than the roar of canon, God's own artillery, thundered upon the Philistines, and they were discomfited and smitten before Israel, who followed up their conquest by pursuing their enemies unto Bethcar.

Then came the moment of praise; "Samuel took a stone and set it between Mizpeh and Shen, and called the name of it

EBENEZER,

saying, Hitherto hath the Lord helped us." Samuel attributed the victory neither to his own wisdom, nor to the prowess of the people, nor even to their humiliation and confession—he took not the least credit, but gave all the honor to God. Very frequently it happens that after God has humbled us, and we have made confession, and then glorious victory over our besetting sins follows, the enemy comes and suggests to us how virtuous we have been to become so humble, that of course victory would follow as a necessary consequence, and thus, in fact, he would represent God as being our debtor in some sense, and as though He were under obligation to us. If we fall into this snare, then we make a kind of system of our humiliation, as though it were a patent method of obtaining victory, and our trust being in ourselves, after all, we meet with disappointment and defeat. Self is long in dying, and Satan is tireless in his ingenuity of appeal to self. But praise-giving to the living God takes the eye off self, and fixes it on Him; we are safe from the enemy while we are praising God.

"So the Philistines were subdued, and they came no more into the coast of Israel; and the hand of the Lord was against the Philistines all the days of Samuel." It is a blessed thing when we have so far handed over our difficulties to the Lord that *we know* the hand of the Lord is against them. Have we been tried with evil thoughts, against which we have struggled, and prayed, and wrestled, and made plans? And now have we placed the matter in the hands of God, and do we know that the hand of the Lord is against these thoughts? How, then, shall we for a moment dread a recurrence of them? If it is temper, or anxiety, or self-will, and the hand of the Lord has undertaken the matter, how shall we look for anything but victory in the future? Only let us abide in Christ, and not fall back upon ourselves for help. The cities which the Philistines had taken from Israel were restored, for our God when He delivers redeems us even from the consequences of our falls, blessed be His Name!

"And Samuel judged Israel all the days of his life." He made a circuit yearly to Bethel [house of God], Gilgal [turning or conversion], and Mizpeh [watch tower], and judged Israel in all those places. Whether we are only just converted, or whether we know something of the blessed relationship to the household of faith, the body of Christ, or whether we are learning the watch-tower life, the life of prayer, we still need the judgment and the teaching of the Holy Ghost, a better Guide than Samuel; the Lord make us teachable. Samuel's home was Ramah [elevated], and there he built an altar unto the Lord. Samuel's religion was the same at home as abroad; the Lord make us all thus consistent, and then our lives, like Samuel's, will be powerful.

FOREIGN TOPICS.

An Imposing Ceremony was Performed on Friday last, when the great German national monument on the Niederwald was unveiled. The monument is erected to commemorate the German victories over France in 1870 and 1871, and the restoration of the United German Empire. It is placed near the river Rhine opposite Bingen. The Niederwald, on which it is erected, is over seven hundred feet high, and the spot chosen overlooks one of the most beautiful points of the river—where the troops marched past into the war, and where King William, returning from France, "saluted the Rhine for the first time as Kaiser." The monument attains the height of one hundred and ten feet, consisting of substructure, a quandrangular stone base containing relief, pedestal and the figure of Germania, the latter being about *thirty-three feet in height*. The figure of Germania, which surmounts the memorial, is of gigantic proportions. The little finger of the Germania can only be spanned by the two hands of a man, and the nail of the thumb is eleven centimetres in length by nine in width. A man can crawl through the joint of the hand, and the interior of the body is large enough to provide dancing accommodation for twenty persons. The cost of the memorial was $200,000, and was defrayed by a national subscription. The venerable emperor, in unveiling it, said: "In the words spoken at the laying of the foundation-stone—words which my late father, after the wars of liberation of 1813 to 1815, bequeathed in iron to posterity—I dedicate this monument: 'To the fallen, a memorial; to the living, an acknowledgment; to coming generations, a source of emulation. May God vouchsafe it.'"

O'Donnell, the Murderer of Carey, the Irish informer, has been held for trial by the London magistrate, before whom he had his preliminary examination. On Friday last, when he was committed, the wife of his victim gave evidence against him. She appeared dressed in deep mourning, and excited the special interest of the spectators in the court room, and several murmurs of sympathy were heard. In giving her testimony she recounted the incidents of the voyage, corroborating the other witnesses in regard to the circumstances of the murder, except that she swore that after her husband was shot she said to O'Donnell, "You shot my husband!" O'Donnell replied, she said, "Don't blame me; *I was sent to do it!*" Whereupon the woman who was with him said, "Don't mind, O'Donnell; you are no informer!" The police believe that an attempt to rescue O'Donnell will be made. The prison van which conveyed him to court and back to prison, was driven at a gallop through the streets, surrounded by mounted police with drawn swords, and preceded and followed by vehicles full of armed men. The streets were lined the whole way with crowds, who cheered and hooted the prisoner, according to their sympathies. His coolness and self-confidence are remarkable. He continues to express his belief that he will be found guilty of manslaughter only, but the prevalent impression is that he will be convicted and hanged as he deserves.

Serious Riots Occurred in Ireland on September 26th, when two members of Parliament, Messrs. O'Connor and Small, who are supporters of Mr. Parnell, were mobbed. They visited Unchnaclay Market for the purpose of holding a political meeting, but were unable to speak, as a body of Orangemen took possession of the place and compelled them to remain within doors. The Orangemen held a meeting in the principal street. Shouts of "No home rule!" were raised, and cheers for the Queen were given. The mob announced their intention of keeping possession of the town until Messrs. O'Connor and Small should withdraw, and declared that they would remain up all night to prevent the Parnellites from erecting a platform. Three thousand Orangemen marched in procession the following day, and afterward held an anti-Parnellite meeting. A report was current in London and Dublin, and was repeated on this side, that Mr. Parnell had been "removed" by a shot from an Orangeman. For a time the excitement was intense, though happily there were none of the unseemly demonstrations of approval which were witnessed when the news of the murder of Lord Frederick Cavendish was received. At a late hour on Thursday Mr. Parnell cabled that the report was false.

The King of Spain has been Insulted in the streets of Paris. During his recent visit to the Emperor of Germany he was made colonel of a regiment of German Uhlans, a distinction of a complimentary character enjoyed by the Prince of Wales and other foreigners. It is supposed that this honorary appointment excited the hostility of the Parisians, whose politeness is generally maintained. As King Alfonso rode through the streets of Paris on Saturday morning, however, he was received with hisses and cries of "Down with the Uhlan King." The houses and balconies along the route traversed by His Majesty were thronged with people. As soon as Alfonso appeared at the station the crowd made so great a clamor that the Spanish national anthem, which was being played by a band, was almost inaudible. The clamor continued in all the streets through which the cortége passed, and insulting cries, directed at the king, were continually raised.

French Interference with Mr. H. M. Stanley, the African explorer, is threatened. The Paris correspondent of the New York *Herald* says: "The French will not allow Stanley and the International Association to settle the future of Congo without the intervention of the French Government. It will be fortunate if that intervention does not go beyond the mere establishment of trading stations at Franceville and Brazzaville. It is here believed to be quite on the cards that France will claim to control the navigation of the Congo below Stanley Pool. If this claim be put forward, the Congo difficulty will speedily assume proportions equal in importance to those already created by France in Tunis, Madagascar and Tonquin."

The Difficulty between France and China has not been arranged, though negotiations are still in progress. The latest proposal proceeds from China. It is that France shall acquire possession of Annam, providing Tonquin is given up to China. This being a reversal of the demands of the French Government is not likely to be accepted as a basis of peace. The Marquis Tseng, the Chinese minister at the court of France, declared that China was resolved to hold possession and control of the Red River, which the French have conquered at a large expenditure of life and money. "China," he said, "regards the control of the Red River as of immense importance to her interests, both commercial and strategic, and would go to extreme lengths to retain it. She will make great concessions in other directions in order to secure the advantages accruing from the possession of this great waterway, but all negotiations on her part will be carried on with this end in view. Once in full possession of the Red River she will throw it open to foreign trade throughout its course."

The Return to England of Mr. Shaw, the British missionary at Madagascar, whom the French imprisoned, and whose portrait appeared in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD last week, has rekindled English indignation against France. Mr. Shaw tells a plain, unvarnished story. He states that while on board the French war-vessel he was not allowed to read and had no artificial light of any kind. He obtained possession of a Bible, however, which was a great consolation to him as he lay in his prison hourly expecting to be shot, and dreading, what he regarded as an infinitely greater evil, that his wrongs might lead to a war between his countrymen and the French. The food given to him was coarse and bad, worse than that supplied to convicts, and it was handed to him in a filthy bucket. Mr. Shaw says: "I was thrust into a small cabin on the Nièvre and told not to stir out of it; nor was I allowed to communicate with anybody. The admiral did his best to persuade people he was courteous and kind to Mrs. Shaw, but it is quite untrue. He acted toward her with extreme harshness, and, as you know, did not even permit her to see me or to know why I had been arrested." A claim for indemnity has been made by the British Government on Mr. Shaw's behalf, but the French press urge the government to reject it.

The Prospects in Madagascar for Christian missions, though not yet of a decisive character, are hopeful. The new queen, Ranavalona III., will retain the prime minister of her predecessor in power. By a very curious law of the island the prime minister must be the husband of the queen, so the two have been married in accordance therewith. It is too early for any very accurate opinion to be formed as to the character of the rule which will be exercised by the new queen, but the fact of power remaining in the hands of the same statesmen who guided the former one, augurs well for a continuance of her enlightened policy.

Renewed Anti-Jewish Riots have Occurred in Hungary and Russia. A despatch from Pesth states in the Veszprim district, West Hungary, several houses occupied by Jews in two villages were burned to the ground. Several of the persons engaged in the excesses were arrested. At Nowomoskowsk, in the Russian province of Jekaterinoslav, only a synagogue and three Jewish houses escaped demolition, and two hundred families were rendered homeless. Order was restored after five rioters had been killed and thirty arrested. The trouble originated in the discovery that a Russian church had been plundered, which act was attributed to the Jews.

An Indirect Testimony to the Success of the Blue Ribbon Gospel Army in Great Britain is furnished by the *Hardware Journal*, a trade organ published in Birmingham, the metropolis of the hardware trade. It states that there are some local industries on which the exertions of "The Army," and the consequent change in the drinking habits of the people are producing something like a revolution. For example, there is a great falling off in the sale of *pewter drinking cups* and the metal measures used in the saloons, which at one time formed a conspicuous item in Birmingham's minor products. There is hardly a tithe of the trade being done in them compared with a few years back.

The Prophetic News for September Contains articles on The Rulership of the Millennial Kingdom, by a Resident of Jerusalem; Biblical Hailstorms—Past and Present, by Rev. E. J. Hytche; The Second Advent and its Glorious Epiphany, etc., etc. Also a summary of Passing Events from a prophetic point of view, and extracts from the Jewish press. Price six cents. Annual subscription seventy cents. Back numbers of this periodical for this year may be had at the same price, from the office of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, 63 Bible House, New York, N. Y.

An Illustrated Work on the Unfulfilled prophecies of the Bible, by the Rev. M. Baxter, entitled: "Forty Coming Wonders," may be had from the office of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, 63 Bible House, New York, by remitting one dollar. It is a book of 528 pages, is handsomely bound in cloth and contains fifty full-page pictures and diagrams representing the scenes described in the prophecies of Daniel and in the book of the Revelation. It also contains a resumé of the opinions of other expositors, and extracts carefully collated from the works of all the most eminent writers on prophecy, from the earliest ages of the Christian era down to those of recent date. It thus forms the most useful and complete guide the student can have in entering on the study of that portion of the Word of God. The book may also be obtained for one dollar from any bookseller, who can procure it from the American News Company.

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THE REV. J. GILMOUR, M.A.,

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A STRANGELY fascinating book has recently appeared, entitled "Among the Mongols." It narrates the experiences of the author in a land of which Western nations know but little. The character and topography of the country, the manners and customs of the people had never been fully described in books of travel, for Mongolia is not an attractive place for the tourist who travels for pleasure. Recently, however, Mr. J. Gilmour who is a missionary in China, was moved to visit the land. He did so, preaching the Gospel as he had opportunity, and on his return to his sphere of labor in China he produced this book in the hope that when Christians at home were informed by an eye-witness how deep is the spiritual darkness resting upon Mongolia, some attempt might be made to carry there the glad news of the Light of the World. This week THE CHRISTIAN HERALD gives on its first page a portrait of this intrepid explorer with pictures of some of the incidents of his journey. The following narrative, derived from his book, will explain the pictures:

Mongolia is a large and densely populated country on the extreme north of the Chinese Empire. The Mongol tribes wander over the Eastern portion of the plateau of Central Asia which lies between Siberia on the north, and China on the south. The Mongols are the ancient parent stock from which sprang the Chinese, the Scythians of early Greek history, the Huns of Roman history and the Tartars and Turks. Another branch founded the median empire in Lower Chaldæa, which flourished and decayed nearly five thousand years ago, and extended over the whole of Northern Asia, and over Russia in Europe. To day they are a poor nomadic race with a religion partly derived from the writings of Buddha, partly from Confucius, with a large admixture of heathenish superstition. It was to this people that a few years ago Mr. Gilmour went, determined to find out how they lived, what they knew, and what they believed.

SETTING OUT.

The caravan with which Mr. Gilmour travelled, left Kalgan, a town on the north frontier of China, for Kiachta, on the south frontier of Russia, a distance of about 840 miles. The party consisted of a Russian postmaster, with his wife, four children, and a soldier—who spoke of his master as the "commandant," returning to his native Siberia—and four or five Mongols, whose function it was to manage the camels and camel-carts.

Having proceeded about four hundred miles, Mr. Gilmour woke up one night feeling, as he himself describes it, "involved in a kind of chaos." He says: "My cart had upset, and I was mixed up under most of the things that were inside. It took me some time to scramble out, and when I succeeded I found the Russian soldier making a vigorous assault on the Mongol by whose carelessness the accident had happened. (*See frontispiece.*) Seeing the 'commandant' coming up to reinforce his subordinate, I hastened to interpose, and found I was none too soon, for the Mongol had proved no match for the Russian, and had already been severely handled."

IN A MONGOL TENT.

When Kiachta was at last reached, the whole caravan drew up in front of the white church of the town, and the Russian travellers entered to pay their devotions. But Mr. Gilmour was anxious, above all things, to gain a thorough knowledge of the Mongolian language, and he was unable to gain that knowledge outside of Mongolia. After remaining, therefore, a few months at Kiachta, he crossed the frontier into Mongolia and sought the tent of a lama, or priest, whose acquaintance he had made some time before. He told him the object of his visit was to live in his tent, and learn Mongolian from him. The lama was quite willing, his main difficulty being that his tent was a poor one; he was afraid that Mr. Gilmour would freeze, and that nothing better could be furnished him than Mongol fare, which he was afraid would not be relished. "In reply to his question, 'when I would begin,'" says Mr. Gilmour, "I said, 'At once,' and receiving his assent, I felt that I was established as an inmate of a Mongol tent."

A MONGOL TENT ON FIRE.

One night, when a strange lama, on a visit, was talking to the missionary about Christianity, Mr. Gilmour was alarmed by noticing as he looked upward that the tent was on fire. He called out, pointing as he did so to a burning spot, and in a moment the whole tent was in an uproar. Following the direction indicated by his hand, the "household" looked up and saw that a spark had ignited the roof, and spreading over the soot-covered felt, had made a glowing patch as large as a man's hand.

Unfortunately, all the Mongols present were short of stature, and though the tent was not a high one, none of them could reach the burning spot, which, beside being in the highest part of the tent, was directly over the blazing fire. Several attempts at extinguishing it had been ineffectual, the glowing patch was rapidly spreading, and the excitement in the tent every moment increasing, when the lama guest in the confusion seized a ladle and began to dash water on the sooty roof. (*See frontispiece.*) For the most part, he missed his aim, and the inky water descending in a shower, drove everybody else off the field, and sent them cowering into the sides of the tent, uttering shouts of protestation, and vainly endeavoring to protect their clothes. The burning soot was finally scraped down with a stick, and the smouldering felt extinguished.

Mr. Gilmour's assiduity soon conquered so much of the Mongol language as would enable him to travel around without much embarrassment, and he therefore bade adieu to his entertainer, and set our on a tour on Lake Baikal. This lake is held in great veneration by the Russians of Siberia, who ascribe to it something of a sacred character, speaking of it as the Holy Sea. The traveller congratulates himself on having seen this lake under a furious snowstorm. It was mid-winter, and the journey was performed in a sleigh on the frozen surface. "At the first station on the lake," writes Mr. Gilmour, "we had seen a Russian and his wife start out on a sleigh some little time before us, and by avoiding all delay on the way, and using all expedition at the second station, we got off in our sleigh at no great distance behind them.

A SLEIGH RACE IN A SNOWSTORM.

"The horses warmed to their work, and with blood thoroughly up, seemed to enter into the spirit of the contest as heartily as their drivers. The pace was already furious, and the final effort was about to be made, when one of our number uttered an exclamation, and looking back we saw the sleigh, upon which we had gained and was now behind us, upset, and had scattered the Russian, his wife, and their belongings over the frozen and snowy surface of the deep. (*See centre panel of frontispiece.*) Happily no one was hurt, but the race was over, and soon after we reached the post-house, the Russian entered, smiling at his misfortune and defeat."

A NIGHT JOURNEY.

At a later stage of his tour, Mr. Gilmour being at Urga, was desirous of crossing the desert to Kalgan, a distance of about six hundred miles. Having engaged horses and a guide, with the stipulation that tents were to be provided for sleeping at night, the journey began. "We rode on till about eleven o'clock, when suddenly my guide's horse left the road, and began to travel in a circle. A little after we came to a knoll near which was some good grass. Here I was called upon to dismount, the saddles were taken off, the horses tethered, and thus, sheltered from the north wind, we were to sleep out on the wild."

MIRAGE IN SLUMBER.

A hungry man, it is said, dreams of feasts; Mr. Gilmour was a cold man that night, and his dream was of a nice warm bedroom with a good bed and a cheery fire. So real was the vision that he awoke saying, "If I had only had this some time ago coming from Urga!" He looked about and saw the dim horizon over the distant mountains, heard the horses grazing near, listened to the snoring of the Mongol, and realized that he was out on the desert.

"When daylight came," remarks Mr. Gilmour, "we caught our horses and started, but had gone only a very short distance when my horse's feet began to sink at every step into the earth, and as we were going at a smart pace and down-hill, he was unable to recover himself. For some yards he staggered along and then came down, throwing me (*see frontispiece*) on my head with a shock that was all the more painful on account of the chill and stiff state I was in, from sleeping on the frozen ground the previous night."

A LAMA'S STUDY OF THE GOSPEL.

One night during the journey to Kalgan, our traveller stopped at the tent of a Mongolian lama, who asked many questions about Christ and His religion, thus giving an opportunity for explaining to him and to all in the tent the way of salvation through Him who died for sinners. The time for sleep came, and Mr. Gilmour being exceedingly weary, rolled himself up in a sheep-skin blanket, and was soon wrapped in unconscious and refreshing slumber. Presently he woke up, and there, sitting by the fire, he saw the lama reading slowly away at the Gospel, which had been given him a few hours before. And thus he continued to read the whole night through.

In the morning, while drinking tea, the lama asked his guest why the Gospel was called the "Joyful News." "The reason," says Mr. Gilmour, "I told him, was that all men are sinful. This he admitted at once. I then reminded him of how the Mongol sought to wipe away sin, and escape hell, by penances, pilgrimages, fastings, offerings, and other difficult works. Now this book says that when a man wants to get rid of sin, he has only to look to Christ, and his sin clears away. Is not the Book then rightly named 'Joyful News?' He at once assented, got up, expressed many friendly wishes, and made me promise that if I came back that way I would call on him."

A CONDEMNED CRIMINAL IN A CAGE.

About 150 miles from Kalgan, is a great Mongolian trading settlement called Dolon Nor, or as the Chinese call it, Lama Miao. It is a famous market for horses and oxen. In this place Mr. Gilmour witnessed a horrible spectacle, that of a man being slowly and deliberately put to death by being starved in a cage. Near one end of the main street, and forming one of the boundaries of an open space used as a market, is a great wall forming the screen in front of the Government office. "As we passed with our caravan," observes the missionary, "we noticed a crowd collected there, and found that the object of interest to the spectators was a man, said to be a robber, who was fixed into a cage in such a way that only his head protruded. (*See frontispiece.*) The frame fitted closely to his neck, and the cage being too low for him to stand up in, and too high for him to sit down in, he had to maintain a kind of half-crouching, half-kneeling posture, which must have been very painful. We learned that being condemned to death, he was fixed in that cage, and was to remain there until death terminated his sufferings.

The fourth day of his torture terminated the

Breakfast, because I had no food of any kind in the house. After the breakfast was over I waited to hear the singing and preaching. God blessed them to my soul. I became a Christian that morning, and haven't tasted a drop of drink since, nor do I want to do so. It was *a capital breakfast*, sir; but I now have unfailing spiritual food, and all I need in Christ.'"

A Committee in the "Dumps."—Mr. McLachlan told the meeting that he went to a strange town to preach at a series of revival meetings which were to be held there. On the Saturday morning on which he arrived, he found the committee in very low spirits, because one of the ministers was ill, and the other had gone to another parish to help at a Communion. He cheered them with the words, "I don't know that God has died since I left Glasgow; send round the bellman and call a meeting of Christians to entreat God's blessing on our work." Within ten days the largest hall in the place was filled every night, and the power of God was surprisingly manifested in the conversion of souls to Christ. Learn to look up. "Nothing is impossible with God," and "Everything is possible to him that believeth."

A Drunken Carter's Death.—Mr. Jack Said: "I was much grieved on my way to a meeting this week to hear of the death of a drunken carter. One wet night he went from grog shop to grog shop till he was saturated with whiskey inside, and with rain outside. Inflammation ensued, terminating in death. Within a few yards of his house was the Manse; every day Christian workers passed his house, yet none knew of his sickness. I asked an elder, 'Why didn't you visit him?' 'I never heard of his sickness,' was the answer. 'Besides, he was an irreclaimable drunkard; it was of no use to visit him.' It is a shame to our Christianity that any man or woman should die without a word of warning or exhortation, no matter how bad his life may have been. May God make us ready to render *any* service, however hard, or apparently hopeless! 'God giveth the increase.'"

The Way to Let God in.—The Rev. Mr. Torrance said: "Two persons were in a room together, and one asked the other, 'Suppose God were in this room, and that you could see Him with your eyes, what would you do?' His friend at once replied, 'I would fall down at His feet, and say, "O God, save me."' 'Well, God is in this room now, and although He is not visible to your eye, yet if you open your heart to Him, His Spirit will so fill you that you will know that He is actually present.' 'I want to open my heart to Him, but I don't know how,' was the sad response. 'Are you *willing* to let Him in?' he was asked. 'Yes.' 'Then do what is usually done when you desire any one to enter your house—bid Him to come in; tell Him that you desire His presence to be with you to all eternity.' In simple faith the man did so, and was not long before he experienced the pleasure of knowing Jesus as his Saviour."

A Servant-Girl's Sorrow.—"On My Way from Dumbarton to Alexandria a striking incident was recalled to my mind. A servant-girl arranged with a companion to attend a lecture on the 'Pilgrim's Progress,' one Sabbath evening. They were too late for it, and instead went into an evangelistic meeting, where the Word spoken convicted her of sin. In the after-meeting she was kindly aided by the missionary in her efforts to find Christ, but all remained dark to her. At last he closed his Bible, thinking it useless to speak longer; but in anguish of spirit the girl cried out in a voice which rang through the hall. 'Oh, what shall I do? What shall I do?' The Bible was opened again, and with the Divine blessing, light banished the darkness at last, and she rejoiced in a living Saviour. Shortly afterward she went to visit her brother in Alexandria, and while out walking with him, he began to talk in a light, foolish way, which went to her heart. Bursting into tears, she said, 'John, I've given my heart to the Saviour, an' canna stand that nonsense noo.' John was struck with her statement, and after conversing a little longer upon the subject, she had the privilege of leading him to Jesus. He started a meeting which has been blessed to many souls, and it is still continued."

BIBLICAL HAIL-STORMS—PAST AND FUTURE.

By Rev. E. J. Hytche.

(*Continued from page 631.*)

PRESERVATION DURING TROUBLOUS TIMES.

THIS is not the first glimpse we have of such a faithful remnant among the Jews; for the Holy Spirit, by the pen of Hosea, said, upward of 2600 years ago (Hosea 2 : 14): "I will allure her into the *wilderness*, and speak *comfortably* to her." Now, if this elect remnant were exposed to the prophetic hailstorms and the other material plagues which will decimate the Gentile nations, the promise of being regarded with friendship, and so be protected by God would scarcely be an accurate description of their condition. Hence we are warranted in inferring that, just as God will secure their escape from Jerusalem miraculously, so He will preserve them from those physical scourges which will tell unmistakably that the "times of the Gentiles" are about to close forever.

A TERRIBLE MODERN FALSEHOOD.

All these facts fully prove that He who created the physical laws has not surrendered their control; and that He can suspend their action if He so will. Of all modern lies, whether philosophic or scientist, the most terrible is this; that the Most High—if, indeed, there be any God, which many doubt!—does nothing, and, in fact, cannot do anything, to control physical nature, seeing that He is chained by His own laws. Well, then, may the *Edinburgh Review* of April ult., p. 320, in a remarkable article on "The Persecution of the Jews," say: "Without a belief in the providential rule of the world, not only are all creeds but empty forms, but our struggle for the true and the just is as beating the air. The Hebrew Scriptures—especially the Psalter—declare, with the most earnest insistance, the care of the Almighty, not only for the type, but for the single life, and for all the needs of the human soul."

A PRAYER IMPLYING A PROMISE.

When giving this summary of the lurid events which are to close this dispensation, our Lord taught a prayer which implies a gracious promise for all true believers—namely (Luke 21 : 36): "Pray always, that ye may be counted worthy to escape all these things that shall come to pass, and to stand before the Son of man" in a posture of acceptance, and so of safety. That there will be such who will be so secured, and that by translation, we learn from the promise given to the Church in Philadelphia (Rev. 3 : 10): "Because thou hast kept the word of My patience, I also will keep thee from the hour of trial (literal) which shall come upon all the world to try them that dwell upon the earth." But how? Let Isaiah and John solve this enigma. Thus the first prophet says, somewhat indefinitely (26 : 20–21): "Come, my people, enter thou into thy closet, and shut thy doors about thee—hide thyself, as it were, for a little moment—until the indignation be overpast; for, behold, Jehovah cometh out of His place to punish the inhabitants of the earth for their iniquity." The seer of Patmos is more specific as to this rapture of the saints prior to the full reign of Antichrist, for he says of the then existing Church (Rev. 12 : 5): "She brought forth a Man-Child, who was to rule all nations with a rod of iron; and her child was caught up unto God, and to His throne."

THE "FIRST-FRUITS" AND "REMNANTS."

But to these first-fruits will be afterward added the Jewish and Gentile remnants who are led by the exhortations of Elijah, as well as by the physical plagues, to surrender themselves to God. For though we read that the bulk of men, when the last great earthquake comes (Rev. 16 : 20, 21), with the accompanying hailstorms, will only blaspheme God, yet we also learn (Rev. 11 : 13) that "the remnant were affrighted, and gave glory to the God of heaven." It would thus seem that these physical plagues will serve to aid the angelic messengers in their preachings against Antichrist, and thus to form that great company who, faithful even unto death, "will come out of all nations, and kindreds, and tongues, of the tribulation—the great one"—as victors.

WHO THE GREAT MULTITUDE COMPRISES.

This great multitude will apparently consist of two classes:

First.—Those "foolish virgins," who, for their worldliness, are left behind, at the rapture of the Church, to undergo the horrors of the reign of Antichrist. Such members of the Church of Laodicea unhappily, even now, throng every Christian community; and thus there are professed ministers of Christ who are not ashamed to advocate dancing, card-playing, and theatres; going, in fact, so far into apostasy as to institute "a Church-and-Stage Guild." What, then, can such persons expect but either to be "vomited out of Christ's mouth" altogether, or to be left to reap as they have sown for and with the world? Happily, those of this class who are true, though unfaithful, Christians, will be ultimately saved (1 Cor. 3 : 15), but only "as through fire."

THE GOSPEL IN ITS LAST FORM.

Second.—There is a class—mostly *ex*ternal to the revived Roman Empire—who will also be saved after the rapture of the Church and the great tribulation commences its ravages, and that through the ministry of angels; for we read that (Rev. 14 : 6–9) an angel will "fly in the midst of heaven, having the everlasting Gospel to preach." And what is that Gospel? Apparently not the Gospel in its present, but in its *last* form—namely to "fear God, and give glory to Him; for the hour of His judgment is come; and worship Him that made heaven and earth, and the sea, and the fountains of waters." It is to this special message, I think, that our Lord also referred when He foretold (Matt. 24 : 14) that "*the* (τῆς) Gospel of the Kingdom shall be preached in all the world for a witness, and then shall the end come."

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That this supernatural message—combined, as it will be, with earthquakes, hailstorms, and other awful physical phenomena—will be most potent in its influence, there can be no doubt. For countless myriads, both within and outside the revived Roman empire, will refuse to worship the great Autocrat, or His image, and, as a penalty, will be guillotined. (See Rev. 13 : 15, and ib. 20 : 4.) The number, indeed, of those who will be thus faithful to God amid the general delusion and fiery persecution of Antichrist, will be so great that "no man will be able to number them." Sealing their loyalty with their blood, they will form a conspicuous element in the first resurrection, and so reign with Christ for one thousand years. Thus, in spite of the strenuous efforts of Antichrist and his ten allied kings to crush God's elect remnant, they will only succeed in adding a vast multitude to the saints of the first resurrection. Hence, in a higher and nobler sense (Judges 15 : 14): "Out of the Eater will come meat, and out of the Strong will come forth sweetness."

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IN A MONGOL TENT.

When Kiachta was at last reached, the whole caravan drew up in front of the white church of the town, and the Russian travellers entered to pay their devotions. But Mr. Gilmour was anxious, above all things, to gain a thorough knowledge of the Mongolian language, and he was unable to gain that knowledge outside of Mongolia. After remaining, therefore, a few months at Kiachta, he crossed the frontier into Mongolia and sought the tent of a lama, or priest, whose acquaintance he had made some time before. He told him the object of his visit was to live in his tent, and learn Mongolian from him. The lama was quite willing, his main difficulty being that his tent was a poor one; he was afraid that Mr. Gilmour would freeze, and that nothing better could be furnished him than Mongol fare, which he was afraid would not be relished. "In reply to his question, 'when I would begin,'" says Mr. Gilmour, "I said, 'At once,' and receiving his assent, I felt that I was established as an inmate of a Mongol tent."

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Unfortunately, all the Mongols present were short of stature, and though the tent was not a high one, none of them could reach the burning spot, which, beside being in the highest part of the tent, was directly over the blazing fire. Several attempts at extinguishing it had been ineffectual, the glowing patch was rapidly spreading, and the excitement in the tent every moment increasing, when the lama guest in the confusion seized a ladle and began to dash water on the sooty roof. (*See frontispiece.*) For the most part, he missed his aim, and the inky water descending in a shower, drove everybody else off the field, and sent them cowering into the sides of the tent, uttering shouts of protestation, and vainly endeavoring to protect their clothes. The burning soot was finally scraped down with a stick, and the smouldering felt extinguished.

Mr. Gilmour's assiduity soon conquered so much of the Mongol language as would enable him to travel around without much embarrassment, and he therefore bade adieu to his entertainer, and set our on a tour on Lake Baikal. This lake is held in great veneration by the Russians of Siberia, who ascribe to it something of a sacred character, speaking of it as the Holy Sea. The traveller congratulates himself on having seen this lake under a furious snowstorm. It was mid-winter, and the journey was performed in a sleigh on the frozen surface. "At the first station on the lake," writes Mr. Gilmour, "we had seen a Russian and his wife start out on a sleigh some little time before us, and by avoiding all delay on the way, and using all expedition at the second station, we got off in our sleigh at no great distance behind them.

A SLEIGH RACE IN A SNOWSTORM.

"The horses warmed to their work, and with blood thoroughly up, seemed to enter into the spirit of the contest as heartily as their drivers. The pace was already furious, and the final effort was about to be made, when one of our number uttered an exclamation, and looking back we saw the sleigh, upon which we had gained and was now behind us, upset, and had scattered the Russian, his wife, and their belongings over the frozen and snowy surface of the deep. (*See centre panel of frontispiece.*) Happily no one was hurt, but the race was over, and soon after we reached the post-house, the Russian entered, smiling at his misfortune and defeat."

A NIGHT JOURNEY.

At a later stage of his tour, Mr. Gilmour being at Urga, was desirous of crossing the desert to Kalgan, a distance of about six hundred miles. Having engaged horses and a guide, with the stipulation that tents were to be provided for sleeping at night, the journey began. "We rode on till about eleven o'clock, when suddenly my guide's horse left the road, and began to travel in a circle. A little after we came to a knoll near which was some good grass. Here I was called upon to dismount, the saddles were taken off, the horses tethered, and thus, sheltered from the north wind, we were to sleep out on the wild."

MIRAGE IN SLUMBER.

A hungry man, it is said, dreams of feasts; Mr. Gilmour was a cold man that night, and his dream was of a nice warm bedroom with a good bed and a cheery fire. So real was the vision that he awoke saying, "If I had only had this some time ago coming from Urga!" He looked about and saw the dim horizon over the distant mountains, heard the horses grazing near, listened to the snoring of the Mongol, and realized that he was out on the desert.

"When daylight came," remarks Mr. Gilmour, "we caught our horses and started, but had gone only a very short distance when my horse's feet began to sink at every step into the earth, and as we were going at a smart pace and down-hill, he was unable to recover himself. For some yards he staggered along and then came down, throwing me (*see frontispiece*) on my head with a shock that was all the more painful on account of the chill and stiff state I was in, from sleeping on the frozen ground the previous night."

A LAMA'S STUDY OF THE GOSPEL.

One night during the journey to Kalgan, our traveller stopped at the tent of a Mongolian lama, who asked many questions about Christ and His religion, thus giving an opportunity for explaining to him and to all in the tent the way of salvation through Him who died for sinners. The time for sleep came, and Mr. Gilmour being exceedingly weary, rolled himself up in a sheep-skin blanket, and was soon wrapped in unconscious and refreshing slumber. Presently he woke up, and there, sitting by the fire, he saw the lama reading slowly away at the Gospel, which had been given him a few hours before. And thus he continued to read the whole night through.

In the morning, while drinking tea, the lama asked his guest why the Gospel was called the "Joyful News." "The reason," says Mr. Gilmour, "I told him, was that all men are sinful. This he admitted at once. I then reminded him of how the Mongol sought to wipe away sin, and escape hell, by penances, pilgrimages, fastings, offerings, and other difficult works. Now this book says that when a man wants to get rid of sin, he has only to look to Christ, and his sin clears away. Is not the Book then rightly named 'Joyful News?' He at once assented, got up, expressed many friendly wishes, and made me promise that if I came back that way I would call on him."

A CONDEMNED CRIMINAL IN A CAGE.

About 150 miles from Kalgan, is a great Mongolian trading settlement called Dolon Nor, or as the Chinese call it, Lama Miao. It is a famous market for horses and oxen. In this place Mr. Gilmour witnessed a horrible spectacle, that of a man being slowly and deliberately put to death by being starved in a cage. Near one end of the main street, and forming one of the boundaries of an open space used as a market, is a great wall forming the screen in front of the Government office. "As we passed with our caravan," observes the missionary, "we noticed a crowd collected there, and found that the object of interest to the spectators was a man, said to be a robber, who was fixed into a cage in such a way that only his head protruded. (*See frontispiece.*) The frame fitted closely to his neck, and the cage being too low for him to stand up in, and too high for him to sit down in, he had to maintain a kind of half-crouching, half-kneeling posture, which must have been very painful. We learned that being condemned to death, he was fixed in that cage, and was to remain there until death terminated his sufferings.

The fourth day of his torture terminated the

Breakfast, because I had no food of any kind in the house. After the breakfast was over I waited to hear the singing and preaching. God blessed them to my soul. I became a Christian that morning, and haven't tasted a drop of drink since, nor do I want to do so. It was *a capital breakfast*, sir; but I now have unfailing spiritual food, and all I need in Christ.'"

A Committee in the "Dumps."—Mr. McLachlan told the meeting that he went to a strange town to preach at a series of revival meetings which were to be held there. On the Saturday morning on which he arrived, he found the committee in very low spirits, because one of the ministers was ill, and the other had gone to another parish to help at a Communion. He cheered them with the words, "I don't know that God has died since I left Glasgow; send round the bellman and call a meeting of Christians to entreat God's blessing on our work." Within ten days the largest hall in the place was filled every night, and the power of God was surprisingly manifested in the conversion of souls to Christ. Learn to look up. "Nothing is impossible with God," and "Everything is possible to him that believeth."

A Drunken Carter's Death.—Mr. Jack Said: "I was much grieved on my way to a meeting this week to hear of the death of a drunken carter. One wet night he went from grog shop to grog shop till he was saturated with whiskey inside, and with rain outside. Inflammation ensued, terminating in death. Within a few yards of his house was the Manse; every day Christian workers passed his house, yet none knew of his sickness. I asked an elder, 'Why didn't you visit him?' 'I never heard of his sickness,' was the answer. 'Besides, he was an irreclaimable drunkard; it was of no use to visit him.' It is a shame to our Christianity that any man or woman should die without a word of warning or exhortation, no matter how bad his life may have been. May God make us ready to render *any* service, however hard, or apparently hopeless! 'God giveth the increase.'"

The Way to Let God in.—The Rev. Mr. Torrance said: "Two persons were in a room together, and one asked the other, 'Suppose God were in this room, and that you could see Him with your eyes, what would you do?' His friend at once replied, 'I would fall down at His feet, and say, "O God, save me."' 'Well, God is in this room now, and although He is not visible to your eye, yet if you open your heart to Him, His Spirit will so fill you that you will know that He is actually present.' 'I want to open my heart to Him, but I don't know how,' was the sad response. 'Are you *willing* to let Him in?' he was asked. 'Yes.' 'Then do what is usually done when you desire any one to enter your house—bid Him to come in; tell Him that you desire His presence to be with you to all eternity.' In simple faith the man did so, and was not long before he experienced the pleasure of knowing Jesus as his Saviour."

A Servant-Girl's Sorrow.—"On My Way from Dumbarton to Alexandria a striking incident was recalled to my mind. A servant-girl arranged with a companion to attend a lecture on the 'Pilgrim's Progress,' one Sabbath evening. They were too late for it, and instead went into an evangelistic meeting, where the Word spoken convicted her of sin. In the after-meeting she was kindly aided by the missionary in her efforts to find Christ, but all remained dark to her. At last he closed his Bible, thinking it useless to speak longer; but in anguish of spirit the girl cried out in a voice which rang through the hall, 'Oh, what shall I do? What shall I do?' The Bible was opened again, and with the Divine blessing, light banished the darkness at last, and she rejoiced in a living Saviour. Shortly afterward she went to visit her brother in Alexandria, and while out walking with him, he began to talk in a light, foolish way, which went to her heart. Bursting into tears, she said, 'John, I've given my heart to the Saviour, an' canna stand that nonsense noo.' John was struck with her statement, and after conversing a little longer upon the subject, she had the privilege of leading him to Jesus. He started a meeting which has been blessed to many souls, and it is still continued."

BIBLICAL HAIL-STORMS—PAST AND FUTURE.

By Rev. E. J. Hytche.

(*Continued from page 631.*)

PRESERVATION DURING TROUBLOUS TIMES.

THIS is not the first glimpse we have of such a faithful remnant among the Jews; for the Holy Spirit, by the pen of Hosea, said, upward of 2600 years ago (Hosea 2 : 14): "I will allure her into the *wilderness*, and speak *comfortably* to her." Now, if this elect remnant were exposed to the prophetic hailstorms and the other material plagues which will decimate the Gentile nations, the promise of being regarded with friendship, and so be protected by God would scarcely be an accurate description of their condition. Hence we are warranted in inferring that, just as God will secure their escape from Jerusalem miraculously, so He will preserve them from those physical scourges which will tell unmistakably that the "times of the Gentiles" are about to close forever.

A TERRIBLE MODERN FALSEHOOD.

All these facts fully prove that He who created the physical laws has not surrendered their control; and that He can suspend their action if He so will. Of all modern lies, whether philosophic or scientist, the most terrible is this; that the Most High—if, indeed, there be any God, which many doubt!—does nothing, and, in fact, cannot do anything, to control physical nature, seeing that He is chained by His own laws. Well, then, may the *Edinburgh Review* of April ult., p. 320, in a remarkable article on "The Persecution of the Jews," say: "Without a belief in the providential rule of the world, not only are all creeds but empty forms, but our struggle for the true and the just is as beating the air. The Hebrew Scriptures—especially the Psalter—declare, with the most earnest insistance, the care of the Almighty, not only for the type, but for the single life, and for all the needs of the human soul."

A PRAYER IMPLYING A PROMISE.

When giving this summary of the lurid events which are to close this dispensation, our Lord taught a prayer which implies a gracious promise for all true believers—namely (Luke 21 : 36): "Pray always, that ye may be counted worthy to escape all these things that shall come to pass, and to stand before the Son of man" in a posture of acceptance, and so of safety. That there will be such who will be so secured, and that by translation, we learn from the promise given to the Church in Philadelphia (Rev. 3 : 10): "Because thou hast kept the word of My patience, I also will keep thee from the hour of trial (literal) which shall come upon all the world to try them that dwell upon the earth." But how? Let Isaiah and John solve this enigma. Thus the first prophet says, somewhat indefinitely (26 : 20–21): "Come, my people, enter thou into thy closet, and shut thy doors about thee—hide thyself, as it were, for a little moment—until the indignation be overpast; for, behold, Jehovah cometh out of His place to punish the inhabitants of the earth for their iniquity." The seer of Patmos is more specific as to this rapture of the saints prior to the full reign of Antichrist, for he says of the then existing Church (Rev. 12 : 5): "She brought forth a Man-Child, who was to rule all nations with a rod of iron; and her child was caught up unto God, and to His throne."

THE "FIRST-FRUITS" AND "REMNANTS."

But to these first-fruits will be afterward added the Jewish and Gentile remnants who are led by the exhortations of Elijah, as well as by the physical plagues, to surrender themselves to God. For though we read that the bulk of men, when the last great earthquake comes (Rev. 16 : 20, 21), with the accompanying hailstorms, will only blaspheme God, yet we also learn (Rev. 11 : 13) that "the remnant were affrighted, and gave glory to the God of heaven." It would thus seem that these physical plagues will serve to aid the angelic messengers in their preachings against Antichrist, and thus to form that great company who, faithful even unto death, "will come out of all nations, and kindreds, and tongues, of the tribulation—the great one"—as victors.

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This great multitude will apparently consist of two classes:

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One night, when a strange lama, on a visit, was talking to the missionary about Christianity, Mr. Gilmour was alarmed by noticing as he looked upward that the tent was on fire. He called out, pointing as he did so to a burning spot, and in a moment the whole tent was in an uproar. Following the direction indicated by his hand, the "household" looked up and saw that a spark had ignited the roof, and spreading over the soot-covered felt, had made a glowing patch as large as a man's hand.

Unfortunately, all the Mongols present were short of stature, and though the tent was not a high one, none of them could reach the burning spot, which, beside being in the highest part of the tent, was directly over the blazing fire. Several attempts at extinguishing it had been ineffectual, the glowing patch was rapidly spreading, and the excitement in the tent every moment increasing, when the lama guest in the confusion seized a ladle and began to dash water on the sooty roof. (*See frontispiece.*) For the most part, he missed his aim, and the inky water descending in a shower, drove everybody else off the field, and sent them cowering into the sides of the tent, uttering shouts of protestation, and vainly endeavoring to protect their clothes. The burning soot was finally scraped down with a stick, and the smouldering felt extinguished.

Mr. Gilmour's assiduity soon conquered so much of the Mongol language as would enable him to travel around without much embarrassment, and he therefore bade adieu to his entertainer, and set our on a tour on Lake Baikal. This lake is held in great veneration by the Russians of Siberia, who ascribe to it something of a sacred character, speaking of it as the Holy Sea. The traveller congratulates himself on having seen this lake under a furious snowstorm. It was mid-winter, and the journey was performed in a sleigh on the frozen surface. "At the first station on the lake," writes Mr. Gilmour, "we had seen a Russian and his wife start out on a sleigh some little time before us, and by avoiding all delay on the way, and using all expedition at the second station, we got off in our sleigh at no great distance behind them.

A SLEIGH RACE IN A SNOWSTORM.

"The horses warmed to their work, and with blood thoroughly up, seemed to enter into the spirit of the contest as heartily as their drivers. The pace was already furious, and the final effort was about to be made, when one of our number uttered an exclamation, and looking back we saw the sleigh, upon which we had gained and was now behind us, upset, and had scattered the Russian, his wife, and their belongings over the frozen and snowy surface of the deep. (*See centre panel of frontispiece.*) Happily no one was hurt, but the race was over, and soon after we reached the post-house, the Russian entered, smiling at his misfortune and defeat."

A NIGHT JOURNEY.

At a later stage of his tour, Mr. Gilmour being at Urga, was desirous of crossing the desert to Kalgan, a distance of about six hundred miles. Having engaged horses and a guide, with the stipulation that tents were to be provided for sleeping at night, the journey began. "We rode on till about eleven o'clock, when suddenly my guide's horse left the road, and began to travel in a circle. A little after we came to a knoll near which was some good grass. Here I was called upon to dismount, the saddles were taken off, the horses tethered, and thus, sheltered from the north wind, we were to sleep out on the wild."

MIRAGE IN SLUMBER.

A hungry man, it is said, dreams of feasts; Mr. Gilmour was a cold man that night, and his dream was of a nice warm bedroom with a good bed and a cheery fire. So real was the vision that he awoke saying, "If I had only had this some time ago coming from Urga!" He looked about and saw the dim horizon over the distant mountains, heard the horses grazing near, listened to the snoring of the Mongol, and realized that he was out on the desert.

"When daylight came," remarks Mr. Gilmour, "we caught our horses and started, but had gone only a very short distance when my horse's feet began to sink at every step into the earth, and as we were going at a smart pace and down-hill, he was unable to recover himself. For some yards he staggered along and then came down, throwing me (*see frontispiece*) on my head with a shock that was all the more painful on account of the chill and stiff state I was in, from sleeping on the frozen ground the previous night."

A LAMA'S STUDY OF THE GOSPEL.

One night during the journey to Kalgan, our traveller stopped at the tent of a Mongolian lama, who asked many questions about Christ and His religion, thus giving an opportunity for explaining to him and to all in the tent the way of salvation through Him who died for sinners. The time for sleep came, and Mr. Gilmour being exceedingly weary, rolled himself up in a sheep-skin blanket, and was soon wrapped in unconscious and refreshing slumber. Presently he woke up, and there, sitting by the fire, he saw the lama reading slowly away at the Gospel, which had been given him a few hours before. And thus he continued to read the whole night through.

In the morning, while drinking tea, the lama asked his guest why the Gospel was called the "Joyful News." "The reason," says Mr. Gilmour, "I told him, was that all men are sinful. This he admitted at once. I then reminded him of how the Mongol sought to wipe away sin, and escape hell, by penances, pilgrimages, fastings, offerings, and other difficult works. Now this book says that when a man wants to get rid of sin, he has only to look to Christ, and his sin clears away. Is not the Book then rightly named 'Joyful News?' He at once assented, got up, expressed many friendly wishes, and made me promise that if I came back that way I would call on him."

A CONDEMNED CRIMINAL IN A CAGE.

About 150 miles from Kalgan, is a great Mongolian trading settlement called Dolon Nor, or as the Chinese call it, Lama Miao. It is a famous market for horses and oxen. In this place Mr. Gilmour witnessed a horrible spectacle, that of a man being slowly and deliberately put to death by being starved in a cage. Near one end of the main street, and forming one of the boundaries of an open space used as a market, is a great wall forming the screen in front of the Government office. "As we passed with our caravan," observes the missionary, "we noticed a crowd collected there, and found that the object of interest to the spectators was a man, said to be a robber, who was fixed into a cage in such a way that only his head protruded. (*See frontispiece.*) The frame fitted closely to his neck, and the cage being too low for him to stand up in, and too high for him to sit down in, he had to maintain a kind of half-crouching, half-kneeling posture, which must have been very painful. We learned that being condemned to death, he was fixed in that cage, and was to remain there until death terminated his sufferings.

The fourth day of his torture terminated the

Breakfast, because I had no food of any kind in the house. After the breakfast was over I waited to hear the singing and preaching. God blessed them to my soul. I became a Christian that morning, and haven't tasted a drop of drink since, nor do I want to do so. It was *a capital breakfast*, sir; but I now have unfailing spiritual food, and all I need in Christ.'"

A Committee in the "Dumps."—Mr. McLachlan told the meeting that he went to a strange town to preach at a series of revival meetings which were to be held there. On the Saturday morning on which he arrived, he found the committee in very low spirits, because one of the ministers was ill, and the other had gone to another parish to help at a Communion. He cheered them with the words, "I don't know that God has died since I left Glasgow; send round the bellman and call a meeting of Christians to entreat God's blessing on our work." Within ten days the largest hall in the place was filled every night, and the power of God was surprisingly manifested in the conversion of souls to Christ. Learn to look up. "Nothing is impossible with God," and "Everything is possible to him that believeth."

A Drunken Carter's Death.—Mr. Jack Said: "I was much grieved on my way to a meeting this week to hear of the death of a drunken carter. One wet night he went from grog shop to grog shop till he was saturated with whiskey inside, and with rain outside. Inflammation ensued, terminating in death. Within a few yards of his house was the Manse; every day Christian workers passed his house, yet none knew of his sickness. I asked an elder, 'Why didn't you visit him?' 'I never heard of his sickness,' was the answer. 'Besides, he was an irreclaimable drunkard; it was of no use to visit him.' It is a shame to our Christianity that any man or woman should die without a word of warning or exhortation, no matter how bad his life may have been. May God make us ready to render *any* service, however hard, or apparently hopeless! 'God giveth the increase.'"

The Way to Let God in.—The Rev. Mr. Torrance said: "Two persons were in a room together, and one asked the other, 'Suppose God were in this room, and that you could see Him with your eyes, what would you do?' His friend at once replied, 'I would fall down at His feet, and say, "O God, save me."' 'Well, God is in this room now, and although He is not visible to your eye, yet if you open your heart to Him, His Spirit will so fill you that you will know that He is actually present.' 'I want to open my heart to Him, but I don't know how,' was the sad response. 'Are you *willing* to let Him in?' he was asked. 'Yes.' 'Then do what is usually done when you desire any one to enter your house—bid Him to come in; tell Him that you desire His presence to be with you to all eternity.' In simple faith the man did so, and was not long before he experienced the pleasure of knowing Jesus as his Saviour."

A Servant-Girl's Sorrow.—"On My Way from Dumbarton to Alexandria a striking incident was recalled to my mind. A servant-girl arranged with a companion to attend a lecture on the 'Pilgrim's Progress,' one Sabbath evening. They were too late for it, and instead went into an evangelistic meeting, where the Word spoken convicted her of sin. In the after-meeting she was kindly aided by the missionary in her efforts to find Christ, but all remained dark to her. At last he closed his Bible, thinking it useless to speak longer; but in anguish of spirit the girl cried out in a voice which rang through the hall, 'Oh, what shall I do? What shall I do?' The Bible was opened again, and with the Divine blessing, light banished the darkness at last, and she rejoiced in a living Saviour. Shortly afterward she went to visit her brother in Alexandria, and while out walking with him, he began to talk in a light, foolish way, which went to her heart. Bursting into tears, she said, 'John, I've given my heart to the Saviour, an' canna stand that nonsense noo.' John was struck with her statement, and after conversing a little longer upon the subject, she had the privilege of leading him to Jesus. He started a meeting which has been blessed to many souls, and it is still continued."

BIBLICAL HAIL-STORMS—PAST AND FUTURE.

By Rev. E. J. Hytche.

(*Continued from page 631.*)

PRESERVATION DURING TROUBLOUS TIMES.

THIS is not the first glimpse we have of such a faithful remnant among the Jews; for the Holy Spirit, by the pen of Hosea, said, upward of 2600 years ago (Hosea 2 : 14): "I will allure her into the *wilderness*, and speak *comfortably* to her." Now, if this elect remnant were exposed to the prophetic hailstorms and the other material plagues which will decimate the Gentile nations, the promise of being regarded with friendship, and so be protected by God would scarcely be an accurate description of their condition. Hence we are warranted in inferring that, just as God will secure their escape from Jerusalem miraculously, so He will preserve them from those physical scourges which will tell unmistakably that the "times of the Gentiles" are about to close forever.

A TERRIBLE MODERN FALSEHOOD.

All these facts fully prove that He who created the physical laws has not surrendered their control; and that He can suspend their action if He so will. Of all modern lies, whether philosophic or scientist, the most terrible is this; that the Most High—if, indeed, there be any God, which many doubt!—does nothing, and, in fact, cannot do anything, to control physical nature, seeing that He is chained by His own laws. Well, then, may the *Edinburgh Review* of April ult., p. 320, in a remarkable article on "The Persecution of the Jews," say: "Without a belief in the providential rule of the world, not only are all creeds but empty forms, but our struggle for the true and the just is as beating the air. The Hebrew Scriptures—especially the Psalter—declare, with the most earnest insistance, the care of the Almighty, not only for the type, but for the single life, and for all the needs of the human soul."

A PRAYER IMPLYING A PROMISE.

When giving this summary of the lurid events which are to close this dispensation, our Lord taught a prayer which implies a gracious promise for all true believers—namely (Luke 21 : 36): "Pray always, that ye may be counted worthy to escape all these things that shall come to pass, and to stand before the Son of man" in a posture of acceptance, and so of safety. That there will be such who will be so secured, and that by translation, we learn from the promise given to the Church in Philadelphia (Rev. 3 : 10): "Because thou hast kept the word of My patience, I also will keep thee from the hour of trial (literal) which shall come upon all the world to try them that dwell upon the earth." But how? Let Isaiah and John solve this enigma. Thus the first prophet says, somewhat indefinitely (26 : 20–21): "Come, my people, enter thou into thy closet, and shut thy doors about thee—hide thyself, as it were, for a little moment—until the indignation be overpast; for, behold, Jehovah cometh out of His place to punish the inhabitants of the earth for their iniquity." The seer of Patmos is more specific as to this rapture of the saints prior to the full reign of Antichrist, for he says of the then existing Church (Rev. 12 : 5): "She brought forth a Man-Child, who was to rule all nations with a rod of iron; and her child was caught up unto God, and to His throne."

THE "FIRST-FRUITS" AND "REMNANTS."

But to these first-fruits will be afterward added the Jewish and Gentile remnants who are led by the exhortations of Elijah, as well as by the physical plagues, to surrender themselves to God. For though we read that the bulk of men, when the last great earthquake comes (Rev. 16 : 20, 21), with the accompanying hailstorms, will only blaspheme God, yet we also learn (Rev. 11 : 13) that "the remnant were affrighted, and gave glory to the God of heaven." It would thus seem that these physical plagues will serve to aid the angelic messengers in their preachings against Antichrist, and thus to form that great company who, faithful even unto death, "will come out of all nations, and kindreds, and tongues, of the tribulation—the great one"—as victors.

WHO THE GREAT MULTITUDE COMPRISES.

This great multitude will apparently consist of two classes:

First.—Those "foolish virgins," who, for their worldliness, are left behind, at the rapture of the Church, to undergo the horrors of the reign of Antichrist. Such members of the Church of Laodicea unhappily, even now, throng every Christian community; and thus there are professed ministers of Christ who are not ashamed to advocate dancing, card-playing, and theatres; going, in fact, so far into apostasy as to institute "a Church-and-Stage Guild." What, then, can such persons expect but either to be "vomited out of Christ's mouth" altogether, or to be left to reap as they have sown for and with the world? Happily, those of this class who are true, though unfaithful, Christians, will be ultimately saved (1 Cor. 3 : 15), but only "as through fire."

THE GOSPEL IN ITS LAST FORM.

Second.—There is a class—mostly *ex*ternal to the revived Roman Empire—who will also be saved after the rapture of the Church and the great tribulation commences its ravages, and that through the ministry of angels; for we read that (Rev. 14 : 6–9) an angel will "fly in the midst of heaven, having the everlasting Gospel to preach." And what is that Gospel? Apparently not the Gospel in its present, but in its *last* form—namely to "fear God, and give glory to Him; for the hour of His judgment is come; and worship Him that made heaven and earth, and the sea, and the fountains of waters." It is to this special message, I think, that our Lord also referred when He foretold (Matt. 24 : 14) that "*the* (τῆς) Gospel of the Kingdom shall be preached in all the world for a witness, and then shall the end come."

RESULTS OF THE SUPERNATURAL MESSAGE.

That this supernatural message—combined, as it will be, with earthquakes, hailstorms, and other awful physical phenomena—will be most potent in its influence, there can be no doubt. For countless myriads, both within and outside the revived Roman empire, will refuse to worship the great Autocrat, or His image, and, as a penalty, will be guillotined. (See Rev. 13 : 15, and ib. 20 : 4.) The number, indeed, of those who will be thus faithful to God amid the general delusion and fiery persecution of Antichrist, will be so great that "no man will be able to number them." Sealing their loyalty with their blood, they will form a conspicuous element in the first resurrection, and so reign with Christ for one thousand years. Thus, in spite of the strenuous efforts of Antichrist and his ten allied kings to crush God's elect remnant, they will only succeed in adding a vast multitude to the saints of the first resurrection. Hence, in a higher and nobler sense (Judges 15 : 14): "Out of the Eater will come meat, and out of the Strong will come forth sweetness."

Well, then, might the most heroic of the apostles, when, by inspiration, he foretold the apostasy and excision of Gentile Christendom, and the consequent re-grafting of his kinsmen, exclaim, in holy rapture (Rom. 11 : 33–36): "Oh, the depth both of the wisdom and knowledge of God! How unsearchable are His counsels, and His ways past finding out! For who hath known the mind of the Lord, or who hath been His counsellor? For *of* Him and *through* Him, and *to* Him are all things!" May Divine grace constrain every reader to say "Amen" to this prophetic doxology; and for this, if for no other reason—that they may not incur the curse pronounced on those worldly Gentile Christians who, in their pride and folly, are not ashamed to "boast over the natural branches."

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CURRENT EVENTS.

Recent Legislation Affecting the National finances left the public to a large extent in doubt as to the extent of its influence. It has now been in operation three months, therefore the following figures issued by the government will have unusual interest: During the three months ended September 30th, 1882, the receipts from customs amounted to $66,729,149, while for the corresponding quarter of this year the receipts were $57,281,965, or a falling off of $9,447,184 on account of customs. For the same periods the receipts on account of internal taxes were $38,449,961, and $28,912,441, respectively, a decrease of $9,537,520. The receipts from miscellaneous sources for the same periods were $9,869,817 and $7,136,305, respectively, or a falling off of $2,733,512. In round figures the Treasury receipts for the last three months were $19,718,000 less than the receipts for the corresponding quarter of 1882. At this rate for the entire year the falling off, as compared with the revenues of last year, would amount to about $79,000,000. The excess of the receipts over expenditures in the last three months was $15,120,000.

An Attempt to Obtain an Idea of the Policy of the House in the Forty-eighth Congress has been made by a New York journal, which addressed inquiries to every Representative elect. Replies were received from 80 Democrats and 45 Republicans, of which the following is a summary: The re-opening of the tariff question is advocated by 52 Democrats and opposed by 4 and by all the Republicans. The repeal of the compulsory clauses of the Silver Coinage Act is favored by 26 Republicans and 4 Democrats, while it is opposed by 64 Democrats and 4 Republicans. Mr. Carlisle is the preference of 21 of the Democrats who replied, Mr. S. S. Cox of 11, and Mr. Randall of 8. Judging by the tone of Republican replies on the Speakership question, it would appear that if that party could elect the Speaker, Mr. Keifer's course last Congress would prevent his re-election.

The Result of the Elections in Ohio and Iowa is not known at the time THE CHRISTIAN HERALD goes to press. The campaign has during the past few weeks been waged with vigor by all the temperance societies in the State, especially by the Women's Christian Temperance Union, which arranged to have prayer-meetings held on election day in the chief cities; and in many voting precincts in Ohio they intended to open tents and rooms as near as possible to the voting places and distribute free coffee and temperance ballots. Mr. George A. Hilton, Hon. John B. Finch, Colonel George W. Bain, Mrs. J. Ellen Foster, and Mrs. Mary A. Woodbridge have been engaged every day for several weeks past in holding meetings in support of the second amendment.

The Ravages of Yellow Fever in Mexico and in Panama are described in a report to the Surgeon-General. It states that at Mazatlan, Mex., every house is a hospital. It is impossible to keep track of the deaths, which run into the hundreds daily. The inhabitants are fleeing in every direction. Yellow fever has existed in Panama since April, but almost exclusively among the natives. It has recently become more pernicious, and is now spreading widely. It has made its appearance in the below-named Pacific coast cities: San José, Costa Rica, Nicaragua, Acapulco, Zucatula, Manzanillo, Corrientes and San Blas; and is spreading northward. At Guaymas so many are down with the fever that many die from want of attendance. The dead are buried by the cart-load by Indians. At Hermosillo the fever death-rate is about twenty daily.

A Destructive Fire Broke out at Pittsburg, Pa., on October 2d, and burned the whole of the magnificent buildings devoted to the exposition. The fire was first seen at two o'clock in the morning, and in less than half an hour, in spite of the efforts of the Fire Department, the entire building was in flames. All hope was abandoned of saving the buildings, and the Fire Department concentrated its efforts in an attempt to save the adjoining property. The exposition and all it contained was completely destroyed. The actual money loss is stated at one million dollars, but there were many works of art and relics, the value of which cannot be estimated in money, nor can they be replaced. It is a matter for thankfulness that the disaster occurred in the night, as the building has been crowded every day since its opening on September 26th, and only the day before the catastrophe 27,000 people visited the exposition.

The Debts of Archbishop Purcell's Bank have again been before the courts. Application was made to the District Court of Hamilton County, Ohio, for permission to sell ecclesiastical property built by the archbishop with the funds of the bank, and apply the proceeds to reimbursing depositors. The court delivered its decision on October 1st. It decided that the churches were held by the archbishop as trustee, and were not liable any further than it could be shown that he had advanced the money personally. A mortgage on an orphan asylum, given by the archbishop, was declared invalid. Between three and four million dollars deposited in the bank were invested in the building of churches, convents and schoolhouses, and it was this property the depositors sought to attach. The case will be appealed.

The National Council of the Congregational churches of the United States is announced to commence its fifth triennial session at Concord, N. H., this day, October 11th, and is expected to continue until next Monday. Rev. F. A. Noble, D.D., will preach the opening sermon. Among the topics mentioned in the programme for discussion are: Family Religion, Relation of Evangelical Doctrine to Church Work, Increase of Christian Life, More Conversions, Fellowship of the Churches, The Pastoral Relation, etc.

The Protestant Episcopal Convention Assembled in Christ Church, Philadelphia, on October 3d. The galleries were thrown open to the public and were crowded, while large numbers went away unable to obtain admission. Dr. E. E. Beardsley, of New Haven, Conn., was elected President of the House of Deputies. Senator Edmunds, of Vermont, was nominated for the place, but he significantly remarked that he was not a candidate for president for this or any other place, at this or any other time. On Friday the proceedings were suspended to hear an address from Dr. Anthony Thorold, Bishop of Rochester, England, who attended as a deputation from the Church of England. In the course of his remarks he urged the establishment of a mission church in connection with every wealthy church in the country. He also made an earnest appeal *on behalf of temperance.* He said: "We may have as many free churches as we please, we may open as many free libraries as we please, but as long as the demon of intemperance haunts our homes the churches will be useless, the sermons will be useless, and the efforts of the laymen useless. If you want to earn the eternal gratitude of the masses you will use your energies and prayers in this battle against intemperance." A letter from the Archbishop of Canterbury was then read. It congratulated the convention on the centenary, and expressed fraternal regard.

The Conference of Mormons Held in Salt Lake City on October 5th was the fifty-third conference held there. The speeches proved that the spirit of opposition to the laws of the country had in no respect subsided. Heber J. Grant, one of the new "apostles" appointed last year, zealously advocated polygamy and tithe-paying. He said that after the passage of the Edmunds law polygamists professing to be good Latter Day Saints had put away their wives and sent them to their mothers. He had an utter contempt for such men. He had more respect for Gentiles or Methodists, avowed enemies, than he has for Latter Day Saints frightened by a law passed by Congress. Brigham Young, Jr., said that the powers of darkness were strengthening to overthrow the Church; that there never was a time when they needed the power of the spirit so much, but that no power on earth could overthrow the Saints, and that stronger revelations than those they had received were yet to come. It is evident from both speeches and from others made at the conference that the Mormons intend to continue to defy the laws of the United States, which Young described as "the powers of darkness."

The Days of Universal Prayer for Sunday-schools are October 21st and 22d. The American Sunday-school Union has issued an appeal to teachers and the friends of Sunday-schools for the observance of these two days, a practice which in past years has been attended with blessed results. The Union makes the following recommendations in its programme: On the Lord's day morning, October 21st, from seven to eight o'clock, "Private Intercessory Prayer" on behalf of Sunday-schools; the opening exercises of the morning school to be preceded by a "Meeting of the Teachers" for prayer; in the afternoon the ordinary exercises of each school be shortened, and the scholars unite in a devotional service, interspersed with singing and appropriate addresses; at the close of the afternoon or evening service the teachers, in union with other Christians, meet for thanksgiving and prayer; on Monday morning, October 22d, teachers again bring their scholars, one by one, in private prayer before God; in the evening each church or congregation be invited to hold a meeting, at which the interests of the Sunday-school should form the theme of the prayers and addresses.

Mr. Sankey's Farewell Service in the Hall of Cooper Union on September 30th was crowded, and an overflow meeting was held in Annex Hall. The services were conducted by C. W. Sawyer. After some singing by Mr. and Mrs. Stebbins, Mr. Sankey rose to sing. He said that the services, in connection with Mr. Moody's preaching, would begin in the North of Ireland, where they should stay for two weeks. Then the winter's work would be begun in London. That city had been divided into districts, and two iron tabernacles had been built, which could be moved from place to place in the city. They were of iron, as the city law would not allow the building of structures of that kind in wood. He then sang a new song, of his own composition, entitled "When the Mists Have Rolled Away." Afterward Mr. Sankey went to the Annex Hall and sang there. Mr. Moody and Mr. Sankey sailed for Europe on Tuesday in the Alaska, in company with Major Whittle.

Rev. William Taylor, "the California Evangelist," is now laboring in Chili, and reports the promising state of the missions there, especially of the schools. There are about two hundred students in the College of Santiago, one hundred in Concepcion, and churches in several places. Connected with his work in India are forty-seven stationed ministers, fifty-seven local preachers, and over two thousand lay workers, a fourth of whom are Hindoos.

A Woman's Hair was Given to a Prisoner in a San Francisco jail recently to enable him to escape. A certain change in the manner of a notorious burglar caused his jailers to suspect that he was planning an escape from prison. On September 19th they made a sudden descent on his cell, expecting to surprise him in his preparations. At first they detected nothing to confirm their suspicions, but examining the cell more closely, they found attached to the bars of his window *a long hair* which was joined to others, making a plait long enough to reach to the ground outside. They looked there and found a large quantity of beautiful hair three feet long which the prisoner could draw up at his convenience, and which he had been laboriously twisting into a cord. The hair was of course confiscated, but even the jailers were moved to pity and admire the devotion of the woman who, to aid the man she loved, had sacrificed her tresses. Bad and depraved as he was, she must have loved him devotedly. The wonder is that a woman capable of such an act should have loved a man so wicked. There is greater wonder still and far more cause for amazement in the fact that the pure and holy God should have so loved the world that had rebelled against Him as to give His Son to die for it (John 3 : 16).

An English Lord Travelling in Arkansas complained to a reporter recently of having lost his supper through the stupidity of a colored waiter. He said that while travelling on the cars he was awakened by the negro and asked if he would have supper at Catfish. He said "Yes," and, being unacquainted with American customs, expected the train to stop at Catfish in a few minutes. About half an hour afterward he saw the negro again strolling through the cars and asked him how far it was then to Catfish. "About twenty-five miles," was the answer. "Then," said Lord Glendale, with some indignation, "why did you disturb me back yonder?" and he rated the man soundly and then settled himself to sleep again. When the Englishman awaked the train was still in motion, and being by that time thoroughly hungry he looked up the negro, and demanded how long it would be before they reached Catfish. "We'se dun passed dar, sah," said the man. "Why didn't you wake me?" Lord Glendale asked. "'Cause yur got mad when I woke yur afo', sah." The Englishman loudly complained of his treatment, but the negro insisted that he had brought it on himself by his ill temper. Sometimes Christian workers when dealing directly with sinners are rudely repulsed. There is time enough to repent yet, the sinner thinks, but those who thus procrastinate generally fall into a spiritual sleep from which they do not awake until too late (Heb. 3 : 12, 13).

An Engineer's Premonition of Danger Saved the lives of his passengers on the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad recently. A Western correspondent of the *Washington Critic*, writing to his journal, gives a detailed account of the occurrence. It appears that early one morning, about two weeks ago, he awaked in his sleeping car, and found the train standing still on a bridge. He arose, dressed, and went out to see what was the matter. He saw smoke ascending from the end of the trestle work farthest away, and on approaching it, saw a huge gap burned away. "Lucky for us," he said, "that the engineer saw the fire in time to save us." "No," said the engineer, who stood hard by, "I saw no fire. I had a presentiment as I approached the bridge. Something seemed to warn me that it was not safe to cross, and it came upon me so strongly that I just stopped the train and got out of the cab, and I hadn't walked twenty steps before I saw that the act had saved many lives, for the whole train would have gone down that hole, although it is but the length of two rails." The engineer told the correspondent that on two other occasions his obedience to a similar presentiment had saved a train. The origin of these premonitions is a mystery, even to scientific thinkers, but facts prove that they do come occasionally to men and that when heeded, disaster has been averted. Would that sinners running a course of sin would listen and give heed to the voice of the Holy Spirit which at some time in life calls upon all, warning them of inevitable disaster (Prov. 1 : 24, 27).

A Girl Decoyed from her Home in Jersey City is now in a hospital in New York. During the latter part of August she attended a Sunday-school picnic, where she met a young girl with whom she became quite intimate. On September 5th she was induced by her new friend to visit New York, and accompanied her to a house she believed was the home of her friend, but she soon discovered it was a haunt of vice. There, she says, she was detained two weeks, and was compelled to associate with the disreputable inmates, by one of whom she was betrayed. Finally she escaped, but was again captured and taken to another house owned by the same proprietor, and it was not until she became ill and had to be removed to the hospital that she was saved. Then the police were sent to close both houses and arrest the inmates. The girl belongs to a very respectable family, but the girl who decoyed her away found that by feeding her vanity with lying promises she could make her a victim, and so earn her own commission from the New York purveyor of vice. The solemn warnings of the wise king are as appropriate for our day as for his (Prov. 4 : 13–16).

A Lawyer's Dog Caused a Delay in the business of the Superior Court of New York last week. A case that had been set down for hearing was called on; the judge, the parties and their witnesses were present, but when the proceedings were about to commence, one of the counsel engaged rose, and addressing the judge, said, "Your honor, the case cannot go on today. I am informed by the counsel for the plaintiff that the counsel's little dog has *eaten the order of the court* and the plaintiff's affidavit. I have consented to an adjournment until new papers can be prepared." Judge Truax looked as if he would have liked to commit the dog for contempt of court, but the case was adjourned without any penalty being inflicted. The lawyer will doubtless, in future, keep his papers out of his dog's way, or else teach the dog to show respect, as becomes a lawyer's dog, for orders of the court. As it was, the dog only acted according to its nature, and displayed the qualities which have made its name in the Bible a synonym for greediness and impudence. We have more reason to dread men with canine dispositions who abound now in the world and in the church; and the apostolic warning has lost none of its force since it was written (Phil. 3 : 2, 19).

Ladies Poisoned by Bank Bills are Said to have been obliged to leave the Treasury Department. The Washington correspondent of the *Boston Traveller* in the course of an article describing the interior of the Treasury, states that the ladies engaged in the National Bank Redemption bureau are unable to continue in their employment for a long time. Sooner or later sores break out on their hands and faces, and they are obliged to leave. The chief of the division explained that the cause of the eruption is the arsenic employed in the manufacture of the notes. If the skin is the least abraided, and the arsenic gets to the flesh, a sore will appear the next morning. The habit that every one has of putting the hand to the head and face is the way the arsenic poisoning is carried to those portions of the body. "I have known," he said, "a half dozen cases where ladies have been compelled to resign their positions. There are three who were here six years before they were afflicted with sores. About three months ago they were so visited by them that they had to quit work. They have been away ever since, and the physician's certificate in each case says that their blood is poisoned with arsenic." It was not generally known that the mere counting of money had an injurious effect, though the evil effects of loving money, hoarding it, and endangering the soul's interests to gain it are sadly familiar (1 Tim. 6 : 10).

BANKRUPT DEBTORS DISCHARGED.

A New Sermon by Pastor C. H. Spurgeon.

"And when they had nothing to pay, he frankly forgave them both."—Luke 7 : 42.

Distinctions among the Unconverted — Three Points of Similarity — I. Their Bankruptcy—A Picture of the Condition of the Unforgiven—Their Temptations—To Ignore Their Condition—To Make a Good Show—To Make Promises—To Ask for Time—The Wise Course—II. Their Free Discharge—The Goodness of the Creditor—His Freeness—An Effectual Forgiveness—An Eternal Discharge—To Both Debtors—III. The Connection between Bankruptcy and Discharge — When Boasting Ceased — When Thought Commenced—After Honest Confession—When Discharge is Valued—The Port in the Storm.

THE two debtors differed very considerably in the amounts which they owed; the one was in arrears five hundred pence, and the other fifty. There are differences in the guilt of sins, and in the degrees of men's criminality. It would be a very unfair and unrighteous thing to say that all men are exactly alike in the extent of their transgression. Some are honest and upright, kind and generous, even though they be but natural men; while others appear to be of a malicious, envious, selfish disposition, and rush into evil, sinning, as it were, with both hands greedily. The man who is moral, sober, and industrious is only a fifty pence debtor as compared with the vicious, drunken blasphemer whose debt is written at five hundred pence. Our Saviour recognizes the distinction, because it exists and cannot justly be overlooked.

There are

DISTINCTIONS AMONG UNCONVERTED

men, very great distinctions. One of them, a young man, came to Jesus, and he had so many fine traits in his character that the Lord looking upon him loved him; whereas when the Pharisees gathered about him our Lord looked round upon them with indignation. The soil, which was none of it yet sown with the good seed, yet varied greatly, and some of it was honest and good ground before the sower came to it. Sinners differ from each other.

But I call your particular notice to this fact—that though there was one point of difference in the two debtors, there were three points of similarity; for they were both debtors; and so all men have sinned, be it little or be it much; and, secondly, they were both alike bankrupt, neither of them could meet his debt; the man who owed fifty pence could no more pay than he who owed five hundred pence, so that they were both insolvent debtors. But what a mercy it is that they were alike in a third point! for "when they had nothing to pay," their creditor "frankly forgave them both."

O my dear hearers, we are all alike in the first two things! Oh, that we might be all of us alike in this last point, that the Lord our God may grant to every one of us the free remission of sins according to the riches of His grace through Christ Jesus!

Our first point for consideration is, *their bankruptcy*—"they had nothing to pay;" the second is, *their free discharge*—"he frankly forgave them both;" and the third is, *the connection between these two things;* for that little word "when" marks the connection—"*when* they had nothing to pay, he frankly forgave them both."

I. First, let us think of

THEIR BANKRUPTCY.

This was their condition. They were unquestionably in debt. If they could have disputed the creditor's claim, no doubt they would have done so. If they could have pleaded that they were never indebted, or that they had already paid, no doubt they would have been glad to have done so; but they could not raise a question; their debt could not be denied. Another fact was also clear to them, namely, that they had nothing to pay with. No doubt they had made diligent search; they had turned out their pockets, their cash-boxes, and their

lockers, and they had found nothing; they had looked for their household goods, but these had vanished piece by piece. They had nothing at home or abroad that they could dispose of. Things had come to such a pass with them that they had neither stock nor money, nor anything in prospect which they could draw upon; they were brought to the last extremity, reduced to absolute beggary.

Meanwhile, their great creditor was pressing them for settlement. That idea lies in the heart of the text. The creditor had evidently brought his over-due accounts, and had said to them, "These claims must be met. There must be an end to this state of affairs; your accounts must be discharged." They were just brought to this condition—they must confess the debt, and they must also humbly acknowledge that they had nothing to meet it with; the time for payment had come, and it found them without a penny. No condition could be much more wretched.

So far I have stated the parable, and it most truly sets forth *the condition* of every man who has not come to Jesus Christ and so received the frank forgiveness of his sins. We are all by nature and by practice plunged in debt, and this is the way in which we came to be so. Hear it and mark it well. As God's creatures we from the very first owed to Him the debt of obedience. We were bound to obey our Maker. It is He that made us, and not we ourselves; and we were, therefore, bound reverently to recognize our Creator, affectionately to worship Him, and dutifully to serve Him.

But, dear friends, we have not done His will. We have left undone the things we ought to have done, and we have done the things we ought not to have done, and so we have come in a second sense into His debt. We now stand liable to penalty, yea, we are condemned already.

And we are utterly unable to make any amends for this. If He should meet with us and call us to account, we cannot answer Him one of a thousand. We cannot excuse ourselves, and we cannot by any possibility render to Him His righteous due. If any think they can, let me remind them of this, that to cancel

THE DEBT WHICH WE OWE

to God we must pay it all. God demands, righteously demands, from us the keeping of His entire law. He tells us that he that is guilty in one point is guilty of all; for God's law is like a fair vase of alabaster, lovely in its entireness; but if it be chipped in any part, it may not be presented in His court; the least flaw in it mars its perfection and destroys its value. A perfect obedience to a perfect law is that which is required by the justice of the Most High; and is there any one of us who can render it, or who can attempt to pay the penalty due for not rendering it? It is certain that to meet the whole payment is impossible; neither in the form of obedience, nor in the form of penalty, may we ever hope to meet it—it would be all in vain to make the attempt.

Moreover, the debt is

IMMENSE AND INCALCULABLE!

Fifty pence is but a poor representation of what the most righteous person owes; five hundred pence is but an insignificant sum compared with the transgressions of the greater offenders. Even if these sins were somewhat within compass, and if we were not indebted for the future as to all we ever can do, yet what is there that we *can* do? Does not Paul say of himself that he was not sufficient to think anything of himself? Did not the Lord tell His Israel of old, "From Me is thy fruit found?" Did not Jesus say to His disciples and even to His apostles, "Without Me ye can do nothing?" What then can sinners do? Their bankruptcy is utter and entire; and this is true of every man that is still out of Christ—he is a debtor, and he has nothing to pay.

This being the case, I want to spend a minute in noticing *certain temptations* to which all bankrupt sinners are much subject. One of these is to try and forget their spiritual estate altogether. Some of you here to-day have never given serious thought to your souls and to your condition before God. It is an unpleasant subject. You suspect that it would be still more unpleasant if you looked into it. The man who is going backward in business has no pleasure in stock-taking. "Oh," says he, "don't bring me my books; I shall not sleep at nights if I look into *them*." He knows that he is sinking lower and lower, and will soon be a ruined man; and the only way in which he can endure his life is to drive dull care away by drink, or by going into company, or idle amusement. But

WHAT A FOOL HE IS!

Would it not be infinitely wiser if he would look the thing in the face and have it out, and know his actual state? Such ignorance as he chooses is not bliss to a right-hearted man, but suspense and misery. I have often prayed this prayer—"Lord, let me know the very worst of my case," for I do not wish to entertain a hope that will at last deceive me. Disappointment will be bitter in proportion as false hope was sweet. This is the temptation of the bankrupt soul, to shut its eyes to unwelcome truth.

Another temptation to a man in this condition is to make as good a show as he can. A man who is very near bankruptcy is often noticed for the dash he cuts. What a horse he drives as he comes up to business! What fashionable parties he gives! Just so, he desires to keep up his credit as long as ever he can. He is going to make a smash of it by-and-by, but for a season he assumes the airs of my Lord, and everybody near him imagines that he has money enough and to spare. There are some men of like manners; they have nothing that they can offer unto God, but yet they exhibit a glittering self-righteousness. Oh, they have been so good, such superior people, so praiseworthy from their youth up; they never did anything much amiss; there may be *a little speck here and there* upon their garments, but that will brush off when it is dry. Who could find any fault with such good people? Just so; this profession is the fine horse and trap with which they too are cutting a dash just before going through the court. There is nothing at all in you, and there never was, if you are as nature has made you; wherefore then do you try to brazen it out, and make yourself to seem somewhat when you are nothing. You may by this means deceive yourself, but certainly you will not deceive God.

Another temptation which lurks in the way of a bankrupt sinner is that of making promises of what he will do. Men in debt are generally

VERY PROMISING MEN;

they will pay next week for certain; but when that next week comes, they meant the next week further on, and then payment shall be doubly certain; yet they put in no appearance even then, or, if they do, they give a bill. Is not that a precious document? is it not as good as the money itself? They evidently think so, for they feel quite as easy as if they had really paid that debt. But when the bill falls due, what then? It falls, never to rise again. Ah me! a bill is often just a lie with a stamp on it. So will debtors go on as long as they can. This is what every sinner does before he becomes cleared by the sovereign grace of God. He cries, "I mean to do better." Dear sir, you cannot raise our hopes now. Neither God nor man will trust you; you have promised these twenty years, and in no one year have you made a real move in the right direction. You have not lied unto men only, but unto God, and how will you answer for it? Know you not that every promise that you make to God which you do not keep is a great addition to your transgressions, and helps to fill up the measure of your iniquities? Give up the way of lying, I pray you.

Another temptation is, always to ask for more time—as if this was all that was needed. "It is not convenient just now, but do wait a little bit, a suitable hour will come." With this temptation Satan has destroyed multitudes of men, tempting them to ask for more time, instead of coming up to the mark at once and asking for immediate pardon. What are the fabled virtues of to-morrow? Why do men dote upon the unknown future? To immediate decision I would press you at this moment; and may God by His Divine Spirit deliver you as a bird from the hand of the fowler, that you may no longer procrastinate and waste your life in disobedient delay.

This being the temptation, let me hint to those of you who are bankrupt what *your wisdom* is. It is your wisdom to face the business of your soul. Your soul-matters are the most important things you will ever have on hand, for when your wealth must be left, and your estate shall see you no more, and when your body is dead, your soul will still be living in eternal happiness or endless woe; therefore, do not let your state in reference to God have the go-by. It is the most important matter; give it the first place. Settle this business before you attend to anything else. Take care that you

FACE IT, LIKE AN HONEST MAN,

and not as one who makes the best of a bad story. Though it be bad, yet still the best thing you can do is to go right through with it in truth and soberness before the Lord. Hope lies that way. Before God nothing but truth can stand; the painted hypocrite is spied out immediately. The Lord takes off all masks, and men stand before Him as they really are, and not as they would seem to be; so be true with yourself. Do not take your pen and write down sixty if you owe a hundred; but put the fair hundred down. Tricks and falsehoods had better be put away once for all when you deal with God.

One thing more: it will be your wisdom to give up all attempts to pay, because you have nothing to pay with. Do not delude yourself into the idea that you will pay one day, for you never will. Do not make the slightest attempt at paying, for you cannot do it; but take quite another course, plead absolute poverty, and appeal to mercy. Say, "Lord, I have nothing, I am nothing, I can do nothing. I must throw myself upon thy grace." Of this grace I am now going to speak. May I so speak as to encourage you who are bankrupts to come to the Lord, that He may frankly forgive you all.

II. Our second head is,

THEIR FREE DISCHARGE.

"He frankly forgave them both." What a blessing they obtained by facing the matter! These two poor debtors, when they went into the office, were trembling from head to foot, for they had nothing to pay, and were deeply involved; but see! They come out with light hearts, for the debt is all disposed of, the bills are receipted, the records are destroyed. Even thus the Lord has blotted out the handwriting that was against us, and has taken it out of the way, nailing it to His cross.

In this free discharge I admire, first of all, *the goodness* of the great creditor. What a gracious heart He had! What kindness He showed! He said, "Poor souls, you can never pay Me, but you need not be cast down because of it, for I freely cancel your debts." Oh, the goodness of it! Oh, the largeness of the heart of God!

But, then, observe *the freeness* of it—"He frankly forgave them both." They did not stand there and say, "Oh, good sir, we cannot pay," and plead and beg, as for their lives; but he freely said to them, "You cannot pay, but I can forgive. You ought never to have got into my debt, and you ought not to have broken your promises to me; but behold, I make an end of all this weary business; I freely blot out all your obligations!" This is a fair picture of the grace of God. When a poor sinner comes to Him bankrupt, He says, "I forgive you freely; your offence is all gone. I do not want you to earn a pardon by your tears, and prayers, and anguish of soul. You have not to make Me merciful, for I am merciful already; and My dear Son Jesus Christ has made such a propitia-

tion that I can be just and yet can forgive you all this debt. Therefore, go in peace."

Furthermore, this debt was *fully* discharged. The creditor did not say, "Come, my good fellow, I will take fifty per cent off the account if you find the remainder." As they had nothing wherewith to pay, they would not have been a bit the better if he had reduced them ninety per cent. If he had taken half the debt, the one would have owed two hundred and fifty and the other twenty-five; but still their case would have been hopeless, since they had not a farthing of their own. Now the Lord, when He blots out His people's sin, leaves no trace of it remaining.

Observe that it was a

VERY EFFECTUAL FORGIVENESS

too. The only person that can forgive a debt is he to whom the debt is due. God only can forgive sin, seeing it is a debt to Him. Suppose I were to forgive you for injuries done by you to the Queen, of what value would my forgiveness be? He against whom I have transgressed is the only one that can pronounce my pardon; but if he absolves me, how effectual is the sentence! When the creditor said, "I freely forgive you both," why, the deed was done; his lips had power, he had finished the debt by his word. And so when the Lord Jesus Christ is looked unto by the eye of faith, there comes a voice from His dear wounds which cries to the poor trembling bankrupt sinner, "Your sins, which are many, are all forgiven."

And I believe that when this is done, I may add another adjective—it is an *eternal* discharge. That creditor could never summon those debtors again for debts which he had remitted. He could never think of such a thing with any show of justice. He had frankly forgiven them, and they were forgiven. God does not play fast and loose with His creatures, and forgive them and then punish them. I never shall believe in God's loving a man to-day, and casting him away to-morrow.

Only one more remark on this point; this frank forgiveness *applied to*

BOTH THE DEBTORS—

"he frankly forgave them both." The man that owed only fifty pence needed a free discharge as truly as the debtor who owed five hundred; for though he was not so deep in the mire, yet he was as truly in the slough. If a man was lying in prison for debt, as men used to do under our old laws, if he only owed fifty pounds he was shut within walls just as closely as the greater debtor who owed fifty thousand; and he could no more get out without the payment or forgiveness of his smaller liability than the bigger debtor could. A bird held by a string is as much a prisoner as a bull that is tied by a rope.

Now, you good people who have always tried to do your duty, and are numbered with the fifty pence debtors, you must confess that you have become somewhat indebted to God by committing a measure of sins. Take note that you cannot be saved except by the free forgiveness of God through the precious blood of Christ. The fifty pence debtor must obtain his discharge by grace alone. It is also a most blessed thing to perceive that he forgave the five hundred pence debtor with equal freeness. Perhaps I have some here, men and women, who have never made any pretence of being good, who from their childhood have gone from bad to worse. There is a possibility of free and instantaneous forgiveness for you at this moment. You that are over head and ears in debt to God can be freely forgiven by the same Lord who forgives the smaller debtors.

Ho, you with a little bill, bring it here that infinite grace may write upon it "CANCELLED!" Ho, you with a more weighty account, come and place it near that gracious right hand, for though your bill be never so long and heavy, the hand of Infinite Love can write "CANCELLED" in a moment! My joy overflows at having such a Gospel to preach to you; whatever your guilt, my gracious God is ready to forgive you for Jesus' sake, because He delighteth in mercy.

III. I now beg your very special attention to the last point, and that is

THE CONNECTION

between this bankruptcy and this free discharge. It is said "*When* they had nothing to pay, he frankly forgave them both." There is a time when pardon comes, and that time is when self-sufficiency goes. If any person in this place has in his own conscience come to this point, that he feels he has nothing to pay, he has come to the point at which God is ready to forgive him. He that will own his debt, and confess his own incapacity to meet it, shall find that God frankly blots it out. The Lord will never forgive us until we are brought to the starvation of pride and the death of boasting.

A sense of spiritual bankruptcy shows that a man has become *thoughtful;* and this is essential to salvation. Must there not be serious thought before we can hope for mercy? Would you have God save us while we are asleep, while we are giddy, frivolous, trifling, and without concern about our sin? Surely that would be giving a premium to folly! God acts not so. He will have us know the seriousness of our danger, for else we shall treat the whole matter with lightness; and *we* shall miss the moral effect of pardon, while *He* will be robbed of His glory.

Next, when we come to feel our bankruptcy we then *make an honest confession,* and to that confession a promise is given—"he that confesseth his sin shall find mercy." The two debtors had owned to their debts, and they had also openly confessed, though it must have gone against the grain a bit, that they could not pay. They humbled themselves before their creditor, and then he said, "I frankly forgive you." If one of these debtors had bounced and bragged, "Oh, we can pay;" in all probability he would have been sent to prison.

As for you, poor trembler, I do not know where you are this morning, but here is comfort for you; when you go unto God in your chamber and cry, "Lord, have mercy upon me, for I am guilty, and I cannot justify myself before Thee, nor offer any excuse to Thee;" then it is that He will say, "Be of good cheer; I have put away thy sin; thou shalt not die." When you have nothing to pay and confess your insolvency, the debt shall be wiped out. When you are brought to your worst, you shall see the Lord at His best.

It is in their utter destitution that *men value a discharge.* If God were to give His mercy to every man at once, without his ever having had any sense of sin at all, why men would count it cheap and think nothing of it So the Lord takes care that the sinner shall know his need of mercy by feeling the pinch of conscience and the terror of the law. If I may so speak, He puts in the sheriff's officer, and makes

A DISTRAINT UPON THE SOUL

by convincing the man of sin, of righteousness, and of judgment. The Lord puts an execution into the heart, and then it is, when the poor creature cries, "I have nothing to pay with," that free discharge is given by the Lord, and heartily prized by him to whom it comes.

Under conviction a poor soul *sees the reality of sin and of pardon.* My dear hearer, you will never believe in the reality of forgiveness till you have felt the reality of sin. I remember when I felt the burden of sin, and though but a child, my heart failed me for anguish, and I was brought very low. Sin was no bugbear to scare me; it was a grim reality; as a lion it tore me in pieces. And now, to-day, I know the reality of pardon; it is no fancy, no dream, for my inmost soul feels its power. I know that my sins are forgiven, and I rejoice therein; but I should never have known the real truth of this happy condition if I had not felt the oppressive load of sin upon the conscience.

I do believe that the Lord will give us our quittance when we have got to our last farthing, and not till then, because *only then do we look to the Lord Jesus Christ.* Ah, my dear friends, as long as we have anything else to look to, we never will look to Christ. That blessed port into which no ship did ever run in a storm without finding a sure haven is shunned by all your gallant vessels; they will rather put into any port along the coast of self-deceit than make for the harbor which is marked out by the two lighthouses of free grace and dying love.

WE BREAK TO MAKE.

We are emptied to be filled. When we cannot give, God can forgive. If any of you have any goodness of your own you will perish forever. If you have anything you can trust to of your own you will be lost as sure as you are living men and women; but if you are reduced to sore extremity, and God's fierce wrath seems to burn against you, then not only may you have mercy, but mercy is yours already.

> "'Tis perfect poverty alone
> That sets the soul at large;
> While we can call one mite our own
> We get no full discharge.
>
> "But let our debts be what they may,
> However great or small,
> As soon as we have nought to pay
> Our Lord forgives us all."

Blessed are ye poor, for ye shall be rich! Blessed are ye hungry, for ye shall be fed! Blessed are ye that are empty, for ye shall be filled! But woe unto you that are rich and are increased in goods, and have need of nothing, and boast of your own goodness! Christ has nothing to do with you, and we have nothing to preach to you except this—"They that be whole need not a physician." The heavenly Surgeon did not come to save those who have no need of saving. Let those who are sick prick up their ears and hear with delight, for the Physician is come with a special eye to them. Are you a sinner? Then Christ is the Saviour of sinners. Join hands with Him by faith, and the work is done; you are saved forever! God bless you, for Christ's sake. Amen.

[PORTIONS OF SCRIPTURE READ BEFORE SERMON—Psalm 32; Luke 7 : 36–50.]

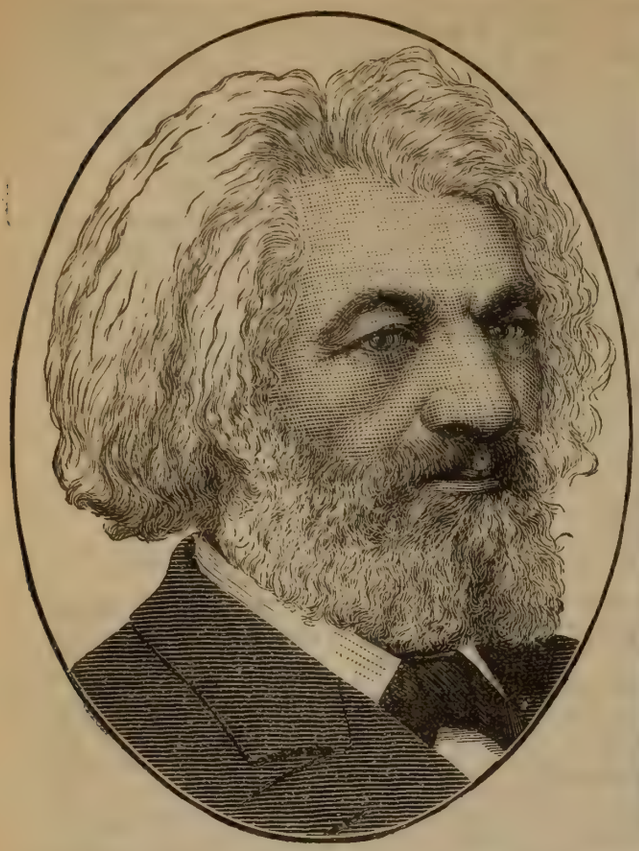
FREDERICK DOUGLASS,

Chairman of the National Colored Convention at Louisville, Ky.

ON the next page is a portrait of the man whose abilities, industry, and energy have raised him to a commanding if not to the chief position among the colored race in America. At the national Colored Covention held two weeks ago at Louisville, Ky., it was felt that no man could be so appropriately chosen to preside as Federick Douglass, and though there were reasons well understood for his unpopularity with an influential section of the delegates, yet it was proved that any other selection would have been regarded as a slight not to be tolerated by men who held Mr. Douglass in high personal esteem, however diametrically they differed from him on some of his theories.

Frederick Douglass believes that he was born in 1817. He has no means of ascertaining the exact date, as his mother was a slave, and he was himself in slavery until he arrived at maturity, when he made his escape. His early years were passed in the district of Tuckahoe on the eastern shore of Maryland. While about seven years old he suffered much ill-usage from "a black virago," as he still calls her, known as Aunt Kate, who had charge of all the young children on the estate, and who contracted an unaccountable dislike toward him.

At the age of about ten years, Douglass was lent by his owner to some relatives in Baltimore, who treated the boy with great kindness, and under the care of his young mistress he learned the alphabet and afterward taught himself to read and write. About six years later, however, his owner died, and Douglass passed into the ownership, by inheritance, of another master, and was removed from the family from whom he had received much kindness. He lived at St. Michael's, and there with another slave



Frederick Douglass, Chairman of the Colored Convention.

Travelling by Diligence in France.

tried to establish a colored Sunday-school, but the school was broken up, and Douglass, having offended his new owner and the overseer, he was sent to a man named Covey to be "broken in." Covey used considerable harshness with the lad, which resulted in a struggle between the two in which Douglass was victorious, and afterward Covey treated him more kindly. Another change of a welcome character came in his lot when he was again sent to Baltimore to be the servant of his owner's brother, who apprenticed him to a ship-carpenter and allowed him to keep a large part of the proceeds of his earnings. The indignities put upon him in the shipyard, however, irritated him, and he resolved to make his escape. An opportunity occurring soon afterward was promptly seized, and Douglass succeeded in reaching New Bedford, Mass.

Douglass spent some very unhappy years there. He was free, but he could not support himself. Even men who were loud in advocating abolition would give no employment to an escaped slave. But he had a chance of improving his mind which he did not neglect, and after a time he was enabled, through the kindness of a friend, to travel to England. He remained there some years, and speaks in glowing terms of the friendly treatment he received there.

In 1846 a number of friends of Douglass, at the instance of Mrs. Henry Richards, of Baltimore, who took a lively interest in him, subscribed funds sufficient to purchase his freedom. His owner, Mr. Hugh Auld, executed a deed of manumission, and Douglass returned to America. He became intimate with John Brown, and a long correspondence passed between the two; but when it became evident that Brown was tending toward insurrection, Douglass, after a vain attempt to dissuade his friend from a project that could only end in bloodshed and ruin, severed his connection with him. There were, however, letters found in Brown's carpet-bag from Douglass, which implicated him, and Douglass had to fly to Canada.

During the war Douglass was frequently at Washington, where he enjoyed the confidence of President Lincoln. It is to be regretted that in the excitement of the time he urged on the President measures of retaliation which, happily, Lincoln had the good sense and humanity to reject. After peace was concluded Douglass devoted himself to the work of elevating his race, in which he has labored with unremitting zeal. Mr. Hayes appointed him in 1877 marshal of the District of Columbia, and when Gen. Garfield came into office he appointed Douglass Recorder of Deeds for the District, in which office he has been retained by President Arthur. Douglass, though now fast verging on his seventieth year, is still active and full of energy. He resides at Uniontown, D. C.

THE FRENCH DILIGENCE.

The illustration on the right of this page represents a scene still common in the rural districts of France, and which was in the ante-railroad days an every-day sight in all the cities and large towns in the country. Travellers possessed of wealth journeyed in their own carriages, but to the great bulk of the population the diligence or coach was the only means of making long journeys, and to this day there are large districts in France in which, through lack of rail facilities, the diligence is a useful and valued institution. It is a lumbering, ungainly, uncomfortable vehicle, as many an American tourist in France can attest. The traveller leaves it at the close of a day's ride with aching bones and all the angles of his body more or less bruised and contused. It generally weighs about four tons and rests on four heavy broad wheels much too small in diameter, according to American views of coach-building.

The body of the vehicle is divided into compartments, and the traveller may select his place according to the rate of fare he pays. There is the *coupé* in front, with accommodation for three persons; behind that is the *intérieur*, which will hold six persons; and above in the rear is the *rotonde*, in which six others may ride and learn how much dust the clumsy conveyance can raise on the country roads. Beside these places for the fifteen passengers, there is the *banquette*, where the driver and *conducteur* sit, and where one or two specially favored passengers may also find places. The diligence is drawn by four horses which occupy the attention of the driver, while the conductor has the general responsibility for passengers and luggage, and also manages the drag or brake.

In the early morning at many an inn door in the country districts of France the local diligence may be seen as depicted in the picture above; the passengers saying their adieux to their friends gathered around, the conductor as commander of the caravan in his seat of honor on the *banquette* with the brake in his hand awaiting the coming of his colleague, the driver, now mounting to the box; while nestling close to his side is some little schoolgirl who is placed specially under his protection for the journey.

CAPTAIN WILSON'S APOLOGY.

"I THINK she will sleep all night, now," said Miss Fanny Knowles, a kind, Christian young lady, as she turned away from the bed of a sick woman and addressed the husband, a rough-looking, Irish laborer, who, with the habit of "the ould countree," raised his hand obsequiously to his forehead in acknowledgment that one of "the quality" was speaking to him. "You will have to watch by her for an hour or two," Miss Knowles went on. "I shall come again early in the morning, and I believe I shall find her much better."

Miss Knowles tripped lightly away, and soon caught her car. A short time afterward she was standing where she had alighted, waiting for a Madison Avenue car, when she noticed a man regarding her intently. Though respectably dressed, he appeared to have been drinking, and she was horrified to see that having apparently satisfied himself about her he was walking unsteadily toward her. She turned away and looked around for a policeman, but there was not one in sight, and she began to feel nervous.

"Miss Knowles, I believe," he said, when he was within speaking distance. "Had the pleasure of meeting you at your uncle's house two weeks ago. Know your uncle well. Allow me to see you home. Disreputable characters

about, you know, at night." This with an attempt at dignity.

"Captain Wilson, is it not?" said Miss Knowles. The gentleman bowed in the affirmative. "I do not need an escort, thank you; this car will take me within one block of home." And hailing the car, which by this time, to her intense relief, had come to the corner on which she stood, Miss Knowles boarded it, and Captain Wilson followed. He was, however, sufficiently conscious of his condition not to venture into the light, but remained on the rear platform. But he seemed in his drunken stupidity to cling to the idea that he ought to escort Miss Knowles home, so, when she alighted, he too left the car and offered her his arm. This alarmed her, and she started to run, but the captain laid his hand on her arm and restrained her.

"Captain Wilson," she said, in indignation, "do you wish to insult me? I have told you I do not desire your company to-night."

"Must see you home safely," he said, and again offered his arm with tipsy politeness.

Capt. Wilson's Apology.

At that moment, however, a hand was laid on his shoulder, and he was twisted around. "I am so glad you came," said Miss Knowles, recognizing her sister and brother-in-law, who were returning home from a late meeting. "Captain Wilson appears to be in a condition in which he cannot understand that his company is not desirable."

"Why, Wilson, is it you?" said Mr. Crawford; "now go home, there's a good fellow, and sober up. You would not insult a lady, would you?"

Captain Wilson muttered something about protection not insult, and moved away.

"Wilson is an ass," said Mr. Crawford, with judicial frankness. "He is a good fellow, but weak as water. He will drink with any one he knows, and he cannot stop when he once begins. He has plenty of money and is as generous as a prince, but he is wasting it fast. He will be thoroughly ashamed of this in the morning. I expect you will have him here to-morrow to make an abject apology."

Mr. Crawford's prediction was fulfilled. Miss Knowles was sitting reading in her father's drawing-room, while her sister, Mrs. Crawford, dressed for a walk, was moving about the room waiting for her husband, when Captain Wilson's card was brought up with an earnest request that Miss Knowles would receive him for a few minutes.

"Do not see him, Fanny," said Mrs. Crawford. "I should cut him altogether. It is a disgrace to have anything to say to so disreputable a man."

"I should like to see him," said Miss Knowles, a soft light of pitiful compassion lighting up her dark eyes. "Who knows but a word of kindness may be the means of doing him good."

"That is always your thought, Fanny, you have no self-respect. The proper course, the only dignified one, is to send him away. You will have him insulting you again, if you allow him to talk to you now."

"I will incur that risk in the hope of doing him a service. I am not afraid that he will presume upon it," said Miss Knowles, and, accordingly, Captain Wilson was admitted.

His bearing was a complete contrast to that of the preceding night, and no one would have supposed from his appearance that he was ever anything but the thorough gentleman he appeared. He uttered his apology, too, in tones at once manly and respectful, and he seemed so clearly capable of better things that Miss Knowles felt her heart drawn toward him.

"What you say, Captain Wilson," she said, "gives me the right to ask you if this habit, which you acknowledge degrades you, cannot be overcome? I ask you in all kindness and in sincere pity for you."

"So I believe, madam, but I fear there is no hope for me. My fate is sealed. Years ago I should have never dreamed of becoming the slave I am, and I have made many attempts to reform, but they have all failed. The habit holds me in its power like a child."

"I should expect them to fail," said Miss Knowles, "if your efforts were made in your own strength, but I am sure that if you asked God to take your case into His hands you would be saved. I have known men with not a tithe of your culture and education rescued in answer to prayer. Forgive me for speaking to you so, I am sincerely desirous to see you delivered from the curse, and I know there is no other way."

"Do not apologize, madam. Your compassion overcomes me. I would gladly take your advice if I had any hope, but I lost that long ago."

"There you are wrong, and my advice cannot benefit you while you feel and speak so. If you will consider God's infinite power, you must admit that He is able to save you, and if you will read His promises in His Word, you will see that He is willing. Why, then, do you say you have no hope? If you will have hope, and the confidence that will come if you seek it, and will ask God to save you, believing that He can and will, you will be saved."

"You speak confidently, madam; but I fear you do not know how weak and degraded I am."

For answer, Miss Knowles pressed into his hand her own New Testament, and said, "This book will suit you if you speak sincerely; it is for those who feel weak and degraded."

"I will try," said Captain Wilson; "your confidence gives me courage. May I come and tell you if I succeed?"

"Certainly, and you may come if you fail. I shall be glad if I can help you, and I will certainly pray for you."

Captain Wilson took his leave with a brighter hope in his heart than he had felt for many a day. That hope grew brighter, too, as the days passed, and by the blessing of God his craving for liquor decreased. He conquered, as all those do who trust in the Saviour's power and love, and not in themselves. When he again entered the Knowles's mansion, it was to report that he had taken the young lady's advice and had found that her confidence was justified. Saved himself, his desire was to carry the good news of hope to other hopeless beings.

POVERTY'S PREY.

(*Continued from page 639.*)

Anxiety at Home.

It was a pleasant autumn day, and numbers of people were about the roads, sauntering leisurely in the warm and bright sunshine. Again many of them were willing enough to give a penny to the half-shy boy who asked in a quiet tone for alms.

He was willing, he said, to clean boots or clean steps, or do any other job that could be found for him as a labor-test; but very few persons took the trouble to find him work to do. It was much easier to take a penny out of the purse, drop it into his hand, and pass on, with a feeling of satisfaction of at once getting rid of a painful object, and of appeasing the conscience, which seemed about to demand that some remedy should be found for abject poverty like his. Possibly it did not occur to any of these well-meaning and charitable persons, that they were aiding and encouraging the poor lad to break one of the laws of the country.

While it was still day, though the sun was sinking in the sky, David sat down under a hedge to count over his pennies. He placed his old cap between his feet, and dropped in the coins one after another, handling them with an almost wild delight. How rich he would be to go home to his mother, if he had equal luck on his way back! Five shillings for two days' begging! Now that he had found out how easy and profitable it was, and how little risk attended it if you only kept out of sight of the police, his mother and Bess should never know want again. He felt very joyous, and his joy found vent in clear, shrill whistling of the tunes he had learned from street-organs. He was whistling

through the merriest one he knew, when a hand was laid heavily on his shoulder; and, looking up, he saw the familiar uniform of a policeman.

"You're in fine spirits, my lad," he said. "What's this you're crowing over, eh? Where did you get all those pennies in your cap? How did you come by them, eh?"

David could not speak, though he tried to seize and hide away his gains; but in vain. The policeman picked up his cap, and weighed it in his hand.

"You've been begging on the roads," he said, in a matter-of-course manner, "and you must come along with me. We'll give you a night's lodging for nothing, I promise you. We must put a stop to this sort of thing."

Still David neither moved nor spoke. This sudden reversal of all his gladness and prospects paralyzed him. He had known all the while that any policeman had the power to arrest him for begging, and lock him for the night in a police-cell, and charge him with his offence before a magistrate. Not a few of his acquaintances had been in jail, and they mostly said it was for begging. The thought of his mother fretting and longing for him at home, and the grief and terror she would feel if he did not get back on Saturday night, as he had promised, flashed across him. The policeman was busy counting over the heap of coppers, and David saw his chance, and seized it. He sprang to his feet, and fled away with as fast steps as if he had been fleeing for his life.

But it was of no avail to try to escape from the policeman, who instantly pursued him. David was weak and tired, and could not have run far if it had been for his life. He felt himself caught firmly by the collar, and shaken, while two or three passers-by stood still, witnessing his capture.

"You young rascal!" said the policeman, "you're only making it all the worse for yourself. Here's five shillings and more in his cap," he went on, addressing the by-standers; "and I'll be bound he's been begging along the roads as if he hadn't a penny. That's how the public is imposed on. He's got more now than I can earn in a day. There's a shame for you!"

"Ay, it is a shame!" echoed one of the spectators, "a big lad of his age, that ought to be at honest work, earning his own bread!"

"Nobody's ever taught me how to work!" sobbed David, standing bewildered and ashamed, the centre of the gathering crowd.

"We'll teach you that *in jail*, my fine fellow," said the policeman, marching him off, followed by a train of rough lads, which grew larger and noisier until they reached the police-station, and David was led in out of their sight.

It was a dreary night for David. There was no bed in the cell, and no food was given to him. In his anxiety to save all he could to carry home with him, he had not tasted a morsel since morning; and his meal then had been nothing but a pennyworth of bread, which he had taken reluctantly from his treasure. He had been thinking of buying his supper, and what it would cost him, when his gains had been seized from him, and handed over to the custody of the police-superintendent. He was weary, too, foot-sore, and worn out with his long tramp. But neither his hunger nor fatigue pressed upon him with most bitterness.

He crouched down in a corner of the cell, and thought of his mother and Bess looking out for him all Saturday, and waiting, and watching, and listening for him to open the door, and never seeing him at all! His mother had said she would be hungrier for a sight of him than for bread! Would they send him to jail for begging? Boys had been sent there for three days or a week, and his mother would be fretting all that time. He would lose his money too, and go home as penniless as he left it. He hid his face in his hands, and wept bitterly till his tears were exhausted, and a raging headache followed. At times he slumbered a little, sobbing heavily in his short and troubled sleep. When he woke he felt the pangs of hunger sharper than usual; for he had been nearly a night and a day without tasting food, and his hunger made him think again of his mother. Hungry, weary, and bewildered, with an aching head and a heart full of care and bitterness, David passed through the long and weary hours of the night.

It was after mid-day before food was provided for him, and then he could not eat it. He felt sick with dread of the moment when he should be taken before the magistrate. He had seen other prisoners summoned and led away to receive their doom; but this turn seemed long in coming. At last it came. He obeyed the call of his name, and found himself, dizzy-headed and sick at heart, standing in a large room, with a policeman beside him. There was a singing in his ears, through which he listened to the charge made against him, and to the policeman in the witness-box giving his evidence.

"Have you anything to say for yourself?" asked a voice in front of him; and David raised his dim eyes to the face of the magistrate, but did not answer, though his lips moved a little.

"Were you begging?" asked the magistrate again.

"Yes," answered David with a violent effort; "but I am not a thief, sir: I never stole a farthing."

"Is there any previous charge against this boy?" inquired the magistrate.

A second policeman stepped into the witness-box, and David turned his dazed eyes upon him. He had never seen him before.

"I have a previous charge of stealing iron against the prisoner"—

"It's not true!" cried out David in a voice shrill with terror. "I never was a thief. Somebody ask my mother."

"Silence!" said the officer who had him in charge, with a sharp grip of his arm. "You must not interrupt the court."

"He was convicted of theft before your worship six months ago," pursued the policeman in the box, taking no notice of David's interruption. "He went then by the name of John Benson, and was sentenced to twenty-one days."

"Have you anything more to say?" asked the magistrate, looking again at David.

"It wasn't me!" he answered vehemently. 'He's mistook me for some other boy. I never stole nothing, and I never begged afore. You ask my mother. Oh, what will become of my mother and little Bess?"

"You should have thought of your mother before you broke the laws of your country," said the magistrate. "This neighborhood is infested with beggars, and we must put a stop to the nuisance. I shall send you to jail for three calendar months, when you will be taught a trade by which you may earn an honest livelihood."

David was hustled away, and another case called. His had occupied scarcely four minutes. The day was a busy one, as there had been a large fair held in the district; and there was no more time to be spent upon a boy clearly guilty of begging, and who had been convicted of theft. No one doubted for a moment this latter statement, or thought it in the least necessary to inquire if the boy's vehement denial had any truth in it. Another prisoner stood at the bar, and David Fell was at once forgotten.

It seemed to David as if he had been suddenly struck deaf. No other sound reached his brain after he heard the words, "To jail for three months." Three months in jail! Not to see his mother for three months! Perhaps never to see her again; for who could tell that she would live for three months? It was only a few minutes since he heard his name called out before he was hurried into court; but it might have been many years. He felt as if his mother might have been dead long ago; as if it was very long ago since he left home, with her voice sounding in his ears. He seemed to hear her saying, "God bless you, David!" and the magistrate's voice directly following it, "I shall send you to jail for three months." His bewildered brain kept repeating, "God bless you, Davy! I shall send you to jail for three months." It was as if some one was mocking him with these words.

No doubt it was somebody's duty to inform Mrs. Fell of David's conviction and sentence to three months' imprisonment; but whether the official notice was sent to the mother of the boy who had been previously convicted of theft, or failed to reach David's mother through the post, we do not know. She never received the information.

Mrs. Fell and Bess felt the time pass heavily while he was away. The poor woman had always been more careful of her children than the neighbors were; and she had never allowed Bess to play about the streets, if David was not at hand to take care of her. Bess was growing a tall and pretty girl now, and needed more than ever to have somebody to look after her. So she was compelled to stay in-doors, shut up in the close and tainted atmosphere and the dim light of their miserable home. Mrs. Fell did a little washing still by stealth; but she was fearful of the relieving-officer finding her at her tub, and taking off her allowance. She could earn only a few pence, and that with sharp pain; but the pangs of hunger were sharper. Bess was old enough, and willing to help, though she could not earn sufficient altogether for her own maintenance. Still, if David should happen to come back with a little money to go on with, all would be well for another week or two, and some work might turn up for him.

Mrs. Fell was very lonesome without her boy, and sorely did she miss him. She was one of those mothers who think nothing of their girls in comparison with their sons; and David had always been good to her, and cheered her up when she was most downcast. She fancied he was growing like his father; and the sound of his voice or his footstep brought back the memories of happier days. David had promised to be back on Saturday, but she almost expected him on Friday night; but Friday night passed by, and David was still away. During the long, sleepless hours of darkness, she was thinking of him ceaselessly, little dreaming that her boy was spending his first night in jail.

Saturday passed slowly by; and, when evening came, Mrs. Fell set her door ajar, and sat just within it in the dark, looking out into the lighted passage and staircase, common to all the lodgers. David would be sure to whistle as he came down the street, and her ear would catch the sound while he was still a long way off. She felt no hunger to-night, and was scarcely conscious of her pain. All her thoughts and cares were centred on her boy.

"He'd never break his promise, Bess," she said softly. "He knows I'm hungering for a sight of him, and, whatever luck he's had, he's sure to come home to-night. I've wished a thousand times as I'd never let him go; but it's over now, and he shall never go again, if we can only keep him from it. We'll get more washing done, you and me; won't we, Bess? And maybe David will have better luck in getting jobs to do. O my lad, my lad! But he'll be here very soon now."

She checked the sobs which hindered her from hearing, and sat still for some minutes, listening, with strained ears, to catch his whistle amid the hubbub of sounds that noised about her. At last she sent Bess to the street-door to look up the narrow, ill-lighted street, to the corner with the *brilliantly illuminated spirit-vaults*, round which David might come any moment with the proceeds of his begging expedition. Bess had some bright visions of her own, based upon the stories of successful beggary which the neighbors told to one another; and she was as full of impatient anticipation as her mother.

"It's almost like the time I used to watch for father, Bess, before we were wed," said Mrs. Fell plaintively; "and I was never more on the fidgets then than I am now for Davy, poor lad! I can't keep myself still a moment. Father

used to wear a plush weskit as was as soft as soft could be, and I'd dearly like Davy to have one like it. I priced one in a shop one day; but it was more than I could give when I was in full work. And, Bess, I'd like you to have a pink cotton gown, such as I was wed in. But there! It's no use to think on such things. It's God's will, and He knows best. If my lad 'ud only come in, I should care for nothing."

Bess went off to the door, stepping softly past the front room, where their next neighbor, Blackett, lived, and gazed up to the stream of light shining across the road through the tavern-window. She stood there for a few minutes in silence.

"He's comin', mother," cried Bess quietly; and the poor woman's heart throbbed painfully as she leaned back against the wall almost faint from joy, while Bess ran eagerly up the street toward the light, which for a brief moment had irradiated the figure of her brother. But it was not David whom she met, though it was a boy of his age and size; and Bess felt near crying out aloud when she saw who it was. Still he was an old companion and playfellow, and as nearly a friend as Blackett's son could be; for he was Roger Blackett, whose father, living in the front room on the ground-floor, close against the door through which every one went to and fro, was the terror of all the inmates of the crowded house.

(To be continued.)

ASKING A KING.

S. S. Lesson for Oct. 21. 1 Sam. 8: 1-10. Golden Text, Psalm 118: 9. By Mrs. M. Baxter.

Samuel's Ungodly Sons—The Lesson of the Trial—The Demand of the Elders—Heard with Meekness—Samuel's Refuge—The National Trouble—The Remedy Proposed—Farther from God and Nearer the World—The Lord's Answer—A Consolatory Fellowship—The Divine Warning against Monarchical Government—The Warning Unheeded—More Pomp but Less Piety.

THE Prophet Samuel at last grew old, and then he made what seems to have been the first mistake recorded during the time in which God had trusted him with the government of Israel: "he made his sons judges over Israel." This appears to have been done without any distinct direction from God, and no blessing accompanied it. "His sons walked

NOT IN HIS WAYS,

but turned aside after lucre, and took bribes and perverted judgment." There is no such condemnation spoken against him as that which he himself was charged to speak to Eli. God never condemned him because he did not restrain them in their wrongdoing, or said that he honored his sons above God, and we are not told whether these young men became changed in their after life. If we may surmise the reason why God permitted so holy a man as Samuel to have the untold trial of ungodly, unfaithful sons, it would be that Samuel might learn his own utter nothingness before the end of his life on earth.

Many a parent has to learn how powerless human effort is to change the heart of a child; obedience may be enforced, outward conformity to a parent's will may exist, while the heart is bent upon attaining its own ends, and again and again the heart of a parent whose life has been most strictly and conscientiously upright is wrung with grief and deep humiliation because his sons walk not in his ways, because there is crookedness, duplicity, and insincerity found in them. How often a disinterested father has a son who is the exact opposite of himself in character; he sees in his own son a mean, covetous, ignoble spirit, which cuts him to the heart. What then?

IS THERE NO REMEDY?

Yes, bless God; that which man cannot do, God can: "Is anything too hard for the Lord?" When the deep humiliation has done its work, when the heart which has long ago been driven from all self-dependence in other things, such as its own salvation and sanctification or in its work with souls, finds itself equally powerless to instil true principles into the heart of a son or daughter, and can only say about all its efforts to train them for God, "Behold, I am vile; what shall I answer Thee; I will lay my hand upon my mouth" (Job. 40: 4)—then the Lord can fully undertake that which man has abandoned to Him. He will not mix His work with ours, even in the training of our children; we can work *under* Him, but only under, letting Him have the full control.

It must have been

A BITTER MOMENT

for Samuel when "the elders of Israel gathered themselves together, and came to Samuel unto Ramah, and said unto him, Behold, thou art old, and thy sons walk not in thy ways; now make us a king to judge us like all the nations." Yet Samuel did not deny the fact of his sons' misrule; probably it was a more bitter sore to his heart than to any other. Yet personal feeling did not influence him in his relations with the people; his burden was between his own soul and God, but we are distinctly told that "the thing displeased Samuel, *when they said*, Give us a king to judge us." These few words are sufficient to show us that God's honor was dearer to Samuel than that of either son or daughter. We have known fathers (zealous winners of souls) so touchy when the least fault has been found with their sons or daughters, whether they were to blame or not, that regardless of the honor of God, and His exhortations to "resist not evil" (Matt. 5: 39), and "to endure grief, suffering wrongfully" (1 Pet. 2: 19), they have insisted on satisfaction being done them by man, just as though God had nothing to do with it. Not so Samuel; he bore the rebuke in silence as from God; and when his heart was grieved that the people desired a king, he neither argued the matter with the people nor attempted to justify himself or his sons; he "prayed unto the Lord." Here was the strength of Samuel's life, he made his every cause God's cause, and thus lived unentangled with the burdens and cares which come upon so many.

But what of the children of Israel who desired a king to judge them

LIKE THE NATIONS?

True, they had cause for complaint; true, the sons of Samuel were culpable in the extreme; but their proposed remedy was to get nearer to the world, to have the line of separation which removed them from other nations broken down, and to be governed by man instead of immediately by God Himself! Unless the heart of man is really surrendered to God, there is nothing which he so much dreads as close contact with God; but when the heart is really given up to Him, there is nothing which gives such joy, as the being thrown off from all else upon God. The children of Israel did not cry unto the Lord, and leave Him to find the cure for their trouble—they went to Samuel to ask for a remedy of their own devising. Oh, if we trust the love of God, shall we not let Him find the remedy for our every evil? He who has heaven and earth at His command, and whose resources are infinite?

The Lord's answer to Samuel was one of intense sympathy with him, but of wounded love as regarded the people, "Hearken unto the voice of the people in all that they say unto thee; for they have not rejected thee, but they have

REJECTED ME,

that I should not reign over them." Samuel was only God's servant, His spokesman and interpreter to the people; *they* might look on their rebellion as being only against Samuel, God reckoned it against Himself. It is easy for man to put God out of the question, but He does not put Himself out of the question. When a son rebels against a parent, he is rebelling against the God who created that relationship; when a pupil rebels against his teacher, he is guilty of insubordination against God; when a servant rebels against her employer, it is God's authority which she sets at naught; and so with all other authority, we cannot deal with man apart from God, "Do not I fill heaven and earth? saith the Lord" (Jer. 23: 24).

There must have been a sweetness and yet a sadness in the wonderful fellowship with Samuel which the Lord manifested when He continued, "According to all the works which they have done since the day that I brought them up out of Egypt even unto this day, wherewith they have forsaken Me, and served other gods, so do they also unto thee." How much sweeter to Samuel was this assurance from God Himself that He was only sharing the very treatment of God, that His very suffering was a separation from all others unto Him—how incomparably sweeter than would have been any attempt to justify himself or his sons, or to stand up for his own petty rights! Oh, what dignity there was in the old man! sharing sorrow and contempt with God above personal burdens, that he might bear the burden of the Lord with Him!

Had Samuel given way to pique or to personal feeling, he might easily have warned the people, on his own account, that they were choosing against their own interests, but it was not until God told him to do so that Samuel alluded to this. God said, "Now therefore hearken unto their voice: howbeit yet protest solemnly unto them, and show them the manner of the king that shall reign over them." Then Samuel warned the people, but only in the words which God had spoken to him; he warned them of the self-seeking,

THE DESPOTISM, OF MONARCHY,

and the oppression it would bring upon all classes; how the taxes would increase; for in addition to paying tithes to the Levites, they would have to pay tithes to the king, "He will take the tenth of your seed, and of your vineyards, and give to his officers, and to his servants; . . . he will take the tenth of your sheep: and *ye shall be his servants*." And the prophet further continued, "And ye shall cry out in that day because of your king which ye shall have chosen you; and the Lord will not hear you in that day."

In spite of this strong, solemn warning, "the people refused to obey the voice of Samuel;" they had set their heart on having a king to reign over them, and nothing would turn them from it. Oh, how often are those words made true in experience, "He gave them their request; but sent leanness into their soul" (Ps. 106: 15). The people said,

"NAY; BUT WE WILL

have a king over us; that we also may be like all the nations; and that our king may judge us, and go out before us, and fight our battles." God had spoken to His people by Moses and promised them that they should be "a peculiar treasure unto Him above all nations (Ex. 19: 6), "a special people unto Himself above all people that are upon the face of the earth (Deut. 7: 6); "the Lord your God which goeth before you, He shall fight for you" (Deut. 1: 30). The people were now despising this privilege of being peculiar and separate, by choosing a fallible king before the infallible God to judge them, a weak man before the Almighty God to fight for them. Yet were they worse than many believers? Oh, how many rely much more readily on visible man than on the unseen God for help in times of poverty, sickness, trial, or mourning?

"Samuel heard all the words of the people, and he rehearsed them in the ears of the Lord. And the Lord said to Samuel, Hearken unto their voice, and make them a king. And Samuel said unto the men of Israel, Go ye every man unto his city." Thus the people had their way; from this time they were more like the nations; the immediate interventions of God on their behalf as a nation grew fewer, the distance between them as a nation and their God grew greater; henceforth there was much more of display both of power and glory, but less of the arm of the Lord made bare. God keep us from having our own will. Amen.

FOREIGN TOPICS.

The People of the Spanish Capital have been highly incensed by the insult offered to their king in the streets of Paris. Irritation against France spread rapidly through all classes in Madrid, and the excitement throughout the week was intense. Even the opposition party in the Cortes were loud and persistent in urging that a demand for a full and complete apology should be formally presented to the French Government. M. Ferry, the French Prime Minister, promised that when the Chambers assembled an ample public statement should be made, and that the apology which President Grévy presented to the king in Paris should be published in the official journal. With this the Spanish Government appears to be satisfied. It is, nevertheless, apparent that the incident has estranged the good feeling hitherto existing between the two countries.

Germany has Taken up the Quarrel between France and Spain. In a communication to the French Government Prince Bismarck calls attention to the fact that Alfonso's unpopularity was not personal, but was caused by his recent acceptance of a complimentary appointment in the German army, and that the weight of opprobrium was directed against the Uhlan rather than the King. The tone of the communication is one of warning, if not of menace, and brings new humiliation upon France. The incident has increased German influence at Madrid, a result which it is probable the astute German Chancellor foresaw when the Uhlan Colonelcy was conferred on the Spanish King. The isolation of France in Europe is thus extended, while the foreign policy of M. Ferry and his colleagues is adapted to increase rather than dissipate the ill-feeling of other nations.

The Crisis in the Danubian Principalities continues. King Milan has dissolved the chambers before they commenced work. They organized by electing a Radical president and vice-president, which demonstrated the strength of the majority. Then the mandate of the king was received ending the deliberations. The correspondent of the New York *Herald* at Belgrade says: "The dissolution is due to the great success of the radical party in the recent elections for members of the Skuptchina. The government would have experienced a complete defeat but for the provision of the constitution permitting it to nominate forty members of the chamber. Out of the remaining one hundred and twenty seats, the opposition—that is, the Radicals and Ristic party—carried fifty-seven against only thirty-four that fell to ministerial candidates. Of the seventeen independent and twelve disputed elections about half went to the opposition, which thus numbered over seventy." The real significance of the movement is not in the local issues, which are comparatively trivial, but in the possibility of complications resulting between Russia and Austria, who are watching the situation with jealous rivalry.

O'Donnell, who Murdered Carey in South African waters, adheres to his story that the murder was committed in self-defence, though contradicted by all the witnesses. He has made a statement in which he emphatically denies that he was sent to murder Carey. He says that he and Carey were sitting together in the cabin of the steamer; that Carey began to fasten a quarrel upon him, when O'Donnell remarked about the rumor that Power (by which name Carey shipped) was Carey, whereupon Carey and he started up, each with a pistol drawn. O'Donnell gripped Carey's collar with his left hand, but being paralyzed, lost his grasp. Carey then crushed him down against the end of a table, putting his pistol in O'Donnell's face. O'Donnell grasped the pistol and fired his own, Carey's weapon falling on the floor six feet away. Carey ran, partly stooping, to pick it up, when O'Donnell fired again, not deliberately, but to save his life. According to O'Donnell's statement the story of Carey's son that he took his father's pistol from a bag after the shooting is untrue; he took it off the floor. This story is generally discredited, and the belief prevails that O'Donnell was sent by the Irish assassination societies to murder his victim. General Roger Pryor, of Brooklyn, has been sent to England to assist in the defence of O'Donnell.

Severe Commericial Distress Prevails in Ireland. The Irish correspondent of the New York *Times* cables that there is a financial crisis which is attributed to the great depression in trade circles, the result of the continuous ferment in which the country has been kept by the action of Mr. Parnell. The banks are exceedingly cautious. Loans are very difficult to obtain, sales are chiefly for cash, and business is thus extremely limited. However much the farmers may have profited by the no-rent policy, it has been most severely felt in Belfast and other manufacturing centres. The ruin which has overwhelmed the great bulk of the gentry is now felt by the shop-keepers, and has diminished their purchases from the manufacturers. This has caused the curtailment of manufacturing, and has consequently reacted upon the working classes. The result has been an extraordinary outburst of feeling, which seems to have re-lit the historical hatred between the Protestants and Catholics. The windows of a convent were smashed by the mob, as well as those of two newspapers devoted to the home-rule policy.

An Important Parliamentary Election Took place last week in England. The Conservative member of the House of Commons from Manchester died, and in the election of his successor the Liberals agreed not to oppose Mr. Houldsworth, who was nominated by the Conservative party; but a contest was forced by a Radical lawyer, Dr. Parkhurst, who made a direct bid for the Irish vote by promising to vote for Home Rule in Ireland and to support Mr. Parnell. He obtained Mr. Parnell's approval, but the Liberals left him severely alone, and he was miserably beaten by a vote of three to one. The smallness of the Irish vote, which turned out in obedience to Mr. Parnell, caused considerable surprise in all quarters, as large numbers of Irish live in Manchester and have votes. Mr. Parnell predicted that the Radical candidate would receive 10,000 Irish votes, but his entire following, comprising English Radicals and Irish Parnellites, was less than 3000.

The Foreign Residents of Canton Apprehend an outbreak against them of the Chinese population. In a cable despatch from Hong Kong, dated October 3d, the writer says: "I have just returned from Canton. Affairs there are in a very critical condition. The populace is greatly excited over the result of the Logan trial. Communication between the English quarter and the city is entirely cut off. Incendiary placards are posted on the walls of the viceroy's palace daily, and are torn down by the police. They proclaim that, should the French fleet threaten an attack, the mob first of all will kill all foreigners and destroy their property. The mob is ripe for rebellion. Mandarins of the highest rank are insulted and spit upon while going through the city. Troops are being drawn from the outlying forts to guard the palace of the viceroy." A fleet of gunboats in the harbor protects the foreign quarter, and arms have been supplied to the merchants and their clerks.

The Commemoration of Martin Luther's birth on November 10th will be observed in England. An influential committee has been appointed to arrange for an appropriate celebration. The General and Executive Committees consist of representatives of all the leading Protestant denominations, including no fewer than twenty-eight of the principal religious societies. There are nine Honoraray Secretaries and six Honorary Acting Secretaries, representative of the various sections of Protestantism. Mr. George Williams, the friend of young men, is treasurer. The organization is now complete. *The Rev. Dr. Bonar has composed a beautiful hymn* for the occasion, and at the invitation of the committee the Rev Dr. Bullinger has set this hymn, as well as Mr. Martin Tupper's spirited verses to music. Dr. Bonar has also drawn up topics of praise and thanksgiving for the commemoration on the 10th of November.

The Trial of the Imprisoned Leaders of the Salvation Army in Switzerland has resulted in their acquittal. Miss Booth and Miss Charlesworth and four members of the army were charged with disturbing the peace. They pleaded in defence that they simply obeyed the dictates of their conscience. The public prosecutor demanded that they should be sentenced in accordance with the law. The accused persons were found not guilty, and were discharged from custody. A public meeting has been called to demand the expulsion of the army.

The Number of Liquor Stores Owned by the English Episcopal Church is still in debate in England. Canon Wilberforce, whose indefatigable efforts to induce the Church authorities to rid themselves of the property have caused the dispute, still insists that a very large number of saloons are owned by the Church. His view is supported by a vicar who, in a letter to the London *Times*, says: "I am incumbent of an agricultural parish, of which the Ecclesiastical Commissioners are lords of the manor, impropriators of the great tithes, and owners of property bringing them in 3000*l.* ($15,000) a year. In one part of the parish they own a public-house only 230 yards distant from another public-house. The number of houses within 'drinkable' distance of both is under forty. Something may be said for the other public-houses as being required for the accommodation of travellers on the high road, but nothing for the Ecclesiastical Commissioners' beerhouse. The farmers would be glad enough to see both abolished as tending to the ruin and dismissal of many of their laborers." The commissioners pay the vicar less than $1500 a year for his services in the parish.

A Chinese Leper Evangelist.—One of the devoted missionaries of the China Inland Mission speaks, in a recent letter home, of a man—a leper—in a town, Fuh-Kien, in South China, who travelled on foot a hundred miles from his home to the Mission Hospital, to be treated for his disease, not to be cured, but to have his sufferings relieved; for they cannot cure the leprosy. His name is Achee. He went away back to his native village, having been led to accept Christ as his much-needed Saviour and Comforter. He at once, with his heart overflowing with love, gathered around him his fellow-villagers, and told them the grand old Gospel story. Two years afterward a catechist was wanted to go down and tell them more of the doctrine. The agents of the mission found twenty villagers gathered in the house of this poor leper to hear the Word of God, and some of them have been led to the pierced feet of Christ, and found forgiveness and eternal life in His atoning work.

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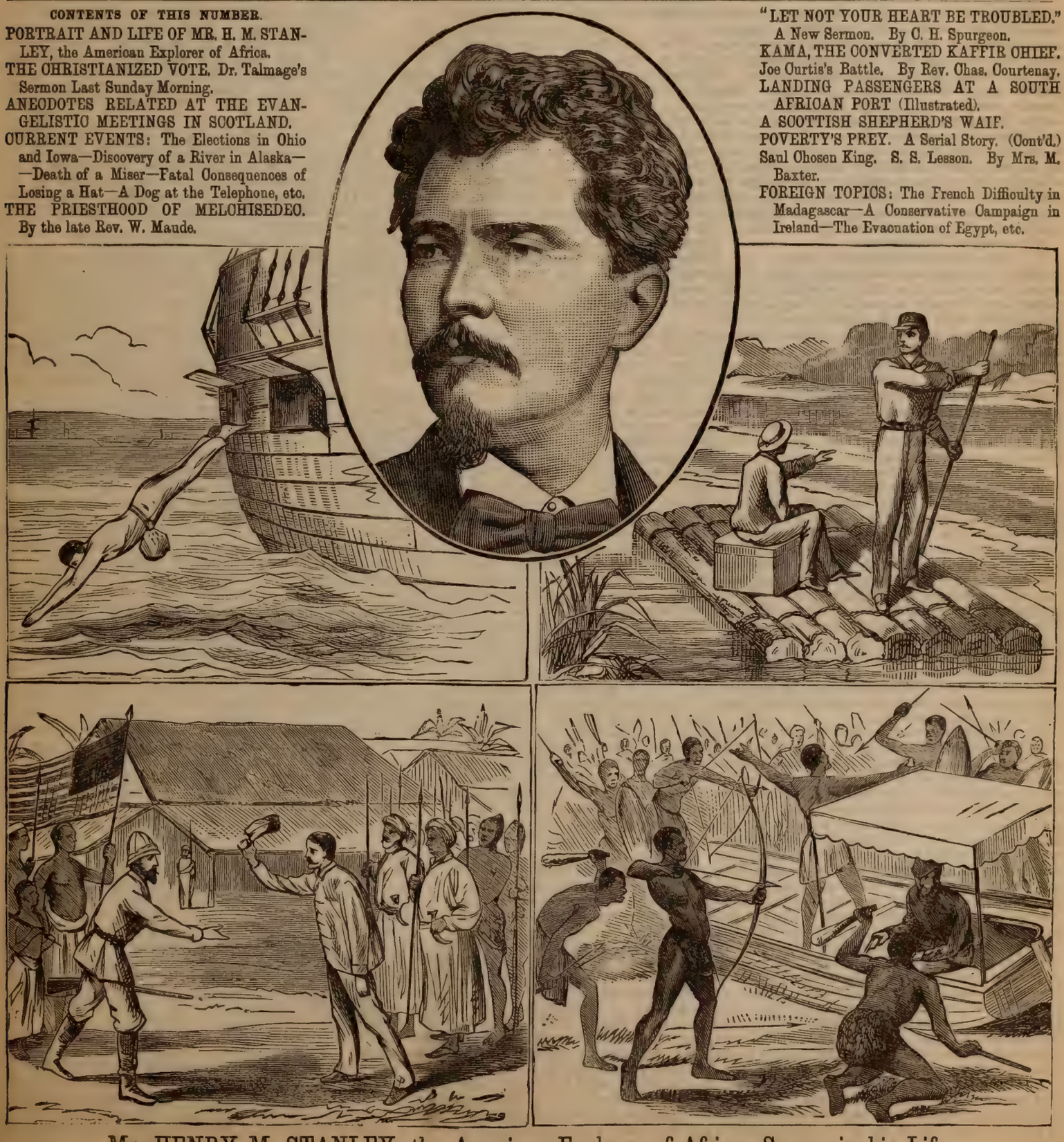

Mr. HENRY M. STANLEY, the American Explorer of Africa—Scenes in his Life.

MR. HENRY M. STANLEY,

The Special Correspondent of the "New York Herald" and the Discoverer of Livingstone.

Born in 1840—Boyish Escapades—Deserts his Ship—Early Travels—Enlists as a Soldier—Becomes a Newspaper Correspondent—A River Journey of 700 Miles on a Raft—Further Wanderings—A Memorable Interview—Commission to Find Livingstone—The Search Commenced—Expedition Organized at Zanzibar—The Caravans on the March—News of Livingstone—The Triumph—Susi, the Missionary's Black Servant—Stanley's Interview with Livingstone at Ujiji—Subsequent Explorations—Hairbreadth Escape from Massacre.

MR. HENRY M. STANLEY, the famous special correspondent of the New York *Herald*, whose feat in crossing Africa and discovering Livingstone first brought his name prominently before the public, is forty-three years of age. A portrait taken of him when he was in this country some *twenty years ago* appears this week on the first page of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD. Mr. Stanley's energetic labors and daring explorations have opened up a region unknown before, and have enabled the Christian Church to send missionaries to enlighten the benighted inhabitants. He has carried forward the work Dr. Livingstone commenced, and his labors entitle him to the gratitude of all Christendom.

Mr. Henry M. Stanley was

BORN NEAR DENBIGH, IN WALES,

in 1840. So poor were his parents that at the age of three years, the future explorer was admitted into the poor house of St. Asaph, where he remained until he was thirteen years of age. He received a fair education in that institution, and for two years he acted as assistant teacher in the school. But school-teaching had no attractions for such a temperament as that of Stanley. He threw up his appointment and started out to see the world. He obtained sufficient means to travel to Liverpool, where he took service as a cabin-boy on board a ship bound for the Mediterranean.

The restraints and monotony of sea-faring life soon became irksome to him, and he resolved to desert the ship. He tied up a small bundle of clothing and secured it to his belt, and then dived overboard. (*See frontispiece.*) But in swimming ashore, his bundle of clothing was lost, and on landing he was nearly naked. Friendless and penniless he begged on the highway until one day meeting a sea captain he was offered another cabin-boy's place on a vessel bound for New Orleans. On his arrival on American soil he soon found friends. A merchant named Stanley especially took a fancy to the bright, intelligent lad, adopted him as his own son, and sent him to school. Henceforward the boy bore the name of his benefactor instead of his own, which was *John Rowlands*.

He had been assured that he would inherit the wealth of his benefactor, but in 1861, when the merchant died it was found that he had left no will, and the young man found himself at his majority penniless. The war was then raging, and Stanley entered the Confederate service. In one of the early battles of the war he was taken prisoner, but his period of confinement was brief. He had not been long enough in the country to have any profound sympathy with the cause for which he had been fighting, and when an offer was made him to enter the Federal service he promptly accepted it. He was present at the battles of Fort Donelson, Fort Henry, and Pittsburg Landing. His time in the army having expired, he engaged as a *newspaper correspondent*, and thus witnessed several battles on the Potomac, and the capture of Fort Fisher. On the conclusion of the war, Mr. Stanley received an offer to continue his services on the press, and in that capacity travelled through the Western territories as a newspaper correspondent.

But the spirit of adventure was strong in him, and instead of travelling homeward by the ordinary way he built a raft, and with a companion of his own age, *floated down the Platte River to the Missouri River, a distance of over seven hundred miles.* (*See frontispiece.*)

THE FAR EAST.

Arriving in New York, he remained but a brief period. He resolved to endeavor to proceed across Asia, *via* Smyrna, with two friends. After penetrating three hundred miles into the interior, reaching Afium Kara Hissar, he and his companions were robbed of $6000 by the Koords, and were obliged to go back to Constantinople to get redress, in which they succeeded. Returning again to America, he was engaged by the *Missouri Democrat* and New York *Tribune* to accompany the Indian Peace Commissions and Hancock's military expedition against the Kiowas and Cheyennes.

WAR CORRESPONDENT.

When the British campaign in Abyssinia began in 1867, he was engaged by the New York *Herald* as its correspondent to accompany the British army. Having shown considerable aptitude and energy during this campaign, he was shortly afterward requested to proceed to Crete and describe the state of affairs there during the rebellion. Thence he went to Spain, which at that time was in the throes of revolution, and when that movement terminated, he was ordered to Egypt to await Dr. Livingstone's arrival, who was then reported as coming home. Getting tired of waiting, in October, 1869, he was again sent to Spain by the proprietor of the *Herald*, to report progress on the Republican revolutionists. He went to Valencia, which was then being besieged, and thence to Madrid, where he received

A TELEGRAM,

which has since become famous, to "come to Paris" to see Mr. Bennett, some of the subsequent circumstances of which we shall refer to presently.

He had, however, first to attend the inauguration of the Suez Canal, to go up the Nile, then to Jerusalem, then to Damascus, Smyrna, Constantinople, the Crimea, Southern Russia, Ural Mountains, Trebizond, Tifers, through the Caucasus to interview Stoletozf at Bakou, across the Caspian Sea to Krasnavodsk, then through Persia *via* Teheran, Ispahan, Persepolis, Bushire, Bagdad, Muscat, India, Mauritius, Seychelles, Zanzibar, and thus to Central Africa in 1871, happily reaching Ujiji but twenty-five days after Livingstone arrived. For the past four years Mr. Stanley has been exploring the region of the Congo, in interior Africa, under the liberal auspices and through the royal generosity of the King of the Belgians. Such is the brief story of a life of travel and adventure. Though only forty-three years of age Mr. Stanley's journeys aggregate 150,000 miles.

A MEMORABLE COMMISSION.

It was on October 16th, 1869, that Mr. Stanley was resting at Madrid, after his exhausting professional duties as a special correspondent at the siege of Valencia, previously referred to, when he received a laconic telegram. It read, "Come to Paris on important business." The telegram was from Mr. James Gordon Bennett, the proprietor of the New York *Herald*. "Down came my pictures from the walls of my apartments on the second floor," says Mr. Stanley, "into my trunks went my books and souvenirs, my clothes were hastily collected, some half washed, some from the clothes-line half dry, and after a couple of hours of hasty hard work, my portmanteaux were strapped up and labelled, Paris."

Mr. Stanley arrived at Paris the following night, and went straight to the "Grand Hotel," to keep his appointment with Mr. Bennett. Mr. Bennett asked, "'Where do you think Livingstone is?' 'I really do not know, sir.' 'Do you think he is alive?' 'He may be, and he may not be,' I answered. 'Well, I think he is alive, and that he can be found, and I am going to send you to find him.'

"'What!' said I, 'do you really think I can find Dr. Livingstone? Do you mean me to go to Central Africa?' 'Yes; I mean that you shall go and find him, wherever you may hear that he is, and to get what news you can of him, and perhaps he may be in want; take enough with you to help him should he require it. Of course, you will act according to your own plans, and do what you think best—*but find* Livingstone.'

THE COST OF THE JOURNEY.

"Wondering at the cool order of sending one to Central Africa to search for a man whom I, in common with almost all other men, believed to be dead, I inquired, 'Have you considered seriously the great expense you are likely to incur on account of this little journey?' 'What will it cost?' he rejoined abruptly. 'Burton and Speke's journey to Central Africa cost from $15,000 to $25,000, and I fear it cannot be done under $12,500.' 'Well,' replied Mr. Bennett, 'I will tell you what you will do. Draw $5000 now; and when you have gone through that, draw another $5000, and when that is spent, draw another $5000, and when you have finished that, draw another $5000, *and so on*—but *find Livingstone*.'"

In the month of August, 1870, Mr. Stanley arrived in India, whence he sailed for Zanzibar on the eastern coast of Africa. He arrived there on January 6th, 1871, having with him W. L. Farquhar, an excellent navigator, and an Arab boy whom he had engaged at Jerusalem, *en route*, as interpreter.

THE EXPEDITION ORGANIZED.

Zanzibar is the chief commercial emporium of East Africa. It is the great mart to which go the ivory traders from the African interior. To this market come the gum-copal, the hides, the timber, and the slaves. "The land," says Stanley, "is only semi-African in aspect; the city contains so large a number of Muscat Arabs that it is in character fully semi-Arabian." About two-thirds of the entire population are negroes, either enslaved or free.

It was at this place that Stanley organized his expedition for the interior of the Dark Continent. Having collected *necessary* material for his journey, he beheld his purchases piled up, tier after tier, row upon row, here a mass of cooking utensils, there bundles of rope, tents, saddles, a pile of portmanteaux and boxes, and he was somewhat astonished at his own temerity. There were at least six tons of luggage! "How will it ever be possible," he thought, "to move all this inert-mass across the wilderness stretching between the sea and the great lakes of Africa?" somewhere amid which he believed Livingstone, if alive, to be. But to start without stores would have been foolish and would have involved certain disaster. Carriers were therefore engaged, and twenty-eight days from the date of his arrival at Zanzibar, Stanley bade farewell to the European and American Consuls, and the following day he and his escort and accessories embarked in four dhows for Bagamoyo, a distance of about twenty-five miles, and which was safely reached ten hours afterward. A brief delay for final preparation, and then commenced the march to Unyanyembe. There were in all *one hundred and ninety-two persons* in the expedition; and on March 21st, the fifth caravan, led by Stanley himself, left the town for the journey westward.

CARAVANS ON THE MARCH.

Steadily tramping onward, facing difficulties and braving perils, crossing morasses, fording shallow streams, and swimming broad muddy rivers, harassed by the defections of his followers, the resistance of suspicious or avaricious natives, and often prostrated by fever, Stanley pressed on. He marched to Ugogo, through Unyanyembe, arriving toward the end of October at Ukawendi, where he entered the thickly wooded region through which the Mtambu flows, and which he designates as

"THE HOME OF LION AND LEOPARD."

Having reached Uvinza on November 3d, a caravan of eighty Waguhha, a tribe which occupies a tract of country on the south-western side of Lake Tanganika, was seen approaching from the direction of Ujiji. "We asked the news," says Stanley, "and were told a white man had

just arrived at Ujiji from Manyuema. This news startled us all. 'A white man?' we asked. 'Yes, a white man,' they replied. 'How is he dressed?' 'Like the master,' they answered, referring to me. 'Is he young, or old?' 'He is old. He has white hair on his face, and is sick.' 'Where has he come from?' 'From a very far country beyond Uguhha, called Manyuema.' 'Indeed! and is he stopping at Ujiji now?' 'Yes, we saw him about eight days ago.' 'Do you think he will stop there until we see him?' 'Don't know.' 'Was he ever at Ujiji before?' 'Yes, he went away a long time ago.'

THIS IS LIVINGSTONE!"

Such was Stanley's conclusion, and he at once addressed his men, and asked them if they were willing to march to Ujiji without a single halt, promising them extra pay if they acceded to his wishes. All answered in the affirmative, almost as much rejoiced as Stanley was himself, and with intense eagerness the journey immediately recommenced.

At length there dawned for Stanley the day of his long-anticipated triumph. It was November 10th, the two hundred and thirty-sixth day from Bagamoyo, and the fifty-first day from Unyanyembe. Early on "that happy, glorious morning" as the traveller calls it, Lake Tanganika was sighted—an immense broad sheet, a burnished bed of silver, lucid canopy of blue above, lofty mountains and palm forests surrounding it. They push on rapidly, and soon there is a distance of only five hundred yards between them and Ujiji. At this moment they do not think of the hundreds of miles they have marched, or of the hundreds of hills that they have ascended and descended, or of the many forests they have traversed, or of the jungles and thickets that annoyed them, or of the fervid, salt plains that blistered their feet, or of the hot sun that scorched them, nor of their host of dangers and difficulties, now happily surmounted!

THE TRIUMPH.

This is how their leader speaks of it:

"At last the sublime hour has arrived; our dreams, our hopes, and anticipations are now about to be realized! Our hearts and our feelings are with our eyes, as we peer into the palms and try to make out in which hut or house lives the 'white man with the gray beard' we heard about when we were at the Malagarazi. 'Unfurl your flags, and load your guns!' 'One, two, three—fire!' A volley from nearly fifty guns roars like a salute from a battery of artillery; we shall note its effect presently on the peaceful-looking village below. Before we had gone a hundred yards the people of Ujiji rushed up in hundreds to meet us. We were surrounded by them, and almost deafened with their shouts of welcome—'Yambo, yambo, bana! Yambo, bana!'

SUSI, LIVINGSTONE'S SERVANT.

"Suddenly I hear a voice on my right say, 'Good-morning, sir!' Startled at hearing this greeting in the midst of such a crowd of black people, I turn sharply round in search of the man, and see him at my side, with the blackest of faces, but animated and joyous—a man dressed in a long white shirt, with a white turban around his woolly head, and I ask: 'Who in the world are you?' 'I am Susi, the servant of Dr Livingstone,' he said, smiling, and showing a gleaming row of teeth. 'What! Is Dr. Livingstone here?' 'Yes, sir.' 'In this village?' 'Yes, sir.' 'Now, you Susi, run, and tell the Doctor I am coming.' 'Yes, sir,' and off he darted at once with a speed that was remarkable.

"Soon Susi came running back and asked me my name; he had told the Doctor I was coming, but the Doctor was too surprised to believe him, and when the Doctor asked him my name, Susi was rather staggered. But during Susi's absence the news had been conveyed to the Doctor that it was surely a white man that was coming, whose guns were firing, and whose flag could be seen; and the great Arab magnates of Ujiji had gathered together before the Doctor's house, and he himself had come out from his veranda to discuss the matter and wait my arrival.

INTERVIEW WITH DR. LIVINGSTONE.

"My heart beat fast, but I did that which I thought was most dignified under such extraordinary circumstances. I pushed back the crowds, and passing from the rear, walked down a living avenue of people, until I came in front of the semicircle of Arabs, before which stood 'the white man with the gray beard.' As I advanced slowly toward him I noticed that he was pale, that he looked wearied and wan, that he had gray whiskers and mustache, that he wore a bluish cloth cap with a faded gold band on a red ground round it, and that he had on a red-sleeved waistcoat, and a pair of gray tweed trousers. I would have run to him, only I was a coward in the presence of such a mob; so I walked deliberately to him, took off my hat, and said, 'Dr. Livingstone, I presume?' 'Yes,' he said, with a kind, cordial smile, lifting his cap slightly. I replaced my hat on my head, and he replaced his cap, and we both grasped hands. (*See frontispiece.*) I then said aloud, 'I thank God, Doctor, I have been permitted to see you.' He reverently answered, 'I feel thankful that I am here to welcome you.'"

After this Livingstone and the man who had travelled so far to find him retired to converse. It was long since Livingstone had seen a white face and he had much to ask, and Stanley had much to tell. The gifts, too, which Stanley had with him were very welcome, and Dr. Livingstone accepted them gratefully. The two men parted with mutual esteem, Livingstone to continue his exploration and Stanley to return home. Never again did Livingstone behold a white face. He died in the African wilds, having given his life to the cause he loved. Fatigue, exposure, and the intense tropical heat did their fatal work, and one morning he was found on his knees, dead, his last words uttered in the ear of the God whom he had faithfully served.

In 1877, Mr. Stanley received a joint-commission from the proprietors of the New York *Herald* and the London *Daily Telegraph*, to conduct

ANOTHER EXPEDITION

in Central Africa. In the course of his explorations he came to Bumbireh Island, in Lake Victoria Nyanza. Its king is tributary to Mtesa, Emperor of Uganda. It was at this place that Mr. Stanley had a *hairbreadth escape from massacre*, and the account is thus related by himself:

"We coasted along on its eastern shore, looking out for a quiet cove, in doing which, had not hunger blinded us, we ought to have been warned from the evidences of excitement we saw that the Bumbireh natives were more disposed to ill-treat us rather than sell us food. However, my hunger-bitten people, now deaf to all considerations of safety, impelled us to a quiet cove at the south-eastern end. The natives cunningly moderated their excitement as we approached, and hesitated near the beach, and smilingly came toward us, until they were knee-deep, when they laid their hands upon the boat, and gently pulled it, as they retreated backward up the beach. As soon as they felt the boat's keel touch the ground they became more amiable than ever, and their demeanor was one of extravagant delight and friendliness.

"It did not take long for a force of two hundred to collect, as the war-cries had pealed over the hills from the first moment they sighted us. They were now strong and confident in numbers, but their demeanor changed in an instant; they laid hold of the boat while we were still seated, and drew her up by main force over the hard, rocky shore, until she was twenty or thirty feet high and dry on land. Then began

A SCENE ALMOST INDESCRIBABLE.

"Twelve captives, including myself, were in their power to wreak their worst passions upon, and how we escaped death, when *every bow was drawn to its utmost*, and *every spear quivered in the hand*, as though in the act to launch, and *clubs were whirled menacingly round their heads*, is more than I can say. Our lives were not worth a moment's purchase. Yet while I took a hard breath to bear and endure the worst, neither arrow flew, nor spear was launched, nor club thrown. A chief named Shekka had come, whom we afterward found out to be the king of the island, and he, with great ostentation, struck his stick on the boat, and announced that such a capture demanded 'talk.'

"About fifty of the principal men went aside about twenty yards to discuss the matter. But these could not agree, and they all rose up with the full intent to murder. I laid my hands upon my revolvers, and kept my eyes open, keenly alive to all that was passing, and those bows drawn tautest received special attention. The steadiness of my looks disconcerted them, and again bows were unstrung, but if they could not make up their minds to despatch us at once, it did not restrain them from acting in the most brutal, wild manner. *They seized my hair and tugged it vengefully*; one of my men received a severe blow on the head, another received a savage poke in the ribs with the iron end of a spear.

ESCAPE FROM THE SAVAGES.

"Discussion after discussion followed as to what next, and our lives were protracted until 3 P.M., when the big drum summoned all the natives to war. They were kind enough to notify us that they intended to cut our throats, and to tell us in a scornful manner to get ready. We had often given valuable presents, and would have given every cloth in the boat had they demanded it. The final preparations, however, were not to be mistaken, and my instinct warned me that the time had arrived to act. 'Boys, be careful what you answer me. Do you think you could shove this boat in the water, to save your lives?'

"They all replied in a positive manner in the affirmative. I sent Safeni forward to the mustering bands with a fine cloth that I had reserved for a last trial, and the men took their positions carelessly along the sides of the boat. After allowing Safeni time to proceed about twenty paces from us, and seeing that their attention was attracted by his movements, I shouted out 'Push!'

"As soon as I felt the boat begin to move I called out to Safeni, who turned round, and came bounding toward us. But we were soon observed. The distance was nothing, and down the natives poured toward us. The boat was shot into the water. Safeni was just about plunging into the lake when I observed a couple of tall savages in the act, about ten paces from him, of throwing their spears. I hesitated no longer. The two were shot, and we were saved.

"Furious at being baffled, the savages swarmed into three canoes close by, and chased us as we were paddling with the bottom boards of the boat which we tore up. Perceiving that we could never hope to escape with such improvised paddles, I ordered them to cease, and waited for them. Two of the advancing canoes were smashed, and the third was obliged to hasten ashore in a sinking condition. Days of famine, days of suffering, vexation, annoyance, and sickness followed the exposure we were put to after our flight from Bumbireh Island."

Mr. Stanley is now again in Africa exploring under the auspices of the King of Belgium. A letter received by one of his friends *last week* from him is dated from the Congo, July 14th, and announces, among other interesting details, of his election to

A PECULIAR OFFICE.

Mr. Stanley tells of his mediation between two tribes which were at war, and which, when peace was brought about by his efforts, elected him "Father and mother of their country," a distinction which he also received from another tribe. Mr. Stanley says he enjoys the most robust health, and, in fact, is as strong as ever.

[*The material for this narrative is gleaned from the interesting work by Mr. H. M. Stanley, entitled "How I Found Livingstone," published by Messrs. Charles Scribner's Sons, price,* $3.50.]

THE CHRISTIANIZED VOTE.

Dr. Talmage's Sermon, Preached Last Sunday Morning, October 14, 1883.

"Two cubits and a half was the length of it, and a cubit and a half the breadth of it, and a cubit and a half the height of it."—EXODUS 37 : 1.

The Momentous Box of Israel—The Ark of the American Covenant—A Safety-Valve—The Foes of the Ballot-Box—I. Ignorance—An Anomaly—Compulsory Education a Necessity—Ignorance a Crime—II. Spurious Voting—The Sin of Repeaters—The Uzzahs of Modern Times—III. Intimidation—Judge Holt's Indignation—IV. Bribery—The Indiana Scandal—Bribes of Office—V. Defamation of Character—Tom Paine's Letter to Washington—Other Great Names Defamed—The Curse of the Ballot-Box—VI. The Rowdy and Drunken Caucus—The Only Remedy—Who are Responsible?—Incident of a London Soldier and a Hairdresser—The Snow-storm of Suffrages—One Government for all the Continent.

LOOK at it—the sacred chest of the ancients. It was about five feet long, three feet wide and three feet high. It was within and out of pure gold. On the top of it stood two angels facing each other with outspread wings. In that sacred box was the law, and there were in it a great many precious stones. With that box went the fate of the nation. Carried in front of the host, the waters of the Jordan parted. Divinely charged, costly, precious,

MOMENTOUS BOX.

No unholy hands might lay hold of it. It was called the ark of the covenant. But you will understand it was a box, *the most precious box of the ages.* Where is it now? Gone forever. Not a crypt of church or museum of the world has a fragment of it.

But is not this nation God's chosen people? Have we not passed through the Red Sea? Have we not been led with a pillar of fire by night? Has this nation no ark of the covenant? Yes. The ballot-box, the sacred chest of the nation,

THE ARK OF THE AMERICAN COVENANT.

In it is the law, in it is the divine and the human will, in it is the fate of the nation. Carried in front of our host again and again the waters of national trouble have parted. Mighty ark of the covenant, the American ballot-box! It is

A VERY OLD BOX.

In Athens, long before the art of printing, the people dropped pebbles into it to give expression to their sentiments. After that, beans were dropped into it—a white bean for the affirmative, a black bean for the negative. After that when they wished to vote a man out of citizenship they would write his name upon a shell and drop that into the box.

O'Connell and Grote and Cobden and Macaulay and Gladstone fought great battles in the introduction of the ballot-boxes in England, and to-day it is one of the fastnesses of that nation. It is one of the corner-stones of our government. It is older than the constitution. In it is our national safety. Tell me what will be the fate of the American ballot-box, the ark of the American covenant, and I will tell you what will be the fate of this nation. Give the people once a year or once in four years an opportunity to express their political sentiments, and you practically avoid insurrection and revolution.

Either give them the ballot, or they will take the sword. Without the ballot-box there can be no free republican institutions. Milton visiting in Italy noticed that on the sides of Vesuvius gardeners and farmers were at work while the volcano was in eruption, and he asked them if they were safe. "Yes," said the farmers and the gardeners, "it is safe; all the danger is before the eruption; then come earthquake and terror, but just as soon as the volcano begins to pour forth lava we all feel at rest." It is the suppression of political sentiment, the suppression of public opinion that makes moral earthquake and national earthquake. Let public opinion pour forth, and that gives satisfaction, and that gives peace, and that gives permanency to good govenment. And yet, though the ballot-box is the sacred chest and the ark of the American covenant, you know as well as I know it has its sworn antagonists, and I propose this morning in God's name and as a Christian patriot to set before you the names of some of the sworn enemies of this sacred chest, the ark of the American covenant, the ballot-box.

THE FOES OF THE BALLOT-BOX.

I. First, I remark, *ignorance is a mighty foe.* Other things being equal, the more intelligence a man has the better he is qualified to exercise the right of suffrage. You have been ten, fifteen, twenty, thirty years studying American institutions, you have canvassed all the great questions about tariff and home rule and all the educational questions, and everything in American politics you are well acquainted with. You consider yourself competent to cast a vote in November, and you are competent. You will take your position in the line of electors, you will wait for your term to come, the judge of election will announce your name, you will cast your vote and pass out. Well done.

But right behind you there will come a man who cannot spell the name of controller, or attorney, or mayor. He cannot write, or if he can write he uses a small "I" for the personal pronoun. He could not tell on which side of the Alleghany Mountains Ohio is. Educated canary birds, educated horses know more than he. He will cast his vote, and it will balance your vote. His ignorance is as mighty as your intelligence. That is not right. All men of fair mind will acknowledge that that is not right. Until a man can read the Declaration of Independence and the Constitution of the United States, and calculate the interest on the American debt, and know the difference between a republican form of government and a monarchy or a despotism, he is unfit to exercise the right of suffrage at any ballot-box between Key West and Alaska. (Applause.)

In 1872, in England, there were 2,600,000 children who ought to have been in school. There were only 1,333,000, in other words about fifty per cent, and of the fifty per cent not more than five per cent got anything worthy the name of an education. Now, take that foreign ignorance and add it to our American ignorance, and there will be in November thousands and thousands of people who are no more qualified to exercise the right of suffrage than to lecture on astronomy. How are these things to be corrected? By laws of compulsory education well executed. I go in for a law which, after giving fair warning for a few years, shall make

IGNORANCE A CRIME.

There is no excuse for ignorance on these subjects in this land, where the common schools make knowledge as free as the fresh air of heaven. I would have a board of examination seated besides the officers of registration, and let them decide whether the men who come up to vote have any capacity to be monarchs in a land where we are all monarchs. One of the most awful foes of the American ballot-box today is popular ignorance. Educate the people, give them an opportunity to know and understand what they do. If they will not take the education, deny them the vote.

II. Another powerful enemy of this sacred chest, the ark of the American covenant, the ballot-box, is

SPURIOUS VOTING.

In 1880, in Brooklyn, there were a thousand names recorded of persons who had no residence here, and if there were a thousand attempted fraudulent votes in the best city on the continent, what may we expect in cities not so fortunate? What a grand thing is the law of registration! Without it elections in this country would be a farce. There must be a scrutiny on this subject. The law must have keenest twist for the neck of repeaters. Something more than slight fine and short imprisonment. It is an attempt at the assassination of the republic, when a man attempts to put in a spurious vote. In olden times when men laid unholy hands on the ark of the covenant they dropped down dead. Witness Uzzah. And when men attempt to put unholy hands on the American ballot-box, the ark of the American covenant, they deserve extermination.

III. Another powerful foe of this sacred chest is

INTIMIDATION.

Corporations sometimes demand that their employés vote in this and that way. It is skilfully done. It is not positively in so many words demanded, but the employé understands he will be frozen out of the establishment unless he votes as the firm do. So you can go into factory villages, and having found out the politics of the head men in the factory, you can tell which way the election is going. Now, that is damnable. If in any precinct in the United States a man cannot vote as he pleases, there is something awfully wrong.

How do you treat that employé who votes differently from what you do? Oh, you say you do not interfere with his right of suffrage. But you call him into your private office, and you find fault with his work, and after a while you tell him there is an uncle, or an aunt, or a niece, or a nephew that must have that position. You do not say it is because he voted this or that way, but he knows and God knows it is. If that man has given to you in hard work an equivalent for the wages you pay him, you have no right to ask anything else of him. He sold you his work; he did not sell you his political or religious principles. But you know as well as I do there is sometimes on that sacred chest, the ark of the American covenant, a shadow corporate or monopolistic.

I do not wonder at the vehemence of Lord Chief Justice Holt, of England, when he said: "Let the people vote fairly. Interference with a man's vote is in behalf of this or that party, I give you notice that if an offender against the law comes before me, I will charge the jury to make him pay well for it." No shadow plutocratic, or mobocratic, or capitalistic. Every man voting in his own way—God and his own conscience the only dictator.

IV. Another powerful foe of that sacred chest, the ark of the American covenant, the ballot-box, is

BRIBERY.

You know something of the hundreds of thousands of dollars that were expended to carry Indiana in 1880. You know something of the vast sums of money expended in Brooklyn and New York in other years to carry elections. Bribery is one of the disgraces of this country. It is often the case that a man is nominated for office with reference to his capacity to provide money for the elections or with reference to his capacity to command money from others. You know the names of men who have at different times gone into the Gubernatorial chair or Congressional office buying their way all through. I tell you no news. Your patriotic heart has been pained again and again with it.

Very often it is not money that bribes, but it is office. "You make me President and I'll make you Secretary of State, or Attorney-General, or something else; you make me Governor and I'll make you Surveyor-General; you make me Mayor and I'll put you on the Water Board; you give me position and I'll give you position." That is the form of the bribe often and often in these great cities. I do not say it is in our city, but you know again and again throughout the land these have been the forms of bribe offered. So it is often the case that by the time a man comes to an office to which he has been elected, he is from the crown of head to the sole of foot mortgaged with pledges, and the man who goes to Albany or to Washington to get an office is applying for some position which was given away three months before the election. Two long lines of worm fence, one worm fence reaching to Albany and the other to Washington, and there a great many citizens astride the fence, and they are equally poised, and they are

waiting to see on which side there is most emolument, and on this side they get down. But *bribery kicks both ways.* It kicks the man that offers it and the man that takes it. Bribery to-day you will admit to be one of the mightiest foes of the American ballot-box.

V. Another great enemy of that sacred chest is

DEFAMATION OF CHARACTER.

Can you find out from the newspapers when two men are in office which is the best? How often in the autumnal elections the good man is denounced and the bad man applauded, so that you can come sometimes to no just opinion as to who is the best man, and there are hundreds and thousands of electors who go up to vote so utterly befogged they know not what they do. Is not that a fearful influence to be brought upon the ballot-box of this country? It has been so ever since the foundation of this government. Defamation of character.

Thomas Paine writes Washington a letter, and publishes it, saying: "Treacherous in all private friendship and a hypocrite in public morals, the world will be puzzled to know whether we had better call you an apostate or an impostor, and whether you abandoned good morals, or never had any." That is Thomas Paine's opinion of George Washington.

John Quincy Adams declared that he was solaced in regard to the scandals and the anathemas inflicted upon him by the fact that his father, John Adams, had to go through the same process, and John Quincy Adams declared he really thought in that present election there were men who gave their entire time to manufacturing falsehood in regard to him. Martin Van Buren was always pictorialized as a rat. Thomas H. Benton and Amos Kendall were always pictorialized as robbers with battering-rams breaking in the door of the United States Bank.

On the day on which Thomas Jefferson was inaugurated President of the United States, March 4th, 1801, the following appeared in the *Sentinel* of Boston: "Monumental inscription. Yesterday expired, deeply regretted by millions of grateful Americans, and by all good men, the Federal Administration of the Government of the United States, animated by Washington, Adams, Hamilton, Knox, Pickering, McHenry, Marshall, and Stoddard; aged twelve years. Its death was occasioned by the secret arts and open violence of foreign and domestic demagogues. As one tribute of gratitude in these times this monument to the talents and services of the deceased is raised by the *Sentinel.*" Under such defamation as that Thomas Jefferson went into office.

My father told me that when Andrew Jackson was running for President of the United States, the whole land was flooded with coffin handbills—pictures of six dead men, in allusion to the six deserters whom Andrew Jackson had had shot, and all the pictorials of those times represented Jackson as taking his office from the hand of the devil.

I saw a few summers ago at Put-in-Bay, Ohio, in a museum, a prominent paper of 1844, which spoke of Henry Clay as a gambler, a libertine, and a murderer; and the manner in which he was defamed and the outrages which were heaped upon him may be well guessed from Mr. Clay's eulogy of his native State, Kentucky. He said: "When I seemed to be assailed by all the rest of the world, she interposed her broad and impenetrable shield, repelled the poisoned shafts that were aimed for my destruction, and vindicated my good name from every malignant and unfounded aspersion."

Defamation! It is

THE CURSE OF THE AMERICAN BALLOT-BOX.

Just as soon as in the great cities a man is put up for office he is made the target. The fact that he is up is *prima facie* evidence that he must be brought down. His public life and his private life are scrutinized, and all the electric lights are turned on. How often it is that men have gone down under such things. In every autumnal election the air is filled with carrion crows scenting carcases. Caw! Caw! Caw! There are newspapers in the United States that in the great autumnal elections take wild license for liberty. They are filled with calumny. The editorial columns of such papers reek with it; their columns are stuffed with it. There are newspapers in the United States which in the great popular elections breakfast and dine and sup on indecency. They wallow in it. Swine in the mire. They give more for one quill of filth than a whole hogshead of decent product. There are in these great autumnal elections men sitting in editorial chairs who write with a quill, not plucked from the stupid goose, or the sublime eagle, but from a turkey buzzard! Ghouls! Ghouls! They tip the city sewer into their editorial inkstands. Defamation of character is one of the curses of the American ballot-box to-day. In your great Presidential elections who can tell from what he reads who is the man he ought to vote for? Bad men sometimes applauded, good men denounced.

VI. Another powerful foe of the sacred chest, the ark of the American covenant, the ballot-box, is the

ROWDY AND DRUNKEN CAUCUS.

The ballot-box does not give any choice to a man when the nominations are made in the back part of a groggery. When the elector comes up he has to choose between two evils. In some of the cities men have come to the ballot-box to vote, and have found both names such a scaly, greasy, and stenchful crew they had no choice. You say vote for somebody outside. Then they throw away their vote. Christian men of New York and Brooklyn, honorable men, patriotic men, go and take possession of the caucuses. First having saturated your pocket handkerchief with cologne or some other disinfectant, go down to the caucus and take possession of it in the name of the Lord God Almighty and the American people, though after you come back you should have to hang your hat and coat on a line in the back yard for ventilation.

In some of the States politics have got so low that the nominees no more need good morals than they do a bath-tub. Snatch the ballot-box from such men. Where is the David who will go forth and bring the ark of the covenant back from Kirjath-jearim? Do you not think politics have got to a pretty low ebb in our day when a Tweed could be sent to the Legislature of New York, and a John Morrissey, the prince of gamblers, could be sent to the American Congress?

Now, how are these things to be remedied? Some say by a property qualification. They say that after a man gets a certain amount of property—a certain amount of real estate—he is financially interested in good government, and he becomes cautious and conservative. I reply, a property qualification would shut off from the ballot-box a great many of the best men in this land. Literary men are almost always poor. A pen is a good implement to make the world better, but it is a very poor implement to get a livelihood ordinarily. I have known scores of literary men who never owned a foot of ground and never will own a foot of ground until they get under it. Professors of colleges, teachers of schools, editors of newspapers, ministers of religion, qualified in every possible way to vote, yet no worldly success. There has been many a man who has not had a house on earth who will have a mansion in heaven.

There are many who through accidents of fortune have come to great success while they are profound in their stupidity, as profound in their stupidity as a man of large fortune with whom I was crossing the ocean, who told me he was going to see the dykes of Scotland! When a member of my family asked a lady on her return from Europe if she had seen Mont Blanc, she replied: "Well, really, I don't know; is that in Europe?" Ignorance by the square foot. Property qualification will not do. The only way these evils will be eradicated will be by more thorough legal defence of the ballot-box and a more thorough moralization and Christianization of the people. That ark of the covenant was carried into captivity to Kirjath-jearim, but one day the people hooked oxen to a cart, and they put this ark on the cart, and the cart was taken to Jerusalem—the ark of the covenant coming with the shouting and thanksgiving of the people. And though the American ballot-box, the ark of the American covenant, our sacred chest, has been carried again and again into captivity by fraud and iniquity and spurious voting, I believe it will be brought back yet by prayer and by Christian consecration, and will be set down in the midst of the temple of Christian patriotism. *Whose responsibility?* Yours and mine.

A poor soldier went to a hairdresser in London. He wanted to get back to the army. He had overrun his furlough, and he wanted some help to get back in quick transit. The money was given to the poor soldier, who said to the man who had offered the kindness: "I have nothing to give you in return but this little worn-out receipt for making blacking." He gave it, not thinking there was any value in it especially, and the man who took it did not suppose there was any special value in it; but it yielded the man who took it $2,500,000, and was the foundation of one of the greatest estates in England. And that little vote, that insignificant vote which you take out of your pocket—insignificant in your sight and insignificant in the sight of others—may start an influence that will last all through the progress of this government.

I charge you, then, as American citizens to remember your responsibility on the first Tuesday of November. It will begin early,

THE SNOW-STORM OF SUFFRAGES.

It will snow all day—snow on until noon, snow on until night. The flakes will fall in every town and village and neighborhood, the white flakes. The octogenarian will come up, his hand trembling, and with spectacled eye he will scrutinize the vote and drop it and pass on. The young man who has been waiting for his time will come up, and proudly and blushingly deposit his first vote and pass on. The capitalist will come up with diamonded finger, and the laborer with hard fist, and the one vote will be as good as the other. Snow-storm of suffrages. when these white flakes will be gathered together and compacted into an avalanche that will slide down in expression of the will of the people. Stand out of the way of it! In the awful sweep of this white avalanche let political fraud go down a thousand feet under.

You have not only a vote, you have a prayer. The prayer may be mightier than the vote. Oh, as citizens of this beautiful city, and of this State, and of this nation, let us do our whole duty. We cannot live under any other form of government than that which God has given us in this country. The stars on our flag are not the stars of a thickening night, but the stars sprinkled amid the bars of morning cloud. We are going to have

ONE GOVERNMENT

on this entire continent. Let the despotisms of Asia keep their feet off the Pacific coast, and let the tyrannies of Europe keep their feet off the Atlantic coast. We are going to have one government. Mexico will follow Texas into the Union, and Christianity and civilization will stand side by side in the halls of the Montezumas. And if not in our day, then in the day of our children, Yucatan and Central America will come in dominion, while on the north Canada will be ours, not by conquest—oh, no, American and English swords may never clash blades—but we will woo our fair neighbor of the north, and then England will say to Canada, "You are old enough for the marriage day," and then turning, will say, "Giant of the West, go take your bride." And then from Baffin's Bay to the Caribbean there will be one government under one flag, with one destiny—a free, undisputed, Christianized American continent. God save the city of Brooklyn! God save the commonwealth of New York!

GOD SAVE THE UNION!

THE PRIESTHOOD OF MELCHISEDEC:

ITS MILLENNIAL CHARACTER.

By the late Rev. William Maude.

"Thou art a priest forever after the order of Melchisedec."—Heb. 7 : 21.

How Melchisedec is Introduced—His History Typically Instructive—Who was He?—An Eminent Type of Christ—Christ's Functions in the Millennium—The Final Struggle between the World-Powers and Christ—Christ's Regal Priesthood—The Priest-King on the Throne—The "Day of Christ" which Abraham "Saw"—Melchisedec's Offering.

The grey dawn of patriarchal history reveals to us no more majestic and significant figure than that of Melchisedec "King of Salem" and "priest of the most high God," who met Abraham, returning from the slaughter of Chedorlaomer, the king of Elam, and his three confederate kings, in "the Valley of Shaved, or the king's dale;" a locality which has generally been identified with the valley of the upper Kedron, where Absalom, long afterward, reared a pillar (II Samuel 18 : 18), and which, we are told by Josephus, was only two furlongs from Jerusalem.

It is in the fourteenth chapter of Genesis that Melchisedec is historically presented to us in the following words: And Melchisedec, king of Salem brought forth bread and wine; and he was the priest of the most high God. And he blessed him, and said, Blessed be Abram of the most high God, possessor of heaven and earth; and blessed be the most high God, which hath delivered thine enemies into thy hand. And he gave him tithes of all" (vs. 18–20). This incident and its record, although so brief, and standing in such singular isolation from the thread of the history which it interrupts, is not only in itself most striking and interesting, but also profoundly instructive in

ITS TYPICAL TEACHING.

How suddenly and altogether unexpectedly does Melchisedec here appear before us—a most kingly and majestic form, yet clad in priestly robes, and with the mystic emblems of eucharistic offering—bread and wine—in his hands. We see those priestly hands raised in blessing; we observe the great patriarch, Abraham—the father of the faithful and the friend of God—bowing before the mysterious priest-king, and presenting to him the tithes of all his spoil; and then, as abruptly as it appeared, the vision passes away, and for nearly a thousand years the voice of inspiration utters not again the name of Melchisedec.

Then, however, in an ecstatic Psalm of a most distinctly Messianic character, and descriptive of our Lord's exaltation in the day of His power, we meet with it once more, in the solemn declaration: "The Lord hath sworn, and will not repent, Thou art a priest forever, after the order of Melchisedec" (Ps. 110 : 4). Again, something like a thousand years pass away, and then, once more, the writer of the Epistle to the Hebrews takes up the subject of this mysterious personage, who, "without father, without mother, without genealogy, having neither beginning of days, nor end of life; but made like unto the Son of God; abideth a priest continually" (Heb. 7 : 3); and on the two brief references to Him above given, which are all that the Scriptures elsewhere contain, founds an argument to show the superiority of Christ's Priesthood, as being "after the order of Melchisedec," to that of Aaron, or Levi, which it has superseded.

WHO WAS MELCHISEDEC?

Much labor has been wasted in attempts to answer the question, "Who was Melchisedec?" Later Jewish tradition identifies him with Shem; and it is certain that that patriarch was not only alive in the days of Abraham, but even continued to live till Jacob was fifty years old (compare Gen. 11 : 11, with vs. 12–26; 21 : 5; 25 : 7–26). According to others, he belonged to the family of Ham, or of Japheth; and it has been said that this is necessarily implied by the language of the Apostle, when, drawing a parallel between Melchisedec and Christ, he says that our Lord belonged to "a tribe of which no man gave attendance at the altar." Some, again, have suggested that He was an incarnate angel, or other super-human creature, who lived for a time among men. Others have held that he was an early manifestation of the Son of God; and a sect, called the Melchisedecians, asserted that he was "an incarnation of the Holy Ghost."

But, in all these conjectures, the fact has been strangely overlooked that the reticence of Scripture on the point is typical and significant, for, could it be determined who Melchisedec really was, it could no longer be said that he was "without father, without mother, without genealogy;" which statement is to be understood, not as implying that he was not a natural descendant of Adam, but that he designedly appears and disappears in the sacred narrative, without mention either of his parentage or death.

AN EMINENT TYPE OF CHRIST.

There can, however, be no question that, whoever Melchisedec may have been, he was an eminent type of Christ. This is placed beyond doubt, not only by the language of the 110th Psalm—the Messianic character of which has ever been recognized by Jews and Christians alike—but especially by the argument of the Apostle, in the seventh chapter of the Epistle to the Hebrews, in the course of which there occurs the explicit declaration, that he was—in the various respects mentioned—"made like unto the Son of God."

But another question, hardly less important, though very little attention has been directed to it by the commentators, remains to be answered—namely, under what aspect does our Lord's priesthood more particularly correspond to the priesthood of Melchisedec? Or, in other words, Was Christ made a priest "after the ordet (*i.e.* 'the similitude') of Melchisedec" at His First Advent, when He appeared to offer the one great sacrifice for sin, forever; or, will He be so constituted, at His Second Advent, when, during His Millennial reign, the regal office, heretofore as it were in abeyance, shall be exercised in conjunction with the priestly?

In one sense, it must, I think, be admitted that this Melchisedec priesthood of Christ dates from His ascension, and is now possessed by Him in the heavens, at least *de jure;* still, it will not, I apprehend, be exercised by Him *de facto* till after He appears the second time, "without a sin-offering," like the Jewish high priest when he came forth from the most holy place, having presented the blood before the throne, to bless the people. The grounds upon which this conclusion is based are the following:

FUNCTIONS IN THE MILLENNIUM.

1. In the first place it seems to be indicated, not obscurely in the very language alike of the Apostle and the Psalmist, when literally translated. "Thou art a priest *for the age* (*eis ton aiona*) after the order of Melchisedec" (Heb. 7 : 21). So I would render a sentence so important and full of meaning that the Apostle quotes it no less than five times, making it the basis of his lengthy argument. And the language of the 110th Psalm exactly corresponds in the Hebrew, for the learned Bennet thus renders the fourth verse: "The Lord hath sworn and will not repent, thou art a priest for the future age (*aldhibharti*), according to my appointment, O King of Righteousness" (*Olam Heneshamoth*). So the Jewish Targum on this verse runs: "Thou hast been appointed prince of the age to come, and that for Thy merits' sake, because Thou art a righteous king."

But in the first three verses of this Psalm we have a description of the assumption of Christ's future kingly rule, and the question therefore, is naturally suggested, Will not Christ, when He thus assumes the kingly, lay aside His present priestly office? No; the Psalmist seems to say, for "The Lord hath sworn, and will not repent, thou art a priest (also) for the future age," *i.e.*, the Millennial age, of the introduction of which this whole Psalm treats. But of what character is His priesthood? "After the order of Melchisedec;" in other words, as we shall immediately see, a priesthood exercised in conjunction with kingship. I conclude, therefore, that the Melchisedec priesthood of Christ is His Millennial priesthood, in contradistinction to that which He is at present exercising, which is rather the antitype of the priesthood of Aaron. A careful study of the seventh and two following chapters of the Epistle to the Hebrews, will greatly strengthen this supposition.

(To be concluded.)

ANECDOTES RELATED AT THE EVANGELISTIC MEETINGS IN SCOTLAND.

Listening at the Door.—Mr. Robertson at a recent meeting related the following: "Two young women at one of our meetings were brought to the Lord a few nights ago. Since then they have been holding a prayer-meeting with other Christians in one of the rooms where they are employed; and a young man *listening at the door*, and hearing himself prayed for, was awakened on the spot, as well as others in the place, and led to give himself to Christ."

Trusting to a Twig.—The Rev. Mr. Cobim said: "A lady who was in great anxiety dreamed that she was hanging on by a slight twig over a horrible precipice. Shudderingly she looked downward, but could not see the bottom. She felt the twig giving way slowly but surely, and her doom seemed fixed. In the midst of her fears she heard a voice say, '*Let go the twig*, and I will save you.' As a last resort she did so, and fell into the arms of Christ.

A Mother's Fears for Her Sons.—At a Fellowship meeting, Mr. Hill said: "A lady had two sons who were just at the age when young men are obliged to sustain their own part in the fight for daily bread. Her heart was much troubled, as all her efforts to lead them to Christ were apparently futile, and she feared that without the grace of God her boys would be led into the downward road, with little to check them. She consulted her pastor, saying, 'I have tried everything, but have failed to make any impression upon their minds.' Quietly the minister inquired, 'Have you tried faith?' 'Tried faith? What do you mean?' I have nine children who are all converted, and my plan was to place them in the hands of God, believing His promises to be true.' The lady left the study very thoughtful, and returned in a fortnight with the pleasant news, 'I tried faith, and my boys have now given their hearts to Jesus.'"

Students Out for a Holiday.—Mr. Simpson said at one of the noonday meetings: "I went to the Vale of Leven recently, and my memory travelled back forty-four years ago from this time, when three students during the Communion holiday went into the village of Alexandria to hold a Gospel-meeting. After a vain search for a suitable place, they were forced to be contented with *the back room of a beer saloon*. The room was only eighteen feet square. That meeting was blessed by God, and it was the first of a series of meetings at which hundreds were converted to Christ. One of the converts is now a leading Doctor of Divinity in London. As I sat on the platform of the gorgeous Town Hall, seated for twelve hundred people, and which was crowded to the doors, I could not help contrasting it with that humble effort commenced in weakness, and I raised my heart in a song of thanksgiving to God for His goodness to the children of men."

A Brickmaker's Shout.—"You Must Understand that we have no halls to meet in, and therefore our work is almost all *individual dealing*, and meetings in the miners' houses. I have seen a hundred people crammed into one small room, *fourteen of them standing on the bed with their shoes off*. After a meeting, I spoke to one man who is a sort of contractor in a large brickfield. I asked, 'Would you like to be saved?' 'I would give all the world, if I had it, to be a saved man just now,' he answered, 'It costs

nothing,' was my reply, 'the poorest man or woman or child can have it free.' 'What must I do?' 'Trust in the Lord Jesus and leave it to Him; He will save you.' I then took him to the Bible, out of which I read him several promises suitable to his condition. You should have heard his shouts of gladness when he got outside the meeting, telling all who were near that he had found Christ as his Saviour and was saved."

A Nervous Publican.—The Rev. Dr. Wallace said: "When, a little while ago, we had our grand demonstration by the Mizpah male choir under their leader, Mr. Moodie, at East Campbell Street, we were in the open air, and half a dozen men gave five minutes' testimony each for half an hour. There an immense crowd surrounded us, and while we were in the midst of the service I felt a gentle touch on my back. It was so light that I thought it a woman's, but when I turned round I found that it was a stalwart man who had touched me. He imploringly besought me to stop the proceedings, as it made him and others very *nervous*. Who do you think he was? Why, he was a man who owns one of the largest beer saloons in the east end, and he has several smaller ones in the town. I wish all the grog sellers in Great Britain would grow so nervous that they would have to give up their debasing business, and seek Christ for pardon and everlasting life."

An Earl as a Railway Porter.—Mr. Hill Related at a recent noonday prayer-meeting in Glasgow: "I was in a provincial town some time ago, when I was told of a nobleman who for many years worked as a porter in the railway station, because he did not *know* his true position in the world, till one day a gentleman entered the station, and after saluting him, said, 'Sir, may I ask your name?' 'John ——,' was the answer. 'I have come to tell you that you are the Earl of ——, and entitled to a large estate,' replied the visitor. Do you think that that man stood about the station touching his cap for tips any longer? Not he. He took possession of his inheritance at once. That is just what we Christians should do. The Holy Spirit tells us that we are 'heirs of God and joint heirs with Christ;' therefore, let us take full possession of our inheritance, as Christ has done. He has condescended to call us *brethren*; we, if we believe Him, must humbly claim our Brother's help in all our difficulties, instead of begging from those who have not our privileges."

Half a Life-time in Jail.—A Gentleman Said: "I am a stranger here, but propose to tell an incident which occurred in a mining district where I have been laboring for twenty years. In the village of Golspie, there is a man who has actually spent half his life-time in jail. He was in jail for four-and-a-half years at one time for nearly killing a man. We were holding an open-air meeting on the day he was released after serving sixty days in prison for some offence against the law. He was standing in the crowd, and the peculiarity of his cropped head attracted my attention. The Holy Spirit carried home the Word to his soul, and this outcast was welcomed by Jesus. I could hardly believe that he of all men was a Christian, but seeing him at one of our meetings, I asked him, 'Is it *really* true, Gilmour, that *you* are converted?' 'Yes, it is, an' am real happy,' was his answer. You can hardly conceive the difference which his conversion has made, even on his face. Formerly it had a sullen, hang-dog look, now it is open and frank; his eyes meet mine as freely as any man's, and the general expression is that of a truly happy man."

Caught by a Novelty.—"A Woman Came in from a country town a few weeks ago, and on the Sabbath morning found that she was without money or friends in a strange town. A good Samaritan in the guise of a policeman directed her to our Free Breakfast, where she got her hunger of body satisfied. The *novelty* of hearing the Gospel in the same place as that in which she had taken her food amused her, and induced her to stay. The preaching of a full Christ for needy and empty sinners made her exceedingly anxious, so that she stayed for personal conversation about her soul. We learned that in prosperous days her besetting sin was pride, but when people come to our Breakfast they are generally humbled indeed. She was no exception to the rule, and listened meekly to the Gospel message and received it into her heart. Some years ago her husband was converted, but left her for America, owing to her unfeeling and unceasing persecutions on account of religion. His last words to her were, 'Light can have no fellowship with darkness, so I must leave you.' She is now going on well. If those who work among the *deserving* poor have the same reward as we who labor among the *undeserving* poor, their happiness must be great."

JOE CURTIS'S BATTLE.

By Rev. Charles Courtenay.

"I've done it! I've done it at last!"

Joe Curtis was quite alone when he spoke these words, and was sitting on a bank by the roadside. He had come down into the country to work, but his errand had been sadly neglected, for, instead of working, he had been idling away his time in the village public-house.

Look at him as he sits there, and say what more melancholy sight could meet the eye anywhere. What the drink can do to a well-built, strong, and skilful working man, is well set forth there in Joe Curtis.

But what has he done, this man? What has he "done at last?"

Do you see that carpenter's pencil in his hand? With that long unused pencil he has just been doing the best work it has ever been put to. Just five minutes ago, while sitting on that same grassy bank, he had been fumbling in his pocket for some more pence to spend on beer, when has hand struck against a piece of paper. He took it, curious to know what it was. Spreading it out before him, he read it, and after he had well mastered its contents, with sudden eagerness he seized the pencil, and with trembling hand, scrawled his name upon it; after which achievement he uttered aloud the above words: "I've done it! I've done it at last!"

That little bit of paper had a rather curious history, which you will like to hear. It had been thrust into his hand a good month ago by a zealous temperance advocate. He accepted it, not with any good intentions, but solely for the purpose of lighting his pipe with it when needed. Surely such a grimy piece of paper had never been put to such good use before. Do I now need to say that the paper was a temperance pledge?

For some time Joe seemed so utterly surprised at what he had done, that he could only repeat, "I have done it!" And once or twice he was seized with such misgivings as to the said deed, that he held the paper between his two hands, as though he seriously contemplated tearing it into small pieces. At length, dashing his hat down tighter upon his head, and springing to his feet, with great determination he strode off toward his lodgings, and past the public house, looking straight before him.

It was late at night before our friend thoroughly took in what he had done that day. Little by little light broke in, until, at length, so firmly did he realize it all, that two or three times during the night he woke up saying most emphatically, "I've done it! I've done it at last!"

"Won't my wife be glad?" was Joe's first thought the next morning, and his face lit up, as he dwelt for a moment on the pleasure it would give her. But "What will my mates say?" was a question which cast a great shadow over his whole being. He would be the only teetotaler among them. And he knew enough of their ways and opinions to be sure that his change would meet with a rough reception. And who can blame the man for trembling as he brooded for a time on this gloomy prospect?

So troubled was Joe Curtis as he dwelt on his darkening future, that he did what he had never known himself do since he left the Sunday School, he opened a Bible. It was his landlady's Bible which she had left in the room, though Joe had never cast his eye on it before. Half ashamed, he turned over a few leaves, until his eye was arrested by the underlined passage: "Be strong in the grace that is in Christ Jesus." As he read it over, Joe felt a strange softening come over him, such as he had never felt before.

Leaning his head upon the Bible, he began to think. He thought of his past drunken, misspent life. He thought of the future judgment. He thought of his ill-used wife; and as he thought, her pale face seemed to float before his eyes, and look forgivingly upon him. "Ah! she's been a good wife to me," he whispered with a sob, "though I've acted like a brute to her. And yet *she* forgives me. Won't *He* forgive me too? He loves me more than she does." Slipping down upon his knees, Joe prayed.

It was a very short prayer. And then Joe got up, and questioned himself thus: "Joe Curtis, you're sorry, aren't you, for your past life? Yes, and you intend to lead a new one, don't you? Yes. Do you believe He heard that prayer you said just now? Yes. And, Joe Curtis," he continued, "do you believe He's answered it?" Very quickly and earnestly, there came the reply, "Joe Curtis does believe that the Lord has forgiven him." And "He'll make me strong, too," he continued; "He's promised it. And I'll just go and be strong in the grace that is in Christ Jesus." Should he tell his wife about his double change? Should he blaze it abroad among his fellow-workmen? These were questions of some importance, but he soon answered them. "I'll just see whether it is all real or no first," he wisely replied. "They'll find it out fast enough if there's anything in it. I'll wait a bit."

For the first time for years Joe Curtis went to his work without dropping in at the beer house on his way. And not a few opened their eyes when he was seen ready for his day's work at the first stroke of the bell.

"What's come over Joe Curtis?" they said one to another.

For some time Joe said nothing to any one. He was thinking what he should say for himself when the first laugh arose. He had not been a teetotaler long enough to have any arguments at his command. He knew nothing of what the doctors said. He could quote no authority of any kind. It was only when he thought of the promise of the All-wise One that he felt calm at the conflict in which he would soon be engaged.

"Come, mates," shouted the foreman about eleven o'clock, "who's for beer?" In the twinkling of an eye every tool but one was thrown to the ground, and every form but Joe's surrounded the jar. After they had all been satisfied, it was noticed by one of the men that Joe Curtis was not with them. And, on looking for him, they wondered to see him working away very steadily alone.

"Joe," shouted two or three voices at once, "here's your beer waiting for 'ee."

"No thank'ee, mates," said Joe; "I'd rather not."

For a moment or two so surprised was everybody that nothing was said. Soon, however, they found their tongues, and calling to the men who were about to resume work, that "Joe Curtis had turned his back upon good beer," they quickly surrounded poor Joe.

"Why, Joe, are 'ee poorly, man?" said one.

"Have 'ee had bad news?" asked another.

Question after question was poured in upon him, so astonished were they. That he had become a teetotaler, never dawned upon their minds for a moment. They were soon enlightened.

"Mates," said Joe, "I've signed the pledge!"

(To be concluded.)

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CURRENT EVENTS.

In Ohio Last Week the Democratic Party carried the State, electing Judge Hoadly Governor by a plurality of about 12,000. The exact figures have not been computed at the time of writing, but it is believed that the whole State government has been changed, and that the Democrats will hold all the offices. An estimate based on late returns states that in the Legislature the Democrats will have a clear majority of 24 on joint ballot, the House being composed of 61 Democrats and 44 Republicans, and the Senate of 20 Democrats and 13 Republicans. This result, if it is sustained, will enable the Democratic Party to elect a United States Senator to succeed Mr. Pendleton. There was a heavy vote, estimated at 715,000, which is but little less than that cast at the last Presidential election. The Prohibition Amendment is said to have been defeated.

The Republican Party was Victorious in Iowa. The late returns give Governor Sherman a majority over the Democratic candidate of about 26,000, and over the Greenback candidate of about 160,000. In the Senate the Republicans expect to have an overwhelming majority, but in the House the result will be a close vote. The new Legislature will elect a United States Senator to succeed Mr. Allison. In Iowa as in Ohio the untiring exertions of Prohibitionists succeeded in bringing out an exceptionally heavy vote.

A General Rearrangement of Commands has been necessitated by the retirement of General W. T. Sherman from the command of the army. He will be succeeded by Lieutenant-General Philip H. Sheridan, who will go to Washington and assume command of the army. Major-General John M. Schofield will assume command of the military division of the Missouri. Major-General John Pope will have command of the military division of the Pacific and of the Department of California. Brigadier-General C. C. Augur will command the Department of the Missouri. Brigadier-General R. S. Mackenzie will command the Department of Texas. The Department of the South will, on November 1st, 1883, be merged in the Department of the East under the command of Major-General Hancock. He was offered the command of the division of the Missouri, but declined it, preferring to retain his present command, the military division of the Atlantic.

The Discovery of an Immense River in Alaska, hitherto unknown to geographers, has been made by Lieutenant Storey, who went up on the revenue steamer Thomas Corwin to distribute rewards to the Tchuckchee Indians of Alaska. The river had been vaguely spoken of by Indians to former explorers, and Lieutenant Storey determined to see if it existed. Accompanied by one attendant and an interpreter he proceeded inland from Hotham Inlet in a southeasterly direction until he struck the mysterious river. He traced it to its mouth, a distance of about fifteen miles, where he saw such huge pieces of floating timber as to satisfy him that the stream must be of immense size. He retraced his steps for a distance of fifty miles, where he encountered natives who told him that they had come down the river a distance of fifteen hundred miles, and that it went up higher than that. Having no time to go further, Lieutenant Storey returned. The Indians stated that the river in some places is twenty miles wide. It lies within the Arctic circle, but in August, when Lieutenant Storey was there, he found flowers and vegetation not hitherto discovered in so high a latitude. A despatch from *Lieutenant Schwatka*, who is also in Alaska, states that he has been exploring the Yukon, and that he had to travel nearly *three thousand miles* to reach the head waters of the river, which stream lies entirely within the boundaries of our polar possessions, and that in descending the river on a raft the distance covered was nearly two thousand miles. He describes the river as being one of the largest in the world, discharging fifty per cent more water than the Mississippi, and being at places seven miles in breadth.

Rumors as to the Bad Behavior of the Crew of the Proteus have been in circulation since the failure to carry relief to Lieutenant Greely, and the wreck of the ship was announced. A soldier who accompanied the expedition has now confirmed the rumors. He said recently to a reporter in reply to the query why the expedition did not stay at Littelton Island: "I think with the kind of men they were, if we had stayed there, and there had not been enough food, not one of our party would have lived to see the spring. I think so from the growling I heard, which amounted to threats. In my opinion, if we had anything that these men wanted they would have taken it. If it had ever come to the point of actual want, we would have suffered. Those sailors were the greatest cowards I ever saw. The crew were regular pirates, who stole everything they could lay their hands on—valuable articles from the boxes thrown on the ice when the ship was sinking, the soldiers' clothing, buffalo overcoats and robes, and liquor, on which they got drunk within an hour after the Proteus went down. Captain Pike did his utmost to restrain them, but failed."

A Successful Experiment in Enforcing Prohibition, which is often a more difficult task than enacting it, has been long in operation in Manitoba. It is described in a recent issue of Frank Leslie's *Illustrated Newspaper*. It appears that twelve years ago the Canadian Government resolved to prevent the drinking of liquor in that part of Manitoba where the Indians were located, and it was done. A mounted police force patrolled all roads leading into the territory, and all liquors found on traders or travellers entering it were confiscated. The same policy was maintained when the Canadian Pacific Railroad invaded the region, and all the workmen engaged in constructing that line were shut off from liquor as rigorously as the Indians had been. The results have been absolutely peaceful with the red men, and among the whites an absence of the crimes which have usually marked the construction of a railroad in a new country.

How Employers May Avoid Strikes was Explained on Saturday to the Senate Committee on Labor and Education by a New York manufacturer. He said the plan had been tried in his own business with perfect success. He employs twenty-two hundred work people, and has had no strike or disturbance. This is due to the fact that the firm settles any difficulty that may arise between it and its employés by *a system of arbitration*. Differences are adjusted by the submission of all questions to a board of arbitration composed equally of representatives of the workingmen and of the employers, with the odd member selected from a class of workmen not directly affected by the question at issue. Employers and employed abide by the decisions of the board, in which both have confidence—the workmen, because its decisions have at times been advantageous to them and the employers for the same reason. Upon its decisions wages have been both raised and lowered. Another conciliatory influence is the establishment of a sick fund, to which the employers and workpeople contribute. The fund was established in 1879. Since then $14,831.49 has been collected, $9074.77 paid out, and there is a balance of $5756.72 on hand. The men are pleased with the interest the employers take in their welfare, and have never manifested any disposition to make trouble.

The Congregational Council, which Held its sessions last week at Concord, N. H., received on October 12th the secretary's report, which showed a net gain of 262 churches during the past three years and 5079 in membership. The addition to churches by profession averaged 12,500 annually. The contributions for Sabbath-schools last year amounted to $300,000, and for charitable objects upward of $6,000,000. There are 874 more churches in the United States than there are clergymen to supply them. A telegram was received from the General Association in California, saying: "We are with you in sympathy and faith, and propose to raise $1,000,000 yearly to save the country to Christ, and $750,000 to convert the world." The Rev. Dr. E. B. Webb, of Boston, made an earnest appeal in behalf of the American Board of Foreign Missions. He said the organization had expended $591,000 in its work last year, and that it proposed to devote a like or even a larger sum annually, if it can be raised.

A Party of Missionaries, under the Auspices of the American Baptist Missionary Union, sailed from New York on Saturday on the steamer Furnessia for India. The Rev. W. E. Witter and wife, from La Grange, N. Y., will go to Sibsangor; the Rev. S. W. Rivenburg, from Clifford, Penn., to Molong; the Rev. C. E. Burdette, of Peoria, Ill., to Tura, Assam, and Miss Ulyssa B. Johnson, of Elyria, Ohio, to Tovoy, Burmah. Farewell services were held on Friday evening at the Madison Avenue Baptist Church. The missionaries were introduced, and each spoke of the work to be undertaken. They graduated recently from the Baptist Theological Seminary at Rochester, N. Y. They will go to Liverpool and thence to Calcutta. The Rev. J. R. Goddard and wife will sail next Tuesday on the Assyrian Monarch, returning to their work in Mingpo, China.

The Synod of the Reformed Church Assembled at Reading, Pa., on October 10th, in its 137th annual session. The meetings continued one week. The opening sermon was preached by the Rev. George H. Johnston, of Philadelphia, the retiring president. Missionary, Sunday-school and church work were considered and reports read from various congregations, theological seminaries and publication boards under control of the Synod. The Rev. Dr. Thomas C. Porter, of Lafayette College, Easton, was elected president for the ensuing year.

Arrangements to Celebrate the Four Hundredth anniversary of the birth of Martin Luther on November 10th, have been made by the Martin Luther Society of New York. Jacob F. Miller presided, and there were present many members of the various Lutheran churches in the city. Mr. Jacob F. Miller, the president of the society, announces that Steinway Hall has been offered free of charge for the evening, and it has been decided to hold the celebration there. The Executive Committee report a programme for the occasion, which includes several hymns composed by Martin Luther, and an address by the Rev. Dr. Joseph A. Seiss, of Philadelphia.

The New York Young Men's Christian Association have issued an attractive programme for the season. Besides the ordinary attractions of the building—gymnasium, bowling-alley and baths, reading room and library—it includes evening classes in German, French, Spanish, phonography, writing, book-keeping, and vocal music; lectures by well-known platform speakers; social receptions and literary debates. An active membership in the Association, with full ticket entitling the member to all privileges, may be secured on payment of five dollars annually.

An Infinitesimal Inheritance has Fallen into the possession of a number of people by the death of a man who resided in Mecklenburg County, North Carolina. He left about $1500 in personal property and 850 acres of land. He was not married, and died without a will, and his property, therefore, is to be divided among his relatives. The lawyers will have to trace them to the fifth generation. He had eleven brothers and sisters, all of whom are dead except one, and the descendants, who are entitled to an interest in the estate, are scattered throughout all the Southern States, West Virginia, Ohio, and Illinois. When the estate is divided, the shares of those in the fifth generation will not be more than one seven hundred and forty-second part of it. The Christian who rejoices in the knowledge that he is an heir of God and joint-heir with Christ, has no fear that his inheritance will decrease as fellow-heirs multiply. The riches of God are inexhaustible (Rev. 21 : 7).

A Risk an Insurance Office Declined is Described in a Boston journal. A man entered an insurance office in that city recently, and throwing on the table a folded document said to the clerk, "I want that renewed; it has run out." The clerk opened the paper and smiled grimly. "Sure it has run out?" he asked. "Oh, yes," was the reply, "my wife told me so this morning." "Well, I'm sorry for you," said the clerk, "but we do not take that kind of risks," and he handed back the document to the busy gentleman, who glanced at it and saw that in his hurry he had presented *his marriage certificate* for renewal. In this case the mistake was only ludicrous, but there is an increasing tendency in these days to regard marriage as a terminable contract, the results of which not even an insurance company could afford to guarantee. If young people contemplating marriage, however, would submit their project in prayer to God before joining their hands, they would have the best insurance for their happiness (Ps. 128).

The Loss of a Hat had Fatal Consequences on the Milwaukee and St. Paul Railroad on October 10th. An officer of the road was riding on a hand-car on that day, accompanied by his wife and baby and his daughter-in-law and her husband and child. When near Wausau the wind carried away the hat of one of the ladies, and in instinctively raising her hand to catch it, her baby dropped out of her arms, and fell in front of the car. The child was caught in the gear of the wheels and instantly killed. The car was thrown from the track and was hurled some distance. Both women are probably fatally injured, and the other child will die. The lady's action was evidently an involuntary one, and the fatal results have doubtless caused her poignant grief. The trivial value of the property she tried to save, compared with the precious lives lost by her endeavor to save it, must aggravate her anguish. The day will come when those who have gained millions of money at the cost of their souls will experience similar remorse (Luke 12 : 16-21).

The Death of a Miser is Reported from Walden, N. Y. He was a stonemason by trade, and for forty years worked at his occupation without losing an hour's time. He sponged his living wherever he could, frequently compelling his mother, who supported herself by domestic drudgery, to contribute to his wants. Ten years ago he took up his abode in the garret of an old stone house, where he lived the life of a hermit, until the house was torn down, when he was forced to try a miserable house in an out-of-the-way place, where he lived until he was found dead in his hut on October 9th. When his mother, at eighty years of age, was worn out with hard work and years, she applied to her son for support for the rest of her life. He told her he would see that she was taken care of. He purchased her a pair of shoes and then *walked her twenty miles to the poor-house.* Taking the shoes from her he turned her over to the poor authorities and left her without a word. She died in the institution soon afterward, and was buried a pauper. The man was a typical miser in appearance. His tall, gaunt form was covered with a mass of patches of all colors and sizes. He had not permitted a comb, razor, or pair of shears to be placed to his hair or beard for a quarter of a century, and it had grown to extreme length and was a tangle of snarls. He would not allow any one to enter his place, and is believed to have starved himself to death, yet he leaves $50,000 in government bonds beside other securities, and a stranger will inherit the whole. This form of idolatry, as the Bible warns us, generally leads men to disregard their filial duty (Prov. 15 : 27).

A Name Scratched Out of a Bible Recently prevented the restoration of a girl to her home. The girl was arrested by the police, for wandering abroad and having no settled abode. Her mother appeared and acknowledged she was her daughter, but said she was irreclaimable. She had more than once taken her home. The judge suggested that the mother should give the girl one more trial. The mother said she dare not, as the father "had scratched her name out of the family Bible." The girl was committed to jail by the judge as a vagrant. It may be supposed that the father of the girl must have finally given her up before he thus erased her name from the family record. The girl may yet learn that though her name does not appear on the fly-leaf of the family Bible at home, entitling her to be received in the family circle, yet she may find herself through repentance and faith in Christ included in that all comprehensive "whosoever," and so secure an entrance into the circle of the washed and forgiven above (Rev. 22 : 17).

A Dog at the Telephone Received and Sent a communication satisfactorily a few days ago. A gentleman who possesses a remarkably intelligent dog, between whom and himself there exists strong affection, recently lost the animal in the city streets. Jack was happily found by a friend of his owner, who recognized him immediately, and at once called up his friend by telephone. "Have you lost your dog?" "Yes, have you seen him?" was the reply. "Suppose you call him through the telephone." The dog was lifted up and the ear-piece placed at his ear. "Jack! Jack!" called his master. Jack instantly recognized the voice, and began to yelp. He licked the telephone fondly, seeming to think that his master was inside the machine. At the other end of the line, the gentleman recognized the familiar barks, and shortly afterward he reached his friend's office to claim his property. The believer, whose communion with his God is close and constant, hears Him speaking to him continually in all the events of life, and recognizes a voice unheard by the world. With him faith is the evidence of things not seen (John 10 : 3-5).

A Bargain between two Soldiers has Resulted in the arrest of one of them. On October 10th an artilleryman in the British service, stationed at Kingston, Ont., agreed with a sergeant in the United States artillery to trade uniforms. The exchange was carried out, and soon the men appeared in the uniform of the service to which they did not belong. What their intention was as to their future proceedings does not appear, but the transaction was brought to an ignominious termination by the arrest of the United States officer on the charge of having in his possession a uniform belonging to the Queen of England. It is probable that our government may have something to say to the Englishman if they find him. If the exchange had been made in time of war the consequences would have been more serious for the men than they are likely to be in these days; but even now such proceedings will not be tolerated. Some recent pulpit utterances and the conduct of some professors of religion suggest the thought that the loose principles of the soldiers may be in operation in the Church, and that is a grave matter, because between the forces of God and those of Satan there is perpetual war (Isa. 29 : 15, 16).

"LET NOT YOUR HEART BE TROUBLED."

A New Sermon by Pastor C. H. Spurgeon.

"Let not your heart be troubled: ye believe in God, believe also in me. In my Father's house are many mansions: if it were not so, I would have told you. I go to prepare a place for you. And if I go and prepare a place for you, I will come again, and receive you unto myself; that where I am, there ye may be also. And whither I go ye know, and the way ye know."—JOHN 14 : 1-4.

Blessings out of Imperfection—Words of Love and Confidence—I. Bitter Waters—Jesus was to Die—Crucified Again in this Day—Bereavement — The Present Spiritual Darkness — Treachery in their Midst—Judas and his Successors—Peter's Followers—II. Sweet Waters —Belief the Only Cure—Going to the Father—Welcome Home—Assurance of Followers—His Preparation — Significance of the Words — A A Place not a State—Place for the Body—Sure Return—Jesus is Coming—Literally in Bodily Form—Information as to Destination and the Way.

WE may well feel glad that God's people, whose lives are recorded in the Old and New Testaments, were men of like passions with ourselves. I have known many a poor sinner pluck up hope as he has observed the sins and struggles of those who were saved by grace, and I have known many of the heirs of heaven find consolation as they have observed how imperfect beings like themselves have prevailed with God in prayer, and have been delivered in their time of distress. I am very glad that the apostles were not perfect men; they would then have understood all that Jesus said at once, and we should have lost our Lord's instructive explanations; they would also have lived above all trouble of mind, and then the Master would not have said to them these golden words, "Let not your heart be troubled."

It is, however, most evident from our text that it is not according to our Lord's mind that any of His servants should be troubled in heart. He takes no delight in the doubt and disquietude of His people. When He saw that because of what He had said to them sorrow had filled the hearts of His apostles, He pleaded with them in great love, and besought them to be comforted. As when a mother comforteth her child, He cried, "Let not your heart be troubled." Jesus saith

THE SAME TO YOU,

my friend, if you are one of His downcast ones. He would not have you sad.

Is it not a thing greatly to be admired that the Lord Jesus should think so carefully of His friends at such a time? Great personal sorrows may well be an excuse if the griefs of others are somewhat overlooked. Jesus was going to His last bitter agony, and to death itself, and yet He overflowed with sympathy for His followers. Had it been you or I, we should have asked for sympathy for ourselves. Our cry would have been, "Have pity upon me, O my friends, for the hand of God hath touched me!" But, instead of that, our Lord cast His own crushing sorrows into the background, and bent His mind to the work of sustaining His chosen under their far inferior griefs. He knew that He was about to be "exceeding sorrowful, even unto death;" He knew that He should soon be in an agony through bearing "the chastisement of our peace;" but ere He plunged into the deep, He must needs dry the tears of those He loved so well, and therefore He said most touchingly, "Let not your heart be troubled."

While I admire this condescending tenderness of love, I at the same time cannot help adoring the marvellous confidence of our blessed Lord, who, though He knows that He is to be put to a shameful death, yet feels no fear, but bids His disciples trust implicitly to Him. The black darkness of the awful midnight was beginning to surround Him, yet how brave His word—"Believe also in Me!" He knew in that threatening hour that He had come forth from the Father, and that He was in the Father and

the Father in Him; and so He says, "Ye believe in God, believe also in Me."

These words are in themselves much better than any sermon. What can our discourse be but a dilution of the essential spirit of consolation which is contained in the words of the Lord Jesus? Now let us, first, taste of the bitter waters of heart-trouble; and, secondly, let us drink deep of the sweet waters of divine consolation.

I. First, then, let us taste of

THE BITTER WATERS.

"Because I have said these things unto you, sorrow hath filled your heart." It was this—*Jesus was to die:* their Lord, whom they sincerely loved, was about to go from them by a shameful, painful death. What tender heart could bear to think of that? Yet He had told them that it would be so, and they began to remember His former words wherein He had said that the Son of man would be betrayed into the hands of wicked men, and would be scourged and put to death. A bitter draught this! In proportion as they loved their Lord they must have deeply grieved for Him; and they needed that He should say, "Let not your heart be troubled."

To-day those who love the Lord Jesus have to behold a spiritual repetition of His shameful treatment at the hands of men; for even now He is crucified afresh by those who account His cross a stumbling-block and the preaching of it foolishness. Ah me! how is Christ still misunderstood, misrepresented, despised, mocked, and rejected of men! A malignant spirit is manifested to the Gospel as once it was to Christ in person. Some with coarse blasphemies, and not a few with cunning assaults upon this part of Scripture, and on that, are doing their best to bruise the heel of the seed of the woman. In proportion as you feel a zeal for the Crucified, and for His saving truth, it is wormwood and gall to live in this age of unbelief. Christ Jesus is nailed up between the *two thieves of superstition and unbelief*, while around Him gathers still the fierce opposition of the rude and the polished, the ignorant and the wise.

In addition to this, the apostles had for an outlook the expectation that their Lord would be away from them. They did not at first understand His saying, "A little while, and ye shall not see Me; and again, a little while, and ye shall see Me, because I go to the Father." Now it dawned upon them that they were to be left as sheep without a shepherd; for their Master and head was to be taken from them. This was a bitter sorrow; and something of this kind of feeling often crosses our own hearts as we tremble for the ark of the Lord. My heart is sad when I see the state of religion among us. Oh, for an hour of the Son of man in

THESE DARKENING DAYS!

It is written, "There shall come in the last days scoffers;" and they have come, but, oh, that the Lord Himself were here in person! Oh, that the Lord would pluck His right hand out of His bosom, and show us once again the wonders of Pentecost, to the confusion of His adversaries, and to the delight of all His friends. He has not come as yet! Well-nigh two thousand years have rolled away since He departed, and the night is dark, and there is no sign of dawn. The ship of the church is tossed with tempest, and Jesus is not come unto us. We know that He is with us in a spiritual sense; but, oh, that we had Him in the glory of His power! Surely He knows our need and the urgency of the times; yet are we apt to cry, "It is time for thee, Lord, to work; for they make void thy law."

But they felt a third grief, and it was this: that He was to be betrayed by one of themselves. The twelve were chosen men, but one of them was a devil and sold his Lord. This pierced the hearts of the faithful—"the Son of man is betrayed." He is not taken by open seizure, but He is sold for thirty pieces of silver by one whom He intrusted with His little store. He that dipped with Him in the dish had sold Him for paltry gain. This cut them to the heart, even as it did the Master himself; for our Lord felt the treachery of His friend.

Of this bitter water the faithful at this hour are made to drink; for what see we at this day? What see we in various places but persons that are reputed to be ministers of the Gospel whose main business seems to be to undermine our holy faith, and batter down the truths which are commonly received in the Christian church? Certain of them preach as if they were ordained not of God, but of the devil; and anointed not by the Holy Spirit, but by the spirit of infidelity. Under the banner of "advanced thought," they make war upon those eternal truths for which confessors contended and martyrs bled, and by which the saints of past ages have been sustained in their dying hours.

It is not an enemy; then we could have borne and answered it. If the outward and avowed infidel attacks inspiration, let him do so. It is a free country, let him speak; but when a man enters our pulpits, opens the sacred volume, and denies that it is inspired, what does he there? How does his conscience allow him to assume an office which he perverts? To make him a shepherd who is a wolf; to make him a dresser of the vineyard who, with his axe, cuts up the very roots of the vines; this is an incomprehensible folly on the part of the churches. It is a dagger to every believing heart that *Judas should be represented in the Christian Church* by so many of the professed ministers of Christ. They betray their Master with a kiss.

Then there came another pang at the back of this; for one of them, though true-hearted and loyal, would that night *deny his Lord*. Peter, in many respects the leader of the little company, had been warned that he would act the craven and vehemently deny his Lord. This is bitterness indeed, of which those that love the church of God are compelled full often to drink, to see men whom we cannot but believe to be the disciples of Jesus Christ carried away by temptation, by fear of man, or by the fashion of the times, so that Christ and His Gospel are virtually denied by them. The hearts of some who best love Jesus grow heavy at the sight of the worldliness and lukewarmness of many of His professed followers. Hence it seems to me to be a most seasonable hour for introducing you to the sweet waters of our text, of which I bid you drink till every trace of bitterness is gone from your mouth; for the Master saith to you, even to you, "Let not your heart be troubled; ye believe in God, believe also in Me."

II. Under our second head let us drink of the

SWEET WATERS

and refresh our souls. First, in this wonderful text our Master indicates to us the true means of comfort under every sort of disquietude. How puts He it? "Let not your heart be troubled"—*believe*. Kindly look down your Bibles, and you will see that this direction is repeated. He says in the opening of the eleventh verse, "Believe Me;" and then, again, in the second clause, "Believe Me." I thought as I tried to enter into the meaning of this sacred utterance that I heard Jesus at my side saying thrice to me, "Believe Me! believe Me! believe Me!" Is there no other cure, then, for a troubled heart? No other is required. This is all-sufficient through God. Regard this as the one and only physic for the disease of fear and trouble. Jesus prescribes, "Believe, believe, believe in *Me!*" Believe not only in certain doctrines, but in Jesus Himself—in Him as able to carry out every promise that He has made. Believe in Him as you believe in God. One has been at times apt to think it easier to believe in Jesus than in God, but this is a thought of spiritual infancy; more advanced believers find it not so.

These disciples knew that the Saviour was to be away from them, so that they could not see Him nor hear His voice. What of that? Is it not so with God, in whom we believe? "No man hath seen God at any time"—yet you believe in the invisible God working all things, sustaining all things. In the same manner believe in the absent and invisible Christ, that He is still as mighty as though you could see Him walking the waves, or multiplying the loaves, or healing the sick, or raising the dead. Believe Him, and sorrow and sighing will flee away.

But now our Lord proceeded to say that though He was going from them *He was only going to His Father's house.* "In my Father's house are many mansions." Ay, but this was sweet comfort. "I am going," said He, "and on My way you will see Me scourged, bleeding, mocked, and buffeted; but I shall pass through all this to the joy and rest, and honor of my Father's house." He was, in fact,

GOING HOME,

as a son who is returning to his father's house, from which he had gone upon his father's business. He was going where He would be with the Father, where He would be perfectly at rest, where He would be above the assaults of the wicked; where He would never suffer or die again; He was going to reassume the glory which He had with the Father or ever the world was. Oh, if they had perfectly understood this, they would have understood the Saviour's words, "If ye loved Me, ye would rejoice, because I said, I go unto the Father." Imagination fails to picture the glory of our Lord's return, the honorable escort which heralded His approach to the Eternal City, the heartiness of the welcome of the Conqueror to the skies. "He was seen of angels." They beheld that "joyous re-entry," the opening of the eternal doors to the King of Glory, and the triumph through the celestial streets of Him who led captivity captive and scattered gifts among men.

Thirdly, our Lord gave His servants comfort in another way; He gave them to understand by implication that a great

MANY WOULD FOLLOW HIM

to the Father's house. He did not only assure them that He was going to His Father's house, but He said, "In My Father's house are many mansions." These mansions are not built to stand empty. God doeth nothing in vain; therefore it is natural to conclude that a multitude of spirits, innumerable beyond all count, will rise in due time to occupy those many mansions in the Father's house. Now I see in this great comfort to them, because they doubtless feared that if their Lord was absent His kingdom might fail. How would there be converts if He were crucified? The Lord Jesus in effect said, "I am going, but I shall lead the way for a vast host who will come to the prepared abodes. Like the corn of wheat which is cast into the ground to die, I shall bring forth much fruit, which shall be housed in the abiding resting-places." This is one part of our comfort at this hour. Little boots it how men fight against the Gospel, for the Lord knoweth them that are His, and He will ransom by power those redeemed by blood. He has a multitude according to the election of grace whom He will bring in. Though they seem to-day to be a small remnant, yet He will fill the many mansions.

But our Lord went much further, for He said, "*I go to prepare a place for you.*" I think He did not only refer to the many mansions for our spirits, but to the ultimate *place* of our risen bodies, of which I will speak before long. In our Lord's going away, as well as in His continuance in His Father's presence He would be engaged in preparing a place for His own. He was going that He might clear all impediment out of the way. He was going there to assume the reins of Providence, having all things put under His feet, and having all power given to Him n heaven and in earth He might bless His people abundantly. By being in heaven our Lord occupies a vantage-ground for the sure accomplishing of His purposes of love. As Joseph went down into Egypt to store the granaries, to prepare for Israel a home in Goshen, and to sit

upon the throne for their protection, so hath our Lord gone away into the glory for our good, and He is dong for us upon His throne what could not so advantageously have been done for us here.

A PLACE NOT A STATE.

At the same time, I am inclined to think that there is a special sense in these words over and above the preparing of heaven for us. I think our Lord Jesus meant to say, "I go to prepare a place for you" in this sense—that there would in the end be a place found for their entire manhood. Mark that word, "*a place.*" We are too apt to entertain cloudy ideas of the ultimate inheritance of those who attain unto the resurrection of the dead. "Heaven is a state," says somebody. Yes, certainly, it is a state; but it is *a place* too, and in the future it will be more distinctly a place. Observe that our blessed Lord went away in body; not as a disembodied spirit, but as one who had eaten with His disciples, and whose body had been handled by them. His body needed a "*place,*" and He is gone to prepare a place for us, not only as we shall be for a while, pure spirits, but as we are to be ultimately—body, and soul, and spirit.

When a child of God dies, where does his spirit go? There is no question about that matter; we are informed by the inspired apostle—"absent from the body, present with the Lord." But that is a spiritual matter, and something yet remains. My spirit is not the whole of myself, for I am taught so to respect my body as to regard it as a precious portion of my complete self—the temple of God. The Lord Jesus Christ did not redeem my spirit alone, but my body too, and consequently He means to have a "place" where I, this person who is here, in the wholeness of my individuality, may rest forever. Our ultimate abode will be a state of blessedness, but it must also be *a place* suited for our risen bodies. It is not, therefore, a cloud-land, an airy something, impalpable and dreamy. Oh, no, it will be as really a place as this earth is a place. Our glorious Lord has gone for the ultimate purpose of preparing a suitable place for His people. There will be a place for their spirits, if spirits want place; but He has gone to prepare a place for them as body, soul, and spirit. I delight to remember that Jesus did not go as a spirit, but in His risen body, bearing the scars of His wounds. Come, you that think you will never rise again, you who imagine that the scattering of our dust forbids all hope of the restoration of our bodies; we shall go where Christ has gone, and as He has gone. He leads the way in His body, and we shall follow in ours. Well might the apostles' hearts be comforted when they learned the blessed errand upon which their Lord was going!

The next consolation was *the promise of*

HIS SURE RETURN:

"If I go away to prepare a place for you, I will come again." Listen, then! Jesus is coming again. In the same manner as He ascended He will return—that is, *really, literally, and in bodily form.* He meant no play upon words when He so plainly said, without proverb, "I will come again," or more sweetly still, "I go away and come again *unto you.*" This is our loudest joy-note, "Behold, He cometh!" This is our never-failing comfort.

Observe that the Saviour, in this place, says nothing about death, nothing about the peace and rest of believers till He is come; for He looks on to the end. It is not necessary to put every truth into one sentence; and so our Lord is content to mention the brightest of our hopes, and leave other blessings for mention at other times. Here the consolation is that He will come, come personally to gather us in. He will not send an angel, nor even a host of cherubim to fetch us up into our eternal state; but the Lord Himself will descend from heaven. It is to be our marriage-day, and the glorious Bridegroom will come in person. When the Bride is prepared for her Husband, will He not come to fetch her to His home?

O beloved, do you not see where our Lord's thoughts were? He was dwelling upon the happy day of His ultimate victory, when He shall come to be admired in all them that believe. That is where He would have His people's thoughts to be; but *alas! they forget* His advent. The Lord shall come; let your hearts anticipate

THAT DAY OF DAYS.

His enemies cannot stop His coming! "Let not your heart be troubled." They may hate Him, but they cannot hinder Him; they cannot impede His glorious return, not by the twinkling of an eye. What an answer will His coming be to every adversary! How will they weep and wail because of Him! As surely as He lives He will come; and what confusion this will bring upon the wise men who at this hour are reasoning against His Deity and ridiculing His atonement! Again I say, "Let not your heart be troubled" as to the present state of religion; it will not last long. Do not worry yourselves into unbelief though this man may have turned traitor, or the other may have become a backslider, for the wheels of time are hurrying on the day of the glorious manifestation of the Lord from heaven! What will be the astonishment of the whole world when with all the holy angels He shall descend from heaven and shall glorify His people!

For that is the next comfort—*He will receive us.* When He comes He will receive His followers with

A COURTLY RECEPTION.

It will be their marriage reception; it shall be the marriage supper of the Son of God. Then shall descend out of heaven the new Jerusalem prepared as a bride for her husband. Then shall come the day of the resurrection, and the dead in Christ shall rise. Then all His people who are alive at the time of His coming shall be suddenly transformed, so as to be delivered from all the frailties and imperfections of their mortal bodies: "The dead shall be raised incorruptible, and we shall be changed." Then we shall be presented spirit, soul, and body "without spot, or wrinkle, or any such thing;" in the clear and absolute perfection of our sanctified manhood, presented unto Christ himself. "Let not your heart be troubled," all this is near at hand, and our Lord's going away has secured it to us.

For this was the last point of the consolation, that when He came and received His people to Himself *He would place them eternally where He is, that they may be with Him.* O joy! joy! joy! unutterable joy! Can we not now, once for all, dismiss every fear in the prospect of the endless bliss reserved for us?

"See that glory, how resplendent!
Brighter far than fancy paints!
There in majesty transcendent,
Jesus reigns, the King of saints.
Spread thy wings, my soul, and fly
Straight to yonder world of joy.

"Joyful crowds, His throne surrounding,
Sing with rapture of His love;
Through the heavens His praises sounding,
Filling all the courts above.
Spread thy wings, my soul, and fly
Straight to yonder world of joy."

The Lord talks to us as if we now knew all about His goings and doings; and so we do as far as all practical purposes are concerned. He says, "Whither I go ye know." He is not gone to a place unknown, remote, dangerous. He has only gone home. "Whither I go ye know." When a mother sends her boy to Australia she is usually troubled because she may never see him again; but he replies, "Dear mother, the distance is nothing now, we cross the ocean in a very few weeks, and I shall speedily come back again." Then the mother is cheered; she thinks of the ocean as a little bit of blue between her and her son, and looks for him to return, if need be. So the Saviour says, "Whither I go ye know." As much as to say—"I told you, I am going to your own Father's house, to the mansions whither your spirits will soon come, and I am going for the blessed purpose of making it ready to receive you in the entirety of your nature. You are thus made to know all about My departure and My business. I am going to a glorious place which eye hath not seen, but My Spirit will reveal it to you. You know where I am going, and you know also the way by which I am going—I am going through suffering and death, through atonement and righteousness; this is the way to heaven for you also, and you will find it all in Me. You shall in due time enter heaven by My atonement, by My death, by My sacrifice, for 'I am the way.' You know the way; but remember

IT IS ONLY THE WAY,

and not the end. Do not imagine that the wicked can make an end of Me; but believe that Christ on the cross, Christ in the sepulchre, is not the end, but the way."

This, beloved, is the way for us as well as for our Lord. He could not reach His crown except by the cross, nor His mediatorial glory except by death; but that way once made in His own person is open for all who believe in Him. Thus you know where the Lord has gone, and you know the road; therefore, be encouraged, for He is not far away; He is not inaccessible; you shall be with Him soon. "Let not your heart be troubled."

O brave Master, shalt thou be followed by a tribe of cowards? No, we will not lose heart through the trials of the day. O holy Master, Thou didst meet Thy death with song, for "after supper they sang a hymn:" shall not we go through our griefs with joyful trust? O confident Lord, bidding us believe in Thee as in God Himself, we do believe in Thee, and we also grow confident. Thine undisturbed serenity of faith infuses itself into our souls, and we are made strong. When we hear Thee bravely talking of Thy decease which Thou hadst to accomplish at Jerusalem, and then of Thy after-glory, we also think hopefully of all the opposition of ungodly men, and, waiting for Thine appearing, we solace ourselves with that blessed hope. Make no tarrying, O our Lord! Amen.

[PORTION OF SCRIPTURE READ BEFORE SERMON—John 14.]

[The prayers of the readers of this Journal are requested for the blessing of God upon its Editors in America and England, and those whose sermons, articles, or labors for Christ are printed in it; and for its weekly circulation of more than 250,000 copies to be blessed by the Holy Spirit to the conversion of many sinners and the quickening of God's people. Mr. Spurgeon and Dr. Talmage especially request prayer every Sunday morning on behalf of their labors.]

KAMA, THE CONVERTED KAFFIR CHIEF.

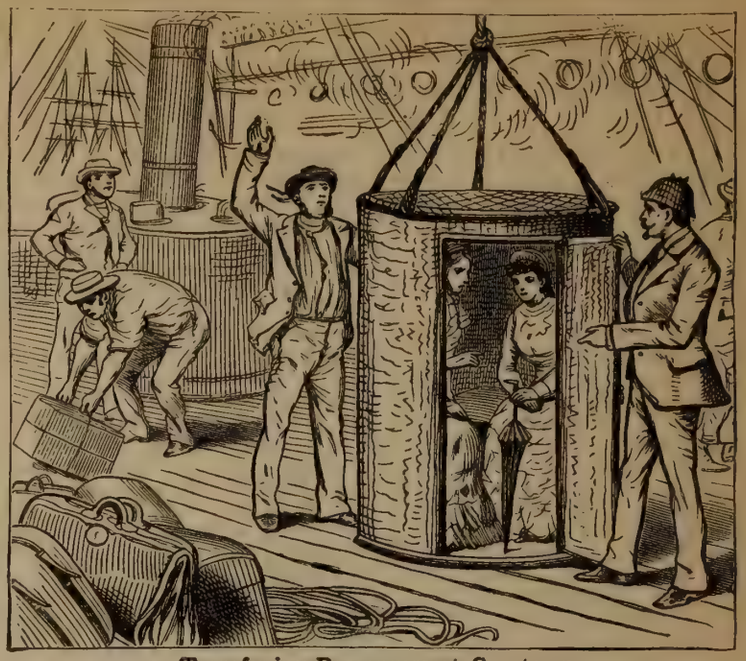
(*See Illustration on page* 668.)

In the year 1819, a large number of emigrants went out from England to settle in Southern Africa on the northern border of Cape Colony. Among them were a party of Wesleyan Methodists who were accompanied by a zealous preacher. They had not been there long before they were brought in contact with a tribe of Kaffirs whose separate existence had a remarkable origin.

Five generations back—for Kaffirs fix remote dates by a reference to their genealogical tables—during the reign of Tshirvo, there flourished a noted councillor, named Kwani, who, together with another, whose name has not been preserved, exercised a most commanding influence in the tribe. They exercised in some degree the functions of the Governors of our States, among which, owing to the death penalty being the punishment for the majority of crimes, the pardoning power was of the highest importance. The power of life and death, or the confiscation of property for alleged witchcraft or political offences, was vested in their hands, and Kwani's fellow-councillor always saw that the extreme penalty was enforced.

But Kwani took a different view. Assuming

The Kaffir's Appeal to his Chief.



Transferring Passengers at Capetown.

that by preserving instead of destroying life the interests of his chief would be better served, he resolved to carry out his idea. His own wild country on the mountainous fastnesses of the Orange River favored his views; hence when any criminal case was brought to him for adjudication, not only was the escape of the criminal connived at, but an asylum was found for him, where he was soon joined by his family, and the means of supporting them granted to him. This course, however, could not long escape observation; and a quarrel with his fellow-councillor threatening to bring it prematurely to light, he resolved to anticipate his enemy, and bring the matter to his chief's notice in his own way.

No sooner was his resolve formed than executed. Sending out the "gathering cry" through mountain cavern, crag, and hill-side, he collected his rescued ones, placed himself at their head, and marched direct to his chief's residence. Arrived there, a herald stood up, and in the name of the chief demanded who they were, and what their errand?

Kwani stood forth, and in manly and touching language gave the fullest information regarding their history, and his own action in regard thereto, and then boldly asked whether he had not better served his chief by preserving than by destroying his subjects? The chief in glowing terms commended his councillor, ratified the pardon he had accorded, constituted the rescued followers a distinct tribe, with the name of Amagunukirebi, conferred upon Kwani the chieftainship of that tribe, and invested him on the spot with the insignia of his rank. All restraint was withdrawn, and the hills re-echoed the shouts which burst unrestrained; for the loathed outcasts were no longer criminals or wanderers, but pardoned, organized, and free.

Such was the origin of the tribe who now came in contact with the Christian emigrants. They were among the most intelligent of the Kaffir race, and the young Wesleyan preacher proposed to his people that a mission should be founded for them. The project was adopted, and a deputation was sent to Kama who, as the lineal descendant of Kwani, was chief of the tribe. Kama received the deputation kindly and gave permission for a service to be held. Thereafter regular mission work commenced, and Kama himself was the first convert baptized.

LANDING AT A SOUTH AFRICAN PORT.

The picture on the right of this page, engraved specially for The Christian Herald by Mr. T. Hollidge, on his recent return from Africa, represents the transfer of passengers from the vessel to the shore, or *vice versa*. At most of the ports in this region there is a sand-bar which prevents steamers of large draught from going alongside the wharf or landing-stage for the disembarkation of those who wish to go ashore. In addition to which the sea is generally very rough, and any attempt to cross the bar would almost inevitably be attended with disaster, perhaps the loss of the ship, and the lives of all on board.

Vessels accordingly anchor a mile or more from land. This necessitates a short voyage for all who desire to leave the vessel for the land, or the land for the ship. To meet this requirement the enterprising citizens have organized a company which runs a fleet of trim launches about the size of our ferry-boats. As soon as a vessel from a foreign port is sighted, one or more of these launches goes out beyond the bar to meet her, and bring off her passengers.

The transfer of the passengers from the ship to the launch is, however, a critical operation. The turbulence of the sea precludes the use of the ordinary gang-plank, and the resources of the managers have been taxed to find some comfortable and safe mode of transit. The outcome has been a somewhat peculiar expedient. On board the launch is a large basket cylindrical in shape, capable of holding three or four persons. A stout ring is in the upper portion of the basket and to this is attached a strong rope. When the launch is alongside, the rope is connected with a donkey-engine on the launch, and being passed over a swinging pulley or crane is raised and swung on board the vessel. Then a door in the side like an elevator door is opened, and three passengers enter; the door is closed and the donkey-engine on the launch is again at work. The basket is raised, the crane swings, and the basket lowered to the deck of the launch. This process is repeated, until by instalments the launch receives its complement of passengers.

Strangers who for the first time travel to southern Africa are generally nervous about making this little trip in the air from the ship to the launch. But there is no alternative. The voyage across the ocean is ended, the land is in sight, the ship which for several weeks has been their floating home must be quitted for *terra firma*, and the ride through the air is the first stage of the brief passage. Then the captain and his officers come forward and assure them that they may safely trust themselves to the basket, and eventually they all travel in that way. It is something like this with all our lives. We go through the journey of our lives, but when the time comes for us to lie on our death-beds and make the passage to the world beyond, the heart often fails. We "have not passed that way before," but the passage must be made. Well is it, then, if the dying man has full assurance that he will certainly stand in the eternal city, and that in all that lies between him and the shining shore he will be kept safely by the Captain of his salvation.

A SCOTTISH SHEPHERD'S WAIF.

(*See Illustration.*)

A carriage was being rapidly driven one summer day some twelve years ago over a rough mountain road in Argyllshire, Scotland, when suddenly there was a tremendous lurch to one side, and it was almost overturned. A lynch-pin in one of the wheels had been broken, and the wheel had come off. What was to be done? The nearest blacksmith lived three miles away, and until he could be sent for, there was no hope of moving the vehicle. The occupants of the carriage were a child, the daughter of the laird, and her nurse. The latter was much distressed and unable to suggest any plan. At length the coachman settled the matter by sending the footman, who had been ignominiously jerked from his place on the box when the wheel came off, to fetch the blacksmith. The wheel was temporarily replaced, and while the footman went on his errand the coachman went comfortably to sleep on the box and the nurse settled herself in a corner inside and followed his example.

That proceeding made it dull for the child, who from the window of the carriage could see the bright open country all aglow in the sunshine beckoning to her. Childlike, she opened the door and went out. The novelty of wandering alone whither she would, unchecked by her nurse, was sufficiently delightful, and she ran and walked hither and thither far away from the path. She had been amusing herself for more than an hour before she felt tired, and then she thought of the nurse and the carriage. Neither were in sight, and after running a few yards in one direction and then in another the little girl realized that she was lost, and sat down to cry. Her distress, however, did not continue long; for she was thoroughly tired, and soon fell fast asleep on a mossy bank.

How long she slept she did not know, but she was awakened by a dog's cold nose against her face, and she raised a scream of terror, whereupon the collie set up a series of barks in chorus. Soon she saw the bonnet of a Scotch

shepherd on the hill above her, and then the wearer came in sight, a man with a grave but kindly face and carrying a shepherd's crook, who looked at her in silent wonder. But he was quickly at her side, and gently raising her and calling off his dog, asked her how she came in such a place.

"Mamie, Mamie, I want Mamie," was all the little girl could say through her sobs. The shepherd looked on in bewilderment. A lost lamb he would have known what to do with, but a lost child puzzled him. At length, telling her, "nae ta greet," he picked her up and carried her up the hillside to look for Mamie. Who Mamie was, and where she might be found, Dugald Morrison had no idea; so, comforting the child as best he could and holding her easily on his arm, while she clung to him convulsively, he strode on with his dog at his side to his hut near the sheep pens. There he gave her warm milk, and having soothed and quieted her he laid her down on his own bed, assuring her that Mamie would soon appear.

Dugald sat by her side, and, looking at the long, fair hair of the child and her delicate complexion he wondered what would have happened to so delicate a creature had he not providentially found her. He took down his Bible, it was the only book he had or cared to have, to read his evening portion. Instinctively he turned to that grand old story the Master told of the sheep lost on the mountains whom the shepherd left his ninety-and-nine sheep to find. He read it again, and as he turned to look at the sleeping child he wondered if she would in the years to come ever be found of the Great Shepherd when she wandered in the paths of the world. A strange yearning over the child came over the old shepherd's heart, and he knelt down and prayed for her.

He prayed long and earnestly, for his solitary monotonous life was seldom broken in upon by any incident, and this had stirred him deeply. It was quite dark when he rose from his knees and looked out. Far down the hill he saw lights, and presently recognized that men with lanterns were ascending. He expected they were searching for the child, and so, the better to guide them, he flung open his door and let a flood of light stream out in the darkness.

A few minutes passed, one question was asked and answered, and then the golden-haired child was clasped in her father's arms and smothered with kisses. The laird listened with a grateful heart to Dugald's account of his providential discovery, which with characteristic modesty he credited to his dog. It was of no use offering the old man a reward; he would accept none. He was glad, he said, to have found "the bairnie."

The father tenderly carried the child away. His heart was too full to utter many words, but he hoped that Dugald would understand that his silence was not caused by a lack of appreciation of his kindness. He held out his hand at parting and shook Dugald's hand as that of a friend, a mark of delicate kindness the old man would be sure to value. Then with his golden-haired child tightly clasped in his arms he hurried away.

Dugald still occupies his mountain hut, but it has been repainted and refurnished. A large picture of the Good Shepherd bearing a lamb in His arms is on the wall, and a beautifully bound Bible with large type occupies a place of honor on the old bureau. The collie dog is stretched across the doorway, but round his neck is a handsome collar bearing an inscription. The shepherd's life is not quite so monotonous now, for he has a frequent visitor, the laird's daughter, now a golden-haired lady, whom he thinks the best and loveliest woman in the world as she smiles and blushes as he reminds her of the day they first met, when he carried her in his arms and soothed her to sleep.

The Scottish Shepherd's Waif.

POVERTY'S PREY.

A SERIAL STORY.

(*Continued from page 655.*)

Hope Deferred.

BESS controlled herself as she came face to face with Roger Blackett. The tears could not be wholly suppressed, but they were quickly dashed aside before the boy could see them. They had welled up into her eyes the moment she had found that the boyish figure she had seen from her mother's door was not her much-loved and long-expected brother. It seemed so like him that Bess had felt sure, and now the disappointment was cruel. And worse than all she had unwittingly deceived her mother. When she said, "He's comin', mother," she had caused the widow's heart to leap for joy. The poor suffering creature hungered for the sight of her lost boy, and Bess knew that the arrow of disappointment which had pierced her own heart would be a hundredfold more poignant to her mother. She dreaded going back to tell her that she had been mistaken—that after all Davy was not coming.

All this passed through her mind as she stood at the corner of the street. It was really less than a minute, yet to Bess it seemed hours. Then it occurred to her that Roger might have seen Davy. The next best thing to returning with her brother would be to take news of him.

"Roger, have you seen our Davy anywhere?" Bess inquired.

"No, I haven't," he answered. "Is father in the house, Bess?"

"Ay," she said.

"Then I'll stay outside," he went on. "He does nothing but bang me, and curse at me for an idle dog and a cowardly soft. He's drove the rest of 'em into thievin', and he'll never let me a-be till he's drove me to it. I was very near it to-night, Bess."

"Oh, don't!" she cried, "don't! I'd never do worse than beg, if I was you. I know David ud *die afore he'd steal*, and so 'ud mother. We'd all clem to death afore we'd take to thievin'."

"I'd have been drove to it long ago," said Roger, "if it hadn't been along of you and your mother, Bess. Father's always larfin' at folks like you settin' up to be honest; and he's always sayin' as I haven't got a drop of real blood in me. I'm bound to be drove to it, however long I fight shy of it. Only it 'ud vex you, Bess."

"Ah!" she answered earnestly, "mother 'ud never, never let David or me speak to you again. She's set dead agen thievin', mother is. She won't let us know any jail-birds. You see," continued Bess with an air of pride, "none of us has ever been in trouble—up before the justices, you know. We've never had nothink to do with the police, 'cept civility; and the police has nothink to do with us. Better starve nor steal, mother says."

But Bess had been so long in the street, that Mrs. Fell's impatience had conquered her. She had crept to the street-door, and was making her way painfully toward them.

"Bess, is it Davy?" she called. "Be sharp, and bring him here."

"We're coming, mother," cried Bess. "It's only Roger. You go back, and let him come into our room for a bit, for company. You come with me, Roger, and talk a bit to mother; she's frettin' after Davy so! You ask her about the parson's garden, and the place where she used to live, and anything you can think of, for a bit, till Davy comes."

The two children stole softly past the closed door of the front room, and hid themselves in the darkness of Mrs. Fell's kitchen.

"It's nobody but poor Roger," said Bess, softly. "Davy's not come yet, and Roger's afeard of his father till he gets dead drunk. Let him stay with us a bit, mother."

There had always been a dread in Mrs. Fell's mind of her children growing too intimate with Roger Blackett, whose two elder brothers were openly pursuing the successful calling of thieves, with occasional periods of absence supposed to be passed in prison; but she had been too much afraid of Blackett to forbid all intercourse with his sons. Roger was nearly fourteen, and had not been in trouble yet; so she could not very well refuse to let him enter her room.

"He's welcome," she said coldly, "as long as he keeps himself honest."

"That won't be for long," muttered Roger; "father's always a-goin' on with me to keep myself, and I've got no way o' keepin' myself, save thievin.' He's getting angrier with me every day."

"But there's God'll be angry with you if you thieve," said Mrs. Fell; "and, if you make Him angry, He can do worse at you than your father. You ought to be afeard of Him."

"Where is He?" asked Roger.

"He lives in heaven, where good folks go when they die," she answered; "but He sees everything, and can do everything. Everything as happens is just what He pleases. He could make us all rich and well and happy in a moment o' time, if He choose; but it's His will we should be poor and ill and miserable, and it's all right somehow; so we must keep still, and believe as it's all right. I know I often says, 'It's God's will,' and it seems a little better. But what I was going to tell you is, that God won't ever have thieves in heaven. There's a great pit somewhere, full of fire and brimstone, where all wicked folks go; and, if you thieve, you'll go there. I don't know exactly where it is, or how it is; but it's all Gospel, they say. It's worse than hundreds of jails."

The woman's low, weak, faltering voice, uttering these terrible words in the darkness, made Roger's heart shrink with a strange awe and dread. He was glad to feel Bess close beside him, and to know that she was listening as well as himself.

"God's worse than father," he said, trembling.

"No, no," continued Mrs. Fell. "I've heard folks preachin' in the streets, and some among 'em said *He loves us all somehow.* I heard one of 'em saying over and over again, 'God is love.' And he'd some little tickets, about as big as pawntickets, with those words printed plain on 'em, and he gave one to everybody as asked him. I s'pose there's some truth in it. 'God is love,' I say to myself hundreds o' times in the night, when I lie awake for pain; and there's comfort in it. Ay, when my pains are worst, and when I'm faintin' with hunger, if I say, 'God is love,' it helps me on a bit. It's all I know, and I don't know that very clear."

"Do God love everybody?" inquired Roger anxiously.

"Yes," she answered.

"Do He love father?" he asked again.

"Yes, I s'pose so," she said in a tone of doubt.

"Then I don't think much of God," went on Roger. "He didn't ought to love father. He ought to put him in that pit o' fire and brimstone; for he's a thief, and he wants to make me a thief. And, if he loved any on us, he'd never let us be drove to thievin' and beggin'. Folks say as Davy's gone a-beggin'. No: God loves rich folks maybe; but He don't care a rush for poor folks."

"I can't tell how it is," moaned Mrs. Fell; "only it's a comfort to me to say, 'God is love,' and make believe it's true. And my Davy'll never be a thief, Roger—never! If folks do say he's gone a-beggin', they can't say worse of him. Ah, I wish he'd only come!"

But though she and Bess sat up till long after midnight, and until every inmate of the overcrowded tenement had returned to their miserable dens, and there was not a sound to drown the echo of any footstep coming down the street, there was still no sign of David's coming. Bess fell asleep at last on the floor at her mother's feet; but she kept awake, shivering with cold and pain, and heart-sick with vague terrors as to what should keep the boy away.

As day after day passed on, bringing no tidings of David, the mother's anguish of soul grew almost intolerable. It seemed to overmaster her bodily pain, and render her nearly insensible to it. Every morning she wandered about, asking news of her boy from everybody who had ever known him, until her strength was worn out; and then she would stand for hours, leaning against the wall at the street-corner, looking along the road, and straining her eyes to catch some glimpse of him amid the ever-changing stream of people passing by. She could no longer bring herself to stand at her washing-tub, cheating the parish by earning a few extra pence for herself by the toil of her hands. Little by little, all that was left of her few possessions found their way to the familiar pawnshop, till her room was as bare of furniture as it was possible to be, and yet be a human dwelling-place.

There was one treasure she had never parted with, however pressing and bitter her necessities had been through her long years of widowhood. It was the one possession which had been the pride of her heart. This was *her wedding-ring*, of good solid gold, bought for her and placed upon her hand by the husband she had lost twelve years ago. She had been too careful of it to wear it while at work; but every evening and every Sunday her children had been used to see the golden glitter of it on her finger, and to regard it with a sort of reverential delight. It was the visible sign to them of their dead father, and of the good times their mother could tell them of, but which they had not known themselves. They had gone to bed many a night supperless that they might keep the mother's ring from the pawn-shop, and run no risk of losing it.

But things had come to such a pass during David's absence that the ring must go. It was still little worn, not much thinner than when David Fell, the carpenter, had wedded his young wife with it. Next to any grief or calamity befalling her children, this was the sharpest trial Mrs. Fell could undergo. Bess helped her to crawl to the pawnbroker's shop—for she would not trust it even to Bess—and she laid it down on the counter with a pang nearly heart-breaking. The pawnbroker fastened a number to it, gave her a ticket, and pushed a few shillings toward her.

"Take care of it!" she cried, with vehement urgency in her tone; "take care of it. I shall redeem it; It's God's will!" she sobbed, her dim, eager eyes following it as the pawnbroker opened a drawer, and dropped it carelessly among a heap of pledges similar to it.

As Mrs. Fell, leaning heavily on the arm of Bess, crept homeward, after her sorrowful visit to the pawnbroker, they saw an old man, one of their neighbors, making his way, with a shambling and limping tread, along the uneven pavement before them. The lamps were lit down the narrow and dirty street, and the light fell on the dingy figure of the old man as he passed under them with his stooping shoulders and his long, rugged locks of gray hair falling below his battered and broken hat, round which still clung a little band of black material that had not become quite brown with rain and sunshine.

He was a small man, and seemed to have withered and shrunk into a more meagre thinness than when his clothes had been bought, now many years ago. The face under the battered hat was of a yellow brownness, and much wrinkled, with shaggy eyebrows hanging over his eyes. There was a gleam in these dim and sunken eyes, as if it was possible for him to smile; but the possibility seldom became a fact. He looked half asleep as he shuffled along; and in a low, husky voice he was dreamily crying "Cresses," but not at all as though he expected any one of his neighbors to spend a penny on his perishable stock.

"There's poor old Euclid!" said Mrs. Fell in a tone of pity, as if she was looking at one whose circumstances were as bad, if not worse, than her own.

The old man's baptismal name was Euclid, his surname Jones; but in the multitude of Joneses his surname had long been lost, and was almost forgotten. He was the son of a village schoolmaster in some quiet spot in Wales, who had called his only child Euclid, with a vague and distant hope of seeing him some day a distinguished mathematical scholar. But the schoolmaster and his wife had both died before little Euclid had fairly mastered the alphabet, and from that time he had lived among the neighbors, now with one and now with another, passing from cottage to cottage, until he was old enough to scare crows and tend pigs. Little learning did Euclid get at these early employments.

In course of time he drifted up to London, where he worked on the roads till he was disabled by an accident. He had married a wife, who bore him eight children, born and bred under every chance against health and life, and dying all but one, just as they grew old enough to do something for themselves, after they had tested their father's love and endurance to the utmost. His wife was dead also. He had buried them all in their own coffins, unassisted by the parish, a remembrance which stirred up his downcast heart with a feeling of honest pride whenever it crossed his brain.

Life had brought to Euclid an enigma to solve, stiffer and more intricate than the most abstruse mathematical problem—how to keep himself and his off the parish during life, and how to get buried, when all was over, without the same dreaded and degrading aid. The problem was but partially solved yet; there still remained his youngest child and himself to die and be buried.

Euclid turned in at the same door as that to which Mrs. Fell was painfully creeping. He lived in the one attic of the house, having the advantage over Mrs. Fell in more light and fresher air, and in the quietness of a story to himself; but he possessed few other advantages. His household goods were as poor as hers had been before all that was worth pawning had gone to the pawn-shop. The fireplace consisted of three bars of iron let into the chimney, with a brick on each side for a hob, on one of which stood a brown earthenware teapot simmering at the spout, as if the tea had been boiling for some time.

There was a bed on the floor close by the handful of fire, and Euclid's first glance fell upon it; but it was empty, for *a sickly-looking girl* of eighteen was sitting on a broken chair before the fire, cowering over it with outstretched hands. She had wrapped herself in an old shawl, and was holding it tightly about her, as though she felt the chill of the November evening; but she smiled brightly when the old man's wrinkled face and dim eyes met her gaze, as he stood in the doorway an instant, looking anxiously and sadly at her.

"Come in, daddy, and shut the door," she said cheerfully. "I'm not bad to-day; but you're late—later than ever. It's gone six, and I thought you would never, never come."

"Folks did not care to buy creases this cold day," he answered, his husky voice striving to soften itself into tenderness; "but, Victoria, my dear, you've not waited tea for me?"

"I should think I have," she said, rising from the only chair, and compelling him with all her little strength to sit down on it, while she took an old box for her seat. "I couldn't relish the best o' tea alone at this time o' night, and you in the streets, daddy. So we'll have it at once; for it's been made, oh! hours ago—at least, it's near an hour by the clock. That clock's real company to me, father," she added, looking proudly at a little loud-ticking clock against the wall, which seemed the best and busiest thing in the bare room.

"I ain't got no 'erring for you, Victoria," he said regretfully, "nor nothing else for a relish—nothing save a few creases, and they'd be too cold for your stomach, my dear. If you feel set on any thing, I'll take a penny or two from our little store, you know. It's all quite safe; isn't it, my dear?"

"Yes, yes," she answered, a shadow flitting across her face for a moment; "you needn't never be afeard of that not being safe. I'm not set on anythink, daddy."

"How much is it now, Victoria?" he inquired, his eyes glistening a little as he listened eagerly to her reply.

"It's two pound, sixteen shilling, and ninepence three farthings," she answered without hesitation. "I take good care of it."

"I think we shall do it, Victoria," he said, with an air of satisfaction; "and after that, my dear, there will be nobody but me; and I'm not afeard but I'll save enough for that. No, no; I shouldn't like any on us to die like a scamp

upon the parish, and be buried in a parish coffin."

(To be continued.)

SAUL CHOSEN KING.

S. S. Lesson for Oct. 28. 1 Sam. 10 : 17-27. Golden Text, ver. 24. By Mrs. M. Baxter.

Samuel's Consecrated Ear—Preoccupied Ears—The Lord's Voice Unheard—Saul's Early Humility—How Samuel Honored him—Directions for the Way—Significance of the Bread and Wine—The National Convention—Choosing by Lot—Saul's Shrinking—The Provisions of the Law — No Stranger to Rule — Limiting the Monarchy.

"SURELY the Lord God will do nothing, but He revealeth His secret unto His servants the prophets" (Amos 3 : 7). Samuel's was

A CONSECRATED EAR

set apart for the service of his God ; and our loving, condescending God never despises such an offering. Thus the Lord, having brought about an occasion for Saul, the son of Kish, to seek for Samuel, by the loss of his father's asses, "told Samuel in his ear a day before Saul came, saying, To-morrow about this time I will send thee a man out of the land of Benjamin, and thou shalt anoint him to be captain over My people Israel. . . . And when Samuel saw Saul, the Lord said unto him, Behold the man whom I spake to thee of ! this same shall reign over My people" (chap. 9 : 15, 17). Many sigh when they read words such as these, and say, "Oh, that God would speak to me in this distinct way !" Perhaps He is doing so all the time, but the ear is preoccupied with suggestions as to whether this or that may possibly be His will ; His voice is so still, so small, that it needs absolute stillness in the soul in order to hear it at all. It was Samuel's constant privilege to hear it, he knew it better than any voice on earth, and he was but a man, with like passions as we have.

To Saul's inquiry for him, he replied that he was the seer, and at once invited him to the high place to eat with him, promising on the morrow to let him go, and that he would tell him all that was in his heart : he told him also not to set his mind on the asses, for they were found, and then to follow up this most unexpected greeting, he added, "And on whom is all the desire of Israel ? Is it not on thee, and on all thy father's house ?" Saul must have known and taken part in the movement of the children of Israel to set up a monarchical government, but it had probably never for a moment crossed his mind that *he* should be chosen king. Judah was the leading tribe and he was a Benjamite. Thus he answered, "Am not I a Benjamite, of the smallest of the tribes of Israel ? and my family the least of all the families of the tribe of Benjamin ? wherefore then speakest thou so to me ?" At this time Saul was little in his own eyes, it had been well for him and for Israel if he had continued so. God hates self-glory, yet how great a temptation it is to value our little unworthy selves even over trifles. If we have succeeded in doing so much work in a short time, how we like to get the credit of it, how satisfied we feel ! if in anything we have excelled others, if only in tidying a room, or in opening a window that sticks, or making a dull fire burn, how the mean little self within us looks for some little credit ! Nothing but the real presence of Christ makes us little in our own eyes, and it is only the little ones who are really God's royal ones.

Saul and his servant were brought into the chief room and the chief place ; and a specially reserved portion was set before Saul,

HONOR UPON HONOR

was shown him. After the meal was over, Samuel communed with Saul. It was with Samuel as when Elijah anointed Elisha in his room ; the people of Israel were the children of the old prophet, and he was a father to them, and now they were to pass into the hands of another. They arose early, probably neither had slept much that night. "And Samuel called Saul to the top of the house, saying, Up, that I may send thee away." They walked together, the old man and the young one, until they came to the end of the city. Then "Samuel said to Saul, Bid the servant pass on before us (and he passed on), but stand thou still awhile, that I may show thee the word of God. Then Samuel took a vial of oil, and poured it upon his head, and kissed him, and said, Is it not because the Lord hath anointed thee to be captain over His inheritance ?" In God's eye Saul was already king, although the people as yet had not proclaimed him as such, and many eyes might see in him only Saul, the son of Kish. And thus with God's heirs ; many do not see heaven's royalty in a hack-driver, a servant-maid, an errand-boy, a poorhouse inmate, a converted pariah in India, yet the Lord's anointing may be upon them, visible to Him and to those who see from His standpoint.

Then Samuel gave Saul the most minute instructions ; telling him all the incidents which should happen on his journey, for he was himself instructed of God about all these things. Oh, what glimpses we get of the loving care of our Father, even in what seem to be trifles ! First Saul would meet two men who would tell him that the asses were found, and that his father had become anxious about him. But he was not therefore to return home ; "Thou shalt go on forward from thence :" mightier matters were awaiting him, he must not allow even family claims to hinder. Then at Mount Tabor he should find three men who would meet him with bread and wine. There may be some great significance in this, Saul was to receive two loaves of bread, but it is not said that the wine was offered him. If the bread and wine are types of the life and nature of Christ, and Saul partook in part only, this may account for a man whose heart was changed, who was turned into another man, so completely falling away from God as he did.

From Tabor he was to go on to the Philistine garrison on "the hill of God," and there a company of prophets with musical instruments should meet him, "and they shall prophesy. And the Spirit of the Lord will come upon thee, and thou shalt prophesy with them, and shalt be turned into another man. And it shall come to pass that when these signs are come unto thee, do for thee

AS THINE HAND SHALL FIND ;

for God is with thee" (margin). All this seems to have been promised Saul without any seeking on his own part, he simply fell in with the will of God. Yet a certain responsibility was laid upon him ; as soon as the Spirit of God came upon him, he was to do as his hand should find. "Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might ; for there is no work, nor device, nor knowledge, nor wisdom, in the grave, whither thou goest" (Eccl. 9 : 10). Oh, how often we fail to do what our hand finds to do, how often the fear of man or fear of consequences has hindered God's children from co-operating with the Holy Ghost ! Saul was then to go down to Gilgal where Samuel would meet him and offer sacrifices, and he was to tarry seven days until the prophet should come. "And it was so, that, when he had turned his back to go from Samuel, God gave him another heart : and all those signs came to pass that day." When he met the band of prophets, he, who had probably been quite indifferent hitherto, began to prophesy among them. This seems to have set people talking, the change must have been most apparent, his acquaintances asked one another what was come to him, so that it became a proverb, "Is Saul also among the prophets ?" Curiosity was aroused—and relations are always the most curious of all—Saul's uncle cross-questioned him about his journey, but could extract nothing from him but the story of the asses.

THE NATIONAL CONVENTION.

At last Samuel came and "called the people together *unto the Lord* to Mizpeh," and then addressed them on the part of God, "Thus saith the Lord God of Israel, *I* brought up Israel out of Egypt, and delivered you out of the hand of the Egyptians, and out of the hand of all kingdoms, and of them that oppressed you ; and ye have this day *rejected your God*; who Himself saved you out of all your adversities and your tribulations : and ye have said unto Him, Nay, but set a king over us." It must have been with subdued hearts and with a deep sense of shame that the people presented themselves by tribes and thousands that lots might be cast and their king chosen. The lot fell upon Saul, but he was not to be found, and instead of seeking him "they inquired of the Lord." It is a common saying that "God will help those who help themselves," and many count it almost sacrilege to ask God where to find a lost person or thing, yet He did not blame Samuel and the people for doing so, but answered at once that Saul had hidden himself among the stuff. An instinctive shrinking, which we can well understand, had led him to be absent from the assembly when he was chosen king. "They ran and fetched him thence : and when he stood among the people, he was higher than any of the people from his shoulders and upward. And Samuel said to all the people, See ye him whom the Lord hath chosen, that there is none like him among all the people ? And all the people shouted, and said, God save the king." Thus

THEY HAD THEIR WAY,

they had the best among them, to outward eyes, for their king, but the sad sad fact became history, and has been handed down through three thousand years that they had rejected the Lord as their king.

"Then Samuel told the people the manner of the kingdom." In Deut. 17 : 14-20 we see how God had made provision against the time when His people should dwell in the land, and should say, "I will set a king over me, like as all the nations that are about me." First the Lord ordained that *no stranger should rule* over them, and without doubt this law gave rise to the question about the tribute money, "Is it lawful to give tribute unto Cæsar, or not ?" (Matt. 22 : 17.) "Thou shalt in any wise set him king over thee, whom the Lord thy God shall choose : one from among thy brethren." The second law was that the king should not multiply horses to himself, nor cause the people to return to Egypt with the object of obtaining horses. Was not this in order that the people having no mounted soldiery should trust the Lord to fight their battles for them ? The third law was that the king should not multiply wives unto himself, the fourth, that he should not greatly multiply to himself silver and gold.

Thus the Lord made provision that the chosen King of Israel should be dependent, humble, pure, that he should be preserved from self-dependence and self-exaltation, that he should be an intelligent but faithful instrument in the hands of God. And, moreover, a final rule was made, "And it shall be, when he sitteth upon the throne of his kingdom, that he shall write him a copy of this law in a book, out of that which is before the priests the Levites ; and it shall be with him, and he shall read therein all the days of his life ; that he may learn to fear the Lord his God, to keep all the words of this law, and these statutes, to do them :

THAT HIS HEART BE NOT LIFTED UP

above his brethren, and that he turn not aside from the commandment, to the right hand or to the left : to the end that he may prolong his days in his kingdom, he, and his children, in the midst of Israel." Such was the manner of the kingdom which Samuel told the people and "wrote in a book and laid it up before the Lord." Then Saul went home, not as he had left his home a few days before, now he was a changed man and an anointed king, with a body-guard of "men whose hearts God had touched." And at first all seemed to go well. When men of Belial despised him he held his peace, and it seemed as though the change might be good for the country ; but as we shall see later this good beginning did not last. The Lord teach us how to bear prosperity, Amen.

FOREIGN TOPICS.

The French Government Appear Anxious to settle the Madagascar difficulty. M. Ferry, the Prime Minister, has ignored his Foreign secretary, whose blunders in the Madagascar negotiations and in those relating to Tonquin have been notorious, and has conducted the arrangements with the ministers of other countries in person. Lord Granville has been assured that ample compensation to English subjects in Madagascar for trade damages will be made. M. Ferry also communicated through Lord Lyons to the British Government the draft of the treaty prepared for presentation to the Hovas, which is stated to be in such a form that England can recommend its acceptance. M. Challemel-Lacour has offered his resignation to M. Grévy, which the latter has postponed accepting until after the Chambers meet.

The Consequences of the Insult Offered to the King of Spain by the Parisian mob are still agitating the courts of Europe. On October 10th a despatch from the Paris correspondent of the London *Standard* said: "There is strong apprehension that if Spain does not obtain satisfaction for the insults to King Alfonso, Germany will interpose and exact it. It is asserted that Germany will require an apology as well as Spain. The report of the refusal of France to make further reparation has been confirmed." On Thursday the Spanish Cabinet, being unable to extract any further apology from France or to induce M. Grévy, the President of the French Republic, to act the manly and straightforward part of publishing the apology he had privately tendered to King Alfonso, resigned their offices. It is not known if their successors will press their demands upon France. Meanwhile the French Government affect to regard the incident as at an end, and with characteristic conceit glory in their conduct. M. Ferry, in a speech delivered on Saturday at Rouen, alluded to the apology made to King Alfonso for the treatment he received in Paris. He said President Grévy had shown with what serene majesty the chief of a republic can repair the errors of an unthinking crowd. He dwelt upon the advantages enjoyed by a practicable, sensible and prudent but not blustering republic. It may be hoped that some day France may have an opportunity of becoming practically acquainted with those advantages, if she can get rid of the men who now control her policy.

The Prospects of a Final Withdrawal of British troops from Egypt are strong, in spite of the clamor being raised by an influential part of the press for annexation of the country. General Sir Evelyn Wood has offered, with the help of native troops alone, to answer for the preservation of order in the Nile Valley. The London *Times* has published a statement that General Wood was willing that the bulk of the English troops should come home. The government will be likely to accept the offer gladly to rid themselves of a serious responsibility; nevertheless the evacuation cannot be completed until Parliament is consulted. It is probable that two or three regiments will remain to give confidence to Europeans. General Wood speaks enthusiastically of the native army.

A Conservative Campaign in Ireland has been conducted during the past week by Sir Stafford Northcote, the leader of the party in the House of Commons. It was an arduous undertaking to convince Irishmen that the Conservatives were their friends, they having opposed all concession to Ireland for many years past. Sir Stafford Northcote appears to have failed ignominiously. Mr. G. W. Smalley cables to his journal that the Conservative statesman's visit is attended with disturbance, and has resulted only in a revival of religious and political fanaticism. His tour is of very doubtful value to the Conservative party. He has neither delivered a watchword nor offered a policy. There has been plenty of empty declamation to the effect that the Union must be maintained, but there has been *no reference to the Land Question*, and not even any discussion of the peasant proprietary schemes put forward by some of his supporters. The Parnellites make much of this. They say rightly that this is not the way to captivate Northern farmers nor to win the Northern counties for the Tories. Another correspondent describes the speeches delivered as revealing "an abyssmal barrenness of mind and expression."

The Trial of O'Donnell, the Murderer of the Irish informer, was set down for hearing on Monday last, but the lawyers for the defence were sanguine of securing a postponement. It is stated that the police have failed to obtain any evidence showing connection between O'Donnell, the slayer of James Carey, and the Irish Invincibles. The defence, which will be set up on the trial will be that of self-defence, and a positive denial that O'Donnell was actuated by any political motives in shooting Carey. Counsel for O'Donnell ask for the postponement of his trial on the ground that essential witnesses for the defence have not yet arrived in London.

Lord Lansdowne, the new Governor-General of Canada, and Lady Lansdowne sailed on October 12th for Quebec, on the steamer Circassian. The Mayor of Londonderry presented an address to Lord Lansdowne previous to the departure of the latter for Canada. Lord Lansdowne, in reply, dwelt at some length upon the fact that the Irish race comprised a large portion of the population of Canada. He eulogized his predecessors, Lords Dufferin and Lorne, whose administrations of the government of the Dominion of Canada, he said, would be his guide.

An Imposing Celebration of the Anniversary of the discovery of America took place in Madrid on October 12th. There was a splendid banquet in the Opera House, which was brilliantly illuminated and decorated with the flags and coats of arms of Spain and the republics of North and South America. All the representatives of the American republics were present. The company included statesmen, politicians of all parties, literary men, artists and diplomats. The four tiers of boxes were crowded with the *élite* of Madrid society. Speeches in several languages were delivered, interspersed with musical selections, and the festivities ended with the unveiling of a statue of Columbus, which stood on the stage at the head of the table.

Secret Societies Exist in China and Exercise power as irresistible as in Western countries. An incident which recently occurred illustrates the power of the Society of the White Lily, which is only one of many kindred societies. A Frenchman, who is the proprietor of a saw-mill in China, had a dispute with a native employé, and kicked him in the presence of his workmen. An hour afterward the bell rang for the dinner hour, and the Chinese workmen filed out as usual for their mid-day meal. But when the bell rang for the resumption of work, not one Chinaman returned. The Frenchman became uneasy, and entered the works. A short examination showed him that all his saws and bands had been broken, and that a notice from the Chinese secret society was posted on his mill-door, warning all Chinamen off. When he went home, he received a letter telling him that the secret society intended to punish him with death for what he had done. A little reflection convinced him that it would be better to leave the place, which he did instantly.

Tourguenieff, the Eminent Russian Author, was buried in St. Petersburg on October 9th amid signs of general public mourning. The corpse was brought from France, where the distinguished writer died. As it was borne into the city the windows, balconies, and roof-tops were occupied for a mile away. The bier, after the funeral service, was placed on a platform of heavy metal and silently borne to the car, which was drawn by six horses, and was placed under a gorgeous baldachin of gold, surmounted by plumes of white ostrich feathers. The cortége then started for the cemetery, which was surrounded by 5000 troops. Only persons provided with tickets were allowed to enter. They were composed of every class of Russian society. There were 176 deputations. Every portion of the empire was represented in the funeral procession. At the head walked the peasant serfs of the dead novelist, many of them weeping. Behind came a group of students, who had brought two banners, with anchors of hope and broken chains, emblematic of freedom, on them, but those were at once seized by the police. The gathering dispersed quietly, leaving the grave literally covered with wreaths and trophies, twenty-two of which were borne to the cemetery by women.

The Centennial Conference of the Evangelical Alliance is to be held in Norwich, England. Papers are to be read on such subjects as the following: "The Religious Indifference Existing among Various Classes," "The Public Ministry of the Word of God," "The Influence of Martin Luther upon the Protestant Reformation, and the Present Condition and Needs of the Reformation Churches." Among those who are to take part in the work before the Conference are Lord Polwarth, the Rev Dr. Oswald Dykes, and the Rev. Dr. John Stoughton, the famous ecclesiastical historian.

Miss Booth, the Leader of the Salvation Army on the Continent of Europe, has been ordered to leave Switzerland with her colleagues. A brief cable message states that after Miss Booth and Miss Charlesworth were released from prison, a meeting was called to demand of the authorities the expulsion of the Salvation Army from the country. Two thousand persons were present. The proceedings were conducted in an orderly manner. A resolution demanding the expulsion of the English Salvationists was adopted. The Councillor of State was present, and said that the body to which he belonged would do its duty and close the gates of Switzerland to those who were trading upon her hospitality. The State Council thereupon issued a decree expelling from the country the two ladies and all foreigners suspected of an intention to organize meetings in Switzerland.

Preparations for Celebrating the Centenary of Sir Moses Montefiore are being made by Jews in all parts of the world. The distinguished Hebrew philanthropist will be one hundred years old if he lives until October 2d, 1884. It is proposed to present him with a testimonial to which Jews of all nationalities will be invited to subscribe. The venerable baronet during his long life has been an active and munificent friend of his race.

The Difficulties in the Way of an Aristocratic wedding under monarchical government are illustrated in a recent report from England. A younger son of the Duke of Argyll, wishing to marry an untitled lady, of course asked his father's consent. The duke is said to have replied that personally he had no objection to the match; but in view of the fact that his eldest son had espoused a daughter of the Queen, he thought it right to ask Her Majesty's consent. The Queen referred the question to the petty German princelet, who has acted as her adviser since her bereavement. The princelet submitted the question to his sovereign, the Emperor of Germany, who after consultation with his chancellor was graciously pleased to give his approval, and it was thus eventually decided that the marriage might take place.

The Prophetic News and Israel's Watchman (London) for October contains: "The Second Advent and its Glorious Epiphany," by Rev. W. Frith; "Judah and Israel," by Dr. Henry Meymott; "Fallen Angels: their Position in Past, Present and Future Ages," by Rev. T. J. Malyon, LL.B.; "The Great Pyramid;" "The Proposed Palestine Canal," and other papers on unfulfilled prophecy with a summary of passing events viewed from a prophetic point of view. Price six cents, annual subscription seventy cents. Back numbers of this periodical *for this year* may be had from the office of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, 63 Bible House, New York, N. Y.

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FATHER GAVAZZI,

The "Peter the Hermit" of Italy.

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THE eminent Italian orator, whose portrait appears this week on the frontispiece of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, is known in his own country as *Pietro Eremita*, or "Peter the Hermit." This name was given him because the fervor of his eloquence and the resistless energy of his preaching aroused the better principles and the religious spirit of the whole country. Thirty years ago the condition of Italy was deplorable. She had sunk into a state in which the grand traditions of ancient Rome were a reproach to her. The land whence the legions of Cæsar went forth to conquer the world was divided into a number of petty States, weak and poor. The land in which had been born great poets, painters, historians, and statesmen was sunk into corruption and degradation, and the people were ignorant, superstitious, and priest-ridden; it seemed as if the history of Italy as a nation had closed. People asked, "Is the nation dead? Can national life be evoked from bones so dry?"

There were patriots who believed that there was a future for Italy, and they looked longingly for a national deliverer. But no human being could achieve that task. It needed such a man as the prophet Samuel to deliver Italy from the slough in which she lay. And in our day there are no such men. But the work that was too great for one man could be achieved by the

UNITED EFFORTS

of several. There was needed *an enthusiast*, whom we usually call a fanatic; and Mazzini, the devoted, self-sacrificing patriot, appeared. *A soldier*, brave, determined, intrepid was required; and Garibaldi was ready. *A statesman*, wary, adroit, astute was indispensable; and Cavour was raised up. Finally *an evangelist* was demanded who could tell the people the way to spiritual emancipation and of the truth that could make them free; and Gavazzi stood forth, prepared of God for the work. Under God, Italy owes to those four men—Mazzini, Garibaldi, Cavour, and Gavazzi—her unity and all that she now enjoys of civil and religious liberty. She could have dispensed with neither of the four. Three of them did their share of the work and departed from the world; the fourth, whose mission is incomplete and whose labors are still sorely needed, Gavazzi, the God-sent, spiritual deliverer, still lives and toils for the spiritual enlightenment of his country.

Alessandro Gavazzi, who is now *seventy-four years old, was born* in 1809 at Bologna, where his father was an eminent barrister and judge, and he had *nineteen brothers and sisters*, who were all of tall and commanding figures like himself. He was educated at the university of his native place, but at the age of only sixteen years he

BECAME A MONK

of the Barnabite order (one section of *the frontispiece* represents him in his convent cell engaged in Bible study), and four years later he was appointed Professor of Rhetoric at Naples, where he laid the foundation of his reputation as an orator. The qualities at the base of Father Gavazzi's character are thoroughness and earnestness of purpose, and he displayed these characteristics at the outset of his public career by a style of preaching which could not have failed to excite attention. Setting light by church forms and ceremonies, he alarmed his fellow-priests by urging *purity of life* and practice, and boldly denounced the corrupt court of Pope Gregory XVI., a proceeding for which he was imprisoned and kept there till the death of that Pope.

On the accession of Pius IX., Gavazzi was one of the foremost supporters of the liberal policy with which that Pope began his pontificate. But when he went in person to Rome, and labored for the diffusion of political enlightenment and patriotic aspirations among the masses, the timid Pope drew back and even forbade him to preach.

SERMON IN UNIVERSITY CHURCH.

On January 22d, 1848, however, after the effort of the Italian patriots to deliver their country had been checked by the Austrians, Gavazzi could not resist the temptation to break silence. His friend and fellow-exile, Signor Nicolini, thus refers to the occasion. He says: "We were praying to God in our University Church for our brethren who had been slaughtered by the Austrians at Milan and at Mantua. The church was full to suffocation; the ceremony most affecting. All the studious youths, and all the noble and illustrious citizens of Rome, attired in deep mourning and bearing branches of cypress on the breasts of their coats, were present. In devout and profound silence we were listening to the solemn chants with which the church echoed, when, all of a sudden, a unanimous cry was heard from the audience for Gavazzi, who was present to ascend the pulpit. He did so (*see frontispiece*), and I never heard him more eloquent."

The people were powerfully stirred, and the movement commenced there spread rapidly. A legion of volunteers numbering 16,000 was raised, and they took an oath to drive the Austrians out of Italy. The Pope, carried away by the movement, sent Gavazzi his blessing, and appointed him almoner and *grand chaplain of the forces*. The night before they started, the fiery leader preached to 30,000 people in the Coliseum. But the Pope soon changed his mind and recalled the legion, and then Gavazzi and the more determined of the soldiers refused to obey. In Florence, Genoa, and Bologna he preached his patriotic mission and made collections for his followers, and one oration, delivered to a vast assemblage in the city of Venice, produced twenty thousand dollars. Men emptied their purses on the platform; women took off their jewels, and even *cut off their hair* as contributions to the popular cause.

BATTLE WITH AUSTRIANS.

Meanwhile the Austrian troops were pouring down on the Venetian territory The Italians met them at Cornuda. Throughout all the horrors of the war, Gavazzi never deserted his post, and in every fierce encounter he was to be seen among the foremost, exhorting and encouraging the men before the fight, and after it, giving every kind of consolation to those who had been sufferers. At Treviso Gavazzi was seen supporting on his bosom a wounded man. The bullets were falling like hail. The grape-shot was making sad havoc. Charles Gavazzi trembled for his brother, and cried out to him, "Alessandro! Alessandro! do not expose yourself. Go behind that tree!" (*See frontispiece.*) The fearless monk stirred not from the spot. The patriots were obliged to retreat; but Gavazzi did not move till he had seen the last wounded man safe in an ambulance. He then fled to Genoa.

Gavazzi, however, did not remain long inactive. In November, 1848, Europe was electrified by the news of

THE FLIGHT OF THE POPE

from Rome. The tyranny of the priests, which the Pope at first attempted to check, but ultimately was compelled to connive at, drove the people of Rome into insurrection. There were grave charges of vice and sinful indulgence brought against cardinals and lower officials of the papal court, but these the Romans would have left unnoticed except that such charges brought the government into contempt. It was the impossibility of obtaining justice in the courts, the knowledge that the taxes levied were applied to the support of luxury and were stolen and squandered by officials that exasperated the people. They rose in rebellion and the Pope had to fly for his life. Gavazzi immediately returned to Rome.

No sooner had the Pope fled than in the Vatican was the first dungeon to be thrown open to the free air of truth and gladness, and cleansed of its *holy* enormities. The cry went forth, "To the Vatican." And thither those brave and noble hearts hastened with choking vengeance and mutterings of terrible wrath, foremost in their midst Gavazzi—the *only* priest permitted, being a liberal, to share the honor of unlocking the dreadful Golgotha (*see frontispiece*). A Republic was proclaimed, and Gavazzi was one of the most popular of the leaders. But in April of the following year a French expedition took possession of the city, after a siege of thirty days, and reinstated Pius in his place; and the patriot was glad to escape to England, where, as well as in the chief towns of Scotland, he delivered numerous addresses, in the English language, on the political aims of his country. He also visited the United States and Canada.

But during his travels in Protestant lands Gavazzi, who had all his life preferred the spirit of Christianity to the letter of it, had come under the influence of the untrammelled Gospel, and had undergone that change of heart which Christ called

CONVERSION.

To quote the words of his secretary, Dr. Thompson, "he now saw clearly that no mere *patriotism* could give to Italy or any other country the future it needed. Henceforth, leaving political affairs to others, he devoted himself to the spiritual regeneration of his people. Born to be a leader among men, beloved and revered by all who knew him, swaying multitudes *like flames moved by the wind*, he cast behind him every dream of earthly ambition, and became simply and only a herald of the cross." Accordingly, when Italy became united and the Government of Rome was wrested from the Pope in 1870, and religious liberty was proclaimed throughout Italy, he appeared there as the foremost of its evangelists.

Various denominations of England and America, as well as several indigenous reformed churches, hastened to open missions in the field which had for centuries been under the sway of Rome; but it was not till 1870 that a successful effort was made to unite the different bodies. In that year Gavazzi induced the prosperous and influential congregation of Milan to invite delegates from the other congregations to meet them in General Assembly, and the result was the formation of

THE FREE CHRISTIAN CHURCH

of Italy with a Declaration of Principles and a Constitution, each particular church, in its *local affairs* standing independent of all the others. According to its constitution the Free Church is governed by its General Assembly, which is composed of deputies from the particular churches, and which has met every year since 1870. A *Declaration of Principles* unanimously adopted by the first General Assembly at Milan contains the articles of belief in evangelical churches.

The *statistics* of the Church, which was started with only 23 small congregations and 400 communicants, are as follows: 15 ordained ministers, 15 evangelists, 49 elders, 67 deacons, 11 deaconesses, 1800 communicants, 265 catechumens, 724 Sabbath-school children, 1328 pupils in day and night schools, 21 teachers in the day schools, 1593 regular hearers of the Gospel, 1261 additional occasional hearers at each service, 36 churches, and 35 out-stations more or less frequently visited. The contributions of these churches in 1879, for evangelization alone, amounted to 1855.01 francs ($343.18), and the total sum collected for all objects was 12,223 francs ($2261.25).

There is a theological school in Rome with 17 candidates for the ministry. Father Gavazzi is their instructor in "sacred oratory" (homiletics), and the Rev. Mr. Henderson, of the Free Church of Scotland, is Professor of Theology. Over the door is the inscription, in Italian, English, and German, "The Free Church in Italy."

Father Gavazzi has been *five times* excom-

gether to thank the Author of their changed circumstances, they did not fail to remember in prayer the homes still cursed with the drink. "God save the drunkards," pleaded Joe, and his wife and children said "Amen," with all their hearts. And as the days rolled on and their bright home grew brighter, "God save the drunkard" was their cry still. And shall not we, too, my dear reader, as we lay down this simple little story of "Joe Curtis's battle fought and won," say also, "God save the drunkard?"

THE PRIESTHOOD OF MELCHISEDEC.

ITS MILLENNIAL CHARACTER.

By the late Rev. William Maude.

(*Continued from page 662.*)

THE FINAL STRUGGLE.

2. AGAIN, the Millennial character of the priesthood of Melchisedec is, it seems to me, indicated by the fact that it was after the slaughter of the Canaanitish kings that Abraham was met and blessed by Melchisedec. Now this slaughter of the four kings (*four* being the world number) is evidently typical of the last great conflict, in the vicinity of Jerusalem, of which Zechariah speaks (Zech. 14 : 2–5).

Thus, also, in the 110th Psalm, after the mention of the Melchisedec priesthood of the King Messiah, the Psalmist goes on to say, addressing Jehovah: "The Lord at thy right hand shall strike through kings in the day of His wrath. He shall judge among the nations: He shall fill the places with the dead bodies: He shall wound the head (the Hebrew singular) over divers countries;" "evidently referring," says Dr. De Burgh, "to the same defeat of Antichrist and his confederate subject kings predicted in Psalm 2—so strikingly parallel to this - and more fully in Rev. 19 : 11 to the end, in connection with the Second Advent of Christ, in which event the type shall have a further fulfilment; for, as it is recorded that it was 'on the return of Abraham from the slaughter of the kings' that Melchisedec, the king-priest, 'met and blessed him' (Heb. 8 : 1, with Gen. 14 : 17–20), so is the true Melchisedec revealed to bless His people on the occasion of their triumph over the powers of the world, by whom, at that time, they will be oppressed and held captive."

CHRIST'S REGAL PRIESTHOOD.

3. But most especially and unmistakably is the Millennial character of the Melchisedec priesthood proved by the fact that it is *a regal priesthood*. It is written, as we have seen, concerning Melchisedec, not only that he was "first (by interpretation of his name) *King of Righteousness*, and after that *King of Salem*, which is, *King of Peace*;" but also, that he was at the same time "the priest of the most high God." Now all this is luminously descriptive of the King Messiah. For these three titles—"*King of Righteousness*," by interpretation of the name Melchisedec; "*King of Salem*," afterward Jerusalem (Ps. 76 : 2; Gen. 14 : 18); and "*King of Peace*," are not titles appertaining to Christ's kingdom in the heavens, but to the future kingdom of Messiah on earth, as foretold by the prophets.

Christ will be "King of Righteousness" in those yet future days of which the Lord speaks, by Jeremiah: "Behold, the day is come, saith the Lord, that I will raise unto David a *righteous* branch, and *a king* shall reign and prosper, and shall execute judgment and justice in the earth. In His days Judah shall be saved, and Israel shall dwell safely; and this is His name whereby He shall be called,

THE LORD OUR RIGHTEOUSNESS"

(Jer. 23 : 5, 6). He will be "King of Salem," when, as the same Prophet says, "They shall call *Jerusalem* the *throne* of the Lord; and all the nations shall be gathered unto it, to the name of the Lord, *to Jerusalem*: neither shall they walk any more after the imagination of their evil heart" (3 : 17); and when, as predicted in Ps. 110, "Jehovah shall send the rod of His strength *out of Zion*;" and, lastly, "King of Peace," when, as the antitype of Solomon, whose name also, being interpreted, is "Peace," He shall sit upon "the throne of His father David;" and the glowing language of Isaiah shall be fulfilled: "Unto us a Child is born, unto us a Son is given; and the government shall be upon His shoulder; and His name shall be called Wonderful, Counsellor, the Mighty God, the Everlasting Father, the PRINCE OF PEACE" (Isa. 9 : 6).

THE PRIEST-KING ON THE THRONE.

But "this Melchisedec" was not only "King of Salem," but at the same time "the Priest of the most high God." And so we read, concerning the King Messiah, in the sixth chapter of Zechariah (vs. 12, 13): "Thus speaketh the Lord of hosts, saying, Behold the man whose name is the Branch; and He shall grow up out of His place, and He shall build the temple of the Lord; even He shall build the temple of the Lord; and He shall bear the glory, and shall sit and rule upon His throne; and *He shall be a Priest upon His throne*: and the counsel of peace shall be between them both." Christ is *now* indeed our great High Priest (Heb. 8 : 1, 2).

But He is not as yet *a priest upon His throne*. In the coming age, however, He shall indeed be a King-Priest, after the likeness of Melchisedec, having not only *pardon* to bestow upon His friends, but also *power* to deal with His enemies; and the blessed result of this joint exercise of the priestly and kingly functions will be "*peace*;" "the counsel (or mystery) of peace shall be between them both;" that is, *between the two offices as exercised in conjunction*. In other words, that peace which was heretofore sought in vain by the separate exercise of the priestly and kingly power, of king, as in the case of Israel, and of priest, as in the case of the Christian Church, shall then at last be perfectly secured by the concurrence of the two offices, in active exercise, in the one Messiah. For, when Christ, as the Priest-King—the antitype of Melchisedec—shall sit on the throne of His glory, the "counsel" of God shall be realized in the establishment of "peace," alike for the Church, Israel, and the world at large.

THE "DAY OF CHRIST."

Again, a very interesting *confirmation* of the view advocated in this paper is afforded by our Lord's remarkable declaration to the Jews, which we find recorded in the eighth chapter of St. John's Gospel: "Your father Abraham rejoiced to see My day, and *he saw it*; and was glad" (verse 56). Now, by the "day" of Christ we are not, I apprehend, to understand, as is too generally done, the days of His humiliation, but the day of His glory; the same "day of Christ," in fact, which is spoken of in Phil. 1 : 10 and 1 Cor 1 : 8; the "day of the Lord" in contradistinction to "man's day" (II Peter 3 : 10; 1 Cor. 4 : 3, *margin*). It was this later day of Christ that Abraham rejoiced to see; "and," our Lord adds emphatically, "*he saw it* and was glad."

But *how* or *when* did He thus see it? Here commentators are much divided in opinion. But if the expression simply means, as many suppose, no more than that He had by faith a prophetic foresight of the future glory of Christ—the second clause of the verse just repeating the first—what pertinence was there in the retort of the Jews, "Thou art not yet fifty years old, and hast thou seen Abraham?" (verse 57). "And if it mean that Abraham was *then beholding*, in his disembodied spirit, the incarnate Messiah, as Stier, Tholuck, Alford, etc., understand it, the words seem very unsuitable.

"Plainly it speaks of something *past*—he *saw* (*eide*) My day, and *was* glad (*echare*); that is, surely, while he lived." I am disposed, therefore, to understand the assertion as referring to *this very meeting* between Abraham and Melchisedec, and to the practical confession by the latter of his inferiority. For if we look at the preceding context of the chapter in which our Lord makes this statement, we shall see, from the 53d verse, that the question which was in controversy between Christ and the Jews was the superiority or otherwise of Abraham over Himself. "Art thou greater than our father Abraham," etc. Now where in the history of Abraham, as recorded in the Bible, can we discover so striking an instance in which, on the one hand, the patriarch "saw the day of Christ," and on the other, confessed his own inferiority to Him, as when he bowed himself before Melchisedec, the priest-king, "made like unto the Son of God," who, in the realization of the Divine purpose, shall be, in the coming Millennial age, "a priest for the age, after the order of Melchisedec?"

MELCHISEDEC'S OFFERING.

But, lastly, the nature of Melchisedec's offering—if offering it was—of "bread and wine," points to the same conclusion. The Apostle Paul, speaking of the Aaronic priesthood, says, "For every high priest taken from among men is ordained for men in things pertaining to God, that He may offer both gifts and *sacrifices* for sins" (Heb. 5 : 1). But in the case of Melchisedec we have the apparent anomaly of a priest *without any sacrifice*, save the eucharistic offering of bread and wine. Can he, then, in this aspect, be supposed to adumbrate the priesthood of Him who, not "by the blood of goats and calves, but by His own blood, entered in once for all into the holy place, having obtained eternal redemption for us?" (Heb. 9 : 12).

The answer is—yes, *provided His Millennial priesthood be typified*. Christ entered the most holy place, not made with hands, even heaven itself, as the antitype of Aaron; and as such He entered as an atoning Priest "not without blood." But when He comes forth again, it is not as the antitype of Aaron, but as the antitype of Melchisedec—a priest without any bleeding sacrifice whereby to make atonement, but whose offering is acceptable on the ground of a perfect and everlasting sacrifice already made. "So," says the apostle, "Christ was once offered to bear the sins of many; and unto them that look for Him shall He appear the second time without a sin-offering unto salvation" (Heb. 9 : 28).

Thus even the "bread and wine" which Melchisedec "brought forth," acquire new significance when viewed in the light of this interpretation. There is no evidence to show that they were intended merely for the purpose of refreshment; on the contrary, Abraham distinctly mentions (verse 24) that the young men had already eaten of the spoil. It seems to follow, therefore, that the bread and wine were intended to have a mystical significance—that they were, in fact, the elements of an eucharistic offering. And, thus viewed, they again seem to point, at least indirectly, to the Millennial character of Christ's Melchisedec priesthood. For as they naturally, though not perhaps designedly, direct our thoughts to the use of

THE IDENTICAL EMBLEMS

in the great Christian ordinance of the Lord's Supper, wherein "as oft as we eat the bread and drink the cup, we do show forth the Lord's death *till He come*" (1 Cor. 11 : 26), so does that ordinance in turn remind us of the memorable words of our blessed Redeemer on the occasion of its first institution, when, having taken the cup and given thanks, He said, "I will not drink henceforth of this fruit of the vine, *until that day when I drink it new with you in my Father's kingdom*" (Matt 26 : 29).

On the ground, then, of a *fivefold* analogy (1) that our Lord as the antitype of Melchisedec is to be "a priest for the age;" (2) that it was when Abraham was returning from the slaughter of the kings that Melchisedec met and blessed him; (3) that the Millennial priesthood of Christ will be one exercised in conjunction with kingship; (4) that it is probably in reference to His meeting with Melchisedec that Abraham is said to have seen Christ's day; and (5) that Melchisedec was a priest without a sacrifice, while the bread and wine which he brought forth were, as in the Lord's Supper, predictive of Millennial blessings—I arrive at the conclusion that it is in His coming kingdom that Christ shall hereafter be manifested as "a priest for the age, after the order of Melchisedec."

CHRISTIAN HERALD AND SIGNS OF OUR TIMES.

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THE MANAGER,

CHRISTIAN HERALD, 63 Bible House, New York.

A Postal-Card from Baltimore, Signed "A Southern Reader," has been received at the office of this paper. The writer, who states that he "speaks the feelings of many readers of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD," very kindly gives advice as to the conduct of the paper and its political attitude. THE CHRISTIAN HERALD is at all times thankful for suggestions, though it is not always possible to use them. Our Baltimore friend, whose orthography, like his temper, is somewhat peculiar, would have seen, if he had read the paper attentively, that it could not be used for the advocacy of the policy he mentions. THE CHRISTIAN HERALD is not, never has been, and, so long as it continues under its present management, never will be, a political organ. It takes, however, an impartial interest in political affairs, and while it does not indorse or advocate the policy of either the Republican or Democratic party, it gives information as to the doings of both, and reserves to itself the right, as occasion may demand, to approve or condemn the conduct of either. It also urges its readers to do their duty as Christian patriots in laboring earnestly to secure for this great country a righteous and efficient government, believing that they incur a serious responsibility when, through ignorance or apathy, they permit such cases of national iniquity as have occurred during the past ten years to be consummated without making vigorous protest. The present degradation of politics will continue so long as Christian men hold aloof and refrain from exercising their rights to prevent sin being committed in the name of the whole people (Prov. 14 : 34).

CURRENT EVENTS.

The Prohibition Amendment in Ohio, According to recent reports, failed of adoption by 35,397 votes. The law required that the amendment should receive a vote equal to a majority of all cast at the election. As it received 320,454, and the total vote cast was 711,681, there was a majority against it of 70,793. These are not the official figures, but they have been carefully gathered, and are not likely to be materially changed by the official count. It is stated that fully one-third of the Prohibition vote was cast by Democrats. The Prohibitionists have no reason to be dispirited by their failure. A vote of 320,454 in the great State of Ohio indicates remarkable progress of temperance principles. In entering upon another campaign they may draw encouragement from the fact that it needed the change of less than a tenth of the votes cast against them to have given them the victory this year.

The Governor of Utah, the Hon. Eli Murray, confirms the statement of Dr. Talmage and other observers that there is no hope of suppressing polygamy except in military force. In a despatch to Secretary Teller, received on October 15th, Governor Murray, after describing the conspiracy which exists in Utah to defy Congress, the President, and the Supreme Court, says: "I am impelled to warn you, my Secretary, and through you the country, of dangers that beset the country, and to make an earnest appeal for the adjustment of all wrongs, and the establishment of good government in Utah by Congress, and, I may be pardoned for saying, I believe it to be its duty to do this quickly. The history of all States demonstrates that times come when military aid is necessary to support the civil authority. I know of no reason that takes Utah out of the rule. The Utah militia organized under the law and the proper proclamation of my predecessors, but purposely organized to be independent of Federal authority, is not and cannot be made available. It therefore only remains for this Territory that the military forces of the United States be made available, and I present, with the necessity, the recommendation that it be made lawful for soldiers of the United States to be used for the execution of processes out of the courts of the United States, in the hands of the United States Marshal of Utah, and that their services, in case of riot, of insurrection, of domestic violence, and for the preservation of the peace, may more readily be made effective than under the present provision of law." It remains now for Congress to decide whether it will allow its laws and the Governor to be openly defied, or place in the hands of the Executive the power to enforce the law by United States troops. There appears to be no other alternative.

An Important Decision was Rendered by the Supreme Court of the United States on October 15th. A number of cases have been submitted to it from different parts of the country, with the view of testing the constitutionality of the Civil Rights Act. The decision now given, declaring that famous act unconstitutional, is likely to lead to considerable agitation. The act provided that all persons within the jurisdiction of the United States should be entitled to equal accommodations and privileges in inns, public conveyances on land and water, and in theatres and other places of public amusement, subject only to conditions established by law and applicable alike to persons of every race and color. Penalties were provided for violations of the rights defined, and provisions were made for their enforcement in the Federal courts. The court has now decided that Congress had no power under the thirteenth or fourteenth amendment to pass the act, or to legislate directly in the matter, but only to interfere for the protection of citizens in cases in which a State passed laws nullifying the amendment. This decision does not apply to Territories or to the District of Columbia, but only to States.

The Centennial Celebration at Newburg on October 18th was a complete success. The event commemorated was the proclamation of peace on October 18th, 1783, between the colonies and George III., King of Great Britain. Fully 25,000 persons assembled in the space in front of Washington's Headquarters, where a stand had been erected from which spoke the orators of the day. A genial and hearty speech from Senator Bayard, of Delaware, and an eloquent address by Hon. W. M. Evarts were the chief features of the celebration. The day was one long to be remembered in Newburg, and in spite of the long processions it passed off harmoniously.

The Anxiety Generally Felt as to the Fate of Lieutenant Greely and his companions will be somewhat relieved by the report of Lieutenant Garlington, published last week. In reviewing the situation of Lieutenant Greely and his party, Lieutenant Garlington says: "I am of the opinion that if Lieutenant Greely should reach Littleton Island this season, he will divide his people among the different Esquimaux settlements, and the stores he will find on his line of retreat supplemented by the game of that region, will be sufficient food for his party during the coming winter. Unless the condition of the ice permits Lieutenant Greely to leave Discovery Harbor in his boats, I do not think he will attempt the journey to Littleton Island this season. Previous experience shows that a sledge journey in the fall of the year in that latitude is attended with so many difficulties as to make it almost impossible. He has at Discovery Harbor a good house, plenty of fuel and provisions, with what game the country affords to carry him to next spring. He could then start South as early as the state of the season permitted, and reach Cape Sabine without much comparative difficulty. This will, in my opinion, be the course adopted by Lieutenant Greely unless he has found Lady Franklin Sound and Kennedy Channel free of ice, which is improbable."

An Interesting Service was Held on Sunday, October 14th, at Bedford, N. Y. Rev. S. Irenæus Prime, D.D., preached in the Presbyterian Church there a sermon celebrating the fiftieth anniversary of the delivery of his first sermon, which was preached from the same pulpit in 1833. Dr. Prime reviewed, in the course of his sermon the stirring events, national, social and religious, of the past half-century, during which he had been preaching and laboring in the cause of Christ. He said that fifty years ago there were only 1855 ministers in the Presbyterian Church. To-day there are 6288. The membership has increased from 233,580 in 1833 to 727,712 in 1883. The foreign missionary work of all the Protestant churches fifty years ago showed 67,775 converts. In 1880 there were 664,417. There is not a single minister living who was a member of the New York Presbytery when Dr. Prime joined.

Mrs. Shipman, the Gospel Temperance Evangelist, who has conducted with remarkable success the mission of the Blue Ribbon Gospel Army in York, England, is now visiting this country. During the past week she addressed meetings in New York City at the Florence Mission, the Twenty-seventh Street Midnight Mission, at Carmel Church, the Thirtieth Street Mission, and the M. E. Church in Forsyth Street. She will remain in New York a few weeks and will then visit Boston and other cities. Managers of missions desiring to avail themselves of her services during her visit may address her at the office of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, and their letters will be forwarded.

A New Time Standard has been Adopted by the Convention of Railroad Managers at Chicago, which will make a material difference in the arrangements of business men in many cities. Under the new system there are to be only four standards of time for the whole country, and these just one hour apart—namely, the seventy-fifth meridian, or eastern time, and ninetieth meridian, or central time; the one hundred and fifth meridian, or mountain time, and the one hundred and twentieth meridian, or Pacific time. These are substantially Philadelphia, St. Louis, and Denver times, the one hundred and twentieth meridian being as near Carson City as any other prominent point. New York time is four minutes faster than the eastern or seventy-fifth meridian time, and Philadelphia only one minute slower. Chicago time is nine minutes faster than the central, or ninetieth meridian time, and St. Louis only one minute slower. Denver is exactly on the one hundred and fifth meridian, and San Francisco just ten minutes slower than one hundred and twentieth meridian time.

The Benefits of the John F. Slater Fund were epitomized in the reports presented to the trustees at their annual meeting in New York last week. It appears that the fund's income for the current year is about $60,000, of which $20,000 has already been appropriated, $16,250 having been allotted to twelve institutions in Georgia, South Carolina, North Carolina, Alabama, Mississippi, Louisiana, and Tennessee. All of these institutions have undertaken to provide industrial training. The report recommends the appropriation of a sum not to exceed $1000 per annum for the benefit of students showing exceptional gifts, and a similar sum for the aid of young men who wish to prepare themselves for the practice of medicine among their people.

A Strange Discovery at an Autopsy Made in Washington, D. C., on October 19th, has caused some surprise. The autopsy was on the body of a boy about ten years old, who died suddenly on the day previous. The doctor who conducted the examination stated that the cause of death was an obstruction in the intestines. There were taken from them twenty large seeds of damsons, a copper cent, a nickel, a tooth, two buttons, and other indigestible articles." The boy's parents cannot understand why the boy should have swallowed such a miscellaneous collection of hardware as that found in his stomach by the physicians. There are many of our boys and girls using as mental food trash as little fit for the purpose as the articles the boy swallowed were fit for natural food; but in their case, there is this difference that the bad literature is assimilated only too easily (II Tim. 2 : 16).

A Curious Reason is Given for a Matrimonial separation in Rhode Island. The husband, it appears, has never used liquor, coffee, tea, or tobacco in any form during his life-time. He allowed his present wife to drink tea and coffee. It seems, however, that the lady *also uses snuff*, and her husband, on discovering the fact several months ago, gave her notice that persistence in the habit would bring about a separation. Finding, a few days ago, that she continued the use of the snuff-box, he took her into the city to the residence of a relative, and there left her, saying that no woman could live with him who used snuff. Both parties have sympathizers among their friends, but amid the general conflict of opinion, all agree that the matter should have been settled before marriage. It is this haste and carelessness in entering into the matrimonial relation which results in so many cases of conjugal unhappiness and divorce scandals. Such carelessness is to be deplored, especially in the case of Christians who, in marrying unconverted people, disobey the apostolic injunction (II Cor. 6 : 14).

Another Young Physician has Fallen a Victim to the opium habit. On Saturday last a New York physician, whose professional career had opened successfully, and who was regarded as a young man of much promise, died through the administration of an overdose of morphine. It is said that he was a great experimenter, and he experimented upon himself with hypodermic injections of morphine to learn the effect of the operation. To such an extent did he carry these experiments that he became a slave to the habit, and practised it continually to gratify his craving for the narcotic. His body was marked all over with the scars left by the injecting needle. He was physically and mentally a wreck from indulgence in the habit. Few people are aware how rapidly the use of this seductive drug is extending in this country, and how many professional men are slaves to its power. The majority of them acquired their first experience, as this young man did, through curiosity. It is with them as with young men who visit the haunts of vice that they "may see life;" they are caught and enslaved before they are aware (Prov. 4 : 14, 15).

A Magic Powder is Said to have Produced fatal results in New York last week. A German blacksmith residing in the city, who was suffering from malaria, was advised by a friend to consult a pretended sorcerer, who claims that he can cure diseases by laying on of hands, spells, and incantations. The blacksmith visited the magician, who said that he could cure him. He informed the blacksmith that he was endowed with magical powers which he had received from a dying Egyptian, the secrets of which were contained in *a volume written in blood*. He then, it is alleged, gave the man a brown powder which he told him to take the next day, and which would effect a certain cure. When the blacksmith returned home he related the particulars of his interview to his wife, and told her that he would follow his directions. The next morning he took the magic powder, and soon after he was taken ill, and he died two hours later. An autopsy has been ordered to ascertain whether the death was caused by the powder. It is stated that the pretended magician is consulted by large numbers of people who implicitly believe in his supernatural powers. It is remarkable that in an age when faith is scoffed at there should be so many people credulous enough to place confidence in magic (I Tim. 4 : 1).

The Murder of Two Burglars in a Saloon in New York last week caused gratification in the police offices. A number of men were standing at the bar of a saloon in one of the chief thoroughfares of the city, on October 16th, when a man entered and immediately raised his pistol and fired at one of the party. The shot did not injure the man, but merely tore his clothing, and he ran into a billiard-room at the back, while his antagonist followed him and his companions rushed into the street. Five more shots were heard in the billiard-room, and when the police entered they found both men lying on the floor dead. It was stated that both men were expert burglars who had served several terms in prison. It appears that the men had quarrelled two years ago, and had threatened each other's lives, but it had so happened that last week was the first time since the quarrel that they had both been out of prison at the same time. They were fashionably dressed, had plenty of money, and lived in villas in an aristocratic neighborhood, but though they had had many narrow escapes from death in the course of their lawless lives, they died by their own violence at last. Crime is suicide (Prov. 19 : 16).

A Stage was Stopped by a Snake Recently in Nevada. The Carson (Nev.) *Appeal* relates the following remarkable incident: "On last Thursday night as the stage was coming from Markleville, the road became very heavy near Woodford's Cañon, and the horses finally stopped to rest just this side of Woodford's Station. When the driver attempted to start them again they could not pull an inch. He dismounted and took a lantern to examine the running gear, when he found, as he supposed, that a rope had been tied between the two wheels. Laying his hand on the rope, he started back with a yell of horror on discovering that a live snake had twisted itself between the hind and fore wheels, and was holding the stage securely. The reptile had evidently coiled itself from wheel to wheel when the horses stopped. The passengers got out and killed the snake, which was a mountain runner, and measured above twelve feet." The effect of the snake's position on the wheels of the stage is something like that produced by Satan in the world. He seeks by drunkenness and vice of all kinds to check the advance of the Gospel in the world; and he is never so busy as when the Church is resting (Matt. 13 : 25, 39).

The Curious Capture of a Large Eagle is described in a despatch from Norwich, Conn., under date of September 24th. On that day a boy while rowing on the Thames between Norwich and New London saw a great bird in the water furiously lashing the waves with its wings. He pulled rapidly to the spot, and found it was an eagle struggling to rise, while some object in the river kept it down. The boy attempted to capture it, and a desperate struggle ensued. Then he threw a piece of sail-cloth over it and succeeded in winding his stout anchor rope around its legs. When the lad examined his capture he saw that each of the eagle's sharp claws were tightly fixed in the backbone of a blue-fish. It is supposed that the eagle descended into a large, closely huddled school of blue-fish, and, contrary to its intentions, struck two fish instead of a single one. The double capture was too heavy ballast for an easy rise, and in the struggle the eagle's wings became soaked with water, and then escape was impossible. Its life was sacrificed in the effort to capture a prey too large for its strength. So have many men, fitted by their talents to soar to great things, fallen, never to rise, through descending into the world's struggle to win ignoble prizes (I Tim. 6 : 9, 10).

SPIRITUAL KNOWLEDGE AND ITS PRACTICAL RESULTS.

A New Sermon by Pastor C. H. Spurgeon.

"For this cause we also, since the day we heard it, do not cease to pray for you, and to desire that ye might be filled with the knowledge of His will in all wisdom and spiritual understanding; that ye might walk worthy of the Lord unto all pleasing, being fruitful in every good work, and increasing in the knowledge of God."—Colossians 1 : 9, 10.

Deficiencies of an Early Church—Perils of Ignorance—Paul's Intercession—I. The Value of Intercessory Prayer—Its Importance in the Church—Proof of Love—Infallible Means of Blessing—Should be an Immediate Resort—Incessant—In Union with Others—II. Spiritual Knowledge Precious—To Young Converts—In Full Measure—The Matter of it—The Manner of it—Difference between Wisdom and Knowledge—III. Practical Result of Knowledge—Walking According to the Best Model—Pleasing God—Bearing Fruit—Washington and the Corporal—IV. Reflex Action of Holiness upon Knowledge.

FOR the church that was at Colosse Paul gave hearty thanks to God for many most important blessings, especially for their faith, their love, and their hope. It would be a very useful exercise to our hearts if we would often give thanks to God for the gifts and graces which we discover in our Christian brethren. I am afraid we are more inclined to spy out their faults, and to suppose that we deplore them, than we are to discern the work of the Holy Spirit in them, and from the bottom of our hearts to give thanks to God for them. Paul felt encouraged by what he saw in the Colossian believers to pray to God to enrich them yet further. It should be our desire that our best brethren should be better, and that those who are most like Jesus should be still more completely conformed to His image.

THE IGNORANT IN PERIL.

Paul, as with an eagle eye, surveyed the church at Colosse, which he loved so well, and he noted that it was somewhat lacking in knowledge. The Colossian brotherhood differed considerably from the church at Corinth, which abounded in talent, and was enriched with all knowledge. The Colossians had fewer gifted brethren among them who could act as teachers, and, though this was no fault of theirs, it impoverished them in the matter of knowledge. If you read this epistle through, you will observe that Paul frequently alludes to knowledge and wisdom. To the point in which he judged the Church to be deficient he turned his prayerful attention. He would not have them ignorant. He knew that spiritual ignorance is the constant source of error, instability, and sorrow; and therefore he desired that they might be soundly taught in the things of God. Not that they were destitute of saving knowledge already, but saving knowledge, though it be the most essential attainment, is not the only knowledge which a Christian should seek after. He longs to be useful as well as to be safe. Being himself delivered out of darkness he strives to bring others into the marvellous light of grace.

Paul would have his brethren thoroughly furnished for sacred service, knowing the will of the Lord themselves, and able to teach others. He desired for them that they might possess comforting knowledge, strengthening knowledge, edifying knowledge, sanctifying knowledge, directing knowledge; so that they might be ready for all the trials, duties, and labors of life. Upon this subject I am led to make four observations, and to enlarge upon each of them. May the Holy Spirit by this discourse build us up in the knowledge of God.

I. My first subject is the great value of

INTERCESSORY PRAYER;

for as soon as Paul felt his heart burning with love to the saints at Colosse, and had heard of the work of the Spirit among them, he began to show his love by lifting up his heart in prayer for them. He did that for them which he knew would bless them.

Notice, that intercessory prayer is a very *im-*

portant part of the work of Christians for one another. We are not sent into the world to live unto ourselves, but we are members of one body, and each member is expected to contribute to the health and the comfort of the whole. It is true we cannot all preach, but we can all pray; we cannot all distribute alms from our substance, but we can all offer prayer from our hearts. In temporal things we may not be able to enrich the Church for lack of substance; but if we fail to bless the church by our prayers it will be for lack of grace. Whatever you fail in, dearly beloved, and I pray that you may in nothing come behind, yet

DO NOT FAIL IN PRAYER

for all the saints, that every blessing may abound toward them.

Intercessory prayer is to be esteemed as an *invaluable proof of love*, and as the creator of more love. The man who will truly pray for me will certainly forgive me readily if I offend him; he will relieve me if I am in necessity; and he will be prepared to assist me if I am engaged in a service too hard for me. Give us your earnest prayers, and we know that we live in your hearts. How sweet it is to be permitted thus to manifest our love to one another! Therefore, by your love to your Lord, and to all those who are in Him, I beseech you abound in intercessory prayer, as the apostle did.

Intercessory prayer, again, is most valuable, because it is an *infallible means of obtaining the blessings* which we desire for our friends. It is not in vain that we ask, for it is written, "Every one that asketh receiveth." It is not in vain that we intercede for others, for the Lord delights to answer such petitions. The unselfish devotion which pleads as eagerly for others as for itself is so pleasing to the Lord that He puts great honour upon it. Whatsoever thou wisely desirest for thy friend go about to get it for him, but hasten first to the throne of grace. If thou wouldst have thy friend converted, if thou wouldst have him strengthened, if thou wouldst have him taught of God, if thou wouldst have him quickened to a nobler life, and elevated to a higher consecration, do him this great service—take his case before the Lord in prayer; and in so doing thou hast gone the wisest way to work to enrich him.

Note, brethren, that such intercessory prayer will be all the more valuable if it is

OUR IMMEDIATE RESORT.

The apostle says, "*Since the day we heard it*, we do not cease to pray for you." He began to pray at once. Whenever you perceive the work of the Spirit in any heart, pray at once, that the holy change may proceed with power. Whenever you discover any lack in a brother begin on the day you hear of it to pray that his lack may be supplied. There should be no delaying of prayer. Linger not a minute, speed thee to the mercy-seat. The Lord indicates to thee what thy prayer shall be by the news which thou hast just heard of thy friend; therefore, bring his case at once before the throne of grace. Divine providence has brought the needful subject for prayer under thy notice; therefore, this day begin to pray about it.

Our prayers will be all the more valuable if they are *incessant as well as immediate.* "We cease not," said Paul, "to pray for you since the day we heard it." "Oh," says one, "was Paul always praying for the Colossians from the day he heard of their welfare? It may have been months and years; did he never cease to pray?" I answer, he was always praying for them in the sense which he explains; he adds, "and to desire." Now, desire is the essence of prayer; in fact, desire is the kernel of prayer, and the vocal expressions which we call by the name of prayer are often but its shell; inward desire is the life, the heart, the reality of prayer. Though you cannot always be speaking in prayer, you can always be desiring in prayer. We can hardly realize the value to the church and to the world of that intercessory prayer which ceases not day nor night, but without fail ascends before the Lord as the incense ascended from the altar.

One more observation, and I have done with this. Intercessory prayer is increased in value when it is not from one person alone, but is offered in *intimate union with other saints.* Paul says, "We also," not "I only," but "*We* also, since the day *we* heard it, cease not." If two of you agree as touching anything concerning the kingdom, you have the blessing secured to you by a special promise of God. I commend to you, brethren and sisters, the habit of

FREQUENT PRAYER TOGETHER.

When a Christian friend drops in, his visit will perhaps end in mere talk unless you secure its spiritual profit by at least a few minutes spent in united prayer. I frequently during the day, when a friend comes in upon the Master's business, say, "Let us pray before you go," and I always find the request is welcomed. Such prayers do not occupy much time, and if they did, it might be well spent; but such united supplications oil the wheels of life's heavy wain, and cause it to move with less of that creaking which we too often hear.

Thus have I expatiated upon the excellences which increase the value of intercessory prayer. Use much this heavenly art. It is effectual for ten thousand ends. It turneth every way to bless the church. Brethren, pray for us, pray for all saints, pray for all sinners, and by so doing you will be the benefactors of your age.

II. Our second observation from the text is this—we learn here the preciousness of

SPIRITUAL KNOWLEDGE;

for all this earnest, ceaseless prayer is offered for this end, "That ye might be filled with the knowledge of His will in all wisdom and spiritual understanding."

First, consider the *men* for whom this knowledge is desired. They are saints and faithful brethren, of whom we read that they "knew the grace of God in truth," and were "bringing forth fruit" unto God. For those who know the Lord already we must not cease to pray. We dare not say in this case that a little knowledge is a dangerous thing, for a little knowledge of the things of God may suffice to save the soul; but more knowledge is a most desirable thing for those who have that little knowledge. Pray therefore for them. Let not your prayers plead only and altogether for the unconverted, but intreat for our young converts that they may be further edified. It will be an ill day when we are so engaged in seeking lost sheep that we forget the lambs. It would be very mischievous for us to neglect our work at home in order to carry on warfare with the adversary abroad. We desire life for the dead, health for the living, and maturity for the healthy. For the deeper instruction of our younger brethren let us pray.

Of this desirable knowledge, what is the *measure?* We desire for them "that they may be filled with the knowledge of His will." "Filled"—this is grand scholarship, to have the mind, and heart, and the whole of our manhood filled with knowledge. Paul would not have a believer ignorant upon any point; he would have him filled with knowledge, for when a measure is full of wheat there is no room for chaff. True knowledge excludes error. The men that go after false doctrine are usually those who know little of the Word of God; being untaught they are unstable, ready to be blown about with every wind of doctrine. If you leave empty spots in your minds unstored with holy teaching, they will be an invitation to the devil to enter in and dwell there. Fill up the soul, and so shut out the enemy.

Let us try to know divine truth more and more intimately. You know a man, for you pass him in the streets with a nod; you know another man far better, for you lodge in the same house with him; you know him best of all when you have shared his trouble, partaken in his joy, and have, in fact, had fellowship with him by blending your two lives in one common stream of friendship. When you learn a spiritual truth endeavor to know it out and out; to know its foundation and upbuilding; to know it by the application of the Spirit to your own soul so that you are filled with it.

This makes me notice what the *matter* of this knowledge is; "filled with the knowledge of His will." What is that? It means the revealed will of God. Paul would have the Colossians know what the Lord has revealed, as far as human mind could grasp it, whether it were doctrine, precept, experience, or prophecy. How well it is to know the preceptive will of God. Our prayer should daily be, "Lord, what wilt Thou have me to do?"

LORD, TEACH ME

what is sin, and what is righteousness, that I may discern things which are excellent. Whereas there are questions in the church of God itself upon what the will of the Lord is, Lord help me not to care to know what is the will of this learned doctor, or what is the will of a certain assembly, but what is the Lord's will. "To the law and to the testimony," this is our touchstone.

Still we have not done, for we must now notice the *manner* as well as the matter of this knowledge; "in all wisdom and spiritual understanding." Wisdom is better than knowledge, for wisdom is knowledge rightly used. Knowledge may find room for folly, but wisdom casts it out. Knowledge may be the horse, but wisdom is the driver. We want Christian people not only to know, but to use what they know. Happy is he who knows what to do at the right time! Many people are very knowing half an hour after it is too late; but to be filled with wisdom is to be able at once to apply knowledge rightly in difficult cases.

YOU NEED WISDOM

so to conduct your affairs that nothing therein shall scandalize the weak, or bring dishonor upon the name of Christ; for mere knowledge will not suffice for this. Knowledge is the blade, wisdom is the full corn in the ear. Knowledge is the cloth, but wisdom is the garment. Knowledge is the timber, but wisdom hath builded her house. May all our knowledge be sanctified by grace and attended with the guidance of the Spirit that we may become wise to know what the will of the Lord is.

"All wisdom," saith the apostle—many-handed wisdom, wisdom of all sorts, wisdom that will serve you in the shop, wisdom that will be useful in the counting-house, wisdom that will aid the Church of God, and wisdom that will guide you if you are cast among the vilest of mankind. May you "be filled with knowledge in all wisdom."

But that wisdom which operates without must be attended by a spiritual understanding which is powerful within. I hardly know how to explain this; it is an inward knowledge of truth, the knowledge of the inward parts of things. It is a spiritual discernment, taste, experience, and reception of truth, whereby the soul feeds upon it, and takes it into herself. We know many men who know much but understand nothing. They accept implicitly what they are taught, but they have never considered it, weighed it, estimated it, found out the roots of it, or seen the heart of it. Oh, to have in the church men full of spiritual understanding!

III. Now, thirdly, let us see in the text a lesson concerning

THE PRACTICAL RESULT

of spiritual knowledge. Paul prays for his friends "that ye might be filled with the knowledge of His will in all wisdom and spiritual understanding; that ye might walk worthy of the Lord unto all pleasing." See, see the drift of his prayer—"that ye may walk." Not that ye might talk, not that ye might sit down and meditate, and enjoy yourselves, but "that ye might walk." He aims at practical results.

He desires that the saints may be instructed so that they may *walk according to the best model.* By walking worthy of the Lord Jesus we do not understand in any sense that He expected them to possess such worthiness as to deserve to walk with the Lord; but He would have them live

in a manner that should be in accordance with their communion with Christ. You would not have a man walk with Christ through the streets to-day clothed in motley garments, or loathsome with filth; would you? No, if a man be a leper, Christ will heal him before He will walk with him. Let not a disciple walk so as to bring disgrace upon his Lord! When you walk with a king, you should be yourself royal in gait; when you commune with a prince *you should not act the clown*. It is well to have no lower standard than the desire to live over again the life of the Lord Jesus—a life of tenderness, a life of self-sacrifice, a life of generosity, a life of love, a life of honesty, a life of holy service, a life of close communion with God. Mix all virtues in due proportion, and that is the life of Jesus toward which you must press forward with all your heart.

Next, the apostle would have us get knowledge in order that we may so live as to *be pleasing to our best friend*—"worthy of the Lord unto all pleasing." Is not that beautiful? To live so as to please God in all respects! Some live to please themselves, and some to please their neighbors, and some to please their wives, and some to please their children, and some live as if they wished to please the devil; but our business is to please Him in all things whose servants we are. Without faith it is impossible to please Him; so away with unbelief! Without holiness no man shall see Him, much less please Him; therefore let us follow after holiness, and may the Lord work it in us.

I fear that many children of God grieve their heavenly Father much through sins of ignorance—an ignorance in which they ought not to remain a single day. Be it clearly understood that

SINS OF IGNORANCE

are truly sins. They have not about them the venom and the aggravation which are found in sins against light and knowledge, but still they are sins; for the measure of our duty is not our light, but the law of God itself. If a man pleads that he follows his conscience, yet this will not excuse his wrong-doing if his conscience is an unenlightened conscience, and he is content to keep it in the dark. You are to obey the will of the Lord; that will is the standard of the sanctuary. Our conscience is often like a deficient weight, and deceives us; be it ours to gather a clear knowledge of the word, that we may prove what is that perfect and acceptable will of God.

Look at the text again—"That ye might walk worthy of the Lord unto all pleasing, being fruitful." Paul would have us *producing the best fruit*. Without knowledge we cannot be fruitful; at least in the points whereof we are ignorant we must fail to bring forth fruit. Therefore would he have us to be right well taught, that we may abundantly produce fruit unto God's glory. He says, "fruitful in every good work;" and this means much.

There is another note in this verse which I beg you to notice. Paul would have them cultivate a

COMPREHENSIVE VARIETY

of the best things He says—"Fruitful in *every* good work." Here is room and range enough—"in every good work." Have you the ability to preach the Gospel? Preach it! Does a little child need comforting? Comfort it! Can you stand up and vindicate a glorious truth before thousands? Do it! Does a poor saint need a bit of dinner from your table? Send it to her. Let works of obedience, testimony, zeal, charity, piety, and philanthropy all be found in your life. Do not select big things as your special line, but glorify the Lord also in the littles—"fruitful in every good work."

I have no doubt that you will naturally abound most in certain good works for which you have the largest capacity, but still nothing ought to come amiss to you. I have known persons in household employment in England who would not do a turn beyond their special work to save their masters' lives; these are a sort of servants of whom the fewer the better. In India this is carried to a ridiculous extreme. The Hindoo water-bearer will not sweep the house, nor light a fire, nor brush your clothes—he will fetch water, and nothing else; you must, therefore, have a servant for each separate thing, and then each man will do his own little bit, but he will not go an inch beyond. When we enter into Christ's church we should come prepared to wash the saints' feet, or bear their burdens, or bind up their wounds, or fight their foes, or act as steward, or shepherd, or nurse.

Why is it that some are not fruitful in this comprehensive way? Because they are not filled with knowledge in all wisdom. When a man says, "You ask me to do the lowest work! Don't you know that I am a man of remarkable ability who should have higher work to do?" I venture to assert that he is an ignorant man. Self-assertion is ignorance on horseback. You have probably read of

A CERTAIN RENOWNED CORPORAL

in the American service a century ago. A general as he rode along saw a body of men endeavoring to lift timber. They were short-handed, and the work lagged, but their famous corporal stood by ordering them about at a magnificent rate. The general passed and said, "Why don't you lend them help and put your shoulder to it?" "Why, sir," said the great little officer, "how can you think of such a thing? Do you know who I am? I am a corporal!" The general got off his horse, pulled off his coat, and helped to move the timber, and by his judicious help the soldiers achieved their task. Then he turned to the high and mighty gentleman and said, "Mr Corporal, next time you want a man to do such work as this you can send for me; I am General Washington." Just so the Lord Jesus Christ if He were here would gladly do a thousand things which His poor little servants are too great to touch.

I know you, dear brother, you are too experienced, too old, too learned to help the Sunday-school! I know you are too respectable to give away a tract! Pray get out of such ignorant ways of thinking, and ask to be useful in all possible ways. If you have done a little, do much; if you have done much, do more; and when you have done more, ask for grace to proceed to the highest possible degree of usefulness for your Lord.

IV. And now, fourthly, notice

THE REFLEX ACTION

of holiness upon knowledge. We have only a few moments left; let my few words sink into your hearts. "Fruitful in every good work"—what then? "increasing in the knowledge of God." Look at that. It seems, then, that *holiness is the road to knowledge*. God has made it so. If any man will do His will he shall know of the doctrine. If you read and study, and cannot make out the meaning of Scripture, get up and do something, and it may be, in the doing of it, you shall discover the secret. Holiness of heart shall increase the illumination of your mind.

Will you kindly observe that *this knowledge rises in tone?* for Paul first prayed that they "might be filled with the knowledge of God's will;" but now he implores for them an increase in the knowledge of God Himself. Oh, blessed growth, first to know the law, and then to know the Law-giver!

I would call your attention to another thought. The apostle, if he is to be judged according to his outward language, often utters impossible things, and yet his every sentence is not only full of deep meaning, but is strictly correct. Notice his language here; in the ninth verse he says, "that ye might be filled with the knowledge of His will." Can anything go beyond this? The vessel is filled right up to the brim, what can it have more? Yet the apostle says, "increasing in the knowledge of God." So that Paul plainly teaches us here that, if we have so increased in knowledge as to be full, he would have us increased in capacity to know yet more; he would have our manhood enlarged, our powers of reception increased, that we might grow from being children to be young men, and from young men to be fathers, and so may be filled—filled, always filled with all the fulness of God! The Lord grant unto us to perceive with humility, that if we are already full of knowledge, we can still advance, for we "have not yet attained." Let no man think that he can go no further.

Holy Bernard says "he is not good at all who doth not desire to be better." I also subscribe to that saying. Some might become good if they were not puffed up with the fancy of their own perfection. Others are somewhat commendable, but will never grow because they judge themselves to be full-grown already. I would have you filled, and yet have room for more; filled with all knowledge, filled with all holiness, filled with the indwelling Spirit, filled with God, and yet increasing in knowledge, in holiness, in likeness to God, and in all good things overmore to His glory. The Lord add His blessing for Jesus' sake. Amen.

[PORTION OF SCRIPTURE READ BEFORE SERMON—Colossians I.]

[The prayers of the readers of this Journal are requested for the blessing of God upon its Editors in America and England, and those whose sermons, articles, or labors for Christ are printed in it; and for its weekly circulation of more than 250,000 copies to be blessed by the Holy Spirit to the conversion of many sinners and the quickening of God's people. Mr. Spurgeon and Dr. Talmage especially request prayer every Sunday morning on behalf of their labors.]

The Influence of the Pope and his Cardinals in the city of Rome appears to have produced no beneficial effect on society there. A Christian traveller who recently visited the seat of the Papal government, thus writes of what he saw: "I fear no contradiction in saying that in Rome's more respectable society its people are puerile, frivolous, non-progressive, and atheistic; while among the lower ranks, gross ignorance, dark superstition, ungoverned passion, and brutal cruelty prevail. The Papal Church will not lift a little finger in the cause of elevation and reform outside its own mystic circle. The sweetness and light of its influence on society at large are *nil*. One simple instance of this may be cited in the fact that there exists in Italy no national law prohibiting cruelty to animals; the result, certainly, of the apathy and indifference of the Church. So it comes to pass that in Rome and Naples the sinless servitors and companions of mankind are treated with savage and ruthless tyranny; and *humanity*, the very first lesson of Christianity, is altogether 'conspicuous by its absence.'"

"His Sombre Rivals" is the Title of a thrilling story by E. P. Roe, which is published by Messrs. Dodd, Mead & Co., of New York. Apart from the plot of the story, which is skilfully constructed, there is much in its incidents to interest and instruct the reader. Mr. Roe has succeeded in depicting in vivid colors the horrors of the war, and, without by any solitary expression hurting the sensibilities of Northern or Southern readers, has shown how terrible was the suffering on both sides in that sad time. The agony of parting, the torture of suspense, the desolation of bereavement with which homes on both sides were familiar, are drawn in this story with rare power; and the generation which has grown up since that time, can realize in reading its pages how much that struggle cost the heroes who fought and the heroines who remained suffering and heart-broken at home. Besides these scenes of sorrow there is a striking description of spiritual life. The progress from materialism, which in times of peace and happiness seemed satisfactory to the intellect, but which in the presence of sorrow and death stood revealed in its cold and ghastly emptiness, to faith in God and love for the Saviour. Mr. Roe has described with the pen of a master. The story fully equals, if it does not surpass, any Mr. Roe has yet produced. Its price, elegantly bound in cloth, is $1.50; by mail, $1.60.

Rijutei, the Corean Convert.

An Itinerant Preacher Pursued by Constables.

RIJUTEI, THE CONVERTED COREAN NOBLEMAN.

In the year 1880 an embassy from Corea visited Japan. During their stay in that country three of their number called upon a Mr Tsuda to obtain information concerning agricultural and political economy. Mr. Tsuda was a Christian, and told them about Christianity. They were pleased to hear, and on their return they told a nobleman named "Isuchan" (in Japanese, Rijutei) what they had heard and seen.

This nobleman was a personal friend of the King of Corea, who, during the revolt in July, 1882, saved the life of the queen and kept her concealed in the interior until the overthrow of the usurper Tai-unkun. The king was much pleased with the conduct of Rijutei, and offered him any reward that he might choose. Rijutei declined the proffered honors, and asked instead that he might go to Japan and study the progress and civilization of that country. His request was immediately granted.

He at once found Mr. Tsuda, and began the study of the Scriptures. As a Chinese scholar the Word of God was open to him at once. He could also converse with the educated Japanese. Not long after this he had a very remarkable dream, in which two men appeared bearing between them a basket of books. He asked what these books were, and was told they were the most valuable of all books for Corea. He then said, "What are they called?" The reply was, "These are Bibles." This singular dream seemed to him a revelation from heaven, and he prosecuted his studies with greater diligence and zeal. He soon became a sincere Christian, and was babtized on the 28th of April, 1883, by Rev. Mr. Yasukawa, a pastor of one of the Presbyterian churches in Tokio.

Rijutei is now engaged in preparing a China-Corean version of the Scriptures. He has completed the Gospels and the book of Acts, and is now at work upon the Epistle to the Romans. When this work is completed he proposes to translate the whole into the Corean language. The American Bible Society is assisting him in the work, and it is expected will publish his version at once.

An officer of the Japanese Government recently called upon him and stated that an official newspaper was about to be started in Tokio, and they wished to secure his services to edit the Corean department. He replied, "I am otherwise employed, and cannot do as you wish."

This converted Corean nobleman pleads most earnestly for missionaries and teachers. He says now is the time to move. Great changes are going on, and the way will soon be open for the free spread of the Gospel.

At a Christian convention held in Tokio, Japan, in June last, Rijutei made the following statements:

"I was born in an uncivilized country, and educated in accordance with the rude customs of my people. But recently I came to Japan, and by the guidance of the Holy Spirit and your great kindness I have been led to believe in Christ and have received baptism. But thus far I have had only a glimpse at the great truths of the Bible, and can hardly understand one millionth part of it. So I dare not presume to teach in such a gathering as this. Yet my heart is so full that I cannot keep silence. I pray you to hear me patiently, and if I am in error, I desire to be shown the right way.

"It is a great privilege of Christians that they are not to contend alone with Satan. It is by the aid of the Holy Spirit, and not by their own power or wisdom, that they are kept from destruction. Buddhism leaves man to struggle alone. It hangs a ladder high in the air on which men are to climb to heaven, and tells the people to go up on it. Thus we find that Christianity is an easy way, it is suited to our wants, and it is true; while Buddhism is difficult, does not benefit mankind, and is false."

Rijutei has opened a Sunday-School for Coreans, and is teaching the way of salvation through faith in Jesus Christ. He has decided to devote himself entirely to the ministry of the Gospel, and is at present in Tokio, in Japan. He contemplates an early visit to America and England.

A PREACHER'S FLIGHT.

When the Wesleys first commenced their labors in England Satan stirred up opposition of all kinds, and when the local judges were opposed to the new movement, the police were ready to obey their orders. The following incident, related by John Wesley in his diary, illustrates this condition of affairs.

Crabbe was the name of *the first* "*Rounder*," or "Travelling Preacher," who statedly visited St. Just, under the direction of the Wesleys. Like the saintly pioneers whom he followed, he was soon pounced upon by the Squire Eustick, who issued a warrant against him. So the next time he appeared he was seized and led by two constables to a tavern, to wait the leisure of the valiant squire. In such a case, St Just men, constables as they were, would not be hard.

"Will you let me call at William Chenhall's?" inquired the preacher, whose horse was in Chenhall's stable. "Oh, yes! if you please."

The call was made. But by-and-by, the parish officials had to lead the preacher to the Squire's house. They must needs pass Chenhall's door. There Crabbe's horse stood saddled and bridled. Crabbe suddenly slipped back from between his civil guards, in one instant was on the saddle, and in another was seen galloping off on the road to St. Ives. It was all the work of a minute. The poor constables stood staring just long enough to give Crabbe an advantage; but then, recalled to duty, they threw off their coats and started fairly in hot pursuit. Their object was by cross-ways to cut off the runaway preacher. They might have done it, perhaps, but that a John Daniel had heard the call for help. His cottage was some miles from the starting-point. When Crabbe galloped up to the gate of John Daniel's cottage, there was a fresh horse all ready. To pass from one saddle to another was, with Crabbe, the work of an instant; and off he went in defiance of constables.

One of these battered constables was John Bonetta, of whom it might have been said afterward that "he which persecuted us in times past now preacheth the faith which once he destroyed." Bonetta became a zealous Methodist, and as a leader preached the faith to his neighbors; and for nearly sixty years exemplified a saintly character of no common order.

MISS RUTHERFORD'S RIDE.

"If I might be so bold, miss, I would say do not ride Harebell this morning. I don't like his looks at all. His muscles are all of a quiver-like, and there's a lot of wickedness in his eye, which says as plain as plain can be, 'I'm ready for mischief.' Be persuaded, miss, and have the pony this morning."

So spoke Roger, an old and faithful servant of Mr. Rutherford, who for many years had proved his devotion to his employer's interests, and who regarded the horses in the stable and the dogs in the kennel with an interest as deep as though they were his own. He professed to understand both equine and canine nature, and, to do him justice, Roger's judgment, when once expressed, was rarely unsound, or his sagacity at fault.

Miss Rutherford Cautioned by her Aged Groom.

As a rule Miss Rutherford considered the old man's opinion, concerning either horse or dog, as worthy o' consideration. And no wonder, for it was he through whose skilful and patient training she had become the most daring, and for that matter the most graceful, equestrienne in all the countryside. But on this particular morning she was in high spirits and in no mood to listen to prudent counsels. It was the first bright morning after a long succession of rainy days, and she longed with an earnestness that only an ardent lover of equestrian exercise can understand for a wild gallop over the hills. But Harebell also had been confined in his quarters during the rainy weather, and he, too, was as ready as his young mistress for exercise. Instead, therefore, of paying her customary deference to the warning words of the faithful Roger, Miss Rutherford began to banter him upon his loss of courage—told him that he must be getting into his dotage now that he had become afraid of a horse, and assured him that, thanks to his training, she was not afraid of Harebell, who had always been docile under her management.

"Well, miss, if you will, you will, I suppose," said Roger; "but I do wish you would be advised by me."

"I am thoroughly vexed with you, Roger," replied Miss Rutherford, "for saying such spiteful things about my bonnie Harebell," and turning to her horse, she stroked him and caressed his noble head with her own hands, saying meanwhile, "We won't notice what the old man says, will we, dear? We shall have our scamper across the hills now the weather will let us, won't we?"

Turning to Roger, Miss Rutherford gave her instructions to have Harebell saddled and all ready for her immediately after breakfast, and desiring that Joe, the stable-boy, should accompany her.

The old man, grieved at heart, promised to carry out the instructions of his young mistress; but before doing so, he crept away into a corner of the stable, and there upon some new straw, he fell upon his knees in prayer. "O Lord," he exclaimed, "if my young lady *will* go out, don't let any real harm befall her, I humbly pray Thee. If anything happened to her, master would break his heart, Thou knowest."

Harebell was saddled to the minute, and no sooner was his fair rider seated, than he started briskly but with that wild, unmanageable look in his eye that Roger knew by experience meant mischief. And now they have reached the short fragrant grass which springs like velvet beneath Harebell's prancing hoofs, as with quickening speed he dashes onward. He is galloping furiously, and, for the first time in her recollection, Miss Rutherford is actually a trifle afraid of him. She endeavors to check his mad, impetuous flight, but her strength is powerless; her utmost power on the reins had no effect on the horse, who now held the snaffle bit firmly in his teeth.

At last Miss Rutherford's horsemanship and calm daring both fail her, and she is seized with uncontrollable terror. She shrieks, but her shrill cry only seems to give wings to the frenzied flight of the horse. As for Joe, the stable-boy who was acting as her attendant, he is a long way behind. A moment later and Harebell and his rider lie prostrate on the ground, the former having stepped into a hole which a mole had burrowed out, and the other insensible from her heavy fall. Upon her recovering consciousness later on, much to her surprise, old Roger was bending over her in an attitude of evident anxiety.

As soon as the reckless rider had left the house, Roger felt a resistless impulse to follow her. He mounted another horse, and did so, and it was well for her that the faithful servant was so close at hand; for Harebell was plunging violently in his efforts to rise, and his hoofs were every minute within a few inches of her unconscious form. He stayed with her until Joe came up, and then they carried her to the nearest cottage, where she lay until her father arrived in a carriage to carry her home. Many days she lay hovering between life and death. The shock of her fall had produced injuries which for a long time baffled the skill of the surgeons, and placed her life in peril.

Eventually her strong constitution overcame the trouble, and she recovered slowly. On the first day of her appearance in the drawing-room she begged that Roger might be brought to her; and the old fellow entered with moist eyes but with a thankful face.

"Roger," she said, extending her hand to him, "I owe you an apology. I am a wilful girl, but I have suffered much through neglecting your warning."

"Don't mind that, miss, you didn't hurt old Roger by your wurreds. It was only playfulness. But your white face scared me when I saw you lying on the grass. Thank God you are alive and well."

"I have, Roger, many times, and I think I've learned a lesson I needed to learn. I shall not have quite so much confidence in myself in future."

"If you have really learned that, miss, I'm thankful. Young folks don't learn that lesson easy in a general way. If you'll excuse a word from an old man as loves you and is old enough to be your grandfather, you can't do better than go on learning it. I'm an old man now, and for more than forty years I have had no confidence in myself; but I've put my trust in the Lord, and He has guided me right, and I'm trusting Him to take care o' me all through. My road's been kinder rough at times, and I've had many a fall, but that was when I looked to myself and forgot Him. He's been very good to me all through, and after forty years' experience I can recommend the same Almighty Friend to you, miss. He loves you so that He died to save you. Excuse me speaking so, miss, but I've tried Him, and now I'm an old man I can recommend Him to everybody I love."

"Thank you, Roger, I am sure you are right. I ought to seek Him and I will." Miss Rutherford did seek, as she promised, and received the invariable reward of those who seek in earnest.

POVERTY'S PREY.

A SERIAL STORY.

(*Continued from page 671.*)

Home and Prison.

VICTORIA had been reaching down the two cracked cups and the loaf of bread from a corner cupboard; and now she stood for a moment looking wistfully into the fire, her pale, thin face flushed a little into almost delicate beauty. Under the pillow on which she rested her head every night, and on which it lay many a long hour of the wearyful day, there was always hidden a precious little store of money, slowly accumulating by a few pence at a time, the fund that was to pay for her own coffin, and the other costs of her own poor funeral. She had made a shroud of coarse calico for herself, and kept it carefully ready against the time it would be needed.

There was no question in her mind, or her father's, that this fund would be needed probably before the next summer came. Her doctor, who was a druggist living in the next street, assured her that good living and better clothing and warmer lodging were all she needed; but he might as well have ordered her to the south of France for the winter. It was Euclid's chief anxiety now that the sum should grow as fast as possible, lest an unusually severe winter might hasten on the necessity for it. And to Victoria it was a matter of as much interest and care as to him, so often did she reckon up the cost of a coffin and a grave, and count over the money provided to procure them for her. She thought of it again as she stood looking into the fire,

and saw as vividly and fleetly as a flash of lightening her own funeral passing down the narrow, common staircase, the children trooping after it, but only her old and weeping father following as mourner. She stooped down, and kissed him, as if to comfort him beforehand for the grief that was to come.

"Is anythink ailin' you, Victoria?" he inquired in as gentle a tone as he could lower his voice to.

"Nothin' fresh, daddy," she answered; "only you'll be lonesome when I'm gone."

"Ay, ay," said Euclid. "It'll be a dark shop wi'out you, my dear."

He said no more, but sat slowly rubbing his legs up and down before the fire, while his memory travelled back over the twenty-five years that had passed since he was a strong man, able and willing to work hard and to live hard for the sake of his wife and children. Victoria saw him counting his children on his fingers, as he huskily muttered their names. He seemed to see them all, his boys and girls, who were gone out of this troublesome world down into the dark secret of the grave; they were all living in his memory, and his wife, too, who had trodden the same strange yet familiar road eighteen years ago. He had buried them all, and had never once taken a penny from the parish. His withered face lit up as the thought crossed his mind.

"Victoria," he said, as if this recollection had reminded him of Mrs. Fell, "there's a mort o' trouble down-stairs in the ground-floor back. There's Mrs. Fell as bad off or worse than us, though she do take parish pay. There's no luck in parish money, I know; but she's dead beat, I s'pose. I saw her comin' back from the pawnshop, and she looked like death. There's her boy David away, and nobody knows where he's gone to, and she's almost heartbroke. I took the liberty o' noticin', and there's not a scrap o' fire in their room. So, Victoria, my dear, if you didn't mind it, we might ask her up here a bit when we've done our tea. There's not enough for all, or we'd ask her to come up for her tea. But she's got no fire, and we have; and four of us will be warmer than two, if you didn't mind it."

"Mind it, daddy?" repeated Victoria. "I'd be right glad if she'll come."

Many a time had Victoria glanced longingly into Mrs. Fell's room as she passed the door, and wished she would call out, and invite her in. But Mrs. Fell had felt herself in a superior position to Euclid—a laundress being surely of a higher social standing than a water-cress-seller, to say nothing of living on the ground-floor instead of the attic—and she had taken but little notice of Euclid's girl amid the constantly changing members who inhabited the house.

Bess was better known to Victoria; and David had many a time shown himself friendly, and run errands for her when she was too poorly to go out herself. To-night she could not swallow a morsel after her father's suggestion. As soon as tea was over, and the cups and tea-pot put away, with every token of their poor meal, Euclid went down-stairs to carry his invitation in person, while Victoria arranged an empty box or two to serve as seats about the fire, upon which she put another tiny shovelful of coals. Her color came and went fitfully as she heard Mrs. Fell's slow footstep mounting the steps leading to their attic, followed by her father and Bess; and she received them shyly, but gladly, at the door.

"It's very kind on you and Mr. Euclid, I'm sure," panted Mrs. Fell, with the ghost of a smile on her face, "and I take it neighborly; and if there's anything as me and Bess can do"—

"Please come and sit down in the chair," said Victoria, interrupting her easily; for she was still struggling for breath. She was soon seated in the chair, which was placed in front of the fire; while Euclid sat on one side on an old box, with Bess and Victoria opposite on another. The flickering flame of the small fire shone upon their faces, and was the only light by which they saw each other. But in a few minutes they felt almost like old friends.

"She's the last I've got," said old Euclid to Mrs. Fell, nodding at Victoria, who was talking to Bess. "Her mother died on her, when she were born eighteen years ago. She were too weak to get the better on it, and she had to go. I'd five little children when she died. Victoria's got her complaint," he went on, in a lower tone, "and she's the last out o' eight on them. Boys and gals, they're all gone afore me."

"It's His will as knows best, Mr. Euclid," said Mrs. Fell, with a heavy sigh.

"I s'pose it is," replied Euclid. "I hope He knows; for I'm sure I don't. I've had no time for thinkin' of nothink but how to keep off the parish. Not as I'd say a word agen a woman takin' parish pay, a poor weakly woman like you. But it 'ud be a sore disgrace for a man to come on the parish even for his buryin'."

Mrs. Fell sighed again, and sat looking into the red embers of the fire sadly, as if she was seeing again the bright days of her married life.

"I never lost nobody, save my poor David—my husband, I mean," she said; "and by good luck he were in a buryin' club, and they gave him a very good funeral—a hearse, and a mournin'-coach for me and the two children, and plumes! But there'll be nobody save the parish to bury me; for Bess is only a child, and David's gone."

"Where's he gone to?" asked Victoria.

"He went out on a little journey nigh upon a month ago," she answered; "and we've never heard a word of him since he said 'Good-by, mother.' He's never come back again. Somethink's happened to him, I know; for he's always that good to me and Bess, you couldn't think! I'm frettin' after him all the while more than I can tell; it's wastin' me away. But it's God's will, as good folks say; and there's none on us as can fight agen Him."

"And Bess says you've been forced to part wi' your weddin' ring," Victoria replied, with a shy look of sympathy.

The tears welled up into Mrs. Fell's eyes, and Bess bowed her head in shame. For the first evening in her life, when she had no work to do, the poor woman felt that her finger had lost its precious sign of her married life. She might almost as well have been an unmarried woman—one of those wretched creatures on whom she had always looked down with honest pride and a little hardness. She laid her right hand over her undecorated finger, and looked back into Victoria's sympathizing face with an expression of bitter grief.

"I'll work till I drop to get it back," cried Bess, with energy.

"I wish my missis were alive now," said Euclid. "I'm always a-wishin' it; but she were a good woman, and she knew summat more about God than most folks, and about Him as died for us. I never was a scholar; but she could read, ay, splendid! and she knew a mort o' things. She taught me a lot, and I remembered them long enough to teach Victoria some of 'em. Victoria, my dear, there's them verses as was your mother's favorites—them as I taught you when you was little. I've forgot 'em myself, Mrs. Fell; but she's got them all right and straight in her head, and she says them back to me now my memory's gone. Sometimes I think it's her mother a sayin' of 'em. 'The Lord,' you know, my dear."

Victoria's face flushed again, and her voice trembled a little as she began to speak, while Bess fastened her dark eyes eagerly upon her; and Euclid and Mrs. Fell, with their careworn and withered faces turned straight to the fire, nodded their heads at the close of each verse, as if uttering a silent "Amen."

"The Lord is my shepherd: I shall not want.

"He maketh me to lie down in green pastures; He leadeth me beside the still waters.

"He restoreth my soul; He leadeth me in the paths of righteousness for His name's sake.

"Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil; for thou art with me: thy rod and thy staff they comfort me.

"Thou preparest a table before me in the presence of mine enemies; thou anointest my head with oil: my cup runneth over.

"Surely goodness and mercy shall follow me all the days of my life; and I will dwell in the house of the Lord forever."

It was with a calmer mind that Mrs. Fell retired to rest after she had left her friends to go to her own rooms, and as she thought of her missing boy she felt more at ease in the thought that wherever he was God was watching over him. At the same time David was gaining his first experience of prison life.

It was quite dark at night when the prison-van containing David and other convicted offenders reached the jail to which they were committed. As yet he was still feeling bewildered and confused; and the sound of heavy doors clanging after him as he passed through them, and the long, narrow passages along which he was led, only served to heighten his perplexity. He had hardly ever been within walls except those of the poor house which had been his home as long as he could remember, and the prison appeared immeasurably large as he dragged his weary footsteps along the stone flagging of the corridors. The spotless cleanliness of both floor and walls seemed also to remove him altogether out of the world with which he was acquainted. The dirt and squalor of the old jails would have been more homelike to him.

By the time his hair had been *cropped close to his head*, and the prison-garb put upon him in the place of his own familiar clothes, stained and tattered with long wear of them, he began to doubt his own identity. Was he really David Fell? Could he be the boy who had hitherto led the freest life possible, roaming about the busy streets, with no person to forbid or to question him? David Fell could not be he who was now locked up quite alone in a little cell, dimly lighted by a gas-jet, which itself was locked up in a cage lest he should touch it. Not a sound came to his ears, let him listen as sharply as he could. Where was the old roll and roar of the streets, and the cries of children, and the shrill voices of women, and the din and tumult, and stir and life, to which he was accustomed? No dream as dreadful as this silence and solitude had ever visited him.

For a long while he could not go to sleep, though his previous night in the police-station had been one of wakefulness. His hammock was comfortable, more comfortable than any bed he had ever slept on, and his prison-rug was warm; but the very comfort and warmth brought his mother to his mind—his mother and little Bess. What were they doing now? Were they shivering on their hard mattress, under their threadbare counterpane, which was all that was left to them to keep out the night's chill? Perhaps they were looking out for him. What day was it? Was it not Saturday to-day? And he had promised to be home on Saturday!

Oh, how different it would all have been if he had only escaped being caught! He would have been at home by this time; and they could have had a bit of fire in the grate, and something to make a feast of as they sat round it, while he told the story of his wanderings, and tried to describe all the rich, good folks who had been kind to him. Or if the magistrate had taken away all the money, and let him go home on his promise never to go begging again, even that would have been nothing to this trouble.

He fancied he could see his mother's face, pale yet smiling, as she listened to his danger, and his escape from it; and Bess, sitting on the floor, with shining eyes and clasped hands, hearkening eagerly to every word. Why had they sent him to jail? At last he sobbed himself to sleep; but all through the night might be heard, if there was any ear to hear, the heavy, deep-drawn sob of the boy's overwhelmed heart.

He was awakened early in the morning, and

briefly told what he must do before quitting his cell. Then he ate his breakfast alone in the dreary solitude of the prison-walls, and the food almost choked him. It seemed to the boy, used to the wild, utter freedom of the streets, as if his very limbs were fettered, and that he could not move either hand or foot freely. His body did not seem to belong to himself any longer. He was neither hungry nor cold, as he might have been at home; but his head ached, and his heart was sore with thoughts of his mother. He was unutterably sick and sad. Cold and hunger were almost like familiar friends to him; but he did not know this faintness and heaviness, this numbness which kept him chained to the prison-seat, and made it appear an impossibility that a day or two ago he was rambling about as long as he pleased, and where he pleased, in the wide, free world, outside the prison-walls. Were there any boys like him still running and leaping and shouting out yonder in the autumn sunshine?

It was Sunday morning, and he was left longer than usual to himself. He was taken to the chapel, and sat in his place during the reading of the prayers and the sermon which followed; but not a word penetrated to his bewildered brain. It was much the same on the week-day when he went to school. He knew a little both of reading and writing, but he could not control his attention to make use of what he knew. He said the alphabet stupidly, and wrote his first copy of straight lines badly. He could not bring himself to think of these things. His mind was wandering sadly round the central thought that he was in jail, and what would become of his mother and little Bess without him.

(To be continued.)

SAMUEL'S FAREWELL ADDRESS.

S. S. Lesson for Nov. 4. 1 Sam. 12:13-25. Golden Text, ver. 24. By Mrs. M. Baxter.

A Panic in Israel—The King on the Farm—His First Regal Act—Popularity of the Victor—The Coronation Day—Samuel's Farewell—His Integrity Acknowledged — Rejected without Cause—A Blessed Reciprocity—Sin Brought Home—A New Covenant and a Warning—Confession Necessary—A Sign from Heaven—Samuel's New Office.

SAUL'S court at first was very small, probably only a little increase of his farm servants, and when Nahash the Ammonite had offered the most insulting terms of alliance with the men of Jabesh Gilead, and messengers brought the tidings to Gibeah of Saul, Saul was following the herd out of the fields (1 Sam. 11 : 5). The sad news from Jabesh Gilead had been proclaimed in the streets of Gibeah, and general consternation and sorrow prevailed. Had Saul stood upon his dignity, and remained inactively in the city, he would have heard the tidings sooner; but as the affairs of the kingdom were not yet fully placed in his hands, and he was not reigning by general consent, he occupied himself with farming, leaving God to bring about his full recognition as king. But political events could not but interest him deeply; he was the Lord's annointed; he marked the depression which was upon the people, and having learned the cause of it, "the Spirit of God came upon Saul when he heard those tidings, and his anger was kindled greatly."

Then occurred his

FIRST RECORDED ACT

in the capacity of king; "he took a yoke of oxen, and hewed them in pieces, and sent them throughout all the coasts of Israel by the hands of messengers, saying, Whosoever cometh not forth after Saul and after Samuel, so shall it be done unto his oxen. And the fear of the Lord fell on the people, and they came out with one consent." How far Saul's spiritual life had prospered, whether he had continued to prophesy after the Spirit of the Lord came upon him, and whether he now spoke under the influence of the Spirit, we are not told, but that he was now acting in accord with God's will is evident, because the fear of the Lord came upon the people, and three hundred and thirty thousand of them were gathered together. All this was done within seven days, the time of respite which the people of Jabesh had asked of the Ammonites; and the messengers returned with the glad message, "To-morrow, by that time the sun be hot, ye shall have help." Saul displayed a great deal of military talent on this occasion, so that the Ammonites were completely routed and discomfited.

This victory brought about a universally favorable impression of Saul; the people said to Samuel, "Who is he that said, Shall Saul reign over us? bring the men that we may put them to death." So quickly does public opinion turn, so intolerant is it! Saul, still "little in his own eyes," spoke with real wisdom; he said, "There shall not a man be put to death this day: for to-day the Lord hath wrought salvation in Israel." As long as Saul recognized the hand of God, all was well; as long as he acted under God, and did not take the command into his own hands, he was safe; right himself with God, he could be merciful and forbearing with man. Very often the state of our souls reflects itself upon our children, servants, and workmen; we reflect either God or ourselves upon them, according as we are living to Him or to ourselves; if we are irritable, discontented, discouraged, they will be affected by it; if we are happy, equally so.

Samuel took occasion of the present state of mind of the people to propose that they should go to Gilgal and renew the kingdom there. This was a kind of coronation day for Saul; "all the people went to Gilgal; and there they made Saul king before the Lord in Gilgal." As was the usual custom in times of rejoicing, "they sacrificed sacrifices of peace offerings before the Lord; and there Saul and all the men of Israel rejoiced greatly." But

THEIR REJECTED KING

and His rejected prophet had not so much cause for rejoicing. Samuel had a few farewell words to speak at this time, in which he resigned his office as judge; he reminded the people that he had grown old among them and gray-headed, that he had walked before them from his childhood unto that day, and then he made a personal appeal to them, not so much to indicate his own integrity, as to be able to show them that as they had treated him, so they had treated God. He challenged them to bear witness against him whether he had taken ox or ass, whether he had defrauded or oppressed, whether he had taken any bribe to blind his eyes therewith, saying that he was ready to restore it. The testimony of the people was universal, "Thou hast not defrauded us, nor oppressed us, neither hast thou taken aught of any man's hand." Then Samuel called on them to declare that they took God and His anointed to be witness of what they said, "And they answered, He is witness." The prophet said no more on this point; it was fully proved that without cause they had rejected Him.

But the burden of his heart was their rejection of God. "It is the Lord," he said, "that advanced Moses and Aaron, and that brought your fathers up out of the land of Egypt. Now therefore stand still, that I may reason with you before the Lord of all the righteous acts of the Lord, which He did to you and to your fathers." A moment before he had called the Lord to be *his* Witness, now he stood as the one witness for the Lord. *Blessed reciprocity* between the Lord and those who trust in Him! Then the old man brought up the facts of past history to show that in every deliverance of His people it was *the Lord* who delivered them; when they cried unto Him in Egypt, the *Lord* sent Moses and Aaron, when they had forgotten their God and He had sold them into the hand of Sisera, and again they cried unto Him, *the Lord* sent Jerubbaal, Bedan, Jephthah and Samuel, "and delivered you out of the hand of your enemies on every side, and ye dwelled safe." God had been true, and Samuel had been true, but when Nahash came against them they wanted a king "when

THE LORD YOUR GOD WAS YOUR KING."

This was the sin which Samuel wanted to bring home to them, the preferring of another before their God. And yet Samuel did not lead them to despair. He showed them that, wrong as they had been, there was still before them the path of obedience; they could not undo what was done, they had succeeded in making the distance greater between them and God, but He had not therefore altogether rejected them. "If ye will fear the Lord, and serve Him, and obey His voice, and not rebel against the commandment of the Lord, then shall both ye and also the king that reigneth over you continue following the Lord your God; but if ye will not obey the voice of the Lord, but rebel against the commandment of the Lord, then shall the hand of the Lord be against you, as it was against your fathers." Oh, how full of love is our God! He is always ready to encourage those even who have been guilty of declension, and show them how they may yet serve Him! Satan accuses us, but blocks up every way of escape; the Lord deals faithfully with us about our sin, but He always shows us how we may return, and even be more blessed than before.

But it was necessary that the people should confess where they had been wrong; and in order to bring them to this point of confession, that they might recognize their sin, Samuel called upon them, "Now therefore stand and see this great thing, which the Lord will do before your eyes. Is it not wheat harvest to-day? I will call unto the Lord, and He shall send thunder and rain; that ye may perceive and see that your wickedness is great, which ye have done in the sight of the Lord, in asking you a king." Samuel knew he could count upon the Lord; he knew that with God as *his* witness, it was a small thing to ask that the elements should be brought into his service as the Lord's witness; he was sure of his answer before he prayed the Lord to send thunder and rain, and God did not fail him. That which love and faithfulness had failed to do, fear did in this case; "the people greatly feared the Lord and Samuel," and at last *the words of confession* were heard, "Pray for thy servants unto the Lord thy God, that we die not; for we have added unto all our sins this evil, to ask us a king." Now, and only now, could Samuel say unto them, "Fear not;" sin confessed leaves us in the condition to be forgiven and cleansed. "I said after she had done all these things, Turn thou unto Me." "Return, thou backsliding Israel, saith the Lord; and I will not cause Mine anger to fall upon you; for I am merciful, saith the Lord, and I will not keep anger forever.

ONLY ACKNOWLEDGE THINE INIQUITY"

(Jer. 3 : 7, 12, 13). The prophet said, "Fear not; ye have done all this wickedness, yet turn not aside from following the Lord." He showed that to turn aside would be "to go after vain things that cannot profit or deliver." What is the alternative, if discouragement drives us from God? To whom shall we go? A rebellious son will turn away from his parents to some stranger; but who shall profit us? or deliver us from everlasting death?" "For the Lord will not forsake His people;" there is no retaliation in God; Israel might reject Him, but God could not alter; His name was pledged, and for thatname's sake He would always receive them when they sought Him. And Samuel stood always on the same side as his God, "Moreover as for me, God forbid that I should sin against the Lord in ceasing to pray for you; but I will teach you the good and the right way." Samuel was deposed from his position of power, but took up that of intercession and of teaching; he would not cease to be God's voice to them, although they rejected him as God's hand to govern them. Thus he called upon them to put the service of God before all else and to make it a heart matter, warning them that if they still did wickedly, both they and their king should be consumed.

FOREIGN TOPICS.

An Earthquake Causing a Great Loss of Life and serious damage to property occurred on Tuesday, October 16th, near Chios, the scene of the recent severe catastrophe of April 3d, 1881. Only a slight shock was on this occasion felt at Chios, but at Chesme on the coast of Asia Minor opposite Chios, the destruction was complete. The undulating wave extended along the entire coast of Anatolia and far into the interior of the western portion of Asia Minor. The first shock was felt at Smyrna about twenty minutes past seven in the morning. It lasted apparently only about the fourth part of a minute and was followed by three lesser shocks in quick succession, which seemed to be only of about half the duration of the first. With the first shock many dwelling houses came down. The damage was greatest on the lower slopes of the ancient Mount Pegasus, where the vibrations were much more severe than along the plain between the hill and the shore, where the Christians reside. All the villages between Chesmeh and Vouria were completely wrecked, and at least one thousand persons lost their lives by being buried under the falling walls of their dwellings. Some advices estimate the number of deaths at four thousand, but this calculation is doubtless an exaggeration. The Turkish Government issued an appeal for help in succoring the homeless people who escaped with their lives but lost their property. Its appeal states that they number twenty thousand. A tidal wave which rose to the distance of seven feet above high water mark followed the earthquake, doing much damage to the shipping.

The Franco-Chinese Difficulty is Unsolved. The French Government affect to regard the Chinese hostility as a matter of small importance, but it is evident that preparations for war on a large scale are being made in China. It is also an ominous fact that the Marquis Tseng, the Chinese Minister to the Western Powers, who has hitherto expressed his confidence in the peaceful ending of the negotiations, now speaks doubtfully. An American newspaper correspondent in Europe, commenting on the situation, says: "The treaty with the King of Annam causes grave disquiet in Paris. Annam has become a French province, and its defence is wholly guaranteed by the Republic. The suzerainty of China is abolished in Tonquin. Nothing prevents an attack on Sontay. France hopes that China will recognize these facts and come to terms, but there are no signs of surrender. On the other hand, China is preparing to blockade Canton. Dr. Harmand, the French Commissioner, estimates that it will cost France eight millions to hold the delta against China."

The Victory of the French over the Annamites at Hue is the subject of a despatch sent to the Paris *Figaro* by an officer in the French army who witnessed "the glorious victory." It appears to have been like a sportsman's battle in the woods, a cold-blooded butchery by monsters rather than war waged by civilized human beings. The city was set on fire and the French troops were placed within a fort commanding the only road by which the people, flying for their lives from the flames, could escape. He says: "We saw them halting at the end of the village with singed hair and garments. Then, after a few moments' hesitation, tucking up their flowing robes as high as they could and trying to protect their heads with planks against the impending shower of bullets, they rushed on. A great butchery then commenced. Two volleys were fired. It was *quite a pleasure* to see these fanlike streams of bullets sweeping down upon the fugitives. They were poured in twice in one minute at the word of command, and in a sure, methodical manner. It was like a jet from a huge watering pot, which mowed them down by dozens." A few tried to escape by plunging into the river and diving, but the same officer remarks: "Our men continued to kill them all the same when they came up to breathe like seals. The men then amused themselves counting the dead—fifty on the left, eighty to the right—about a thousand in all. In the village were small heaps. The sailors made bets as to the numbers destroyed. About nine in the morning all was over, and *the rout of the Annamites* was complete." After the victory the soldiers wandered about the city dragging terrified boys and men singly out of their hiding places, and while mocking their cries for mercy bayoneting them or clubbing them to death. The narrative would not have been credited had it not been written by a French officer.

The Trial of O'Donnell, who Followed Carey to Africa to kill him in self-defence, has been postponed at the request of his lawyers. The prisoner was brought into court, and in the jaunty, careless manner he has displayed throughout, entered the plea of "not guilty." General Roger A. Pryor, who has gone from New York to England to assist in his defence, was in court, but took no part in the proceedings. The plea on which the application for postponement was based was that a lawyer in Capetown had cabled that there were important witnesses there who could be called to testify in the case. Attorney-General James stated that he would not oppose the application for the postponement of the trial if the names of the witnesses were inserted in the affidavit, and the drift of the evidence to be given by them was indicated. It was decided to postpone the trial until November 21st. O'Donnell is well fed, but complains of his enforced abstinence from tobacco.

The Capture of the Chief of a Gang of Pirates, who operated off the Russian coast of the Black Sea, has led to some startling disclosures. The pirate succeeded in escaping from his captors but left behind letters and papers incriminating many merchants and officers in the Russian service. The New York *Herald*, whose correspondent cabled the news of the affair, says: "The method adopted by the pirates was to exhibit false signals, so as to lure vessels straight on to the dangerous reefs of the Tauranian coast. The crews were then left to perish on the rocks or murdered after the vessels had been pillaged and the pirates had helped themselves to what they needed. The cargoes were transferred to other vessels, placed at the disposal of the pirates by their silent partners at Kertch and elsewhere, and conveyed to Constantinople, Varna and Odessa, where they were sold in the open market."

A Convention of English Liberals Assembled in Leeds last week to consider and recommend to the government the measures most urgently needed by the country. A difference of opinion was revealed as to the relative importance of legislation to regulate the government of London, and that to extend the franchise in counties. After debate the latter was voted the more urgent of the two. At present citizens who live outside the towns, whose assessment by the poor law authorities is below sixty dollars a year, are not permitted to vote at county elections. At a public meeting held after the convention Mr. John Bright presided. He delivered an address in which he intimated that the Radical platform should include a plank affecting the House of Lords. He said: "There is one question which is not very remote, and which will have to be faced—namely, the constant conflict between the House of Lords and the House of Commons—*a conflict full of peril* to one of them, full of humiliation to both. The two Houses must be reconciled and be made equally responsive to the national wants."

The Condition of the Poor in England is being discussed in the press of that country. It has been aroused by the appearance of two pamphlets giving hideous pictures of the homes, the wants, and the vices of the English poor; and so much uneasiness is felt that even staid Liberal and cautious Conservative journals are seriously proposing semi-socialistic schemes for the relief of misery. The construction of artisans' dwellings by the State is a favorite expedient, and it is noteworthy that Lord Salisbury has approved this scheme in speeches. The London correspondent of the New York *Sun*, epitomizing an article by that statesman in a leading review, says the present age, we are told by his lordship, is out of joint, and is growing rapidly worse. "England was better when she had an autocratic monarch, an almost omnipotent aristocracy, a corrupt House of Commons, and rotten boroughs."

Opposition to Messrs. Moody and Sankey has been attempted in Ireland. In a cable despatch from Cork, dated October 18th, it is stated that rough characters have assembled in the evening outside of the hall in which Mr. Moody is holding revival meetings, and have attempted to interfere with them. The police have prevented any disturbance, and now guard the hall nightly. Mr. Moody's mission in Limerick was a success. The nationality of the evangelists should have insured them a welcome in any city in Ireland. It is strange that an American should need police protection from an Irish mob.

Evangelistic Work is Making Progress in France under the republic. Three evangelists are working among the peasants of Brittany, against great opposition from the priests, many of whom are from the lowest of the people. Among other methods of work, the preachers proclaim the Gospel at the great fairs, where many eagerly listen to the truth. A successful form of evangelization adopted there and in other parts of the country is the Bible-carriage movement. M. Pointet, in a vehicle suitably furnished with religious reading, has itinerated in not less than ten departments of the republic.

London Policemen are in Future to be Armed with revolvers. This decision has been forced on the city government by the desperate character of disturbers of the peace. The plan will at first be confined to the constables who perambulate the "outer circle," where the burglar is wont chiefly to carry on his unhallowed trade; whether it will subsequently be extended into the heart of London will depend on the success or failure which attends the experiment. The armed policeman is intended as an answer to the armed burglar; but it is a startling and significant revelation of the changes which have of late years passed over the criminal classes in the capital of England when it has become necessary to protect the lives of citizens by such a resource as this. If the English police commissioners have heeded the warnings furnished by the police reports on this side the Atlantic, they will, before furnishing revolvers to the policemen, make sure that they are sober men, and that they are not men who in cases of panic consider it their duty to fire promiscuously into a crowd of inoffensive citizens.

Standard Recitations by the Best Authors, compiled by Frances P. Sullivan, is a book recently issued by Messrs. M. J. Ivers & Co. It contains seventy-nine pieces extracted from the works of J. G. Whittier, H. W. Longfellow, Tennyson, Shelley, Browning, etc., etc. They are specially adapted for recitation at school, and public or private entertainments. Forty-eight pages in paper cover, twelve cents, including postage. Purchasers may send one cent or two cent postage stamps, but not postage stamps of any other denomination.

The Prophetic News and Israel's Watchman (London) for October contains: "The Second Advent and its Glorious Epiphany," by Rev. W. Frith; "Judah and Israel," by Dr. Henry Meymott; "Fallen Angels: their Position in Past, Present and Future Ages," by Rev. T. J. Malyon, LL.B.; "The Great Pyramid;" "The Proposed Palestine Canal," and other papers on unfulfilled prophecy with a summary of passing events viewed from a prophetic point of view. Price six cents, annual subscription seventy cents. Back numbers of this periodical *for this year* may be had from the office of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, 63 Bible House, New York, N. Y.

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD AND SIGNS OF OUR TIMES.

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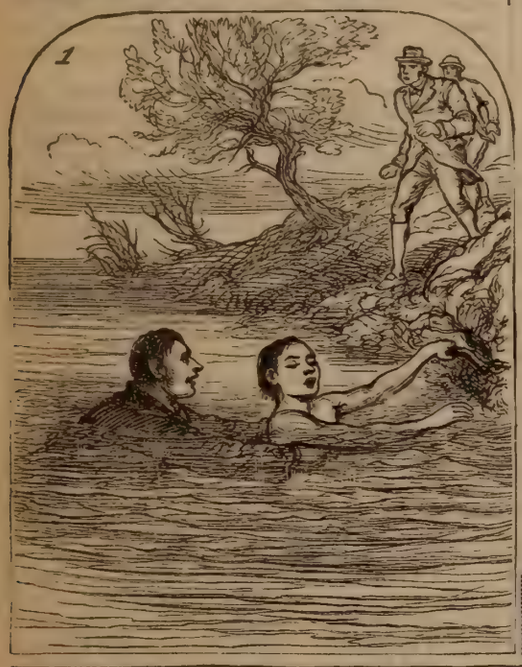

Rev. T. M'CULLAGH, the President of the British Wesleyan Conference—Scenes in his Life.

THE REV. THOMAS M'CULLAGH,

The New President of the British Wesleyan Conference.

Born in Ireland in 1822—First Religious Instruction—Fearless Character as a Boy—Splitting Tops—Narrow Escape from Drowning—Obtains an Engagement in the Ordnance Department—Conversion at the Age of 18—First Sermon—Journey on a Dark Night—Widow Keefe's Hospitable Cabin—A Memorable Conference Sunday—A Candidate for the Ministry—Famous Colleagues—Ordination in 1849—The "Reform Movement"—Circuits, Services, and Successes for Christ.

THE Rev. Thomas M'Cullagh, the newly-elected President of the British Wesleyan Conference, *whose portrait appears this week on our front page*, was born at New Inn, in the county of Galway, Ireland, in 1822, and is now sixty-one years of age. His father, Mr. Alexander M'Cullagh, was of Scotch descent, but settled at Loughnavagh, near Woodlawn, in the early part of the present century, and he retained his ancestral Protestantism among a Roman Catholic population. His wife was a Miss Rochfort, of Anglo-Norman descent, who resided in that locality. Soon after the birth of their son Thomas the family removed from New Inn to Loughnavah, which consisted of about a dozen scattered houses, while the parish church was some miles distant, and the clergyman was a notoriously worldly man. But there resided at Woodlawn, the seat of Lord Ashdown, Mr. John Trench and his family. A Sunday-school was established in the mansion, and under the guidance of Mrs. Trench and her daughters Thomas M'Cullagh and his sisters first received religious instruction.

Thomas received the elements of *education* in a good day-school near Woodlawn, established under the patronage of Lord Ashdown. Several years afterward he was removed to a school at Athlone, where he obtained instruction of a more advanced character. As a boy at Athlone, he exhibited a singular

FEARLESSNESS OF CHARACTER,

many illustrations of which might be given. A trivial circumstance in connection with boyish play showed of what stuff he was made. In a game with his school-fellows it fell to the lot of young Thomas's favorite top to be "pegged at" by the tops of the others. A lad of great dexterity in "splitting" tops took aim, when Thomas *covered his own top with his hand and received the descending blow.* The sharp iron entered his hand, and left a scar, which the President of the Conference still bears.

NARROW ESCAPE FROM DROWNING.

On another occasion he attempted—a mere lad of fifteen years of age—to swim across the broad mouth of a tributary to the Shannon, near where it empties itself into the sea—a feat which none but a very skilful swimmer should have undertaken. The passage across was successfully made; but on the return, the young Leander lost his presence of mind, and sank like a stone. An experienced diver happened to be upon the shore, and at once came to the rescue. Having raised the boy to the surface, he pushed him before him, until at length the bank was reached, and the young life saved. (*See frontispiece.*)

While at Athlone, where he had made considerable progress in his studies, he one day, quite accidentally as it then appeared, had an interview with a lieutenant of the Royal Engineers, engaged in making the Ordnance Survey in Ireland, who, discovering that the boy was an expert in Euclid, and in other branches of useful knowledge, offered to employ him in his division of the work. The offer was accepted, and he was engaged as an assistant surveyor, till he entered the ministry, in planning and drawing maps.

CONVERSION.

He was resident at Kilkenny in the year 1839, and while there he was invited by an acquaintance, a young man, to go with him to the Methodist chapel The preaching of the late Rev. Robert Huston had such an attraction for the young man that he became anxious about the salvation of his soul, and joined the class led by Mr. Thomas Little. While spending an evening with Mr. Huston and other friends at Mr. Little's house, prayer and religious entreaty occupied their attention, and that evening Thomas M'Cullagh, by simply trusting in Christ found the peace of mind which he was seeking. He gave his heart to God in his eighteenth year, and at once devoted his leisure hours to work in the Sunday-school, in prayer-meetings, and as an exhorter.

Soon after his conversion Thomas M'Cullagh was removed to Mallow, Cork County, where, acting as an exhorter, he ventured to exceed his commission, and took a text occasionally. His

FIRST SERMON

was preached at Ballyclough, in a private house, a few miles from Mallow.

His second attempt to preach was made in a small village near Mallow. On this occasion he was accompanied by a young fellow, a friend a few years older than himself, whose name was Talbot. After the little service the two set out to return to Mallow. The night was dark, and a blinding drizzle made matters worse.

At length a glimmer of light proceeded from a distance. They made for it, and found a house situated at a quadruple junction of roads. On inquiry they found that Mallow was fourteen miles distant. They could not be received for the night there, but were recommended to the

"WIDOW KEEFE'S."

A little fiddler, who had been playing tunes at this house for the peasants to dance to, volunteered to guide them. A light was burning in the cabin to which they were brought, which immediately was put out when their footsteps were heard. After much calling on their part, and whispering and hesitation inside, the door was opened and they were admitted. As they stepped in they stumbled against a living cow which blocked the doorway. (*See frontispiece.*)

They dried themselves by the turf fire, and then were shown to an inner room. Talbot, who entered first, reappeared declaring to his friend that he did not like the appearance of things and would not go to bed. Thomas went to see for himself, and beheld a low settle bed, out of which six heads were thrust—three at the head and three at the foot of the bed. The heads belonged to the widow's sons. Thomas, with his natural courage, at once suggested that they should get into the bed which was set apart for them, saying that all was right, and that they were in God's hands. This they did, and the young preacher was awakened in the morning by his companion, all washed and dressed, standing beside him and calling to him to get up. The widow provided a good breakfast of potatoes and fresh eggs and a noggin of milk, and at the conclusion of the repast would accept nothing in payment, saying that she would be "ashamed of herself to charge gintlemen who had lost their way." Knock-a-waddra was the name of this wild but hospitable region.

A MEMORABLE CONFERENCE SUNDAY.

When residing at Mallow, he went over to Cork, while the Conference was being held in that town, to spend "Conference Sunday." Here he heard the great Robert Newton, whose fame had penetrated even to obscure Irish villages. The celebrated preacher discoursed in the morning, in Patrick Street Chapel, on "Now are we the sons of God," etc. John Bowers, a man of less celebrity but still a distinguished preacher, preached in the evening on "If thou hadst known, even thou, at least in this thy day," etc. This was a "high day" for the young exhorter. It is worthy of notice that though in popular estimation Robert Newton held by far the higher place, young M'Cullagh was fascinated more by the graceful and flowing oratory of Mr. Bowers. Mr. Bowers was a "memoriter" preacher, and paid great attention to elegance of composition, and this greatly delighted the youth, who had an ear for the rhythm of sentences.

Forty years afterward—in 1881—Thomas M'Cullagh again appeared in the same chapel, on this occasion as one of the appointed companions of the President, to represent the British Conference; and, strange to relate, at this same Conference of 1881 there was read the obituary of Robert Huston, under whose ministry the young lad in Mallow had been converted, and who had given him his "ticket on trial" for membership in the Methodist Society.

REMOVES TO ENGLAND.

When the Irish Survey was completed in 1841 Mr. M'Cullagh was transferred to the English Survey, and located at Skipton, Yorkshire. He carried with him a note of removal in which he was described as "an exhorter, and had even preached." Soon afterward he was invited to preach anniversary sermons at the village of Embsay, near Skipton. He was advertised as "from Ireland." The Baptists, Independents, and Primitives in the village gave up their services to hear a specimen of Irish oratory. On arriving at the chapel, he found the place crowded out, so that it was with the greatest difficulty that he could make his way to the pulpit. What a trial it was to the nerves of a man who had hitherto only exhorted behind a kitchen chair may be imagined. Thus he preached *his first sermon from a pulpit*, and in a chapel, and the success then inaugurated has not been on the decline now for more than forty years.

A CANDIDATE FOR THE MINISTRY.

In 1844, without offering himself as a candidate for the ministry, he was proposed, examined before the May district meeting at Huddersfield by the Rev. John Rigg (father of the Rev. Dr. Rigg), sent up to London to be examined in July, and, with fifty-six other candidates, he was accepted on probation by the Conference. Among his colleagues at that examination were the Revs. John W. Greeves, Josiah Pearson, Samuel Coley, John Dury Geden, Benjamin Hellier, John Walton, and *William Morley Punshon.* His "July Trial Sermon" was preached in the Brixton Hill Chapel before Jonathan Crowther. When the young men were before the senior ministers, Dr. Bunting, as often was the case, was very rough with them. Many a timid candidate was thoroughly cowed in spirit by the unnecessary severity of the "King of the preachers," and anticipated from it nothing but rejection. While M'Cullagh was speculating and fearing with the others in the Chapel Yard as to the result, during an interval in the examination James Osborn told him of the very favorable report sent in by Mr. Crowther on his sermon (which was on the Prodigal Son), and thus somewhat set his mind at rest.

FIRST CIRCUIT.

The Conference of 1845 appointed him to his first circuit, Workington, which comprised Cockermouth and Maryport, and where he found work enough to test his courage and patience. To the adjoining circuit of Whitehaven, William M. Punshon was sent to begin his ministry in Methodism, and the two young preachers formed a friendship ardent and lifelong. Mr. M'Cullagh, surviving his friend, preached a funeral sermon and wrote and published his recollections of their early friendship in a small volume. Occupying the first and second years of his probation at Workington, Mr. M'Cullagh spent the two concluding years of his probation at Hexham, where he had for one of his hearers a youth named *Joseph Parker*, now Dr. Parker, the minister of the City Temple in London and Chairman-elect of the Congregational Union. He was

ORDAINED

in 1849, and having married Isabella, daughter of Mr. Henry Hays, of Hexham, Mr. M'Cullagh removed to Shotley Bridge, Durham, where he remained three years.

It was at this time that the great agitation, known as the Reform Movement, was raging in Methodism, the secondary cause of which was the expulsion from the Conference and Connexion of Messrs. Everatt, Dunn, and Griffiths.

from the same human original. Nothing defaces, deforms, and imbrutes as sin does. What a mercy it is that sinners may be saved, cleansed, and transformed into fadeless beauty by the grace of Him who "sent His Son into the world, not to condemn the world, but that the world through Him might be saved."

Beware of the Serpent!—Bailie Dickson Said: "Those who have been saved from any degrading vice, such as drunkenness, should, if they desire to stand fast, be constantly on their guard, avoid old companions, shun the grog shop, and take every precaution against temptation. They should ever be on their guard against the old serpent, who is not dead, but is lying in wait to sting and kill them. A man whom I know, who was greatly given to drinking, was brought to Christ, and walked consistently and steadfastly for years. One day he was walking on the south side of the river, and while passing a saloon, a sudden and (to him in his own strength) irresistible temptation to enter and drink came on him. Forgetting the refuge open to all, he fell, and his fall was more grievous and deeper than ever before, but kind hands and hearts, moved and made successful by the love of Christ, went after him and he was reclaimed. 'Let him that thinketh he standeth, take heed lest he fall.'"

THE LAODICEAN AGE.

By Rev. J. R. Graves, LL.D.*

The Symbolical Name—Its Significance—Their Sin Laxity and Indifference—Fatal Worldly Prosperity—Expensive Churches the Product of Pride—Pride in the Ministry—False Liberalism—Persecution Needed—The Coming Tribulation.

THE Laodicean Church is symbolical of the last period; and the terms used to describe its character are symbolic of the general condition of the churches of the period covered by the symbol. The very name selected (Rev. 3: 14–22) to symbolize the period is significant. It is compounded of two Greek words, *laos*, the people, and, *dike*, judgment, and indicates, that, in this age, the people or nations will be judged; and it may very properly be called the Judgment Age.

Mark the peculiar address to this church, and what may be implied in it. It is from "the faithful and true Witness," thus reminding them of the mission to which He had appointed them, "ye shall be witnesses unto Me," which, at the close, would be fulfilled in them. Not only the opening address, but the closing promise, indicates the severe trial through which, at last, they had to pass to their thrones and crowns.

He does not charge this church, as He did others, with unsoundness touching vital doctrine, but with a sinful

LAXITY AND INDIFFERENCE

both as to their faith and practice; a tepidness and milk-warm sentimentality, that was nauseating; an easy accommodating themselves to influences around them, that was more sinful than even positive coldness with respect to the truth committed to them. They had become rich in their own estimation, having "need of nothing," boastful, self-sufficient and arrogant, when He who sees the heart saw they were miserably "poor, blind and naked." Yet, notwithstanding all this, He gives them the assurance that He loves them, and the proof of it in that He rebuked and chastened them; for whom God loves, He does not let alone.

Now let us look for the application of this Symbol. The Laodicean Church state embraces a period extending from the Philadelphian state until the Second Advent. There are good and sufficient reasons to place its commencement about A.D. 1776, when the church in Europe and America ceased to suffer from the civil rulers the vigorous persecutions that had followed it onward from the days of John the Baptist. From this period the churches multiplied, and, their substance no longer distrained for "fines and penalties," they commenced to rapidly increase in "this world's goods"—on account of their great numbers and wealth they began to be *esteemed respectable*, and treated with consideration, by those who had persecuted and shed their blood. In turn, the witnesses of Christ began to weaken in the boldness and faithfulness of their testimony against the heresies and Antichristian position the sects occupied toward the kingdom of Christ, and in this way, with thief-like stealthiness, a false liberalism stole in upon the churches which had fruited into full affiliation with manifest heresies in their organized forms, and fellowship with the teachers of those heresies by public association with them.

Notice again the charges brought against the churches of this period, not because they had departed from or renounced any vital, fundamental doctrine of Christ, but their sinful indifference, nauseating tepidness and lukewarmness with respect to all that pertain to the honor and cause of their Divine Master. They had not only become indifferent in the defence of the faith delivered to them, but *lukewarm in their opposition* to the destructive errors that threatened the corruption and very existence of His Truth. But more than this, the churches of this period had become, in their own estimation, "rich and increased in goods"—had become more than self-complacent, even boastful, saying, we "have need of nothing." The goods and riches in this passage are symbolic, and represent a species different from themselves, *i.e.*, its numbers, its social influence, the number and the talents of its ministry, its activities and ability to accomplish desired results, and

ITS RESPECTABILITY.

Now all this is true of the churches of Christ in this age as it never has been since Christ established His church on earth.

We, as a people, have vastly increased in numbers—over two millions of adult members in America alone; and we are continually boasting of this sort of wealth. But how poor in a really regenerated and truly spiritual membership we may be, the one who walks amid the golden candlesticks alone knows, and He pronounces us miserably "poor." Doubtless there never was so large a proportion of our membership unregenerated as it is to-day, and becoming yearly more so. We were never before possessed of so much material wealth. Cathedral-like temples for worship, costing from $50,000 to hundreds of thousands, are seen in our larger cities and more populous towns. These are the monuments of our pride rather than of our piety; for in them are buried, as in the earth, the talents the Lord committed to His disciples to put into active employment for the conversion of the heathen, and the extension of His kingdom until He comes. It was not until the churches became corrupted, not until piety lapsed into pride, that costly houses were built. While the apostles lived, only the plainest edifices were provided for public worship, and indeed few churches owned the houses they worshipped in—Paul had no meeting house in Rome, and he nowhere exhorted the brethren to build one.

We have, as a people, now a high social position on account of our wealth, intelligence and refinement, and of this we are proud and boastful, and it has become a cross we feel quite unable to bear, to sacrifice all this by a faithful advocacy and defence of the doctrine of Christ, so unpopular and hateful to the world and false religionists.

We have already become

PROUD OF OUR MINISTERS,

and boast of their number, their talents and power, but the thoughtful observe with saddened hearts that as they become eminent and popular, the temptation to "save their lives," *i.e.*, enhance their personal influence and popularity, to win the favor of men and to gain or retain rank with educated teachers of the popular religious errors of the day, is far too strong with most, and they are influenced to affiliate with them, and thus acknowledge them before the world as their equals in all things that constitute true ministers of Christ. Thus they surrender every inch of ground upon which to stand to protest against their errors, and, as witnesses, their voices are effectually hushed, and they lose their moral courage and sink down into indifference with respect to the maintenance of all the principles that distinguish us from the adherents of false doctrine.

CHRISTIAN LIBERALITY.

We may not shut our eyes to the painful truth; spiritual declension and religious indifference, wide-spread, inveterate and increasing, characterize the churches of this period, and furnish indubitable proof to us that we have progressed very far into the Laodicean church period. Where only a score of years ago there was, in comparison to the present, an ardor of life, a zeal for, and devotion to, the distinguishing principles and doctrines of Christ, and a cheerful liberality in giving to extend the cause, there is to-day almost the absence of life manifested; and, as to warmth, only a little less than the coldness of death.

Ministers and public teachers are held up as models of piety who ignore ecclesiasticism altogether, and consider one religious organization equal to another, however unscriptural in its form, or heretical in its doctrine, and freely cooperates in religious meetings. This is called Christian liberality, and a "catholic spirit;" but it is a sickly and sinful sentimentalism.

If this state of things is allowed to continue, what must the end be? Evidently this spacious liberalism and indifference, if left to grow, will work the extinction of true Christianity. But the Master will not let those He loves alone, He will rebuke and chastise them into dutiful obedience. He has been for years past raising up within His churches a body of witnesses to plead for the maintenance of our principles, and to rebuke those who would approve, fellowship, and affiliate with the teachers of acknowledged heresies, and while, as yet, these are lukewarm when compared with the faithful witnesses and martyrs of old, yet there is pleasing evidence that the tone of their protest has yearly acquired depth and strength and boldness.

The statement of the 19th verse—"As many as I love, I rebuke and chasten: be zealous therefore and repent"—seems to us pregnant with meaning. He cannot recover His church from its sinful lukewarmness by letting it alone—He must rebuke and chasten it. In this message, by the angel of the church, He administers a severe rebuke, and He may rebuke them instrumentally by the agency of the faithful witnesses He is raising up in their midst, to protest against their indifference and sinful inconsistencies, while He foreshadows the fact that He has chastisements in store for them.

The fires of persecution by which His martyr church was kept purified must be rekindled, the persecuting power He has restrained for a season, while His church has grown rich and degenerate, must be let loose to chastise them until they will be awakened out of their state of apathy and indifference. It may be necessary, in order to recall them to their senses, for those self-same organizations with which they "have lived deliciously" to shed their blood and waste them, as they did in former ages. They will then be made to see and feel the true character of these organizations, *i.e.*, that they are opposed to the true churches, as they are to the truth of Christ.

PERSECUTIONS YET AWAIT

the churches of Christ, which, in comparison to those of the past, are denominated by the Holy Spirit, "The Great Tribulation," and only those who are able to pass through it, and triumphantly overcome, will be allowed to sit down with Christ on His throne. The Laodicean church state, then, closes with Christ being at the door and knocking.

* An extract from his work entitled "The Work of Christ in the Covenant of Redemption, Developed in Seven Dispensations," pp. 569, published by the Baptist Book House, Memphis, Tenn. Price $2.

CHRISTIAN HERALD AND SIGNS OF OUR TIMES.

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THE MANAGER,

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READERS should understand that when an article published in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD bears the name of the writer, that writer must be held individually responsible for the views therein advanced. The ministers whose sermons appear in this journal, and other contributors, must not be regarded as always endorsing views about which there is a wide divergence of opinion, even among Christians of eminent piety and learning.

CURRENT EVENTS.

The Presidential Proclamation of Thanksgiving Day has been issued, appointing November 29th for the purpose. In the course of the proclamation, the President says: "The year which is drawing to an end has been replete with evidences of Divine goodness. The prevalence of health, the fulness of the harvests, the stability of peace and order, the growth of fraternal feeling, the spread of intelligence and learning, the continued enjoyment of civil and religious liberty—all these and countless other blessings are cause for reverent rejoicing. I do, therefore, recommend that on the day above appointed the people rest from their accustomed labors, and, meeting in their several places of worship, express their devout gratitude to God that He hath dealt so bountifully with this nation, and pray that His grace and favor abide with it forever."

The Annual Report of First Assistant Postmaster-General Hatton was published last week, and affords much interesting information, indicating the rapid growth and development of the country. The whole number of post-offices on June 30th, 1883, when the fiscal year closed, was 47,863, an increase of 1632 during the year. The increase in the six New England States was 36; in the Middle States and the District of Columbia, 223; in the Southern States and Indian Territory, 725; in the ten States and six Territories of the West and North-west, 580, and on the Pacific slope, 68. Pennsylvania has the largest number of post-offices of any of the States, the number being 3716. New York followed with 3088, and Ohio was third on the list, with 2680. The largest increase in the number of post-offices in any one of the States and Territories during the year was in Dakota, the number being 172. Mr. Hatton recommends a reduction in the local delivery rate to one cent, and suggests that a special service should be organized for the *night delivery* of letters on which an extra stamp is affixed for urgency. From the Second Assistant Postmaster-General's report we learn that the mileage was 77,998,782, and the cost $4,739,478. The increase in mileage for 1883 over 1880 is 1,927,787 miles, and the decrease in cost of 1883, compared with 1880, $2,582,021.

Commissioner Hiram Price of the Indian Bureau, in submitting to Secretary Teller his annual report, says that among the things needed to secure success and efficiency in solving what is called the Indian problem are: An appropriation to survey the out-boundaries of Indian reservations. A law for the punishment of persons who furnish arms or ammunition to Indians. More liberal appropriations for Indian police. An appropriation of money sufficient to defray the expense of detecting and prosecuting persons who furnish liquor to Indians. He reports that the number of Indian pupils, exclusive of the five civilized tribes, enrolled at boarding schools during the year just closed is 5145, an increase of 654 over last year. The attendance on the day schools has been 5014, an increase of 748 over the preceding year. Of the 5143 boarding pupils, 4396 have attended schools on reservations or in their immediate vicinity, 641 have been enrolled at Hampton, Carlisle and Forest Grove, and 106 have been placed in various schools in the States.

The Project of Erecting a National Monument to President Garfield is taking definite shape. The trustees of the Garfield National Monument Association have invited an international competition, open to all artists, for a design for a monument in honor of the late President Garfield. For the design possessing the highest merit $1000 will be paid; for the second, $750, and for the third, $500. The monument is not to exceed in cost when completed the sum of $150,000. It will be erected in Lake View Cemetery, Cleveland, on a commanding eminence. The monument is to be of granite of approved quality and color, with emblems and statuary of bronze.

The Startling Increase in the Number of divorces in Illinois, Connecticut, and other States, is paralleled by the statistics of divorce in New York State, now published. These show that within three years there has been a large increase of divorces, amounting to nearly fifty per cent of the number granted in 1880. In that year they aggregated 218; in 1881, 253; in 1882, 316, and in eight months of 1883, 215, while from the number of applications now on file, it is probable that by the end of this year the last figure will be swelled to over 400, or nearly twice as many as were ever granted in any year previous to 1879.

The Approaching Luther Celebration is the subject of an address to the churches issued by the American branch of the Evangelical Alliance. In the course of the address the following suggestions are made: "As the 10th of November falls this year on Saturday, the Alliance would respectfully suggest that meetings be held on that day where convenient, and pastors are respectfully invited on the following Lord's Day, November 11th, to bring before the people in sermons or other addresses the value and blessings of the Reformation and of those quickening doctrines of life and of duty to which it reawakened the world."

The Woman's Christian Temperance Union of the State of New York, which held its annual convention in Poughkeepsie recently, resolved to petition the Legislature to require in every school supported by public money instruction in physiology and hygiene, with special reference to the effects of alcoholic stimulants and narcotics upon the human system. Such a law has already been secured in Vermont, Michigan, and New Hampshire.

The Week of Prayer for Young Men Commences Sunday, November 11th. This week of prayer will be observed throughout the world, by arrangement through the medium of the International Committee of the Young Men's Christian Association. Mr. Cephas Brainerd, the chairman of the committee, in his letter requesting us to make the announcement in these columns, gives some remarkable statistics of the progress of the Young Men's Christian Association's work. The number of associations in various countries is now over 2400. The International Committee of the United States and the Dominion of Canada reports statistics for 1883 of 737 associations, of which 679 have an aggregate membership of 52,376. Special efforts on behalf of the 60,000 college students, the 100,000 commercial travellers, the 500,000 German-speaking young men, the 500,000 colored young men and the 1,000,000 railroad men of North America are made by the International Committee with gratifying results. One hundred and seventy college associations are in operation, and the railroad corporations have shown their appreciation of the railroad associations during the past year by contributing over $75,000 to their support.

Assistant-Bishop Potter's Sermon in Prison was the first sermon after his consecration on October 20th. It was preached in the Penitentiary on Blackwell's Island on October 21st. The contrast between the magnificent service of Saturday and the simple service amid gloomy surroundings on Sunday was sufficiently marked. The bishop, however, said that he was glad to so commence his episcopal labors. His sermon, remarkable for its extreme simplicity, was appropriate to his congregation, many of whom wore fetters. Its burden was the willingness of God to receive and forgive the vilest sinners who truly repent and believe in Jesus. The congregation, though so different in dress and culture from that which throngs Grace Church, listened to Bishop Potter quite as attentively and with considerable emotion.

Mr. E. W. Oakes, whose Successful Work among young men at the Bowery branch of the Young Men's Christian Association in New York is well known, has resigned his position to commence work in the West. He is to be ordained next Sunday at Calvary Baptist Church, New York, by Dr. MacArthur, and will depart the following day for his new sphere of labor. He has accepted the charge of a vacant church at South Pueblo, Cal., which he hopes by the blessing of God to make a centre of mission work in the locality. Mr. Oakes by his intense earnestness and remarkable talent in dealing with young men has made a large circle of friends here who sincerely regret his departure, and pray that he may be still more signally blessed in the West.

Successful Revival Services have been Held at several towns in Wisconsin during the past month by Rev. George K. Little, of York, Pa. From a communication sent us by the Rev. N. G. Whitney we learn that the results of God's blessing on the services have been remarkable. In one small town one hundred persons professed saving conversion, and the religious life of the churches was quickened and strengthened. A strong Gospel temperance movement was also inaugurated.

Mr. W. Forbes, of London, England, has just closed a ten days' mission at Brockville, Canada, under the auspices of the Canadian Evangelization Society. The attendance and interest increased daily. Ministers of different denominations assisted. Among many earnest workers were Judge Macdonald and Mr. Edmund Reynolds, barristers. At the urgent request of Mrs. Pringle (wife of Judge Pringle), Mr. Forbes has also visited Cornwall, Ontario, and conducted a series of successful Gospel temperance meetings. Letters for Mr. Forbes may be sent to the office of this paper or to the Young Men's Christian Association, Chicago.

Mr. Jacob Freshman, the Missionary to the Jews, has commenced holding services in Room 24 of Cooper Union, New York. A friend of the movement has come forward, offering to pay the rent of the hall for a year. Mr. Freshman says: "The Lord is leading us as He led Israel of old. As we step into the waters, the waters divide. I came back with strong faith that God would help us; as soon as the services were opened the Lord sent help in that way." Progress is being made with the building fund. Mr. Freshman says: "We are looking at a house valued at $20,000. We can get it for $18,000. The gentleman wants $5000 down, and the rest at low interest. Toward the $5000 we have $2000 in hand, including $1000 contributed by the late William E. Dodge. We want $3000. We are holding prayer-meetings, and pleading with God to send us that amount."

A Rich Find of Gold is Described in the California journals. They state that one of the most valuable strikes known in the mining history of California was made at the Neville or Mammoth Mine, about three miles south of Amador, lately. A pocket of quartz of almost unparalleled richness was found less than 100 feet from the surface, in which was contained from $75,000 to $100,000, and being about two tons in quantity. Much of this might justly be termed *huge chunks of gold*, instead of gold-bearing quartz. Some of the immense pieces of almost solid gold were about as heavy as a man could easily lift from the ground. This gold is almost black, and the richest find of gold of the kind ever known in the United States at one single time. Treasure of such value moves men to envy the fortunate possessors, yet eternal treasure of a value with which this California find cannot compare is offered freely and not accepted (Job 28 : 17).

Fast Asleep in a Drifting Boat, a Woman was found on October 20th off Perth Amboy, N. J. One of the Lehigh Valley boats was passing down the narrows when the crew observed a rowboat without oars drifting out to sea with the tide. They steered for it and picked it up. To their amazement they found in the boat a woman lying fast asleep. When she was awakened she was horrified to learn the danger to which she had been exposed. She said that she and her husband were about to go out for a row and she had entered the boat, when it was found that the oars had been taken out, and she stayed while her husband went to procure some. She supposed the boat to have been secured, and must have fallen asleep while waiting for her husband's return, and did not perceive that the boat had begun to drift. How many people there are whose spiritual state is like that experience. Fast asleep while the boat of their lives is drifting out to the great ocean of eternity (Eph. 5 : 14).

A Woman Tempted and Betrayed by her husband was arraigned in a New York court last week. A dry-goods firm have for a long time missed goods from one of the departments, without being able to detect the thief. A neatly-dressed, lady-like saleslady in the department was the only person there who had not at one time or other been under suspicion. Her modest, quiet manner and her close attention to business diverted suspicion. But last week the firm received an anonymous letter, disclosing the fact that this particular saleslady was the thief, and stating where the goods had been sold. The saleslady was then arrested and at once identified the letter as being in her husband's handwriting. He had by threats and blows forced her to steal to support him in idleness, and when she refused to steal for him any longer he betrayed her to her employers. The reports characterize the man's conduct as "devilish malignity." The epithet in this case is more appropriate than it generally is. Those who serve Satan invariably find that he deceives and betrays them (John 8 : 44).

A Prisoner in a Southern Prison, who Refused to attend a religious service held there by a sea-captain whose ship touched at the port, was attracted toward the meeting, but would not enter. He stood, however, outside the door listening. The blessing of God on what he heard led to his conversion. The captain who conducted the service and who related the incident last week at a meeting in New York had the happiness of directing him to the Saviour in personal conversation. He learned that the prisoner had been committed to prison on the complaint of his wife. He was a slave to strong drink, and for eleven years had led his wife a terrible life. He had stolen trinkets, little worth in themselves, but valued for their associations, and sold them for rum. Such at last was his conduct that the broken-hearted woman was compelled to seek protection, and with her husband in prison, and her children in an asylum, her desolation seemed complete. She was a Christian woman, and for the eleven years of her husband's evil ways she had prayed to God for his salvation. The man at the conclusion of his term in prison went home, and is now a sober man laboring honorably for the support of his family.

A Thrilling Ride by Moonlight was Taken by a gentleman connected with the Sierra Lumber Company in California on October 15th. He started, just as the moon rose, to go down the flume in a box, and entered the gorge of the Cañon when it was high overhead. Below all was Egyptian darkness, but above a streak of light could be seen, and occasionally an open space would be passed, through which the moon would shed a peculiar light across the rushing waters in the flume. It was at one of these openings that the traveller's nerves were sorely strained, as he looked ahead and saw what appeared to be a jam or break in the flume. To jump out was to go down into the cañon's depths, to remain was perhaps to be dashed to pieces. On he came, nearer and nearer. He determined to risk the jam or break, whichever it was, with his nerves braced for the shock. But as he reached the spot, to his great relief, the scene changed, and what looked like a break in the flume was only the moonlight shadowed by the overhanging trees. Such an experience the Christian has sometimes to pass through on his spiritual journey. At times there appears certain disaster before him, but putting his faith in God he goes on to find that the danger existed only in his imagination (Ps. 55 : 5, 16).

A Pension for a Mule has been Secured from the War Department by the intercession of General Sherman and other distinguished officers. The mule, which is quite white, is at the Mount Vernon Barracks, Ala., and was ordered to be sold. The officers at the post sent up a petition that the mule might be retained on account of its long service, and they offered to provide for its maintenance at their own expense. General Sherman submitted the petition to Secretary Lincoln with a recommendation, in which he said: "I have seen that mule; it is believed to have been at the post since 1820. The Quartermaster's Department will be chargeable with ingratitude if that mule be sold. I advise that it be kept in the department, fed, and maintained till death." The Secretary of War thereupon made the following order: "Let this mule be kept and well cared for as long as he lives." The ingratitude of governments is proverbial, but in this case the faithful services of the mule are to be recognized by provision for its comfort until death. Neither for man nor beast can the power of a government go farther. The humble servant of the Saviour, content if he be only a hewer of wood or a drawer of water, serves a king whose power extends beyond the grave and who will never forget his services (Rev. 22 : 12).

A Widow's Search for a Lost Boy Ended happily after three years' persevering effort a few days ago. The boy, who was the son of poor parents in England, was sent as an emigrant to Canada by a charitable organization. He was of a delicate constitution, and on being placed with a farmer the hardships of the life injured his health and he determined to get back to his home in England. His yearning for his mother was pitiable. At length he ran away and wandered about the country, seeking employment in the hope of saving money for his passage. He made his way to New York where he became a newsboy and afterward a telegraph messenger. Subsequently some benevolent friends sent him to an educational institute in Kentucky. A short time ago, looking at a Canadian newspaper belonging to a classmate, he saw by an advertisement that his widowed mother had crossed the Atlantic to seek him, and had been wearily searching in Canada and the United States for three years. His joy was unbounded, and procuring railroad fare from his teachers he travelled the next day to his mother's abode in Toronto. When the mother saw her long-lost boy she clasped him in her arms, and fainted with joy. It is when the seeker after God realizes that God has sent His Son to seek for him that light breaks upon his soul (Matt. 18 : 11).

A LOVING ENTREATY.

A New Sermon by Pastor C. H. Spurgeon.

"Put me in remembrance: let us plead together: declare thou, that thou mayest be justified."—ISAIAH 43 : 26.

The Invitation—The Way of Salvation—I. A Humbling Challenge—The Charge—Neglect of Prayer—No Delight in God—Never Honor Him—Nor Love Him—Nor Obey Him—II. An Amended Version—How to Take Up the Challenge—Plead the Amnesty—The Published Declaration—Model Pleading—III. Practical Suggestions—Human Remembrance Refreshed—The Sin of Sins.

WE shall mainly dwell upon the first invitation of the text: "Put me in remembrance."

In this verse man is invited to draw near to God. Those same men of whom God saith that He was weary of them are bidden to plead with Him. "Thou hast made Me to serve with thy sins, thou hast wearied Me with thine iniquities;" and yet it is evident that in another sense the Lord was not weary of them, for He calls upon them to come to a conference with Him, saying, "Put me in remembrance; let us plead together." This approach to God is the way of our salvation. The first thing that must be done with some men is to make them think of God at all, and the best thing that can be done with any man is to draw him nearer and yet nearer to the great Father of spirits.

"It is good for me to draw near to God," said one who knew right well what he was speaking of; and every man who does not yet understand such an utterance will find it to be true if he will test it. Here is

A COMMANDMENT WITH PROMISE:

"Draw nigh to God, and He will draw nigh to you." Here is another, "Seek ye the Lord while He may be found, call ye upon Him while He is near; let the wicked forsake his way, and the unrighteous man his thoughts; and let him return unto the Lord, and He will have mercy upon him; and to our God, for He will abundantly pardon." Nearness to God is evidently the hope of the seeker.

For the prodigal in the distant country the most essential thing was that he should arise and go unto his father. It would have been of little use for him to have washed himself from the filth of the swine-trough, or to have broken off his acquaintance with the citizens of that country; he could never be right while he dwelt so far from his father's house. The most sober and secluded life in the far country would not have satisfied the cravings of his heart, any more than the husks would have filled his belly; true, it would have been some improvement upon spending his living riotously, but it would have wrought no change in his soul, and given no rest to his heart. The remedy is the father's kiss, the father's bosom, the father's house, the father's love.

Understand my text, then, however paradoxical it may seem, as being a genuine invitation on the part of a gracious God to the most provoking of men. Though they have acted so wickedly that He may well be tired of them, He presses them to hold converse with Him. If anything has been charged upon them in error, He is willing to hear their complaints, only He longs that they will not keep at a sullen distance. God grant that the invitation may be accepted by those of you to whom it will this morning be addressed.

We shall regard our text thus: First, it is *a humbling challenge*, "Put Me in remembrance: let us plead together." Secondly, as we cannot answer the challenge, we will put another sense upon the words and accept it in *an amended version;* such as penitence can carry out; and, thirdly, we shall see in it *a practical suggestion;* perhaps more than one. May the Holy Ghost enable us to learn the lessons and carry out the suggestions!

I. First, then, our text appears before us as

A HUMBLING CHALLENGE.

God had punished Israel on account of sin. Israel was not penitent, but in self-righteousness

judged that the Lord was harsh and severe. "Come, then," says God, "come and plead your suit with Me. Put Me in remembrance of any virtues on your part which I may be supposed to have overlooked. If I have misjudged you, if you have not really been neglectful of My service and worship, let the matter be rectified. If really you have a righteousness of your own, put me in remembrance of it."

On looking back we find that the Lord had charged His people with

NEGLECT OF PRAYER:

"But thou hast not called upon Me, O Jacob." This is the charge which we are compelled to bring against all unconverted men and women; you do not call upon God, you live without sincere and fervent prayer. Perhaps you offer a form of prayer; but that is nothing if your heart goes not with the words. This is rather to mock God than truly to call upon Him. But come now; if there be any mistake in this charge, disprove it! If you have earnestly called upon the Lord through Christ Jesus, if you have been diligent in seeking His face, and yet He has turned His back upon you—testify against Him. It will be a new thing under the sun to find a praying heart rejected at the throne of grace. I know you cannot deny the accusation of prayerlessness. If you are Christless you are prayerless. If you have received no mercy it is because you have not sought it at the mercy-seat.

Next the Lord charged it upon Israel that they had *not delighted in Him*—"Thou hast been weary of Me, O Israel." Is not this a charge which cannot be denied? You men and women who are not regenerate and have never received the pardon of your sin, is it not true that you are weary of God? You readily enough grow tired of a sermon in which we try to speak of Him, though you would listen for hours to a silly tale. You become tired of the Sabbath-day. What a weariness it is! You are weary of the Bible; how little do you read it! a foolish novel suits you better. If you hear Christians talking wisely and seriously of the things of Christ, you have no liking for their words; you would *rather listen to a comic song*. Can you deny this? If you can, you are invited to state your innocence before the Lord. But I know that in truth you cannot raise the question; for there is within your mind an unquestionable aversion to the service of God; in fact, you would feel happier if there were no God, and if thoughts of eternity never intruded themselves. Take heed lest your aversion become mutual, and God should say, "My soul loathed them, and their soul also abhorred Me."

The Lord had also said that these people *did not honor Him*—"Thou hast not brough Me the small cattle of thy burnt offerings; neither hast thou honored Me with thy sacrifices." It may be you have presented no tokens of love to the Lord at all; or, on the other hand, you may have brought sacrifices, but you have not honored God by them. You have given that you might be known to give, or because others did so, but not with the view of honoring God. You come and sit with His people and join in their songs, but you do not seek the glory of God thereby; nor is this the main object of your daily life, you know it is not.

Moreover, the Lord charged Israel that they *did not love Him*—"Thou hast bought Me no sweet cane with money, neither hast thou filled Me with the fat of thy sacrifices." No token of love had been presented, but they had made the Lord to serve with their sins. The purchase of calamus with money had not come into their thoughts.

THEY COULD NOT AFFORD IT,

they said; but when they were worshipping their false gods they could find money enough —"They lavish gold out of the bag, and weigh silver in the balance." So there are men who cannot afford to give anything to the cause of God or Christian charity, but for their sinful pleasures they can waste their substance. No sacrifice is too expensive for a man's lusts: he will do anything that he may live a merry life, which merry life consists in rebellion against God. Plead thine innocence if thou canst. Darest thou take up the glove? Prove that thou hast loved Him. Put Him in remembrance of thy kindly deeds and zealous acts. Thou hast none to bring to remembrance. Thy heart has had no delight in the Lord thy God

The Lord again challenges them upon the charge that they *had not obeyed him:* "Thou hast made Me to serve with thy sins"—thou hast made Me a very slave with thy waywardness. "Thou hast wearied Me with thine iniquities," God's patience was tried to the utmost with their wanton wickedness. Is not this charge true—sadly true of many? Oh, you that have never accepted Christ, nor cast yourselves at His dear feet, you have by this wilful refusal of love insulted the mercy of the Lord. You have had no respect to His law, you have not checked yourself because you were likely to offend, you have not stirred yourself up to please the Lord. Ah no! you have lived as if you were your own masters. If it be not so, you are now challenged to vindicate your characters.

The challenge before us is occupied not only with the ways of man, but with the ways of God; for the Lord here asserts of Himself, "I have not caused thee to serve with an offering, nor wearied thee with incense." That is to say, God is no hard taskmaster, He is not an austere man, gathering where He has not strawed. The service of God is no bondage.

ASK HIS CHILDREN

how they find it. When they take His yoke upon them and learn of Him, they find rest unto their souls. His ways are ways of pleasantness, and all His paths are peace. Perfect obedience is heaven. If God has treated you like slaves, if He has exacted of you more than His right, if He has made your heart heavy with endless labors, then say so, and state your grievance in solemn converse with God. Only do speak with Him. But who that is in his senses will say that the service of God is anything but liberty?

Though I feel myself quite unable worthily to plead the cause of God as I would desire, I could stand here and weep because of the manner in which His creatures treat Him. I feel ashamed of myself that I can so coldly vindicate His cause, which deserves a far better advocate than I can be. But have ye not, ye that are ungodly, have ye not treated the Lord shamefully? Have ye not forgotten Him who never forgets you? Have you not turned your backs on your Benefactor and your Friend? Have you not refused the service which would have afforded your souls a deep delight? Have you not quarrelled with your mercies, and fought against heaven itself? It is surely so. If you have anything to plead to the contrary, argue it with your Maker; only do not continue to keep away from Him. Turn unto Him and answer His appeal, "Put Me in remembrance: let us plead together: declare thou, that thou mayest be justified."

II. I hope you will be prepared to follow me while our penitence suggests

AN AMENDED VERSION;

I do not mean an alteration of the words, but of the sense. Let us take the text as our consciousness of guilt desires to read it. There are certain things which God in great love invites us to bring before His memory. What are these? Let me tell you. If you cannot take up His challenge, and prove your personal righteousness, let the charges stand, with your silence as an assent to them; and now plead with Him and put Him in remembrance of matters which may serve your turn, and lead to your forgiveness.

First, put the Lord in remembrance of *that glorious act of amnesty and oblivion* which in sovereign grace He has proclaimed to the sons of men in the preceding verse. Come, now, all guilty and defiled, and say to Him, "Lord, though my iniquities testify against me, I rest upon Thy forgiving word, 'I, even I, am He that blotteth out thine iniquities for Mine own sake, and will not remember thy sins.'" At once, with tears and broken language, put the Lord in remembrance of His gracious promises, and say, "Remember Thy word unto Thy servant, upon which Thou hast caused me to hope." Cry to Him after this fashion, "Lord, do as Thou hast said. Here is one who is full of iniquity. I pray Thee cleanse me. If I had no transgressions Thou couldst not blot them out; but here they are; I beseech Thee blot them out according to Thy word! Behold, I put Thee in remembrance of thy word. O Lord, let me hear Thee say—'Thy sins, which are many, are forgiven.'"

That done, proceed to put the Lord in remembrance of your sins. Make an open, unreserved acknowledgment unto the Lord. Tell Him that you have transgressed. Say, with the returning prodigal, "I have sinned against heaven, and before thee, and am no more worthy to be called thy son." Hide nothing, for nothing can be hid; conceal nothing, for it cannot be concealed. Be sure your sin will find you out; therefore, find out your sin, and surrender it into the hand of the great God, that He may deal with it.

Confess this also, that you have continued by your sins to go away from Him who invites you to return, and promises you

A WELCOME RECEPTION.

Remember, if you are still out of Christ it is not because God has made you so. He takes an oath, "As I live, saith the Lord God, I have no pleasure in the death of the wicked; but that the wicked turn from his way and live." He will not have your damnation laid at His door. He saith expressly, "O Israel, thou hast destroyed thyself;" and the tender Saviour cries, "Ye will not come to Me, that ye might have life." Own the truth of this. Though you may have foolishly boasted of your free will aforetime, now be humbled about that wicked will of yours which threatens to be your destruction.

When you have done this, if your spirit is much depressed, and your heart is driven to despair by a sense of your guilt, then I would advise you to put the Lord in remembrance of *the extraordinary reason which He gives for pardoning sin:* "I, even I, am He that blotteth out thy trangressions *for Mine own sake.*" Say unto Him thus: "Lord, there is no reason in me why Thou shouldst spare me, but do it for Thine own sake—for Thy love's sake, for Thy mercy's sake."

Put the Lord in remembrance of His sovereign grace, and of His all-sufficient power to bless. Put Him in remembrance that He has taken the vilest of the vile and washed them in the blood of Jesus; that He has taken the hardest and most obdurate hearts, and softened them to the praise of the glory of His grace; and then add, "Lord, do all this in me, that I too may magnify thy gracious name!"

When you have gone as far as that in putting God in remembrance, I would with much affection advise you to plead *the Lord's purpose and intent* revealed in the twenty-first verse: "This people have I formed for Myself; they shall show forth My praise." Say, "Lord, I am thy poor creature. Thou hast made me; even my very body is fearfully and wonderfully made; and the mysterious thing which dwells within me which I call my soul, is also the creature of thy power. Hast thou not made me for Thyself? Wilt Thou not have a desire to the work of Thine own hands? Lord, come and bless me!" This is good arguing. After this fashion obey the word—"Put Me in remembrance: let us plead together."

If that does not ease you, go a little further back in the chapter till you come to the nineteenth verse—"Behold, I will do a new thing; now it shall spring forth; shall ye not know it? I will even make a way in the wilderness, and rivers in the desert. The beast of the field shall honor Me. the dragons and the owls; because I give waters in the wilderness, and rivers in the desert, to give drink to My people, My chosen." Plead

THAT PUBLISHED DECLARATION!

Say, "Lord, Thou hast said, 'I will do a new thing:' it will indeed be a new thing if I am saved. I am driven to such self-abhorrence, that if ever I am saved I shall be a leading wonder among Thy miracles of grace."

"Saved!—the deed shall spread new glory
Through the shining realms above!
Angels sing the pleasing story,
All enraptured with thy love!"

It may be you can say, "Lord, I have been sighing, and crying, and groaning now by the month together, and I can find no peace. Oh, if Thou wilt but put a new song into my mouth, the dragons and the owls that saw me in my gloom shall open their eyes and be astonished, and honor the Lord God of Israel!" I know some who might say, "Lord, it will fill all the workshop with wonder if I shall rejoice in Jesus. All my friends and companions will wonder that I should become happy and holy through sovereign grace. I am the very last person they would have thought to see converted. Then will they know what Thine arm can do, and confess that this is the finger of God. Men that could not open their mouths except to blaspheme the Lord, shall stand awe-struck— and astonished as they see what a brand is plucked from the burning."

You see I have tried to help you in obeying this word—"Put Me in remembrance;" but I cannot do the work for you. Dear unconverted hearers, you must yourselves make confession and plead for your lives. Specially should I like to hear you begin thus—"Lord, remember Thine only-begotten Son. Hast Thou not declared that it is a faithful saying and worthy of all acceptation that Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners? I am a sinner; Lord, save me! Oh, remember Gethsemane, remember Calvary, remember the bloody sweat, remember the wounds of Thy Well-beloved, remember the cry, 'It is finished!' and give Him to see of the travail of His soul in me! Give me as a spoil to the Risen One, that in me He may see the reward for His pains!" That is the style of pleading. This will ere long bring you rest and ease. God help you not only to hear me now with attention, but to go and see to the doing of it. I fear and tremble lest my labor should be lost through your failing to come to the mark. In vain do you listen if you do not obey.

III. So this brings me to the last point, which is this: our text affords us some

PRACTICAL SUGGESTIONS.

If the Lord says to us, "Put Me in remembrance," then, in the first place, it is very clear that *we ought to remember these things ourselves.* We cannot put another in remembrance of a thing which we ourselves forget. Come, then, let us for a time remind ourselves of certain matters which we are prone to cast behind us. Going over the same ground which I have traversed before, I shall make no apology, since my desire is that God's Spirit may impress it on your hearts.

Oh, you that are not saved, remember the years in which you have lived without prayer! What a wonder that you have been permitted to live at all! Morning light and evening shade, and yet no prayer! Mercies on the table, mercies in the family, mercies to your body, mercies to your soul, and yet no prayer! Sermons heard, exhortations given, gentle entreaties all thrown away, for still there has been no prayer! "Thou hast not called upon Me, O Jacob." It is not good to take our sins in the lump, but to set them out in detail one after the other. Here is a God ready to pardon, and we would not even ask for forgiveness. Here is a God waiting to be gracious, and we have kept Him waiting these forty years. Here is mercy's door before us, and we will not knock, though there is a promise that it shall be opened to every knocker. Here is Jesus Himself knocking at our door till His head is wet with dew, and His locks with the drops of the night, and yet we will not open! Remember that! Let this transgression come before us, and cause us deep repentance and self-humiliation.

Some I would earnestly urge to remember long years of neglect of God's service, with all their niggardliness to the cause of God, all their want of love to God, all the many times in which they have hardened their hearts, stopped their ears, and refused the warnings and invitations of their Saviour. Such memories might be used of the Holy Spirit for their conviction. Oh, dear, unconverted hearers, am I speaking the truth about you or not? God forbid I should bring a false accusation against any man! I am not charging you now with the blacker and more open sins, for perhaps you are innocent of them, but yet this is

THE SIN OF SINS—

forgetfulness of God, weariness of His service, refusal to receive the salvation of His Son. "This is the condemnation, that light is come into the world, and men love darkness rather than light." You think of your business, and yet the great business of your salvation causes you no concern. Think of that; you put your dying body before the immortal soul. You are full of care and anxiety about matters which relate only to a span of time, and yet you care not for your eternal interests. Can you justify this? *Are you in your senses?* Why do you act so foolishly? There is a God whose smile is heaven and whose frown is hell, and yet you ignore His existence, and neither seek Him nor serve him.

I know I plead but badly, but my cause is a good one, and if you are right at heart you will feel its force. Ought not the wrongs done to God to be owned and forsaken? Say, dear hearer, "I do remember my faults this day, and remembering them I will arise and go unto my Father, and put Him in remembrance that I may be forgiven." My faith sees the Lord standing here blotting out the debts of all who will bring them to His remembrance. Come, bring your bills! Hand in the record of your debts to justice! Spread them now before the face of the Lord, not that He may condemn you for them, but that He may stamp them with the atoning blood and say, "I have blotted out thy sins." Do not hesitate to put the Lord in remembrance of them, for then He promises to forget them.

I am sure if I could stand here to-morrow and exercise the power to remit all debts by giving a receipt in full for them all, if the one condition were that each debtor would produce his schedule of debts, no one would be backward in doing so. You who owe anything would search your files, rake out your drawers, and look in every place to find out every unpaid account, so as to have them all blotted out. I pray you do so in this spiritual business. Bring your sins to remembrance by humble acknowledgment and penitent confession, for "if we confess our sins, He is faithful and just to forgive us our sins." O Spirit of God, support this appeal to these my hearers, and send it home to the hearts of Thy chosen, that they may confess their iniquities unto Thee and be saved this day!

Thus have I tried to plead with you for the Lord, wishing only your good and His glory. I am very conscious of my own weakness, much more so, perhaps, than ever I was in my life, but yet I expect to succeed with many of you. What am I apart from the Spirit of all grace? What am I but as a sounding brass and as a tinkling cymbal? And yet I am not feebler than other servants of God in this respect, for we are all nothing apart from the Spirit.

"Till God diffuse His graces down,
Like showers of heavenly rain,
In vain Apollos sows the ground,
And Paul may plant in vain."

Blessed be God we shall not plant in vain, for He is with us! Some of you have received the message, and I shall hear from you soon. Let it sink into the spirits of all of you. Do you feel any degree of softness creeping over you? Yield to it. It is the blessed Spirit now inclining you to relent, making you feel serious and thoughtful, and anxious and desirous. Bow before His heavenly breath as the rush by the river yields to the wind! Yours shall be the benefit, but to the sweet Spirit of love, together with the Father and the Son, shall be glory forever and ever. Amen, and Amen.

[PORTION OF SCRIPTURE READ BEFORE SERMON—Isaiah 43 : 14-23 ; 44 : 1-8]

[The prayers of the readers of this Journal are requested for the blessing of God upon its Editors in America and England, and those whose sermons, articles, or labors for Christ are printed in it; and for its weekly circulation of more than 250,000 copies to be blessed by the Holy Spirit to the conversion of many sinners and the quickening of God's people. Mr. Spurgeon and Dr. Talmage especially request prayer every Sunday morning on behalf of their labors.]

DR. LIVINGSTONE'S ENCOUNTER WITH BUFFALOES.

IN the year 1855 Dr. Livingstone, the great missionary explorer, was penetrating the interior of Africa in a direction entirely new to him. During the journey he desired to cross the river Zambesi near the village of a chief named Mpende, but the people of the village, instead of manifesting willingness to help the party, prepared to attack it. Armed men were seen gathering from all quarters, and spies frequently approached the Makololo encampment. To two of these Livingstone handed the leg of an ox, desiring them to take it to Mpende, who, on receiving it, sent two old men to inquire who the donor was. "I am a Lekoa" (an Englishman), was the reply. "We don't know the tribe," they said; "we suppose you are Mozunga (Portuguese), with whom we have been fighting." As the Portuguese they knew, were half-castes, Livingstone bared his bosom and asked if they had hair and skin like his. "No," they replied, "we never saw skin so white as that. Ah! you must be one of the tribe that loves the black man." They returned to Mpende, who decided to grant a passage to the white man and his followers, and had them ferried across the river in canoes.

While travelling through a somewhat hilly country just before reaching the confines of Mpende's territory, Livingstone's *travelling procession was suddenly interrupted by three wild buffaloes, as shown in our picture on page* 700. The bush was exceedingly dense and very high; and as they were going along among the trees the buffaloes, which they had unconsciously passed above the wind, thinking that they were surrounded by men, dashed through the line of Livingstone's attendants, and scattered them in all directions. The missionary's ox set off at a gallop, and when he could manage to glance back, he saw one of the men up in the air about five feet above a buffalo, which was rushing madly along with a stream of blood running down his flank. When Livingstone reached the poor fellow, he found that he had alighted on his face, and, though he had been carried on the horns of the buffalo about twenty yards before getting the final toss, the skin was not pierced, nor was a bone broken. It seems that when the beasts suddenly appeared, the man had thrown down his load and stabbed one in the side. It turned suddenly upon him and carried him off. A week afterward he was well and able to proceed on his journey.

When they got beyond the dominions of Sekelétu, they felt some anxiety as to the manner in which they would be received by a tribe whom the Makololo regarded as being in rebellion against their chief. The people of one village seemed disposed to be friendly, but those of another made hostile demonstrations. They began by attempting to spear a young man who had gone for water. Failing in that, they approached the travellers, and one of them, howling like a maniac and with eyes protruding and foaming lips, stood close to Livingstone, brandishing a small battle-axe with a ferocity which

Dr. Livingstone's Exploration Party in Africa Attacked by Buffaloes.

was anything but soothing to the nerves. Livingstone felt some alarm, but judiciously disguised it from the dusky spectators, and would not allow his men to knock the savage on the head, as they wished to do.

When his courage had been sufficiently tested, he beckoned to one of the friendly villagers to lead the madman away, and was glad to see the gleaming battle-axe at a safe distance. The Makololo and their leader were threatened with destruction. "They are lost," it was said; "they have wandered in order to be destroyed." But one of their friends did them good service by explaining their character and intentions, and they escaped without molestation.

REMARKABLE FAITH CURE.

Mr. W. F. Faherestock, a subscriber at Harrisburg, Pa., who is himself a remarkable instance of the Lord's healing power, sends the following narrative of the restoration to health of a lady who has been *afflicted for nine years:*

"There are few persons in Pottsville unacquainted with Miss Annie Sterner, a young lady, who for a number of years has been affected with spinal disease, and for the last eight or nine years has been *unable to walk, even with the aid of crutches.* During that time her constant prayer has been for the restoration of her health, but latterly her attention having been directed to the many instances of Christ's healing power in the persons of others, she has prayed with more faith and hope. A few nights ago she retired to rest as usual. During the night she had a strange dream, in which she was informed that she was cured. When she awoke the impressions of her dream were still upon her mind, and she felt as if she was in the realization of its truth. She soon demonstrated the fact for herself by getting up and walking across the floor. Ever since then she has discarded her crutches and moves about apparently cured. A few days ago she was down-town as far as Sixth Street. These are the plain facts of the case. The lady, who is about twenty-five years of age, has suffered intense pain for many years, and the best medical skill has failed to effect a cure. She herself is thoroughly convinced that her restoration is the result of Divine interposition in answer to believing prayer."

In a letter dated Germantown, Pa., from Thomas W. Whitall to Miss Carrie F. Judd, the writer says: "To be brief about my disease (a matter of *no* account to us when we have surrendered it to the Lord): I was healed last September of chronic nervous exhaustion, and, bless His Holy Name, only for a few hours since then has my faith wavered. He has permitted its testing, at times, severely, but never, when my eyes were kept on Him, has the temptation been greater than I could bear. How to thank Him enough for the sense of restful security about *all* bodily concerns I do not know.

"There is one more point which, on account of its having been almost neglected, should receive the earnest, prayerful attention of every child of the Lord's who *loves* to do his Master's *whole* will. This is the treatment of our bodies.

"As we are taught that sickness is the result of sin, let us prayerfully set to work *to find out what are the divine laws* which govern these wonderful bodies of ours, and let us be *fervent* about it."

Ann Grinstead, writing from Glasgow, Ky., May 16th, 1883, says: "For several years I was a great sufferer, as it seemed from *every* pain and ache that flesh could be heir to. Was treated by seven different physicians, without any abiding relief. I also tried *all the patent remedies* that came within my reach, but with ever the same results. Yet I could not give up. At last something seemed to speak within my soul: 'Only the Saviour can reach your case.' I was a Christian, but did not know how to take hold by faith for the healing of the body. God opened my way to go to 'Pink Cottage,' a faith-cure home in my own State, and there I learned the blessed way of trusting Jesus. After giving myself wholly to Him, I took Him as my only Physician.

"At this time I was willing to die and leave my little ones, for my will was entirely swallowed up in God's will. Then a thrill passed through my entire body, casting out all pain and disease. I was very happy and enjoyed the '*peace* of God' as never before. I am now able to do my work and often walk half a mile twice a day, and visit the sick very often, telling them of my own wonderful restoration. The Lord is my strength and my comfort, and I praise Him with my whole heart for this."

On October 10th, at Bethshan, London, the following narrative was given by Mr. Joseph Moody, who has himself experienced the Lord's healing power:

"Some few months ago I received a message from Bethshan to go and see Miss Boulton, of Melton Ross, Barnetby, near Grimsby. I found in a little room a very suffering woman. From the age of nineteen she had been so afflicted from *curvature of the spine* and *abscesses in her breast* that she had never been down-stairs for nineteen years, except once, when in a fit, she had fallen down, and had to be carried to bed. She said she had several times asked the Lord to heal her; but she was doubtful if it was His will. So I asked the Lord to teach me what to say to her.

"I said, 'I have two little girls at home; suppose one of them did something one morning to grieve me, and I whipped her, and she afterward felt very sorry for having grieved me, and came to me in the evening, and said, "Father, I'm very sorry I grieved you, I won't do so again, please forgive me." Suppose I said, "It's all very well for you to say you are sorry, I'm not to be put off in that way, I shall go on whipping you at times all day." If after doing so I told her at night that I loved her, would she believe me? If she had not acknowledged her fault, I should have been justified in continuing to punish her, but when she owned her fault I could not have kept my anger. Now don't you think if you went to your heavenly Father and told Him you were sorry He should ever have had to chastise you, He will cure you?' She said, 'I can trust Him.'

"So I anointed her with oil in the name of the Lord, and left her. On the Tuesday *all pain left one diseased part of her body*, and on the Wednesday afternoon at three o'clock *the other diseased part was made free.*"

A MIGHTIER LOVE.

(*See Illustration on page 701.*)

In a magnificently furnished room in one of the stateliest houses of a great city a fashionable party was gathered around a dining table. The choice viands, the exquisite silver articles with which the table was spread all told of wealth and luxury. The conversation was refined and intellectual, many of the guests being men and women prominent in the most cultured society. The occasion was the return from their bridal tour of Harold Grey and his handsome wife. Both bride and bridegroom belonged to families highly respected in the city and the dinner given by the bride's father in honor of their return home had been long anticipated with pleasure by a select circle of friends.

All formality was dispensed with, and the

conversation was general, though sparkling with wit and humor. At length the ladies rose, and Harold Grey opened the door for them to pass out. His wife was the last, and as she approached he bent upon her an earnest, admiring gaze, as with queenly grace she moved past him.

"Harold," she said, in an undertone, "do not stay long over the wine. I shall be dull in the drawing-room without you." She spoke tenderly and lovingly, but there was a note of entreaty in her voice, which went to the husband's heart.

"No, dear," he said, "we will not remain more than half an hour."

The door was closed, and the gentlemen resumed their seats. The half hour passed quickly, while politics, the state of trade and the affairs of society were discussed. The wine circulated freely, and Harold wished he had not been quite so definite in replying to his wife. But he rose punctually, and begged his friends to excuse him.

Mrs. Grey Appeals to Her Husband.

"No," said one of them, "we cannot spare you yet. Sit down a few minutes, and then we will all go. It is early days for you to surrender your liberty. You have a charming wife, but she must not monopolize you. If you take orders so early in your married life you will have to submit all through. Now, be reasonable and sociable, like a good fellow, or we shall feel that we have been robbed of our most cherished companion."

So urged, Harold resumed his seat, and the jest and story and witty repartees soon made him forget his promise. Harold was one of those men whose genial nature rendered him supremely happy in masculine society, and the men around him on this occasion were his most intimate friends whom he had not seen for nearly half a year, during which he and his wife had been in Europe. But looking at his watch presently he discovered that it was nearly two hours since he had made that promise to his wife. He was vexed and sorry, and immediately rose and claimed the fulfilment of his friends' promise to accompany him to the drawing-room.

"Yes," said the one who had urged him to remain, "and if you think you are likely to have a curtain lecture I will help you make peace."

Meanwhile Beatrice Grey was sitting among her friends, listening to feminine gossip without paying much attention to their words. She glanced now and again uneasily at the door, and as the time passed became uneasy. It was not so much that she was hurt by her husband's failure to keep the promise he had made to her, as that there was deep down in her heart a vague dread which she had held down and would not admit even to herself. The husband she loved, almost idolized, was a weaker man than she had thought him. Since their marriage she had observed him more closely than she had opportunity of doing before, and probably he too had relaxed some of the devotion of the lover, and was less upon his guard than when he had not secured his prize. More than once during their tour in Europe he had entered her room with his face flushed and with an unnatural gayety that had been inexplicable to her at first. Afterward, however, it dawned upon her that the occasions on which she had noticed this alteration in his appearance and manner were those succeeding an absence with other gentlemen. Was it possible, she asked herself, that the man to whom she had given herself was a slave to the wine cup? It could not be, for he was so strong, so affectionate, so devoted to her. Yet there was sufficient in what she had seen to give her cause for uneasiness when he was away from her, but which he charmed away when he talked to her and caressed her.

The young man who had volunteered to save Harold Grey from a curtain lecture soon found that his services were not needed. Mrs. Grey was not the lady to permit any young man to talk to her about her husband, and very quickly ended any overtures on that subject. Nor was there at any time any danger of curtain lectures for her husband. She had too much sense and too much delicacy to lower herself into the querulous, complaining manner by which some wives wear away their husbands' patience and love. Very delicately she endeavored to attract him to her side and to win him away from the society in which his danger lay.

It was a struggle that covered many years, in which the influence of the wife was pitted against the influence of the husband's enemies whom he called his friends. Who can tell what the wife suffered in that struggle! With what helpless indignation she saw men of honor, men professing Christianity, luring her husband into scenes in which he always lost his self-control. They praised his wit, delighted in his songs, called him excellent company, but they never thought or seemed to care that they were aiding in his degradation. And all the time the wife, ever careful of her husband's good name, could not bring herself to say, "My husband is weak; do not tempt him."

And, after all, she failed. Harold Grey, cursing his weakness, hating himself for his outrages on his wife's love, sank steadily downward. Not one word of reproach did he hear from her, but he noted the anxious look and the pallid cheek and the glance of horror with which she now refused to touch intoxicating liquor. He resolved again and again to break off his evil habit for her sake, but even love for her, the most potent force in his nature, was defeated, and there came a time when he was scarcely ever quite sober.

Happily for both, however, a deliverance was at hand. Harold Grey was found one night by a young clergyman who knew him, helplessly intoxicated on the street. He took him to his home, and then for the first time Beatrice Grey opened her heart. Mr. Leigh listened in silence, then prayed with her, and, asking permission to call again in the morning, left. The next day he had a long talk with Harold Grey. His sympathy and manly frankness won from Harold his whole story of broken resolutions and vain attempts to overcome for his wife's sake, ending with a despairing statement that he had now no hope. But Mr. Leigh had seen more desperate cases cured among his people, who, though with less culture and more brutality, had been rescued. To this man of culture and sensibility he preached the same remedy, and pointed him to a Saviour able to save to the uttermost. What self-respect and wifely love could not do was done by the almighty power of Jesus. Harold Grey was delivered, and both he and his wife never cease to bless the day when they first heard of the mighty power of a Saviour's love to snap asunder the chains of sinful indulgence.

POVERTY'S PREY.

A SERIAL STORY.

(*Continued from page 687.*)

The News at Home.

DAVID was naturally a bright boy, active in mind and body; but he was crushed by the sudden and extreme penalty that had befallen him. He had all along known that the police were "down" upon begging; but it had not entered his mind that he could ever actually get into jail except for thieving. Among the street-lads of his acquaintance many a one had been in for some short term for picking pockets or stealing from the street-stalls; but few of these had ever been sentenced to three months' imprisonment. He would not have begged if he could have worked; but no man of the hundreds of thousands about him had offered him work, or seen that he was taught to work. Yet here he was for three months in jail, a lad who had never known any will to guide him but his own untrained and vagrant nature, and his mother's kindly and weak indulgence.

The first glimmer of hope came to him when he was set to learn shoemaking. This was a trade by which he could earn a living—not the trade he would have chosen (his ambition was to be a carpenter like his unknown father), but still honest, real work. He received his first lesson in a handicraft with ardor, and sat with an old boot on his knee, picking it to pieces with unwearying industry. If he could only learn as much as to mend his mother's shoes before his term was out!

The jail was a large one, and the number of prisoners great. David had been asked if he was a Protestant or a Roman Catholic—a question he did not understand, and could not answer. He was classed with the Protestants, and put under the care of the jail-chaplain, who saw him among the other prisoners, and taught him his duty toward God in a class, but who could not find time to give him any individual attention, as he was engaged in an important controversy.

He could not have put his thoughts into words, but they were none the less in his heart

—dim, bewildering, and oppressive; and he pondered over them night and day. Very few persons spoke to him, and he was never ready to speak in reply. Those who taught him thought him a blockhead, or fancied that he was at least shamming incapacity and vacancy of mind. As a matter of fact his mind was always absent, except at his cobbling lesson; for he was incessantly brooding over the recollection of his free life, and of the poor desolate home he had been so suddenly torn from.

David had no idea of writing to his mother, or hearing from her. No such thing as a letter reaching them, or being written in their home, had ever occurred within his memory. The policeman was a much more frequent visitor than the postman in their street. Yet he longed for her to know where he was. Day after day he wondered what had happened to her and Bess, and knew they were wondering and fretting about him. The only comfort he had—the only miserable spark of hope—was in thinking he should know how to mend their shoes when he went home.

It was therefore with a sudden burst as of sunshine that he learned one day that prisoners might write to their friends once in three months. The schoolmaster gave him the writing materials, and he took unwearied pains over a letter to his mother. The sheet of notepaper contained the address of the jail, and under it David wrote, in his crooked, ill-formed characters, as follows:

"DEAR MUTHER: I was took up for beging, and cent to jal, and I'm lernin' to mend shoos. Don't yu fret about me. I luv yu and Bess. They'll let me out in 3 munths, and I'll mend yure shoos. I've kep my hands from pickin' and steelin' as muther ses. God bless yu. From david fell yure luvin' son.'

He slept that night more soundly than he had ever done before within the prison-walls, and dreamed pleasant dreams of working for his mother, and buying her and little Bess all they needed with the money he had earned.

When Mrs. Fell and Bess bade Euclid and Victoria good night, and went down-stairs to their own room, they felt cheered and comforted by the neighborliness they had received. Bess was ready to declare Victoria the prettiest and cleverest girl in the world. As they opened their door, they saw a letter lying just within it, which had been slipped through the nick below it, and which was scarcely visible in the darkness. Such an extraordinary event—one which had never befallen them before—filled them with so much astonishment, that it was with trembling hands Bess stooped to pick it up. It was a real letter, with a stamp and post-mark upon it, though they could hardly believe their own eyes. There was no light in their own room, not even a dim farthing candle to burn; and there was no resource but to carry the strange letter to the gas-light on the stairs, and read it there as quickly and quietly as possible, with the very probable chance of some of their neighbors coming by and watching them inquisitively.

It must be news of David; there was no one else in the world to write to them. Bess could not read writing, and it was no easy task to Mrs. Fell. But as soon as she unfolded the sheet of paper, which was headed by the name of the jail where he was imprisoned printed plainly upon it, and which she read half aloud before the meaning reached her brain, she uttered a piercing shriek of anguish, which rang through the whole house, and brought every inmate of it running into the passages and upon the staircases. Mrs. Fell was lying in a deep swoon upon the floor, and Bess was kneeling beside her, calling to her, and trying to raise her up. Blackett was the first to reach her; and the half-drunken man gave her a rough push with his foot, uttering a brutal oath.

"You leave her alone!" cried old Euclid, hurrying down-stairs, and confronting Blackett with a courage that astonished himself when he came to think of it; "you leave Mrs. Fell be! She's been spendin' the evenin' with me and my daughter, and I'll take care on her. You ain't no man if you'd kick a poor sickly woman like her. You're a coward if you touch her again, and I say so. Ain't he?" he shouted in his hoarse voice, as he turned with a quivering face and excited gestures to the cluster of neighbors gathered about them.

"Ay, he is!" cried the crowd with so unanimous a voice, that Blackett even was cowed by it, and, contenting himself with muttering some bad language, retreated to his own place. Two or three of the neighbors helped Euclid to carry the poor woman into her room. Even to them, used to destitution as they were, it seemed bare of everything. There was no seat left, unless a few bricks, picked up in the street, could be called seats; and they had to lay her down upon the mere sacking of the bedstead, from which the bed and clothing had all disappeared. Euclid gazed round him with a strange pity stirring at his heart, mingled with a sense of superior comfort in his own circumstances. He felt almost like a rich man.

"This is bad, worse than any on us," he said; "and she might ha' been the widow of any one on you. I vote as we make a little collection for her in the house; and I'll begin with a shillin', and that's more than I've earned to-day. Some on you can do it easier than me."

"She gets parish pay every Tuesday," objected one of the women who stood by.

"And pays arf on it out for rent," replied Euclid; "it's short-commons after that."

"She's always a-hungered," sobbed Bess; "nothin' can satisfy mother."

"She ought to go into the house, where she'd have medicine and everythink," said another voice; "the orficer says so."

"Who says she ought to go into the house?" asked Euclid, lifting up his head, and looking round him with eyes almost bright with indignation. "She, as is a decent, hard-workin' woman, and a honest man's widow! She's not the sort as goes into the house. We know who goes there—bad women, as no decent man 'ud look at, and drunken women, and swearin', cursin' women. There couldn't be worse folks in hell; and I'd as lief say she ought to go to hell; the company 'ud be as good. Don't nobody speak o' goin' to the house while I'm by."

Old Euclid had always been regarded by his neighbors as a quiet, timid old man, who hadn't a word to cast at a dog. There was something so unusual both in his vehement words and his excited gestures, that, one by one, they slunk out of the miserable room in silence, leaving him and Bess to the task of bringing back the fainting woman to consciousness. She was still clutching the letter convulsively in her fingers; but, as Bess opened them to chafe the palms of her cold hands, it fluttered down upon the floor. Euclid picked it up, and carried it to the light of the candle, which somebody had brought in, and left upon the chimney-piece.

"Who's it from?" asked Bess anxiously. "Is it from Davy?"

"Ah! 'David Fell, your lovin' son,'" he read; "but it comes from jail! He's in jail!"

Euclid's gray old head dropped, and his voice sank into a hoarse murmur. It was no longer a wonder to him that Mrs. Fell had fallen into a death-like swoon. The workhouse was terrible; but the jail was a lower depth still. He stood silent for a few minutes thinking. David had always been a sort of favorite with him; he liked his bright, boyish face, and his merry whistle as he stepped briskly about. And the lad had often carried his basket for him, and shouted "Creases!" with his clear young voice, when his own throat was dry and husky with crying them all day about the streets. But now David Fell was a jail-bird!

Presently there came to his ear the feeble murmur of his name from David's mother; and he hastened to her side, looking down on her ashy face with a strange gentleness in his sunken eyes.

"Please read it up loud," she said in a laborious whisper, as if she had scarcely strength to form the words with her trembling lips. Euclid read the few lines in a measured voice, giving every word its fullest length; and then he folded it up again, and laid it down near the mother's hand.

"It's only for beggin'!" he cried. "*Three months for beggin' for his mother!* God help us all! There's something wrong somewhere. Them justices must have hearts like mine, I s'pose; yet they sent Davy to jail for three months for beggin' for his mother! If they'd only take the time for to see what they'd done! But there! they don't take the time, or they'd never punish a lad like David, the son of a decent, hard-workin' woman, as was left a widow with two children to keep. *God help us all!*"

"It's only for beggin'!" murmured Mrs. Fell, with tears streaming down her cheeks—"only for beggin'!"

"Don't you take on too much," urged Euclid. "He'll come home all right, and I'll look after the lad for you."

But it was hard for Mrs. Fell to comfort herself about David. It was no uncommon event for boys in their street to get into jail; but it was almost always for stealing, and she knew no one would believe that David had been sent there for begging only. How Blackett would glory and triumph in it! His elder sons were known to be thieves, and he was constantly pushing and urging Roger into the same course, in the hope of getting him off his hands. Yet it had never once crossed her mind that her own boy Davy could ever be in prison. His father had been an honest, industrious artisan, priding himself on never touching his neighbor's goods by so much as a finger; and she had *not thought of David failing*, under any stress of temptation, to follow in his steps. David was no thief; but still he was in jail! She kept murmuring to herself, "It's only for beggin'!" But was the bitterness lessened to her that her only son had met with such a penalty for so slight a fault? He would come out into the world branded as if he had been a thief, with the shame of a jail clinging to him through the rest of his life.

Euclid and Victoria were very good to her in her fresh trouble, and helped her as far as their means allowed; the little store of money for Victoria's burial suffering thereby. Many of the neighbors, too, thought of her, and brought her from time to time a morsel of their own not over-abundant food. Even Blackett offered her help, which she turned away from with a sick heart. She was not quite so starved and friendless as she had been before her desperate circumstances were discovered; but she felt more heart-broken, and there was none to comfort her. Victoria repeated her hymns and verses to her; but they seemed words without meaning in her great sorrow. She had set before her one aim—to see her children start in life honest and blameless, as their father had been before them. Night and day she had toiled and denied herself to this end. She had given herself no rest, but had struggled on through grievous pain, and in great darkness of spirit; and she had failed. The hard battle had been fought, and she was conquered.

"Davy 'ud have made a good man," she moaned to herself through the long, sleepless nights, as she thought of him in jail. "He'd have growed up like his father, if I could ha' kep' up another two-three years. It's come too soon on me. But now he's got a sully and a stain on him as'll never wash off, live as long as he may. He's been in jail, folks'll say. And whatever'll become o' Bess if Davy goes wrong? He'd have kep' her up if he'd been a good man. O Lord! he'd have made a good man, only for this. And now he's in jail!"

Bess was all that was left to her, and she could scarcely bear to let her go out of her sight. Blackett, who swore and raged at every one else, was beginning to speak kindly to Bess, and

this filled the heart of the poor dying mother with unutterable terror. She had often been proud of her child's dark eyes and pretty hair, and thought of her own face when David Fell was courting her. Oh, if Davy was but at home again, always with Bess, unconsciously shielding her from untold dangers! Suppose even that she died before Davy's time was up! If she should never, never see her boy's face again! And to leave Bess alone, quite alone!

It would have been a hard and bitter sorrow to leave her children, if she had a good hope of their doing well; but, oh, how infinitely harder and more bitter it was to die while David was in jail, and when Blackett was speaking kindly to little Bess!

Once she tried to say, "It's God's will, and He knows best;" but something seemed to stop her. She could not utter the words, even to her own heart.

(To be continued.)

SAUL REJECTED.

S. S. Lesson for Nov. 11. 1 Sam. 15: 12-26. Golden Text, ver. 22. By Mrs. M. Baxter.

Saul's Last Opportunity—Unconfessed Sin not Forgotten—The Commission to Saul—Amalek as a Type—Extermination of the Sinful Nature—Saul's Failure under Success—Limiting Obedience—God's Commands Revised by Saul—His Delusion—Self Feigning Death—Samuel's Weighty Words—Obedience Paramount—The Little Vexations of Life—Keeping up Appearances.

SAUL had already failed in obedience toward God (ch. 13: 8-14), and already Samuel had declared to him that God had sought Him a man after His own heart to be captain over Israel; but in our lesson for to-day we see the forbearance of our God in giving Saul yet another chance. Samuel came to Saul, and said, "The Lord sent me to anoint thee king over His people, over Israel: now therefore hearken thou unto the voice of the words of the Lord." It was an appeal for obedience on the part of Saul. He could not be as the kings of the nations were, because the people whom he governed belonged to Another, even to his God, and he could only govern them under God. Would that every Christian parent, matron, or employer having Christian children, servants, or others placed under them, would recognize this principle! We can only rule for God as we rule by God.

Saul was God's representative, and was therefore not to be occupied with his own cause, but God's. Through Samuel the Lord told him how He remembered "that which Amalek did to Israel, how He laid wait for him in the way, when he came up from Egypt." Four hundred years had elapsed, but God had not forgotten His own word, "the Lord will have war with Amalek from generation to generation" (Ex. 17: 16). Unconfessed sin cannot be forgotten by God: "Now go and smite Amalek, and

UTTERLY DESTROY

all that they have, and spare them not; but slay both man and woman, infant and suckling, ox and sheep, and camel and ass." This is the measure with which God speaks of the body of sin, of which Amalek was a type. "Our old man is crucified with Him, that the body of sin might be *destroyed*, that henceforth we should not serve sin" (Rom. 6: 6).

Saul gathered his people together, came down to a city of Amalek, called upon the Kenites to depart from among the Amalekites, and smote them from Havilah until thou comest to Shur. So far well; but Saul was not able to bear success; seeing that he was carrying all before him, he began to exercise

HIS OWN JUDGMENT

about the commands which God had given him. God had said, "*Utterly destroy;*" but while Saul utterly destroyed the people, "he took Agag the king of the Amalekites alive," and he and the people shared "the best of the sheep, and of the oxen, and of the fatlings, and the lambs, and all that was good, and would not utterly destroy them; but everything that was vile and refuse, that they destroyed utterly." Oh, how terribly is this spirit abroad. God says "that the body of sin might be destroyed, that henceforth we should not serve sin," and men on all hands seek to make out that God's Word on this point is a fond delusion. Some say that they live without sin, but when they are found to be sore about wrongs which are done to them, when they yield to expediency, and so fail to provide things honest in the sight of all men, they give as an excuse that this is not sin, but only human nature, thus altogether ignoring that our life on earth, as crucified with Christ, is to be Christ's nature. On the other hand, others will plainly declare that we cannot live without committing sin, and on either side God's Word and His truth are tampered with. If we cannot live without committing sin, how much sin is necessarily compulsory, asked a preacher yesterday? and from how much does the blood of Jesus cleanse? Saul and the people had their own ideas as to that which was to be destroyed, and that which was to be spared; so have most people.

But God was looking on: and He called Samuel, who was never so occupied that he could not listen to his Lord, and said, "It repenteth Me that I have set up Saul to be king: for he is turned back from following Me, and hath not performed My commandments." Samuel had foreseen this; but instead of comfortably going off to sleep with the words, "I said it would be so," "he cried unto the Lord all night." Saul slept well enough; Samuel felt his sin more than he did himself; when at last they met, Saul, full of his own deeds, began, "Blessed be thou of the Lord: I have performed the commandment of the Lord."

POOR DELUDED SAUL!

he did not see with God's eyes, and he must have been startled with the prophet's answer, "What meaneth then this bleating of the sheep in mine ears, and the lowing of the oxen which I hear?" That which is utterly destroyed can neither low nor bleat. We have heard men stand up in a meeting and say, "I am clean from all sin, and self is entirely dead," and the very first unjust thing which was said about them showed plainly that the self was only asleep, and slept very lightly, too. If self can feel an injury, if self kicks against injustice, if self resents being humbled, if self gets anxious about the future, if self tries to get the best of a bargain, it is *a very queer death* that it has died. "What meaneth then this bleating of the sheep in mine ears, and the lowing of the oxen which I hear?"

Saul was found out; he could not say that was dead which was alive enough to cry out, so he must do one of two things: either acknowledge he was in the wrong, or make an excuse. Alas! he chose the latter, and it was a miserable excuse, very illogical as most excuses are; he laid the blame on the people, saying that they spared the sheep and cattle, and adding a very good motive for it, it was to sacrifice unto the Lord their God. If Saul were king, it argued badly for his authority over the people that they should take the disposal of the prey into their own hands, the excuse was as bad as the sin, and then that it was for sacrifice, a sacrifice whose very existence was an act of disobedience, could not be very acceptable to God!

Samuel did not argue with Saul, but said, "I will tell thee what the Lord hath said to me this night." Then he reminded him that when he was little in his own eyes the Lord had raised him up and made him king, and intrusted him with the destruction of Amalek, and then appealed to him, why did he fly upon the spoil? Saul sought still to justify himself at the expense of the people, and then Samuel spoke the strongest words of condemnation, "Hath the Lord as great delight in burnt offerings and sacrifices, as in obeying the voice of the Lord? Behold,

TO OBEY IS BETTER THAN SACRIFICE,

and to hearken than the fat of rams. For rebellion is as the sin of witchcraft, and stubbornness is as iniquity and idolatry. Because thou hast rejected the word of the Lord, He hath also rejected thee from being king." This is the mind of God, to obey is better than sacrifice. Many are full of zeal for the service of God, and esteem themselves much better than others, because of the sacrifice of time, money, etc., which they make for His work. But very often this is not really the least sacrifice to them, they would be most unhappy if they did *not* do it, and perhaps those very people are not half so ready to give up the best seat in a railway carriage, to bear some inconvenience in their house, to be kept waiting by a hackdriver, or some other similar thing which God has permitted to happen in the day, on purpose that they might deny self in that little thing, and obey Him by taking up what really *was* a cross and following Him.

Saul, forced into a corner, owned that he had sinned, but it was no spontaneous confession, and the poor man did not go to God to get the matter rectified. "I have sinned;" he said, "for I have transgressed the commandment of the Lord, and thy words: because I feared the people, and obeyed their voice. Now, therefore, I pray thee, pardon my sin, and turn again with me, that I may worship the Lord." Saul wanted to get right with Samuel, but made no attempt to get right with God. He wanted to stand well with Samuel, and through Samuel's faith to get near to God, but this kind of thing cannot answer with Him who is the Searcher of all hearts. Samuel refused, saying, "I will not return with thee; for thou hast rejected the word of the Lord, and the Lord hath rejected thee from being king over Israel." But Saul laid hold of his mantle: it rent, and Samuel took occasion to say that the Lord had rent the kingdom from him, and given it to a neighbor who was better than he, and reminded him also, "The Strength of Israel will not lie nor repent: for He is not a man, that he should repent."

Saul was not really humbled; he did not manifest the least real hatred for his sin, he wanted to stand well, not only with Samuel, but also with the people; and to appear to them what he was not, poor, mean, despicable man! "Then he said, I have sinned: yet honor me now, I pray thee, before the elders of my people, and before Israel, and turn again with me, that I may worship the Lord thy God." Oh, how piteous is this spirit! Here is a man thoroughly wrong at heart, rotten at the core, and instead of going direct to God and humbling himself that he might be put really right, he seeks

TO KEEP UP APPEARANCES,

knowing all the time that God has rejected him. Are any of my readers in this state? Poor, poor souls, the disclosure must come, sin must out. Oh, be wise, confess, and return to God and to the cleansing blood while you may.

Samuel turned again with Saul; but it was upon one condition, Agag must be hewed in pieces before the Lord. A testimony must be borne for the holiness of God, He cannot be made a Party to sin, and a part of that day's worship was the carrying out of God's command. "Agag came unto him delicately. And Agag said, Surely the bitterness of death is past," but Samuel had nothing to do with Agag but to execute God's command. God had said "Destroy," and destroy He would. He "hewed Agag in pieces before the Lord in Gilgal." Samuel saw all things in the light of God. From this time there was no more communication between God's prophet and the rejected king of Israel; "Samuel came no more to see Saul unto the day of his death." But Samuel mourned for Saul; he had begun well, but was now as God said, turned aside from following Him. Samuel could not be insensible to this, he saw the danger of Saul's soul far more than if his heart had never been changed. And God? Oh, how terrible are those words, "the Lord repented that He had made Saul king over Israel." The Lord Himself lead us into and keep us in a life of reality!

FOREIGN TOPICS.

The Sensation Produced in England by the two pamphlets describing the condition of the poor in London and other great cities has continued to increase. The problem of dealing with pauperism has suddenly come to the front with overwhelming force, and the public insists on its solution. The Marquis of Salisbury, the leader of the Conservative party in the House of Lords, has already propounded a scheme so radical in its provisions that it is stigmatized as "disguised socialism." He recommends under certain conditions a system of State loans to promote the better housing of the poor. He suggests that the spending of such loans should not be intrusted to the local authorities, but be committed to the Peabody trustees. He affirms that "public loans are justified by the ingenious considerations of public policy, even if all thoughts of humanity are cast aside." He thinks the working population should be transferred to places outside the town, where good houses should be built for them. *The Pall Mall Gazette*, an influential journal, the organ of the party most intensely opposed to that of Lord Salisbury, says: "Since the memorable days when Mr. Gladstone startled Europe by his pamphlet on the Bulgarian horrors, no English statesman has launched a manifesto likely to have such wide and permanent effects as that of Lord Salisbury." Other social reformers have suggested schemes to deal with the same evil, which it is evident from the tone of the press is now regarded as having the most urgent claim on the attention of statesmen. That the condition of the English poor is really deplorable there can be no doubt, and that it is becoming dangerous may be inferred from the published remarks of the Bishop of St. Albans, a moderate prelate, who declares that the state of England to-day is that of France in the years immediately preceding the revolution. A gloomy view of the case is also taken by the London *Standard*, a journal not disposed to sensationalism. It says: "London, long indifferent, has suddenly learned that there is more poverty in its streets than in the worst part of Ireland. In squalid dens the poor herd, multiply, and die. Parliament cannot help them. The measures already passed are impotent. Philanthropy is misdirected. Societies are formed to help discharged convicts, while honest workmen are left to starve, and respectable girls are turned from the doors of Magdalen asylums because they lack the necessary qualification." What appears to be most needed, as a first step, is for a few landowners, whose wealth, drawn from the rents of these wretched dwellings, is enormous, to follow the example of *the great American philanthropist* and erect dwellings for the poor on the Peabody plan.

The French Government is Pushing Forward its campaign in Madagascar. A cable message from Paris states that advices have been received from Tamatave, Madagascar, under date of October 11th, that the French man-of-war Vandeuil had left that port with orders, it was reported, to bombard Manhanaroo and other southern ports of the island. The government has agreed to pay $5000 to Mr. Shaw, the English missionary, whom its representative imprisoned, to compensate him for his losses and the indignities he suffered, and to apologize. The English Government is also demanding an apology for insults to the British flag in the Madagascar waters.

The Negotiations between France and China, relative to the Tonquin difficulty, have made no progress. The European correspondents of American daily journals concur in considering the situation as extremely critical. The French Government appears to be afflicted with incurable duplicity. It has published an official report, called "a yellow book" purporting to give an account of the correspondence between the government and that of China. It was so garbled that a large part of it was incomprehensible, and the other part was so full of direct falsification, and misrepresentation, that the Chinese minister in self-defence issued the full text of the despatches for the information of Europe. The general impression in Europe is that China would prefer war to accepting the French terms. She can pour 50,000 troops at once into the south, armed with breech-loaders, fairly drilled, and officers are being sought in England and America. The French troops, on the other hand, have a short season for operations, a bad climate, and are too few. The parties to the dispute have irritated each other by demands hopelessly irreconcilable, and it is believed that mediation now would have no good effect.

The Ominous Cloud on the Danube has not passed away. Indeed, the rupture between Bulgaria and Russia has passed into the acute form. The Czar, irritated by the independent course of the prince of the country, administered a reproof by recalling the Russian aides-de-camp. Prince Alexander instead of tendering his submission, as was expected, promptly and peremptorily dismissed all the other Russian officers. The officers, uncertain which of their two masters they ought to obey, refused to surrender their places until the prince's order is confirmed by the Czar. The quarrel is small, but any agitation in that quarter of the globe causes uneasiness throughout Europe.

The Hopes of Irish Nationalists that Home Rule for Ireland might yet be granted by the English Radicals have been disappointed by a recent speech delivered by Mr. Leatham in Yorkshire. Mr. Leatham is Mr. Bright's brother-in-law and follower, and is one of the most influential Radicals. He declares that the Liberals will persist in a policy of absolute and unfaltering justice to Ireland, but will not entertain the idea of dissolving the Union. He affirms that though sincere in his attachment to the Liberal party, and warm in his allegiance to its leaders, he would renounce both sooner than admit the possibility of conceding Home Rule.

Renewed Nihilist Activity is Manifested in Russia. The latest nihilist proclamation is being extensively circulated. It demands that the Czar summon the representatives of the Russian people, and asks for full amnesty, freedom of the press, freedom of speech, and the right to hold public meetings as the only means of preventing a revolution. Pitiless vengeance is threatened, if the demands of the order are disregarded. The nihilists have been stirred up by learning the barbarities with which one of their number has been treated. A prisoner named Netschajeff was condemned ten years ago and was supposed to be dead; but he is alive, and a letter purporting to be written by him has been received and is published in the nihilist journal. The writer complains of the inhumanity of the prison officials and of the terrible treatment to which he and his fellow-prisoners are subjected. He says that he has recently been deprived of the little light hitherto allowed him. The journal adds that the letter was *originally written in blood* on a printed piece of paper, and a great portion therefore is illegible.

The Arrangements for Messrs. Moody and Sankey's meetings in London are announced in the English journals. The evangelists arrived in Ireland on October 9th, and on the following day began a brief campaign at Limerick, where they remained until October 15th. From the 16th to the 26th they were to be at Cork; and at Waterford from the 28th to the 31st. Their visit to London may extend over six months. Without any public appeal the sum of $30,000 has been subscribed by a few friends to meet preliminary expenses. The services will be held in movable iron halls, each capable of seating 5000 persons. The first of these structures is already built, and ready for occupation, on a green spot close to Highbury, a London suburb, and a second hall is in course of erection at Wandsworth. The services at Islington will commence on the 4th of November, and terminate on the 19th. Messrs. Moody and Sankey will then go to Wandsworth, for it is the intention to alternate between the north and south sides of the Thames. As soon as the evangelists betake themselves to Wandsworth, the hall at Islington will be taken down and run up at Stepney, on a site cleared for the purpose, in one of the lowest quarters in the east of London. Then in turn the Wandsworth hall will be removed to Clapham. The halls being smaller than those in use on the occasion of the previous visit of Messrs. Moody and Sankey, an effort will be made to prevent the attendance of people who may be desirous of following the evangelists from place to place. Tickets will be distributed in the immediate locality of the hall for the benefit of residents, and the holders will have the preference of admission.

Mr. T. E. Murphy, the son of Mr. Francis Murphy, is still laboring in Ireland under the auspices of the Irish Temperance League. During September he conducted missions in Cookstown and Limerick, and addressed crowded meetings in Maghera, Coleraine, Ballyroney, Lisburn, Garvagh, Dungannon, Aughnacloy, Ballymoney, Dunadry, Antrim, and Cork, with great success. In October he addressed meetings in Dunmurry, Antrim, Carrickfergus, Maghera, Kilrea, Aghadowey, and Pomeroy. So great is the demand for the services of the Young American orator that arrangements were made for him to conduct a four days' mission in Londonderry, which terminated on October 19th. Prayer meetings were held each day, conducted by Mr. Murphy, and he addressed a public meeting each night.

The Jewish Refugee Colony at Zimmarin, Palestine, appears to be in a deplorable condition. Dr. Schmidt, the British Vice-Consul at Caiffa, Syria, says that "the colonists are *literally dying of hunger*. They implore assistance." Another writer says: "In the colony of Rosh Pinah the want of funds wherewith to develop their resources is serious. In the case of Zimmarin more families have been sent there than the land is capable of supporting, and the assistance they had been led to expect from the Central Roumanian Committee of Galatz is no longer forthcoming. The whole question of the success of these colonies depends on their receiving judicious organized assistance at starting. Unless it is soon forthcoming it will be too late. I still hope that on attention being drawn to the subject the matter may be taken in hand. It will be a thousand pities if this movement, which bids fair to exercise a regenerating influence on the Jews of Palestine, so many of whom have hitherto led lives of sloth and mendicancy, be allowed to be crushed for want of a little timely assistance."

Standard Recitations by the Best Authors, compiled by Frances P. Sullivan, is a book recently issued by Messrs. M. J. Ivers & Co. It contains seventy-nine pieces extracted from the works of J. G. Whittier, H. W. Longfellow, Tennyson, Shelley, Browning, etc., etc. They are specially adapted for recitation at school, and public or private entertainments. Forty-eight pages in paper cover, twelve cents, including postage. Purchasers may send one cent or two cent postage stamps, but not postage stamps of any other denomination.

An Illustrated Work on the Unfulfilled prophecies of the Bible, by the Rev. M. Baxter, entitled: "Forty Coming Wonders," may be had from the office of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, 63 Bible House, New York, by remitting one dollar. It is a book of 528 pages, is handsomely bound in cloth and contains fifty full-page pictures and diagrams representing the scenes described in the prophecies of Daniel and in the book of the Revelation. It also contains a resumé of the opinions of other expositors, and extracts carefully collated from the works of all the most eminent writers on prophecy, from the earliest ages of the Christian era down to those of recent date. It thus forms the most useful and complete guide the student can have in entering on the study of that portion of the Word of God. The book may also be obtained for one dollar from any bookseller, who can procure it from the American News Company.

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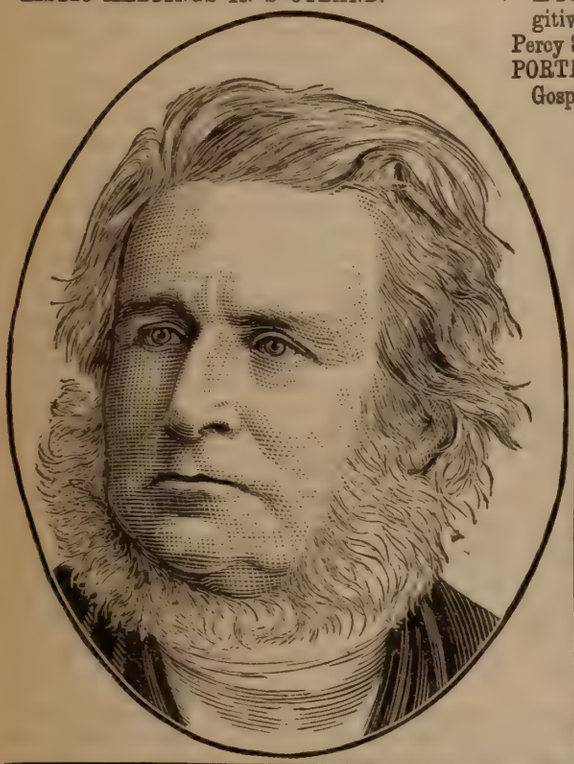

The late REV. DR. BEGG, of Edinburgh—Scenes in his Life.

THE LATE REV. DR. BEGG.

Born in 1808—Graduates at Glasgow at the Age of 16—Licensed to Preach in 1829—Appointed Assistant to Dr. Buchanan—Becomes Pastor of Maxwelltown, Dumfries—Visits to the Widow of the Poet Burns—Removal to Edinburgh—To Paisley in 1832—Beginning of the "Ten Years' Conflict"—Appointed Minister at Liberton in 1835—His Popularity—The Disruption of 1843—Visits Canada and the United States in 1845—Erection of Newington Free Church—Efforts to Stem the Tide of Romanism—Dr. Begg's Interest in the Working Classes—Elected Moderator in 1865—Last Works, Words, Death and Interment.

THE portrait on the first page of this number is of a clergyman almost as highly esteemed on this side the Atlantic as on that where he labored for more than half a century in the cause of Christ. The news of the death of Dr. Begg, which was brought by cable a month ago, seemed to many a family here a personal bereavement; some remembered his visit here in 1845 and listened to his stirring addresses, others had made his acquaintance in his own country, while many more, who had never seen or heard him, had learned to honor the brave preacher, who valued neither place nor fortune when his conscience required their relinquishment.

James Begg was born in Lanarkshire, Scotland, on October 31st, 1808, and was therefore nearly seventy-five years of age when he died. His father was the parish minister of New Monkland, and the first twelve years of his life were spent under his parents' roof, and his early education was obtained at the parish-school. Having given evidence of a change of heart through the power of the Holy Spirit, the desire of the earnest youth was to enter the ministry of the Church of Scotland, and at an age at which very few lads now enter a university he was sent to Glasgow, and continued his studies at the old college there. His progress was very rapid, and by the time he had attained his sixteenth year he graduated in Arts with distinction.

After he had acted for some time as tutor to a family residing at Morningside, near Edinburgh, the Presbytery of Hamilton licensed him to preach on June 10th, 1829. He was then twenty-one years of age. His eagerness to enter upon active ministerial work made him resolve to accept the first call that might be presented to him. His

FIRST PUBLIC APPEARANCE

was made at Duddingston Church, where he preached forenoon and afternoon on that day, and in the evening walked to Edinburgh and delivered a third discourse in what was then known as the Canongate Chapel. On the following morning he was asked to become assistant to the late Dr. James Buchanan, of North Leith. The association with so eminent a preacher as Dr. Buchanan appeared to him sufficiently advantageous to counterbalance the larger remuneration he could obtain elsewhere. He therefore accepted the offer, and preached in the church every Sunday afternoon. His duties under Dr. Buchanan included a weekly service at Newhaven on Tuesday evenings, and the visitation of the parishioners residing in the Peatneuk District of Leith, a quarter then notorious alike for the depravity and the poverty of its denizens. But he was not destined to remain long in this subordinate position. In a short time he received the appointment to the pastorate of

MAXWELLTOWN CHURCH,

Dumfries. He was the first minister of that church, being ordained on May 18th, 1830; but by his zeal and ability and the popularity of his preaching he soon gathered a large congregation, and quickly filled a building which held about eleven hundred people.

While in Maxwelltown he visited Jean Armour, the poet Burns's widow, who was one of his parishioners. He found her an "exceedingly interesting and thoroughly good woman." Her well-thumbed Bible he generally found on her table, a volume the old lady read constantly, and would not be induced to sell though a high price might be obtained for it, as it contained the family record inscribed therein in *the handwriting of Burns* himself. The widow and her grandchildren attended church frequently to hear Mr. Begg, who, notwithstanding his otherwise high opinon of her, saw no traces of that *beauty* of which her poet-husband sang. "Nobody would ever have imagined," said he, "that she had been *bonnie;* it would have required a stretch of imagination to discover anything of the sort."

From Dumfries the young minister was, in 1831, removed to Lady Glenorchy's Church, Edinburgh, as colleague of the late Dr. Jones. He had found that the great efforts he had put forth at Dumfries were telling prejudicially on his health, and he therefore welcomed the opportunity which brought him less labor and easier circumstances. The congregation of the Middle Parish, Paisley, next claimed and secured his services; and in 1832, while minister of that parish, he for the first time became a representative to the General Assembly of the then undivided Church of Scotland. That year's assembly was a memorable one in the annals of the Church's history; for in it was sounded the first note of that severe conflict which resulted in what, according to the shade of ecclesiastical opinion entertained, is variously termed "Disruption" and "Secession." A proposal was made in that meeting of the Assembly to appoint a committee to inquire into the working of the Patronage Act, by which ungodly but wealthy patrons appointed ministers over parishes; and in the discussion that followed upon that proposal, and in almost every stage of

THE "TEN YEARS' CONFLICT"

leading to the disruption of the Free Presbyterian Church from the Established Presbyterian Church which followed, Mr. Begg's voice was heard, and his power and influence felt, on the platform and in the Presbytery and the other Courts of the Church.

Mr. Begg's ardor, enthusiasm, and ability as a platform speaker soon gave him a prominent position in the ranks of the controversialists, though these embraced such men of power as Dr. Chalmers, Dr. Candlish, Dr. Cunningham, and Dr. Guthrie. He was marked out by the leaders as a young man of power; and their appreciative estimate of his merits was subsequently amply justified.

In 1835 he was translated to Liberton, under circumstances which were thus described by himself: "My excellent friend, Dr. Jones, lived at Liberton Tower, and I went there to spend the Sabbath with him. It so happened that the minister of Liberton, then a young man, only one year there, became unwell, and the people hearing that I was at Dr. Jones's house, came and asked me to preach, which I readily did. The worthy minister died immediately afterward, and the people determined to do what they could to get me as their pastor. In those days, however, patronage was paramount, but it so happened that there was a political election going on at the time, and the people of Liberton having it very much in their power to turn the election, they went to Sir John Clerk and said, 'Get this man appointed for us as our minister; if not, we'll not vote for you.' That was the way I came to be minister of Liberton."

POPULARITY AT LIBERTON.

So popular was Mr. Begg at this time with the parishioners that all classes and persons of all creeds attended his ministry. It is said that when he settled at Liberton there were thirty-three drinking bars in the parish, in which 9000 gallons of spirits were annually consumed, at a cost of $22,500. In a statement which he issued, Mr. Begg pointed to this as the cause of the prevailing poverty, and the result was seven of the houses were closed; while the poor of the parish were well provided for by the church-door collection, distributed by the elders under the supervision of the minister. At the end of eight years, however, that is, in 1843, the Disruption took place, and he renounced this, which was one of the richest rural livings in the Church of Scotland.

It was his opinion, when Disruption was first spoken of, that such an extreme course should not be resorted to, but that the party with which he was connected should remain in the Church, and direct their energies to obtain the reforms which, as they believed, were urgently needed. His views were, however, overborne by other counsels; and ultimately he concurred with those who believed that Disruption was the only effective way of protesting against the "Erastianism" (or appointment of ministers by secular patrons) they had been combating. To leave the Church was, however, a severe trial to a man of Mr. Begg's views and temperament, and how keenly he felt it only his more intimate friends ever knew. His love for the Church of Scotland, as by law established, was strong and deep-seated; and all that subsequently happened did not eradicate this attachment.

VISITS THE UNITED STATES.

After the Disruption, Dr. Begg, with other leaders, made a pilgrimage through Scotland, supplying ordinances to Free Church congregations who, as yet, had no ministers; and he afterward went with Dr. Candlish, Dr Guthrie, Dr. Cunningham, and others, as a deputation to confer with the English Presbyterians. The ecclesiastical controversy had long ere this found its way to the Canadian backwoods and the homes of Scottish colonists in America and Australia. Pastorals were accordingly sent out by the Free Church to the colonial Synods; and these, in the case of Canada, were supported in 1845 by an influential deputation, which reported on its return that it had everywhere been received with enthusiasm. Of this deputation Mr. Begg was a leading member. In the course of his American travels he preached before Congress; and from Lafayette College, Pennsylvania, he received the degree of D.D.

In the "site controversy," which resulted from the Disruption, in consequence of many landlords refusing sites for Free Churches, Dr. Begg was again a prominent figure; and he used to tell how, at Applecross and Shieldaig in 1845, he

PREACHED ON THE SEA-SHORE

to thousands of Highlanders, the sound of whose voices joining in tuneful psalm mingled with the roar of the Atlantic. (*See frontispiece.*)

MINISTRY IN EDINBURGH.

At the time of Dr. Begg's removal to Edinburgh the southern suburb of that city was, to a large extent, grass-land. In selecting the Newington site, he gave offence to certain leading members of his old congregation, who thought Upper Gray Street would prove a more suitable situation; but events proved that even in this matter he had shown the practical sagacity which all along distinguished him. Not only did he contribute largely toward the cost of the church, but he was mainly instrumental in raising the remainder of the money, while he also built a manse in Cumin Place. Twice during his ministry the church had to be enlarged. As at Liberton, Dr. Begg adopted the system of free sittings, leaving the congregation to contribute as they thought fit for the maintenance of ordinances; and so satisfactorily has this plan worked, that from first to last the people using the seats have subscribed no less than $250,000.

THE TIDE OF ROMANISM.

The action of the Pope in 1850 in regard to the revival of the Papal Hierarchy in England brought Dr. Begg, a doughty champion of Protestantism, to the front of an agitation which swept over the country, and the outcome of which in Edinburgh was the establishment of the Scottish Reformation Society, the formation of the Irish Church Mission for Romanists, and the starting of the *Bulwark and Reformation Journal*, of which Dr. Begg was editor for twenty-one years, and which reached a circulation of over 30,000 copies. Dr. Begg's *Hand-*

book of Popery, which is regarded by many Protestants as a standard work on the subject, has had a circulation of upward of 150,000, and is still in demand.

INTEREST IN THE WORKING CLASSES.

In all matters relating to the welfare of the working classes Dr. Begg manifested a warm interest, and it was largely owing to his advocacy of the desirableness of providing better dwellings for industrious artisans that the Edinburgh Co-operative Building Company was formed. The Company, managed entirely by working men, has occupied ground at the rate of two acres per annum for more than twenty years, has sold in the same period over 1300 houses for the working classes, has received in payment for such property over a quarter of a million sterling, and has annually divided among its shareholders profits averaging something like twelve per cent.

While never venturing into the higher walks of literature, Dr. Begg was probably the author of more pamphlets dealing with questions in which he took an interest than any other man of his generation. The number has been set down by one well qualified to form an estimate at not less than 150 pamphlets, among them being the "Health of Ministers." Dr. Begg was also a contributor to a volume of "Family Devotions," but comparatively few of his sermons have been published.

MODERATOR OF ASSEMBLY.

Dr. Begg's position in the Free Church was duly recognized in his election as Moderator of the Assembly in May, 1865. Among other noteworthy incidents of his long and active life may be mentioned a trip he made in 1873 to Egypt, India, Australia, New Zealand, and America, in all which countries he was received by Scotch colonists in the most friendly manner. In New Zealand—where one of his sons is an extensive landholder—the reception accorded was particularly cordial. On the doctor's return, his public services were acknowledged by the presentation to him, in the Literary Institute, of a testimonial amounting to $25,000.

In May, 1880, Dr. Begg completed the fiftieth year of ministerial life, and advantage was taken of the occasion by his congregation to present him with an address of congratulation and other tokens of esteem.

LAST WORKS, WORDS, AND DEATH.

The news of his death on September 29th was received in Edinburgh and throughout Scotland with a shock of painful surprise. It was, indeed, hard to realize that one whose appearance was so suggestive of bodily vigor, and who, but a week before, could speak of himself as enjoying wonderfully good health, should so suddenly have passed away. Those brought into close contact with Dr. Begg, however, had latterly observed symptoms which seemed to forebode a break-down. Only the other week he dropped down upon the pavement on leaving the bookwarehouse of Mr. Gemmell, George IV. Bridge, Edinburgh (one of the elders of Newington Free Church), where he was almost a daily visitor, and a day or two later a similar mishap befell him in entering a cab after attending a funeral in Preston Street Churchyard.

He occupied his own pulpit at both services on Sunday, September 23d, preaching in the afternoon, singularly enough, from the text, "*And as it is appointed unto men once to die.*" On the following day he went to North Berwick, where he seems to have contracted a cold. Returning to town on Wednesday, he occupied his wonted place at a meeting of the Free Presbytery, and took a leading part in connection with the disposal of the business that had to be transacted. He was then suffering from hoarseness, but otherwise seemed as robust as he had generally appeared of late. On the following day he was confined to the house, and his medical attendant found him suffering from *cartarrhal pulmonary attack*, which developed into congestion of the lungs. On Friday, September 28th, he felt somewhat better, but had a restless night, and a good deal of sickness, and on Saturday it became evident that he was rapidly approaching his end. Shortly after four o'clock he fell asleep in Christ, having continued conscious until within half an hour of his death.

His funeral took place on October 3d in Newington Cemetery, the resting-place of his wife, when thousands followed him to his grave.

Thus has passed away from the scene of his earthly sacrifices, efforts and successes in the service of Christ, a Prince in Israel, with many to mourn his loss, not only in the Church which by noble and vigorous life he adorned, but also to lovers of scriptural truth the world over. But while the church on earth mourns the loss of the valiant soldiers of Christ, they pass into that Presence in which there is "fulness of joy."

ANECDOTES RELATED AT THE EVANGELISTIC MEETINGS IN SCOTLAND.

The Gold in the Quartz.—At a Recent Meeting the Rev. James Scott said: "When I was in California, an old Scotchwoman brought me a piece of quartz in which was imbedded a small piece of gold, saying, 'Mr. Scott, I would like you to see how our heavenly Father stores up the gold for our use.' There it was sparkling in the midst of a bit of useless rock. So ought we to cherish the Word of life till our lives shine and sparkle so that men will see that we are real Christians."

A Shop in a Woman's Head.—The Rev. Mr. McLachlan mentioned in one of the meetings that: "In St. Martyr's Free Church, he spoke to a woman in a respectable position, having a large shop in the Townhead. In reply to my inquiry, 'Are you a Christian?' she replied, 'Yes, thank God, I am. Since I came to these meetings I have become a changed woman, the very walls of my house are different. When I lock up my shop on Saturday night, I do not think of it now till the Monday. Before, the shop was always in my head, but Christ is in my heart, and my best thoughts are engaged with Him.'"

A Jew Emigrant Finding Christ.—Mr. Baron, the missionary to the Jews in Glasgow, said: "We hear of some of the results of our work in a roundabout way sometimes. In a Baltimore paper, a pastor tells of a young Jew who got a New Testament at one of our British ports when sailing recently for America. During the voyage he read about Christ, and finally believed that He was in truth the promised Messiah of the Old Testament. The place from which he came was never visited by any Christian missionary, therefore, unless he had been forced to emigrate, he would never have heard of Jesus. He is living an exemplary Christian life in the midst of his Jewish compatriots in Baltimore."

A Straight Road to Hell.—The Rev. Mr. Hutcheson said: "There may be some here who think they occupy an intermediate state. They are not sinners like Satan, neither are they religious fanatics like such another one, but are good, moral people who go to church regularly, attend the Communion at the stated periods, and subscribe as little as they dare to charitable schemes. For seventeen years I occupied this intermediate state, but was going as straight down to hell as any one ever was, till the Holy Spirit opened my eyes, and showed me my lost condition. Praise the Lord, I saw Jesus as my personal Saviour, and rejoice in Him constantly."

No Other Chance but This.—"An Incident which happened when I was a boy at school will make clear to you that there is often a last chance for salvation which, if missed, can never be got again in this life. A burn or brook runs through the village in which I lived, descending straight from the mountains. Usually it was small and shallow, but after heavy rains or when the snow was melting, it became almost a river, and came down with great fury, carrying roots and trunks of trees from the mountain side. At these times men and boys used to try to bring the timber ashore for firewood. One boy had a rope, trying to catch a large root, but failed; another boy standing near, said, 'Gie me it, and I'll bring it in.' With a dextrous throw he caught the root, but the current was too strong, and dragged him into the foaming water. Every effort was made to save him, but he was swept down to a bend in the stream, which was covered with overhanging trees. A youth who saw it was the boy's last chance, shouted, 'Catch hold of the branches!' He did so, and was saved. If he had *not* done so, he would have been lost for this world—there was no other chance for him. My cry to the unconverted and Christless who are floating on the downward stream is, 'Lay hold of the only hope; lay hold of Christ and He will save thee.'"

Breaking a Window to Get Bread.—At a meeting in Cowcaddens, Glasgow, the Rev. J. F. Ewing said: "A year ago I was staying in Berlin. Much want existed among the laboring classes. Individual cases of acute distress were lost in the crowd of starving people. One man, who was actually dying of starvation, realized this, and knew that if he became a criminal, he would attract attention to his case. He went to the finest and largest street in the city, and drove his foot through a large plate-glass window. His case was soon made public, and though he obtained bread, he had to suffer the penalty of his crime. God, in His infinite mercy, has provided a way whereby we may escape, not only from distress, and obtain for food the very bread of heaven; but also enjoy rest and peace. That way is the Lord Jesus Christ."

A Chinese Leper Evangelist.—At a Noon prayer-meeting, Mr. McMicking said: "A poor leper in China went into one of the mission hospitals, but was discharged as incurable. He had heard the Gospel preached, and received it as a gift from God. He went home to his native village, two and a half days' journey from Swatow, and began to testify to the love of Jesus. Rumors of some great work being done in this hamlet reached the missionaries, and they sent some native teachers, who found twenty or thirty men and women who professed to be converted through the efforts of this poor distorted leper. They also noticed a strange expression of peace on his disfigured features. God can, and does, employ the most unlikely agencies to carry on His work and effectually secure His glory."

A Visit to a Judge.—"When I was a Student I visited Lord Ardilaun, one of the judges in the Court of Session. In private life he was the most genial man I ever met, and most kind and tender-hearted. When he sat on the bench he was inflexible. Why? Because he could not help himself. When the evidence convinced the jury that a prisoner had committed murder, and they returned their verdict of 'guilty,' he had to put on the black cap, and pass sentence of death upon the murderer. 'God is love; God is merciful,' says a man or woman who is unwilling to give up some darling sin. Take up His cross and follow Jesus. God *is both these;* but He is also a *Judge*, who cannot clear the guilty, they *must* be punished, or find a substitute, and the only substitute acceptable with the Father is Jesus, His well-beloved Son, who died to save us."

A Timely Word to Students.—The Rev. Mr. Andrew said: "When I was a student in the Old University in High Street, Glasgow, as few of us had prayer-meetings regularly, after some discussion we thought it our duty to get some man, who was specially blessed by God to the salvation of souls, to visit us, and hold Gospel services. We invited the late Brownlow North, and had Ewing Place Independent Church crowded with young men. In his sermon Mr. North said: 'Oh, young men, if you are training to become ministers and propose to occupy a parish, and yet are unconverted, not only will you be cumberers of the ground, but you will be keeping out some man of God who could bring forth fruit.' I prayed then with all my heart, 'Forbid, Lord, that *I* should occupy any place whatever which another man can fill better.'"

RELIGION AN ANTISEPTIC.

Dr. Talmage's Sermon, Preached Last Sunday Morning, November 4, 1883.

"Every sacrifice shall be salted with salt. Salt is good: but if the salt have lost his saltness, where with will ye season it?"—MARK 9: 49, 50.

A Dictionary of Fine Similes—Christ's Living Illustrations—The Salt Crystal as a Type of Grace—I. Like it in Beauty—Beautiful and Beautifying—Beautiful Death of a Bank President—The Three Johns—II. In being Indispensable—Religion as an Adornment—But Absolutely Necessary—III. In its Abundance—The Bejewelled Robe of Demetrius—A Vow in a Prison—IV. In the Way we Get at it—Must be Dug Out—The Painful Evaporation—The Crystallization of Grace—V. In its Preservative Quality—Preserving Nations—City Life—A Defaulter—Christ Needed by All.

THE Bible is a dictionary of the finest similes. Among trees it employs the terebinth, the sycamore, the cedar, the apple. Among living creatures the stork, the eagle, the unicorn, and all sheep and cattle. Among jewels the jacinth and the emerald and the sapphire and the chrysoprasus. Christ used no stale illustrations. The lilies in His sermon were not pressed flowers, but dewy fresh plucked up from the grass. The ravens in His sermon were not stuffed specimens of birds, but warm with life from wing-tip to wing-tip. The fish to which He pointed in His discourse were not dull about the gills, showing that they had long been captured, but all asquirm in the wet net just hauled up on the beach of Genessaret. Christ, in the text, lifts a crystal of salt before His audience, and says: "The divine grace is like this salt," saying what you and I know by experience, "salt is good."

I. I shall this morning try to carry out the Saviour's idea, while in the first place I say that,

GRACE IS LIKE SALT

in its beauty. In Galicia, among the mines of salt, there are two hundred and eighty miles of underground passages. Down in those salt mines there are chapels and cathedrals and theatres and halls of reception, and the altars are of crystal, and the columns are of crystal, and the ceiling is of crystal. When the emperor comes and the princes, all this is lighted up with torches, and the scene is indescribable for beauty, as the emperor and the mighty men of his realm walk through, and some of them worship in the chancels, and others are entertained in the theatres, and all the floor, all the pillars, all the ceilings are of crystal. But why should I go so far to tell you of the beauty of salt when you can take a morning train and go to the salt mines in a few hours? You have it three times a day upon your table.

It is beautiful to the naked eye, but put under the microscope you see the stars and the splinters and the shafts and the bridges of fire glint of the sun. Salt has all the beauty of water foam and snow flake with durability added. No human skill hath ever put in Alhambra or St. Peter's such marvellous beauty as God hath put in one crystal of salt. An angel would need to take all of time with an infringement upon eternity to sketch the beauty of that which you sometimes cast aside as of no importance.

So I have to tell you that the grace of God is

BEAUTIFUL AND BEAUTIFYING.

Have you never seen a life illumined by it? Have you never seen a soul comforted by it? Have you never seen a character grandly constructed through it? I have seen it smooth the wrinkles of care from the brow. I have seen it seemingly change the aged into the young. I have seen it lift the stooped shoulder and put sparkle into the dull eye. It is beautifying in its results. It is grand and glorious in its influence. Solomon described its anatomical effect when he said: "It is marrow to the bones."

Of course, I refer now to a healthy religion, not that kind which sits for three hours on a gravestone reading Hervey's "Meditations among the Tombs"—a kind of religion which always thrives best in a bad state of the liver; but a religion such as Christ preached, the healthiest thing in all the earth, good for the body as well as good for the soul, for it calms the pulses, and it soothes the nerves, and it quiets the spleen, and it is a physical reinvigoration. Many a man has felt it. I suppose when the grace of God has triumphed in all the earth disease will be banished, and that a man one hundred years of age will come into the house, and say: "I am very tired, and it is time for me to go," and without one physical pang heaven will have him.

When I was living in Philadelphia there was *an aged bank president;* he was somewhere in the nineties. At the close of the business of the day, he came home, lay down on the sofa, and said to his daughter: "My time has come, and I must go away from you." "Why," she said, "father, are you sick? shall I send for a doctor?" "Oh, no," he replied, "I am not sick, but the time has come for me to go. You have it put in the morning papers about my death, so that they will not expect me in business circles." And instantly he ceased to breathe. That was beautiful—that was a glorious transition from the world. And the time will come when men will leave the world without a pang.

The grace of God is going to do just as much for the bodies of men as it does for the souls of men. But I think the power of religion is chiefly seen in the soul. It takes that which is hard and cold and repulsive and casts it out. It makes a man all over again. It takes his pride and his selfishness and his worldliness and chains them—chains them fast so that they can move around with very small sweep, for they are chained. Oh, what glorious things it did for

THE THREE JOHNS.

John Bunyan, the foul-mouthed—it made John Bunyan the immortal dreamer. John Newton, cursing on the ship's deck when the storm came on, denouncing God and the tempest—before the cyclone had passed, kneeling in prayer, saying: "O God of my mother, have mercy on me." It led John Summerfield out of a life of sin, and by the hand of a Christian edge-tool maker he was led into the pulpit, which has been burnished with his eloquence for Christ—that Christ whom he once despised.

Go all through the underground falls of Weilitzka and through the underground kingdoms of Holstadt and show me anything so beautiful, so grandly beautiful as this eternal crystal. It throws a beauty over the heart and a beauty over the life. Christ comes into the soul and casts on it the glow of a summer garden, as He says: "I am the rose of Sharon and the lily of the valley." And then He comes and throws all over the life and the heart the beauty of a spring morning, as He cries out: "I am the light of the world." Oh, is there in all the earth, is there in all the heavens anything so beautiful as the grace of God?

II. I remark still further: Grace is like salt in the fact that it is

A NECESSITY OF LIFE.

Beasts and men die without it. What are those paths across the western prairie? They have been made by the deer and buffalo coming to and going from the salt licks. All chemists, all physiologists, all physicians will tell you that salt is an absolute necessity for physical health and life. Without it we soon die. And I came to understand also that this grace of God is an absolute necessity. I hear people talk of it as though this religion were a mere adornment, a shoulder-strap decorating a soldier, a frothy, light dessert after the chief banquet has passed, something to be tried after calomels and mustard plasters have failed, but in ordinary circumstances of no especial importance—only the jingling of the bells on the horse's neck while he draws the load, but in no way helping him to draw it. Now I denounce that style of religion. Religion, while it is an adornment, is the first and the last necessity of an immortal nature. I must have it, you must have it, or we cannot live.

You know how a man would soon perish if he took no salt with his food. The energies would flag, the lungs would struggle with the air, slow fevers would crawl through the brain, the heart would flutter, and the life would be gone. And that is what is the matter with a great many people who are *dying in their souls.* They take none of this salt of divine grace. They have never tried it. They do not want it. Weaker and weaker will they get in the spiritual life, until after a while they will be stretched out on the bier of death. Coffin him in a groan. Hearse him in a sigh. Throw a wreath of nightshade on the casket. Kindle no lamp at the head or the foot, but rather set up the expired torches of the foolish virgins whose lamps went out. Salt an absolute necessity for the life of the body; the grace of God an absolute necessity for the life of the soul. Oh, that it might thunder in our ears to-day: "Except ye be born again ye cannot, ye cannot see the kingdom of God."

III. I remark again, that grace like salt is

IN ABUNDANCE.

Russia stands on a great salt cellar, ninety thousand tons of it annually coming from there. Norway and Sweden white with snow above, white with salt beneath. England and Italy have large resources in this respect. Austria turns out nine hundred thousand tons annually. Oh, what vast abundance! That is just like this grace of God. Enough for all lands, for all people, for all conditions. It seems to undergird the earth. Pardon for the worst sin, comfort for the darkest trouble, peace for the most perturbed spirit, in vast abundance.

I am told that ten thousand men work day and night around about the salt lakes of Saratoy, and yet they never exhaust the saline waters. And I have to tell you that if the fourteen hundred millions of the race should this moment cry out for God's mercy they would get it. Enough for one, enough for all. Europe, Asia, Africa, North and South America, and all the islands of the sea might wade down into this ocean of God's mercy, and there would be room enough to wash and come up clean.

Have you ever tried to measure the height, the depth, the length, the breadth of that one word which we toss from the lips as though it were of no importance? "Whosoever." So high, so long, so broad, so deep is this salvation. "Whosoever." "Whosoever will let him come." Oh, the abundance of it! Do you think your case is too tough for the Lord to deal with? You say that the torrent of your life sin is so deep and raging. Then I tell you this grace of God is a bridge, not built on earthly piers, but suspended, one end of it resting on the rock of the eternal promises, and the other end of it on the foundations of heaven.

Demetrius, the king, wore a robe so incrusted with jewels that after his death nobody dared to put it on. But I have to tell you that Christ, our King, takes off His robe of righteousness, blood-dyed and heaven-impearled, and holds it forth to the worst wretch on earth, saying: "Take it, put it on, wear it, wear it now, wear it forever." Oh, the abundance of this grace!

We have got to have more faith in this Gospel, in its power to save all classes of people, not only those high up, but those low down, not only the wise, but the ignorant—all classes. It is going to regenerate society. While we sit in holy places to-day, how many thousands there are who have no Sabbath. They pass down these streets. They know not it is the Sabbath, except that it gives them more opportunity for dissipation and wicked hilarity, and more time for sin. They have got to be brought under the power of this Gospel. It is an abundant Gospel. The Christ that saved you will save them.

IN A CITY PRISON.

Some years ago, a city pastor in New York was called to a city prison to attend the obsequies. He came there. A woman had been incarcerated for some great crime, a young woman. Her mother had come to visit her, and

had died while there, and as the mother had no home the obsequies were from the city prison. After a while the young woman, who had been imprisoned, said to the minister of religion, 'Wouldn't you like to see my mother?' So the face was uncovered. Standing there the minister of religion said: "Don't you feel to-day, in the presence of your dead mother, like resolving upon something better? Don't you feel in this presence as if you would like to start for God and heaven?" Then she pulled from her hand a worn-out glove, which she had on in honor of the obsequies. It was the best she had. She pulled off that worn-out glove, and the hand made bare, she put it upon the cold brow of the dead mother, and said: "In the help of God I swear that I will do differently, and I will begin now." Years after she was telling the story. She said: "When that minister of religion said to me, 'God help you in your vow,' I thought to myself, 'Why, that is the first prayer I have heard in ten years,' and

THAT PRAYER SAVED ME.

Ever since I have tried to live a Christian life." Oh, the power of this grace! Oh, the strength of the Almighty arms able to save all, however high, however low! "Whosoever!" "Whosoever!"

IV. But I remark, that grace is like salt in

THE WAY WE GET AT IT.

Salt on the surface of the earth is for the most part impure and of no value—such as on the South American pampas and on the Rocky Mountains, and in some parts of India, it is on the top of the ground very impure. But the miners go down through the shafts and along by the dark labyrinths and amid the galleries of rock, on and down until they come under the very foundations of the earth. There they find the salt. They bring it forth for the wealth of the nations. If they want to find a salt spring they bore down into the earth, down deeper, down deeper, down until under the roots of the everlasting mountains they strike the spring, and then the waters, the saline waters come out through the aqueducts for the wealth of the people. And I have to tell you that this grace of God is to be profoundly sought after. You will not stumble across it. Superficial exploration will not find it. You will have to dig for it. With all the energy of body, mind, and soul you will have to dig for it. You will have to go down to the very lowest strata of earnestness and faith to find it.

But these waters are placed after a while where

EVAPORATION

takes place. The saline waters are put into a tank where the sun makes quick evaporation. Or the boilers are fiercely heated, and then the evaporation takes place. And I have to tell you now that when a soul is brought under the influence of the Sun of righteousness, pride and worldliness and selfishness and all the vapors of the soul float away, and there is left the white holiness of the heart. And then as the furnaces are brought in the case of the salt, so the furnace is brought in the case of the soul. The smutted stokers of darkness stir the blaze, the furnace of trial becomes hotter and hotter and hotter, and so the evaporation of worldliness is hastened, and *the crystallization of grace*. Have not some of you passed through enough trouble to have that process go on?

I have read how that Aristotle said that there was

A FIELD OF FLOWERS

in Sicily so sweet that hounds in search of game, and on the track, would come up to that field, and so great were the perfumes they bewildered them and threw them off the track. Oh, that our souls might be the field that the Lord hath blessed and that they might exhale so much sweetness of divine grace that *the hounds of trouble* and death coming on the track might lose it and go howling back in disappointment.

"Oh," says some one out there, "if I am to be saved I will be saved, and if I am to be lost I will be lost." You misrepresent the Gospel, my brother. Do not say that. There is something for you to do. Strive to enter in at the straight gate. Take the kingdom of heaven by violence.

V. This grace is also like salt in its

PRESERVATIVE QUALITY.

You know that salt absorbs the moisture of food, and so food is preserved. Salt is the great anti-putrefactive of the world. Everybody knows that. Experimenters in the preservation of food have tried sugar and smoke and air-tight jars and everything; but as long as the world stands Christ's remark will be suggestive: "Salt is good." And this grace of God is to be *the preservative of laws*, of constitutions, of government. Why is it that the United States Government and the British Government have stood so long? While there has been corruption often in high places, there have been good men always in the front. Take the grace of God away from a nation and you work its destruction. It cannot live without it.

So a great deal of modern philosophy. What is the matter with it? The grace of God has gone out of it, and it putrefies and rots. What our schools of learning, what our institutions of science want now is not more Leyden jars, more galvanic batteries, more spectroscopes, more philosophic apparatus. Oh, no. What is most wanted is the grace of God to teach our men of learning that the God of the universe is the God of the Bible. Is it not strange that with all their magnificent sweeps of the telescopes they have never seen the morning star of Jesus? or having been so long studying about light and heat they have never seen and felt the light and heat of the sun of righteousness that has risen on the world with healing in His wings? O my friends, the Gospel of the grace of God is the only anti-putrefactive among the nations. Take that away, you take their life away. Everything on earth is tending to decay and death. This is the preserving quality. "Salt is good."

Are there not those here to-day who need that preventive grace, this preservative quality? There are some of you already gone wrong. They know a great deal better than I can tell them how they need this preserving quality of divine grace. I have wondered sometimes if other pastors have had come under their observation so many sad cases as I have seen since I have lived here in Brooklyn, so many illustrations of the fact that men

NEED IN CITY LIFE,

in this great sea-board life, the preserving grace of God. Right at this point in the aisle (pointing to the front of the platform) at the close of a service a man said to me in great agitation: "When can I see you alone?" I said: "Now," and we stepped aside. I said: "What is the matter?" He replied: "I have taken $2500 in small sums—but amounting to $2500—from my business firm, of which I am the confidential clerk. What shall I do?" I said: "Pay it back." He said: "I can't pay it back." "Well," I said, "get some of your friends to help you pay it back." He said: "My friends can't pay it. What shall I do?"

"Well," I said, "my advice to you is very distinct, my brother. I give you two prescriptions. The first is: Go home and kneel down before God and ask His forgiveness. Then to-morrow morning you go over to the store and invite the head men of the firm into the private office, telling them you have something of great importance to reveal to them, and have the door locked, and then you confess the whole thing, and if they are decent men—to say nothing of whether they are Christians or not—if they are decent men they will not be hard on you." "But," said he, "suppose they won't do that?" "Then," I said, "you have the Almighty God to fall back upon, and He never forsook a man who put his trust in Him, and God will see you through." Standing there it seemed as if my heart would break for that man in such awful predicament of sin. He did not have the preservative quality of divine grace in his soul to keep him from the temptations of Brooklyn and New York life.

Oh, young men,

YOU NEED CHRIST.

You need Him now. Is it not a matter of congratulation to all those who have this antiseptic in your heart? God is going to preserve you all through the sorrows of this life, and He is going to preserve you to eternity. I do not promise you will have no trouble because you are Christian. On the contrary, I promise you if you do your duty you will have a great deal of trouble, but God, I think, will see you through. I think He will. But why should I talk like an atheist when I know He will. "Kept by the power of God through faith unto complete salvation." I know He will. Come, then, with your wounds to Christ. I would like to be the Lord's surgeon a little while. Fetch all your wounds of soul. Just fetch them now to Christ, and I will be the Lord's surgeon. I have been told there is nothing to stop the bleeding of a wound like salt if it be well applied. Just fetch up the wounds of your soul now, and I will put this salt of divine grace on the lacerations. It smarts a little at the first, it smarts very much at the first. But see, the bleeding of the wound is stopped, and the flesh is coming together as the flesh of a little child. "Salt is good!"

Sermons for the Times, a new Pamphlet of Dr. Talmage's sermons is now ready. Among the twenty-six sermons it contains, are those on the following subjects: The Six Wings; Whisperers; Gnats and Camels; Dreams; The Horse and his Rider; Sunset; Out of Ivory Palaces; The Newspaper; Changes in Heaven. May be had from the office of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD. Price, thirty cents, including postage.

A PROVIDENTIAL ESCAPE FROM A PRECIPICE.

(*See Illustration on page 716.*)

THE belief in a special Providence is rather out of fashion in this day, men apparently preferring to believe that God has set the world in motion, has established laws to govern it, and has since stood aside and refrained from interfering in its affairs. The Christian whose faith in the efficacy of prayer is unabated and who believes that God watches over the lives of His people, entertains no such thought. There are many incidents on record which confirm his view, and it is well in these days of shifting faith that they should be widely known. One of these is depicted in the illustration on page 716.

In John Wesley's diary under date of June 20th, 1744, the following narrative is given: "About nine I set out for Horsley with Mr. Hopper and Mr. Smith. I took Mrs. Smith and her two little girls in the chaise with me. About two miles from the town, just on the brow of the hill, on a sudden both the horses set out without any visible cause, and flew down the hill like an arrow. In a minute John fell off the coach-box. The horses then went on at full speed, sometimes to the edge of the ditch on the right, sometimes on the left. A cart came up against them. They avoided it as exactly as if the man had been on the box. A narrow bridge was at the foot of the hill. They went directly over the middle of it. They ran up the next hill with the same speed, many persons meeting us, but getting out of the way. Near the top of the hill was a gate, which led into a farmyard. It stood open. They turned short, and ran through it, without touching the gate on one side of the post or the other, and galloped on through the cornfield. The little girls cried out, 'Grandpapa, save us!' I told them, 'Nothing will hurt you; do not be afraid.' The horses ran on till they came to the edge of a steep precipice. Just then Mr. Smith, who could not overtake us before, galloped in between. They stopped in a moment. Had they gone on ever so little, he and we must have gone down together."

LOOKING FOR THE COMING OF THE LORD.

By James Stephens, M.A.

In His Own Person—To Take His People—The Bodies Redeemed—Not a General Resurrection—The Living Changed—Visible Appearance—Manifestation in Judgment—Of Importance to the Lord—Coming in His Kingdom—The Gospel a Permeatory not a Displacing Power—The Future Kingdom to Displace all Others—The Time of the Coming.

WHEN our Lord Jesus was about to leave His disciples, He said, "If I go and prepare a place for you, *I will come again*, and receive you unto Myself" (John 14 : 3). This utterance is often referred to as if it were fulfilled whenever a believer is taken out of this world by death. But, when our Lord spoke of coming again to take us to Himself, He meant He would come in His own person, and not merely that He would send a servant to fetch us to be with Him in heaven. This is evident if we look at Acts 1 : 11. When the astonished disciples were looking after Jesus, who had been taken up from them into the cloud, two men in white apparel stood by them and said, "Ye men of Galilee, why stand ye gazing up into heaven? This same Jesus, which is taken up from you into heaven, shall so come in like manner as ye have seen Him go into heaven." If death were the coming of the Lord, it could not be said that He shall *so* come in like manner as He went, for He went *in His own person*. The coming of our Lord Jesus, then, is a *personal* coming.

The Lord's coming is a coming

TO TAKE HIS PEOPLE

to Himself.

When He comes *the bodies of His people shall be redeemed*. We, even now, are the redeemed of the Lord, but we look for the day of complete redemption. We know (1 Thess. 4 : 16, 17) that "the Lord shall descend from heaven with a shout. . . and the dead in Christ shall rise first." This is not a general resurrection, but a resurrection merely of saints—of the dead *in Christ*. Further, "we which are alive and remain shall be caught up together with them in the clouds to meet the Lord in the air." In 1 Cor. 15 : 51, we find that those who are alive on the earth at the Lord's coming, and are thus caught up, are *changed in body*. "Behold, I show you a mystery; we shall not all sleep, but we shall all be changed in a moment, in the twinkling of an eye, at the last trump; for the trumpet shall sound, and the dead shall be raised incorruptible, and we shall be changed." In keeping with this we read in Phil. 3 : 20, "Our citizenship is in heaven, from whence also we wait for a Saviour, the Lord Jesus Christ; who shall fashion anew the body of our humiliation, that it may be conformed to the body of His glory."

Thus, at the coming of Christ, the saints who have fallen asleep shall receive the resurrection body, and the saints who are alive on the earth at the time and are caught up shall be *changed* in body. Then shall take place the adoption for which we have waited, to wit, the redemption of our body (Rom. 8 : 23). 'This corruptible must put on incorruption, and this mortal must put on immortality." We have a suggestion of what the body of Jesus' glory (to which ours shall be conformed) shall be like in what the three disciples saw on the Mount of Transfiguration. "We shall bear the image of the heavenly," and "then shall be brought to pass the saying that is written, Death is swallowed up in victory."

When Jesus comes His people shall *behold Him face to face*. To see Jesus, the Lover of our souls, Him who is nearer than the nearest, and dearer than the dearest, is in itself precious. As children we often sang—

'I think, when I read that sweet story of old,
How, when Jesus was here among men,
He called little children as lambs to His fold;
I should like to have been with them then."

And we shall *behold* and look upon Him.

"Soon shall these eyes behold Him,
With rapture, face to face;
The half hath not been told us
Of all His love and grace."

But this sight of Jesus, precious in itself, is unspeakably precious on account of what is involved in it. We read in 1 John 3 : 2, "When He shall appear we shall be like Him; for we shall see Him as He is." In the beholding of Jesus there will be likeness to Him.

When Jesus comes His people shall be *made manifest before His judgment-seat*. "Made manifest" is the true rendering, rather than "appear," in 11 Cor. 5 : 10. This is not the judgment of the great white throne recorded in Rev. 20 : 12. That takes place at the second resurrection. This is the Lord

RECKONING WITH HIS SERVANTS.

In view of this reckoning we read in 1 Cor. 4 : 5, "Judge nothing before the time, until the Lord come, who both will bring to light the hidden things of darkness, and will make manifest the counsels of the hearts; and then shall every man have praise of God." When Jesus comes He will make manifest not only the works of our hands, but the very counsels of the heart. How cheering and encouraging for those who, by reason of physical weakness and infirmity, have been able to do but little! You know how God said to David when he was forbidden to build the temple, "It was well that it was in thine heart to do it." God regarded the desire of his heart. Many may, like Him, have been hindered providentially from active work, and yet may have praise.

When the Lord reckons with His own He will put things in the true light, and the faithfulness of the servant of God, however hidden previously, will be acknowledged. Faithfulness in the bearing of trial will be duly owned. "Now, for a season, if need be, ye are in heaviness through manifold temptations; that the trial of your faith, being much more precious than of gold that perisheth, though it be tried with fire, might be found unto praise and honor and glory at the appearing of Jesus Christ" (1 Pet. 1 : 6). The praise and honor and glory are connected with the being made manifest before His tribunal.

At the same time the one who has been privileged to do actual work shall have his faithfulness graciously brought to light and rewarded. "When the Chief Shepherd shall appear" the elders who have fed the flock and taken the oversight, not as lords, but rather as ensamples, "shall receive a crown of glory that fadeth not away." The winner of souls shall see the fruit of His labor, even as Paul says when writing to the Thessalonians who have been brought to Jesus through his instrumentality, "What is our hope, or joy, or crown of rejoicing? Are not even ye in the presence of our Lord Jesus Christ at His coming? For ye are our glory and joy."

The coming of our Lord Jesus for His saints is the necessary step toward the manifestation of the sons of God. "When Christ, who is our life, shall be manifested, then shall ye also be manifested with Him in glory" (Col. 3 : 4) "Then shall the righteous shine forth as the sun in the kingdom of their Father." Then "they that be wise shall shine as the brightness of the firmament, and they that turn many to righteousness as the stars forever and ever." If we suffer with Him we shall also reign with Him.

The coming of our Lord Jesus is set before us as an event of importance

IN RELATION TO OUR LORD

Himself as well as in relation to His people.

It is connected with His having the bride. "Christ loved the Church, and gave Himself for it, that He might sanctify and cleanse it with the washing of water by the Word, that He *might present it to Himself* a glorious Church, not having spot, or wrinkle, or any such thing; but that it should be holy and without blemish. So ought men to love their wives as their own bodies. For this cause shall a man leave his father and mother, and shall be joined unto his wife, and they two shall be one flesh; this is a great mystery, but I speak *concerning Christ and the Church*." Jesus, as it were, looks forward to His coming as to the time when He shall have the church presented to Him in spotlessness—the church whom He has redeemed to Himself, and who shall be united to Him in closest and everlasting bonds.

The coming of our Lord is a coming *in His kingdom*. He has, presently, gone to receive for Himself a kingdom; and, having received it, to return. Then shall come to pass what is written in the prophet Daniel, "The God of heaven shall set up a kingdom which shall never be destroyed." This kingdom shall *displace* the kingdoms of the earth—they shall become "like the chaff of the summer threshing floor" (Dan. 2 : 35). Men speak as if this were the spiritual kingdom which arises in the present dispensation through the preaching of the Gospel. But the Gospel

DOES NOT DISPLACE

the kingdoms of the earth; it *permeates* them. The kingdom yet to be set up is one before which no place shall be found for others. "It shall break in pieces and consume all these kingdoms." The Lord Jesus is looking for His coming, expecting till His enemies be put under His feet and the kingdom set up which "shall stand for ever."

When our Lord comes in His kingdom, He will come *to be manifested in glory*. Once He came in lowly form, "He came to His own and His own received Him not." The world that was made by Him knew Him not. He is coming again in the glory of His Father, with all His holy angels. "Behold, He cometh with clouds, and every eye shall see Him."

"He shall come to be *glorified in His saints* and to be admired in all them that believe" (11 Thess. 1 : 10). In that day not only will Jesus be manifest in His own glory and the glory of His Father, but every saint also shall be a mirror of His glory; and He glorified in them.

The coming of the Lord seems to be set before the church as one that may take place at any time, at any moment; yet "of that day and hour knoweth no man; no, not the angels in heaven, but My Father only." The word spoken of the Thessalonians (1 Thess. 1 : 9, 10) sets forth that there is nothing necessary between us and the coming of the Lord: "ye turned to God from idols to serve the living and true God; and to *wait for His Son* from heaven." Their business was to serve God and to look for Jesus. Similarly in 1 Cor. 1 : 7 we find the apostle exhorting the believers to "come behind in no gift, waiting for the coming of our Lord Jesus Christ." Their attitude was clearly that of looking as for an event which might take place any day and any hour.

Now, let it be remarked here that there are events which must take place before our Lord comes to set up His kingdom on the earth; but these, so far as we know, may take place after the Lord has descended to the air for His saints and taken them to Himself.

The first stage in the Lord's coming is simply a descent to the upper air. "The Lord Himself shall descend from heaven with a shout, with the voice of the archangel, and with the trump of God; and the dead in Christ shall rise first; then we which are alive and remain shall be *caught up* together with them in the clouds, *to meet the Lord in the air*: and so shall we ever be with the Lord." He is not coming to the earth, then, but to the air. Afterward, as Jude tells us, "The Lord cometh *with* ten thousands of His saints to execute judgment." When He comes to the air He will gather His saints to Himself, and then, in His further progress toward judgment on earth and setting up His kingdom, His saints are *with Him*.

"The day of the Lord," referred to in 11 Thess., seems to refer to the time when judgment shall begin to be executed, and so to a time subsequent to the coming of the Lord for the air for His saints. There might be time, then, for the great apostasy to manifest itself between the time of the gathering of the saints to meet the Lord and the inauguration of the

day of the Lord. May not the believer, then, look for the Lord's coming at any time? Whenever it is, "we shall all be changed *in a moment*, in the twinkling of an eye."

"NO ADMITTANCE EXCEPT ON BUSINESS."

By Rev. Charles Courtenay.

(*Continued from page 691.*)

OUR readers must not think that Peter Callow, for that was his name, wound off his speech as readily as they can read it. He had to stop now and then to remember his next point. Neither did he stop his work to deliver himself. It was spoken as a sort of accompaniment to the tapping of the hammer. Neither did Robert Cadman, his fellow-workman, remain silent the whole time, for more than one grunt of disapproval escaped his lips.

"Good-by," I said, "and thank you. It won't be your fault if this beer-drinking goes on."

"No, it won't," said his mate somewhat grimly.

The day was Saturday, and the time twelve o'clock in the morning, when I next found myself on the same spot. I had come to see with my own eyes whether report said true or not.

There was the pay-box, and there was the pay-master, with his spectacles on his nose, distributing the money. And there too were the happy recipients of the same, massed together around the door like bees, waiting their turn with evident impatience.

Yes, and there too was the hero of the beer cans, without his apron now and without his cans too, as large as life, and as busy as he could be.

It was quick work certainly, for he had to name the debt, and give the change in almost the twinkling of an eye. I don't think that I ever saw a man working harder than that beer-seller that morning. But what a pitiable sight it was, so much hard-earned money paid away for useless beer. It was thrown away, I couldn't help thinking.

Ah! here are our two friends coming out. They too have received their wages.

First comes our teetotal friend, who stalks by the beer man with a step as independent as a king, jingling his money with an air of triumph, as much as to say, "You'll get nothing out of me, my fine fellow."

Next comes his mate, who is waylaid in a moment and forced to part with more than a shilling or two. Two or three "refreshers" a day mount up to a goodly sum in a week, as he finds to his cost.

But now comes a fresh face on the scene, a woman's, and she steers straight to Robert with an appealing face, saying—

"I hope you're going to bring home a tidy bit, Bob."

And when Bob shakes his head and tells her how much, she bursts into tears. Then she grows angry and says some sharp things.

"Yon chap's got the money, my money, my children's money," she said, addressing me.

Then she turned angrily on the tapman—

"You're the workingman's curse, you are, a-prowling around 'em with your beer cans, a-tempting 'em. You knows they're poor weak mortals as can't say no."

"Bess, lass, come away. You can't mend matters now, you know," said her husband's mate.

And she went to her miserable home. But I still stood and watched on. I couldn't help contrasting the men who were in debt with those who owed nothing. I thought I could see a difference in their very faces. There was a respectability, a vigor, and a healthy look about the one which seemed entirely wanting in the other. And the difference in intelligence seemed quite as strongly marked.

I think I never saw the advantages of abstinence over intemperance so clearly and unmistakably as on that morning.

Some curious scenes I witnessed.

One man tried to slink away in the crowd, and so to escape the payment of his debt. Probably the thought of his needy family was the motive for the action. But it was of no good. Before he had moved away many steps his name was sharply called and he was promptly reminded that, no pay now, no beer next week. It was quite enough. A whole week without beer would be intolerable, and he paid up every penny.

Another tried to compromise matters. He would pay a part. He had a sick child at home and he wanted to buy some little delicacy for her. He would pay up all next week. But the tapman was firm.

"You should have thought of that in the week. I'll take nothing less. You've had your beer, and you must pay for it or take the consequences."

Another, as he paid down his money, said, "It's the last you'll ever get out of me, my man. You've had too much of my money already. I signed the pledge last night." And when the tapman muttered out "More fool you," he cast a merry look upon him and said with a wink, "*You* know better than that, now."

One man clinked his money in the tapman's face and said, "'Tis the first time I've ever got hold of a full week's wages, and it sha'n't be the last. My wife'll be glad, I know. No thanks to you, though. I've been a fool to let *you* ever have any of it."

But these were exceptions. The greater number paid their debts readily, accounting it to be a debt of honor which it would be mean indeed to evade. They considered this debt more binding than any other that existed, more binding than all the butchers', landlords', grocers', and bakers' bills put together.

It was a sad sight altogether. It opened my eyes to a state of things quite new to me. It showed me that strong drink plays a greater part in the world's miseries than I had ever realized before. One tapman can wreck many a home.

After the scene I had witnessed on the Saturday morning I felt most sad and distressed. I could do nothing with any pleasure. And when I went to bed at night I could not even sleep. All the night through the various events of the day kept swimming in my brain and lying like a dead weight upon my heart. It was the same all through the Sunday.

It was in church that the thought flashed into my mind, "Why not tell the employer? Perhaps he knows nothing of it, and might stop it."

Early on Monday morning I started, my mind easier than it had been since Saturday, for I felt I was on the right track at last.

A gentlemanly man was the employer, with as kindly a face as you would see anywhere; not a man to wink at wrong-doing, I was sure. I told my story as simply as I could. I pictured the waste of money and strength that was going on through the drink that was vended in his own workshops. I described the heart-rending appeal of the poor wife. And then I frankly put it to him, "Won't you, in mercy, put your foot down and stop it?"

"It shall be done; I assure you it shall."

And then he told me how surprised he was that his former order had not been complied with, and bitterly blamed himself for not having looked more narrowly into the matter.

"Come with me," he then said. "We'll settle the question without any more delay."

On the way he opened out his heart to me—how not very long ago he was living without God in the world, bent only on making money and spending it; and how there came a message to him from one whose lips were then paling in death, his own dear wife—"Prepare to meet thy God." He could not shake it off although he tried hard. The arrow of conviction rankled in his heart in spite of his efforts. At last he decided he would be a Christian. He would give himself to the Lord Jesus Christ. He would spend the rest of his life for the Saviour who had redeemed him, and he had begun to do so. "But oh!" he said, "I wish I had chosen the Lord Jesus before. So much of my short life have I wasted and lost."

And now we had come to the works. There is admittance, for us, for we are come on business—a blessed business.

The employer showed me some of the manufactures of the place to pass away the time before the arrival of the tapman..

Ah! here he comes—apron, cans, and all. What an important man he thinks himself to be! How shamelessly he clashes his cans, as though he had as much right there as the owner himself! And now the employer sees with his own eyes the power and popularity of the drink. He sees the tools thrown down, and crowds of workmen hustling one another in their thirsty haste. I should explain that neither of us had appeared in full view yet. It would not have been good policy.

Now, however, the employer shows himself, and, leaving me behind, walks up to the drinking crowd.

He is recognized by the workmen in a moment, and they fall respectfully back. He is not recognized, however, by the tapman, for he, in his playful glee—he had nearly emptied his cans—asked him whether he wasn't a trifle thirsty and wouldn't have a can all to himself.

"Shut up, you fool!" said the foreman, "don't you see it's the boss?"

And now the employer signifies his intention to say a word to his men. And so they are all brought together, for some had slunk away ashamed of themselves.

It was a curious scene, that crowd of grimy men, with the employer and the tapman in the midst of them. It would have made a capital picture.

"My men, I have a word to say to you, a word of regret, let me say, for I'm not ashamed to confess that I've been in the wrong in not looking after you as I ought to have done. You know my feelings on religion, for I haven't hid them in a corner. And now I've got a word to say to you on the subject of the drink, for I have my opinions on that too. From this day I become a teetotaler—from this day I strongly prohibit any strong drink being introduced into my works. And I wish my foreman clearly to understand that violation of the rule means instant dismissal to the man who breaks it. My men, I entreat you to break with the drink. For your families' sakes, for your own sakes, for your souls' sakes, have done with it from to-day. I should be thankful indeed if every man in my works would become a total abstainer from all strong drink."

Then turning to the tapman he said:

"And as for you, if you dare to bring your beer cans into these works again, I will have you brought before the magistrates for trespassing. And so begone!"

As we were leaving the works I found myself tapped on the shoulder by my old teetotal orator, who softly whispered:

"Thank God, sir. 'Tis a good day's work you've been and done to-day."

The Conversion of a Persistent Scoffer was announced at the Fulton Street Prayer-Meeting a few days ago. He is the son of a Christian minister, and one Saturday recently prayer was requested for him and was offered. He had long withstood, and even resented, all efforts to induce him to converse upon matters concerning his soul's welfare. Indeed, he sneered at those who manifested their interest by speaking to him. With much regret those thus anxious for him resolved to leave him alone and make him a subject of more earnest prayer than ever. Prayer was presented on his behalf at the Fulton Street meeting and other places. Two days afterward the young man was earnestly inquiring the way of salvation, and shortly afterward found peace in believing. It is his earnest desire to become a minister of the Gospel.

CHRISTIAN HERALD AND SIGNS OF OUR TIMES.

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READERS should understand that when an article published in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD bears the name of the writer, that writer must be held individually responsible for the views therein advanced. The ministers whose sermons appear in this journal, and other contributors, must not be regarded as always endorsing views about which there is a wide divergence of opinion, even among Christians of eminent piety and learning.

CURRENT EVENTS.

The Public Debt has been Decreased During the past four months by nearly $40,000,000 dollars. The excess of receipts over disbursements for the same period was $34,500,000, which is about $12,000,000 less than the surplus for the corresponding months of the last year, when the tariff and internal taxes had not been disturbed. The falling off in Customs and internal revenue indicates a decrease of about $60,000,000 in the year's receipts, while the actual surplus for the four months indicates a surplus of about $100,000,000 for the whole year. The calls for bonds already out and likely to be issued before Congress meets render the action of the banks a cause of anxiety. At present there seems to be no alternative between withdrawing their circulation, or purchasing bonds at a premium so high as to render the business unremunerative.

On Tuesday Last Elections were Held in Ten States. The results are not known at the time THE CHRISTIAN HERALD goes to press. Except in four States, Massachusetts, New Jersey, Maryland, and Minnesota the elections were this year of comparatively minor importance. Those States, however, elected their Governors and in the case of Massachusetts the fight was an exciting one on account of the influence it will probably have on the Presidential election next year. In the other six States local officers and parts of the State Legislatures were chosen.

The Failure of the Greely Relief Expedition is to be investigated by a Court of Inquiry. The order for the court was issued by the President on Oct. 31st. The officers appointed are directed to make a thorough investigation of all matters relating to the general conduct of the expedition, including particularly the failure of the Proteus to keep in company with the Yantic up to Littleton Island or its neighborhood, and the failure to establish a well-provided relief station at or near Littleton Island; and to take into consideration in their investigation such records and correspondence pertaining to the original Greely expedition as they may deem necessary, and to report the facts developed by their investigation and their opinion as to whether the conduct of any officer of the Army in the premises calls for further proceedings before a general court-martial, and the reasons for the conclusions which they may reach. The court is directed to assemble to-day in Washington. A letter from Secretary Lincoln to the Chief Signal Officer plainly expresses his dissatisfaction with the conduct of the expedition, especially as to its failure to leave stores at Littleton Island, which he characterizes as possibly a fatal mistake.

The Effect of the Reduction in the Rate of postage has not been so injurious to the revenue as was predicted. In order to arrange the estimates for next year inquiries were recently sent out by the Third Assistant Postmaster-General to the postmasters at thirty of the largest post offices in the country, directing them to report promptly the amount received on account of sales of stamps in the month of October, in which the reduced rate of postage on letters was in operation. Returns have so far been received from twenty cities. It is understood that they are extremely satisfactory, indicating beyond a doubt the wisdom of the reduction. Only one office shows reduced receipts as compared with October, 1882, and in that case the difference is small. Taking all the offices reporting, an average increase of a little more than six per cent is found as compared with the same month of last year. It is an encouraging fact that nearly all the postmasters reported a marked increase in the number of letters passing through the mails since the reduction took effect.

A Disastrous Fire Occurred at Savannah, Ga., on October 31st. It broke out about noon in a large cotton warehouse. Before it was brought under control it had completely destroyed the warehouse, containing 3000 bales of cotton, 1300 houses, covering an area half a mile square, causing a loss of nine lives, of which eight were of colored people. It is believed that the loss of property is fully $1,000,000. The origin of the fire is not known. While several hands were rolling bales from the warehouse, flames suddenly burst from one of them, and, fanned by a strong draught, communicated with great rapidity to all the others. Almost before the terrified negroes could effect their escape the whole interior of the building was converted into a roaring furnace, which quickly reduced the structure and its contents to ruins. The strong wind which was blowing carried the flames to several adjoining buildings, and before the Fire Department got well to work it was evident that the western part of the city was doomed. It was inhabited almost exclusively by negroes, and the buildings were in the main one- and two-story wooden structures, interspersed here and there with small groceries, groggeries, and small brick dwellings.

The Prospects of Prohibition in Iowa are encouraging. The Iowa correspondent of a New York journal says: "Both the Legislature and the Senate have a clear Prohibition majority, and statutory Prohibition will be enacted this winter, which will serve for two years, by which time the Constitutional Amendment will be ratified by the Supreme Court. Meanwhile, the amending of the *personnel* of the Supreme Court itself, begun with this election, will be completed a year from now; so that its decision then will ratify the popular vote, which gave thirty thousand majority last year in favor of Constitutional Prohibition. So henceforth the reign of the saloon in Iowa is at an end. But much close watching has yet to be done." Other reports state that the Prohibition strength in the Legislature is doubtful, and that on the most favorable calculation a majority of four in that House is all that can be expected.

The American Institute of Christian Philosophy, founded by the Rev. Charles F. Deems, D.D., LL.D., announces a most attractive course of lectures for the winter. This institute is doing a magnificent work in this country by waging war on infidelity and proving to young men that Christianity is not antagonistic to science and philosophy. By its publications, its lectures, and its various means of promoting intellectual culture, it is disproving the charge, so often brought, and so readily believed, that the believing Christian ignores scientific facts, and that he cannot be a Christian and a philosopher at the same time. In the present condition of society there is no work so urgently needed as this, and the Institute of Christian Philosophy is doing it well. It deserves the support of all Christian teachers and all patriots concerned in preventing the spread among the masses of the atheistic, agnostic, and socialist doctrines which many of our German immigrants are zealously propagating. The lectures for the season will be delivered in Broadway Tabernacle on Thirty-fourth Street and Sixth Avenue, New York, on Tuesday evenings, November 20th and 27th, and December 4th, 11th and 18th. The lecturers are Benjamin N. Martin, D.D., Professor in the University of New York; Rev. A. H. Bradford, A.M., of Montclair, N. J.; Charles F. Deems, D.D., LL.D.; Jesse B. Thomas, D.D., of Brooklyn, N. Y., and Edwin Harwood, D.D., of New Haven, Conn. Tickets costing one dollar admit the bearer to all the five lectures.

Mrs. M. F. Shipman, the Gospel Temperance advocate from England, whose portrait with a sketch of her life appears on another page, will conduct Gospel temperance meetings next week at Greenpoint, L. I. She has engaged to proceed thence to Lowell, Mass., to hold services from November 11th to December 2d. She has accepted an invitation to conduct services at Fall River, Mass., from December 3d to December 16th, after which special revival services will be held under her superintendence in Methodist churches in New York and Brooklyn. Arrangements are being made for her to hold services afterward in several cities in Pennsylvania. As Mrs. Shipman has arranged to return to England in June, pastors of churches and managers of missions who may desire to avail themselves of her services should send an early application. Any letters addressed to her, if sent to the office of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, 63 Bible House, New York, N. Y., will be forwarded to her.

The Topics for the Week of Prayer for Young Men's Christian Associations commencing with Sunday next are: Sunday morning, "The Holy Spirit: Have You Received Power from Him?" afternoon, "What Seemed Impossible, Commanded, and Accomplished;" evening, "Questions Worthy of Thoughtful Consideration." For the week-days "Opportunities" is the general topic, divided into opportunities used, unused, improved, abused, and lost, and one more opportunity.

The Rev. John S. Inskip, the Eminent Methodist minister, who is well known and respected throughout the country and on the other side of the Atlantic, was stricken with paralysis on October 24th. The attack is said to have been a severe one. At the last reports he was speechless, and his physicians fear that even if he should survive he will never be able to speak in public again. Mr. Inskip when prostrated by illness was about to commence a series of special services in Boston, Mass.

A Week's Gospel Temperance Meetings, Conducted by Mr. Francis Murphy, have been held at Haverstraw, N. Y. Large numbers of the citizens signed the pledge at each of the meetings and put on the blue ribbon. That Mr. Murphy's labors were not unneeded in that locality is proved by the fact that only a short time ago there were more than one hundred unlicensed saloons in the place, and they were all doing a flourishing business. Dr. R. Harcourt, the pastor of the church at which Mr. Murphy held his meetings, has been contending for more than six months with the liquor dealers. He succeeded in organizing a Law and Order League, which compelled the unlicensed saloons to take out licenses or close their doors.

The Success of the Special Services in Kansas City, Mo., conducted by Mr. Thomas Harrison, has been remarkable. Nearly three hundred persons have united with the Methodist Church on probation, while many others connected themselves with other churches in the city. Twenty-six entire families were converted and are now probationers in the Church.

A Search for a Fugitive Heir in California has ended unsuccessfully. A Mr. Gustave Langenberg, of Dusseldorf, Germany, arrived here some six months ago on a search for his brother Karl, who is one of the principal legatees of an aunt who died three years ago leaving an estate valued at $200,000. There is a tinge of romance in the story of Karl's life. In 1876 he was serving in a Hussar regiment stationed at Dusseldorf, and commanded by Prince Salm-Salm. He was a quarrelsome man, and one day he got into a fight with three Uhlans, wounded two of them, and had his own head opened by a sabre stroke. After lying in the hospital several weeks he was court-martialed and condemned to fifteen months' imprisonment in the Citadel at Wesel. With the aid of a sentinel he escaped and reached Brussels. From Brussels he came to Philadelphia. When last heard from Karl was in Santa Monica, Lower California. The search failed to discover the whereabouts of the missing heir, and his brother sailed for home without finding him. We may be sure Karl did not know that his brother was searching for him to tell him of an inheritance, or he would have revealed himself. Men do not neglect such good fortune, though, when they are told of an eternal inheritance in the skies, they do not make any attempt to secure it (1 Peter 1 : 4).

A Curious Case of Suspended Mental Growth is reported as existing in the county almshouse at Erie, Pa. It is that of a girl of sixteen years of age, whose mental condition is in all respects that of an infant. The mother of the girl was exceedingly sensitive on the subject of her daughter's state, and to spare her feelings the facts were kept secret until her death, which occurred a few weeks ago. The girl was born in Venango Township, her parents being poor, deserving people. When two months old the child had an attack of brain fever. It recovered its physical health, but all mental progress was arrested. She grew and developed into a fine, handsome girl, but had to be treated as a baby. She has never tasted solid food, but has been fed like an infant. She has a perfect set of teeth, beautiful clear-cut features, and luxuriant growth of hair. Dr. Lovett, the surgeon in charge, says she may live to be an old woman of eighty. All the organs are healthy, and the skin is so nearly transparent that the superficial veins can be traced through the skin. Several reporters visited her last week, one of whom jingled a bunch of keys before the young woman's eyes, and she evinced the delight of an infant. The physicians are deeply interested in this case of arrested mental development on account of its rarity. Unhappily, pastors and Christian workers are familiar with the phenomenon in spiritual affairs, but there, unlike the case of the unfortunate girl, the lamentable condition is not the product of disease (Heb. 5 : 12).

Two Neglected Graves in the Allegheny Cemetery are accounted for in a romantic way by a Pittsburg journal. It states that the graves are near together, and that about eighteen months ago the body of a man was interred in one of them, and six months later the corpse of a lady was laid in the other. For some time the moss on each grave was carefully weeded, and the plants set there received constant attention. Now they are overrun with weeds, and their neglected appearance shows that they receive no care. Inquiries resulted in the discovery that the widower while attending to his wife's grave had been attracted by the appearance of the widow who was cultivating the adjacent lot in which her dead husband was laid, and that the acquaintance made there had ripened and developed until they decided to unite their fortunes. They were quietly married, and since that time the two graves in the cemetery have not been visited. This amusing result of associated grief does not appear inconsistent to those who have studied human nature closely. Nothing alleviates grief for the dead so quickly as love for the living. But when we see those who have pledged their fealty to Christ drawn away from Him by ungodly husbands or wives, then we are sure that they never fully realized that He is ever living and loving them (John 14 : 19-21).

A Pathetic Reason for a Vote was given recently by a voter in Ohio, who supported the Second Amendment. He said : "My main reason for voting for prohibition was purely a personal one. As my fellow-citizens know, I am the victim of an uncontrollable appetite for strong drink. I have repeatedly attempted to break the fetters that bind me, but have as often failed. The temptations thrown in my way by the numerous saloons that abound are too much for me, and I now find myself growing old, broken down in health, self-confidence, self-respect, and poor, from the effects of the accursed habit that has enslaved me. The bright promise of my youth is blighted, and I am conscious that my family and friends regard me more with pity than any other sentiment. I have no hope for the future, save in the removal from my path of the temptations that now beset me at every street corner. As a drowning man catches at a straw, I seized hold of the Second Amendment, in the hope that if it carried it might deliver me from bondage." The poor man had scriptural reason for hoping that he would have the sympathy of all Christian men (Hab. 2 : 15).

The Ruin Effected by a Hotel on its Owner's family was pathetically described last week by an aged lady, who called at the coroner's office in New Haven, Conn., to identify the body of a girl who had poisoned herself. She said : "I knew well a dozen years ago the family to which this girl belongs. It was one of the best families I ever met with, and they were kind to me and my folks in a time of severe affliction to us. After that they moved to Norwalk, where they went into that hotel. That was the turning point in the lives of the family. *It was the ruination of the whole of them.* Rum and dissolute company did it.. The mother went down ; one of the daughters—Emma, a lovely girl—killed herself in New York by taking laudanum as a result of it, and now this one has gone. They were beautiful girls and were well brought up until they entered that miserable hotel. My daughters have played with them for hours. Oh, my heart bleeds for this poor dead one now!" Yet the hotel, to which the old lady alluded, is said to have been a splendid financial success. The wealth gained there must seem to the owner to have been purchased at a fearful cost. Each of the sinners must answer to God for her own sins, but what must be the responsibility of the husband and father (Jer. 31 : 29. 30).

A Man Killed by Suspense was Sought for recently by a former friend and companion, whose inquiries led to the publication of circumstances which occurred many years ago. It appears that in the course of a drinking brawl at Lackawaxen, Pa., a man was killed. The murderer was seized, tried, convicted, and sentenced to death. The conviction occurred just as the governor's term was expiring, and he went out of office without signing the warrant for the murderer's execution. It was supposed that the new governor would sign it. But day after day passed, and nothing was done. The condemned man lay in jail three years, the prey of suspense and anxiety, which destroyed his appetite and prevented him sleeping. Finally he was released under proceedings on a writ of error, but he was a mere skeleton, broken in health and spirits when he left the prison, which he had entered a stalwart, robust man. After wandering about aimlessly for a few weeks, he died in an obscure boarding-house. The recovery of his liberty could not undo the injury wrought on his constitution by the weary months of agonizing suspense. It is marvellous that impenitent sinners do not suffer even worse torture. They are already sentenced to death eternal, into which they may be hurried at any moment, yet they are often unconcerned, making no effort to secure the offered salvation (John 3 : 18).

WHERE THE "IF" LIES.

A New Sermon by Pastor C. H. Spurgeon.

"Jesus said unto him, If thou canst believe, all things are possible to him that believeth."—Mark 9 : 23.

The Rule of the Kingdom—Faith the Measure of Blessing—I. What is Believing?—The Example—He Evidently Believed Jesus was a Healer—Believed He was Willing to Heal—Needing Faith for His Own Case—A Very Desperate Case—Not Perfect Faith—II. Why is faith Difficult?—Alien to the Mind—Leads to Mistakes—The Word not Trusted—Dreams Asked for—Faith not a Saviour—Distinction between Faith and its Fruits—The Hyacinth from the Bulb—III. What Makes Faith Easy—The Holy Spirit—Despair the Mother of Faith—A Consumptive Cured.

I BELIEVE that our own Authorized Version conveys to the mind of the reader the sense intended by the Evangelist ; it is, however, exceedingly probable that in exact words the Revised Version is nearer to the original. It runs thus—"And Jesus said unto him, If thou canst! All things are possible to him that believeth." Our own Version better expresses the sense to the general reader, and the main object of a translation is to give the meaning. The father of the lunatic child had said to our Lord, "If Thou canst do anything, have compassion on us, and help us ;" and our divine Master virtually replies, "The 'if thou canst' lies not with Me, but with thee. It is not if *I* can, but if *thou* canst." Thus you see the word "believe" is implied if not actually expressed. Jesus would certainly go as far as ever the man's faith could go ; but as

THE RULE OF THE KINGDOM

is, "According to thy faith, so be it unto thee," the man's unbelief would hamper the Lord in His working. If the suppliant could be rid of unbelief, Jesus would get rid of the devil from his child. The difficulty of casting out the demon lay mainly in the want of faith in the father.

Let it, then, be understood as the teaching of this text, that the difficulties in the way of souls that would be saved do not lie with Jesus Christ, but with themselves. They need never ask the question, "Can Jesus forgive?" or "Can He renew?" there is a prior question—Canst thou believe that He can forgive, and that He can renew? If God's grace enables thee to say, "I can and do believe that Jesus can work in me according to the full measure of my need," then all difficulty has vanished.

I. The first subject we shall speak about is the vital question—

WHAT IS BELIEVING?

After all these hundreds of years of Gospel preaching, is this question necessary? I believe it is so necessary that, if faith were explained in every sermon, it would not be too often spoken of, for still, despite all the Gospel teaching which is around us, nothing is so little known or so little understood as faith in the Lord Jesus Christ.

Let us take the man before us as an example, and from him let us see what faith is. This man evidently believed that Jesus was a healer, for he says, "I brought my son unto Thee." He would not have brought his son to Jesus if he had not felt some measure of confidence in Him. It is a good beginning of faith to know that if I am saved it must be through Jesus Christ alone ; it is well to be aware that the salvation of the soul must come from the work of Jesus, and from no one else, since no other name is given among men whereby we must be saved.

This man had also some slight faith in Christ's willingness to help him. It may not have been very strong, but still it was there, or else he would not have laid the stress of his prayer upon the Lord's power ; he did not say "if Thou wilt Thou canst," but "if Thou canst do anything, have compassion on us, and help us." Looking up into that blessed face so full of singular tenderness, the man felt that he

might say, "Have compassion on us." From some persons we could not ask compassion or fellow-feeling, because they do not appear to have any; they wear a harsh look, and a chill air surrounds them; but the Saviour was not so; the man felt that Jesus was full of compassion; his suit was that this compassion would show itself to him and his son.

What is it really and savingly to believe in Jesus? The suppliant father had not yet reached that point of faith which would secure the miracle; more was needed; what was it? He needed to believe in Christ's power in reference to his own case. The point in which his faith failed was our Lord's power as to the special case now before Him, for he said—"If Thou canst do anything." Before you condemn

THE ANXIOUS FATHER

for his doubt, let me remind you that his son was in a very evil plight, and our Lord had just caused him to remember and review the sad features of the case. The father had sorrowfully dilated upon the fact that "wheresoever the spirit taketh him, he teareth him; and he foameth, and gnasheth with his teeth, and pineth away;" and then he had further told the Lord that the youth had suffered thus ever since he was a child; and he had gone still more into detail, saying, "Ofttimes it hath cast him into the fire, and into the waters, to destroy him." After that painful detail he added his pitiful "If Thou canst." Do you wonder at it?

Jesus seems to tell him, "If thou canst believe in the teeth of all this, then thou shalt see the salvation of God." It is very easy to say, "I believe" when you have no sense of your sin, and no consciousness of your danger. It is the easiest thing in the world to say, "Yes, Christ can save me," when you do not really believe that you need saving. Faith, where there is no present sense of need, is but the image of faith, and not the grace which saves the soul. This is the question: Can you, my dear hearer, at this moment trust Jesus to save you, though you feel that you are full of sin? Can you say, "Lord, I am possessed with the spirit of evil; I am under bondage to him, and have been so since I was a child? I have been driven to one sin and so cast into the fire, and then I have been hurled into the opposite sin, and so thrown into the water: I have been rent with passion, and torn with evil desires; I have sinned against light and knowledge, I have sinned against love and mercy; I have sinned in thought, and word, and deed; I have sinned grievously and continually, and yet I believe that Thou canst pardon me, and that Thou canst make me a new creature. Wicked as I am, I believe that Thou canst drive sin from the throne of my heart and cause me to love Thee and to serve Thee all my days." If thou canst believe in Jesus after this fashion He will save thee, yea He has saved thee.

If thou, as an undeserving sinner, canst so honor the mercy of God as to believe that through Christ Jesus He can blot out thy sin, it shall be done unto thee; only remember that this confidence must not come unto thee because of thy forgetfulness of thy sin, but while thou art conscious of it and humbled on its account. If I persuade myself that I am merely a sinner in name, then I shall only find Jesus to be a Saviour in name. The downright sinner, who dares not deny his guilt, is the object of the Lord's saving search. In the teeth of thy conscious gilt, canst thou believe that Jesus can wash thee and renew thee? Then thou hast one main element of the faith which saves.

Will you please to notice about this man's faith that *it was*

NOT PERFECT FAITH.

Though it obtained for him the healing of his son, it was weak faith, and for its weakness he was blamable; but the faultiness of his faith was not the destruction of his faith. The anxious father had to cry, "Lord, help my unbelief," but that unbelief, confessed and lamented, did not shut him out of the blessing. The unbelief which lingers around our faith is a thing to be got rid of by the help of Christ, but still it will not destroy the virtue of the faith which we possess. So, dear friend, if thy faith in Jesus Christ amounts to this, that thou believest Him able to serve, and thou dost therefore trust Him, thou art a saved man, even though thou mayest be staggered with a host of fears, and troubled with a multitude of sins. Thy faith hath saved thee, go in peace; for that faith of thine shall grow from a mustard-seed into a far-spreading tree.

This faith in the Lord Jesus ought to be to each one of us the easiest thing in all the world. If we were what we ought to be it would never occur to us to doubt our Lord Jesus; and our shameful unbelief of Him is the most conclusive evidence of our need of Him, for we must have become grievously wrong in heart to be forced to admit that we find it difficult to believe in Jesus. What an insult to Him! What a crime on our part! Remember the whole story of grace and blush for your wicked unbelief.

There ought to be no room for an "if" when we know that in the Lord Jesus all fulness dwells. I am not at this moment speaking to those who reject the word of God, and deny the Deity of Christ: I can understand their position, and deal with them another time; but I am now speaking to you who accept this Bible as God's Word, and unquestioningly believe that Jesus Christ is Divine; to you I say that your refusal to put your trust in Him is without excuse; at least, I cannot find an excuse for you.

WHY IS FAITH DIFFICULT?

II. I have tried thus to explain the nature of faith. I will now, in the second place, deal with the startling question, How is it that faith can be difficult? It certainly is difficult to some. It cannot be so in itself, yet many in trouble of heart find it to be so, and those that labor to bring them to Christ, find themselves sore put to it.

Why, first, it is difficult to get the very idea of faith into some men's minds—not only difficult for them to believe, but even to know what it is to believe. I have met with persons who have attended a place of worship regularly twenty or thirty years, and yet they have never made the discovery that faith is a childlike trust in Jesus. We try by illustrations, by anecdotes, by parables, to drill the notion of faith into men; but we cannot even get it into their heads, much less into their hearts. Martin Luther complained that he thought he must take the Bible and bang it about his hearers' heads because he could not get them to see its clear teaching as to justification by faith. This idea of believing is alien to men's minds, and it can only dwell there by forcing its way against the tendency of human nature. Again, I say, that this is a sad proof of human depravity, since in itself it is no difficult idea; it is the simplest thought that can be uttered or accepted. Trust thou thy salvation with Christ, and Christ will save thee, is a lesson which a babe may learn.

When we get that thought into our hearers' heads, then there comes the next difficulty, to make them believe that faith can save them. It seems so difficult to believe this *because the way is so easy*. They say—What! am I, after thirty, forty, fifty years of sin, to be delivered from all the punishment of my transgressions by simply trusting to the Lord Jesus Christ? If they were to look at the idea of propitiating God by their personal suffering, it would soon become impossible of belief; yet for a time they incline to it rather than to the doctrine of salvation by trust in the great Substitute. Hideous imaginings, despairings, and dreads are also looked upon hopefully by many; they hope that by deep feelings they may arrive at forgiveness, and may force their way to heaven by the gates of hell; but to trust Christ, and to believe the promise of God, is a thing too simple for them; they fear that safety is not to be found so soon! Ah! poor soul, if the prophet had bid thee do some great thing, wouldst thou not have done it? How much rather then when He saith to thee, "Believe and live?"

When they get over the idea of its extreme ease, they say to themselves, "This news is certainly

TOO GOOD TO BE TRUE.

Do I really understand you, sir, that if I trust the Lord Jesus now I am at once delivered from sin and am made a new creature in Christ?" Yes, you understand my teaching if that is the sense you find in my words. Yet you say it is too good to be true. Do you not see how poorly you think of your God? I know that pardoning grace is infinitely above your deservings or thoughts; but then does not the Lord say of Himself, "As the heavens are higher than the earth, so are My ways higher than your ways, and my thoughts than your thoughts?" Grace may be too good for you to expect, but it is not too good for God to bestow.

HE FORGIVES LIKE A GOD,

and this does not stagger our faith, but confirms it.

Then, again, men are astounded by *the rapidity of justification*. Shall fifty years' sinning be forgiven in a moment? Shall an instant's believing end the guilty past, and commence a holy future? It is even so; in one instant a man begins a course of believing which introduces him into a new world. What is strange about this? In the case before us our Lord only said to the demon, "I charge thee, come out of him, and enter no more into him," and the deed was done. If we had all time at our disposal, we could not work such wonders, but to God there are no limits as to length or brevity of time. He speaks, and it is done. Think of it—salvation in a moment!

If we lead our friends out of this difficulty, they plunge into another. They cannot be satisfied with the Word of God alone as the ground for their faith. Why do I believe that I am saved? I know that I am saved because the Word of God says, "He that believeth in Him hath everlasting life;" and I do believe in Jesus, and therefore I have everlasting life. "But," saith one, "if I had that word applied to me with power, then I could and would believe it." God must needs give you some pledge or bond beyond His promise, because His word is not good enough for you, though you admit that even with a good *man* his word is his bond. You cannot trust your God. "Oh, but if I had a dream." Just so. You would have more faith in

A SILLY DREAM,

perhaps caused by indigestion, than you have in the solemn word and written promise of God.

"Oh, sir, but if an angel were to speak to me, I could believe." Just so; and if God does not choose to send the angels, what then? Then He is not to be believed, but treated as a liar. What is this but saying, "Lord, Thou shalt bow to my whims, or else I will not believe a word Thou sayest?" If all the angels in heaven were to march by me in a file, and assure me that God would keep His word, I should say, "I did not require you to tell me that, for the Lord never fails to be as good as His word." God is so true that the witness of angels would be a superfluity. *If my father were to make a statement, I certainly should not call in his servant to confirm it.*

If we compel them to own that the Word of God is the only and sufficient basis of faith, they straightway begin to look at their own believing as if it were the Saviour. They cry, "My faith is so weak; my faith is so variable; my faith is so shaken," and so forth. It is as if those who were bidden to look to the brazen serpent had, instead thereof, tried to see their own eyes. Here is a child thirsty, and there is a flowing fountain; you give the child a cup that it may drink of the water. The child does not go to the fountain, but is so pleased with its empty cup that it tries to satisfy its thirst out of it. What a foolish child! Faith is the cup, but Christ is the fountain. Faith is a secondary thing compared with Christ. We must have faith to be as the finger with which we touch the hem of the Master's garment, but the finger does not work the cure. Sinner, get you to Christ

somehow, anyhow; for if you get to Him you will live. It is not, after all, the greatness nor the perfection of your faith, it is *His* greatness and *His* perfection which is to be depended on.

Then the next trial is, that we cannot get troubled sinners to see the difference between their faith and its fruits. "I would believe in Christ," says one, "if I were as holy as So-and-So, who is a believer, but then you see I am a sinner." Now mark, dear friend, that the person of whom you speak in that fashion does not think himself to be one particle more deserving than you are. If you talk to that good man he will tell you that whatever holiness you can see in him is the work of grace, and that at the first he came to Jesus just as you must come, that is, as a sinner. Faith produces holiness; but when we come to Jesus, at the first we come as unholy persons, and as such He receives us.

Suppose that I have a number of

BULBS

which I am told will produce most remarkable flowers; if I believe the statement I shall take care to have them properly planted. The gardeners are beginning to put such things into pots, that they may have hyacinths and other fair flowers in the winter and early spring. Suppose that I resolve not to plant my bulbs, because I use my own eyesight, and come to the conclusion that as I cannot see a hyacinth or even the beginnings of one in any of the bulbs, therefore there can be no use in planting them. Why, every one would tell me that in this matter I must go by faith, and plant my hyacinth in order that I may in due time see it bloom. "That bulb will yield a beautiful blue flower," says one. I answer that it is a brown, dried-up sort of onion, and that I shall throw it on the dunghill, for I can see no bud or flower in it. What a simpleton I should be if I talked so! Though I cannot *see* it, yet there is, closely compacted and quietly hidden away within that bulb, a slumbering thing of beauty which will wake up at the call of spring. Even so, if thou believest in Christ, there is a holy life packed away within thy faith, and it will gradually develop itself. Even within a feeble faith there are the elements of ultimate perfection.

Still we find the awakened ones clinging to the idea that they must be something or feel something before they may trust Jesus. We cannot get them to see that the whole of their salvation lies in Jesus Christ and in Jesus Christ alone. We cannot wean them from some sort of reliance upon their own feelings, or weepings, or prayers, or Bible-readings, or some other form of working. Why, they will even look to their own faith rather than to Jesus Christ alone. Know ye not that our Lord has offered a full atonement for sin, and brought in a perfect righteousness for His people? His propitiation is to be accepted as full and complete, and His righteousness we are to wear as our own. Our whole trust must go to the perfect work of our Lord, it must not even rest on our faith. To trust in our own trusting would be absurd.

WHAT MAKES FAITH EASY.

III. We must now speak to the last point. Oh, you that are seeking rest, dwell upon each word as it is now lovingly delivered to you. What is it that can make faith easy? The Holy Spirit alone can do that; but He does so by bringing certain truths to remembrance. Faith is rendered easy to a man by the Holy Spirit when, first of all, he sees clearly *the infallible certainty of the sacred record;* and this is the record that God gave concerning His Son, that he that believeth in Him hath everlasting life. If God hath spoken then questions are ended. It may be a hard saying, it may be a dark saying; it may seem to be too good to be true; but what of that? Do we dare to question the Lord?

The next thing that the Spirit of God helps us to see is the applicability of that record to ourselves; that is to say, we read, "Jesus Christ came into the world to save sinners," and we conclude that, as we are just such, we may look to Him to save us. We see that the Gospel is directed to us, and so we receive it. It is better for us that the promise should be directed to us in terms of character than that it should mention our actual names. Is your name John Brown? Well, if the Gospel came in a letter to you, directed to John Brown, what might you not say if you were tempted to doubt? You would think to yourself that there are many more John Browns beside yourself, and there the message might not be for you. If it was directed to your address, you might then fear that another John Brown once lived at that house, and so you would fear to appropriate the message. If you mean to ride on the back of unbelief any fancy will do for a saddle. But when the promise comes "to him that believeth in Jesus," there can be no question that it is ours if we believe.

Another great help to faith is to perceive the completeness of the divine work and sacrifice of the Lord Jesus. He took our sin upon Himself, and in His own body on the tree was made sin for us, that we might be made the righteousness of God in him. Only let your eyes behold the Son of God suffering the death-agony for guilty man, and you must believe in His power to redeem. No limit can be set to the power which lies in the divine expiation. My God, I see that Thou hast given Thine own Son to die, and surely in His precious blood there is more than sufficient reason for my faith in Thee.

If that does not lead you to believe perhaps the Spirit of God will go to work in another way. Some have been helped to believe in Jesus by *the sight of others converted, justified, and made happy*. When some one like yourself is saved you take courage. "I have been a thief," says one.

> "The dying thief rejoiced to see
> That fountain in his day;
> And there may you, though vile as he,
> Wash all your sins away."

"I have been an adulterer," saith one. Alas! so was David, but he said, "Wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow." "I have been a murderer," sobs a third. So was Manasseh, who shed innocent blood very much. "But I have been a persecutor and a blasphemer." So was Saul of Tarsus, yet he obtained mercy. "But I seem to have far more of the devil in me than anybody else." So had Mary Magdalene, out of whom Christ cast seven devils. You think you are a sinner all by yourself, but there have been others like you, and the door through which others have passed into mercy is open for you.

Lastly, I will tell you one thing which will make you trust Him, and that is, *desperation as to all other hopes*. It is a singular thing that despair is often

THE MOTHER OF FAITH,

but the mother dies when the child is born. We were many of us led to believe in Jesus because we had nothing else to trust in. When we are driven to the last extremity, then it is we come to Jesus, and take Him to be our all in all. A boy was awakened in a house which had taken fire. He could be seen from the street, poor child, and his danger was great indeed. He rushed to the window; his father stood below and called to him to drop into his arms; but it was a long way down, and the child was afraid. He clung to the window, but dared not drop. Do you know what made him let go his hold and fall into his father's arms? There came a burst of fire out of the window and scorched him, and then he dropped directly. I wish that some of you would get just such a touch of the fires of despair as to compel you to say:

> "I can but perish if I go;
> I am resolved to try,
> For if I stay away I know
> I must forever die."

Years ago one of our students was greatly emaciated with what seemed to be consumption. He had heard of a certain medicine which was said to be useful in such cases, but he had no faith in it. When he was growing worse and worse I said, "Brother, you are at death's door; try that man's stuff. There may be something in it. At any rate, nothing else does you any good." He took the medicine through sheer despair, of all other prescriptions, and God blessed it to him so that he is alive at this day. He would never have tried the remedy if he had not felt that there was no other hope. Even so, it will be well for you to be driven into a corner as to your soul's estate, that you may believe in Christ Jesus and say with His disciples in old time, "To whom shall we go? Thou hast the words of eternal life." Here is a closing verse for you to sing at home by yourself:

> "A guilty, weak, and helpless worm,
> On Christ's kind arms I fall;
> He is my strength and righteousness,
> My Jesus and my all."

[PORTION OF SCRIPTURE READ BEFORE SERMON—Mark 9: 2–29.]

[The prayers of the readers of this Journal are requested for the blessing of God upon its Editors in America and England, and those whose sermons, articles, or labors for Christ are printed in it; and for its weekly circulation of more than 250,000 copies to be blessed by the Holy Spirit to the conversion of many sinners and the quickening of God's people. Mr. Spurgeon and Dr. Talmage especially request prayer every Sunday morning on behalf of their labors.]

MRS. SHIPMAN,

Gospel Temperance Evangelist.

THE young English lady whose portrait appears on the next page, has received a cordial welcome from the workers in various departments of Christian enterprise in New York City. She is now engaged in a successful work among the colored population in Twenty-sixth Street, which she undertook at the conclusion of the special services at the Forsyth Street Church. She has now accepted engagements which will occupy her time until April 8th, 1884.

It is somewhat remarkable that a comparative stranger should have so quickly fallen into active service in America. It proves how universal of application is the message which is delivered by Mrs. Shipman and other Christian temperance workers. This lady, with her strongly marked English accent, a stranger to America and American modes of thought, is heard with attention, her appeals meet with ready response, and she is urged by those interested in the welfare of the poor and degraded to extend the sphere of her labors. Sin works the same havoc here as it does on the other side the Atlantic. Mrs. Shipman has learned by her active work in the great cities of England, how dire that havoc is; she knows that there is but one efficient remedy, and that if that remedy is preached in an attractive way it will be gladly accepted by the lost and degraded. It is that conviction, that strong faith in the power of the Gospel to save, that gives force to her addresses, and which underlies her success. She is, of course, aided by natural gifts, which God uses for His glory. She has a powerful, musical, well-trained voice and a ready flow of language. The pathos of her appeals, her simple unaffected eloquence, and her gentle, affectionate pleading, especially with those of her own sex, have combined, under God's blessing, to win many souls for Him. We trust that her visit may continue to bring forth fruit.

As Mrs. Shipman has already made many friends here and is likely to make many more as she travels through the States, the following narrative of her life, which we take from the London *Blue Ribbon Official Gazette*, will be welcome:

Minerva Fanny Shipman (née Allen) was born in Nottingham, August 4th, 1854. She is, therefore, now in her thirtieth year. Her mother was a Christian woman, who ardently prayed for the salvation of her children. Minerva was very young when she first felt the strivings of the Holy Spirit. While still but a child she heard a sermon by the Rev. Joseph Hargreaves, in a Wesleyan Chapel, in Manchester, to which city

Mrs. M. F. Shipman.

A Runaway Team and a Providential Escape.

her parents had removed, which greatly affected her. The impression then made was deepened and she was led in her youth to give her heart to the Saviour.

YOUTHFUL LABOR.

Having experienced the joy of conversion herself, she set about, child as she was, to make known the glad tidings to others. Procuring some tracts she visited the people, from house to house, inviting them to attend the revival services, and she was rewarded by several persons accepting her invitation, a number of whom found peace. She also called upon several sick women whom she knew, to whom the child's visits, her singing of Christian hymns, and her reading of the Bible, were a very welcome relief in the tedium of illness. In more than one case death found the sufferers prepared by the child's ministrations for the final change. The prophecy was fulfilled: "A little child had led them."

In 1873, Minerva Allen lost her eldest sister, who had been a very pious and devout Christian. The circumstances of her death, which were very sudden, powerfully affected her and led her to place work for God before her heart as the highest and noblest occupation in which she could engage, and from that time forward she sought opportunities for Christian labor. The family about this time left the Wesleyan branch of the Methodist Church and became connected with the Primitive Methodists, in which female agency is more largely employed, and Miss Allen's opportunities increased.

FIRST PUBLIC SERVICE.

Some Christian people in Manchester, concerned over the Christless condition of the working population in Manchester, opened a mission hall, and speakers were needed who, leaving the set style of sermons, would simply talk to the people about the Saviour. The people who attended did not want to hear doctrines expounded or to learn what was the typical meaning of the Tabernacle with its poles and silver sockets, or to listen to ingenious applications of Solomon's song to the Church; they were sinners, and knew they were sinners, and they needed some one to tell them of the love of God to the lost and of the Saviour's inexhaustible sympathy, self-sacrifice, and divine tenderness. So, simple, earnest Christians were sought for, who could tell that story—the grandest human lips can utter.

Among others Miss Allen was invited. The invitation was very pleasant, for the work would be congenial to her, but she had never spoken in public, and she shrank with maidenly diffidence from the undertaking. It was only for a brief moment, however. Ought she to refuse to speak of a Saviour's love to the perishing, she asked herself, and throwing herself on her knees she asked divine guidance and strength, and it was given. She went to the mission and spoke simply and forcibly, and God blessed her words.

From that time forward she never shrank from public speaking. The success of her efforts was noised abroad, and people spoke of her as of one who made no display of her talents, but who, following the divine direction, exalted Christ and tried to bring sinners to Him. So few speakers are content to do that simply and earnestly, that Miss Allen's services were in demand, and she received and accepted invitations to hold meetings in London and other large cities. These services were owned and blessed of God; in one town alone 195 persons publicly confessed Christ as the result of the service.

MARRIAGE AND BEREAVEMENT.

In the course of her labors Miss Allen formed the acquaintance of Mr. William Shipman, the friend and Christian helper of the destitute children of Manchester. A common feeling of love to the poor and a kindred spirit of Christian faith and work drew the two laborers together, and developed into affection. They were married on February 19th, 1878. The period of their united labors was short. In the fall of 1880 Mr. Shipman was stricken with illness, and for nine months suffered great pain, which he bore with patience supported by the consolations of the Gospel. He died Feburary 21st, 1881, rejoicing in his Saviour. A deep peace was upon him in his last moments, which occasionally gave place to a triumphant utterance as he caught glimpses of the glory beyond.

The shock of her husband's death for a time prostrated the young widow, but soon the call to work rang in her ears and aroused a prompt response. Overcoming the grief that would have compelled silence, she once more commenced her mission work, and has been enabled to continue it to the present time. When the *Blue Ribbon Gospel Army* was organized through the efforts of Rev. M. Baxter, Mrs. Shipman became one of the most earnest and zealous workers, and she ultimately took charge of the important station at York. There she met with much success, and worked indefatigably among the outcasts of society. At length, continuous effort rendered a brief change of scene necessary, and Mrs. Shipman decided on visiting America. The *Blue Ribbon Official Gazette* says: "She leaves England amid the prayers of God's people, who will heartily welcome her back whenever she returns to her native shores."

PERCY SELWYN'S DIFFICULTY SOLVED.

(*See Illustration on page 717.*)

ALONG the gravel paths of a beautiful, well-kept garden, a young man was walking with quick, nervous steps, early one summer morning. He was tall and muscular, was fashionably dressed, and had on his head the Glengarry cap, then becoming a favorite country head-gear among young city men. He was evidently waiting for some one, for at every turn he glanced anxiously in one direction. "What can be keeping her?" he muttered. "It must be half an hour past the time," and he glanced at his watch. "No, it is not," he said; "why, it is not seven yet. I never knew half an hour pass so slowly before. Nothing like suspense to lengthen time. Who knows, perhaps a lifetime of suspense would make a man feel that he had lived as long as Methusaleh. Ah! here she comes, punctual as the sun."

As he spoke, a young lady appeared on the path which led from a large house hidden among the trees. The resemblance between the two indicated that they were brother and sister. But the family features had not turned out so attractively when cast in the feminine mould, for the lady could not, even by a favorable observer, have been called good-looking. The fact appeared to be admitted by the lady herself, for Mary Selwyn had made no attempt at adornment; her hair and her dress were severely plain, and gave her a Quakerish, Puritanic appearance. But the young man greeted her as warmly as if she had been the most beautiful, fashionably attired belle in the world.

"Well, my sage adviser," he said, "I have been anxiously waiting for you. "Now, I will lay the whole case before you as I promised you I would last night, and you shall tell me what I ought to do. You see, I keep up our old rela-

tions; I am bringing you my manhood difficulties to solve, just as I did my school-boy troubles. I am bound to say that your advice is not always pleasant, but it is always right. Where do you get your wisdom?"

"You know that source, Percy," she said. "I am not wise, but I seek wisdom where it is to be had and where you might have it too if you would only ask for it. I have been praying now for more than an hour, and I feel confident God has heard me, and will help me to advise you rightly. But I do not know yet what the difficulty is. Your words frightened me last night, but they were so vague I could not even guess the cause of your trouble."

"Well, Mary, wherever you get your wisdom from, I hope it will serve now, though I fancy our philosophers would not agree with you in your notion. This is the trouble: You know or guess that in Chicago I have rather a fast set of friends. I often have reason to despise them, but they are amusing, and they are in the best society, and they are very difficult to shake off. I have at times, chiefly through your influence, tried to withdraw myself, but it has never been successful, and they have always hunted me up. About three months ago one of them came to my boarding-house to inquire after me, and as I was out at the time, but had said I should return soon, he sat down to wait for me. While he waited he made the acquaintance of Mabel Foster, my landlady's pretty daughter. He certainly did not have more than half an hour's talk with her then, but on one pretext or other he has visited the house very often since, and I suppose has cultivated her acquaintance. Anyhow, last week she left her home, and it has been found out that she has gone away with him, deluded, I expect, by a sham marriage. Her mother is broken-hearted. She does not blame me, of course, but she knows, and I know, that I am indirectly the cause of her trouble. Now, I have ascertained that the girl is living not more than a mile away from here at a hotel to which the scoundrel has taken her. Now, if I go there and upbraid him and expostulate with Mabel I shall only get myself into a quarrel and possibly a scandal, too. If I tell her mother where they are the old lady will go down and make a scene, and probably do no good. Yet I cannot let things alone. It is a monstrous crime, it ought not to go on. Tell me, Mary, what I ought to do."

Mary Selwyn put a few questions to her brother as to details, and then quietly said she would go herself and see the erring girl. "I must tell papa about it," she said, "because since mamma's death he cannot endure for me to go out of his sight. You will go back to-day to the city, and in a few days I will write you how I have prospered."

"Thank you, Mary; God bless you for your sweet compassion. Mabel is harder than I believe if she can resist you."

Three days afterward Percy Selwyn received a letter from his sister, giving no details, but bidding him reassure Mrs. Foster and encourage her to hope that her daughter would eventually be restored to her. Two weeks passed away, and then another letter came. Mary Selwyn begged her brother to come home for a day. He went, and there to his surprise found Mabel Foster by his sister's side, a penitent, humble sinner, reclaimed by sisterly pleading and prayer. Mary Selwyn accompanied her brother back to the city, and there prepared the stricken mother to receive her wandering daughter. Mary and Mrs. Foster returned together, and in that same garden in which Percy and his sister had discussed the trouble, the mother clasped in her arms her lost treasure, rescued for her by the blessing of God on the exertions of a faithful, praying Christian girl.

Percy Selwyn Seeks Advice from his Godly Sister.

POVERTY'S PREY.

A SERIAL STORY.

(*Continued from page 703.*)

Bess Goes into Business.

AMONG all the social problems of the present day there is none more important than that of rendering assistance to the honest poor. There are in every great city hundreds of people anxious to support themselves by honest industry, yet who are unable to do so for lack of opportunity. Among them are women like Mrs. Fell and her children. If her husband had lived she would have been a respectable, happy woman, and her children would have easily earned a livelihood as they grew up. But with her husband dead and her own health shattered, what could she do? A very little money—less than many a man wastes in a single day—would have enabled her to place both her children in the way of earning their means of living, and have relieved her of the distress of seeing her son sent to prison for begging and her daughter exposed to nameless temptation. A little timely assistance, rendered judiciously, would save from ruin to-day thousands, who to-morrow may take their first step into dishonest courses. To-day they view the dishonest act with horror, but as they sit face to face with poverty, suffering from cold and hunger, or it may be suffering the still worse pang of seeing those they love in want, they seem to be shut up to a choice of evils, and they choose dishonesty rather than starvation. To such, and there are many such near to us all, a little help, ever so small a gift, may turn the scale, and they may be saved from sin. Even poor old Euclid could give that, poor as he was, and he did. How much better able are others who, while calling themselves Christians, forget the Saviour's injunction to those who would follow Him. (Luke 14: 12 14.)

Bess had not forgotten that the redemption of her mother's wedding-ring rested upon her, and that she had pledged herself to get it out of pawn. She tried in various ways to get some work to do; but she had neither strength nor skill to make her work valuable. At last she took counsel with Victoria, who proposed to her to go out selling water-cresses like her father; and he offered to take her with him to the market where he bought his daily supply, and start her on a beat of her own, apart from him, as he could not afford to divide his customers and his profits. A few pence would set her up in this line of business; and with diligence, she might earn sufficient to keep herself, and redeem the ring.

It may be pleasant to rise at four o'clock in June, and, quitting the thick and nauseous atmosphere of the overcrowded and unventilated dwelling-place, to escape into the sweet dewy freshness of the early morning, which, even in the streets, is scented with the breath of country hay-fields and blossoming gardens; but four o'clock on a winter's morning, when Bess hurriedly dressed herself, without a light, in the thin and tattered clothes, which were all she had, and thrust her naked feet into her mother's old boots; and, kissing her mother, who must lie still and lonely till she came back, stepped out into the half-slush, half-frost of the pavement, and the biting air—this was a sharp test of her endurance.

But Euclid was waiting for her with his basket, and she trudged along at his side through the slush and the frost, carrying an old battered tea-tray a neighbor had lent her the night before. It was nearly three miles to the market. Early as the hour was, and dark as midnight still, life had begun again at the East End of London; and many a shivering fellow-being, shuffling along the slippery pavement, and maintaining a sombre silence, passed them like ghosts. Bess had never been out at this hour before, and she kept close to Euclid's side.

The old man, too, was silent; he felt put out by the presence of a companion. For twenty-five years, ever since he had recovered partially from the accident that disabled him as a laborer, he had taken this walk alone through summer and winter; and it was bewildering to him to hear the light footsteps of Bess pattering beside him. He had so long lived altogether without intercourse with his neighbors, that he was surprised, and not altogether pleased, to find himself taking an interest in Mrs. Fell and David and Bess. Might not such an interest come between him and the sole aim of his life? For, if he yielded too much to the stirrings of compassion and pity in his heart, some danger

might arise to his slowly accumulated hoard, now lying safely under Victoria's head.

Yet Euclid felt that he could not stand by and see his neighbor die of starvation under his very eyes. No, no: that could never be. He glanced at Bess, as they passed beneath a lamp, and caught a half-smile of trustfulness in him shining in her eyes, like the look of his little children, dead long ago, who had been used to run to meet him when they heard his foot on the stairs. They were all gone to heaven now, where his wife was. He had *no idea of heaven* beyond a vague fancy dwelling in his brain, that there would be somewhere—out of the world or in the world, he did not know—a little cottage on a hillside, such as the early home he dimly remembered, where they would all live together again, and where there would be no winter, and no more hunger or sorrow; no parish pay, and no poorhouse. His lost wife would be young again, and all his children little ones; and there would be a garden for him to work in, lying round the cottage. That was Euclid's heaven.

He was still dreaming of it when they reached the market, and joined a crowd of old folks and young children waiting for the gates to be opened. It was not yet five o'clock, and the yellow glare of a few gas-lamps shed a dim light upon the scene. The crowd was very quiet and subdued. All who were there were feeble folk, and did not care to waste their strength in noise and pushing. As each old person or little child came, they took their place as near to the gate as they could get; and most of them sank into silent waiting. The poorest of the decent poor were there—those who were willing to struggle to the bitter end to earn an honest living, and retain their dearly prized independence by keeping out of the poorhouse. Euclid did as the rest did, and, with Bess beside him, stood in patient muteness till he could make his purchases for the day.

As soon as the gates were opened, there was a quiet crush through them. Euclid took more care in buying a stock of cresses for Bess than for himself; though he was fastidious in his choice, passing from hamper to hamper, and peering closely at the green leaves to detect any specks upon them. As soon as his purchases were made, he hurried Bess away to the steps of a church close by, where he showed her how to make up her bunches, and slung the old tray round her neck by a bit of cord he drew out of his pocket.

"Now we must be as sharp as needles and pins," he said. "I've heard somewhere of a early bird as picked up a early worm. Folks'll be gettin' their breakfasses soon, and we must be in time to catch 'em at it. Don't you waste your time along the bettermost streets, Bess; but stick to the courts and the mewses and the streets where workin' men live. Rich folks ain't thinkin' o' gettin' out o' bed yet; and they don't eat creases for breakfast, but ham and eggs, and hot things. Mewses are good places in general. Walk pretty slow, two mile an hour; and keep your eye on the doors and windows for fear somebody's beckonin' at you. There now! I'll stand at the end o' this here street, and hearken how you can cry, 'Creases! Fresh water-creases!' till you're out o' my sight."

Euclid stood watching Bess, with her trayful of cresses, as she paced slowly along the street, her clear, pleasant voice singing, rather than crying, the familiar words. Then he turned away with a heavy sigh. His own voice sounded husky and hollow in his ears as he shambled along his customary beat, drawling mournfully, "Cre-she! cre-she!" He felt an older man than usual, as though some additional burden of years had suddenly fallen upon his bent shoulders and bowed-down head. Yet he was only in his sixtieth year, and there was much work and much power of endurance left in him still. He had never starved quite as much as he could; and his old clothing had never been as utterly tattered as they might be. But he saw *depths of poverty below even him;* and for once his heart felt heavy enough to sink him and Victoria into those lowest deeps.

"The parish!" he muttered to himself half aloud, as he rested his dry throat for a minute or two. "The parish! And be parted from her! Not bury Victoria in her own coffin, like the rest of 'em! The parish! God help these old legs o' mine!"

As if some new strength had been breathed into him, Euclid started on again, crying his street-cry with more energy than before. The thought of the parish had run like a stimulant through his whole frame. He had better success than usual, and sold so many bunches of cresses that he felt justified in buying one of the best of Yarmouth bloaters, which he chose with close cautiousness, as if he was difficult to please, at a shop he passed on his way home. It was for a relish for Victoria's tea, more than for himself. He had not made much by his day's toil and his ten miles' tramp through the slushy streets; but, after he had taken enough for the day's food and rent, there was a little silver coin or two to add to the store.

"Let us look over our little store," he said, when their leisurely tea was ended.

He was counting up the coins on the empty soap-box, turned on end, which served as a table when it was not wanted as a seat, when a low knock was heard at the door. There was neither lock nor latch upon it, the sole fastening being a stick passed through a staple and holdfast within. But there was no other room in the roof, and the steep ladder-like staircase was seldom trodden by any one but themselves. Euclid made haste to gather the money into the handkerchief that usually held it, before Victoria opened the door. But Bess, who was the untimely visitor, had already seen the heap of coins through a chink in the old door, and heard their jingle as Euclid swept them out of sight. She stood thunderstruck on the door-sill, gazing in with large, wide-open eyes.

"What is it, Bess?" asked Victoria.

"Oh, mother's sent me up to say as I've had good luck," she stammered, "and it's thanks to you, Mr. Euclid; and, oh, please may I go again to-morrow morning?"

"Ay, child," answered Euclid shortly.

Bess went down-stairs with a far slower step than she had gone up. Never in her life had she seen so much money at one time as when she had put her eye to the chink in the door, and peeped in on her friends. It seemed to her as if the whole end of the soap-box had been covered with it. Mr. Euclid, in spite of his old clothing, was then a rich man!

If such riches could be made by selling watercresses, then she too was on the high road to be rich. Already to-day she had earned more money than she had ever owned before; and her mother had smiled for the first time since David went out begging when she poured the pence into her lap. Like Euclid, she had trudged through the mud of the partially frozen streets for nine or ten miles, besides her walk to the market; and her limbs were weary, and her throat somewhat tired. But her heart was very light. Then the wonderful sight of heaps of money on Euclid's table had dazzled her. Why had they never thought of this trade before? A thousand pities it was; for, if they had begun early enough, she and David might now have heaps of money too, like Euclid and Victoria.

Bess was up again before four o'clock in the morning, and was waiting for Euclid when he came down-stairs. She was eager to be away making her fortune. By and by Euclid grew used to her company, and liked to hear her talk as she tripped along by his side. Morning after morning, through darkness and frost, snow and fog, the gray-headed man and the young girl started off on their toilsome tramp—the one with the uncomplaining fortitude of old age, the other with the hopeful courage of youth.

"It'll not be such a lonesome shop when I'm gone now, father," said Victoria one day.

"Why so, Victoria, my dear?" he asked.

"There's Bess," she answered, smiling, but somewhat sadly. "You'll take to her, daddy. You two 'ud be two lonesome ones if you didn't take to one another. Mrs. Fell's very near her end; and I am p'rhaps."

"Do you feel worse, Victoria?" he inquired anxiously.

"Not worse," she said; "but it's so long, the winter is; and there's so much dark, and I lie here doin' nothin'. If it wasn't for mother's verses and hymns, I don't know what I'd do. I've been sayin' one of 'em all day."

"Which is it, my dear?" he asked.

Victoria's voice fell into a low and solemn tone as she said these words:

"There is a house, not made with hands,
Eternal and on high;
And here my spirit waiting stands
Till God shall bid it fly."

"Ay, she were always a-sayin' them lines," Euclid murmured softly, "afore you was born, my dear."

"There's enough money to pay for my buryin' now, isn't there, father?" asked Victoria.

"To be sure there is, my dear; lots enough," he answered, "and a bit o' black for Bess, if that'll be any comfort to you."

"She's strong, and can help you to get a livin'," observed Victoria, almost joyously; "and there'll be somebody to see as you have a coffin of your own too, daddy. I'm glad to think you'll take to Bess when I'm gone."

"My work'll be done then," said Euclid. "I promised your mother what I'd do, and I've a'most done it. Then I'm ready to go. It's a queer shop, this world is!" and the old man sighed as he made his philosophical observation.

In three calendar months after David Fell was committed to jail for begging, he was released, and sent out again to the old life. He had been regularly supplied with food, kept from the cold of the wintry days and nights, and properly exercised with a careful regard to his health. He had never had three months of so much physical comfort before; and he had grown a good deal both in size and strength. Moreover he had been diligently taught in school, and could read and write very much better, and with more ease, than when he had written his short letter to his mother. He had learned cobbling, and could mend a pair of boots quite creditably. The governor of the jail enumerated these advantages to him as he gave him a few words of parting counsel.

"Now, my lad," he continued, "don't let me see you here again, or hear of you being in trouble elsewhere. This is the second time you've been in jail"—

"Please, sir," interrupted David, with energy, "I never was in jail before. It was another boy, not me. I've done nothin' worse than beggin'."

"Don't go away with a lie on your tongue," said the governor sternly. "It's a sad thing to break the laws of your country; but it's worse to break God's laws. 'Thou shalt not steal! thou shalt not lie!' are His laws. 'Thou shalt not beg,' is your country's law. Keep them in mind, and you'll not get into trouble again."

David heard the prison gate close behind him, leaving him free again in the open streets, with an odd feeling of strangness and timidity mingled with his delight. The other prisoners released at the same time quickly vanished out of sight, as if they did not care to be seen under the jail-walls. But David lingered, half bewildered and half fascinated, gazing up at the strong, grim edifice, with its massive doors and small, closely barred windows. It had been his home for three months. He was no longer a stranger to it or its ways. If he should ever come there again, he could fall at once into its customs and rules, and would need very little, if any, instruction from its warders. Just now it seemed more familiar and less formidable to him than the narrow, dirty, squalid street where his former neighbors lived, and his mother, and little Bess.

He had some miles to go, and it was almost dusk when he reached his own neighborhood. But, though he was stronger and better fitted for labor than when he left it three months ago, he did not turn boldly into the street, whistling some gay tune as he marched along, and calling aloud to this neighbor and that, ready for all sorts of boyish pranks, and equally ready to render little acts of help and kindness to any one who needed them. He waited till night fell, and then went slinking down close to the walls, and keeping as much in the shadow as possible. Blackett's door was open, and he dare not face Blackett. He had always held up his head high above Blackett's sons, except Roger; and he knew both father and sons hated him for it. Did the neighbors know that he had been in prison? If they did not, his closely cropped head, with the dark hair growing like short fur all over it, would betray him at once.

(To be continued.)

DAVID ANOINTED.

S. S. Lesson for Nov. 18. 1 Sam. 16 : 1–13. Golden Text, Psalm 89 : 20. By Mrs. M. Baxter.

Samuel's Unselfish Grief — God's Encouraging Command—Samuel's Fear—Obedience to God Always Safe—Samuel Not to Choose a King—Strength in Weakness—Dependence Necessary to Success—David's Insignificance—Yet Chosen of God—David a Type of Christ—Saul's Mania—David Familiarized with Court Life—Saul's Proxy with God.

In our last lesson we noticed that "Samuel mourned for Saul." Strongly as he had been against the introduction of monarchical government in Israel, yet Samuel had seen Saul a changed man, and acting under the Spirit of God; and now that he was "turned back from following the Lord," Samuel, instead of congratulating himself upon the discernment of spirit which he had possessed, and which had led him to oppose so strenuously the desires of the people, was overcome with grief for that blameworthy Saul—Saul, for whom he himself had been deposed. It was like the Spirit of Christ beforehand, for self was altogether without place.

But God would not have him carry his grief too far; true, He had rejected Saul, but He had not rejected Israel. Then "the Lord said unto Samuel,

HOW LONG WILT THOU MOURN

for Saul, seeing I have rejected him from reigning over Israel? fill thine horn with oil, and go, I will send thee to Jesse the Bethlehemite: for I have provided me a king among his sons." God will not have His people occupied with the past; despondency concerning either ourselves or others, is not of God, it is always the work of the enemy who seeks to occupy us with ourselves, with others, or with circumstances, so that our eye may be off God, and we may be overcome. While it was a lovely manifestation of the Spirit of Christ in Samuel to mourn over Saul his rival, a spirit we would be glad to see more common among us, yet God would not have him under the power of his grief, as though there were no redress. For Saul, indeed, God could not alter the word which was gone out of His mouth, He could not recognize Saul any longer as king, yet we cannot but know that there was forgiveness for him if he had turned again and sought the Lord. This, alas! he did not do.

Samuel, however, was God's prophet to Israel, not to Saul alone, and thus he was called on to anoint another, and a better king. But we see the effect of the despondency which had taken possession of him. Fear of man, which during all his long life is not mentioned before, came now to the front. "And Samuel said, How can I go? if Saul hear it, he will kill me." The Lord did not lose patience with His tried and tempted servant, but in His own Fatherly love made the difficult path easy, as He always does when we trust in Him. Happily Samuel carried his difficulty to God and not to man or to his own heart. "The Lord said, Take an heifer with thee, and say, I am come to sacrifice to the Lord. And call Jesse to the sacrifice, and I will shew thee what thou shalt do: and thou shalt anoint unto Me him whom I name unto thee." The Lord had all in hand; what was there to fear? He who sent him was the responsible party. Oh, how God rests the heart which trusts fully in Him! how easy it is when we have to do with God!

Samuel was not slow to obey; he did that which the Lord spake, and came to Bethlehem. But his coming created a sensation; if a prophet comes to a place he must bear a message with him; if a judge comes, there must be some case to be tried; then "the elders of the town trembled at his coming, and said, Comest thou peaceably?" Oh, how blessed when placed in a difficult position to have the Lord's own answer to give! "He said, Peaceably: I am come to sacrifice unto the Lord: sanctify yourselves, and come with me to the sacrifice." Was not this rather dangerous? Might not the publicity of it, when it got to Saul's ears, cause him to be incensed against Samuel, as the promoter of an insurrection against him? Samuel knew, however, that God was responsible for all the consequences of obedience to His own commands. "And he sanctified Jesse and his sons, and called them to the sacrifice."

The sons of Jesse were before him, but still the choice of

GOD'S KING

was not deputed to Samuel, the Lord reserved this to Himself. The old prophet was struck by the personal appearance of Eliab, the eldest son. Saul was a goodly person and superior in height to all the men of Israel, and Samuel's ideas of a king were framed on that model, so he said of Eliab, "Surely the Lord's anointed is before Him. But the Lord said unto Samuel, Look not on his countenance, or on the height of his stature; because I have refused him: for the Lord seeth not as man seeth; for man looketh on the outward appearance, but the Lord looketh on the heart." God sees through and through; not actions only, but the motives from which they spring; not words only, but the very thoughts and secrets of the heart. Man cannot discern, unless by the Spirit of God, how another man stands with God, but "all things are naked and opened unto the eyes of Him with whom we have to do" (Heb. 4 : 13). Had the choice been left to Samuel, he would have made a great mistake in the selection, and have chosen quite otherwise than God, but happily he knew how to trust the Lord for guidance, and he was willing to be led by it.

Oh, how different is God's choice to man's! How apt we are to think that one who possesses certain gifts is the very one for such and such a post. God sees the end from the beginning, and in order to bring us to a point where we are practically crucified with Christ, He has to bring us to the end of all our own power, and let us fail in those very things where we are most conscious of power in order that not we may live, but Christ in us. Thus it often happens that one who is not at all gifted, and who knows it, and therefore relies upon God for every simple thing really succeeds better than the most gifted.

THE DISTINGUISHING POINT

in Joseph was not his gifts or talents, but that the Lord was with him, and thus also it was with David. Jesse called Abinadab, then Shammah, then seven of his sons with the same result. "The Lord hath not chosen these." The old prophet was quite sure that the future king must be one of the sons of Jesse the Lord never deceived him, then he inquired, "Are here all thy children? And he said, There remaineth yet the youngest, and, behold, he keepeth the sheep." A young nobody! one not supposed old enough to have anything to do with politics and national affairs, not even necessarily present as a member of the family when a family gathering or sacrifice was held! Yet

THIS WAS THE LORD'S CHOICE.

Samuel, God's chosen from a child, could understand it, and said, "Send and fetch him: for we will not sit down till he be come hither." David was brought in, all unconscious yet of what awaited him. He had not the height nor imposing appearance of his elder brother, but there was a beauty of another order, "he was ruddy and withal of a beautiful countenance [or fair of eyes], and goodly to look to." But beyond this there was a heart right with God; this was his real fitness, he would be a pliable instrument in the hands of God. And the Lord said, Arise, anoint him, for this is he. All through this time Samuel was not debating with his own mind as to which was the probable choice of God, he was not striving in some way to discover, but just simply listening to God. And although surrounded with people, sights and sounds going on all the time, the practised inner ear of Samuel knew the voice of the Lord above all. "Then Samuel took the horn of oil, and anointed him in the midst of his brethren." David is

A TYPE OF CHRIST,

God's anointed. *He* is God's choice, that which pleases God is not some speciality in us, but Christ in us; it is Christ in us who is anointed with the Holy Ghost, our nature cannot take the anointing. The holy anointing oil was not to be poured upon the flesh of man (Ex. 30 : 32). This is what man cannot understand; it cuts at the root of all human pride. It is flattering to the pride of human nature to think that goodness can exist independently of God. Some will recognize it as His gift, but not see that "there is none good but God," and that, therefore, only Himself is really good, and only as He dwells in us can we be good. Man evades the personality of God, slips away from having to do with Him, man by nature is ready to acknowledge Him at a distance, but shrinks from the touch of God, the voice of God, the presence of God.

From that day forward the Spirit of the Lord came upon David. "But the Spirit of the Lord departed from Saul, and an evil spirit from the Lord troubled him:" as he had desired, appearances were kept up, but all communication between him and God was at an end; his power was only an outward semblance, a kind of sham. Saul's servants pitied the poor helpless king who was under the dominion of an evil spirit, and proposed as a remedy that a man who could play well should be sought for so that through the power of music the mania which possessed the king might be subdued. This was

THE OPPORTUNITY

which God made for introducing David at court, where he might learn the ways and customs of court life, and so be prepared for the future to which he was called. Saul gladly assented, and gave orders accordingly. Then, one of his servants suggested that David, the son of Jesse, should be appointed to the post, saying that he was "cunning in playing, and a mighty valiant man, and a man of war, prudent in matters, and a comely person, and

THE LORD IS WITH HIM."

Nothing could seem more desirable; at this time it is not likely that Saul knew anything about the anointing of David to the kingdom, so Saul sent to Jesse for David, his son. A king was despotic in those days, and Jesse sent his son to the king, and with him a present.

It must have been a strange thing for David to enter that very court as the king's musician, when God had called him to reign. "David came to Saul, and stood before him: and he loved him greatly; and he became his armor bearer." Saul desired David to remain at court, "and it came to pass, when the evil spirit from God was upon Saul, that David took a harp, and played with his hand: so Saul was refreshed, and was well, and the evil spirit departed from him." Thus God permitted him to have an influence over Saul, and that Saul should be in a measure dependent upon him. Poor Saul! dependent upon another to bring him in any sense near to God. Let us learn the lesson, to deal personally with God continually, lest we too fall into Saul's terrible error and its fearful consequences.

FOREIGN TOPICS.

Two Startling Explosions Occurred in London on the night of Tuesday, October 30th. As a train was passing about eight o'clock through the tunnel of the Underground Railroad, which runs nearly around the city, a violent explosion shattered the windows of the cars, threw the conductors off their feet, and put out all the lights in the train. The utmost alarm prevailed, and the shrieks of passengers, wounded by splinters of wood and pieces of glass, increased the panic. The train was near the Praed St. Station when the explosion occurred, and it proceeded on to the Edgeware Road Station, where an examination was made, and *the wounded people, about forty in number*, were carried to the hospitals. The two rear carriages of the train were reduced to mere skeletons; the wood-work of the roof of the tunnel was pulverized, and the sleepers under the roadbed were torn up and split in pieces. In the solid masonry of the tunnel a hole was found about the size of a man's hat. A chemical analysis of the wreck shows that the disaster was caused by an explosive compound, and not by gas, as was at first suggested. Almost simultaneously a similar explosion took place on the same road near Charing Cross, but that was less destructive in its effects. Public opinion in London is unanimous in attributing the outrage to the Irish, and that belief is confirmed by the fact that at the very moment it occurred, Michael Davitt was publicly declaring that "the war must be fought in England, and fought it will be." There is no clue to the perpetrators at present, but the detectives are at work on the case, and the Houses of Parliament and public buildings are being closely guarded. The outrage is peculiarly dastardly, as the perpetrators must have been aware that the principal sufferers would be inoffensive women and children. It is urged on that ground that it is unlikely to have been committed by Irishmen, but when it is remembered that they were capable of maiming cattle and mixing needle-points with the fodder of horses, it is evident that the fact of a crime being cowardly would not deter them from committing it.

The Parnellites in Ireland Appear to be amazed by the attitude of their fellow-countrymen belonging to the Orange Lodges. The Orangemen have developed an hostility and a violence to the League more bitter than Englishmen are wont to display. A riot occurred at Londonderry between the two factions on November 1st. The Lord Mayor of Dublin, who is a stanch supporter of the League, had arranged to deliver a lecture in the Town Hall of Londonderry; but when he arrived there his procession was attacked by an Orange mob, shots were fired, and two persons fatally wounded. They then took possession of the City Hall, and climbed on the roof, on which they planted a Union Jack. They threw slates from the roof at the Lord Mayor's procession, and it was finally decided that the lecture must be delivered elsewhere. The military had to be called out before order was restored. The conduct of the Orangemen was disgraceful, and excited the bitterest indignation among the Parnellites, who appear to consider that rioting and murder are an infringement on their rights. The demonstration proves that lawlessness is rampant in Ireland, and has now affected the classes of the population hitherto remarkable for their good behavior.

The Negotiations between France and China have been complicated by a personal dispute. During the debate in the French Chambers on the Tonquin question, Premier Ferry, quoting a despatch from M. Tricou, the French Minister in China, averred that Li Hung Chang, the Viceroy of Canton, disavowed the action of Marquis Tseng, who represents China at the French and English capitals, and disowns him as a representative of China. The Marquis Tseng apparently believes that the statements of M. Tricou are either pure fabrications or misrepresentations of the Viceroy's words. He contends that he and the Viceroy hold identical views as to the French movements in Tonquin, and that, moreover, the Viceroy has no authority in the matter, but is equally bound with himself to obey the same orders issued to both. M. Clemenceau made a vigorous speech against warlike operations, but on a vote being taken the Chambers formally indorsed the action of the government. War is now regarded as inevitable.

A Rumor that Negotiations are Pending Between France and Madagascar for a treaty of peace is in circulation. It was generally discredited at its first appearance, owing to the habitual duplicity of the French Government. But more recently the British Foreign Office has received confirmatory advices under date of October 31st, from Zanzibar, stating that the delegates of the Hova Government are negotiating a treaty with Admiral Galiber. The Protestant missionaries advise the Queen of the Hovas to conclude as a basis of peace a treaty, ceding a small strip of the southwest coast to France with a protectorate over the Sakelaves. The Admiral promises an immediate evacuation of Tamatave on the signing of such a treaty, but France, he insists, must hold the Customs port of Najunga until the payment of the indemnity.

Queen Victoria's Hatred of Gambling has just received an illustration in the fact, as stated by a society journal, that she "has issued, or is about to issue, a private 'memorandum' enjoining the occupants of certain royal palaces, who by her favor are allowed to live there rent free, to 'the correction and reformation of their manners and excesses.' Recent events have brought to Her Majesty's knowledge the fact that in one of her palaces gambling has been regularly going on to an almost incredible extent. Not only has something more than inconvenience been caused by the enormous sums which have been lost and won, but an additional scandal has been brought about by the fact that the ardent players were wont to continue their amusement well into the morning of Sunday."

The International Convention of Workingmen, which has been holding its sessions in Paris, was expected to formulate a platform which would unite the workingmen of the whole world in one federal organization through their separate unions. But dissensions have arisen which prove that there are irreconcilable differences between the English and Continental artisans, the one advocating independent combination subscriptions and peaceful agitation, the others State socialism and violent revolution.

Mr. Moody Successfully Opened his Great mission at Islington in the north of London last Sunday, November 4th. Four meetings were held, each of which was attended by from four to six thousand persons. The iron hall built for the occasion proved to be a complete success in all its arrangements, affording seating room for fifty-eight hundred persons. All around on the sides of the hall appropriate texts were displayed. A cablegram from London says: "Mr. Sankey sang with customary effect. Mr. Moody's powerful addresses showed that he had not lost his hold on the people here. One hundred persons rose to be prayed for. A number of prominent clergymen occupied seats on the platform during the day and evening services. Mr. Moody, alluding to his mission in Ireland, said that his three weeks' work in that country had been the most productive of his life. At the close of the evening meeting a man in the hall shouted out that Mr. Moody's last mission in London had been a failure. Mr. Moody answered by calling for volunteers to come out boldly on the Lord's side, whereupon about three thousand men arose *en masse*. The incident caused much excitement.

The Riotous Demonstration Against Messrs. Moody and Sankey in Ireland appears to have been easily suppressed. A magistrate, who was present when the crowd around the doors of the building in which the meetings were held became demonstrative, sent for an additional force of policemen to keep order. Persons entering the hall were hissed, and stones were thrown at the police, but no actual injury was done, and the rioters eventually dispersed. Messrs. Moody and Sankey proceeded to Waterford at the conclusion of the services at Cork. Major Whittle continued the services at Limerick while the two evangelists were at Cork, and it is expected that he will follow them from place to place in the campaign to organize a permanent local evangelistic work in each place, so that the enthusiasm aroused may take practical shape in the churches.

Mr. Von Schluembach, whose Work among German young men in New York is still remembered with thankfulness, has been laboring with success in Berlin. In describing his work in the German capital at a meeting in the rooms of the Young Men's Christian Association in London recently, he said that when he went to Berlin he was greatly helped by one of the pastors there. They were able to open little meetings in lager-beer rooms and other places. He thanked God he could report many cases of thieves and notorious sinners who have been regenerated, and were leading a new life. He did not hold after-meetings, but his house was an after-meeting the whole day long. Eternity alone could reveal the tale of what it was his privilege to know in that way of the saving power of God. Every night, toward the close of the work, they had audiences of fifteen or eighteen hundred, and many seeking the Lord. The meetings were still going on with good success.

The Works of the French Purveyor of Literary filth, which are exposed on all our bookstalls and their translations sold freely to boys and girls here, to corrupt their minds, have been seized and destroyed by the authorities in Berlin. The act is attributed by the French people to the German hatred of France and everything French. There is no need, however, to attribute any such motive, the character of the books, the attractive pictures of vice they contain, and the inducements they hold out to young people to lead vicious lives are a sufficient justification for their seizure. A writer in reviewing one of the works says: "The author of the book is as unclean a writer as ever put pen to paper, and if the municipal authorities of any civilized city are not within their right in prohibiting the publication and sale of his works, it would be difficult to assign any intelligible functions to such authorities."

Evangelistic Work is Making Progress in Spain. Pastor Fliedner, in his last quarterly paper, speaks most hopefully of the state of things from a religious point of view in that country. He says: "New life is coming into a dead people—dead because it wants a Christian conscience, a conscience which no one has ever awakened. Now, on every hand, there is, movement, weak and feeble, but yet evident and living. It is a new spring, which makes itself manifest; and we can fully and confidently sing, with Luther, 'The winter is past, the summer is hard by; the tender little flowers are peeping up. He who has begun the good work will perfect it.'"

An Illustrated Work on the Unfulfilled prophecies of the Bible, by the Rev. M. Baxter, entitled: "Forty Coming Wonders," may be had from the office of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, 63 Bible House, New York, by remitting one dollar. It is a book of 528 pages, is handsomely bound in cloth and contains fifty full-page pictures and diagrams representing the scenes described in the prophecies of Daniel and in the book of the Revelation. It also contains a resumé of the opinions of other expositors, and extracts carefully collated from the works of all the most eminent writers on prophecy, from the earliest ages of the Christian era down to those of recent date. It thus forms the most useful and complete guide the student can have in entering on the study of that portion of the Word of God. The book may also be obtained for one dollar from any bookseller, who can procure it from the American News Company.

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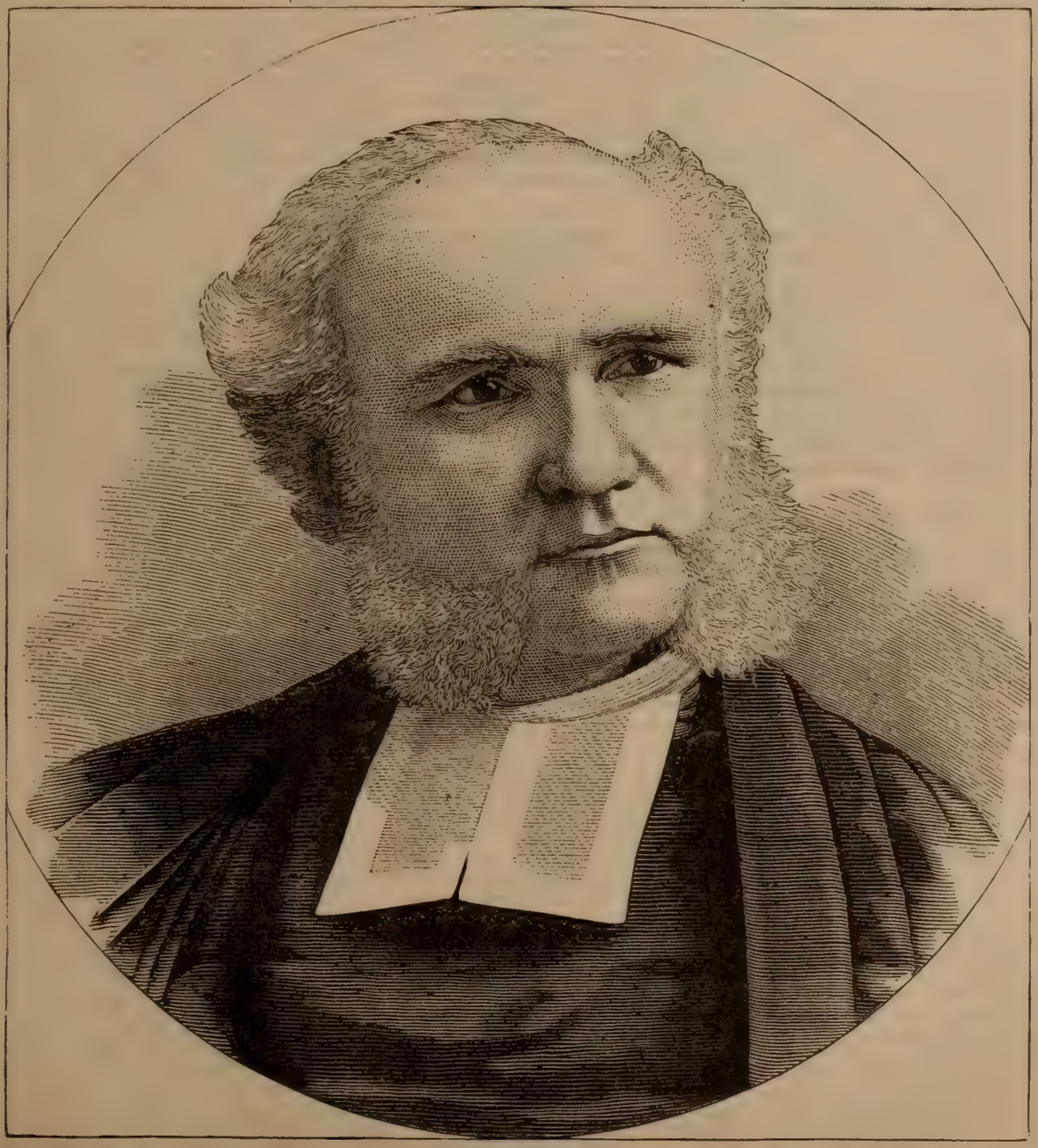

The Rev. JOSEPH A. SEISS, D.D., of Philadelphia, the Eminent Expositor of Unfulfilled Prophecy.

THE REV. JOSEPH A. SEISS, D. D.

Of Philadelphia.

An Unostentatious, Useful Life—Birth at Graceham, Md., in 1823—Early Years—Education Under a Moravian Pastor—A Licentiate at the Age of 19—Minister of the Lutheran Church at Martinsburg, Va., in 1843—Removal to Cumberland, Md., in 1847—Declines a Call to New York—Accepts the Pastorate in Baltimore, Md., in 1852—Removal to Philadelphia, Pa., in 1858—A New Church Needed—Becomes Pastor of the Church of the Holy Communion in 1874—Other Offices and Honors—Authorship—His Valuable Expositions of Prophecy—Quotation from One of his Lectures—Some of his Works.

THE distinguished clergyman whose portrait appears this week on the first page of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD is well known by reputation to thousands of Christians on both sides the Atlantic. As a preacher, a lecturer and an author Dr. Seiss occupies a position which entitles him to the highest respect. Gifted with oratorical talents of a high order, he has drawn around him, wherever he has labored, congregations who have hung upon his lips with rapt attention, and have been blessed through his instrumentality. The numerous works also which have issued from his pen have been the means of awakening and enlightening innumerable readers in this and other lands.

In deference to the wishes of Dr. Seiss, the narrative of his life which appears here is of a less detailed and personal character than those which are usually published in these pages. There has been nothing of an exciting or unusual character in it; it has been the simple, quiet life of a Christian minister, varied only by change of place and scene, and characterized wherever it has been passed by unintermittent labor of tongue and pen. Such lives, though unmarked by the thrilling events which make up the experience of missionaries to the heathen in foreign lands, and of evangelists who labor among the heathen at home, are eminently useful and necessary to the welfare of the Church and of society. There are many such lives being spent in the Lord's service among us, by men who might in commerce or at the bar or in politics, win wealth and honor, but who are content to spend and be spent for others, satisfied if souls are saved and the Master glorified by their work.

BIRTH AND EARLY LIFE.

Rev. Joseph Augustus Seiss, D.D., is a native of Maryland. He was born near Graceham, a Moravian town in Frederick County, on March 18th, 1823, and is therefore now sixty years of age. As a boy he was remarkable for his studious disposition and for the ease and rapidity with which he acquired the rudiments of knowledge. Happily for him his early education was confided to the hands of one who was able, not only to teach him secular lore, but to lead his young mind to the source of that true wisdom which could make him wise unto salvation. It was a Moravian pastor at Graceham who first instructed the future orator, preacher and writer and opened up to him the paths of knowledge. When fully prepared for college the young man in 1839 entered Pennsylvania College, Gettysburg, where he remained about two years. At the conclusion of his college course he spent a few months in the work of tuition, becoming principal of a select school in Westminster, Md.

ENTERS THE MINISTRY.

But "the Lord had need of him," and God, who selects and prepares the instruments for carrying on His work in the world, made it clear to the young teacher that a life of labor for the Saviour was the path it was his duty to tread. Accordingly he entered into communication with the leaders of his church, and in the year 1842, he being then a young man of nineteen, he became a licentiate of the Evangelical Lutheran Synod of Virginia. During the following year his duties were of an itinerant character. He visited many towns in Rockingham and Augusta Counties, Virginia, preaching in the churches, visiting the sick, and doing such Christian work as he had opportunity. But it was not to be expected that he would long spend his time in that roving manner. He was gaining experience, his mind was opening by contact with the minds of his older colleagues whom he met and assisted in their labors, and his sermons were awakening attention and doing good.

In 1843 he accepted the pastorate of Martinsburg and Shepherdstown, Va., and labored there with many tokens of blessing for four years. At the end of that time he was led to accept the pastorate of the English Lutheran Church of Cumberland, Md. He was succeeded by a minister with whom he has since been brought into close and intiinate association in many departments of Christian work. That was the Rev. C. P. Krauth, D.D., who by

A SINGULAR COINCIDENCE

was born on the same night of the same year as Dr. Seiss, studied at the same time at the same college, and was successively pastor of the same four congregations in three States of the Union. They have worked editorially, sometimes together and sometimes in succession; they have often ministered jointly to the same congregation, and have been occasionally at one time in the same pulpit. It is unnecessary to say that they are warm personal friends and cherish a strong fraternal regard for each other. Dr. Krauth became Professor of Intellectual and Moral Philosophy in the University of Pennsylvania in 1868, and was subsequently made its Vice-Provost and Professor of Logic. He took a prominent and active part in the American Committee on the Revision of the Old Testament, which co-operates with the English committee.

During the pastorate of Dr. Seiss at Cumberland he was urged to remove to New York. He was at that time only twenty-six years of age, and the call, which was pressed with some importunity, is an evidence of the popularity and ability of the young preacher. It was, however, declined, and in doing so Dr. Seiss gave evidence of his modesty and his freedom from ambitious aspirations. He continued to labor on quietly at Cumberland, doing much good and winning the love of his people. A second call came to him, unsolicited, from Frederick, Md., but that, too, he declined, preferring to complete the work which he was doing among the people he loved.

In 1852, however, an opportunity for increased usefulness was opened before Dr. Seiss, and certain providential circumstances attending it led him to believe that God was calling him to that sphere of labor. It came from the Second English Lutheran Church of Baltimore, Md., and thither he removed in 1852. There, as at Cumberland, he was encouraged by many tokens of God's blessing. The church prospered in all ways under his ministry, and for six years he continued his labors there.

It was in 1858 that Dr. Seiss commenced his pastorate

IN PHILADELPHIA,

with which city his name was destined to be ever afterward identified. The call came to him from St. John's Lutheran Church to succeed the Rev. Dr. Mayer, and to the deep regret of his Baltimore congregation, who, like those to whom he had previously ministered, were loath to lose a pastor under whom they had benefited and who became every year, by experience and by study, better able to instruct and edify them. For sixteen years Dr. Seiss continued the pastor of St. John's, and under his ministry the church grew so largely that it was deemed wise, especially as the city became more widely extended, to establish another church. That was done, and when the Church of the Holy Communion was built, Dr. Seiss had to decide to which portion of his people his services would be the more useful, and which portion had the greater claim upon them. He ultimately decided to take charge of the new church, and from 1874 to the present time he has been the pastor of the Church of the Holy Communion in Philadelphia,

Such has been the ministerial and pastoral life of Dr. Seiss. It has been one of unostentatious labor, signally blessed of God; and the Christian Church everywhere, but especially his own church prays that it may be long continued, and that in the Providence of God many years of usefulness may be granted to him. He is widely esteemed by his brethren in the ministry, among whom he has the reputation of being one of the most eloquent and earnest pastors of the Lutheran Church. They have recently chosen him as President of the Evangelical Lutheran Ministerium of Pennsylvania, and President of the Board of Directors of the Theological Seminary of Philadelphia.

But Dr. Seiss's reputation and usefulness as a pastor is eclipsed by his fame as

AN AUTHOR.

The number of works he has published, the majority of them remarkable for their research and profound learning, would have suggested the inference that their author had no other occupation than that of the pen, and few who did not know, would credit the fact that during the whole time that they have been teeming from the press their author has been one of the most active and zealous preachers and pastors in the country.

It is in this department of labor that Dr. Seiss has become known by reputation to thousands upon thousands of the Christian public in all parts of the world. It may be doubted if any writer in America has done so much as he to elucidate those parts of the Word of God which are dark and enigmatical to the superficial and unlearned reader, but which so abundantly repay earnest and careful study. Dr. Seiss most steadfastly believes that it is the Christian's duty to

STUDY THE PROPHECIES

of the Bible, and he has labored unceasingly to assist those who are desirous of fulfilling that duty. Many a student to whom the books of Daniel, Ezekiel, Zechariah and the Apocalypse were a labyrinth of confusion, grand and majestic in their imagery, but utterly uninstructive and incomprehensible, has been guided into light by Dr. Seiss, who has furnished him with a key which has opened to him a mine of intellectual and spiritual wealth. Those who have had the privilege of listening to his lectures in Philadelphia have been but a small portion of the immense audience whom Dr. Seiss has thus laid under obligation. His published works have had an enormous circulation in this country and a still larger circulation in Europe. Students have gone to them for light; and they have found it.

Dr. Seiss possesses beyond most men the faculty of rendering his ideas realistic alike to hearer and reader. Logical reasoning, brilliant scene-painting and powerful appeals are found in combination in his works. The visions which the Holy Spirit spread before the eyes of God's servants, the prophets, and which under His guidance they wrote for our edification, glow with new light and meaning as Dr. Seiss presents them on his pages. As the great painter Doré comprehended the conceptions of Dante and Milton and Tennyson, and portrayed on canvas the scenes they described, so that the reader whose imagination could not follow their brilliant flight, saw in picture that which he failed to see in all its grandeur in words, so Dr. Seiss in expounding prophecy has given to the events of the future, life and shape and a realism as vivid as the great historian, Macaulay, gave to the events of the past. He has thus taken his readers by the hand, and, leading them through the most wonderful picture-gallery in the literature of the world, painted by the finger of God Himself, has shown them the beauties of those pictures and the lines of thought which make of many isolated scenes one harmonious whole. Dr. Seiss has shown that the God of History is the God of Prophecy, and that the future of the human race is only a continuation of its past, a culmination of the action of potent forces which God holds in His hands, which

The general tenor of prophecies is to the effect that about the period of Christ's approach, there shall be *a shaking of all nations and thrones*, and of all established governments and apostasies, and extinction of their power and a levelling of all titles and authorities, and this through some great political revolution brought about by the masses of the people. This implies that a democratic and infidel spirit will extensively prevail; for the shaking of the powers of heaven will not so much arise from a conflict of potentates for mastery among each other, as from a breaking forth of the wrath of man against the powers that be; a general casting off of the yoke and cords of restraint, an insurrection of evil doers against their rulers. It is the masses constituting the physical power of the nations, those "mighty waters" which being usually dammed up by political restraints, or, like the sea, having bounds assigned them of the Almighty by a decree, which they cannot pass, though the waves thereof toss themselves and roar, shall now have that restraint removed, and shall overflow and pass over, and like an irresistible torrent sweep down all before it.

Finally it can certainly not be denied by any accurate observer, that the present moral, political and religious condition of the world is altogether without parallel in the past history of mankind. This is indeed universally acknowledged by thinking men as by all leading politicians. And if any further evidence of it were wanting, it is to be found in that indescribable sensation of fear and expectation, which everywhere prevails and fills the minds of men of some mighty event that is coming, but they cannot tell what. The

AWFUL POLITICAL PHENOMENA

which now arrest the attention of men are a part of the process of judgments preparatory to the demolition of all human rule, authority and power. Hence, the stamp of fatuity and disappointment is, in the present day, evidently put upon every scheme of worldly politicians.

First, Politicians of every party refuse to humble themselves before God, and ask wisdom from Him; therefore are they given up to their own vain imaginations.

Secondly, Their schemes are all for the purpose of upholding or mending, or reforming that which now exists, but is destined to be destroyed, while that which is hereafter to exist by the power of the Son of man, is hidden from their eyes. The stone which is to smite the image on its feet is not yet seen.

But when the despised Jews shall again arise into political existence, and shall stand on their feet in national form, the stone will appear, and break the image of earthly kingdoms in pieces.

But hear our Lord's sign of His own august coming, "For as

THE LIGHTNING COMETH

from the East and shineth unto the West, so shall also be the coming of the Son of man." The light of the natural sun is from East to West. From the East came the Star of Bethlehem. From the East came the wise men. From the East came the Gospel. The fall of Turkey is to prepare the way for the Kings of the East. From the East will come the Angel having the seal of the Living God, and last, to the East do we mainly look for news indicative of impending catastrophe, the preliminaries having already been inaugurated. Hence the allusion to the lightning as shining from East to West, although in fact it gleams in every direction.

The use of the telegraph is not restricted to one direction, any more than the spontaneous element, but is reflex and transverse. Any solution that would apply to one in this respect, would seem to be equally pertinent to the other.

Wonderful indeed have been the recent triumphs of science. In the employment of that messenger of thought, the magnetic telegraph, and submarine cable, the physical world seems almost to have obtruded on the prerogatives of the spiritual world. We feel constrained to hail it as the harbinger of an eventful future. All this God foresaw, who knew the end from the beginning, and if He was pleased to advert to it, a sign of His own august intervention, why then should we not willingly discern a sign so transcendently interesting.

THE BIBLE AND THE NEWSPAPER.

The Rescue of an Entombed Man from a well after he had been entombed twenty-two hours caused some excitement recently at Dayton, Ohio. The man was digging a well on South Wayne Street, and when he had dug down a considerable depth a large quantity of soil and sand fell upon him. Some timbers happily protected his head, but the soil fell all around him, holding him a prisoner from the shoulders downward. His cries soon brought assistance, and active efforts were made to dig him out. After nearly a foot had been cleared, a rope was attached to his shoulders, and his rescuers tried to raise him by a windlass, but his cries soon caused them to desist. Then there was more digging, and again the windlass was tried, but the man complained that he was being *held by the feet*, and could not bear the strain. It was then decided to rescue him by digging only, and the party worked all night. In the morning it was found that the timbers had fallen in such a way as to hold the man's feet as firmly as if they were in the stocks, and it was not until the wood was cut away that he could be lifted out. How often have Christian workers had an experience of which this is a type. In spite of prayers and pleadings and appeals an anxious soul has not been raised from darkness into light and peace. Not until it has been found that some cherished secret sin is holding the soul captive and that has been cut away has the soul found liberty (Jer. 5 : 25).

An Earthquake is Predicted to take Place in Utah in the not very remote future. Professor G. K. Gilbert, United States Geologist, published in the *Salt Lake Tribune* recently a solemn warning that danger exists of a terrible earthquake in the Territory. He writes: "From the Warm Springs to Emigration Cañon fault scarps or earth fractures in the mountains have not been found, and the rational explanation of their absence is that a very long time has elapsed since their last renewal. In this period the earth strain has been slowly increasing, and some day it will overcome the friction, lift the mountains a few feet, and re-enact on a more fearful scale the catastrophe of Owens Valley." The professor's prediction is based on the theory that something beneath each mountain is slowly, steadily and irresistibly rising, and that in yielding to this force the earth's crust is broken. "The motion at the instant of yielding is so swiftly and so abruptly terminated as to constitute a shock." A New York journalist, commenting on the professor's prediction, makes a lugubrious attempt at a witticism in referring to the destruction of Sodom and Gomorrah; but God, who destroyed those cities when their corruption culminated, is the same God whose law the Mormons of Salt Lake City are outraging.

Colonel C. G. Gordon, Better Known as "Chinese Gordon," from his celebrated campaign in China, in which he suppressed the insurrection against the government of that country, has addressed a remarkable letter to the New York *Herald* on the subject of the proposed Jordan Canal. Colonel Gordon writes from Mount Carmel, where he has been staying for some time during his exploration of Palestine. His letter deals mainly with the natural and financial difficulties of the canal project, but he points out incidentally that if the canal is constructed *a notable prophecy will be fulfilled*. It is proposed to cut the canal from the Gulf of Akubah, which is an arm of the Red Sea, northward to the Dead Sea and thence to the Sea of Tiberias and the Mediterranean. That would flood the whole Jordan Valley, and would destroy the sites of the places rendered sacred by the Saviour's footsteps, such as Bethsaida, Capernaum, etc. Colonel Gordon refers to the prophecy of Ezekiel (47 : 10) that fishermen will spread their nets at Engedi. Engedi is now so far from fishing waters that it is difficult to understand why fishermen should ever go there, but if the Jordan Canal allowed the waters of the Mediterranean to flow through the valley, the prophecy would be literally fulfilled. Colonel Gordon also refers to the great battle of Armageddon in this connection. He says: "It is remarkable that the plain near Sejem, half way (and to the south) between Haifa and the Jordan Valley is the site of Megeddo, and is generally accepted as *the Armageddon of Ezekiel, where the final great battle will be fought* against Gog Prince of Rhos, Mashech and Tubal. Now, this word 'Rhos' is put as 'chief' in our Bible. But the Septuagint has Rhus, which is considered the base of the word Russia. And it is remarked by commentators as the only instance of a modern nation being alluded to in the Old Testament. Now, if this canal is made, and if Russia ever did advance, she could not cross the huge inland sea in her advance on Palestine, but would be forced to go to the part between Haifa and Jordan, and then must come down on Armageddon. This is curious when we consider the inevitable advance of Russia on Damascus."

A Chicago Editor's Chagrin, Occasioned by the successive repentance of three members of his family, is described by the *Youth's Companion*. It states that an editor ordered a pair of trousers from the tailor. On trying them on, they proved to be several inches too long. It being late on Saturday night, the tailor's shop was closed, and the editor took the trousers to his wife, and asked her to cut them off and hem them over. The good lady, who was busy, brusquely refused. The same results followed on application to the wife's sister and the eldest daughter. But, before bed-time, the wife relentingly took the pants, and, cutting off three inches from the legs, hemmed them up nicely and restored them to the closet. Half an hour later, the daughter, taken with compunction for her unfilial conduct, took the pants and cut off three inches, hemmed and replaced them. Finally, the sister-in-law felt the pangs of conscience, and she, too, performed an additional surgical operation on the garment. The next morning the editor felt more annoyed at the results of the ladies' penitence than he had done the night before at their refusals. Tardy repentance does not often lead to results so undesirable. In spiritual matters we are encouraged by our Saviour's parable to believe that God will accept it if it is sincere and accompanied by faith (Matt. 21 : 28-31).

An English Coffin in the Custom House at New York is being held until certain legal questions are decided. It was brought here by a passenger on the steamer France, of the National line, who was in such a precarious condition of health when he left England that it was feared he would die during the voyage. He therefore prepared for this event by purchasing in Liverpool the metallic casket which is at present in dispute. It cost $125. But the passenger did not die during the voyage. On the contrary, he reached New York in greatly improved health. The casket was landed with the rest of his baggage, and the vigilant customs officers sent it to the appraiser's stores, and demanded the payment of duty upon it. Thereupon the owner claimed that it was exempt under the law admitting free of duty "personal property in use." The question to be decided is whether a coffin can be considered personal property in use. The owner, of course, admits that it is not in use now, but asserts that it is intended to be used when the appropriate time comes, and is not for sale. He thinks the custom's officers ought not to fine him for deferring its use as long as possible. The question to be settled is curious, though not of much importance. If the foresight which characterized the gentleman in preparing a protection for his body in case of his death at sea, has also prevented his overlooking the still more important subject of his soul's interests after death, he will not be greatly distressed even if he should have to pay a charge he deems illegal (Luke 12 : 21, 22).

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CURRENT EVENTS.

The Result of the Election in New York Last week was a mixed one. While the Democrats elected the whole of their State ticket except its head, the Republicans carried the legislature. The disappearance of the phenomenal majority of last year has caused some depression in Democratic quarters. The majority, for the Democratic candidates this year varies, from 12,000 to 15,000. Mr. Maynard, who ran for Secretary of State on the Democratic ticket, was defeated, his Republican opponent being elected by a plurality of more than 19,000. Mr. Maynard's defeat is to be regretted on public grounds; to himself it is honorable. His temperance record arrayed against him the united rum interest of the State, and caused him to be unmercifully scratched. The fact that he ran behind his ticket by about 34,000 votes is significant. It shows the power of the liquor traffic in this State, and proves that not even a man of ability, regularly nominated by a Democratic Convention is safe from scratching when his opponent can denounce him as a total abstainer and a Protestant. In the Legislature the Republicans claim that they will have a majority on a joint vote of about 24. The Senate will stand Republicans, 19; Democrats, 13. The Assembly will stand Republicans, 73; Democrats, 55. In the present Legislature the Democrats have a majority in the Senate of 4, and in the Assembly of 42, giving 46 on joint ballot.

The Result in Other States Affords no Ground to either party on which to base a confident expectation of success next year. In *Massachusetts* Governor Butler has been defeated by a plurality of more than 10,000. This defeat is not generally deplored in the Democratic camp, as it is regarded as being likely to remove a disturbing element from the next National Convention. In *Pennsylvania* the Republicans carried the State by about 16,000 majority. Only minor offices were filled there this year. *New Jersey* has elected a Democratic Governor. Mr. Leon Abbett, who was elected by a plurality of about 7000 votes over his Republican opponent, largely increased his popularity recently by championing in the law courts the cause of a large number of workingmen against a corporation. In *Minnesota* the Republicans were victorious. The Governor's plurality of about 14,000 votes was, however, a reduction on the figures of the last gubernatorial election two years ago. In *Virginia*, Senator Mahone has experienced a decisive defeat. The Democrats carried both branches of the Legislature by pluralities variously stated at from 20,000 to 30,000. There was intense excitement during the election, and Senator Mahone was in considerable danger of being killed in a disturbance at Fredericksburg. There was also a fight at Danville, growing out of the election, in which at least seven people were shot. Senator Mahone's defeat in Virginia gratifies some sections of the Republican party, as Governor Butler's defeat in Massachusetts gratifies many Democrats. *Connecticut* gives a Republican plurality of 5700. Last year the Democratic plurality was 4200. The Republicans claim that they will have in the Legislature a majority in joint ballot of 65. *Maryland* was carried by the Democrats, who elected the Governor and the Comptroller and Attorney-General. The Democratic ticket, was also victorious in *Mississippi*. In *Nebraska* the Republicans claim a majority of over 5000. A Supreme Court judge was elected.

The Cause of Prohibition in Iowa was not, it appears, so triumphant at the polls in October as the figures published indicated. Although the Republicans, who adopted the prohibition plank in their platform, were elected, their pluralities were much smaller than in former elections. The Republican plurality for Garfield in 1880 was 78,000, but this year, although the total vote was larger than in 1880, Governor Sherman's plurality was 25,000. A still more momentous statement is made by the Chicago *Tribune*, which has canvassed the members-elect of both Houses of the Legislature. It states that there is a clear majority in both branches against the re-submission of the Constitutional Amendment which was carried last year, but was set aside by the Supreme Court on the ground of fatal irregularities in its original passage through the Legislature. In the Senate 27 out of 50 members are said to be against the amendment, and in the House re-submission is favored by less than 40 of the 100 members. It is even doubtful whether the milder form of prohibition by statute, which might be repealed by the next Legislature, will receive a majority in both branches. It was generally understood in other States that a Republican victory this year in Iowa would insure the amendment being again submitted to the popular vote. This announcement by the *Tribune* is therefore a surprise, and some explanation from Iowa will be in order.

A Modification of the Law Regulating the coinage of silver dollars is urged by Mr. H. M. Burchard, the Director of the Mint, in his annual report published last week. Mr. Burchard reports that under the provisions of the act of 1878, requiring the coinage of $2,000,000 worth of silver builion per month, $154,370,899 had been coined prior to October 1st, and that amount, together with the $81,000,000 of fractional silver in the country, making a grand total of $235,000,000, is, in excess of the requirements for silver circulation. This, he remarks, is apparent from the fact that there are in the vaults of the Treasury 39,000,000 *standard silver dollars* over and above the outstanding silver certificates, and in addition to nearly $27,000,000 in fractional silver coin—a total of $66,000,000. The director is of the opinion that the law should be modified or repealed. At the beginning of the fiscal year the mints had on hand 35,365,672 standard dollars; the coinage amounted to $28,111,119, and at the close of the year there was remaining in the mints $43,304,590.

Important Changes in the Rules of the Civil Service Reform Act have been made by the President, with the view of making them more efficient and explicit in their operation. A summary of these changes, telegraphed from Washington, states that one change provides that no person while under enlistment in the Army or Navy shall be examined for the Civil Service. Another provides that no person having failed at one examination shall within six months be admitted to another without the consent of the Commission. A third change enlarged the authority of the Commission over technical examinations. A fourth provided that postmasters and collectors should keep the Examining Board informed as to the appointments and promotions at their offices. A fifth change declares that *competitive examinations for promotion* shall be introduced so far as they may be deemed useful. Another change, which is considered the most important, distinctly prohibits the appointing power—alike in every department and in every post-office and customs office to which the rules extend—from making any discrimination in selections for appointment by reason of any *political or religious opinion* or affiliation.

A Destructive Tornado Passed over Parts of the State of Missouri on November 6th doing great damage. It struck Springfield about two o'clock in the afternoon, overthrowing the large woollen mills, destroying a portion of the buildings and doing great damage to the machinery. It then passed to the north, demolishing a number of residences. Hazel Dell, a schoolhouse near Springfield, was blown down. There were fifty children in the building, but none of them were seriously hurt. Their escape was miraculous. A telegram from Kansas City, describing the tornado, says: "The path of the storm was only a few yards in width, but wherever it struck the ruin was appalling."

A Remarkable Disaster Occurred at Madison, Wis., on November 8th. The entire roof, together with the inside walls and iron and stone columns of the new south wing of the Capitol fell in, causing the death of four persons and injuring twenty others. The cause of the accident is somewhat uncertain, but the theory generally accepted is that the heavy iron pillars supporting the roof of the second story balcony sank into the plank on which they rested, thus pulling the sound wall outward, which in turn caused the roof of the entire wing to cave in.

The Luther Celebration Commenced in New York and Brooklyn on Saturday last, the four hundredth anniversary of the great reformer's birth. A large meeting was held in the evening in Steinway Hall, at which an eloquent address of two hours' duration was delivered by Dr. Joseph A. Seiss, of Philadelphia, whose portrait appears on the first page of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD this week. Dr. Seiss described the condition of society at the time when Luther appeared, and the gigantic power and corruption of the Papal Church, and then reviewed in very forcible manner the chief events of Luther's life and work, concluding with an eloquent panegyric on the character of the great reformer. Largely attended meetings were also held in Brooklyn.

Gospel Temperance in Chicago has Received an impetus from the visit of Mr. W. Forbes, of London, whom the Chicago *Tribune* calls "the Francis Murphy of England." That journal, in describing the first meeting Mr. Forbes held in the Pacific Garden Mission, in Chicago, says: "Mr. Forbes is a very dramatic and sensational speaker, with a good stock of humor and pathos. In his manner and style of speaking he resembles Mr. J. B. Gough. At the close of the meeting an earnest request was tendered to him by those present to speak at the same place the following evening." During Mr. Forbes's stay in Chicago he preached in Mr. Moody's church and other places. Letters for Mr. Forbes may be sent to the Young Men's Christian Association, New York, or to the office of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD.

Mrs. Shipman, the Gospel Temperance Revivalist from England, commenced a three weeks' mission at Lowell, Mass., on Sunday last. In sending an announcement of the fact, Mrs. Shipman begs that the readers of this journal will pray that God's blessing may continue to rest on her work in this country. The services which she conducted last week at Greenpoint, L. I., were very successful. A large number of persons came forward to publicly confess Christ as the result of the services.

Mr. Philip Phillips, the Singing Pilgrim, has returned to America from Europe. His engagement in Holland, briefly mentioned some time ago in this journal, was, Mr. Phillips informs us, signally blessed of God. The audiences continually increased in number, and much good was done. In one church Mr. Phillips conducted fifty consecutive services, and the interest was sustained throughout. The Gospel hymns he sung were translated into Dutch for the use of the congregations. Mr. Phillips intends to remain for a time in New York to gain a much-needed rest.

FOREIGN TOPICS.

[*The paragraphs which usually appear on this page will be found on page 727, under the heading, "The Bible and the Newspaper."*]

The Condition of the English Poor Continues to be the most prominent topic in public discussion in that country. Mr. G. W. Smalley cables to his journal that the interest in the question of housing the poor is kept fresh by numerous articles and speeches, the papers in London, Liverpool, and other great cities sending commissioners into squalid districts. Mr. Chamberlain, the leader of the Radical party, will discuss the question in answer to Lord Salisbury. He announces an article on the same question in the next number of the *Fortnightly Magazine*. His friends say that, far from opposing Lord Salisbury's proposals, he intends greatly to enlarge the scope of the proposed scheme of State interference.

Renewed Disturbances are Reported from Servia, and are causing apprehension in European capitals. It does not appear that the risings are in any instance formidable, but they indicate a prevalent spirit of discontent which is ominous. It is alleged that the disturbances are fomented by Russian intrigue, and that Russia, being anxious to depose King Milan, is stirring up the Radicals in Servia to revolt, in the hope of replacing the king with a ruler who will carry out the Russian scheme of a Panslavist union. The suspicion that Russia is intriguing renders the condition of affairs more serious, as a strained feeling already exists between Austria and Russia, and an untoward event may precipitate the long-expected war between those nations. A telegram received here on November 10th reports that the Servian army has had an engagement with the insurgents, in which the latter were routed with heavy loss.

An Agitation in Jamaica has been Commenced with the view of obtaining relief from British despotic rule. At present the governor of the island is appointed by the British Government, and all officers of the civil service above the lowest grades are sent out from England. In some cases impecunious members of aristocratic families have been appointed to office in Jamaica who are incapable of performing the duties of their offices, and it has been necessary to employ natives of the island to do the whole of the work except drawing the pay. Beside this grievance the citizens complain that they are not adequately represented on the council and have no voice in controlling expenditure and taxation. A deputation waited on the Earl of Derby, the secretary of the colonies in London, on November 8th, and stated their grievances to him. He informed the deputation that the government contemplated making concessions in the direction indicated.

A Fatal Anti-Jewish Riot Occurred near Pesth on November 9th. A cablegram from that city says a mob attacked the Jews at Zalaloevoe. The police, who were called upon to protect the Jews, were fired on by the mob. They returned the fire, killing two and wounding several of the rioters, and the remainder fled. Three of the men who participated in the riot were arrested, and have turned informers.

The Customary Lord Mayor's Procession and banquet took place in London on November 9th. It appears that the new Lord Mayor, Alderman Fowler, was not popular in London, and that the election, which in that city is by the corporation and not, as with us, directly by the people, was opposed by the liverymen of the city. The opposition was so decided that the Lord Mayor was hissed as he went through the streets with his procession to take the oath of office. Startling placards were posted on the blank walls calling on "the unemployed workpeople of London to organize huge meetings to denounce the civic revellers who feast while thousands of men, women and children are starved to death." The London correspondent of the New York *Herald* reports that one of the posters contained these ominous words: "Many who partake of this night's feast have fattened and grown rich out of the rents of the filthy slums which disgrace this city. Worse housed than the beasts of the field, starving and wretched, our poverty dealt with as a crime, numbers of our class have been done to death within workhouses and prison walls." The American minister did not attend the banquet, and it is stated that he was not invited. If that is true the invidious slight indicates a very strange disposition on the part of the new Lord Mayor.

The Withdrawal of British Troops from Egypt is expected to take place speedily. Mr. Gladstone, speaking at the Lord Mayor's banquet on November 9th, intimated that the withdrawal was finally decided. The announcement was received with expressions of disapprobation. It is now reported that Sir Evelyn Wood, commander of the British troops in Egypt, explicitly and emphatically denies that he has at any time advised the withdrawal of British troops from that country. On the contrary, he is fully convinced that there are many good reasons why they should remain.

The Subject of Marine Insurance will Probably claim the attention of the British Parliament at its next session. Mr. Chamberlain, the President of the Board of Trade, has awakened to a perception of the fact that wrecks of vessels heavily insured are increasing in number. The figures for 1883 are largely in excess of those of 1882. There is good reason for believing that many ships are insured and sent to sea in cold blood with the intention that they shall founder, and that the owners make a profit by the loss of the ships with the lives of those on board, the policy of insurance being of more value than ship and cargo. A bill has been framed by Mr. Chamberlain to prevent shipowners profiting by a wreck. Humanity demands that it should become law.

The German Crown Prince has Arranged to pay a visit to the King of Spain. It is expected that the prince will travel by rail to Genoa, from which port he will be escorted by three German men-of-war to Spain. The Emperor of Germany has informed the Spanish Government that he would be pleased to return King Alfonso's visit in person were it not for his advanced age. Great festivities and military parades will be held during the visit of the Crown Prince, who will stay in Madrid one week. The visit has created a great sensation in Berlin. Misgivings are freely indulged in that France will regard it with irritation.

A Colossal Bronze Statue of Luther was unveiled on November 10th at Eisleben, in Germany, in which town Luther was born four centuries ago. Fifty thousand spectators assembled to witness the ceremony. The correspondent of the New York *Herald* describes the scene as most impressive and symbolical of the solemnity, force and earnestness of the German people. "Every house in Eisleben is literally covered with evergreen wreaths, festoons, miniature flags, Chinese lanterns and crystal reflectors, giving the place the appearance of a forest of Christmas trees bearing, as fruit, the portraits of Luther, Kaiser Wilhelm, the Kronprinz, Bismarck and Von Moltke. The streets are strewn with evergreen branches." The ancient town, said to have been in existence more than nine centuries, contains two houses which are pointed out respectively as the places in which Luther was born and in which he died. A picturesque procession, attired in ancient garments, accompanied the officials who conducted the ceremonies of the inauguration of the statue.

An American Tourist in a French Lunatic asylum. An American named Heine arrived in Paris about three weeks ago. Leaving his hotel in the Rue du Croissant, he wandered aimlessly about for some time, and having no knowledge of French, was unable to make himself understood or to inquire his way back to his hotel. Becoming somewhat excited in his endeavor to obtain the necessary information, he was finally arrested as a lunatic, and taken to the Sainte Anne Asylum, where, after several days' search, he was found by his friends.

ABIJAH, OR SOME GOOD THING TOWARD THE LORD.

A New Sermon by Pastor C. H. Spurgeon.

"And all Israel shall mourn for him, and bury him: for he only of Jeroboam shall come to the grave, because in him there is found some good thing toward the Lord God of Israel in the house of Jeroboam."—1 KINGS 14 : 13.

God's Instruments of Discipline—The Rod before the Axe—The Disguised Queen—Good News Unappreciated—The Character of the Prince—His Bible Name—I. The Good Thing not Defined—A Good, Substantial Virtue—Its Entrance Unknown—Its Direction—Attracted Love—Was within Him—II. The Good Thing Apt to be Overlooked—Grace that Grows and Breeds—Grace in a Child—A Good Thing in a Bad House—A Ragged Boy in an Irish Church—III. The Good Thing Not Understood—A Godly Child in an Ungodly Family—Good People Distributed—Often Die Young—A Sailor Reproved by a Child in New York—A Swearer Moved by his Child's Sorrow.

JEROBOAM had proved false to the Lord who had placed him upon the throne of Israel, and the time was come for his overthrow. The Lord, who usually brings forth *the rod before He lifts the axe*, sent sickness into his house: his son Abijah was sore sick. Then the parents bethought them of an old prophet of God, and desired to know through him what would happen to the child. Fearful lest the prophet should denounce plagues upon him and his child if he knew that the inquirer was the wife of Jeroboam, the king begged the Egyptian princess whom he had married to disguise herself as a farmer's wife, and so get from the man of God a more favorable answer. Poor foolish king, to imagine that a prophet who could see into futurity could not also see through any disguise with which his queen might surround herself! So anxious was the mother to know the fate of her son, that she left his sick-chamber to go to Shiloh to hear

THE SENTENCE OF THE PROPHET.

Vain was her clever disguise! the blind prophet was still a seer, and not only discerned her before she entered the house, but saw the future of her family. She came full of superstition to be told her fortune, but she went away heavy, having been told her faults and her doom.

In the terrible tidings which the prophet Ahijah delivered to this wife of Jeroboam, there was only one bright spot, only one word of solace; and I am greatly afraid that it gave no kind of comfort to the heathen queen. Her child was mercifully appointed to die, for in him there was "found some good thing toward Jehovah, God of Israel." As an Egyptian, it is not likely that she appreciated the meaning of that sentence; probably she thought it of very small importance that her child should have regard toward the God of his people. She saw not the light which was full of joy.

In what an unhappy condition is that person who cannot derive comfort from the salvation of his own child! Yet there are many men and women in such a state. They care nothing for the souls of their own offspring. It would bring no joy to them if they saw all their children walking in the truth; nor does it cause them any concern to see them otherwise. To see them sharp in business, or fair in countenance, is their main ambition; but to have them beloved of the Lord is no matter of desire. Poor souls, their own carnality overflows and saturates their family! To some it would even cause anger and wrath to see their children turning to the Lord; they so despise true religion that, if their sons and daughters were converted, they would rather hate them than love them the more. Such persons make curses out of their blessings. They put bitter for sweet and sweet for bitter, darkness for light and light for darkness; and therefore that which ought to be their comfort and joy becomes a source of disquietude.

But, beloved, I think I could say of the most of us here present, that if we did but know of a

surety that there was in our child some good thing toward Jehovah, God of Israel, we would be perfectly content to leave all the rest of his case at the absolute disposal of the Lord. If such a child should die, it would be well; for it is much better to have a child in heaven than to have one on earth breaking our heart by his wicked ways; and if such a child shall live, what happy prospects open up before us, that as his years advance, he will grow in knowledge, and in favor both with God and man! We will bless the Lord let Him send what He will to our children, so long as He has chosen them to be His own, and has put His fear in their hearts. This wretched wife of Jeroboam went her way in utter misery; for that sentence which would have been a sweet solace to us, had little or no charm for her. Oh, the sinfulness of that heart which finds no comfort in the salvation of the soul of a dying child!

This morning we are going to look into the little that we know of the young prince Abijah. We know nothing more of him than the text tells us. His name was a suitable one. A good name may belong to a very bad man; but in this case a gracious name was worthily worn. He called God his Father, and his name signifies that fact. "Ab," you know, is the word for "Father," and "Jah" is "Jehovah"—Jehovah was his father. I would not have mentioned the name had not his life made it true. Oh, you who bear good Bible names, see that you do not dishonor them!

I. I shall ask you first of all to follow me in studying the character of this prince while I say, let us here admire what we cannot precisely describe. And I mean, first, by that, that *there was in this child "some good thing toward the Lord God of Israel;"* but

WHAT WAS IT?

Who shall define it? A boundless field for conjecture opens before us. We know there was in him *some* good thing, but what form that good think took we do not know. Tradition has made assertions, but as these are mere inventions to fill up a gap, they are scarcely worth mentioning here. Our own reflections will, probably, be as near the mark as these improbable traditions. Perhaps the obscurity was intentional. We may learn much from the silence of Scripture; we are not told precisely what the good thing was, because any good thing toward the Lord is a sufficient sign of grace. Where there is some good thing toward the Lord God, every good thing is present in seed and essence. The "some good thing" which is so fully developed as to be seen and noted is an index of the presence of all the rest, since the grace of God is not divided, but is present as a whole. God's blessings come in groups; and if some good thing be apparent, all others which are really vital and essential are there. We do not know exactly the form it took, but there it was: "some good thing" was in the child's heart toward Jehovah, God of Israel.

Carefully note that it was not merely a good inclination which was in him, nor a good desire, but a really

GOOD, SUBSTANTIAL VIRTUE.

There was in him a true and substantial existence of grace, and this is far more than a transient desire. What child is there that has not at some time or other, if it has been trained in the fear of God, felt tremblings of heart and desires toward God? Such goodness is as common as the early dew; but alas! it passeth away quite as speedily. The young Abijah possessed something within him sufficiently real and substantial to be called a "good *thing;*" the Spirit of God had wrought a sure work upon him, and left within him a priceless jewel of grace. Let us admire this good thing, though we cannot precisely describe it.

Let us admire, also, that this "some good thing" should have been in the child's heart, for *its entrance is unknown.* We cannot tell how grace entered the palace of Tirzah and gained this youthful heart. God saw the good thing, for He sees the least good thing in any of us, since He has a quick eye to perceive anything that looks toward Himself. But how did this gracious work come to the child? We are not told, and this silence is a lesson to us. It is not essential to us to know *how* a child receives grace. We need not be painfully anxious to know when, or where, or how a child is converted; it may even be impossible to tell, for the work may have been so gradual that day and hour cannot be known. Even those who are converted in riper years cannot all describe their conversion in detail, much less can we expect to map out the experience of children who have never gone into outward sin, but under the restraints of godly education have kept the commandments from their youth up, like the young man in the Gospel narrative. How came this child to have this good thing in his heart? So far we know; we are sure that God placed it there; but by what means? Thy footsteps are not always seen, O God of grace, but we have learned to adore Thee in thy work, even when we discern not thy way.

This "good thing" is described to us in the text in a certain measure. *It was a "good thing toward Jehovah, the God of Israel."* The good thing looked toward the living God. In children there often will be found good things toward their parents; let these be cultivated—but these are not sufficient evidences of grace. In children there will sometimes be found good things toward amiability and moral excellence; let all good things be commended and fostered, but they are not sure fruits of grace. It is toward God that the good thing must be that saves the soul. If a man be travelling away from God every step he takes increases his distance from Him; but if his face be toward the Lord he may be only capable of a child's tottering step, but yet he is moving nearer and nearer every moment. There was some good thing in this child *toward God*, and that is the most distinguishing mark of a truly good thing.

In this dear child that "good thing" wrought *such an outward character that he became exceedingly well beloved.* We are sure of that, because it is said, "All Israel shall mourn for him." He was probably the heir to his father's crown, and there were godly but grieved hearts in Israel that hoped to see times of reform when that youth should come to the throne; and perhaps even those who did not care about religion, yet somehow had marked the youth, and observed his going in and out before them, and had said, "He is Israel's hope; there will be better days when that boy becomes a man;" so that when Abijah died he alone of all his race received both tears and a tomb;

HE DIED LAMENTED,

and was buried with respect, whereas all the rest of Jeroboam's house were devoured of dogs and vultures.

It is a very blessed thing when there is such a good thing in our children that they come to be beloved in their little spheres. They have not all the range which this young prince enjoyed so as to secure universal admiration; but still the grace of God in a child is a very lovely thing, and it draws forth general approbation. I do not know how it is with you, but youthful piety is a very touching thing to me; I see the grace of God in men and women with much thankfulness, but I cannot perceive it in children without shedding tears of delight. Once again, let us admire what we cannot precisely describe; for I have not ventured upon any precise description, but I have closely followed the words of the text.

The piety of this young child was every way of the right kind. It was inward and sincere, for the "good thing" that is spoken of was not found about him, but "in him." And this is the kind of thing which we desire for every one of our friends, a work of grace *within.* The grand point is not to wear the garb, nor use the brogue of religion, but to possess the life of God *within*, and feel and think as Jesus would have done because of that inner life. Small is the value of external religion unless it be the outcome of a life within. True grace is not as a garment, to be put on and taken off; but it is an integral part of the person who possesses it. This child's piety was of the true, personal, inward kind; may all our children have some good thing *in* them!

II. Now, changing the line of our thought a little, I come to a second remark: in this case let us heartily prize what we are

TOO APT TO OVERLOOK.

First, *let us heartily prize "some good thing" toward the Lord God of Israel whenever we perceive it.* All that is said of this case was that there was in him "some good thing;" and this reads as if the divine work was as yet only a spark of grace, the beginning of spiritual life. There was nothing very striking in him, or it would have been more definitely mentioned. Inasmuch as we read that in him was "some good thing," it is implied that it was not a perfect thing, and that it was not attended with all the good things one might wish for. Many good things were missing, but "some good thing" was manifest, and therefore the child was accepted and by divine love rescued from an ignoble death.

Do you not think that there is a tendency with many Christian people when they are talking with inquirers to look for *every* good thing in them, instead of looking for *some* good thing in them? Here is a person professing to be converted; he is evidently sincere and honest, and therefore he is very cautious not to say more than he feels, and this makes him say little, and that little tremblingly. You put him a question which everybody ought to be able to answer; but this nervous one fails to answer it, and therefore by a severe judgment it is thought that he is ignorant and unenlightened. Cold prudence decrees that a person who cannot answer such a question cannot be a child of God, and little allowance is made for timidity and flutter of mind.

I fear that in many a case harshness has wrought serious mischief to those who were with all their hearts coming to Jesus. That harshness may have been thought to be fidelity by him who exercised it, and perhaps it was; but there is such a thing as mistaken fidelity, and faithfulness is not the only virtue needed by a soul-winner. I would not have you err, brethren and sisters beloved, when you are talking with seekers by whispering in their ears, "Peace, peace when there is no peace;" but on the other hand I would not have you sin against the child by a hard, suspicious manner, and by demanding more of a youthful heart than the Lord Jesus would have looked for.

Further, I am afraid we are too apt to overlook "*some good thing*" *in a child.*

"OH, ONLY A CHILD!"

Pray, what are you? You are a man; well, I suppose that a man is a child who has grown older, and has lost many of his best points of character. A child is at no disadvantage in the things of God from being a child, for "of such are the kingdom of heaven." Men have to grow back into children before they enter the kingdom at all. If there be some good thing, it ought not to be doubted and thought to be questionable because it is in a child; for in Holy Scripture it is very common to find good things in children.

Another thing we are apt to overlook, and that is, "*some good thing*" *in a bad house.* This was the most wonderful thing of all, that there should be a gracious child in Jeroboam's palace. The mother usually sways the house, but the queen was a princess of Egypt and an idolater. A father has great influence, but in this case Jeroboam sinned and made Israel to sin. It strikes me as a wonder, that he should make Israel to sin but could not make his child to sin. All the land feels the pestilent influence of Jeroboam, and yet close at his feet there is a bright spot which sovereign grace has kept from the plague; his first-born child, who naturally would imitate his father, is the very reverse of him—there is found in Jeroboam's heir "some good

thing toward Jehovah, God of Israel." In such a place we do not look for grace, and are apt to pass it by. Never despise the most ragged child.

A clergyman in Ireland, ministering to a little Protestant congregation, noticed for several Sundays, standing in the aisle near the door,

A VERY RAGGED BOY,

who listened to the sermon most eagerly. He wished to know who the boy could be, but he always vanished as soon as the sermon was over. He asked a friend or two to watch, but somehow the boy always escaped, and could not be discovered. It came to pass one Sunday that the minister preached a sermon from this text, "His own right hand and his holy arm hath gotten him the victory," and after that time he missed the boy altogether. Six weeks elapsed, and the child did not come any more, but a man appeared from the hills, and begged the minister to come and see his boy, who was dying. He lived in *a miserable hovel up in the mountains.* A six-mile walk in the rain, through bogs and over hills, and the minister came to the door of the hut. As he entered, the poor lad was sitting up in bed, and as soon as he caught sight of the preacher he waved his arm and cried out "His own right hand and his holy arm hath gotten him the victory." That was his closing speech on earth, his dying shout of triumph. Who knows but in many and many a case the Lord's right hand and holy arm have gotten Him the victory, despite the poverty and the sin and the ignorance that may have surrounded the young convert? Let us not therefore despise grace wherever it is, but heartily prize what we are apt to overlook!

III. Lastly, let us carefully consider what we cannot fully understand. I want you first to consider the very singular fact which you cannot understand, *that holy children should be often placed*

IN UNGODLY FAMILIES.

God's providence has arranged it so, yet the consequences are painful to the young believer. You would think that if God loved a child He would not suffer it to be born unto Jeroboam's court, and that He would not send His own chosen down into a back slum to be surrounded by everything that will grieve its tender heart; and yet God does send His dear children into such places. Why is this?

Well, first they are God's protest against sin where no other protest would be heard—a tender touching message from God to let the ungodly know that there is something better than the sin in which they wallow. Holy children are as *angels amid demons*, by their innocence rebuking sin. Does not God send children there also to make a display of His divine grace, that we may see that He chooses whom He wills and takes one of a family according to His good pleasure? Does He not also show us that He can keep grace alive in the most unlikely places where all things war against the soul? The grace of God can live where you and I would die. The life of grace can continue under conditions which threaten death.

Is it not remarkable how

GOD DISTRIBUTES HIS PEOPLE,

as we scatter salt? He sets one of them down in each den of evil. Saul the king is a great rebel against God; but close at his side is Jonathan: thus the sweetest flower that ever bloomed is found growing near the roughest bramble that could be found. What a sty of filthiness was the court of Ahab! and yet he had for his chamberlain Obadiah, who hid the servants of God by fifties in a cave, and fed them from Jezebel's table; Nebuchadnezzar must not be left without three holy champions who can go into the fire for God. Look at Belshazzar drinking wine out of the cups of the sanctuary, and yet a Daniel is employed in his court. Even in the court of Ahasuerus, Esther is placed to confront that wicked Haman. Oh, I think there is never an Uz without a Job, nor a Chaldea without an Abraham, nor a Sodom without a Lot, nor an Egypt without a Moses, nor a house of Eli that has gone astray without some little Samuel sent of God to bear His protest. Think over the ways of God to man and admire what you cannot understand.

The next thing that we cannot understand is this, *that God's dear little children who love Him should often be called to suffer.* We say, "Well, if it was my child I should heal him and ease his sufferings at once." Yet the Almighty Father allows His dear ones to be afflicted. The godly child of Jeroboam lies sick, and yet his wicked father is not sick, and his mother is not sick; we could almost wish they were, that they might do the less evil. Only one godly one is in the family, and he lies sick! Why was it so? Why is it so in other cases? You shall see a gracious child a cripple, you shall see a heavenly-minded girl a consumptive; you shall often see the heavy hand of God resting where His eternal love has fixed its choice. There is a meaning in all this, and we know somewhat of it; and if we knew nothing we would believe all the same in the goodness of the Lord.

There is something more remarkable still, and that is *that some of God's dearest children should die while they are yet young.* I should have said let Jeroboam die and his wife too, but spare the child. Ay, but the child must go; he is the fittest. His departure was intended to give glory to God's grace in saving such a child, and making him so soon perfect. It was to be the reward of grace, for the child was taken from the evil to come; he was to die in peace and be buried, whereas the rest of the family would be slain with the sword and given to the jackals and the vultures to tear in pieces. In this child's case his early death was a proof of grace. If any say that converted children ought not to be taken into the Church, I answer, how is it the Lord takes so many of them into heaven? If they are fit for the one, they surely are fit for the other? It is wonderful what great grace may dwell in a boy's heart; child piety is by no means of an inferior kind, it is sometimes ripe for heaven.

A SAILOR LANDED IN NEW YORK

one day, and he said to himself, "I'll have a fine time of it before I go to sea again." It was Sunday morning, and in the madness of his wickedness he went up to a girl who was going to her class, and he spoke to her mocking and wicked words. She turned round and looked at him with her beautiful, sad eyes, and said, "Sir, you will have to meet me at the bar of God!" The sailor started back, turned on his heel, and made the best of his way to his vessel that he might get out of temptation. He said afterward, "I never had such a broadside in my life as that girl gave me; she raked me fore and aft, and swept by the board every sail and spar with which I had got ready for a wicked cruise." He went on his knees, repented of his sins, and found the Saviour.

A SWEARING FATHER.

A father was swearing dreadfully one day; he had often been rebuked for it but never felt the rebuke; but on that occasion using a most horrible expression to his wife, his little daughter in fright ran behind the door and began to cry. She sobbed aloud until her father heard her. He said to her, "What are you crying for?" "Please, father," she said, and kept on crying. He cried out roughly, "I will know what you are crying about;" and the child replied, "Dear father, I was crying because I am so afraid you will go to hell, for teacher says that swearers must go there." "There," said the man, "dry your eyes, child—I will never swear any more." He kept his word, and soon he went to see where his daughter had learned her holy lesson.

Now, if children living among the roughest can by their tears win the victory, your dear child, with whose curls you used to play, but who has now been taken home to heaven, ought to touch your heart if you are not following in the way to glory! Your child beckons you from above, and bids you "come up hither." Will you turn away? There is but one way; it is by faith in Jesus that men are saved. May Christ the Lord lead you to it now if you are unconverted, and may there this day be found in you "some good thing toward the Lord God of Israel." Amen.

[PORTION OF SCRIPTURE READ BEFORE SERMON—1 Kings 14 : 1-20 : 15 : 25-30.]

[The prayers of the readers of this Journal are requested for the blessing of God upon its Editors in America and England, and those whose sermons, articles, or labors for Christ are printed in it; and for its weekly circulation of more than 250,000 copies to be blessed by the Holy Spirit to the conversion of many sinners and the quickening of God's people. Mr. Spurgeon and Dr. Talmage especially request prayer every Sunday morning on behalf of their labors.]

MISS S. SEED,

Missionary in China.

ON the next page is a portrait of a lady who sailed for China on October 24th last, under the auspices of the China Inland Mission, to labor among the benighted inhabitants of "The Celestial Empire." The circumstances attending her conversion and her consecration to this self-denying work are remarkable. Miss McLatchie, the distinguished Scottish evangelist, whose portrait and life appeared in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD of December 21st, 1882, was conducting special services some months ago in the town in which Miss Seed resided. The simple, powerful Gospel message went to the hearer's heart, and the Holy Spirit blessed it. But she resisted the good influence, and that she might not be further troubled by conviction she went on a visit to a town some miles off, so that she might not be tempted to go to another of the services. But in spite of that step she could not resist going, and returned the next day in time to hear another sermon. Again she heard words that seemed specially meant for her. The subject was, "How long halt ye between two opinions?" and every word hit her hard, and to keep herself from utterly breaking down she recalled to mind all the hard and unjust actions and inconsistencies—as she thought then—of professing Christians; her heart hardened, and all desire for better things went from her.

The next time Miss Seed attended an evangelistic service in the same place, she heard the same attractive and impressive preacher. The subject on this occasion was, "Cut it down; why cumbereth it the ground?" and she was then led to look away from others, and see how the matter stood between herself and God. The last address she heard from Miss McLatchie at this time was from the words, "Behold, I stand at the door and knock," and God's love was brought before her so vividly that her own ingratitude seemed black indeed. She was humbled and abased to the very dust, and did not dare to think of approaching God until she had done something to make herself presentable to Him. So resolving to set to work to do something, she knew not what, she was about to leave the meeting, and got half-way down the chapel, when her attention was arrested by the words, "There is no to-morrow in the Bible. Jesus says, 'Come to Me to-night—just now—all ye that are weary and heavy laden, and I will give you rest;' and He also says, 'If any man open, I will come in.' Come to Him *just as you are*, and there is free and full forgiveness for all your past sins; sinner! meet the Saviour to-night." Miss Seed stayed to the end of the service, and was led that very night to give herself to the Saviour.

Of her subsequent emotions and experiences, Miss Seed writes: "It seemed to me now the least I could do was to give myself entirely to the Lord to work for Him, and tell out to others what a Saviour I had found; and that night my prayer was, 'Lord, what wilt Thou have me to do?' And the answer came, as with an audible voice, 'Go work in My vineyard.' I asked then for work to be given me. I remembered that when our Lord gave His directions to His apostles to preach to all the world, they were to be-

Miss S. Seed, Missionary to China.

An Encounter with a Cape Buffalo.

gin at Jerusalem, and it seemed plain to me I ought to begin at home, where I was known. A class was vacant in one of the Sunday-schools, and I volunteered my services, which were accepted. I was also led to start a Bible-class for young women one evening a week. Then it was made clear to me, my whole time ought to be devoted to the Lord's work; and again I asked for work to be given me, and work was given me—that of preaching the Gospel as an evangelist.

"A great desire took hold of me very soon after my conversion to work among the heathen, especially among the Chinese, and that I made a matter of special prayer to be guided and fitted for the work; and I do indeed now rejoice that the work God gave me to do at home has given me experience that will be useful to me in China, whither He has called me to go and work for Him. He has led me on step by step; I see now so clearly His hand in it all.

"For God's honor and glory, be it said, He has used me in a marvellous way in winning souls to Him, and now He has called me to a foreign field of service, to tell out to the poor heathen Chinese that this Saviour is for them and all the world."

Miss Seed is accompanied by another lady missionary, also bound for China, and sent out by that useful and meritorious society, the China Inland Mission.

AN ENCOUNTER WITH A CAPE BUFFALO.

THE missionaries who go out to preach the Gospel of Christ to the heathen are shining examples of the influence Christianity exerts in annihilating the natural love of self and regard for self-preservation. Every man who goes out knows that in the work to which he has given himself he will encounter dangers innumerable. In many cases he has to expect the hostility of those he seeks to benefit; in nearly all cases he is exposed to the effects of a climate fatal to the white man, and in not a few instances he is in peril from wild beasts. The last-mentioned danger is most prevalent in Africa, and the records of missionary life in the Dark Continent are full of incidents in which valuable lives have been placed in imminent peril from that cause. One such incident is depicted in the illustration on this page.

It appears that a missionary, being desirous of penetrating from Cape Colony into the interior, took advantage of the departure of a hunting expedition to obtain by accompanying it protection and company for some fifty miles of his journey. It was his habit to ride forward with the hunters every day, leaving his carriers to follow with such small baggage as he needed, and they travelled with the servants of the expedition, and were instructed as to their route and a rendezvous at a native village.

One morning near the end of the journey a herd of buffaloes was sighted. The Cape buffalo is a dangerous beast, having a hide that ordinary balls will not penetrate except at short range. The horns are strong and curve outward and upward, enabling the animal to gore to death not only horses but even tigers and lions. The missionary had no care for sport, though he was armed with a musket for his protection in such emergencies. He halted while his companions went forward in chase. He watched them speed away until they were mere specks in the distance, while the herd of buffaloes, with tails erect, went madly careering away on his left. As he watched them retreating he became conscious of some heavy body approaching. Looking around he saw that a buffalo had been separated from the herd and had been wounded. But its wound, though bleeding freely, appeared to have excited rather than subdued its fury, and it was rushing toward him with mad frenzy. He had but a moment's warning, but in that moment he wheeled his horse quickly, barely escaping the horns of the beast. He knew that the buffalo would speedily return to the charge when it recovered itself after missing the horse. Quick as thought he levelled his musket, and before it could stop and turn again upon him he fired. The beast received the ball when scarcely ten paces from the muzzle of the musket, and rolled over dead. It was a narrow escape, and the saved man offered thanks to God for His marvellous interposition.

The Cause of the Defeat in Ohio of the Sec ond or Prohibition Amendment was thus eloquently explained on November 2d, in the course of a speech at Lutherville, Md., by *Mr. George A. Hilton*, who was one of the most prominent workers for the amendment in the campaign: "If in the late contest in Ohio, principle instead of selfish policy had prompted the heretofore dominant party of that State, the success of the Second or Prohibition Amendment would have been assured beyond all question. And if in spite of all opposing elements the truth prevailed to-day, there remains but little doubt, in the light of glaring frauds already known to have been perpetrated, that 'prohibition of intoxicating liquors' was really carried by a majority of not less than twenty thousand votes. Woe be unto them upon whom rests the dreadful responsibility of setting at defiance the wishes of a determined people, supported by a law that reaches far beyond, and punishes with a surer judgment than the enactments of all human codes. A day of reckoning is at hand, and the *private* sentiment that impelled at least three hundred and seventy-five thousand citizens of Ohio to solemnly protest at the polls against the body and soul-blighting influences of a degrading and infamous traffic, will supply the *public* sentiment that in the very near future will redeem that great State from the grasp of weak and policy-truckling politicians."

THE WATCH BY FREDDY'S CRADLE.

IT was only a laborer's child. The doctor came and looked at it as it lay in its little bed breathing heavily, with now and again a momentary pause as if the tide of life was halting on the threshold. It was scarlet fever, he said; "there is a great deal of it about, and this seems to be a bad case. 'Dangerous?' Yes, it was dangerous." And then, seeing the mother's eyes fill with tears, he said, "but it may recover, we can never tell how these cases will turn out." He had many other patients to see that morning, and this was not nearly so important as those in the brown-stone houses. So he gave a few verbal directions, wrote a prescription, pocketed his dollar and a half—the doctor was always particular about that when attending a case in a laborer's cottage—and then went his way.

What a breaking heart he left behind him! Mary Vernon flung herself on her knees beside the little cradle in which lay her precious first-born, and wept as if her head was a fountain of tears. It seemed so little to that doctor, but to her it was as if the aspect of the whole world would change for her if that little life should be blotted out. The blow was too sudden and too dreadful to be borne easily, and she knelt there almost dazed with grief.

Presently the quick, vigorous step of a man sounded without. Mary started; it was her husband come home to his dinner. She had forgotten all about it, but it did not matter; her terrible news quoted from the doctor would prevent Charles Vernon eating the best dinner that could be set before him. Little Freddy was the

joy of the strong man's life, and if he died the two would sorrow together.

"Well, Mary," he said, speaking softly as he entered, "what does the doctor say? Why, how you've been crying! You don't mean that there is any danger?"

Then Mary told him, and he sat down, and, throwing his head on his hands, he shed the first tears that had fallen from his eyes in ten years. At last he rose, and looking down into the cradle with unutterable tenderness, he said, "Poor little fellow! Maybe it isn't true, Mary. Those doctors are not always right. We won't give up hope yet." Then he went to the drug-store and had the prescription made up, and having taken the medicine to his wife, went back to his work too sick at heart to eat the little dinner his wife had placed ready for him.

Mary resumed her watch over the child. He lay as if asleep, but she did not think he was really sleeping. It seemed more like insensibility. As she watched, her fancy played those tricks upon her that affectionate nurses are familiar with. She thought his face was getting paler; then she fancied the pauses in the breathing were longer and more frequent, until in her alarm she was near running out into the street and calling some one in to stay with her. Gradually she became calmer and her thoughts grew busy. She resolved as the result of her meditation to have some talk with Charles when he came home.

"As the mother watched, her thoughts were busy."

"Charley," she said, when she had answered his question about Freddy's state, "do you think God is going to take Freddy away to punish us? Seems to me that we have not done right since we were married. I used to pray every night and morning when I was a girl, but I have got out of the way of it now."

"So have I, Mary. It was not right, for we've had a happy home. I have had regular work, and though we are poor as things go, we have not wanted for anything. We ought to have thanked God for it. Especially since Freddy was born we ought to have looked to that. To-day when you told me what the doctor said, I felt like praying to have the child spared, and I felt too mean to do it. It seemed as if I only went to God when I wanted something. What do you say, shall we ask a clergyman to come in and say a prayer for the boy?"

"I don't think that is the right way," said the wife. "I think we ought to pray ourselves if it is to do any good. What the clergyman would say would not put us right. Seems to me that perhaps God is reminding us that we cannot get along without Him, and He is going to take Freddy away to teach us never to forget Him again. If Freddy dies I shall always want to go to heaven more than ever, so as to see him again."

This conversation was carried on in whispers as the two sat one on each side of the cradle where the child lay unconscious as he had lain all day. They both looked sadly at the little sufferer, and sorrow and remorse filled their hearts as they thought of this cherished treasure God had given them, and for which they had never even thanked Him. Both were conscious of their faults, for with both of them the removal of the restraints of a godly home, which their marriage and removal to another State had brought about, had been accompanied by a decadence of religious life. Charles had thought a walk with his pretty young wife on the Sunday morning and a pipe at home in the evening a pleasanter way of spending the day than the way he had been used to spend it as a boy at his father's house. As for Mary, she liked what Charley liked, and so they had scarcely been inside a church since they were married, and she, like Charley, had given up private prayer. Now, like Joseph's brethren in Egypt, they remembered their faults, and recognized in their bitter sorrow the retributive hand of God.

"If I had done wrong at the works," said Charles, after a long silence, "and I knew I had done wrong, I know well enough what I should do. I should go right up to the boss and own up whether I got bounced or not. I should not sulk. I feel like that about poor Freddy. I'm for telling God we are sorry, and we feel we have done wrong, and asking Him to forgive us. What say you, Mary?"

Mary thought so too, and they both knelt down, and in no formal way, but with all his heart in it, Charles Vernon confessed that he had forgotten God and that he was sorry for it. He pleaded for forgiveness, but he said nothing about the boy whose life hung in the balance. His ideas of honor would not let him ask God for a favor then, but Mary could not let the matter end so. As Charley said "Amen" her spirit rose, and she cried earnestly, "O dear Lord, do let our child live," to which Charles added "Amen." They both rose relieved, and returned to the cradle. There was no change there; but they did not expect one as the result of their prayer. But still they both felt more hopeful than before. All night long they watched, and before Charles went to his work in the morning he knelt again and offered a short prayer.

It was about an hour afterward that Mary, still on her knees by the side of the cradle, detected a change in the child's breathing. It became less rapid and more natural, and putting her hand on the brow so hot and dry last night, she detected a slight perspiration. She knew the crisis had passed, and with tears of joy in her eyes she offered her thanks to God.

Presently the doctor came again, and this time spoke hopefully, and said the medicine was doing wonders. Mary did not know, but she thought perhaps the change was not altogether due to the medicine. When Charles hurried in at dinner time, not knowing but that he might find his treasure dead, he heard the good news with a bounding heart. Freddy gradually recovered, and every step in his progress was marked by renewed consecration on the part of his father and mother. The neighbors praised the doctor's skill, but Mary and her husband have always believed that God in His mercy raised their child from the brink of the grave when He saw that His chastisement had fulfilled its mission. And they did not, when the danger was past, forget the vows they had made in the darkness of the shadow of death.

POVERTY'S PREY.

A SERIAL STORY.

(*Continued from page 719.*)

To Prison Again.

DAVY stood in a dark corner over against the house, watching its inmates pass to and fro. There was old Euclid going in with his empty basket; it was quite empty; so he must have had a good day. And presently he saw the glimmer of a candle in the garret-window. What would Victoria say when she saw him and his prison-crop for the first time? He was almost as much afraid of her and Euclid as he was of Blackett. Could he make them believe that he had only been in jail for begging? Surely they would not be too hard on him for that! Yet he felt the old glow of shame again at the thought of going out to beg.

His mother would believe it, and know it to be true. He was longing for the sight of her; but he dare not go past Blackett's open door. The tears smarted under his eyelids as he thought of how soon now he was going to see her. Then a dark dread crossed his mind. He had been away for three months; and suppose his mother should be dead! Oh, if that could be! Dead and buried, and he never to see her again!

At length Blackett came out, and staggered up the street toward the enticing spirit-vaults at the corner. Now was the moment. He crept cautiously to the entrance, and then darted through the lighted passage almost at a bound. In an instant his hand was on the latch; and, flinging open his mother's door, he rushed

in, panting, and closed it after him, as if fearful of being pursued. He could hardly see for a moment, though there was a candle in the room. But, when he looked round, there was his mother lying on the bare sacking of her miserable bed, her face pale as death, and her sunken eyes, with a famished, ravenous expression in them, fastened eagerly on him. They told a tale of terrible suffering. It seemed to David as if he had almost forgotten his mother's face while he had been in jail, and that now he saw it afresh, with all the story of her pain and anguish printed upon it. He stood motionless, staring at her; and she lifted herself up on the bed, and held out her arms to him.

"O Davy, my boy! Davy!" she cried, "come to me! come quickly!"

With a deep groan, such as is rarely wrung from the lips of a man, the boy flung himself into his mother's arms; and the mother bore the shock of agony it caused her without a cry.

This was her son, her firstborn. He was the baby who had first lain in her bosom, now so tortured with ceaseless pain, and who had filled her whole heart with love and joy. She could recollect how his father had looked down upon them both with mingled pride and shyness. She almost forgot her pain in the rapture of fondling him once again. Her shrivelled, wasted hand, whose fingers were drawn up with long years of toil, stroked his poor head, with its prison-crop of hair, where the baby's flaxen curls had grown; and her lips were pressed again and again to his face. She could not let him go.

"I was doin' nothin' but beggin' for you, mother," he sobbed out at last.

"I know, Davy; I know," she said, sinking back exhausted, but still holding fast his hand, and devouring him with her eyes. "It couldn't be no sin, God in heaven knows. You'll make a good man yet, in spite of all, like your father, Davy. You're as like him as like can be!"

She lay looking at him with a smile on her face. So much care had been taken of him in the jail, that he looked more like a man, or at least gave more promise of growing into a strong, capable man like his father, than he had ever done while he starved on scanty fare at home. His face, too, had lost its boyish carelessness, and wore an air of thought, almost of gloom, such as sat on most men's faces.

"Maybe I ought to ha' gone into the house," she said, as her eyes caught sight of David's short, dark hair. "It's bad for folks to say you ever went a-beggin', and was took up for it. But I never knew nobody go into the house as I should like to be with, or have Bess be with. Most of the folks as have gone out of our street 'ud shame the bad place itself; and it 'ud be worse than dyin' to live among 'em all day, and all night, too. I always said, and I promised father when he was dyin', I swore a oath to him, as long as I could stand at a tub, I'd never mix myself up with such a lot, or let his boy and girl go among 'em. But maybe I ought to ha' given in, instead of lettin' you go a-beggin'," she added, with a profound sigh.

"No, no, mother; don't you fret about me," answered David. "Why! I've learned a trade in—there," he said, avoiding the name "jail." "And I know how to work now, and I'll keep you and Bess. Sometimes I used to think, s'pose they'd only taught me outside, without goin' inside that place! I'd have learned it with more heart, and never got the bad name as folks will give me now. I can mend boots and shoes prime now; and I can read and write almost like a scholar. But I shall never get over being in there!"

"Oh, you will, you will, my lad!" cried his mother faintly and sadly.

"No, I can't never forget it," he said, with a look of shame and sorrow on his face. "Father's name was always good, and mine never can be. Mother, if they'd only tried to find out if I spoke true! But they didn't take no time or trouble. I didn't know where I was afore the magistrate said, 'Three months!' And they bundled me away as if I weren't worth taking trouble about. I'm a jail-bird now."

"No, no!" sobbed his mother.

"That's what the neighbors'll call me," he went on. "And Blackett'll crow over me. They'll never believe I was only beggin.' I feel as if I couldn't hold my head up to face them or Bess. Where's Bess, mother?"

But, as he spoke, Bess came in, and, with a cry of delight, ran to him, and flung her arms round his neck. He could not rid himself of those clinging arms; and he burst into a passion of weeping as Bess kissed him again and again.

"They were wicked, cruel people as sent you to jail, Davy," she repeated over and over again, "cruel and wicked! cruel and wicked!"

It was some minutes before they could speak to one another in any other words, or before Bess remembered on what errand she had been absent when David came home.

"They can't let us have the ring this evening, mother," she said after a while. "Mr. Quirk's away till this time to-morrow; and Mrs. Quirk says as she daren't part with any o' the rings without him."

"What ring?" asked David.

"Mother's ring," answered Bess.

"We were forced to part with it, Davy," said his mother in a pleading tone, as if to justify herself to him. "I'd clemmed myself till I could bear it no longer, and every think else was gone. It was the last time I set foot out o' doors. I carried it myself to Mr. Quirk's, and swore as I'd redeem it. And Bess there has earned money to redeem it; and we thought we'd get it back to-night. But you're come back instead, my lad; and I can bear to go without the ring."

His mother's wedding-ring had been all his life to him a sacred thing, the only sacred thing he knew of. It was blended with all his earliest childish thoughts of his dead father, whom he had never known, but of whom his mother talked so often of an evening when work was done, and she wore the ring, and when the glimmer of it in the dim firelight made it visible, though almost all else was in darkness. All the inherent superstition and reverence for sacred symbols common to our nature centred for David in his mother's wedding-ring. He knew what straits of gnawing hunger Bess and his mother must have undergone before they would part with it; and his bitterness and heaviness of heart—for he had left jail in bitterness and heaviness of heart—were increased tenfold by this loss of her ring.

"We'll have it to-morrow," he said in a stern and passionate voice.

Yet they were on the whole happy that evening; it was so much to be together again. Bess had plenty to tell of her daily tramps through the streets, and David talked of his plans for the future; while their mother listened to them, thankful beyond all words to have her boy in her sight once more. Even during the night, when she heard him turning uneasily to and fro on the scanty heap of straw they had managed to get for him to lie on, so hard to him after his comfortable hammock and warm rug in the jail, her heart felt lighter than it had done for many months. Her poverty continued, her sore pain was not less agonizing; but David was at home again, and life was once more dear to her.

Bess was up as usual in the morning; and David would have gone with her, but for Euclid. He shrank from meeting any of the neighbors; and, if it had been possible, he would have remained indoors till his hair had grown long again. All the day he stayed in the dark, unwholesome room, talking at times with his mother, but generally sitting silent, with his head resting on his hands. The hours seemed endless. Hunger and cold he had borne with courage, and he could do so still; but shame he could not bear. Pride in a good name was the only moral lesson he had been taught; and his good name was gone. His mother had sympathy enough to guess what troubled him; but she did not know how to comfort him. There was a vague, indistinct feeling in their minds that he had not forfeited his good name; he had been robbed of it.

At last evening came, and Bess went out again to redeem the precious pledge. Both David and his mother forgot their troubles for a brief space of time as they thought of seeing it shine once more on her hand, so wasted and shrivelled now, and so different from the firm young hand that had first worn it. It had been a brand-new ring when David Fell bought it—no other would satisfy the proud young artisan—a thick, heavy ring of gold, such as the finest lady in the land might wear.

"It's here, mother!" cried Bess, running in almost breathless, with the small, precious packet in her hand. David lighted the candle, and held it beside his mother, as her trembling fingers unfolded the paper in which it was wrapped. But what was this? A thin, battered ring, worn almost to a thread. No more like the one they all knew so well, than this bare and desolate room was like the pleasant house David Fell had provided for his young wife. Mrs. Fell uttered a bitter cry of disappointment.

"O Davy!" she cried, "it isn't mine! it isn't mine!"

In two minutes from that fatal cry of despair, David, panting, bareheaded, nearly mad with passion, stood on the pavement in front of the pawn-shop. There was no need to enter it; for Mr. Quirk was pacing to and fro in front of his premises, inviting the passer-by to inspect his goods. He was a short, undersized, knavish-looking man. David confronted him with a white face and dilating nostrils, holding out the ring to him.

"It isn't mother's!" he gasped. "You've give Bess somebody else's ring. This ain't mother's ring."

"That's Mary Fell's ring," drawled Mr. Quirk sneeringly, and as coolly as if he had prepared himself for the charge, "as she pledged here to me two months ago. That's her ring."

"Give me my mother's own ring!" shouted David, every nerve and muscle tingling with all the force and energy he had in him. "Give me her ring, you swindling thief!"

"It's Mary Fell's ring," repeated the pawnbroker stubbonly; "and Mary Fell's well known as a thief and a drunkard, and something worse."

Scarcely had the words against his mother's good name been pronounced, before David had flung himself in his rage, and the unusual vigor he had brought from jail, upon the puny man, who was unprepared for the attack. The boy and the man were not ill matched, and blow after blow was given. The battered old ring fell to the pavement, and was trodden under their feet. A circle of spectators gathered as if by magic about them in an instant, none of whom cared to interrupt the sport such a contest afforded. There were cries and cheers of encouragement on all hands, until the combatants fell, David uppermost.

"What's all this about?" inquired a policeman, elbowing his way through the crowd, and calmly looking on for a minute, while David still struck hard at his enemy, who was struggling up to his feet. The policeman seized the lad by the collar, and he tried to shake off his hold as he faced the pawnbroker blind and deaf with rage.

"Give me my mother's ring!" he shouted.

"I give him in charge," said Mr. Quirk, welcoming the policeman's interference; while David felt an awful thrill of despair run through him as he saw whose hand was grasping him. "I was a-doin' nothing, and he up and at me like a tiger," added the pawnbroker.

"Ay, he did; I saw him," cried a woman standing at the pawn-shop door. "He's a young jail-bird; everybody can see that."

It was only too plainly to be seen. David was now standing perfectly still in the policeman's grip, pale and frightened, with a hang-dog air, which told powerfully against him. One of the passers-by, an intelligent, well-dressed mechanic, pressed forward a little, asking, "Why did you meddle with the man?

What's this about a ring?" But the policeman checked David's attempts to reply.

"That's no business of mine," he said sharply. "You give this lad in charge?"

He addressed himself to Mr. Quirk, who replied plaintively:

"I'm a householder and a rate-payer," he said, "and I give him in charge."

"Then you'll make your defence before the court," said the policeman to David. "Come along with you!"

David glanced round the cluster of faces hemming him in. Some of them he knew. Blackett was there, grinning triumphantly, and Roger was peeping behind him, half afraid of being caught by his father. Euclid had stopped for a moment, with his basket on his arm, and was looking on with an amazed and puzzled face. David dared not call upon any of them by name; but he cried out, in a lamentable voice, which touched and startled many of the careless onlookers:

"Will somebody tell my mother what's befell me?"

He saw Roger make him a sign that he had heard and would fulfil his request, before he was marched off to the police-station to pass a night there—no longer a strange and unprecedented occurrence to David.

(To be continued.)

DAVID AND GOLIATH.

S. S. Lesson for Nov. 25, 1 Sam. 17: 38-51. Golden Text, ver. 47. By Mrs. M. Baxter.

Israel's National Trouble—Confronting Armies—The Champion's Challenge—His Insolence—The Stalwart King in Fear—God's Order of Battle Forgotten—Saul not the Only Resource—David's Arrival in Camp—Snubbed by his Brother—Summoned to the King—His Confidence in God's Power—His Invulnerable Armor—The Fall of the Philistine.

THE key-note of our subject for to-day is the verse chosen for our golden text, "All this assembly shall know that the Lord saveth not with sword and spear: for the battle is the Lord's, and He will give you into our hands." Saul had grievously failed, by taking the direction into his own hands, and he was now the rejected of God. David had been anointed king, but was in no way acknowledged as such, and was living a life of obscurity. True, he had been for a time at court, but he was now again the keeper of his father's sheep.

Troubles had risen upon the political horizon of Israel, for the Philistines gathered together their armies to battle, and Saul and the men of Israel were gathered against them; the contending armies having each taken up a position on a mountain side with a valley between them. Hostilities had not yet commenced on either side. But a man of almost unprecedented height and strength came forth out of the Philistine camp and challenged the camp of Israel to find

A CHAMPION

on their side with whom he would settle the matter in single combat. The height of this man, Goliath of Gath, could not have been much under ten feet, and the weight of his armor was something astounding, over 2 cwt.; the staff of his spear was like a weaver's beam; and his spear's head weighed six hundred shekels of iron, *i.e.*, 25 lbs.

This man sought to intimidate the hosts of Israel. He stood in full sight of the Israelitish army, in all the strength of his giant proportions, and cried out to them, probably in a voice which accorded with his commanding appearance, "Why are ye come out to set your battle in array? Am not I a Philistine, and ye servants to Saul? choose you a man for you, and let him come down to me. If he be able to fight with me, and to kill me, then will we be your servants; but if I prevail against him, and kill him, then shall ye be our servants, and serve us." How came it that this man addressed himself to the people and not to Saul? how is it there was no recognition of his authority as king? The appearance, the court, the state were all there, but of real power there was none, and his very enemies seemed to feel it. The giant called upon the people, and not upon the king, to choose their defender. Seeing that his challenge was met with consternation and silence, the Philistine grew bolder, and defied the armies of Israel. Saul was the one man whose physique was most adapted to the encounter, but no such thought possessed him. The king, whom the children of Israel had desired to go before them and fight their battles (1 Sam. 8: 20) was now

"DISMAYED AND GREATLY AFRAID,"

and all Israel with him.

Where were the promises of the living God? where was His command that when they went to battle against their enemies, and saw horses and chariots, and a people more than they, they should not be afraid of them, "for the Lord thy God is with thee?" Had they failed to observe the order of battle commanded in Deut. 20: 2-4: "And it shall be, when ye are come nigh unto the battle, that the priest shall approach and speak unto the people, and shall say unto them, Hear, O Israel, ye approach this day unto battle against your enemies; let not your hearts faint, fear not, and do not tremble, neither be ye terrified because of them: for the Lord your God is He that goeth with you, to fight for you against your enemies, to save you." Had Samuel not been deposed, he would, no doubt, have encouraged the people according to God's command; but Saul, from whom the Spirit of the Lord was departed, could only discourage them.

Israel's defence, however, did not depend on reprobate Saul;

GOD HAD OTHER RESOURCES.

It was only after the challenge of the Philistine had been repeated forty days or nearly six weeks that David came upon the scene. Three of the sons of Jesse were soldiers in Saul's army, and David, no longer needed at court in the time of war, was quite content to go back to his old humble occupation. Jesse was anxious to get news from the front, and sent David rather than his other four sons, to go and bring him back tidings. David was not loath to go, and he arose early, and left the sheep with a keeper, not with his brethren, to do his father's bidding. He arrived just as the armies were about to begin the conflict, and shouted for the battle.

But once again before blood was shed, Goliath made a last challenge to the Israelites. David heard it; it was the talk of the camp, and he asked eagerly, "What shall be done to the man that killeth this Philistine, and taketh away the reproach from Israel? for who is this uncircumcised Philistine, that he should defy the armies of the living God?" By Saul and the people it was regarded as a political matter, but David saw the cause of God and His honor to be at stake, and God's cause was David's cause. Eliab, David's eldest brother, in common with all the men of Israel, fled from the giant, and was sore afraid of him, and now that he saw a purpose and a courage in his brother David, which put him to shame, he was mortified. Instead, however, of owning his own fault and his brother's superiority, he attempted to calumniate him by ascribing to him the worst of motives, "Why camest thou down hither? and with whom hast thou left those few sheep in the wilderness? I know thy pride, and the naughtiness of thine heart; for thou art come down that thou mightest see the battle." David's dignified and unanswerable answer was, "What have I now done?

IS THERE NOT A CAUSE?"

But David did not push himself forward. It was Saul who sent for him, and then David said to the king, "Let no man's heart fail because of him; thy servant will go and fight with this Philistine. And Saul said to David, Thou are not able." Measuring the frail, ruddy youth with the herculean strength of the Philistine giant, the odds seemed immense against David. And is it not thus in many of our lives? our difficulties of natural disposition, our circumstances, the characters of those around us are more than we can grapple with, we are *not able*. But the young shepherd had had experiences of which the king knew nothing, the Lord was with him, and he had been enabled to conquer in the conflict with the strongest beasts of the forest, had snatched a lamb of the flock from the mouth of a lion, and from the mouth of a bear, and slain them, and on this ground he said, with the certainty of one who trusts in God, "The Lord that delivered me out of the paw of the lion, and out of the paw of the bear, He will deliver me out of the hand of this Philistine." Yes, God was able; God's ability was to be matched against the Philistine the Almighty against the giant.

David did not see himself in the struggle, he stood altogether on one side as a spectator; the Lord would do it. Dear reader, is it thus with you? When any difficulty presents itself do you look to *your* resources or to God's? Is your life so really the Lord's that you can claim that all which concerns you concerns Him, too, and thus make your battle to be the Lord's? Is it the Lord who is to deal with that husband, or wife, or child of yours? Is it the Lord who is to undertake in that inextricable business of yours, which will involve many besides yourself? Is it the Lord who undertakes that long-standing sickness of yours? Are these things quite out of your hands and into His, and is He able? Can He do it? Then how can it fail? "Saul said to David, Go, and the Lord be with thee." But the king thought the Lord was not to be trusted without some little help, and so armed David with his armor; but David soon divested himself of all this: "I cannot go with these; for I have not proved them:" he *had* proved God, and was ready to go with Him.

To human eyes unarmed, taking with him only five smooth stones from the brook, David went forth to meet the Philistine. But in reality he was better armed than the giant,

AN INVULNERABLE ARMOR,

even the wings of the Almighty, were about him, and God Himself was his shield. The Philistine looked about for some worthy opponent, and disdained David; he wanted to show forth his own prowess, and to conquer this stripling he thought hardly worth while, so he cursed David, and promised that he should soon be the food of the fowls of the air and the beasts of the field. Then David said, "Thou comest to me with a sword, and with a spear, and with a shield: but I come to thee in the name of the Lord of hosts, the God of the armies of Israel, whom thou hast defied. This day will the Lord deliver thee into mine hand; . . . that all the earth may know that

THERE IS A GOD IN ISRAEL.

And all this assembly shall know that the Lord saveth not with sword and spear: for the battle is the Lord's, and He will give you into our hands." Reader, had you been in David's place would you have had no misgivings? would you not have thought better to be not quite so positive? David was sure of his ground, because he dealt with God.

It did not take God long to slay the Philistine; a simple stone directed by the hand of God sunk in the giant's forehead, and he fell upon his face to the earth; then David cut off his head with his own sword. But all was not yet over: the youth had promised the Philistines that not he only, but all the host of the Philistines, should be a prey to the birds and beasts. God had all in hand; terror took possession of the Philistines when they saw their champion was dead, and new courage revived in the hearts of the children of Israel when they saw that God, through David, was fighting for them. The Philistines were routed, slain and spoiled, and David returned to Saul with the head of the giant in his hand; victory was complete, the Lord had conquered, not by sword or spear, but through one of the weak things of this world. Let us make common cause with God, trust Him with the fighting of our battles, and then the victory will be no doubtful one.

The Christian Herald for 1884.

THE editor of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD has a few words to say on behalf of the publishers, to the friends of the paper That is not an uncommon occurrence, as every week, with undeviating regularity, the two parties are brought into friendly, and as there is substantial reason to believe, profitable communication. But this week a subject is dwelt upon which is very seldom referred to in these columns. That subject is the journal itself.

First. There is an agreeable duty to perform. The circulation THE CHRISTIAN HERALD has attained during the comparatively short time it has been published in this country, is unparalleled in the history of religious journalism. That fact is remarkable, because the paper has been so little advertised and the army of canvassers it is generally thought necessary to the prosperity of a weekly journal to employ, has not been employed by THE CHRISTIAN HERALD. Yet the readers of the paper have continued increasing in number year by year. The present circulation is therefore almost wholly due to the kind efforts of voluntary canvassers, who have introduced the paper to their friends. The sincere thanks of the publishers are due to them, and are hereby tendered.

Second. The friends of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD will be pleased to learn that God is using the paper in the work of converting souls and in strengthening, encouraging, and comforting His people. It is the conviction that the paper is being thus used, that has induced its friends to work in order to extend its influence. The year now drawing to a close has been in this way the most remarkable in the history of the paper. The hearts of all engaged on the paper have been gladdened by reading testimonies from every State of the Union, of the good it has been the means of doing. For these results the publishers claim no merit. They are, however, humbly thankful to God who has given to their efforts His blessing, without which the best efforts would have failed.

Third. It is possible that much more good may be done in the coming year. THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, as heretofore, will rely chiefly upon the efforts of its friends everywhere to extend its circulation. It depends upon them whether the growth of its subscription list shall continue and increase in regular progression. If every subscriber could secure one other subscriber—which would not be a difficult undertaking—the list would, of course, be doubled at once. But more than that might be done. It is not necessary to canvass; it is only necessary to show any number of the paper, and to say that it is a fair specimen of the other numbers. Those, too, who desire to do so, can have a bundle of back numbers for distribution by sending a postal card to the Manager; and a statement of terms will be sent to any one who will act as agent in his own locality.

Fourth. THE CHRISTIAN HERALD will continue—God willing—in the future, the same work, on the same lines, as in the past. If it is possible by divine help to make it brighter, more interesting, and more useful than it has been, neither labor nor expense will be spared in the attempt, but there is no intention to abandon the general plan which God has blessed. It is intended that, as heretofore, every number shall contain:

I. The portrait and biography of some eminent person.

II. A verbatim report of the sermon Dr. Talmage preached on the Sunday morning immediately preceding the day on which the paper is issued.

III. An article expounding some portion of the prophecies of the Word of God.

IV. A series of short anecdotes and incidents furnished by evangelists and Christian workers in all parts of the world.

V. A new sermon by Mr. C. H. Spurgeon, the eminent London preacher, which by a special arrangement with his publishers is sent in proof sheets to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD the day before it is published in England.

VI. Pictures illustrating scenes of foreign missionary work, or passing events, or stories of a directly evangelistic influence.

VII. An exposition of the International Sunday-School lesson, written by Mrs. M. Baxter, for the assistance of teachers.

VIII. An instalment of a serial story free from sensationalism and distinctly religious in its tendency.

IX. A summary of the events of the week, viewed from a Christian point of view, giving information as to public matters of general interest and advocating general social and political reforms, and individual abstinence from intoxicating liquors.

This is a list of the chief and prominent features of each number, and, though there are generally other features, those above mentioned are *never omitted.* A journal adhering without deviation to that programme, and with no denominational bias, every Christian pastor may recommend to his congregation with confidence, and every Christian worker may usefully recommend to his friends. If those subscribers who have assisted in circulating THE CHRISTIAN HERALD in the past will continue their efforts, and those who have hitherto neglected to introduce it, will now commence to show it and recommend it, and if all who read it will pray that God will bless it, the year 1884 will be a year of extended usefulness for the paper and the good it has been enabled to do in the past will be only the first fruits of an abundant harvest.

Below are a few extracts from a large number of letters containing similar testimonies, which have been recently received from subscribers in various States who bear witness of the good work the paper is doing in their respective localities.

Dr. Talmage writes: "I congratulate the *Christian Herald* on its widening field. The paper is full of compressed information, and bears evidence of having an especial mission. Mr. Fernie has proved his rare qualifications for this sphere of editorial work, and has displayed a unique faculty for spiritualizing ordinary events, which otherwise might pass without any significance."

The Rev. Charles F. Deems, D.D., LL.D., writes: "For several years I have been a reader of the *Christian Herald*, and have enjoyed it. No man of sense critically approves all departments of any newspaper, whether edited by himself or another, but, with this abatement, I can cordially recommend the *Christian Herald* as bright, instructive, interesting, and trustworthy. It is remarkable for being *timely.* It does not give old news, nor uncertain news, nor useless news, nor wicked news, but much news that is interesting and instructive. Every week I send my copy away, sometimes to distant parts of the earth, believing it will do good."

The Rev. A. J. Gordon, D.D., of Boston, Mass., writes: "It would give me great pleasure to distribute copies of the *Christian Herald* in my congregation. I will call especial attention to them. I value the paper very highly, and am constantly recommending it."

From Australia. M. John Esler, of Stewart's Camp, Riverena Plains, N. S. W. Australia, writes: "I am a regular reader of your widely-circulated paper, which I get from New York by mail. I spend many happy hours in the loneliness of the Australian Bush reading its valuable pages. I should like to express my gratitude to its editor and to the writers whose articles it publishes. God grant the *Christian Herald* a still wider circulation, and bless it still more in the salvation of souls."

From China. The Rev J. N. Hayes, of Shanghai, China, in renewing his subscriptions, writes: "We enjoy your most excellent papers in our China home."

Argusville, N. Y. "Your worthy paper finds a higher regard from year to year in my estimation, and should be sorry to do without it."—REV. W. S. THRALL.

Bethel, Me. "May the dear Lord bless you abundantly for the good work constantly being done by your precious little paper."—REV. JACOB HORTON.

Detroit, Mich. "I have read your paper for four years, and have derived much pleasure and spiritual benefit from its perusal."—L. W.

Orangeville, Ill. "You deserve the appreciation of the Christian public in furnishing so good a paper at so low a price, and you have it. Everybody likes the *Christian Herald.*"—REV. F. W. STUMP.

Constantine, Mich. "I may say that I esteem your paper very highly, and its weekly visits are most welcome. I always look forward to them."—REV. WM. S. BUCK.

Eddystone, N. Y. "We are always glad when the day comes for the *Christian Herald* to arrive."—REV. W. A. COFFIN.

Fort Worth, Tex. "I think this paper is the best Christian moralizer I ever read. May God bless you in your editorial labor."—H. C. J.

Olean, N. Y. "My family as well as myself consider it indispensable."—O. P. BOARDMAN.

Springfield, Ala. "I have never seen a paper I like more. It is so helpful, so sunny, so rich in good things."—REV. JAMES B. HALL.

Vernon, Ala. The *Christian Herald* has already been a blessing to me. By grace it has taught me the sweet simplicity of Jesus' salvation, the vine-like clinging to Him who is able to save us."—J. T. A.

Philadelphia, Pa. "My husband says he would rather give up one meal a day than do without the *Christian Herald.*"—E. P. J.

Chicago, Ill. "It is one of the most interesting papers I ever read, touching as it does on all important topics concerning Christianity."—E. ALLEN.

Walker Station, Tex. "We cannot do without the *Christian Herald.* The time of its arrival is looked forward to with much interest, and it would be missed as a very dear friend. It was my great comforter during a recent spell of severe illness. May God bless your paper to others as He has blessed it to us."—R. G. S.

Lykens, Pa. "It is an excellent paper; I do not know how I could do without it."—REV. N. A. BARR.

Rice's Landing, Pa. "We cannot do without you. You are a part of our household."—REV. J. POWER BAIRD.

Big Spring, Pa. "I have been taking this paper for over four years, and it is one of the most welcome in our home."—REV. J. J. LOWERY.

Barnesville, Ga. "I am exceedingly anxious for its extensive circulation, as it fills my idea of a family paper more fully than any I have ever read."—WM. K. MURPHY.

Leicester, N. C. The *Christian Herald* is gaining ground here. Those who have been taking it say they cannot do without it."—REV. JOHN PARHAM.

Chapman's Quarries, Pa. "Several members of my congregation are constant readers of your paper, and I am happy to report that great good is being done. One man who died last week was helped to eternal life by something he read in the *Christian Herald.* May God continue to bless the paper."—REV. ALFRED HEEBNER.

Fowles, N. C. "I so appreciate your paper, its religious tone and its sound purposes that I am induced, not only to renew my subscription, but to send two other names with good wishes for your success and welfare."—CYRUS FOSCOL.

Childress, Tenn. "I have no language to express my appreciation of the *Christian Herald.*"—Rev. B. F. White.

Opelika, Ala. "It has no equal as a religious journal in my estimation."—REV. F. A. THREADGILL.

Woodsboro, Md. "It is truly a comfort to me to read the *Christian Herald*, and I would rather discontinue any paper that comes to my study than it."—REV. D. M. LA MOTTE.

Moranton, Tenn. "I have taken your paper for some time, and I am so well pleased with it that I want it spread all over the country."—J. T. S.

Peterboro, Ont., Canada. "I would not give up the *Christian Herald* for ten times its cost. I can truly say it has been a blessing to me."—J. S.

Bayfield, Ont., Canada. "I would rather discontinue any or all of my subscription papers than do without the *Christian Herald*, and I thank God for placing it within my reach."—REV. R. MCCOSH.

Lawrenceville, Ga. "I bless the Lord for what He has done for my soul through the pages of the *Christian Herald.* May God bless you in your good work."—A. E. D.

Bainbridge, Ga. "It is useless for me to say what I think of the *Christian Herald.* A renewed subscription with three new names tells its own story"—E. R. P. *

Golden, Col. "It is a noble paper. May the Lord greatly bless you and prosper you in the future."—REV. CHARLES M. JONES.

Lodi, Tex. "It is almost worth its weight in gold."—E. H. K.

Bayport Conn. "The superiority of the *Christian Herald* should satisfy the most fastidious."—A. S. H.

Avery, Iowa. "I am much pleased with your paper, and shall take pleasure in trying to increase your subscription list."—J. A. T.

Lima, Ill. "The *Christian Herald* is doing a grand work."—J. W. M.

Hamburg, N. J. "It is an indispensable paper in almost every family."—B. H. E.

Gainesville, Ga. "Yours is a great good paper, and I wish you success."—A. A. M.

Happy Home, N. C. "I esteem it above all my other papers; it will do good wherever it is introduced. . . . The main attraction and beauty of the paper are its non-partisan politics, condemning wrong and upholding the right irrespective of party. I pray the richest blessings of Heaven on the mission of the *Christian Herald.*"—D. P. G.

Norwood, Iowa. "I regard it as one of the best publications issued. Especially interesting are those short paragraphs on the signs of the times."—C. P. F.

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* Stories of this kind are always read with pleasure in the office of the CHRISTIAN HERALD.—ED.

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD AND SIGNS OF OUR TIMES.

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INCIDENTS IN THE LIFE OF MAJOR-GENERAL R. S. DOBBS.

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AN interesting and useful work has recently been published by a Christian officer in the British army, recounting particulars of his life in India and of the efforts he made to serve Christ among the soldiers. The book is entitled "Reminiscences of Life in Mysore, South Africa, and Burmah." The following extracts from it, accompanied by a portrait of the author, which appears on the first page, cannot fail to be read with interest.

General Dobbs was born about the year 1807, in Dublin, of a good family, and, from the age of twelve, was well instructed in the Bible, and often impressed for a time by the preaching of the late Rev. Hugh M'Neile (afterward Dean of Ripon), at that period carrying on his beneficent ministrations with true evangelical fervor in Dublin. These early impressions, however, soon passed away, and from the age of sixteen to nineteen, young Dobbs threw himself into the gaieties of Dublin, and especially of the theatre.

CONVERSION ON BOARD SHIP.

Having entered the army, and received his commission, Mr. Dobbs embarked for India at the end of June, 1827, full of military ambition, and with romantic views of pleasurable enjoyment in that wonderful land. He had seen more of "gay life" than his brother officers who sailed with him, and was considered unusually wild. Nothing of any consequence occurred till July 30th, when, while pacing the quarter-deck with an officer named Patterson, three years older than himself, they commenced talking about religion and their past lives. Patterson remarked that he had no fear of the future, for, though he had committed many sins, he had been very charitable, and God would forgive his sins on account of his good deeds. The following colloquy followed, as narrated by General Dobbs himself: "I said, 'Let us not add to our sins by mocking God in talking of our goodness; our sins can be pardoned *only through Christ*, and we must be converted by the Holy Spirit, and entirely change our lives, if we would be saved.' He replied, 'That is rank fanaticism. You might as well say that we ought to throw ourselves into the sea.' I rejoined, 'Have you ever read the parable of the Pharisee and the Publican? I feel myself to be a Publican.'"

While thus speaking, an overwhelming sense of his sins, as committed against a loving Saviour, rushed into his soul. He hastened to his cabin, and spent that night in an agony of prayer. The fear of hell he never felt, but only the heart-breaking sense of sinning against Him who had died for him. Again and again that night he repeated the same words, "O Lord, Thou knowest how often I resolved to give up my sins, and follow Thee; but all in vain. I now form no resolves, I make no attempt to save myself; but throw myself at Thy feet to receive Thy free grace." Ere the sun rose next morning, he received, by the mighty power of the Holy Spirit, the full assurance of pardoning love, and his soul was filled with joy.

COMMENCES WORK FOR CHRIST.

The very next day he avowed the change he had experienced, and exhorted his fellow-passengers to come to Jesus. There was one young officer, Charles M'Kenzie, who had been brought up under the cold shade of moderate Presbyterianism, who read his Bible daily, and repeated a prayer; but, having lived in a retired place in the Highlands, had never heard of, much less understood, the nature of spiritual religion, and during the past month on board ship, had nearly, if not altogether, cast off his educational religion. The change in the gayest man on board, who, with patronizing kindness, was initiating him into the knowledge of the world's pleasures, came on this youth (he was only sixteen) as a miracle. He began at once to read the Bible with Mr. Dobbs, and one morning said, "I cannot explain—in fact, I do not understand—the change which has come over me." He had no intellectual knowledge of the work of the Spirit, who was working in him mightily, through the first spiritual words ever addressed to him. M'Kenzie soon found rest in Christ, and lived a consistent, Christian life in India for twenty years, till sickness compelled him to retire, and go to Australia, where he died many years ago.

UNFURLING HIS COLORS IN MADRAS.

Mr. Dobbs arrived in Madras in January, 1828, with an ardent desire to make known the love of Jesus to his brother officers. During his short stay in the cadets' quarters, one cadet was brought to a knowledge of Christ, who died, a few months later, happy in the Lord. A few days after his arrival, Mr. Dobbs was appointed to do duty with the 16th Native Infantry, in Vellore, and the party of cadets for that and some other stations marched from Madras under the command of a lieutenant of some standing. The youthful convert was soon called on to show his colors, for, with only one or two exceptions, the party consisted of thoughtless youths, whose profane conversation was encouraged rather than checked by the commanding officer. Cadet Dobbs was enabled, however, to put a stop to such conversation at mess, by threatening to report the lieutenant to the Adjutant-General, if he did not put a stop to language which was opposed to the Articles of War.

From this period commenced a life devoted to Christ, and characterized by intense fervor in winning others in the narrow way which leads to eternal life. His devotion to military duty secured him the unqualified respect of his superior officers, and his progress was comparatively rapid. We shall now, however, let General Dobbs speak for himself. He says:

"In 1834 a chief commissioner, and four superintendents (or commissioners) were appointed for the government of the whole country of Mysore, which was divided into four districts or provinces, with an aggregate area of about 30,000 square miles.

"Over one of these districts called Chittledroog, wth an area of about 6000 square miles, as a young British officer, I was placed, and was invested with undivided power in every department, with only a few general rules to guide me, but with the advantage of not only being authorized to apply officially for instructions whenever I thought necessary, but also to correspond freely with the experienced chief commissioner of Mysore.

"Our first march was to Cuddub, a large town twenty miles from my headquarters. I, of course, rode, but my wife travelled in a palanquin. All along the road I was greeted at each town and village with arches of flowers placed across the road, and a procession of the villagers, among whom prominently walked the temple dancing girls, which was considered a special mark of distinction. This practice I had much difficulty in stopping, as the people could not enter into my objections. These women, though called *the wives of the gods*, were brought up by the Brahmin priests to a life of immorality. (*See Frontispiece.*)

"On getting up the next morning, I observed the light shining through the walls of our sleeping tent, and found that both the outer and inner walls had been cut through during the night, and my writing-desk, which was lying open on my table, was gone. On going outside, I found the desk open as I had left it the previous evening, and not a single article missing, not even the rupees which it contained. Though I was a very light sleeper, the thief had passed under our bed to the table, and though there was no light in the tent, carried off the desk without awakening us. From my subsequent knowledge, I believe the thieves had got alarmed at the thought of robbing the chief magistrate.

"From Cuddub we marched to Chicknaikenhulli, a large and prosperous town, where we encamped under a splendid Banyan tree (sufficiently large to shelter a regiment); it was subsequently blown down in a storm.

THE PRINCIPAL HINDU FEAST.

"The Dessarah, or principal Hindu feast, was held at this time, and I received all the principal inhabitants sitting on a chair at my tent door. While thus engaged, a large troop of little Brahmin girls (many of them betrothed or married, as marked by their dress) walked in a circle round me several times, and presented me with flowers. While pondering on this unusual and extraordinary honor shown me by the daughters of the principal inhabitants, some of these fascinating and really beautiful children, asked me to *give money to the feast*. The object of the parents was now evident—a bold attempt to obtain my countenance to their idolatrous festival. (*See frontispiece.*) It was really a trying moment to me; my heart said, How can you resist their sweet innocent smiles? oh, it is only giving a few rupees to little girls. I, however, realized by God's grace that this affair was pregnant with importance, His own honor and glory being at stake. I might in a moment of weakness compromise my character, not only as a Christian, but as a Christian ruler; but while acting with decision, I then, as ever afterward, treated the natives with consideration. Not being sufficiently acquainted at that time with the vernacular language (Canarese) to explain myself on a difficult subject, I directed one of my interpreters to explain that while I could not in any way identify myself with their religion, neither would I interfere with it; that my religion forbade me countenancing any religion I did not approve of. They, of course, expressed themselves satisfied, and apologized for the forwardness of the little girls. Never afterward was any similar honor shown to me.

A RISING OF REBELS SUPPRESSED.

"In 1849, a tumultuous uprising of thousands of adherents of the Polligars took place near Chittledroog. Being pressed by the Chittledroog police, they crossed the frontier into the Nuggar Division. On Sunday morning my magistrate munshi came early to report that no intelligence had arrived during the night, and to apply for orders. I replied I had none to give; but shortly after he left me, and while I was *praying to God* for guidance, the conviction flashed across my mind that the marauders would be met by the Nuggar police, that they would recross the border, and take up a position on certain hills a few miles from Holalkerry (one hundred miles from Toomkoor, where I was). So strong was my conviction, that I at once sent for the munshi and sent an express to the native officer commanding the irregular cavalry stationed in the Chittledroog fort, directing him to proceed without delay to the hills indicated, where he probably would find the Polligars. The express reached this officer late at night; he lost no time, and accompanied by Lieut. Harkness, an officer attached to the companies which had come from Hurryhur, started before daylight.

"After a march of twenty-five miles, they reached Holalkerry about noon the following day, and were there informed by two detectives that the rioters had taken up a position on the hills referred to. The native officer proposed that men and horses should have a little rest, and get some refreshment before proceeding further. 'No,' replied young Harkness, 'let us not delay one moment, the enemy will get word of our approach, and escape.' They accordingly pressed on (*see frontispiece*), and completely surprised the insurgents. One-half of the men dismounted, and, led by Harkness, ascended the hill and captured all the Polligars

and their followers, who made but feeble resistance. Thus, through the prompt measures taken, the activity of the police, and energy of this valiant young officer, the rising was suppressed without a single village being plundered, or a drop of blood shed.

A BRAVE LIEUTENANT CONVERTED.

"The sequel to this narrative will interest all who value religion above the most important affairs of this present world. Shortly after the circumstances narrated, official duty called me to Davenghery, a large town, eight miles distant from Hurryhur, where an old Hyderabad friend commanded. I had not seen Colonel Justice for many years, and was glad to have this opportunity to visit him.

"Justice was now, like myself, a married man, and said, 'You must spend Sunday with us.' I replied I would be most happy, but expected to be the chaplain for the day, and that, as he knew, while using the Episcopal Service, I always preached extempore. He expressed his cordial acquiescence with my proposal, and accordingly I joined him on Saturday evening.

"The next day, both at morning and evening service, all the Christian community, with the exception of two sick officers, assembled in the mess-house (*see frontispiece*); among them was *Lieut. Harkness*, who had never once since his arrival in India, seven years previously, attended any place of worship. I preached in the morning on the text: 'Almost thou persuadest me to be a Christian,' and God's Holy Spirit brought home conviction to the heart of the above-mentioned officer, who yielded himself to Christ, and having lived a consistent Christian life for thirty years, died as a major-general two years ago. Another officer, named Palmer, was deeply impressed, and was subsequently led to a full reception of salvation through Christ by the instrumentality of a Captain Colbeck. This officer (Palmer) died early in life, and, as I was assured, in perfect peace.

CHOLERA IN CAMP.

"I will now speak of my experience in connection with cholera. The 9th Regt., N. I., in 1837-38, when marching from Cannanore to Bellary, was attacked by cholera before entering the Chittledroog Division.

"On Major Woodward reporting the first two cases to the colonel, the latter in alarm and anger, declared he would put any man under arrest who dared to say there was cholera in camp. The major said no more, but fearlessly did his best to arrest the progress of the disease, which, however, increased daily as they marched onward, till on their arrival in my Division there were from fifty to seventy deaths daily.

"On hearing that great difficulty was experienced in procuring supplies and coolies to carry the sick, I considered it my duty to proceed to the camp and afford all possible assistance. I accordingly sent out my tent, and wrote to Lieut. Lawford, the only officer personally known to me, and invited him to bring all officers so disposed to breakfast with me. Several accepted the invitation, among them a powerful young man, upward of six feet high. I observed this officer, Lieut. H., call Lawford aside, and speak to him in a low voice. The latter then informed me that H. wished to confess his awful wickedness, which grieved him very greatly, in having for the last three years made

A HYPOCRITICAL PROFESSION OF RELIGION

from worldly motives, and now, being afraid of death, hoped his richly-deserved torments in hell might be lessened by his confessing his sin.

"We hoped after such a confession that he would truly repent, but though the fear of death brought torment, *it brought no change of heart or life.* On the cholera disappearing, Lieut. H. entered on a reckless career, which ended in his being obliged to leave the army. I heard nothing of his subsequent history.

GREAT MORTALITY AMONG THE NATIVES.

"Seventy deaths occurred on the first day I visited the camp; and as the difficulty of obtaining coolies and supplies continued, some days subsequently I paid the camp another visit at the next halting-place. My heart sickened in exercising my authority to force the poor ryots to carry the sick; but I could thank God that not one of those so employed caught infection; in fact, the disease, in this instance, was confined to the regiment, and it is remarkable that not one of the seventeen English officers suffered."

It would be a pleasure to quote other incidents from this deeply interesting book did space permit. These, however, will be sufficient to show how all-powerful is God's grace to keep a man faithful to Him under circumstances in which thousands yield to the temptations that surround them in a military camp.

THE BIBLE AND THE NEWSPAPER.

Significant Words Spoken by a Dying Actor are reported in the Washington *Star*. It states that the dying man's wife was his faithful nurse, and he promised her that if any premonitory symptoms of death warned him of his end, if any psychological influence made itself felt, he would advise her of it. It was but a short time before his death that he called "Mary," in a voice almost indistinct to that faithful watcher. She leaned over him, and with his mouth close to her ear, he said: "The curtain will go down at eight o'clock," and at that hour precisely he died. The dying man only used the phraseology of his profession, but it was full of significance. When the curtain falls in a theatre, the players retire from the public gaze for the time, drop their assumed characters with their stage dresses, and go their ways in their own character and dress. To how many people will death so come! Great in their own estimation and in that of society, they will lay aside wealth, station, titles and honors, and go the way appointed for them like the humblest and the poorest (Rom. 14 : 12).

A Student's Night of Peril is Described in a despatch from Boston, Mass. It states that on November 8th three students set out from East Hampton to climb the mountain. Returning in the evening they attempted to make a short cut by coming down at a point where the mountain is very steep and rocky. In doing so, one of them lost his foothold and slid down some forty feet on the loose rock, but *caught a twig* just in time to escape death by going over a precipice. His friends could do nothing for him without help. So, building a fire that their rescuers might find them in the darkness, one remained to encourage him to hold on, while the other went to the village for help. Men went to the mountain with ropes, and before morning he was rescued from his perilous position. The anxiety of that night is never likely to be forgotten by any of the party. Whether the twig would bear the continuous strain and whether the young man would be able to maintain his hold through the weary hours of darkness were questions on which depended life or death. The student so clinging would be little inclined to levity or merriment—all his attention would be concentrated on his situation and the chances of rescue. Unsaved sinners stand in much greater peril. There is but a step between them and death, yet they often make light of the offer of eternal rescue (Matt. 22 : 2-5).

A Strange Calm Came over a Raving Maniac at Cleveland, Ohio, recently. He was a German immigrant who, soon after his arrival at Cleveland, became melancholy, and then violently demented. Nothing was known of his friends, and he was committed to the asylum. A paragraph about him, however, appeared in the local papers, and soon afterward an old German lady came to the asylum, and asked to see him, thinking he might be her son. She said that she and her husband came to this country two years ago and settled at Independence, O. As they prospered they sent money to their son, whom they had left behind in Germany, to pay his passage over. They heard that he had left Germany, but as he did not arrive they feared he must have been lost at sea. But the old lady read in the papers the description of the crazy young man confined at Cleveland, and resolved to see him. He was so violent that the attendants were afraid to admit her to his cell; but they allowed her to go into the corridor. When the little old woman stepped up to the cell door and said, "Andrew," the maniac became gentle as a child, and said "Mutter." She recognized him, and he pressed his face close to the bars, and talked to her long and rationally. He told her how he arrived in this country, and that he remembered reaching Cleveland, but all the rest was a blank. When she retired the son was again a raving maniac. The skilled physicians and experienced attendants could do nothing for him. Only the voice of the mother had power to still the tumult in that distracted mind. It is so with the madness of a sinful life; philosophers and moralists are unable to reform the degraded and vicious or to raise the fallen, but at the call of the Heavenly Father there is holiness and peace (Ps. 29 : 4, 11).

"Read your Policies" is the Advice Given by a Southern journal to those of its readers who have insured their lives. The cause of this admonition is a mistake recently made by a gentleman in Georgia. He had taken out what he supposed was a ten-year endowment policy; but he took the policy without reading it, stinted himself for ten years in order to get money to meet heavy drafts on him for premiums, and at the expiration of the time took the well-preserved policy to Atlanta for his fortune. Arriving there he was told that the paper was but an ordinary life policy, and *he would have to die* to obtain the money. He instituted suit against the company for equity, and the case has just been decided by the Supreme Court. The court decides that by the use of ordinary diligence the policy-holder could have known what the paper was, and refused relief. Insured people in Georgia are now reading their policies very carefully. The advice is undoubtedly good, and it would appear that it was needed. The same advice may be given to Christians. There are many people who have had a religious education and training who are hoping to be saved through the merits of Christ's atonement. The Bible is their life-policy, but through neglecting to read it regularly they fail to learn many things which they ought to know (Deut. 17 : 19-20).

Restitution by a Burglar's Mother Produced an affecting scene in a Philadelphia court on November 9th. A young man was charged with having, in company with another man, broken into a house and stolen $278. After he was convicted his aged mother came weeping to the bar, and said she desired to make restitution for her son's share in the theft. She had come all the way from Baltimore, she said, and brought her savings with her for that purpose. She produced a leather hand-bag and took out therefrom a roll of notes, all of small denominations, and counted them out into the hands of the court clerk. When the desired sum was made up there was left only enough to take her back home. The money was handed to the judge, but he declined to receive it. "Take it back," he said, "and tell this poor woman that the payment of this money will not save her son from prison. *The law must be vindicated.* Tell this lady this as kindly as you can, but tell her, for she must know just what she is doing." When the court's words were conveyed to the waiting mother she wept hard, but said: "Oh, I understand, I didn't hope to save my boy from prison. I pay this money because I want to do what is right. Justice is justice." "With that understanding," said the court, "let the money be received," and it was done. The judge and the sorrowing mother both recognized a principle that many people when considering their position before God often overlook. Repentance, even though accompanied by restitution and amendment of life, cannot atone for past offences. God's law like human law must be vindicated. This was effectually done on Calvary (Gal. 3 : 3).

THE SECRET OUT.

Dr. Talmage's Sermon Preached Last Sunday Morning, November 18, 1883.

"Samuel said, What meaneth then this bleating of the sheep in mine ears, and the lowing of the oxen which I hear?"—I. SAM. 15 : 14.

A Fierce Battle—The Conquerors Overcome—Saul Detected—I. God will Expose Hypocrisy—The Impostor of To-Day—Ecclesiastical Uriah Heeps—Their Professions of Superior Sanctity—A Persecuting Bishop—Secret Homage to a King Exposed—Hypocrites Outside the Church—II. Natural Tendency to Put Sin Off on Others—"They All Do It"—III. What God Means by Extermination—IV. Worthlessness of False Religious Profession—A New Departure Needed—The Church Behind-Hand—Another Band on the Wheel—V. You Cannot Defraud God—His Power to Vindicate.

LAST Sabbath hundreds of thousands of youth, transatlantic and cisatlantic, studied this incident in international Sabbath-school lesson. The Amalekites thought that they had conquered God, and that He would never execute His threats against them. They had murdered the Israelites in battle and out of battle, and left no outrage untried. They thought that God either did not dare to punish them, or that He had forgotten so to do. Let us see. Samuel, the Lord's prophet, tells Saul to go down and destroy the Amalekites, leaving not one of them alive, and to destroy all the beasts in their possession, ox and sheep, camel and ass.

Hark to the tread of two hundred and ten thousand armed men led on by monstrous Saul ablaze with armor, his shield dangling at his side, his spear lifted in his right hand, and at the waving of which the army marched or halted. The sound of the tread is as though the great God were trampling nations into dust. I see a curling of smoke on the sky. Now there is a whole cloud of smoke. Now there is a city in a chariot of smoke behind steeds of fire. The Amalekites and Israelites confront each other. The trumpets of battle are blown peal on peal. There is

AN AWFUL DEATH HUSH.

Then at a certain signal the battle opens. Swords cut and hack, javelins clang on spears, and spears strike the shields. Arms fall from trunks, heads roll into the dust. Gash after gash. The frenzied yell. The gurgling of throttled throats. The cry of pain. The laugh of revenge. The curse hissed between clenched teeth. An army's death groan. Stacks of dead on all sides, with eye unshut and mouths yet grinning vengeance. Awful scene, that ancient battle. But huzza! for the Israelites. More than two hundred thousand men wave their plumes and clap their shields, for God has given them the victory. Huzza! for Israel.

Yet this triumphant army is soon captured and conquered by sheep and oxen. God told Saul to go and destroy the Amalekites and to destroy all the beasts in their possession. Saul thought he knew better than the Lord, and so he saves Agag, the King of the Amalekites, and saves some of the finest of the sheep and the oxen. He thinks he has cheated the prophet and through him cheated the Lord, and he is driving these sheep and oxen on toward his home. He has no idea that Samuel the prophet will ever find it out.

Samuel meets him. Saul with solemn visage—for there is no one that can look more solemn than your genuine hypocrite—Saul says: "I have fulfilled the commandment of the Lord." Samuel listens, and at that moment he hears the noisy drove in the rear, and he says to Saul: "If you have done as you have said, if you have obeyed the Lord, what meaneth the bleating of the sheep that I hear, and the lowing of the oxen in mine ear?" One would have thought that Saul's cheek would have been consumed with blushes. No. He says: "I did not do this; the army did it. The army are saving these sheep and oxen for sacrifice." Then Samuel slashes Agag to pieces, and in oriental style takes hold of the skirt of his coat and rends it apart, as much as to say, "So shall you be rent from your crown, so shall you be rent from your kingdom, and all nations shall know that Saul by disobeying God won a flock of sheep but lost a kingdom."

I. My subject first impresses me with the fact that

GOD WILL EXPOSE HYPOCRISY.

Saul thought that this whole thing had been hushed up, and he had no idea that the secret of his disobedience would ever come out, and at the most inopportune time the sheep bleat and the oxen bellowed. A hypocrite is one who professes to be what he is not, or to do that which he does not. Saul was a

TYPE OF A LARGE CLASS.

A hypocrite in our time is a man who looks awfully solemn, whines in his prayer, never laughs or smiles, or if he should be caught laughing or smiling, afterward is apologetic as though he had committed some great sin. The first time he has a chance he prays twenty minutes in a prayer-meeting, and if he give an exhortation it is with an air that seems to imply that all men are sinners save one, his modesty forbidding that he should state who that one is. In churches of Christ all over the land *ecclesiastical Uriah Heeps*. When the fox begins to pray look out for your chickens! The genuine impostor in religion makes a pride of his misery. The genuine Christian finds religion a joy. The hypocrite has pride in his being uncomfortable.

Those are the kind of men that damage the Church of Jesus Christ. Wolves are not of so much danger, save when they are in sheep's clothing. Arnold was of more peril to the American army than Cornwallis and his host. A ship may outride a hundred storms, and yet a handful of worms in a plank may sink it to the bottom. The Church of Jesus Christ has not so much fear of cyclones of persecution as it has of the vermin of hypocrisy sometimes infesting it.

Now, such hypocrisy will be exposed. God sees behind the curtain as well as before the curtain. God sees everything inside out. All their solemn looks will not save them. All their long prayers will not save them. All their professions of religion will not save them. Their real character will be demonstrated, and at the most unexpected moment the sheep will bleat and the oxen will bellow.

One of the cruel bishops of olden time, about to put one of the martyrs to death, began by saying, "In the name of God, Amen." The martyr said, "Don't say 'in the name of God'!" And yet how many cruel and mean things are done in the name of religion and sanctity. You sometimes see ecclesiastical courts, when they are about to devour some good brother, begin by being tremendously pious in their utterances, the venom of their assault corresponding with the heavenly pathos of the prelude. About to devour him they say grace before the meal! Just at the time when you expect them almost to rise in translation, and are beginning to think that nothing but the weight of their boots and over-coats keep them down, the sheep bleat and the oxen bellow. Ah! my friends, pretend to be no more than that you are. If you have the grace of God, profess it; but profess to have no more than you really possess. If you have none of it, do not profess to have it.

History tells of Ottocar who was asked to kneel before Randolphus I. Coming into the presence of the king, Ottocar declined to kneel, but after a while he compromised the matter and said: "I will kneel in private some time in your tent where no one sees me." But the servant of the king arranged a rope by which he could instantly let the tent drop. After a while Ottocar came into the tent and knelt before Randolphus in worship. The king's servant drew the cord and the tent dropped, and Ottocar in the presence of two great armies was kneeling before Randolphus. Ah! my friends, if you pretend that you are a servant of Jesus Christ, and at the same time are kneeling to the world, the tent has already dropped, and all the armies of heaven are gazing on the hypocrisy. The universe is a very public place, and hypocrisy always comes to exposure.

But while there is one hypocrite in the Church there are five hundred outside of it, for the field is larger. People sometimes look over into the Church, and they find here and there a hypocrite, and they denounce the Church of God. You have more on your side than we have on our side. Five hundred to one. Men who in your presence are obsequious, while at the same time they are angling for an imperfection. They are digging for a bait. Men who will be in your presence in commercial circles as genial as a summer morn, while they have the fierceness of a catamount and the slyness of a snake and the spite of a devil. But the gun they shoot off will burst in their own hands; the lies they tell crack their own teeth, and their hypocrisy will be demonstrated, and at the most unexpected time the sheep will bleat and the oxen will bellow.

II. My subject also impresses me with the fact that it is very natural to put off sin on other people. Saul confronted with his crime said:

"OH, IT WASN'T ME,

it was the army; they saved these sheep and oxen, and disobeyed the command of God. It wasn't me. Oh, no, it was the army." Human nature the same in all ages. Adam confronted with his sin said: "The woman tempted me and I did eat." And she charged it upon the serpent, and if the serpent could have spoken it would have charged it upon the devil; when the simple circumstance, I suppose, was that Adam saw Eve eating this forbidden fruit, and he begged and coaxed until he got a piece of it! Adam just as much to blame as Eve. Ah! my brother, you cannot put off your sins on other people. Saul thought he could, but he could not.

There is sitting in the gallery yonder a young man who says: "I know I do wrong sometimes. But then my father was a godless man, and my mother was a disciple of the world, and it is bad bringing up. I am not responsible." You are responsible. You have a Bible to teach you. You have a conscience to instruct you. You have a Holy Ghost to enlighten you. You know what is right and you know what is wrong. Your parents will have to bear the result of their sin. You will have to bear the result of your sin, unless you get it pardoned.

"ALL DO IT."

Seated far under the gallery there is a merchant who says: "I know sometimes in trade I don't do just that which is right, but then all the hardware men do the same thing, and all the dry-goods men do the same thing. I am no exception. That's the way they do all up and down the street. I would be peculiar, eccentric, if I didn't do that way." Ah! my brother, you cannot put off your responsibilities upon other merchants. God is going to hold you responsible. I want to quote to this entire assembly a passage of Scripture. I think you will find it in the Book of Proverbs: "If thou be wise, thou shalt be wise for thyself; but if thou scornest, thou alone shalt bear it." "Oh," says Saul, "it wasn't me; it was the army."

III. My subject also impresses me with

WHAT GOD MEANS BY EXTERMINATION.

God demanded the obliteration of all of the Amalekites, and the destruction of all the beasts they owned, and Saul saves Agag, the King of the Amalekites, and those fine sheep and oxen. God said extermination. Why, do you suppose that if we have as many sins as there were men in the army of the Amalekites God is going to let us keep any of them? They have all to be exterminated.

Here is a Christian man who says: "I have an Amalekitish sin which I call jealousy." Down with jealousy. Here is a Christian man who says: "I have an Amalekitish sin which I will call backbiting." Down with backbiting. A Christian says: "I have an Amalekitish sin which is an appetite for strong drink." Down with that appetite. Meanwhile, out yonder,

there is a sin lifting up its head. What is that? It is Agag. That is worldliness. That is a pet sin, it is a darling sin he is going to let live. No mercy for Agag. You cannot keep a darling sin. Extermination!

Some Presbyterians call it "the higher life;" some Methodists call it "perfection;" I do not care what you call it; but without holiness no man shall see the Lord. We have to give up all our sins, my brothers and sisters; give them all up. No mercy for Agag. Saul kept, I suppose, the finest, the fattest of the sheep, and killed the meanest. And there are many Christians who kill their unpopular sins and keep the respectable sins, while the Lord God from the heavens thunders extermination.

IV. My subject also impresses me with the fact that

A MERE PROFESSION

of religion, if it be not backed up by right behavior, amounts to nothing, and worse than nothing. Saul came out with a magnificent profession of religion. He says: "I have fulfilled the commandment of the Lord. Just look at me! See what a hero I have been!" Then the sheep bleat and the oxen bellowed. It seems to me that the Church of Christ is to make a new departure in the direction of straightout honesty. I believe the time will come when men, instead of going to commercial records to see whether a man is A 1—hearing that a man who proposes a bargain is a member of the Christian Church, a professor of religion—the merchant will say: "That is all I need."

But how much a church certificate would be worth in Wall Street to-day, judge ye! It seems to me

THE CHURCH HAS NOT KEPT UP

with the world's enterprise. It used to take a good while to make a sixpenny nail. A bar would be thrust into the hot coals, and then the bellows would blow, and then the bar would be brought out on the anvil, and they would pound it and smite it and cut it and cleave it, and there would be the nail. Now, a bar is thrust into a machine, and instantly there is a whole shower of nails on the floor of the manufactory. It used to take a great while to thresh wheat. The farmer would slowly unfasten the band from the sheaf, then he would shake out the sheaf on the floor, and then he would take the slow flail and pound out the wheat from the straw. Now, the horses start, or the engine begins to hiss, and there are many sheaves instantly threshed. The printing-press that made two hundred and fifty impressions an hour was considered wonderful. Now, tens of thousands of impressions are made in the same length of time. The mail was a very slow institution. Once in two weeks it went from London to Edinburgh. Once in two weeks it went from New York to Boston. Now, a half dozen times a day you have to run to get out of the way, or you will be run over by the wagons that come through Nassau Street with whole tons of United States mail. Over eight hundred millions of letters and papers in one year going through that mail. Changes in jurisprudence. Constitution of the State of New York changed in 1846. Improvements in the criminal code. Improvements in the civil code. Law of 1773 not fit for 1883.

Now, has the Church of God kept up with the movements of the day? with art, with science, with modern travel. "Oh," says some one, "there are no new principles to be evolved in religion." Ah! I admit it. There are no new principles in nature. They are new to us, but they are old principles brought out into demonstration and into light. The law of gravitation did not wait until Isaac Newton was born. There was just as much electricity in the summer clouds before Benjamin Franklin began to play kite with the thunderstorm, as afterward; just as much power in steam before Robert Fulton was born as afterward. The carboniferous and jurassic strata of the earth did not wait to be laid down until Hugh Miller plunged his geological crowbar. They are old principles, as old as the world, but brought to new demonstration. So I say in regard to religion. If a man tells me he has a new religion, I say, "I have no faith in it, for the Bible is my standard." But if he comes and says to me, "I have a new application of the old principle," I say, "Hear, hear, hear!"

Now what I want is to have this old Gospel wheel, this grand Gospel wheel which has turned so magnificently so many years, to have

ANOTHER BAND PUT ON

it, that band connecting it with every shop, with every store, with every banking house, with every institution, with every place of hard work—the religion of Jesus Christ making its conquest in the direction of common honesty, so that when a man shall say, as Saul said, "I have fulfilled the commandment of the Lord," everybody will believe him.

V. My subject also impresses me with the fact that

YOU CANNOT DEFRAUD GOD.

Saul thought he had cheated God out of these few sheep and oxen. Did he successfully cheat God? Oh, no. At the most unexpected moment the sheep bleat and the oxen bellowed. Neither Saul nor any other man can cheat God. God under the Old Testament demanded a tenth part of a man's income. I suppose religion is worth as much under our brighter dispensation certainly as it was under the darker dispensation. God demanded a tenth part of a man's estate for religious objects, and demanding a tenth under the darker dispensation, I suppose religion is worth as much now under ours. Suppose a man has an income of $10,000 a year, and that man gives to religious objects $500. Has he given the tenth? No. Where are the other $500? God will get it just as certainly as you live or die. You cannot cheat God. Suppose a man has $100,000 a year income, and he says: "Now I'll compromise this matter with God, and I'll give Him $2000." Where are the other $8000? God will get that in some way.

God sometimes comes into a commercial establishment, and He says practically and in substance: "Now you have had great prosperity for ten, twenty, thirty years. Where is the $10,000? When the poor came to you, you kicked them off the steps. When Christian objects appealed to you for help you discarded them. You would not give the $10,000; now I will take it all away." It is all gone. That is the history of hundreds of establishments in the United States. There are many cases where the benevolent are unfortunate, and the large hearted and the charitable, and then it is a matter of Providential discipline to bring a man nearer to the heart of God; but in the other case it is a judgment, an awful judgment. "You would not give the $10,000; now I will take it all."

God said to Jonah, "Go to Nineveh." "I won't go; I'll go to Tarshish." He started for Tarshish. Did he get there? The seas raged, the winds blew, the ship rocked. Come, ye whales, and take this passenger for Tarshish. No man ever got to Tarshish if the Lord told him to go to Nineveh. The seas would not bear him; they are God's seas. The winds would not waft him; they are God's winds. If a man deliberately sets out to do that which God declares he must not do, the natural world as well as God is against him, and the lightnings are ready to strike him, and the fires are ready to consume him, and the sun is ready to smite him, and the waters are ready to drown him, and the earth is ready to devour him.

They whose fine robes are woven out of human heartstrings, they whose fine houses are built out of human skulls, they whose up-springing fountains are the tears of oppressed nations—have they successfully robbed God? Oh, no. In the last day will be demonstrated not only God's goodness, but His

POWER TO VINDICATE

the right, to vindicate His own government and to vindicate the cause of His oppressed children—black, white, copper-colored.

Awake, ye martyred dead, and come—come from dungeons where folded darkness hearsed you, and chains like cankers wore loose the skin and wore off the flesh, and rattled on the marrowless bones. Come up from the stakes where you were consumed and where the hand lifted for mercy dropped into ashes. Come from valleys of Piedmont, and Smithfield Square, and London Tower and the Highlands of Scotland. Come in great procession and clap your bony hands together, and stamp your mouldy feet, and let all the chains that ever bound you clank at once, and all the flames that consumed you be lifted into one great arm of fire pleading for a judgment. Gather all the tears ye ever wept into a lake, and all the sighs ye ever breathed into a tempest, and all the agonies ye ever suffered into a groan, and let the heaven piercing chain-clank and the tempest-sigh and the thunder-groan announce to earth and hell and heaven a judgment! Oh, my friends, we may cheat our fellows, but in that day it will be demonstrated that we cannot cheat God.

My brothers and sisters in Christ, culture Christian frankness. Never be hypocritical in conversation or in behavior. Have no favorite sins you cannot extirpate. Away with all the Amalekites. No mercy for Agag. You say that human strength is not sufficient. I admit it. But God's grace is sufficient. That which helped Daniel in the den, that which sustained Joseph in the pit, that which shielded Shadrac in the fire, that which cheered Paul in the Mediterranean cyclone.

Sermons for the Times, a new Pamphlet of Dr. Talmage's sermons is now ready. Among the twenty-six sermons it contains, are those on the following subjects: The Six Wings; Whisperers; Gnats and Camels; Dreams; The Horse and his Rider; Sunset; Out of Ivory Palaces; The Newspaper; Changes in Heaven. May be had from the office of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD. Price, thirty cents, including postage.

Mrs. Van Cott has Issued a New and Cheap edition of the autobiographical narrative of her labors under the title of "The Harvest and the Reaper." Mrs. Van Cott's life has been an active one, full of useful work in the churches, and the record of it, as presented in this interesting volume of three hundred and sixty pages, will be read with profit and pleasure. She has much to tell of the Lords' blessings vouchsafed in answer to prayer and of remarkable conversions, in which He has used her instrumentality for His glory. The book is issued in a neat stiff paper cover with an excellent portrait; price, fifty cents.

The Rev. Thomas McCullagh, the Newly elected President of the English Wesleyan Conference, has been suddenly prostrated by severe illness. The brief report sent of the sad event does not state the nature of the illness, but intimates that it will prevent his entering on his official duties for some time to come.

The Changes made in the Liturgy of the Episcopal Church by the recent convention of Philadelphia do not affect doctrine or the formal statement of it. The convention adopted the report of a committee appointed three years ago to consider "the enrichment and flexibility of the liturgy and its adaptation to the changed conditions of national life. It was composed of seven bishops, seven clergymen, and seven laymen. The changes recommended by the committee and adopted by the convention consist in furnishing proper Psalms for a larger number of festivals; an increase of the sentences with which the service opens; the addition of a prayer for State Legislatures, in the prayer for Congress, and the provision of alternate canticles for a Te Deum. A special service called the Beatitudes of the Gospel, to be used at Evening Prayer with responses is also added. Another addition in the occasional offices is a special service for the burial of infants. There are other changes of a minor character and also for shortened services on days other than Sundays.

ANECDOTES RELATED AT THE EVANGELISTIC MEETINGS IN SCOTLAND.

A Murdered Woman's Last Wish.—At a Recent meeting the Rev. Mr. Wallace said: "Lately I heard of a visit paid to a dying woman by a canon of the Church of England. In a fit of drunken fury, her husband had struck her a blow which injured her so badly that virtually he killed his patient, long-suffering wife. Her last words to the canon were, 'Deal kindly with him, he was a kind husband when not in drink.' A large number of people followed her to the grave, and there, knowing what had been the cause of her death, they drew the sword and threw away the scabbard, declaring instant and steady war against the accursed trade."

Singular Freaks of a Drunkard.—Major Colquhoun related, at a recent meeting at Brownfield: "We have many instances of the power of God in the northern district. Somewhere about half-past ten last night, a dark, drizzling night it was, a man spoke to me in the street. He professes to have a great contempt for God's Word, for the meetings, and everything relating to religion. The peculiar thing about him is, that *whenever he takes any drink, he cannot keep away from the meetings.* Standing in the street, we had prayer together, but almost before we finished, he produced a flask of whiskey, saying, 'This is for to-morrow morning.' 'Give it to me,' I said. 'No, sir;' he answered, 'what should I do in the morning?' then, as though afraid, he ran away into darkness. I believe we shall yet gain him for Christ."

A Contingent of Christian Soldiers.—At the noonday meeting on August 28th, Mr. Crossbie said: "A colonel in one of our Indian regiments had a weekly prayer-meeting in an upper room. It was very small, and so he was beginning to get discouraged. One evening he was sitting almost if not quite alone, when he heard the steady tramp of a body of men coming toward his hall. At the door they halted, and then came right up-stairs, and between thirty and forty men sat down in the room. On inquiring, he learned that they belonged to a regiment just arrived in camp from Cork, and that their first inquiry was for a meeting to which they could go, and marched straight to it when they were told the way. These men were converted in Cork through the untiring efforts of a lady who held meetings there for soldiers."

The Only One that Escaped.—Mr. Scott Related the following suggestive incident: "A young boy on board ship was out at sea in the midst of a great storm. He did not know much about our Saviour Jesus, but he had heard that Jesus was one who could help those in distress who trusted in Him. The boy went to his father, who was in very great distress, and said, 'Won't you trust in God, father?' 'Trust in God? there is no use of that here. I know the ship, the sea, and storm; there is no deliverance for us.' The boy continued, 'Won't you trust Him?' But none in the ship would listen to him, so the boy put himself in the hands of Jesus in the midst of that storm. Out of all the ship's company the boy alone was saved. He was washed ashore insensible, but life was not gone. He was soon restored, and is now a devoted servant of Christ."

A Marvel in a "Rookery."—Major Colquhoun said: "I wish to speak about the work of the Bethany Hall workers in the 'Rookery,' which is, as many of you know, a den of thieves. I am told that it was once dangerous for a stranger to enter it without the protection of the police. I had the pleasure of conducting the Gospel-meeting on Saturday night, and exhibiting a few views with the magic lantern, and found that the people had actually no imagination. The most beautiful views were passed unheeded, but scenes of real life, such as a garret with a man lying dying in it, reached them at once. One encouraging case as a sample of the work will bear relating. Two months ago a deplorable-looking man, with the effects of drink flaming on his face, gave his heart to the Lord, and on Saturday last he was the busiest man for Christ in the meeting. Not only that, but he was nicely dressed, and his face had assumed quite a healthy appearance. Who dare limit the cleansing energy of Christ's precious blood, or doubt His willingness and ability to save even to the uttermost!"

Dagon Falling before the Ark.—Mr. McMicking said at the same meeting: "The missionary, Mr. Lewis, tells us a strange story which runs as follows. A young man in India heard the Scriptures read and explained by a missionary, and at once he went home to his own village, where he told all he heard to the villagers, dilating with marked enthusiasm on the love of the great God in sending His Son to die for guilty man. Some twenty people were converted to Christ, and sent for Mr. Lewis, paying his expenses to the place. The young man died ere Mr. Lewis reached the village, but those remaining were warm in their new faith, and heard the Word gladly. They are now trying to extend the knowledge of salvation all around them. Thus it is that everywhere in India the usurping Dagon of Idolatry is falling before the ark of God."

Cheques with Good Names on Them.—"I called upon a business man to speak about my Master; he replied to my question, 'I don't feel right.' 'Do you get many cheques?' I asked. 'Yes,' he replied, 'every day I get some.' 'Do you feel anything when you get them?' 'Yes. I am glad.' 'Why?' 'Because I know they are the same as money to me.' 'That is simply because you believe in the name written at the foot, that the money will be paid when you ask it from the banker?' 'Yes, that's it.' 'That's just it with God,' I said; 'you have only to go with the name of Jesus, and you will receive entire forgiveness of your sins, then you will feel glad enough.' 'Praise the Lord, I *will* trust Him ever after this,' was his earnest answer. That 'Praise the Lord' went straight to my heart, for it was the joy of a soul new-born by the Holy Spirit. Such joy will never end."

A Letter from the Battle-field.—Mr. Wookey related: "Just before the Egyptian War broke out I was in Chatham, where I saw a good deal of one side of our soldiers' lives. The evening before they sailed for Egypt thirty young men came to the house in which I lived, and asked me to pray with them. It was one of those times in my life in which I could not pray audibly. The men were not all Christians, but some were, and the rest were seekers. We knelt down. No words came to my lips, but we all burst into floods of tears, and I believe that the Holy Spirit visited many then. After we rose from our knees, one young Scotchman beckoned me to come out of the room. I took him up to my bedroom, where for three or four hours he told me his life's story. He was the only son of a widow in Edinburgh, and had run away to London, where he spent his time and money in dissipation. When all was gone he enlisted into a regiment which was stationed at Chatham, and was ordered out to the field of war. Before he left England he was converted to Christ, and just before the battle in which he was killed, he sent me a letter written with lead-pencil, only an hour or so before he fell, telling me of the peace and joy which he found in Jesus."

Burglary by a Schoolmaster.—Mr. Dickson said: "A few months ago, a shabby-genteel man came to our house asking to hire our hall for a high-class school. He had testimonials from professors in Aberdeen and Glasgow, so that we let him have it. He issued a prospectus, and put a notice in the window that he taught Greek, Latin, German, French, and I don't know what besides. We used to wonder why so clever a man was always so shabby; it did not seem to matter how many pupils he got, he never improved in appearance. We soon found it was the old story of drink. We got him to sign the pledge, but no further would he go, entreat as we would. One morning we heard that a neighbor's house had been broken into, and valuables stolen from it, and soon, to our surprise, learned that this man was arrested by the police as the burglar. He was tried and sentenced to five years' penal servitude. We visited him in prison, and as we stood at the iron cage we saw in the dim distance a figure dressed in convict's clothes coming toward us. We did not recognize him till the jailor called out, 'Come quick, Ferguson.' We spoke to him about the necessity of even now giving his heart to Christ, but he did not do it then. He gave us a message to his old pupils; it was, 'Tell them to take warning by me and have nothing to do with the drink.'"

THE TEN-KINGDOMED CONFEDERACY.

Progress in One Generation.

By B. Wills Newton.

The Career of the Approaching Decem-regal Confederacy—Progress Made in Twenty-five Years—The Issue not Doubtful—France and Germany—The Immediate Cause of the Franco-Prussian War—The Future of Germany—The Daring Infidelity of France—The Position and Peril of England—A Uniform Sacerdotalism Impossible—The Drag-net of Antichrist—The Triumph of Latitudinarianism.

THE teaching of prophecy is that ten democratic monarchies will divide between them the Roman world and will, federally united, inaugurate, and, for a season, sustain the reign of Latitudinarian Antichristianism, until at last, wearied and harassed by the confusion and strife which Latitudinarianism must necessarily engender, and desiring also a more complete annihilation of the truth than Latitudinarianism can, in consistency with its principles effect, the Monarchs of the Ten Kingdoms will give themselves over to an organized system of atheistic infidelity, and will avowedly reject both Jehovah and Christ (see Psalm 2), and, being of one mind, will "give their power and authority to the Beast"—Antichrist.

Then, throughout the whole Roman world all whose names are not written in the Lamb's Book of Life will glorify and worship *him*; for "the Dragon will give him his power, and his throne, and great authority" (Rev. 12 : 2). Such will be the end of the boasted liberty of human thought. Just in proportion as men throw off from themselves the restraint of God and of His truth, they become abject servants and slaves of Satan. While imagining themselves to be free, they blindly seek after, serve, and worship, whatever Satan proposes to them.

TWENTY-FIVE YEARS.

The progress that has been made during the last twenty-five years (from 1848 to 1873) in bringing into closer association with each other most of the countries of the Roman world, and in separating (either legislatively or completely) from the Roman kingdoms countries that do *not* fall within the Roman boundary, has been very marked. The Crimean War in 1854-55 brought the eastern part of the Roman world into a much closer association than before with the western Roman nations; and the union then formed does not seem likely to be even temporarily interrupted. Community of interest, especially in a day like the present, is a bond of wondrous tenacity and strength. The Crimean War, too, recovered the greater part of Bessarabia (for Bessarabia belongs to the Roman world) from the grasp of Russia.

Hungary, the centre of which does *not* fall within the Roman boundary, has been legislatively separated from Austria, and further changes are imminent there, as well as in all those *non-Roman* countries which Austria has vainly endeavored to fuse into political identity with herself. The seemingly indissoluble bond which kept Austria in close political association with Prussia and the other non-Roman States of northern Germany, was severed so suddenly and unexpectedly as to electrify Europe. The work of centuries was destroyed in a moment. Yet men needed not to have so marvelled. It was a necessary event; for the Roman nations, being appointed to be the centre of the world's greatness during the closing period of its evil

history, must move in a separate circle, and have a peculiar history of their own.

Ireland (*which is non-Roman*) feverishly restless and, victimised to priestcraft, *is yearly weakening the ties by which she has been linked to England.* Italy, which, twenty years ago, seemed more distant than ever from attaining the objects of her long-cherished hopes (the acquisition of Rome as her capital) has at last succeeded. Rome is hers, and constitutional or democratic monarchy is established both in Italy and Austria. Austria, once the great pillar of the Papacy, and the enemy and trampler-down of Italy, has changed her course, and become Italy's friend. The temporal sovereignty of the Papacy over the city of Rome ceased in 1870; and although the canon law is still throughout Western Europe, struggling with the civil law for supremacy, yet the latter triumphs. The *supremacy* of ecclesiastical power must finally give way to the sceptre of the secular monarch. The struggle may be prolonged and prove most disastrous in its consequences, but

THE ISSUE IS NOT DOUBTFUL.

There has been, it is true, one most important event that has *seemed* to stay or turn back the tide of progress, as respects the territorial development of the Ten Kingdoms. The Franco-German War, instead of giving back to France those portions of Roman territory which Prussia had formerly annexed (viz., Rhenish Prussia, west of the Rhine), ended, in 1871, in *giving more to Prussia*, so that Prussia's position on the west bank of the Rhine, instead of being weakened, has been materially strengthened. This may seem to be a retrograde movement; and in one respect it is; but, in another and more important point of view, it is not. The Franco-German War will be found in result to have accelerated rather than retarded the expected development.

For many years past, France has been the great obstructor to the development of the Ten Kingdoms. France and the Papacy have been confederates in obstruction. France had for her darling object pre-eminence among the nations of Europe. Despising equality, she coveted leadership. Professedly the patroness of liberty, she was, nevertheless, quite willing to keep on the neck of other countries (such as Rome and Spain) the most cruel and oppressive yokes, if her own pre-eminence was aided thereby. Accordingly, *France schemed for a Latin League*, of which she was to be the head, and which was in Western Europe to extirpate "the clay," and to return to "the iron" alone. What was "Cæsarism" but this? Imperialism was to sustain Ecclesiastcism, and before this twofold power the modern "clay-iron" governmental theories were to perish.

Accordingly, Italy and other neighboring States were kept down by France, and their native energies crippled. Italy was to be terrified by threats, and Spain debased and enfeebled by priestcraft. Even the development of the East was by France impeded unless the development accorded with her desires. If Egypt advanced, it must be under the tutelage of France, and Tunis was to be a French appanage. A plot, formed by the Imperial Government in France and the Papal Government in Rome, against the liberties of Western Europe and against Protestanism, was doubtless, as evidence goes to show. The immediate

CAUSE OF THE WAR

with Prussia. Soldiers supplied by France and legions of priests supplied and controlled from Rome, were to inaugurate and sustain the new régime.

It was a dark and deadly plot, but God mercifully interposed and frustrated it. God fought against France, and dashed to the ground her atrocious schemes. Instantly the secular power of the Papacy fell; Italy, for the first time, became really free, and the iron hand of France was removed (in all probability, finally) from her and from other nations. The establishment of the freedom of Italy, the confirmation of the severance between Austria and Northern Germany, the fall of the temporal power of the Papacy, the determination evinced in Italy and elsewhere to secure the supremacy of the *civil* over the *canon* law, are, as respects the progress of the Ten Kingdoms, events of far greater moment than the temporary annexation to Germany of a few provinces of France. It may be that France may not regain her lost territory until the development of the Ten Kingdoms *in federal union*; or they may be regained previously, either by convention or by the sword. The present monarch of Prussia and Germany fears and honors God, and God has prospered him; but His subjects, previously leavened with infidelity and radicalism, have, since their contact with France, received much added moral poison, which is pregnant with calamitous results.

THE FUTURE OF GERMANY.

The horizon of Germany is not devoid of clouds of dark and threatening aspect. The storm may be comparatively distant; but if it come, it will probably come with a violence and fury as yet unparalleled. (See Heine's "Anticipations Respecting the Future of Germany.") *An explosion there would strike Europe more terribly than any that has occurred in France;* for there is a strength and vigor and manhood in Germany that the childishness and fickleness and quickly cowed spirit of France knows not. But it is sufficient to say that the moral changes that are in progress through the victories of Prussia, are of infinitely greater moment than the temporary loss of provinces by France. It should be remembered, too, that *territorial changes are not, like moral changes, necessarily slow. They may be accomplished in a day.*

THE DARING INFIDELITY OF FRANCE.

Is there any nation upon the earth which, since the period of the Reformation, has more daringly outraged and defied God than France? Inconstant in other things, she has been constant in her rejection of God. At the time of the Reformation she was favored with much Protestant light. Many a herald of mercy was sent to her, and Calvin, one of the chief pillars of the Reformation, was raised up from among her own people. The history of France differs from that of Spain as to this. Spain was not to the same extent favored with light. Spain never had a Calvin. But the trumpet of truth was loudly sounded in the ears of France, and marked results followed—results that gave to France prolonged opportunities of judging between light and darkness, God and Baal. Deliberately she rejected the omnipotent God, and chose Baal.

Since then France has had many a vicissitude. Time for reflection has been allowed her; opportunity for becoming acquainted with the Scripture has been afforded, but again every mercy has been despised. It may, I believe, be safely said, that France was never more morally depraved, that she was never more socially and governmentally base, and that her rulers were never bent upon a fouler and more abominable design than when she made her sudden, tiger-like spring at Prussia in 1870.

HAS ENGLAND TAKEN WARNING?

England, absorbed in the pursuit of "material" interests, having Mammon for her idol, and lavishing honors and rewards on Intellect, wherever found, if only she thinks that such intellect will consent to serve and worship her idol—England takes warning from nothing. Her eye is closed, her ear heavy, Syren-sounds, which Satan has gathered around her, have lulled her, and she desires not to awaken. Her responsibilities are greater even than those of France; for a period of light, far brighter and more extended in time than that granted to France, has been vouchsafed to her; and she has had opportunity to profit by the lessons that the histories of France, and Spain, and Italy have afforded. She has had full opportunity of considering the difference between nations in which the Bible has been honored, as the one authoritative record of God's will, and nations in which a selfish Ecclesiasticism has reigned.

England, on many occasions of danger and need, has had the shield of the Most High God marvellously stretched out over her, because the Bible, and not the so-called Church, was acknowledged as having the authority of God. But now all is changed. Notwithstanding the withering curse that Popery has so manifestly brought on neighboring nations (witness the present condition of Spain) — notwithstanding the deadly savage infidelity that has sprung up in those nations as a result of the ignorance and moral debasement resulting from Priestcraft, a large and influential section of the high-born and educated in England are rushing back into the darkness and idolatries of Romanism, with an unreflecting, fanatical eagerness that astonishes, while it delights, the well-trained Papal emissaries who have been sent out to snare and decoy. They have little need of their subtlety—little need of their practised skill. The net is scarcely spread, when the willing foot hastens into it. The cold, solid, heartless indifference of England to that which the powers of darkness are effecting within her borders, is one of the most appalling spectacles that the history of mankind has yet presented.

No *one form* of sacerdotal religiousness, whether Jewish, Roman, Greek, Anglican, or Mahommedan, will ever succeed in raising itself into *universal* dominancy. The days of such *humiliation* are past. The governmental plans to be adopted *now* must be such as will subserve the interests and commend themselves to the awakened intelligence of the wide world. Do the counsellors of the Vatican dream that they would succeed (even if Protestantism were extinguished) in forcing into the narrow circle of their "infallible" Popish rule the rising intelligence of Egypt and Greece, European and Asiatic Turkey, and Northern Africa, not to speak of Russia, India, China, and Japan, and of scattered but influential Israel?

THE DRAG-NET

of the coming Antichrist, that is to enclose this multitude of peoples, must be somewhat larger than any that ecclesiastic Rome ever has handled. An hour is drawing nigh when Antichrist, *a more terrible personage than Mahomet*, will appear, and Rome and Athens, Egypt and Assyria, Antioch and Jerusalem, will, with England and the West, enter his mighty "drag-net," and be for a time the servants of his glory. Before him the *whole* Roman world will bow down and worship for three and a half years.

Herod must become latitudinarian, or he must cease to reign. Accordingly, in countries such as Egypt, Turkey, and Tunis, where Mahommedanism has hitherto been in the ascendant, we are beginning to see its exclusiveness resigned. So also in countries where Popery has dominated, other influences are penetrating. Austria and Italy are examples. In England, where Protestantism once ruled, Popery, availing itself of the aid of that truthless Latitudinarianism which is seeking to introduce equality of creeds, has strengthened itself both within and without the Anglican Establishment; and so the *dominancy* of Protestantism in England falls. At present,

A PATCH-WORK GARMENT

is being prepared. Ultimately, indeed, when the time shall come for Antichrist to be revealed in the full power of his unfettered, despotic sway, *the hell-woven web will become altogether black. There will be strict unity then—unity in atheistic blasphemy.* But the transgressors are not "come to the full." At present, the web that Satan is intending to weave is one of *divers colors.* The throne of Latitudinarianism is established on the principles and policy of expediency and compromise. Before it Ecclesiasticism will (perhaps at no very distant period) be made to cease from its vauntings, and will become content to occupy only a niche in the Pantheon of Truthlessness. The true servants of Christ only will refuse to join in the unholy concord. Mordecai-like, they will refuse to bow; but they will have to seal their testimony with their blood.

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READERS should understand that when an article published in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD bears the name of the writer, that writer must be held individually responsible for the views therein advanced. The ministers whose sermons appear in this journal, and other contributors, must not be regarded as always endorsing views about which there is a wide divergence of opinion, even among Christians of eminent piety and learning.

CURRENT EVENTS.

That the Secretary of the Treasury has Issued another call for bonds, this time to the amount of ten million dollars, is an evidence of the large surplus again rolling up of national income over expenditure. Mr. Folger has doubtless acted wisely in thus applying the balance in the Treasury to the reduction of the debt, but the fact of his having that balance at command, will, it may be hoped, be considered by Congress. The sinking fund, if unaided, will liquidate the whole remaining debt in twenty-five years, which will be an achievement of which any nation might be proud, and there is therefore no need to press forward the extinction by the aggregation of a surplus. If Congress will remove from the shoulders of taxpayers a portion of their heavy burden it will act wisely. There are indications in the financial centres of the country that a time of severe distress is approaching; our legislators can find no more useful occupation than that of giving such relief to the people as will mitigate, if not avert, the calamity. They will be guilty of culpable negligence if they permit the present unnecessarily heavy taxation to continue.

The Inquiry into the Proteus Disaster now being conducted in Washington, shows that there was confusion in the management of the expedition from the commencement, and that responsibility for the failure to relieve Lieutenant Greely must be distributed among many officials. Lieutenant Garlington appears never to have understood that he was expected to land stores at Littleton Island, although his not doing so has been characterized as disobedience of orders. In his evidence, given last week, Lieutenant Garlington said nothing had ever occurred at the Signal Office before his departure which contemplated or suggested, so far as he knew, leaving any stores at Littleton Island on his way north. To have done so would have consumed sixty or seventy hours. The considerations which would have deterred him from staying at Littleton Island to land stores while on his way north were that the weather was good; but during such a delay, the entire conditions might change; the movements of the icepack could not be foreseen; the delay might have been disastrous, and it was considered best to push northward while the conditions were favorable; the instructions were to take advantage of every favorable lead. As to *the condition of the Proteus* and the capacity of the vessel for service in a case of so much importance to the lives of Lieutenant Greely and his companions, startling evidence was given by another witness. Lieutenant Colwell, of the navy, said he considered the equipment of the Proteus very bad. Her owners, before the vessel was chartered for the trip, had arranged to have her sent home to Scotland that repairs might be made to her boilers, which were defective; her boats were unseaworthy; she had four boats, two of which would float and two of which would not; when on the frames daylight could be seen through their seams; the rigging of the ship was very old; the ship's compasses were untrustworthy; she had one patent log, which was lost by backing and coiling it around the propeller. Whatever may be the verdict of the court, the public will take such evidence of this into account in apportioning the blame for this most deplorable disaster.

A Proposal Emanating from the Board of Trade and Transportation was published last week, declaring that Congress should speedily provide for the redemption or exchange of trade dollars at their face value or some other equitable rate. It is no doubt desirable that the trade dollars should be eliminated from the circulation, but if Congress consented to redeem them at their face value, the interests of the people would be sacrificed to benefit the speculators who have bought up the coins at their bullion value. An effort to effect legislation of this character will in all probability be made at the next Congress, and the people should be on their guard against it.

The Anti-Chinese Immigration Act has not succeeded in completely preventing the influx of Chinamen. Complaints are made by the Anti-Chinese party that the law is being violated. It is stated that Chinese laborers are being smuggled across the frontier from British Columbia, that others have passed the Custom Houses with certificates from their own government describing them as travellers or traders, though they are really laborers, and that the recent decision of the Court permitting Chinamen to return who left this country prior to the passing of the bill will lead to many more entering by personation. Evidently the Chinese immigrants have pitted their ingenuity against the ingenuity of Congress, and the victory has not been with Western civilization.

The New Time Standard was Adopted by the Board of Aldermen, of New York, and on Sunday last at noon the clocks in the city were set back three minutes and fifty-eight and one-half seconds in accordance with the standard. The new standard was generally adopted in other cities, Chicago being the most conspicuous exception. Washington also was an exception, as that city will have to await the action of Congress. The change is generally welcomed, as the confusion and inconvenience of having fifty-three different standards in one country has been extreme. Under the new standard, the minute hand of all correct timepieces between the Atlantic and the Pacific will point to the same figure, and the hour hand will alone indicate to the traveller his entrance into a new time zone.

Mr. W. Forbes, of London, Addressed a large assemblage in Dr. Goodwin's Church in Chicago, on November 13th. The Chicago *Herald* states that in the course of his address Mr. Forbes made an earnest and eloquent appeal to Christian workers to organize efforts for the benefit of the class for whom Mr. Forbes has done so much in his own country—namely the people employed in the theatres. Mr. Forbes has endeavored to reach all whose occupation is in and about the theatre, the ballet-girls, juvenile dancers, acrobats, dressers, carpenters, scene-shifters, etc., and in his address he described his methods and success for the encouragement of his hearers in making efforts in Chicago in the same direction. The efforts to bring the "glad tidings" to all these theatrical attendants are still being continued by regular tea gospel meetings at Lower Exeter Hall. While bent on this mission Mr. Forbes has, of course, frequently met with all kinds of pathetic incidents. He remembers the case of two poor, motherless girls, whose duties required them to dance nightly at the Alhambra, in Leicester Square, and who had to do this one evening while their father, whom they had supported for a number of years, was lying dead in his coffin in their dingy little apartments. Mr. Forbes has been placed by Dr. Goodwin in communication with a number of Christian workers with the view of organizing a theatrical mission in Chicago.

Mr. Francis Murphy, the Famous Gospel Temperance orator, has just closed a series of successful meetings at Newark, N. J. The Central Methodist Episcopal Church, in which the meetings were held, is a very large building, but large numbers were unable to obtain admission, it being crowded to its utmost capacity long before the hour for commencing. It is estimated that not less than thirty thousand persons signed the pledge, among whom were many inebriates considered hopeless. Mr. Murphy will soon commence a series of meetings in Brooklyn, N. Y., at the urgent request of evangelical ministers, after which he is prepared to accept engagements in other cities.

The Canvass of the Country by the Agents of the American Bible Society, with the object of supplying for the fourth time every family without a Bible with a copy of the sacred book, is progressing rapidly. At the November meeting of the Board of Managers, reports were presented showing that in the prosecution of the work, 222 colporteurs had, during the month of October, visited 62,778 families, and that 8565 of them were found without a copy of the Scriptures. They sold 26,640 copies, and distributed 6519 gratuitously; the value of the books sold being $10,419.02, and the value of those given away $1,720.99.

Two Beautifully Illustrated Books Suitable for Christmas presents to children have been issued by Mr. R. Worthington, of New York. Worthington's Annual, price $1.50, is a quarto book of about 250 pages, containing: A series of interesting stories; papers on Natural History and 300 engravings, some of them in colors. *Chatterbox-Junior*, price $1.25, is also full of pictures and stories such as are the delight of the nursery. There are also a new supply in it of rhymes for the very little ones. Mr. Worthington in producing both works has earned and will doubtless receive hearty thanks from the juveniles in all our cities who are fortunate enough to obtain possession of one or other of them.

The Attack made on Luther's Memory by two prominent Roman Catholic preachers in this country on Nov. 11th, has been widely circulated by the press. It was not to be expected that the enthusiastic celebration of Luther's birthday should pass without some such attack being made. Monsignor Capel denounced Luther personally for breaking his oath of celibacy, contended that Protestantism tends to agnosticism and communism, and claimed that the Roman Catholic Church in Luther's day was not so corrupt as the reformer alleged she was. Facts are, however a sufficient answer to the preacher. The condition of society in Protestant lands, if compared with that of the lands in which Roman Catholicism flourishes, shows that Protestantism, apart from its spiritual blessings, is also a social blessing; while the fact that Luther, when a devoted and enthusiastic priest, returned from Rome disgusted by the immorality and licentiousness of the Papal Court, is evidence of the corruption then existing in the very heart of the Church. Luther undoubtedly broke his oath of celibacy, but it was an oath taken under a delusion and one from which he believed he was absolved by the circumstances of his separation from the Romish Church. Dr. Brann, the other preacher who attacked Luther, devoted himself to personal charges, apparently following the maxim of a certain lawyer, "When you have no case abuse the plaintiff's attorney."

The Centennial Anniversary of Evacuation Day will be observed in New York with appropriate ceremonies on November 26th. Mayor Edson has issued a proclamation calling attention to the fact that the anniversary of the day on which the British fleet weighed anchor and sailed from the Bay of New York, falls this year on Sunday, November 25th. He therefore recommends that business be suspended on the following day, "and that all public and private offices and places of business in the city be closed, in order that all the people of the city of New York may participate in the celebration of this hundredth anniversary of the culminating event of the Revolution." Committees have been appointed by the Board of Aldermen, the Chamber of Commerce, and the Historical Society to confer together and make arrangements for "a joyous commemoration" of the day when our ancestors shook off British rule.

A German Nobleman was Found Working as a day laborer on the Illinois Central Railroad recently. A despatch from Chicago on November 9th states that the administrator of the Prince of Salm, a German noble of great wealth, had visited that city in quest of his employer's son and heir. The young man had left his home, owing to a quarrel with his father, and nothing had been heard of him for more than a year. Very recently the prince received a letter from a German residing in Chicago, stating that there was living in the same house with him a young man whom the writer believed to be a member of the Salm family. The young men were both working in the capacity of laborers, and had become friends. On receiving that information, Prince Salm despatched to Chicago his administrator, who persuaded both young men to return with him to Germany, the one to receive a father's pardon, and the other to receive a reward for his intelligence and sagacity. There are many wanderers from God whom we cannot persuade to return, but to whom we can render the best of all services by telling their Heavenly Father of them. For such service there is a specified reward (James 5 : 20).

Money was Found in a Skeleton's Mouth Recently at Andermatt in Switzerland. Some workmen were repairing the wall that runs around the old churchyard there when, in the course of their excavations, they suddenly came upon several skeletons, and on disturbing them there fell from the lower jaw of one two gold coins of the reign of Charles VIII. of France, at the end of the fifteenth century. Further search revealed the presence in the bony hand of the skeleton of a piece of linen rag in excellent preservation, and on unfolding the rag the men brought to light ten silver coins of the sixteenth century, of the time of François I. of France. There is no means of knowing now how the money came to be in so strange a place. It may have been placed there by superstitious friends of the dead, or death might have suddenly come upon a man who was carrying his money in that way. One thing, however, is certain, the money had not been used. The fact that it remained with the dead occasions no surprise; it is just what we would expect; but when we see how men scheme and labor and hoard, it would seem that they have forgotten that it is of no use beyond the grave (Ps. 49 : 6-8).

A Treacherous Natural Beauty Characterizes some well-known localities in New York City, if we may credit a series of articles which have recently appeared in the *Times*. That journal asserts that three squares which are much frequented, especially in summer, are not healthful breathing places, but the haunts of malaria and breeding-places of disease. It declares that under these three squares struggle some of the most important of the old water-courses of the island. They are *choked up by refuse*, but they are still streams, saturating the ground with moisture and exhaling from the surface unhealthy vapors. Unfitted by reason of these streams for dwelling-places and rejected by builders because of their unfitness, these moist areas were selected by the city for public squares, because the land was cheap. The streams were not kept open nor drained, but were filled up. The writer of the articles expresses his conviction that the choked streams produce malaria, and states in confirmation of the theory that during the past twenty-five years there has been a fatal prevalence of certain diseases in the localities mentioned. If these facts are correct the places are most deceptive. On fine days in summer aged people and invalids may be seen sitting on the seats there, while children play around under the care of their nurses. Even busy men, as they pass, regret that they must plod along the dusty and foul-smelling streets instead of enjoying a rest under the trees with the velvety turf beneath their feet. It would appear, however, that rest there is attended with danger. There are similar experiences in our spiritual life. The busy, earnest worker is not so often assailed by temptation as those who rest in pleasant places like Bunyan's pilgrim on "the enchanted ground" (Matt. 26 : 41).

The Drowning of Seven Persons in the Storm of November 11th is reported from Pelosky, Mich. A despatch from that place states that in the afternoon of that day the State Superintendent of Fisheries, accompanied by his assistant and foreman, entered a boat manned by four experienced and steady men to cross the Bay. The party left the harbor in spite of earnest remonstrances not to attempt the perilous passage. When about half-way across, the boat was seen to capsize. Although it seemed impossible for a boat to live in such a sea, a volunteer crew made a desperate attempt to rescue two of the party, who could be plainly seen from the shore clinging to the boat, but were unable to reach them, on account of the blinding snowstorm and heavy sea, and were hardly able to get back themselves. The following day the boat was washed ashore with one of its sides stove in, but the bodies have not yet been recovered. All the party were familiar with the currents and the shores, but they overestimated their power to cope with so terrible a storm. It is often so in the storms of life. Many a noble human bark for which a useful and glorious voyage was predicted has gone down in a storm of trial through self-confidence. Those who trust in Christ for strength and not in their own righteousness, alone are safe (1 Cor. 10 : 12).

Fifteen Weeks Spent on a Barren Island was the experience of a Spanish sailor who recently arrived at San Francisco. He states, in a narrative published in the San Francisco *Alta*, that he was steward on board the *St. Clair*, of Thomaston, Me., which sailed from New York on December 18th, 1882 with an assorted cargo bound for Nagasaki, Japan. On the 1st of May she struck on the shoaling shores of one of the Sunda Islands and became a total wreck. The weather was stormy, and the waves, which were running very high, rendered futile all possible efforts to save anything. The captain, knowing the island to be uninhabited, determined to try to reach another island by the boats, but the steward fearing the storm determined to remain until the Japanese fishermen visited the island. It was not the season for fishing, and the place was not visited, the sailor states, for fifteen weeks, during which he subsisted on oysters, such fish as he could catch, and some dried fish left by the Japanese in the deserted sheds. He was almost dead from privation and lack of proper food when the fishermen came. They treated him kindly, and took him to the American Consul at Yokohama, who sent him home. But for the timely arrival of the Japanese the man must have perished, and he describes his sensations of delight when at last he saw them approach, as overwhelming. If he had neglected the opportunity thus afforded him or refused the offer of the fishermen to take him off the island, he would have been despised as an imbecile, yet the offer of salvation comes to sinners of escape from a more perilous situation and is rejected (Heb. 12 : 25).

MARVELLOUS! MARVELLOUS!

A New Sermon by Pastor C. H. Spurgeon.

"Thus saith the Lord of hosts; If it be marvellous in the eyes of the remnant of this people in these days, should it also be marvellous in mine eyes? saith the Lord of hosts."—Zechariah 7 : 6.

A Promise not Credited—Unbelief under a Cobweb—Difficulty in the Margin—The Wonder Accomplished—The Greatest of all Wonders—Satan Tries to Induce Incredulity—I. Carnal Reasoning—Forgiveness through Faith Rejected by Common-Sense—The New Heart Contrary to Experience—Perseverance Doubted—II. Carnal Reasoning Corrected—It Forgets God's Might—Underestimates Him—A Mirror Marvellous to a Savage—Based on Pride—Dishonors God—III. Right Reasoning—Marvels Necessary to Salvation—Miracles Economically Given—The Winking Virgin—Marvellous Things Already Done—Wonders More Marvellous Believed—A Story of a Warrior.

GOD sent His servant Zechariah with a promise that Jerusalem should be rebuilt, and that it should enjoy a time of great peace and prosperity. Instead of men being slain in battle in the prime of their days, old men and old women were to dwell in the streets of Jerusalem, "every man with his staff in his hand for very age;" and whereas war had often cut off the women and the children, the promise further added, "the streets of the city shall be full of boys and girls playing in the streets thereof." Everything was to be prosperous in the land around, so as to bring plenty into the city, "For the seed shall be prosperous; the vine shall give her fruit, and the ground shall give her increase, and the heavens shall give their dew; and I will cause the remnant of this people to possess all these things." It was a sweet assurance, and it ought to have made them very happy, but it did not.

When this gracious promise came, it startled the people, for it seemed past belief. The unbelievers did not say point blank, "This promise is not true," but deep in their hearts they thought as much. It is not the general habit of unbelief among God's people to give a flat contradiction to His promises; we are hardly honest enough to our own thoughts to express them with deliberate plainness of speech; even unbelief loves to

WEAR SOME COBWEB

covering or other, that its naked deformity may not appear. Our reverence for the Lord will not permit us distinctly to give Him the lie; but it comes to much the same thing, for in our heart of hearts we deny the truthfulness of His Word.

The remnant of Israel said, "How can this thing be? In these days, in these troublous days, in these threatening days, how can Jerusalem be made to prosper? Former hopes have been disappointed; we see no better signs of the times, and doubtless if our hopes be now raised they will again be disappointed. How can the city rise from its ashes? We can hardly think it possible; at any rate, it will be marvellous, extremely difficult, exceedingly unlikely, indeed, impossible." They did not say at once, "It will not be;" but they said, "It will be a marvellous thing;" by which they meant that it was not in the least likely.

You who carry Bibles with you which have the marginal readings, will notice that in the margin there is the word "difficult," and the text may be read thus, "Thus saith the Lord of hosts; If it be difficult in your eyes, should it also be difficult in mine eyes?" This is the only instance in which the word "difficult" occurs in our version of the Bible, and in this case it is only to be found in the margin. There is too much of God in the Bible for difficulties to live in it. I should be very glad if I could always *put the word "difficult" into the margin of my life*, and never let it stand in the substance of it. I wish my faith would banish it. Difficulty does crop up now and then through unbelief; but where God manifests Himself, difficulty vanishes. Leave it in the margin, brother!

Leave it in the margin; let it not be read in the annals of your actual life. A brave self-reliance blots the word *difficult* out of its dictionary, and a full God-reliance may much more safely do so. If God be for us, all things can be accomplished. Things impossible with men are possible with God.

It certainly was a marvellous thing that Jerusalem, after having been so dreadfully destroyed, should again lift up its head and enjoy a little period of sunlight; but we are called upon to believe in even

GREATER WONDERS

—wonders of a spiritual kind which are more difficult of belief than material miracles. I am going to talk about what to every intelligent and awakened mind will be the greatest wonder of all, namely, the possibility of our salvation by faith which is in Christ Jesus. Satan will assail you who are saved, and you who are seeking to be saved, and he will aim a blow at your faith. If he does not dare to tell you in his own native tongue of point blank lying that the promise which the Gospel makes to the believer is false, yet he will lead you to think it highly improbable, too good to be true, too wonderful ever to happen; in a word, he will make it appear marvellous in your eyes, and he will hint that it is incredible.

So this morning I am going, first, to speak upon *carnal reasoning*, how it runs; secondly, to offer *a correction to that reasoning* by pointing out an untruth which lies at the bottom of it; and, thirdly, I will try, in conclusion, to dwell upon the truth of the matter, and see if we cannot enjoy some *right reasoning*. O blessed Spirit of grace, teach our reason right reason at this hour, and make us to perceive all things in the light of truth!

I. Here we have before us a specimen of

CARNAL REASONING.

The Jews of those days said, "It is difficult; it will never be performed. It is marvellous in our eyes; it will never happen." This kind of speech comes from men as soon as they begin to think about their souls, and to desire the salvation of the Lord. We inform them in God's name that whosoever repents of sin and confesses it, and believes in Jesus Christ, shall receive immediate pardon; and this good news surprises them, as well it may.

Straightway the old serpent begins to hiss out a doubt, and they ask, "How can it be? Can a man receive in one moment forgiveness for fifty years of sin? How can his conscience be cleared by the simple act of believing in Christ? How can the record of a life of evil be blotted out at once?" Assuredly it does not seem probable to a troubled mind; reason decides that it must be very difficult; common-sense assents that it is a marvellous affair altogether, and the poor awakened hearts conclude that the promise of full, free, and present forgiveness cannot be true. Thus they push the promise of God concerning pardon on one side as a good thing which is quite past belief.

Then comes the blessing of renewal of heart, such as God speaks of in the covenant-promise, "A new heart also will I give them, and a right spirit will I put within them." Our hearer understands that upon his believing in Jesus he is born again, and becomes a new creature, with new likes and new hates, an entirely altered being; but understanding the promise is one thing, and believing it is another. A new heart the awakened one desires, but he considers it

TOO GREAT A MARVEL.

He knows that he cannot subdue his own stubborn will, nor conquer his own unruly passions; and therefore he concludes that the thing is improbable, and not to be looked for.

Even if the awakened soul proceeds as far as believing in the first two blessings, unbelief comes to him in another way, for this thief is sure to meet the traveller to Zion again and again. "Oh, but," says the tempted one, "how can I hope to persevere to the end? I shall be one of these days tempted so strongly that I shall be carried off my feet. What with indwelling sin and a cunning tempter, and a world full of evil, I cannot hope to endure to the end. I shall one day fall by the hand of the enemy. Do you assure me that the righteous shall hold on their way? Then it will be marvellous; it must be so difficult that I fear it is improbable, if not impossible." Thus unbelief pushes on one side another covenant blessing.

Further on there comes to the man who has been helped to persevere for a while the promise that he shall ultimately be presented faultless before the presence of God with exceeding joy; this promise is assailed in the same manner. We dwell upon the fact that it will be very marvellous; indeed, the more we think of it the more marvellous it becomes in our eyes; and, alas! unbelief leaps upon the back of our wonder, and we judge that the blessing can never be ours. Thus another promised blessing is thrown under the table.

I have known children of God in the time of their great trial, when they have been surrounded with afflictions, oppressed with poverty, and depressed in spirit, to become quite incredulous as to the possibility of deliverance. They ask, "How can God cause our bread to be given us and our water to be sure *now?* Can He bring us out of such sore trouble as this? When we see no passage through our straits we are sadly apt to conclude that God sees none. He has promised that with every trial He will make us a way of escape; but we doubt His Word. Like the unbelieving lord in the Book of Kings, we say, "If God would make windows in heaven, might such a thing be?" Unbelievers by this wicked reasoning are left in their spiritual death, while believers are hampered and sorely wounded. O accursed unbelief, this is thy false argument, "It is marvellous, and therefore it cannot be true!" We answer thee that because it is marvellous it is all the more likely to be true.

II. Secondly, we will now aim our arrows at

THE DARK SPOT

in this carnal argument, which makes it all to be false; or, in other words, we will correct this reasoning.

First, let us note that when because the blessing promised is marvellous, we therefore doubt the promise of God concerning it, *we must have forgotten God.* "If it be marvellous in your eyes, saith the Lord of hosts, is it therefore marvellous in mine eyes?" God himself puts it so, and there is but one answer to the question.

To come to our one subject, that of your own salvation, you hear the promise of eternal life in Christ Jesus, and your mind replies, "It is marvellous, it is difficult." Do you not see that you are looking at it as if *you* had made the promise? From that standpoint it would be indeed difficult, even to impossibility. But

WHOSE PROMISE IS IT?

It is not yours, but God's. If you were to promise to give yourself eternal life, and to keep yourself to the end, and sanctify yourself perfectly, what a foolish person you would be to undertake what you could not possibly perform! But it is not *your* promise; it is God's promise. Is anything too hard for the Lord?

And, further, the error which vitiates the argument of carnal reason takes another shape. There is here, as far as the Lord is thought of at all, *an underestimate of God.* The Lord puts this very plainly in our text—"If it be marvellous in the eyes of the remnant of this people in these days, should it also be marvellous in mine eyes?" You are judging God as if He were like yourself. The deed of salvation is marvellous with you; but it is not strange with God, to whom it has been the great thought of eternity, toward which He causeth all things to move. Everything in

WONDER DEPENDS UPON THE PERSON

affected by it; a trader goes to Africa, he takes with him a looking-glass, and you see the chiefs gather around, and with wonder they gaze upon their own pleasing countenances in the mirror. It is marvellous to them; it becomes the talk of the tribe; but that looking-glass is not marvellous to the trader who brought it there. A musical-box is set playing, and a whole village of negroes gather about it, unanimously believing that it must be at least a spirit, if not a God. To them it is a great marvel, and they expect the white man to marvel too, for they measure his capacity by their own; yet their wonderful thing is to an Englishman a mere simplicity. Shall we set it down for certain that what is a wonder to us is a wonder to God? This would be absurd.

When we begin to doubt whether God will love us to the end, is it not

MEASURING GOD'S PATIENCE

by our impatience? Is there not a calculating of God's immutability by our mutability? Because *we* change and grow weary, shall we fancy that the Lord also changes? Is there variableness and turning with the great Father of lights? Hath not the Lord declared, "I am God; I change not; therefore ye sons of Jacob are not consumed?"

Do you not see, dear friends, that if we begin to say that God's promise is so marvellous that it cannot be performed, *we do the infinite God high dishonor?* I tremble as I say that unbelief accuses the Lord of vain boasting. When a man promises you what he knows he cannot perform, what opinion do you form of him? You say at once, "Why, the man is a boaster; he is big at talking, but small at performing." Will you insinuate that of the Lord God? Has it come to this, that you dare criticise your Maker? Do you dare insinuate that the infinite Jehovah has promised to a sinner what He is incapable of giving him? He says, "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved;" and you say, "No, I could not be saved." Does God, then, speak beyond His ability? Does He promise what He is not able to perform?

Or is it that you dream that God does not know His own strength? What! Is the Almighty ignorant? Is the only wise God unaware of His own power? Does He not know what He can do? If the Lord has given a promise to His people that He will keep them to the end, then He will keep them to the end without fail. That which is difficult with us is easy with Him. There is a radical mistake at the bottom of all this wicked, unbelieving reasoning—it leaves out the Lord altogether, or degrades Him below the glory of His Godhead.

III. We have reached the third division of our discourse, and here let us practise a little

RIGHT REASONING.

I invite any here who are troubled with doubts about the promise of God to follow me in a few simple considerations. First, *it is quite clear that for our salvation marvels must be wrought.* It will be a wonder in all ages for any one of us to attain to glory; it will need the omnipotence of God to renew, preserve, and perfect us. It is a rule with regard to miracles that God is very economical with them. In the Romish Church you have miracles in abundance, such as they are; but they are for the most part needless parades of power. When St. Denis, after his head was cut off, picked it up in his hands and walked a thousand miles with it, the dear good man might as well have saved himself and his head the unsightly pilgrimage. When the blood of St. Januarius liquefies, or a Madonna winks, it may be interesting, but one does not see the necessity for either performance. The God of the Scriptures has no hand in such miracles; they are not of the same order as those which are wrought by His right hand.

Our Lord *never uses a miracle where the same thing could be done by the ordinary processes of nature;* but whenever a miracle is requisite, a miracle is forthcoming—there is no stint of power though there is no wasteful display of it. I argue, then, that if it is necessary for you to be saved in order that God's promise may be kept, you shall be saved; and if in order to this, marvels are needed, marvels will happen. The Lord reserves no strength when it is needful to

expend it for the fulfilment of His promises; if omnipotence must make bare its arm, it shall be bared. The Lord led His people Israel to the Red Sea; perhaps if the Egyptians had not come up, it might have been possible to make rafts to ferry them across the gulf, and we are sure it would have been done if it had been the best way of achieving the Lord's design; but when the Egyptians were so close behind that you could hear the neighings of their horses, and almost feel the hot breath of their vengeful masters, then there remained no ordinary way for the people of God to escape, and lo! the mighty depths yawned before the tribes, and a road was opened through the heart of the sea that the people of God might pass through.

So it shall be with you; if to forgive your sin needs a miracle of grace, believe in the Lord Jesus Christ, and the miracle of grace is done. If to change thy nature needs the miraculous power of the Holy Spirit, if thou believest in the Lord Jesus Christ, the Spirit waiteth to work that great change; nay, He has wrought the change, and thy faith is the evidence of it. If it shall need all the power of God to keep one of His children to the end, all that power shall be seen in Him; for though God worketh not miracles till they are needed, He is not slow to do so when the case demands them. He will shake earth and heaven to complete the salvation of His chosen. Therefore, if a deed of grace be marvellous in thine eyes, say to thyself, "Marvellous as it is, nothing short of it will avail, and therefore it shall be done."

A second little bit of reasoning may tend to comfort some of you, namely, that, *after all,*

MARVELLOUS THINGS ARE THE RULE

with God. I say not miracles, although it is difficult to draw the line between the ordinary processes of God's working and the extraordinary ones, for the ordinary are extraordinary, and His extraordinary deeds can hardly be more marvellous than His daily operations. All the works of God in creation are marvels. Take the telescope and search out the stars. Assuredly an "undevout astronomer is mad." When we perceive somewhat of the multitudes of worlds that God has made, their vast distances, the proportions of their bulk, the regularity of their orbits, and the rapidity of their motions, we discover that the great machinery of nature is ordered by infinite skill. "It is the Lord's doing," and it is marvellous in our eyes.

But now, if you have done with the telescope, please put it by, and let me lend you a microscope. Look at a butterfly from your garden; nay, you need not trouble to examine the whole creature, a portion of a broken wing will suffice for your astonishment. Here is a spider's eye! Are you not surprised? This is the petal of a flower—what amazing beauty! Take but a single portion of a minute blood-vessel, and study it awhile. I hear you say, "I never could have believed it; this glass reveals to me such wonders that I am utterly astounded." God is as great in the little as in the great; He is God everywhere. If a man carefully fashions a needle it appears to be exquisitely smooth and polished. Ah! it is only bright because your eye is dim. Put it under the glass. It is transformed into a rough bar of iron. No works of man will bear to be examined with a microscope; but you may search the Lord's work with the utmost care. The commonest, plainest, simplest, most ordinary creation of God is perfect. Since, then, all nature teems with marvels, why put aside a promise of God because it involves a marvel? Is such conduct reasonable?

Follow me yet a little further, when I say that you must be prepared to abandon altogether the religion of our Lord Jesus Christ if you make it a rule to disbelieve the marvellous. The greatest marvel that I ever heard of is this—"Great is the mystery of godliness; God was manifest in the flesh." How the infinite could become one with the finite, so that the babe at Bethlehem should be the Mighty God, I cannot tell, and I think you cannot. Are you prepared to forego the incarnation of Christ? For if you are not, you must not refuse to believe in any act of God because it is marvellous, for it cannot be more marvellous than God in human flesh.

Think again: it is a cardinal doctrine of Christianity that

THE DEAD WILL RISE

again; that at the sounding of the trump of God they that are in their graves will rise to be judged in their bodies. Is not this a marvel? Stand in a cemetery, and ask the question, "Can these dry bones live?" Do you believe in the resurrection? Then you must never set aside any promise of God because it involves a marvel. You also believe, according to the word of the Lord, that this world will one day be the home of God's glory, for there shall be new heavens and a new earth wherein dwelleth righteousness, and the travail of the groaning creation shall come to an end, and this world shall be made anew a temple for the Lord. What an extraordinary thing this will be! yet you believe it. Do not therefore ever doubt a single promise that God makes either to saint or sinner because it contains a marvel.

Yet, again, I want you to follow me in another thought, namely, that greater marvels have been already wrought than any which your salvation and mine will henceforth involve. Brothers, if it had been whispered to some one of us that God would take upon Himself human form and dwell among men, we should have looked much astonished; but if the prophet had added, "In that form He will be despised and spit upon, and hung up to die a felon's death, because He will bear the sin of man, which will be laid upon His perfect person, so that He will be made a curse for us," we should have said, "No, that cannot be." Beloved, it has been; atonement has been accomplished. The renewal of our nature, and the forgiveness of our sin, are but little things compared with what Christ has already done. That He should now save His people seems to me not at all extraordinary; it would be more extraordinary that He should die, and not save those for whom He died. Having paid the ransom price for His heritage, it is but a natural consequence that it should be set free.

Lastly, let me say, whenever you have any doubts and fears, do *turn away your mind from the thing that is promised to the faithful Promiser.* We want larger ideas of God altogether. If we had them we should find it easy to believe His Word. I remember when a boy being taken to see the residence of one of our nobility, and the good friend who took me noticed my astonishment at the largeness of the house. I was amazed at it, having never seen anything like it, and so I said, "What a house for a man to live in!" "Bless you, boy," said he, "*this is only the kitchen!*" I was only looking at the servants' apartments, and was astonished at the grandeur thereof; but the mansion itself was a far nobler affair. Oftentimes when you see what the Lord has done, you are ready to cry out, "How can all this be? His goodness, His mercy, is it as great as this?" Rest assured that you have only seen a little of His goodness, as it were the kitchen of His great house; you have not seen the palace of the Most High, where He reveals His full power and splendor.

You know

THE STORY OF THE WARRIOR,

who, having led his men into a difficult position, went round at night to their tents. He said to himself, "If they are all in good heart we shall fight well to-morrow, but certainly this defile needs all our valor; I should like to know the spirit of my men." Going round the camp secretly, he heard in a tent some half-dozen soldiers conversing, and one of them above the rest was saying, "I think our general has made a great mistake this time; look at the enemy; they have so many cavalry, so many infantry and guns, and so forth." He added up all the force of the enemy, and another soldier chimed in, "What do you suppose our strength to be?" So the other calculated—so many footmen, so many horsemen, so many artillerymen, and so on. He was just going to total it up, and make a very small concern of the whole, when the general drew aside the canvas of the tent and said, "And pray, my man, how many do you count me for?" Did all the general's skill, and valor, and renown count for nothing? He who had won so many fights could he not win again? Just so the Lord Jesus Christ, whenever we begin summing up our strength, or rather our weakness, seems to appear and say, "How many do you count me for?" O sirs! you have not counted the Lord Jesus at the millionth part of what He is; nay, the firmest believer here has not yet reached the trailing skirts of the garments of divine omnipotence. Let us enlarge our minds. Come, blessed Spirit, reveal Christ in us, and let us thus know more of God, and trust Him better, and let nothing be unbelievingly marvellous in our eyes, since nothing can be too hard for the Lord. God bless you. Amen.

[PORTIONS OF SCRIPTURE READ BEFORE SERMON—Numbers 11 : 1-23; II Kings 7.]

[The prayers of the readers of this Journal are requested for the blessing of God upon its Editors in America and England, and those whose sermons, articles, or labors for Christ are printed in it; and for its weekly circulation of more than 250,000 copies to be blessed by the Holy Spirit to the conversion of many sinners and the quickening of God's people. Mr. Spurgeon and Dr. Talmage especially request prayer every Sunday morning on behalf of their labors.]

MISS CARRIE F. JUDD.

EXTRACTS have frequently appeared in this journal from *Triumphs of Faith*, a monthly magazine, edited by Miss Carrie F. Judd. This week we publish a portrait of that lady, which appears on the next page. Miss Judd has for some time devoted all her efforts to the guidance and encouragement of suffering believers, whom she endeavors to lead to placing all their faith and hope for their bodies as well as their souls in the Saviour. She was prompted to undertake this work by her own remarkable recovery from a long and painful illness. The narrative of her restoration to health is best told in her own words. She says:

"On the sixth of January, 1877, after a gradual decline in health, I was prostrated with an attack of fever, proceeding from my spine, the result, probably, of a severe fall on a stone sidewalk several months before. The fever was soon subdued, but my disease grew into settled spinal difficulty, and from the inflammation of the spinal nerves proceeded a most distressing hyper-acuteness, called *hyperæsthesia.* This extended to all my large joints; and my hips, knees, and ankles could not be touched even by myself, on account of their sensitiveness. The disease increased until the nerves in the joints were so unnaturally alive that it was as if they had been laid bare, and it seemed to me as though nothing less than spasms would be the immediate result were they touched. The vibrating of these sensitive nerves, occasioned by the tiniest jar or noise in the room, was something indescribably dreadful.

"For all but the first two months of my illness, extreme helplessness as well as suffering made my lot almost unendurable. For more than two years, turning over alone or moving myself a particle in bed was simply an impossibility. Every move was made for me with the greatest care. I suffered intensely with my head; the violent, tearing pain, the terrible sense of weight, and the extreme sensitiveness made a soft, small pillow feel like a block of stone, the pressure of which was crushing my brain to atoms. Much of the time we were obliged to exclude from the room all excepting those who had the care of me.

"For *eleven months* I could not sit up at all, but in the spring of 1878 I improved slowly, and could be lifted into a chair for a little while each day. I was more comfortable until July, but I was not by my greatest exertions able to help

Miss Carrie F. Judd, of Buffalo, N. Y.

An Irish Landlord's Departure from his Home.

myself at all. The only way in which I could be shoved from the bed to the chair was by being lifted under my arms, as I could endure no pressure on my spine.

"The very warm weather at that time, and my making attempts to help myself when in such a weak condition, caused a sudden and violent relapse, and, in spite of everything that could be done for me, I continued to fail. I rallied a little in the autumn, but only temporarily, and in February, 1879, the doctors pronounced my disease to be blood consumption; I was emaciated to a shadow, and my largest veins looked like mere threads. My pulse could scarcely be found, and I was not expected to live from one day to the next. Everything that the most skilful physicians could do for me had been done; only the 'Great Physician' could restore me by His almighty power."

About this time Miss Judd's attention was directed to the cures wrought by Christ in answer to prayer, some of which were of cases similar to her own. She made inquiry about those cases, and wrote to Mrs. Edward Mix, of Wolcottville, Conn., Dr. Cullis, and others. In replying to her, Mrs. Mix said:

"I can encourage you, by the Word of God, that 'according to your faith' so be it unto you; and, beside, you have this promise, 'The prayer of faith shall save the sick.' When you receive this letter I want you to begin to pray for faith, and Wednesday afternoon the female prayer-meeting is at our house. We will make you a subject of prayer, between the hours of three and four. I want you to pray for yourself, and pray believing, and then *act faith*. It makes no difference how you feel, but get right out of bed and begin to walk by faith. Strength will come, disease will depart, and you will be made whole."

Miss Judd says: "Is it any wonder that in my utter weakness, my confirmed helplessness, and, above all, my lack of faith, that I was tempted to smile unbelievingly at the words 'get right out of bed and begin to walk by faith?' My conscience reproved me for my unbelief, and I began to pray for an increase of faith. At the hour appointed by Mrs. Mix, members of our own family also offered up prayer, though not in my room. Just before this, I seemed to have no power whatever to grasp the promise. Terrible darkness and powerful temptations from Satan rose to obscure even the little faith I had, but suddenly, my soul was filled with a childlike peace and confidence, different from anything I had ever before experienced.

"There was no excitement, but, without the least fear or hesitation, I turned over and rose alone, for the first time in over two years. My nurse, Mrs. H., who had taken care of me for nearly a year, was greatly affected, and began praising God for His wonderful power and mercy. Directly after, with a little support from my nurse, I walked a few steps to my chair. During that same hour, a decided change was perceptible in my color, circulation and pulse, and I could talk aloud with ease. In about three weeks I could walk around the room without even having any one near me; in four weeks I walked down-stairs with a little assistance; I walked very steadily from the first, and my joints, which had been weakened by the hyperæsthesia, grew strong and firm. My muscles filled out very rapidly, but I suffered nothing from aching or lameness, even after I commenced going up and down-stairs.

"I will mention here, that it was especially noticeable, during my healing, that whenever I made any extra exertion of my own, suddenly, and without the least apparent cause, my strength would fail me. It was soon revealed to me, that I was simply to look to the Lord for improvement; that as He had begun the work, He would carry it on without any strivings on my part.

"My gain in flesh and strength was rapid, and my friends say that I am now looking better than ever before.

"I wish to add that Dr. Charles Cullis, of Boston, Mass., whose faith-works and faith-cures are so widely known, kindly added his prayers for my complete recovery."

AN IRISH LANDOWNER'S DEPARTURE.

(*See Illustration.*)

THE sketch on this page depicts a scene very familiar in Ireland during the past three years. The landholder having received threatening letters, unable to collect the rents from his tenants, and having been shot at once or twice, applies to the government for special police protection. A semi-military guard is supplied to him, and for a time he takes his daily walks and rides guarded by armed men, who also watch his house at night. Such a life of constant danger, annoyance and dread soon becomes unendurable, and he finally resolves to leave the country until more peaceful times, preferring poverty and discomfort in some English or continental city to the luxury and state of his ancestral home with its attendant perils. The news of his departure is soon spread, and the tenants and their wives and children assemble to see him drive away. They are no pleasant sounds that he hears as he mounts his car to be driven to the railroad depot. Taunts, jeers and muttered curses come from lips from which but a few years ago only respectful words proceeded in his presence. The obsequious laborer and his courteous wife now yell out their hatred as he departs, and he leaves the home of his fathers amid the execrations of the people he has known from boyhood. Whether he will ever return he knows not, but he counts himself happy to have escaped with his life.

It often happens that the landlord's conscience does not reproach him with cruelty or oppression. He may have been a good landlord as landlords go. He is certainly no worse than his father or grandfather or than other landlords his neighbors are. But it has fallen to him, as in the course of history it has fallen to others, to suffer for the sins of his fathers. They lived careless of the condition of the poor around them. They never sought to benefit them by education or religious training. They made no effort to train them in habits of industry and thrift, or to help them by small expenditures to make the best of the land. They asked for and received the highest rents they could obtain, and ignored the misery that abounded around them. The tenant could not drain the land nor make improvements. If he did so the landowner noticing that his crops were better and his cattle fatter would raise his rent and he would be in a worse state than before he sank his money in improving another man's property. The tenants became hopeless and apathetic. They lost their energy. What wonder, in such a state, with bitter poverty in the present and no hope for the future, that the Irish farmers and laborers listened willingly to designing men, who promised them deliverance.

If years ago the Irish landowner had established schools, assisted in the organization of savings banks and benefit societies, and had endeavored to raise the people out of the ig-

norance and superstition in which they were sunk under the fostering care of the Romish priests, their sons would not now be exiled from their estates and asking in vain for unpaid rents. They lived in ease and luxury, careless of the fact that the poor around them were drifting downward financially, intellectually and morally. The landowner thought it was no concern of his, when he thought of it at all —which was seldom. And they continued to drift downward. It is useless now to tell the people that Davitt and Healy and Sexton and others are deceiving them, and are merely making tools of them for their own purposes. The people are too ignorant to discriminate or to realize the result of what they do. The ignorance which grew up unheeded in the past is deplored now that it is bearing its inevitable fruit. The man who attends seditious meetings and joins in marauding exploits would have been an industrious, prosperous farmer if his father could have obtained from the landlord the assistance in improving his land which was his due. The sins of the fathers in Ireland are, according to God's warning, required of their children, and the sour grapes eaten by a former generation are setting on edge the teeth of their descendants, the landowners of this generation.

"Full of his own troubles, John Bennett did not heed the goat."

THE BAKER'S DISAPPOINTMENT DISPELLED.

A LONG, lonely road on a cold winter's day. The sun is shining, but its rays seem to have been frozen so that they give light but no warmth. No living thing can be seen upon it, though the eye can take in a full mile of its course. Presently a goat pushes itself through the trees on one side of the road and snuffles lazily among the dead leaves and withered grasses.

Presently the tramp of a horse and the sound of wheels is heard, and a baker's cart comes in sight. The goat looks up expectantly, but the baker drives on. The goat, as if in protest, follows, raising its head and sniffing the smell of the newly-baked bread. Suddenly the man stops, raises the cover of his cart, and taking out a strip of crust throws it to the goat, saying as he did so, "It is not your fault, you ought not to suffer for it."

John Bennett had driven over that road every day for three years, and since he first saw the goat a year ago he had every morning given it a piece of bread. But this morning his heart was burdened. Things were going wrong with his business, and he knew that when he reached his home he must meet a creditor he had promised to pay, but could not. He had hoped to collect a bill during his journey which would have made up the sum required, but he had not been paid. He had learned the reason of the failure, too. One of the men in the employ of the customer who owed him explained it. The customer arrived home from market last night intoxicated, and without his pocketbook, which contained a considerable sum, out of which the baker's account should have been paid.

It was a sore disappointment, and John Bennett was in no hurry to continue his journey, but sat moodily watching the animal crunching its meal. As he did so he seemed to gain fresh light. "God feedeth them," were the words that came into his mind, and he remembered Christ's injunction, "Take no thought for the morrow." "I can trust Him," he said at last. "I am trusting Him for my soul; I can surely trust Him for my body and the provision for my family." His face cleared of its clouds, and shaking the reins as a signal to his horse to go on, he looked around at the goat, and said cheerily, "Good-by, old fellow, you have taught me a lesson."

The goat had finished his bread and had found something else, which it was industriously chewing. The baker looked at it a moment, and was quickly off his cart and by the goat's side. It was a pocketbook that the goat was trying to masticate, and inscribed upon it were the name and address of his customer, whose heedlessness had caused all his trouble. Very joyfully he turned his horse's head and went on his pleasant mission to restore the lost property. Returning half an hour afterward along the same road with the money safely in his pocket wherewith to satisfy his creditor, his heart throbbed with thankfulness to God, who in his extremity had made for him a way of escape. "Yes," he said, "it is true, 'Blessed are all they who put their trust in Him.'"

POVERTY'S PREY.

A SERIAL STORY.

(*Continued from page 735.*)

Mrs. Fell Gives Up the Struggle.

MRS. FELL had heard of other women having their wedding-rings changed, and never being able to right themselves; and she could not bear to think of some other woman, happier than herself, wearing it as her wedding-ring, and prizing it as she had done. A thousand dim memories and inarticulate thoughts centred in the lost ring—none the less real, perhaps, because the poor widow was only an ignorant woman, and could not express her feelings in language. She lay moaning in utter hopelessness and helplessness, knowing too well it was lost forever. Before even they could expect David back, Roger ran in, breathless and stammering. The candle was still burning, and they could see his agitated face and his excited gestures plainly.

"He's bein' took to jail again!" he exclaimed in broken sentences. "I see him all along. He up and at old Quirk as brave as a bull-dog. He had him down on the ground in no time. He'd said as you was a thief and a drunkard, and worse; and David couldn't stand it. I'd ha' had a cut at him too; but he had him down on his back in a moment's time, and he fought for you like a good un!"

"But where is he?" gasped the mother, as her eyes, glistening with terror, turned toward the door, where Bess was standing, as though waiting to let David in, and close it safely after him.

"He's took to jail, you know," answered Roger, with an oath such as he had learned when he could first speak. "There was a bobby up, afore I could give him warnin', pushin' through everybody; and old Quirk gave him in charge, and they walked him off to the station, to be shut up all night till to-morrow mornin'. And he shouted, 'Somebody tell my mother what's befell me!' And he looked straight at me, and I came off at wunst. Perhaps they'll let him go free in the mornin'!"

But even Roger's unaccustomed eyes could see the deathlike pallor and change that came over the face of David's mother, as she heard what he had to say. She uttered no word or cry, but sank down again on her miserable death-bed, and turned her despairing face to the wall. Bess sent away Roger, and, carefully putting out the candle, crept on to the sacking beside her, and, laying her arm gently across her, spoke hopefully of David being released, and Quirk punished, as soon as the truth was known. But Mrs. Fell was at last broken-hearted, and answered not a word even to little Bess, who fell asleep at last, crying softly to herself.

Who can tell how long the hours of that night were? Darkness without, and within the utter blackness of despair! The craving hunger of disease, and the soul's hunger after the welfare of her children! The chilly dew of death, and the icy death-blow dealt to every lingering hope for them! When Bess awoke and bestirred herself early in the morning, her mother still lay speechless, and she dared not leave her. Euclid started on his day's work alone. There was no one she could ask for help; so she set about her little tasks of lighting a handful of fire, and making a cup of tea for her mother, which she could not persuade her to touch. It was a dark and dreary winter's morning—so dark where she was living, that she could scarcely see her mother's face.

The afternoon was fast fading into night—another night of misery and despair—when Roger stole softly in, and crept gently up to the side of the bed where David's mother lay. Bess was sitting by her, holding her hand closely, as if she could thus keep her in the world where her lot had been so hard. She had not spoken yet, and had scarcely moved, since Roger had brought his fatal tidings the night before. Now, when her ear caught the sound of his low, awe-struck voice, she opened her eyes once more, and fastened them upon him. He stooped down, and spoke to her in a sorrowful whisper.

"He's got three months agen," he said. "Never mind! everybody gets into jail some time o' their lives!"

Mrs. Fell's lips moved tremulously, as the eyelids closed slowly over her dim eyes, which were losing sight of Bess, though she was leaning over her, and calling, "Mother!"

"He might ha' been a good man like his father!" she moaned with her dying breath.

A parish coffin and a pauper's grave were all the country had to give to the dead mother, whose son, in the ignorance and recklessness of boyhood, had broken the laws twice, and been each time visited with a harsh penalty. "That servant which knew his lord's will, and did it not, shall be beaten with many stripes. But he that knew not, and did commit things worthy of stripes, shall be beaten with few stripes." There is Christ's rule. Do we, who sometimes pride ourselves as being the most Christian nation on the face of the earth, abide by that rule?

The mother was buried; and what was to become of Bess? No one was bound to take any care of her. She was old enough to see after herself. There was the poorhouse open to her, if she chose to apply for admission; but, if she entered it, it would be to be sent out to service, as a poorhouse girl, in the course of a few weeks or months, untrained and untaught, fit only for the miserable drudgery of the lowest service. There was not strength enough in her slight, ill-fed frame to enable her to keep body and soul together at laundry-work, which was the only work she knew anything of. There was no home, however wretched, to give her shelter, if she continued to sell water-cresses in the streets. True, Blackett offered her the refuge of his lodgings, and Roger urged her eagerly to avail herself of his father's kindness; but Bess shrank away with terror from the mere thought of it. Blackett had been the object of her daily dread ever since her childhood, and no change in his manner toward her could inspire her with confidence.

When she came back from following her mother's coffin to its pauper's grave, she stole past Blackett's door into the empty room beyond, and sat down, worn out with grief and weariness, on the bedstead where her mother's corpse had been lying for the last three days. She had lived in the room alone with it, and she felt more lonely now that it was gone. Silent and motionless as it had been, with its half-closed eyelids, and the ashy whiteness of its face gleaming even in the dusk, it had been a companion to her, and she had not been afraid of it. Now it was gone, she was indeed alone.

There was not a single article of furniture left in the room, except this low, rough pallet-bedstead, with the dingy sacking, bare of bed and bedclothes. Everything else was gone. There was now no candlestick left, no teapot or cup, no flat-iron or poker—not one of the small household goods of the poor. Bess had carried all the few possessions left to her, in a miscellaneous lot, to get what she could for them at the marine stores. She would have carried off the bedsteads if they had not been too heavy for her, or if her mother's corpse had not been lying there.

Euclid, her only friend, had not been near her these three days. The truth is that the poor old man was passing through a great and severe struggle, and it was not over yet. He had grown in a measure fond of Bess, and his heart was grieved to the very core for her. But what was he to do? he continually asked himself. What could a poor old man like him do? He was terribly afraid of taking any additional weight upon his overburdened shoulders, especially now he was in sight of the goal. For the last year or two, as he felt the infirmities of age growing heavier, an unspeakable dread lodged in his inmost soul, lest, after all, he should fail in his life's aim. Could he endure to see Victoria buried as Mrs. Fell was?

He had lurked in a dark corner of the staircase, and watched the rough and reckless way in which the rude, slight box, that could hardly be called a coffin, was bundled out of the house, and carried off along the street, followed by Bess alone as the only mourner for the dead. It had given a sharp and poignant prick to his hidden fears. How could he burden himself with the care of Bess while there was any chance of such an ending to his career, or, worse still, to Victoria's? If Victoria had been buried in her own coffin, as his wife and the other children had been, he might have taken up with Bess. But she seemed no nearer the grave than at the beginning of the winter; her health, or rather her complaint, whatever it was, remained stationary. No; he must not sacrifice Victoria to Bess.

Poor Bess! But as she was sitting alone in the gathering twilight, bewildered with her sorrow, she heard the door softly opened, and as softly closed again. It was Victoria who had come in, after crawling feebly down the long flights of stairs, which she had mounted four months ago, in the autumn, for the last time as she thought. She could not speak yet, and she sat down breathless and silent beside the desolate girl. There was a mournful stillness as of death in the room, though all around were echoing the busy, jarring noises of common life.

"I don't know much," said Victoria at last in her low, weak voice; "but I've dreams sometimes, lyin' up there alone all day, and I seem to see quite plain some place where the sun is always shinin', and folks are happy, and there mother is. I saw it last night, betwixt sleepin' and wakin', as plain as I see you. And your mother was there, Bess; and some one, I couldn't see his face, was leadin' her to where the sun was warm and bright, and choosin' a good place for her to rest in; and he looked as if he was watchin' for any litttle bit o' stone in the way, for fear she'd hurt her feet, like we might do wi' a little, little child, just learnin' to go alone. And, O Bess! your mother turned so as I could see her face; and it was very pale, but very peaceful. There wasn't any more pain in it."

"Is it true?" sobbed Bess.

"I don't know much," repeated Victoria. "I never went to school; for father couldn't pay for my schoolin'. He'd have done it gladly; but water-cresses isn't much for a family to live on, and die on. But I think it must be true; or how could I see it? I told father what I'm tellin' you; and I said to him, 'Father, it don't matter very much about bein' buried in our own coffins, if we get to a place like that after all.'"

"And what did he say?" asked Bess.

"He made a noise like 'Umph!' and went off," answered Victoria.

"If there was only somebody to tell us true!" sobbed Bess again.

"Father won't let the missioners come to see me," went on Victoria. "He says they teaches cants to get coals, and he'd as soon get his coals from the parish. There was a sister o' mother's as was converted, and they put her into what they call a report; and father was that ashamed! None on us had ever been in such a thing. We never had nothing to do with her, so as I don't know if it's true. Father says as *he likes to see religion*, and he don't see nothink he could call religion in her, or in most folks as are converted and put in the report. I never knew rightly what converted means," said Victoria, sighing sadly, and speaking in a low voice, as if to herself.

But Bess was thinking no longer of Victoria's dreams. Her thoughts had gone in again, brooding over their own sorrows; and she moaned with a very deep and bitter moaning.

"Oh, what shall I do?" she cried. "What shall I do?"

"I came to fetch you up-stairs to live with us," answered Victoria very softly. "Father'll be glad enough when it's done. You'd be as good as another daughter to father if I was gone; and nobody knows how soon that may be. He's a bit shy and queer just now; but that'll be gone when it's all settled. You shall help me up-stairs again, Bess; and when father comes he'll get somebody to help him carry these bedsteads up for you and me to sleep on. It'll be better for me than sleepin' on the floor, you know."

When Euclid reached home an hour later, he paused before going up-stairs, and knocked at the door of Mrs. Fell's room; but there was no answer. He tried to open it; but it was locked. Where could little Bess be? he asked himself in sudden terror. She must be come back from the funeral by this time. Was it possible that she had taken shelter with Blackett? The old man's withered face tingled, and his frame shook as with ague, as the thought flashed across him. Whose fault would it be? It was he who had forsaken Bess in her misery, the fatherless, motherless, brotherless girl.

He stood outside the closed and locked door, thinking of her light footstep and pretty face tripping along at his side every morning for the last two months. He had not known how closely she had crept to his heart until now the dread was beating against him that she was gone to Blackett. The old man's gray and grim face grew grayer and grimmer. It would be a hard thing, no doubt, to follow Victoria to the grave in a pauper's coffin; but, oh, it would be even harder to see Bess flaunting about the streets a lost and wretched creature. His conscience smote him sharply. And now what must he do? What did he dare to do? It would be like braving a lion in his den to face Blackett at his own fireside. Yet probably Bess was there.

"God help this old tongue o' mine!" said Euclid half aloud, as, after some minutes of hesitation, he turned with desperate courage to knock at Blackett's door.

"Come in!" shouted Blackett with a surly snarl.

Euclid opened the door, and stood humbly on the threshold. It was a room less bare, but more squalid with dirt, than any other in the house. The woman who had been the mother of Blackett's three sons had long ago disappeared; and what little cleanliness and comfort had once been known there had gone with her. The air was stifling with the fumes of tobacco and spirits, and Blackett was smoking over a fireplace choked up with ashes. Roger, who was bound hand and foot with strong cords, had rolled himself out of easy reach of his father's kicks, and was lying in a corner with an expression of terror and hatred on his face. But Bess was nowhere to be seen.

"Come in, and shut the door!" shouted Blackett.

"Mr. Blackett," said Euclid, shutting the door behind him, with the long-sleeping courage of manhood stirring in his old heart, "have you seen aught of Mrs. Fell's little Bess?"

"Ay, have I!" growled Blackett with an oath. "Victoria's been and fetched her up to your rat-hole; and now I give you fair warning, old fellow, if you go to harbor that girl, I'll make this place too hot for you. I'll keep a eye on you going out and coming in, and you'll repent it sore. Get out o' this like a shot, or I'll begin on it at once."

But Euclid was off like a shot before Blackett had finished his threats, and was mounting to his garret with a suddenly gladdened heart. "Thank God! thank God!" he repeated to himself, step after step up the long staircase. He had hardly heeded Blackett's menaces, though they lodged themselves unconsciously in his mind, and came back to his memory when

his first gladness was over. Bess had fallen asleep for sorrow on Victoria's bed; and he stooped over her, and laid his hard brown hand gently on her head, as if to welcome her to her new home. "God bless her!" he murmured.

"I sha'n't care if you can't bury me in my own coffin," whispered Victoria, "not a bit."

"We'll see about that, Victoria, my dear," he answered with tears of mingled joy and fear glittering in his eyes. "Please God, He'll let me do as much as that!"

(To be continued.)

DAVID'S ENEMY—SAUL

S. S. Lesson for Dec. 2, 1 Sam. 18 : 1-16. Golden Text, ver. 14. By Mrs. M. Baxter.

David's Modesty—Former Services to Saul Ignored—David as a Type of Christ—Jonathan's Love—His Typical Gift—The Testing Process—Tried by Popularity and Place—By the Jealousy of the King—Return of Saul's Malady—It Becomes Homicidal—David in Peril—His Rank Reduced—Saul Conspires his Death—The Lord with David.

SAUL'S mental affliction affected his memory. When he saw David go forth against the Philistines, he asked Abner, the captain of his host, "Whose son is this youth?" It was not to the credit of Abner that a former sub-officer in the army which he commanded should have shown such courage, while he, the general in command, had been intimidated in common with the remainder of the children of Israel; therefore he denied any knowledge of him. But when Saul's former armor-bearer had far outdone Abner and he returned victorious with the Philistine's head in his hand, Saul, who had insisted on his inquiring whose son the stripling was, now asked David himself, who, instead of attempting to recall himself to Saul, only said, "I am the son of thy servant, Jesse, the Bethlehemite." Whether this

MODESTY OF DAVID

was the attraction, we know not, but this we are told, that "when he had made an end of speaking unto Saul, that the soul of Jonathan was knit with the soul of David; and Jonathan loved him as his own soul." It seems strange that no reference should have been made by Saul or any of his people to their former acquaintance with David; but if we look at the typical teaching (David as the type of Christ) the similitude is indeed apt. How many of us have made use of Jesus in an emergency. He has driven away the evil spirit which troubled us at the time, whether temper, pride, envy, impurity, or whatever it was; yet as God's great present Deliverer we did not know Him.

Saul took him that day, and would let him go no more home to his father's house; but Saul and David could not long live together, just as self and Christ

CANNOT COME TO TERMS—

the life of the one is the death of the other, they cannot coexist. But Jonathan [whom Jehovah gave] made a covenant with David, "because he loved him as his own soul." Jonathan is *a beautiful type* of the true disciple, called to be the bride of Christ. He did not make a covenant with David in order to obtain his love, but as the result of his love to him. And the expression of his love was most precious; Jonathan, the heir apparent to the throne, "stripped himself of the robe which was upon him, the princely robe, and gave it to David; it was not houses and lands, money, cattle, and things outside himself; he placed David by his gifts in his own very place, he gave him "his garments, even to his sword, and to his bow, and to his girdle." There was but one sword between Jonathan and David now, and David was trusted by the young prince to be his defender. What a lovely type of the love which our beloved God permits us to offer Him! He permits us to strip ourselves, He takes the robe, the only one we have to give, the filthy garments of our own righteousness, and our own sins (Isa. 64 : 6; Zech. 3 : 3); and He takes this robe as His, with all our other garments. He takes our sword, our bow, our girdle, that with the sin He may also take the responsibility of defending us for the future; thus on our part it is absolute surrender and absolute confidence; on His part He takes us and all we are and have, making Himself responsible; we nothing, He everything!

DAVID'S TESTING.

David went out whithersoever Saul sent him, and behaved himself wisely, and Saul set him over the men of war; and he was accepted in the sight of all the people, and also in the sight of Saul's servants. Thus God was giving His own anointed king to become a public character and to be used to the ways of a court. But he must yet be much tried, for God always puts His own chosen instruments of blessing very specially to the test. A grand day of triumph was held to celebrate the great victory which the people had gained over the Philistines. One part of the proceedings was to be singing and dancing by the women out of all the cities of Israel, who should make and sing songs of triumph on the occasion, with various instruments of music. But the burden of every chorus was, "Saul hath slain his thousands, and David his ten thousands." This was too much for a man like Saul, who was full of self; he was quite ready to patronize David and to hold him in high esteem at court—it was only politic to do so, he himself would have lost ground with the people if he had not done so—but he never dreamed of any superiority being ascribed to David. The evil spirit which oppressed him took now the form of the most

INSATIATE JEALOUSY;

to keep his position with the people was the point about which he was most tenacious. When Samuel was sent to him with the message that God had rejected him, Saul had said, "I have sinned, yet honor me now, I pray thee, before the elders of my people and before Israel." This was the same spirit which prompted him now to say in his wrath, "They have ascribed unto David ten thousands, and to me they have ascribed but thousands; and what can he have more but the kingdom?" A man who is possessed with self does not inquire about anything "What is the truth?" but only, "How will it touch *me?*" Saul did not reflect that it was David in very deed who had been used of God to turn the fear and trembling of Saul and the children of Israel into a glorious victory over their enemies. What Saul saw only was that he was king, and another was being preferred before him, and this was all the more bitter because he knew that God had declared it should be so. Oh, how unreasonable is the heart of man when self is interested! Saul could see only Saul; Saul was depreciated, and thus he was angry. Jealousy is the rage of man (Prov. 6 : 34). "And Saul eyed David from that day and forward."

Things could not long remain as they were. Saul, the man living for self, and David, the man living for God, could not long dwell together without coming into collision. On the very morrow after the day of triumph "the evil spirit from God came upon Saul, and he prophesied in the midst of the house;" David, although now filling quite a different position at court, yet did as in former times, he "played with his hands;" but this time the evil spirit was not to be so easily subdued. Jealousy is cruel as the grave; the coals thereof are coals of fire, which hath a most vehement flame" (Cant. 8 : 6). So fearfully was Saul under the power of this demon of jealousy that he attempted to murder David by casting a javelin at him. But the man whom God had chosen to be ruler over His people could not be slain by man except God permitted. Thus it happened that "Saul was

AFRAID OF DAVID,"

not David of Saul, "because the Lord was with him and was departed from Saul." The very sight of David became unbearable to Saul, and thus he removed him from him, and "made him his captain over a thousand." Oh, how blessed was God's care for David; in danger of his life every moment, yet perfectly safe because in God's keeping.

David did not resist the change which Saul made in his government appointment. From being set over the men of war, an appointment almost equal to that of Abner, he was removed from court, and set over only a thousand men. But God permitted it, and David saw God's hand in all which happened to him, "He leadeth me" (Ps. 23 : 2) was his testimony to the care of his good Shepherd, whether to promotion or deposition, "He leadeth me." Thus, instead of being offended, or occupied with any wrong done to him by Saul, David counted on the care of his Shepherd over him, and said in his heart, "I shall not want" (Ps. 23 : 1). Unoccupied with himself, he could give all his attention to the work which was intrusted to him, and he "behaved himself wisely in all his ways; and the Lord was with him." Saul was not quite prepared for David behaving himself wisely; had *he* been so dealt with, he could not have acted so, and he was the more afraid of him. Deeds are more powerful than words; if by the grace of God we are enable to take everything pleasant or unpleasant, just or unjust, from the hand of God with joy and gratitude, those who would injure us are baffled; and not only so, they have a feeling of fear also, a consciousness of some power which they know not how to meet; without being aware of it

THEY FEEL THE REALITY OF GOD.

One thought possessed Saul from this time; it was to destroy David. Love, respect, honor, esteem—all which Saul coveted from the people—was bestowed upon David, and as long as he stood in the way, Saul felt he could not regain them for himself. An expedient suggested itself; many fell in battle, why not David? So he called him, and offered him his elder daughter in marriage, if he would be valiant for him, and "fight the Lord's battles;" the wretched man still made use of religious language to cover his murderous intentions, while he wished that David might be slain in battle. But when Merab should have been given to David, the king gave her to Adriel the Meholathite. But Michal, Saul's younger daughter, loved David. It came to the king's ears, and he thought how to make use of this for David's ruin. Like all men who have no moral courage, he made use of a third party. He called his servants and sent them to commune with David secretly, and to tell him that which was a grievous untruth, "Behold the king hath great delight in thee," as well as that which was true, "and all his servants love thee; now therefore be

THE KING'S SON-IN-LAW."

David's answer was in accordance with all his conduct. "Seemeth it to you a light thing to be a king's son-in-law, seeing that I am a poor man, and lightly esteemed?" The messengers who went between the king and David retailed this to the king, and brought back the message that Saul's only condition was that one hundred Philistines should be slain by David. Saul calculated that David would fall by the hands of the Philistines, but he did not take God into his reckoning, he did not compute that he had David's God as well as David to deal with. When David returned to him with solid proof of having slain two hundred Philistines, and yet was himself unhurt, Saul could not withdraw his promise, and so gave Michal his daughter to be David's wife. The conviction that the Lord was with David could not escape Saul, he knew that

THE LORD WAS WITH HIM,

he knew, too, that his contention with David was against great odds on this account, yet he did not humble himself, but was increasingly afraid of him, "and became David's enemy continually." God has given the sceptre to Christ, not to self, and all attempts to overthrow the power of God are more than futile. Saul's plans and expedients to obtain his own way were all overcome, but David, who trusted in the Lord and was subject to Him at all times, succeeded in everything which he undertook; let us follow him.

FOREIGN TOPICS.

An Attempt to Assassinate M. Ferry, the French Premier, was made on November 16th. Several efforts were made in the course of the day by a young man of respectable appearance and courteous manners to obtain a personal interview with the premier, but he was informed on each occasion that he could not be admitted without a letter of appointment. At length he contrived to pass several of the ushers, and following a deputation passed into the interior of the government building, but he mistook his way, and returned to the outer court, where he was ordered to leave. As he refused, the attendants proceeded to eject him, when he drew a loaded revolver, proclaiming his determination to kill the premier before he left. He was overpowered and disarmed. The news reports say that he is not a madman, but a fanatic excited by revolutionary literature.

Proposals for a Conference on the Franco-Chinese difficulty have been made by the Chinese minister in Europe. The announcement of the fact has given a more hopeful aspect to the situation, which at the beginning of last week appeared unmistakably warlike. The Marquess Tseng proposed as a basis of negotiation the abandonment of the French designs on Bac-Ninh, and he offered on the part of China the surrender of the claim to the neutral zone, the line of the frontier to follow the course of the Red River from Songkoi. M. Ferry required time in order to refer the matter to the Cabinet. China is, however, preparing vigorously for war. One iron-clad is ready to sail from Stettin, and its departure would have taken place but for an order to delay it under fears, it is believed, of seizure by the French. A third iron-clad is ready to be launched on the 1st of December, when General Papini, the chief of the German Admiralty, will act as sponsor.

An Explicit and Emphatic Contradiction of the recent remarkable statement of the French Minister in China has been published. M. Tricou stated in a despatch to his government that the Viceroy of Canton disapproved of the conduct of the Marquess Tseng, the Chinese Minister in Europe, and that the Chinese Government repudiated him. The despatch now published proves that M. Tricou's statements were untrue. Both the government of China and Li Hung Chang, the viceroy, deny having expressed the slightest desire that M. Tricou should remain in China as the French agent, and testify their unqualified approval of the manner in which the Marquess Tseng has carried out his instructions from his government on the Tonquin question. It is now generally believed in Europe that M. Tricou sent the despatch in obedience to a call from his government, which desired some such intimation to justify their conduct to the Chambers. Late telegrams represent the prospect of a Franco-Chiense war as inevitable.

The Visit of the Crown Prince of Germany to the Spanish capital has aroused a vehement outburst of indignation in the French press, as was expected. The announcement that the prince will return to Germany by way of Italy, staying a few days with the king of that country, has added fuel to the fire. The friendly visits of the prince to the two potentates is accepted as an intimation to France that she is isolated in Europe, and that the sympathies of her neighbors are entirely with her enemy The London correspondent of the *Sun*, commenting on the general aspect of European affairs, says: "The uneasiness about the continuance of peace has passed into open menaces of war. The tone of the German journals has become absolutely savage. One journal remarks that, since a bloody struggle is inevitable, the sooner it takes place the better; and another newspaper declares that any insults in Spain to the Crown Prince under French instigation would popularize the idea of a war. At the same time military newspapers inform Italy that she will have to take the offensive in defence of her German ally, and lecture her on the backward state of her artillery. In France there is a cowed silence, but fierce rage, the daily and offensive admonitions received from English as well as German journals, and the open defiance of a barbarous power like China have added to her irritation. Things look ugly all around, but while Spain is receiving the Crown Prince, the help of a Russian alliance cannot be relied on by the French Republic." In spite, however, of these sinister rumors there is a general conviction that France will take care to avoid a European war in which her antagonists would be numerous and formidable.

A Disintegration of Political Parties in England appears to be in progress. The recent radical conference at Leeds has disclosed to the moderate members of the Liberal party the designs cherished by the more progressive wing. The consequence has been that the Whigs find themselves more in sympathy with the Conservatives than with their traditional allies. Many of the objects for which the Radicals are working would be opposed as vigorously by the Whig section of the Liberal party as by the Conservatives. Prominent among the discontented Whigs is the Duke of Argyll, the father of the Marquis of Lorne, who has filled Castle Inverary with a representative company of Scottish nobility and English Whigs, whom he invited to meet Lord Salisbury, who is the leader of the Conservatives. The London correspondent of the *Times* says: "The duke is believed to have in contemplation plans for going over to the side of the Conservatives, and this really seems to be about the only course he will have left to himself should the Radicals carry forward all their schemes." The Duke of Argyll, it will be remembered, was formerly a member of Mr. Gladstone's cabinet, but seceded from it because of his opposition to the premier's Irish policy.

The Outcast Poor of London are Becoming a political issue. The attention called to their condition by the Marquis of Salisbury's publication is general. Sir Charles Dilke, one of the Radical members of the Liberal administration, has paid several visits to the poorest localities in order by personal inspection to satisfy himself as to the actual condition of the wretched people who herd together in the tenement houses. It is evident from the public utterances of members of the Cabinet that any effort to afford the poor, government assistance will not receive unanimous support. Mr. Fawcett, who is Postmaster-General, true to his doctrines of political economy, while expressing deep sympathy for the condition of the poor, has warned the public against the danger of legislative interference tending to weaken the great and sacred principle of self-reliance, while Mr. Chamberlain appears anxious to relieve their misery.

The Jordan Canal Project is Still under Consideration. Its future is likely to be materially influenced by the report of an expedition recently sent out by the Palestine Exploration Society. This expedition has gone out for the purpose of a geological survey of the country lying between the Dead Sea and the Gulf of Akaba. The objects are purely scientific, but the results of the survey will be looked forward to with much interest, as likely to throw light upon the question of the practicableness or otherwise of the Jordan Valley Canal scheme. It is proposed, after reaching the Dead Sea, to include the whole length of the Jordan Valley, from Jericho to the Sea of Tiberias, in the line of route.

A State of Siege has been Proclaimed in five districts of Servia and there have been renewed conflicts between the insurgents and the military. The disaffection is described in European journals as having been caused by the summary manner in which the legislative chambers, called the Skuptschina, were dissolved after the radical successes and the heavy conscription levied by King Milan. The demands of the insurgents as formulated by their leader, M. Pastritch, are in the form of a draft of a constitution. It is of an almost republican character, but adopts the name of monarchial governmnt, under the reigning family of Obrenovitch, and allows a woman to reign. It lays down that the sovereign power rests in the nation, and is deputed to the Skuptschina, the ruler executing its will; that the army cannot be mobilized without the consent of the Skuptschina; that the king may not refuse to sign a law which has been passed more than once, and that the ministers shall be liable to be tried for their political acts.

Pastor Stoecker, the German Court Preacher, who was prominent in the recent agitation against the Jews, is paying a visit to England. He has learned there that his attitude on the anti-Semitic question is notorious. Herr Stoecker went to England ostensibly to take part in the Luther celebrations, but the British public appear to have ignored his character as a Lutheran preacher, and recognized only his anti-Jewish character, which won for him friends as well as enemies. The Lord Mayor of London administered a snub by refusing him the use of the Mansion House for his lectures. When he hired a hall in which to speak he was received with rudeness, and his remarks evoked retorts more forcible than courteous. On two occasions the audience sang songs and were so riotous that the meetings broke up in confusion without Stoecker's lecture being delivered. The most energetic and determined of Stoecker's opponents were his own countrymen resident in London, who apparently disliked him in his character as court preacher as much as in that of leader of the anti-Jewish agitation.

Rijutei, the Converted Corean Nobleman, whose portrait appeared in this journal on October 25th, is still earnestly working in the cause of Christ. Dr. H. Loomis, writing to a contemporary from Yokohama under date of October 4th, relates the following incident about him: "Rijutei has recently begun teaching in the government university. A week ago last Sabbath, the teacher of Chinese called upon him, and by means of writing they were able to converse very readily, as the Coreans use the Chinese characters. After the usual compliments, the Chinaman introduced some trifling subject, when Rijutei replied, 'Let us talk of something profitable.' 'What shall it be?' said the Chinaman. Rijutei added, 'I would like to talk of Jehovah, the true and only God.' '*What!*' *said his friend*, '*are you a Christian?*' 'Yes,' said Rijutei. 'And so am I,' said the teacher." Efforts are being made to induce Rijutei to join the Roman Catholic Church, but after a priest had spent three hours in argument with him, Rijutei frankly said that having studied the Bible carefully he could not accept the priest's creed. Rijutei is about to commence the holding of a public Christian service in Japan, and fully believes that in the course of time he will be allowed to preach in his own country.

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MARTIN LUTHER.

A Memorable Scene—Luther's Birth—Anecdote of His Father—Singing Carols at Eisenach—Frau Von Cotta—University Life—The Successful Student—Determines to Become a Monk—Search for Light—Removal to Wittenberg—Visits Rome—Appalled by its Depravity—The Light Breaks—Indulgences and the Theses—Burning the Pope's Bull—Summoned by the Emperor—His Brave Answer—A Friendly Seizure—Translating the Bible—Marriage and Later Years.

AMONG the days that stand out conspicuously on the page of history, one more brilliant than almost any other, challenges attention, and deserves to live in the memory of every lover of liberty. The scene which renders that day memorable was one of the grandest in human history. It occurred in the ancient city of Worms, in Germany. It was the seventeenth of April, 1521. The city was profoundly moved. Gathered within its walls was an assemblage of princes, cardinals, prelates and nobles, over whom presided Charles V., Emperor of Germany, King of Spain, etc. Before that illustrious throng appeared one simple, solitary peasant-monk to answer for himself. The day before, he had entered the city in a common cart, wearing *a coat he had borrowed* from a friend, that he might appear decently clad before the august tribunal. Escorted by a crowd of cavaliers, his approach heralded by the warder on the walls with blast of trumpet, the low-born peasant rode into the city, knowing well that the chances of his ever leaving it alive were few and small. His accuser was a Cardinal of the Church of Rome, sagacious, crafty, cruel. The Emperor, his judge, was a man bound by the interests of his throne, the demands of his subjects in Spain, and by the traditions of his house to decide against him, and who had already placed himself on record in the case by ordering his books to be publicly burned. Around him were men of noble birth, loyal to the throne, and whose friendship for the accused was silent, extending only to a determination that he should have a fair trial.

A chronicler who saw Martin Luther descend from his humble conveyance on that day, and enter his poor lodging, describes the man, whom the most powerful princes in Europe had already in their hearts condemned to the stake. "A man of middle height, so lean from study and anxiety that his bones might be counted. On his feet he stood remarkably firm, body bent rather back than forward, the face thrown up, and the eyes flashing like a lion's." "The demonic eyes with which he glanced about him" were particularly noticed. He had been summoned, and he came. What to him was it that his life was in peril? He had come to answer for the truth—and as he confronted—single-handed, that imposing assemblage he quailed not, but appealed to One higher than the highest.

WHO WAS HE

who thus stirred the hearts of the Princes of Germany and the rulers of the church, about whom all the world was talking, and who must at any cost be silenced? "I am a peasant's son," Luther wrote; "father, grandfather, great-grandfather were all peasants." His father, Hans, or John, Luther, was a miner. Thirty-eight years before that august assemblage met in Worms, he had left his native village of Mohra, on the skirts of the Thuringian Forest in Saxony, and had gone to Eisleben, where opportunities for earning money were more abundant. He had only just been married to Margaret Lindermann, a peasant girl, and it was necessary that he should be in the way of getting money. To Eisleben they went, and there, on November 10th, 1483, their eldest son, *Martin Luther, was born.*

Six months later the family removed to Mansfeld, a few miles distant, and there the miner worked with his pick in the mines, while his wife cut and carried the wood for the cottage. They had seven children whom they trained up to fear God and to lead honest, virtuous lives. The father must have been a man of shrewdness and sound common-sense. One anecdote related of him affords an indication of the source from which his illustrious son derived some of his prominent characteristics. John Luther was ill and believed to be near death. The thought that his wife and his seven children must be left to battle with the world, bereft of their natural protector, weighed on the good man's mind. But it was of no use repining, and as the custom was, he sent for a priest to prepare him for death. The priest urged him to leave a legacy to the church. The sick man calmly answered, "I have many children, I will give what I have to them; *they need it more.*" But Hans Luther did not die that time. He lived to see his eldest son the most famous man in Christendom.

Hans Luther determined that the boy Martin should have a good

EDUCATION.

He was sent to the village school where he was to be taught reading and writing and the rudiments of Latin. Thence he was sent to a better school at Magdeburg and subsequently to one still further advanced at Eisenach. He remained at Eisenach three years, eking out his slender resources by singing carols from door to door and receiving for his music such money or food as the charitable burghers were inclined to give. He met with much rough treatment and abuse, but happily, one lady, Frau von Cotta, the wife of a wealthy citizen, attracted by the lad's bright eyes and sweet voice, befriended him. She called him into her house and gave him food (*see frontispiece*), and after that Martin Luther, as long as he remained at Eisenach, knew where he could always have a meal and sit in a warm corner by the kitchen fire.

His father having destined him to the profession of the law, Martin Luther entered the University of Erfurt, then the most famous seat of learning in Germany. His mind developed rapidly at Erfurt. His ambition was aroused, and he studied hard. He rose by the regular gradations until he took his Master-of-Arts degree with high honors. The young student, by his learning, wit and eloquence, attracted the attention of the whole university, and it appeared to all who knew him that he was destined to be one of the most brilliant and profound lawyers in Germany. He left the University to pay a brief visit to his parents at Mansfeld, and the next day, after his return from that visit, he resigned all his brilliant prospects and

BECAME A MONK.

This extraordinary step was a disappointment to all Luther's friends. It was a disappointment to himself; but it was inevitable. His soul was of that intense nature on which truth operates powerfully and decisively. In the library at Erfurt he had found a Latin Bible which he had studied and meditated over. It was a book but little read in those days, even by priests, and though Luther was twenty-two years of age he had never seen a copy before. Much of its teaching was dark to him, but his study of it, combined with self-examination, conducted him to one startling conclusion. He realized that he was not what he ought to be, nor what God required him to be. In a word, learned and clever as he was, he was a sinner before God.

Knowing what we know of Luther's character, it is not difficult to realize the effect of this half-knowledge on the young student's mind. In the Gospel light of our day the consciousness of sin is always accompanied by the knowledge of the Atonement of Christ. But Luther had not that light. A single ray from the sacred page had pierced his heart and shown him its corruption. He was appalled. Like all strong natures he could not rest under conviction such as that. Close upon the revelation thus gained came the sudden death of an intimate friend, and finally, returning from Mansfeld, a thunderbolt, which fell close at his feet, tearing up the earth, so alarmed him that on the impulse of the moment he vowed that if God would spare his life he would enter a monastery. That vow he regarded as irrevocable. On his arrival at Erfurt he immediately resigned his position in the University, returned his Master-of-Arts ring and quitted the scene of his struggles and triumphs. The next day he knocked at the gates of the Augustine monastery, and was admitted.

THE SEARCH FOR LIGHT

was continued within the walls of the monastery with redoubled energy. To Luther's companions and teachers there, his state of mind was incomprehensible. It argued a strangely obstinate spirit in him that the regimen which gave ease to others failed to relieve this young lawyer. Fasting, penances, humiliating offices were assigned him, yet this clear-sighted novice, whose heart God had touched, could see in them no merit that would atone for sin or regenerate him. He performed the most menial labors cheerfully; he even took a sack and went around the city to beg food for the support of himself and his brethren, but he found no peace. But he was doing one hopeful thing. In the oratory of the monastery was an old Latin Bible chained to a reading stand. (*See Frontispiece.*) At that stand Luther might be found whenever the duties of his order permitted him. He studied diligently and prayerfully, and his mind became saturated with scriptural truth. So ended his novitiate, and he took the vows and became full monk and priest.

HIS REMOVAL TO WITTENBERG,

which was an important epoch in Luther's life, was the outcome of his biblical studies. Among the teachers to whom the distressed monk went for advice, was Staupitz, the vicar general of his order. He was a shrewd administrator and an acute judge of character. The young monk's enthusiasm, his clear logical mind, his persistent search after truth, and his intimate acquaintance with the Bible, made a profound impression on Staupitz. He believed, however, that the best remedy for Luther's trouble was to take his attention off himself and set him to congenial and useful work. A professor of theology and philosophy was needed for the newly founded University of Wittenberg, and if any man in all Germany was qualified for the task Staupitz believed it was Luther, and he assigned him that labor. He was but twenty-five years of age, but his knowledge of the sacred word was in those days unrivalled.

Such lectures as Luther delivered at Wittenberg were nowhere else heard. Young men disgusted with the old forms of superstition, still more disgusted by the immoralities of professors of religion, were beginning to think for themselves. The bold original thinker who was professor of theology at Wittenberg became famous, and students from all parts of Germany crowded to listen. To Luther himself, however, the true light was not yet revealed. It broke upon him suddenly.

VISIT TO ROME.

In 1511 the business of the Augustine order demanded that two of its members should go to Rome, and Luther, eager for light, of which he then regarded Rome, the seat of the Pope, as the centre and source, volunteered to go. He walked with a companion the whole distance, and remained one month. The impressions of that visit were indelible. He found that the profligacy of the cardinals was current gossip, that religion was scoffed at, and he actually heard a priest officiating at the altar in the office Luther regarded as the most solemn of which he could conceive, say scornfully in place of the words which were supposed to miraculously turn the bread into the very body of Christ, "Bread thou art and bread thou remainest," at the same time elevating it for the people to worship. Such levity and such immorality as he witnessed he never forgot. In after years he said, "I would not for a hundred thousand gulden have missed seeing Rome. I might else have thought I did the Pope injustice."

A REVELATION.

But he was intent on obtaining real benefit from his visit, albeit his faith in the Pope and the Papal Court was shaken. Among the penances

MODERN CONFUSION.

If so much doubt and unbelief prevailed among the disciples of our Lord concerning His own resurrection, it is not surprising that a similar spirit should have been exhibited in the subsequent ages of the Church with respect to the resurrection of the members of His spiritual body. Notwithstanding the additional light which the Epistles of Paul have cast on the general testimony of the Sacred record; notwithstanding the clue of interpretation given in "the Revelation of Jesus Christ," for the solution of corresponding passages in either Testament; the subject yet remains obscure and intricate to the majority of professed and even devout believers. The time, and nature, and order of this great event, are, for the most part, merged in generalities, or confounded with the popular idea of the Last Judgment; and it is possible for many things to be advanced upon the subject, on good and solid foundation, which would still appear as *idle tales* to many of the members of the Churches, who, while receiving the Scriptures, are yet slow of heart to believe *all* that the prophets have spoken. Many, like Martha, would say of a departed brother, "I know that he shall rise again at the last day," who know not the hour and "power of that resurrection" which is peculiar to those only who are quickened together with Christ, as "bone of His bone, and flesh of His flesh," the "*members incorporate in His mystical body.*"

"THE RESURRECTION OF THE JUST."

A few in all ages have followed the beloved John from Calvary to Patmos, and by faith have seen the glory of God in that ulterior dispensation, most fully revealed to him who *first* believed in the resurrection of his Lord. They have meditated with delightful anticipation over the sepulchre of "the First Begotten from the dead;" and considering that "the graves were opened, and *many bodies of the saints* which slept arose, and came out of their graves after His resurrection, and appeared unto many," they have not been backward to believe or to declare the counsel of God, as spoken by the prophets, concerning "the whole house of Israel."

It is enough for them that it is written, "Behold, O My people, I will open your graves, and cause you to come up out of your graves, and bring you unto the land of Israel" (Ezekiel 37 : 12). These words are too specific to admit of a merely figurative application, and the context abundantly proves their reference to a local and yet future dispensation. "The resurrection of the just" (Luke 14 : 14); "The resurrection of life" (John 5 : 29); "A better resurrection" (Heb. 11 : 35); "The first resurrection" (Rev. 20 : 5), appear to be terms declaratory of some remarkable distinctions to be put between the evil and the good, not only as to their final sentence of condemnation or acquittal, but as to the time and circumstances of the resuscitation of their bodies.

"THE CHILDREN OF THE RESURRECTION."

"The children (sons) of God" are so named by Christ, when speaking on the subject (Luke 20 : 36), "*being the children* (sons) *of the resurrection;*" and if this were intended solely of the fact that their bodies shall be raised, in common with "the rest of the dead," it would seem no such distinguishing title as it is made in that passage, with reference, moreover, to a period of time and an age of the world during which the rest of the dead are not restored to life at all. If there be no such distinctions as implied above, what construction is to be put upon the earnest desire of Paul, "if *by any means* I might attain to the resurrection of the dead?" (Phil. 3 : 11). The spiritual resurrection of the soul by faith he had already attained to; he was, in this sense, "risen with Christ;" and no peculiar means were requisite to certify the resurrection of his own body, for he knew, from his Master's assurance, that "*all* who are in their graves should come forth."

He who of old "was called in question touching the resurrection of the dead," well knew that "in Christ all shall be made alive;" but he was taught to give to each a gradation and priority of rank and succession: "Christ the first fruits" [He should be *the first* that should rise from the dead] (Acts 26 : 23); afterward they that are Christ's *at His coming* (1 Cor. 15 : 23). He was willing to be "planted in the likeness of His death, that He might be also in the likeness of His resurrection" (Rom. 6 : 5). He desired to "suffer with Christ, that he might be glorified together with Him" (Rom. 8 : 17); to be made "conformable to His death, that he might attain to a resurrection," which he seems to distinguish from *any other* by a word never applied to the general resurrection, or to that of the unjust—it seems to express *a rising up out of the mass of the dead.* The word is *exanastasis,* while the usual word, *anastasis,* in the passage referred to (Phil. 3 : 10) is used of Christ's own resurrection.

WHEN WILL IT TAKE PLACE?

Thus it appears that the *first resurrection* is that of those who have suffered for the truth, or *otherwise* borne a faithful testimony (Rev. 20 : 4; 11 : 18). It is coincident with the coming and kingdom of Christ, when "the Lord my God shall come, and all the saints" (Zech. 14 : 5). At the opening of the fourth seal, power is given to death and hell, "to kill with the sword, and with hunger, with the beasts of the earth." Under the fifth seal, they "that were slain for the Word of God, and for the testimony which they held," cried, "How long, O Lord, holy and true, dost Thou not judge, and avenge our blood on them that dwell on the earth?" when it was said unto them, that "they should rest yet for a little season, until their fellow-servants also, and their brethren that should be killed as they were, should be fulfilled" (Rev. 6 : 9, 10). At the sounding of the seventh trumpet, Christ takes His kingdom and reigns; "and the nations were angry; and Thy wrath is come, *and the time* of the dead that *they should be judged,* and that Thou shouldest *give reward* unto Thy servants the prophets, and to the saints, and them that fear Thy name, small and great."

The *time of the dead* is manifestly their resurrection, or "the resurrection of the just;" and their *reward* is, that they receive their glorified bodies, and live and reign with Christ; for on the binding of Satan, and the destruction of the bestial or Roman Empire in its final development and consummation, "the souls of them that were beheaded for the witness of Jesus, and for the word of God, and which had not worshipped the beast," etc.; *they* "*lived* and reigned with Christ a thousand years, but the rest of the dead lived not again until a thousand years were finished. This is *the first resurrection.*" The passage may be rendered, "this is the resurrection the first," "Blessed and holy is he that hath part in the first resurrection; on such the second death hath no power" (Rev. 20 : 6).

THE "TIMES OF REFRESHING."

It is evident from an examination of the Scriptures on the subject, that the first resurrection is immediately connected with the appearance, and kingdom, and coming of Christ, "with all His saints," when "He shall change their vile body (or the body of humiliation, *soma tês tapeinôseôs*) that it may be fashioned like unto His glorious body" (Phil. 3 : 21—comp. verses 10, 11); when "He will present them faultless before His presence with exceeding joy" (Jude 24); "holy, and unblamable, and unreprovable in His sight" (Col. 1 : 22), when they who are already risen in spirit with Christ, and are seeking those things that are above, shall also appear with Him in glory, when "the *times of refreshing* shall come from the presence of the Lord" (Acts 3 : 19). The expression in our translation of this passage—both in the Authorized Version and in the Revised—falls far short of the original word, and seems only its secondary sense. If there be meaning in language, it signifies the times, or seasons, of *reanimation*—restoration of the soul to the body, according to all analogy of diction.

If this be so, the meaning of the expressions in Rev. 20 : 4–6 is plain enough, and cleared at once from all objections raised against the doctrine so clearly maintained by the context. Because John speaks of *the souls,* it may be suggested, it does not follow that the bodies were raised at that time, but at the last and general resurrection. But, let it be observed, they that *lived* were they that were *beheaded,* who had not received the mark of the beast *on their forehead or hands.* These are all *bodily* signs; and as the martyrs had glorified Christ in their "bodies terrestrial," so now they are glorified by Christ with "bodies celestial." John says, "I saw thrones *and they sat upon them.*" The bodies were beheaded, but now they *lived*—their souls were reunited to them; this is the time of their *reanimation,* for the soul is the life of the body.

"The *souls* of the righteous," being "in the hand of God," and their life "hidden with Christ," could not properly be said to *live again* out of the body, in any sense, or to be reanimated at all. In the sight of the unwise they *seemed* to die; but in the time of their visitation they shall shine, and run to and fro, like sparks among the stubble; they shall judge the nations, and have dominion over the people, and their Lord shall reign forever. "We fools accounted his life madness, and his end to be without honor; how is he numbered among the children of God, and his lot is among the saints." "Blessed are the dead that die in the Lord." "Blessed is he that hath part in the *first resurrection.*"

THE GENERAL RESURRECTION

appears to take place before "the white throne and Him that sat on it," at the expiration of the thousand years; when death and hell (Hades) give up their dead (Rev. 20 : 11–15); which is the last judgment *according to works,* and is thus distinguished in the parallel account (Matthew 25 : 30), where the Second Advent is set forth under the figure of the nobleman who cometh, after his temporary absence, to take account of his servants; when the unprofitable servant is cast alive into outer darkness; as the false prophet in the Revelation is, at the same period, cast alive into the lake of fire.

When defending himself before the tribunal of a Roman governor, Paul testifies, "There shall be a resurrection both of the just and the unjust." When writing to a Church of believers, he points to a distinction between the two, which he does not stop to explain to heathen ears; he did not cast such a pearl before those who would turn and rend him. And as the doctrines of the first resurrection and the coming kingdom on earth, were in the first centuries of the Christian era considered among the tests of entire orthodoxy, so now they will not amalgamate with the heresies of the last. Their gold is that of the sanctuary, and will lose nothing by refinement in its fire but the dross of imperfect and inadequate interpretation.

And surely, while such diligence is manifested in the revival of exploded errors, an earnest recommendation to search into and publish neglected truths cannot be unseasonable—and the first resurrection is one of them. Out of the old fields, assuredly, shall the new corn spring, and this doctrine must have a wider acceptance as the Scriptures are reverently consulted. It is hidden therein, as seed in the ground, and it will take root downward and bear fruit upward. It is planted in the house, and will flourish in the courts of the Lord. It has arisen already as a day-star in the hearts of many who believe; and it will set no more till the Sun of Rightousness shall burst on a benighted Church, and a world that sitteth in darkness; till the noble army of martyrs shall appear, "clothed in fine linen, white and clean;" till Jerusalem shall awake and arise, and shake herself from the dust, and put on her beautiful garments; when the holy Church throughout all the world shall be astonished at the fulness of her salvation, and walk evermore in the light of her glory.

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THE MANAGER,

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CURRENT EVENTS.

The Observance of Thanksgiving-Day by all Christian people is a duty they owe to their profession and to the country. There is an increasing tendency to spend the day simply as a holiday, in which the pleasures of the table occupy a prominent place. The day is not set apart for gloomy occupations, and its associations are the reverse of sad, but neither should it be spent in thoughtless pleasure. God has blessed us, as a nation, during the past year, and it is fitting that especially on the day appointed for the purpose we should render to Him our humble thanks. As we do so, let us pray that as He has given this land abundant temporal blessings, He will pour out upon it the riches of His spiritual blessings.

The Struggle for the Speakership Increases in interest and intensity as the time for the assembling of Congress approaches. It is generally understood that the question of the tariff will be the deciding element in the election of the speaker. Other questions will, of course, operate in the election, but the attitude of the candidates on the issue of protection and free trade will, it is believed, be the decisive consideration. The speaker's power in the selection of committees and in suppressing irrelevant debate give him an important and commanding position in influencing the policy of the country. It may be assumed that the election of Mr. Randall will imply that the majority are indisposed to reduce the tariff. Mr. Carlisle's election will show that the tendency to free trade is strong in the House, while the election of Mr. S. S. Cox will suggest the inference that another effort will be made to combine a certain degree of protection with a reduction of duties. The general impression in the country is that Mr. Randall's prospects are the most hopeful of the three.

Admiral Porter, of the Navy, takes a discouraging view of our situation as a nation in the event of our being involved in war. Happily there are no indications that such a calamity is likely to occur, but it is disquieting to learn that, notwithstanding the enormous sums expended, our navy is utterly powerless for the defence of the coasts. In his annual report, published last week, Admiral Porter says: "As it is universally admitted that we have no navy either for offence or defence, I don't see any reason why Congress should not appropriate liberally for an immediate increase of the navy, as it did in the time of the late civil war. We are now, in fact, in as bad a condition as we were at the breaking out of that conflict, though then we could conform to the law of nations by buying up every old ferryboat and rattle-trap that could mount a gun, and using them to blockade the Southern ports. If Spain—the least formidable of maritime nations—went to war with us to-morrow she would sweep our gradually increasing commerce from the ocean by setting afloat the large, swift steamers she could buy in Europe, and we could not prevent it." Admiral Porter calls attention to the fact that coal is now declared contraband of war, and therefore in the event of war a United States ship in a foreign port would not be allowed to purchase coal. She would, having no coaling stations, as European nations have, be compelled to return home under sail, and he therefore recommends that in building new ships special attention should be paid to their sailing qualities. He also urges that a more extensive use should be made of torpedoes and torpedo-boats.

The Testimony before the Court of Inquiry in the Proteus disaster last week confirmed that previously given. Commander F. Wildes said frankly that one reason for the failure of the expedition was that a great and important enterprise had been undertaken with insufficient and scanty means. Two ships were sent North—unlike each other in powers—one as a reserve ship. The other—the leading ship—the one which was to do the work, was *a foreign ship*, officered and manned by British officers and a British crew; flying a British flag; the crew picked up anywhere and everywhere; not seamen at all; an expedition of landsmen sent upon a service which required a knowledge of how to live either upon the water or the land or upon the ice as well; a supporting ship sent up which was not suitable for the purpose, carrying too large a crew and not enough provisions, entirely unfitted for ice encounters, liable to be caught in the ice and meet with a much graver disaster than was actually experienced. On the other hand, Captain Pike, who has been invited to give testimony, is expected to contradict the charges against the crew. He has written a letter to a newspaper, in which he indignantly denies that there was drunkenness or robbery.

The Tenement House Question, so Vital to the social welfare of the country, has attained new prominence by the publication, in a sanitary journal, of the results of an experiment recently made in New York. It was generally supposed that only from philanthropic action could relief be hoped. This report shows that as a business speculation the erection of decent dwellings is profitable. Several large tenement houses, erected in accordance with the best sanitary principles, with light rooms, clean stairways and bathing privileges, have paid more than six per cent clear during the past year on the money invested. The tenements are in continual request, and never stand empty. It may be hoped that this successful experiment will encourage capitalists to tear down the wretched dwellings now occupied by the poor to the injury of health and morals, and erect in their place decent and salubrious houses.

The Adoption of War as a Remedy for Polygamy was strongly deprecated at a meeting of Congregational ministers and missionaries recently held in New York, by Miss Carter, who pleaded earnestly against so extreme and, as she believed, unchristian a measure, she expressed her conviction that Christian schools were solving the problem by creating a public sentiment averse to polygamy. Multitudes, she said, had turned from Mormonism, and the young people especially, who have seen their mothers suffer will have nothing to do with it.

An Effort to Find Occupation for Female Immigrants from Europe is being made. Miss Emily Faithfull, who has for many years devoted her attention to this work, is now travelling through the Western States with the view of ascertaining the prospects of an extensive importation of ladies from England, and the probabilities of their being able to maintain themselves by suitable labor. In the course of an interview with a reporter, she said: "I am going through the West to Colorado and California, and will investigate carefully the different employments which are open to women. I will pay particular attention to artistic employments and work in art decoration. I wish to see for myself practically what can be done in the way of finding work in which women may support themselves, and I wish to do it thoroughly. There are immense numbers of educated women in England who want a freer scope for their energies and abilities than they can find there, and I wish to help them. I find that the employments which women can enter in the Eastern States are pretty well filled up, but I hope to find plenty of work for them in the West."

By the Death of Dr. J. Marion Sims our country loses one of her most skilful surgeons as well as an eminent philanthropist. Dr. Sims was well known in Europe where he was frequently in request for delicate and dangerous operations. It was his custom to spend several months of each year in Paris, where he operated in nine different hospitals. By special invitation he visited the hospitals in Brussels, and performed operations before the members of the faculty. He was the inventor of a surgical instrument which is extensively used, and which has relieved the agony of thousands of sufferers. He was the founder of the Woman's Hospital in New York. He died suddenly, of heart disease, on November 13th.

The Rapid Increase in the Number of Divorces applied for and granted during the past two years has led to the formation in several States of associations for promoting reform in the divorce laws and the assimilation of the laws of the various States. It is now announced that committees appointed by authority to represent the Episcopal, Presbyterian, Congregational, Methodist, Baptist and Reformed Churches of Ohio have decided to hold a convention in Columbus, on December 6th, for the purpose of organizing an Ohio Divorce Reform League. Addresses will be delivered by the Rev. Dr. Dike, Secretary of the New England Divorce Reform League, the Rev. Dr. Gladden, of Columbus, Bishop Bedell, and others.

The Bowery Branch of the Young Men's Christian Association in New York has issued an appeal signed by the Chairman, Mr. C. H. Dodge, for assistance in the philanthropic department of its work. The association, beside assisting young men to obtain situations, assists many destitute applicants with gifts of meals and clothing. Many young men, strangers in the city, have, through this timely assistance, been saved from utter destitution, and are now earning a livelihood. If it had not been rendered they might have drifted into the ranks from which the criminal classes are recruited. This work is one of public benefit, and deserves encouragement. Gifts of clothing, provisions or money will be welcomed. Gifts of money should be sent to the treasurer, Mr. C. N. Talbot, 38 Pine Street, New York. The Association will gladly send for packages of clothing or provisions, if notified by mail. The whole of this fund is expended in relief, no deductions being made for salaries, rent, or any other expense.

Mrs. Shipman's Services at Lowell, Mass., are being signally blessed of God. The meetings have been crowded on every evening, and many persons have come forward to confess Christ publicly, as the result of God's blessing on the services. The work is still going on with no diminution of interest, and a deep spiritual movement is spreading through all the churches of the city.

Mr. Oakes, the Evangelist, whose Successful work among young men in New York we have previously mentioned, has arrived safely at his new sphere of labor in Pueblo, Cal. Mr. Oakes has been invited to accept the pastorate of the First Baptist Church, which has a new house of worship in course of erection. The church is fortunate in securing a pastor of Mr. Oakes's energy, as they still need $3000 to open their new edifice clear of debt.

Mr. George C. Needham is Conducting Services at Newport, R. I., with remarkable success. Crowded meetings assemble in the Friends' Meeting House every evening, and on Sundays Mr. Needham conducts services in the Y. M. C. A. building, and in the United Congregational Church. He has also preached, by invitation, in the Second Baptist Church.

FOREIGN TOPICS.

The Complete Annihilation of the Egyptian army in the Soudan is reported. Intelligence was received at Cairo on November 22d, from Khartoum that El Mahdi, the False Prophet, had attacked and utterly destroyed the Egyptian force under General Hicks, the English commander. Only two persons, one of them an artist, are said to have escaped. The despatch describing the battle says that when Hicks Pacha, who commanded the remnant of Arabi's forces, reached Namua, near the Obeid Hills, he divided his army into two parts, sending one half to demand the surrender of the fortress. El Mahdi, advancing from the south-east, met this portion and sent forward dervishes, who were received with a volley, and fighting then began. Hearing the firing General Hicks came up, and his whole force formed a square. El Mahdi's Arabs attacked the army with reckless valor. The camels in the Egyptian army stampeded, and confusion was caused among the camp-followers, who numbered two thousand. The Egyptians fought well, and at evening the Mahdi fell back. The next day General Hicks accepted the guidance of a man who was a traitor. He led the army into a defile, in which General Hicks could not use his guns, and where he was surrounded by El Mahdi's reinforcements. The battle raged all day. On the third morning the square was broken, and General Hicks's force was annihilated. A correspondent of the London *Daily News* accompanied the expedition, and his letters, despatched previous to the engagement, showed that the Egyptian troops were badly disciplined, and were weakened and dispirited by want of proper food and by their long march. Ten British officers were with the expedition beside General Hicks.

El Mahdi, the False Prophet, who has Inflicted this crushing disaster, is a fanatical Moslem, whose power over the Arabs is absolute. They believe that he is the deliverer predicted to appear about this time, and he has cunningly stimulated their belief in his divine mission. According to one of the prophecies, on November 12th, the first day of the new Mussulman century, El Mahdi himself was to be proclaimed, at Khartoum, Prophet and Ruler of the Soudan. Having convinced his followers that he was in direct communication with the Almighty, he used, while addressing them, suddenly to become silent, and, closing his eyes, to remain motionless for several minutes. He carried this trick to such perfection that not the slightest movement was perceptible while he *simulated coma*, after which he appeared to recover from a state of profound lethargy, cast wondering glances around him, and exclaimed, with an air of conviction: "I come from Paradise, where I have been with Allah and His Prophet! How I would like to tell you of all I saw and heard! but you would not be able to understand it." His followers became so devoted to him that at a signal from him they were ready to sacrifice their lives. At last the Mahdi announced that Allah had definitively chosen him to be His prophet, which caused such enthusiasm among his adherents that he seized the opportunity to surround himself by a court. Several attempts to capture him were made by the Khédive without success, and his forces and prestige increased daily. When General Hicks undertook to lead an expedition against him his services were gladly accepted.

The German Crown-Prince has Received an enthusiastic reception in Spain. He landed at Valencia on November 22d, and was greeted by a crowd of ten thousand people, who received him with loud cheers. Picturesquely attired peasant girls presented him with baskets of flowers and fruit. After a brief stay he proceeded to Madrid, where another cordial welcome awaited him. King Alfonso, wearing his uniform as Colonel of German Uhlans, met the prince when he alighted from the train. Besides the notable persons, there was present *a deputation of German residents* carrying banners. King Alfonso and the Prince cordially embraced and kissed each other, and after a few moments' talk both entered a carriage drawn by four horses, with postilions and outriders, and drove to the palace, escorted by a detachment of the Royal Horse Guards. The Prince's suite, with Spanish officers and officials, all brilliantly uniformed, followed in six carriages. All along the route the populace displayed respectful sympathy. Hats were often raised, and in some places cheers were given for the prince. At the Palace ex-Queen Isabella and the Infantas Isabel and Eulalie welcomed the visitor, and he was then conducted in great state to his apartments. The prince afterward held a reception, at which there were present the grandees of Spain, members of the aristocracy, ladies in waiting, and the high court officials. The cordiality of the reception excites irritation in France.

In the Franco-Chinese Difficulty the Negotiations have had no practical result. The Marquess Tseng, the Chinese Minister, has been informed that his proposals are not acceptable to the French Government. In the course of an interview published in a French journal, the Marquess said: "A long time ago the French Government was officially informed that Chinese regular troops were stationed at Bacninh, and should the French troops cross the Red River opposite Bacninh such an act would be regarded as equivalent to a declaration of war. Admiral Courbet would then have to measure swords with the Chinese regulars, who are already 30,000 strong in Tonquin, and who are so disposed as to be able at a moment's notice to march by three different routes against the French expeditionary force. These troops are all armed and equipped in the European manner. Among their officers are many Europeans, but, above all, several American engineers." It is, however, becoming a growing impression in Europe that China is blustering and will not venture on war unless herself attacked.

The Election of Mr. James Russell Lowell, our Minister to England, to the Lord Rectorship of St. Andrews University, took place on November 21st. The honor is purely literary, and the duties of the office consist mainly in the delivering of an inaugural address. Mr. Lowell's opponent made the contest on political grounds, and being a Conservative he had the support of the Conservative undergraduates. The honor done Mr. Lowell is regarded as a tribute to his scholarship and also of good-will to America.

More Explosives have been Captured in London, but this time they come from Germany, not from the Irish-Americans. On November 23d, about midnight, the police arrested a man named Wolff, who is a member of the Advanced Socialists' Club. A Frenchman named Bolderane gave the police the information which led to Wolff's arrest. Upon searching Wolff's house at Vincent Square, Westminster, the police discovered two infernal machines, which are considered to be of sufficient power to demolish any building. One of them consisted of a large zinc pail nearly filled with coarse blasting powder and gun cotton, covered with scrap iron, with a fuse at the bottom. The second machine was a large tin cooking utensil similarly prepared. It is supposed that Wolff's intention was to destroy the German Embassy.

Poole, the Irishman Charged with Murdering a man named Kenny, and who is believed to have been concerned in other murders, was convicted on November 20th, and sentenced to death. This was the second time that he was tried. In the first case the jury failed to agree. Before sentence was passed upon him Poole made a lengthy speech in which he denied his guilt in that case, but admitted that he was a member of the Fenian Brotherhood, and said he would be proud to go to the scaffold for being a member of it. Its object was not to commit murder, but to free Ireland from the tyrannical rule of England. He believed he was persecuted because he was an enemy of the government under which he had the misfortune to live. Poole was convicted on the testimony of his former friends and companions.

THE DEVIL'S LAST THROW.

A New Sermon* by Pastor C. H. Spurgeon.

"And as he was yet a coming, the devil threw him down, and tare him."—LUKE 9 : 42.

The Miracles of Healing a Prophecy—Satanic Possession—The Profane Man Possessed—The Lying Demon—The Liquor Fiend—The Devil of Lust—Only One Resource—The Victim Aided by Friends—I. Our Hopes Awakened—The Victim Being Brought to Christ—II. Our Fears Aroused—The Victim Thrown Down and Torn—Temptations Multiplied—The Devil Aided by his Agents—Blasphemies Suggested—Doubts of Election—Other Lies—III. Wonder Excited—The Change Instantaneous—Permanent—A Story of Christmas Evans—A Canadian's Mistake.

OUR Lord Jesus Christ taught the people much by His words, but He taught them even more by His actions. He was always preaching, His whole life was a heavenly discourse on divine truth; and the miracles which He wrought were not only the proofs of His deity, but the illustrations of His teaching. His wonders of mercy were, in fact, acted sermons, truths embodied, pictorial illustrations appealing to the eye, and thus setting forth Gospel teaching quite as clearly as vocal speech could have done. When we read of the miracles of our Lord, we should not only accept them as proofs of His Deity, and seals of His commission, but as instructions as to the manner of His gracious working. What He did of old to *the bodies* of men should be received as a prophecy of what He is to-day prepared to do to *the souls* of men.

I suppose that we have never seen

SATANIC POSSESSION,

although I am not quite sure about it; for some men exhibit symptoms which are very like it. The present existence of demons within the bodies of men I shall neither assert nor deny; but certainly, in our Saviour's day it was very common for devils to take possession of men and torment them greatly.

Since his defeat by our Lord, and by His apostles, it would seem that Satan's power over human bodies has been greatly limited; but we have still among us the same thing in another and worse shape, namely, the power of sin over men's minds. Satan works in all ungodly men, as a smith at his forge; do you wonder that they sometimes curse and swear? These are only the

SPARKS FROM THE FORGE

below, flying out of the chimney. I know passionate men in whom the fiercest of devils appear to rave and rage; and I could point out others whose love of lying betrays the presence of the father of lies. One blasphemes and uses such filthy language that we are sure his tongue is set on fire of hell, even if the prince of devils is not ruling it.

A man says, "Drink is ruining me, body and soul. I know that it is shortening my life. I have had delirium tremens, and I know that I shall have it again if I continue as I am; but I cannot leave the drink. Sometimes the craving comes over me, and I seem as if I must swallow the intoxicating draught, whether I will or no." Whether this is the devil, or whether it is altogether the man himself, I am not going to argue; but the drink-devil, whose name is legion, is certainly among us to this day, and we hear persons tell us that they are anxious to escape from its power, and yet they return to it, rushing to intoxication as the swine rushed into the sea when the demons had entered into them.

Need I mention another form of this evil in the shape of unchastity? How many a man there is—alas, it is true of women too!—struggling against a fierce passion, and yet that passion conquers them; the unclean desire comes upon them like a hurricane bearing all before it, and they yield to it as the sere leaf yields to the blast. Nay more, they rush into a sin which they themselves condemn, of which already

* Preached on an evening when the regular hearers, at Mr. Spurgeon's request, left their seats to be occupied by strangers.

they have tasted the bitter fruit; they could not be more eager for it if it were the purest of all enjoyments. As the moth dashes again into the candle which has burned its wings, so do men hurry into the vice which has filled them with misery. They are possessed and domineered over by the spirit of lust, and return to their crimes as the oxen return to the stream. I need not go further into details, for one man falls into sin in one way, and another falls after quite a different fashion.

ALL DEVILS ARE NOT ALIKE—

though they are alike evil. Anger differs from lust, and profligacy laughs at covetousness, yet are they all of one brood, privates in the same dreadful legion. Men practise differing sins, but their sins all manifest the same evil power. Unless Christ has set us free we are all in some shape or other under the dominion of the prince of darkness, the master of the forces of evil.

This poor young man of whom we are to talk to-night was brought into a most horrible condition through the influence of a Satanic spirit. He was a lunatic; reason had been dethroned He was an epileptic, so that if left alone he would fall into the fire or into the water. You have yourself seen persons in fits of epilepsy, and you know how dreadful would be their danger if they were taken in a fit in the middle of a street, or by the side of a river. In this youth's case the epilepsy was only the means by which the demon exercised his power, and this made his condition sevenfold worse than if it had been simply a disease. This afflicted one had become deaf and dumb besides, and very violent, so that he was capable of doing a great deal of mischief. But the poor demoniac had this one great advantage—that he had friends to aid in bringing him to Christ. I hope that all here who are not saved are privileged with relationship to some friend who seeks their salvation.

I. So, then, my first point shall be, that our hopes are all awakened. Here is a poor youth, but bad as he is, terribly possessed as he is, he is coming to Christ! Prayer has been offered for him by his father, and Jesus is near.

ALL LOOKS WELL!

Coming to Christ is not the best possible condition, for the best condition is to have already come to Him. For a hungry man to be coming to a dinner is not enough; he must actually reach the table and eat. For a sick man to be coming to an eminent physician is hopeful, but it is not enough; he must get to that physician, take his medicine, and be restored. That is the point. To be coming to Christ is not enough; you must actually come to Him, and really receive Him; for to such only does He give power to become the sons of God.

This poor child was coming, and so are some here; that is to say, they have begun to hear the Gospel with attention. They did not aforetime go anywhere on the Sabbath; nor did they get up very early on a Sunday morning. I can see a man who seldom rose on a Sunday morning, and when he did, he read his newspaper. The man I refer to is repenting of this wrong, and so you see him coming upon the Sunday morning to hear the Gospel. He hears it very attentively; he leans forward to catch every word, and he treasures up what he hears. We are sure that he is coming to Christ, for when he gets home he reaches down his Bible. He has begun to read the Word of God in an earnest way. He thought at one time that it was about the dullest book in the world. Assuredly this man is coming to Christ, for he searches the Scriptures. Note also that he has dropped his blasphemy and his unchastity. He is a purer man in mouth and body than he used to be. He is coming to Christ. But, as I said,

COMING IS NOT ENOUGH.

The thing is really to reach the Lord Jesus and to be healed by Him. I pray you, do not rest short of this. Still, this is all hopeful, very hopeful. The man is a hearer; he is also a reader of the Scriptures; he has begun to mend a bit; and I have heard—of course, I cannot tell, for I was not there to see—I have heard, I say, that the other night he began to pray. If so, I know that he is coming to Christ, for prayer is a sure token. He has not yet cast himself fully at the feet of Jesus, but he cries, "Lord, save me." He is coming, and I am as glad as the birds on a spring morning. The angels are watching; they are leaning from the battlements of heaven to see whether it will end rightly, and you and I are very hopeful, especially those of us who have been praying for this man; for since we see that there is some change in him, and he begins to think and pray, we look for his salvation, as men look for flowers when April showers are falling. So, you see, our hopes are excited.

II. And now I will read the text again—"As he was yet a coming, the devil threw him down, and tare him." By this our fears are aroused. What a sight it must have been! Here is the poor father bringing his lunatic son, and friends are helping him; they are getting him near the Saviour, and he is just coming to Him who can cure him, when, on a sudden, he is taken in a fearful fit, worse than he had ever suffered before. He is cast down, thrown about, dashed to and fro; he wallows on the ground; he seems to be flung up and down as by an unseen hand, we fear that he will be torn to pieces. See! he falls down like a dead man, and there he lies. As the crowd gathers around him, people cry, "He is dead." Does it not seem

A DREADFUL THING

that when hope was at its brightest all should be dashed aside?

I have observed this thing scores of times; I might say, I think without exaggeration, hundreds of times. I have seen men, just when they were beginning to hear and beginning to think, taken on a sudden with such violence of sin, and so fearfully carried away by it, that if I had not seen the same thing before I should have despaired of them; but, having often seen it, I know what it means, and I am not so dismayed as a raw observer might be; though I must confess that it half breaks my heart when it happens to some hopeful convert whom I hoped to receive into the Church, and to rejoice over. We mourn when we hear that the man who was somewhat impressed has become

WORSE THAN AFORETIME,

and has gone back to the very vice from which we had rescued him. The case runs on the same lines as our text—"As he was a coming, the devil threw him down, and tare him."

How does the devil do this? Well, we have seen it done in this way: When the man had almost believed in Christ, but not quite, Satan seemed to multiply his temptations around him, and to bring his whole force to bear upon him. There is a wicked man in the shop, and the devil says to him, "Your mate is beginning to be serious: ridicule him. Tempt him all you can. Treat him to strong drink. Get him away to the theatre, the music-hall, or the brothel." It is wonderful how the ungodly will lay all kinds of traps for one who is escaping from his sins. They are fearfully set on keeping him from Christ.

I have known in addition to all this that Satan has stirred up the anxious one's bad passions. Passions that lay asleep have suddenly been aroused. Moreover, the man has become thoughtful, and from that very fact doubts which he never knew before have come upon him. He begins to mend, and now he finds a difficulty in getting his needle through where the rent was made. He finds that tearing is easier work than mending, and that running into sin is a much more easy thing than rising out of the black ditch into which he has fallen. So now, what with those about him tempting him, his bad passions responding to the temptation, and his doubts overclouding everything, it is not a marvellous thing that the poor creature grows worse before he gets better. The disease which before had been concealed in more hidden and vital parts, seems to be thrown out upon the surface, and the sight is sickening. This, however, is not always a bad sign. Doctors rather prefer it to an inward festering. So have I seen it when men have been coming to Christ; their boat has been tossed with tempest, and they have been driven far out upon a raging sea.

Yes, and I will tell you what I have seen. I have seen a man almost converted—well-nigh a believer in Christ, on a sudden become more obstinate in his opposition to the Gospel than ever he was before. A man that was quiet and harmless and inoffensive before has, under the influence of Satan, just when we hoped the best things of him, turned round in a rage against the people who sought to do him good, and he has spoken opprobriously of the Gospel which a little while before he seemed anxious to understand. Do not be astonished—you that are trying to bring men to Christ—if it should often happen that these lunatics break loose—that these epileptics have a worse fit just before Christ cures them than ever you knew them to have had before.

HOW SATAN OVERTHROWS.

I will describe the usual way in which the devil throws men down and tears them. You need not listen to this unless you like, because it does not relate to all of you here; but it is true of a sufficient number to render it needful for me to speak of it. It is a very curious thing that if there is a poor soul in London that is well-nigh insane through despair of heart he wants to talk to me. I am often sore burdened by the attempt to sympathize with the distracted. I do not know why they should be attracted to me, but they come to tell me of their evil state of mind—people who have never seen me before. This fact gives me a wide field of actual practice and careful observation.

I frequently meet with persons who are tempted with blasphemous thoughts. They have not yet laid hold on Christ, but they are trying to do so; and at this stage of their experience most horrible thoughts pass through their minds. They cannot prevent it; they hate the thoughts, and yet they come, till they are ready to lose their reason. I will tell you *what happened to me.* I was engaged in prayer alone in a quiet place one day when I had just found the Saviour, and while I was in prayer a most horrible stream of blasphemies came into my mind, till I clapped my hand to my mouth for fear that I should utter any one of them. I was so brought up that I do not remember ever hearing a man swear while I was a child; yet at that moment I seemed to know all the swearing and blasphemy that ever was in hell itself; and I wondered at myself. I could not understand whence this foul stream proceeded. I wrote to my venerable grandfather who was for sixty years a minister of the Gospel, and he said to me—"Do not trouble about it. These are no thoughts of yours; they are injected into your mind by Satan. The thoughts of men follow one another like the links of a chain, one link draws on another; but when a man is in prayer the next natural thought to prayer is not blasphemy; it is not, therefore, a natural succession of our own thoughts. An evil spirit casts those thoughts into the mind." Thoughts of this sort, seeing you loathe them, are none of yours. *Do not let Satan lay his brats at your door*, but send them packing.

When this does not answer, I have known Satan to throw the coming sinner down and tear him in another way. "There," says he, "did you not hear the preacher speaking about election? You are

NOT ONE OF THE ELECT."

"Perhaps I am not," says one. Perhaps you are, say I, and I think that whether you are one of the elect or not, you had better come, on the ground that Jesus says—"Him that cometh to me I will in no wise cast out." If you come, He will not cast you out, and then you will find that you are one of the elect. Satan will throw men down and tear them in another way. "Ah!" says he, "you are too big a sinner." I make short work of that. No man is too big a sinner. "All manner of sin and of blasphemy shall be forgiven unto men." "Oh, but," says Satan,

"it is too late." Another lie of his. It is never too late so long as we are in this world, and come to Jesus for pardon. Generally in the case of young people he puts the clock back, and says, "It is too soon;" and then when they get old he puts the clock on, and says, "It is too late." It is never too late as long as Jesus lives, and the sinner repents. If a sinner were as old as Methuselah, if he came to Christ and trusted Him he would be saved.

"Oh but," the devil says, "it is no use your trying at all. The Gospel is not true." Ay, but it is true, for some of us have proved it. Conversion is the standing miracle of the Church; and while we see what it works every day in the week, we are confident and sure. When men that were passionate, dishonest, unchaste, covetous, become holy, gracious, loving, pure, generous, then we know that the Gospel is true by the effect which it produces. A lie would never produce holiness and love.

And then the devil will come with this—"It is of no use. Give it up; give it up." Many and many a man who has been on the brink of eternal life, has been thrown down and torn with this, "It is of no use; give it up. You have prayed, and you have not been answered: never pray again. You have attended the house of God, and you have become more miserable than ever; never go again. Ever since you have been a thinking man and a sober man, you have had more trouble than ever you had. See," says the devil, "what comes of your religion." Thus he tries to induce the newly awakened to give it up. But oh, in God's name, let me implore you do not turn from it, for you are on the brink of the grand discovery. Another turf turned, and there is the golden treasure.

III. I shall not detain you much longer. But as our hopes have been awakened and our fears have been aroused, let us look on the scene till our wonder is excited. Did you notice when I was reading in the ninth chapter of Mark, how Jesus healed this poor child?

HE DID HEAL HIM,

He healed him of all that complication, healed him of the devil's domination, healed him of the epilepsy, healed him of being deaf and dumb, healed him of being a lunatic, healed him of pining away; and in one moment that young man was completely saved from all his ills. He could speak; he could hear; he was cured of his epilepsy, and was no more a lunatic, but a happy rational being. The whole thing was done at once. Wonder, and never leave off wondering!

"Can a man be changed all at once? It must take a long time," says one. I admit there are certain qualities which come only by education and patient watchfulness. There are certain parts of the Christian character that come of culture, and must be watered with tears and prayer. But let me assure you, not as a matter of theory, but as a matter which I have seen for thirty years, that a man's character may be totally changed in less time than it takes me to tell you of it. There is such power in the name of Christ that, if that name be preached and the Spirit of God applies it, men can be turned right round. There can be a total reversal of all their conduct, and, what is more than that, of all their inclinations, and desires and wishes, and delights and hates; for God can take away the heart of stone and give a heart of flesh. The child of darkness can be translated into the kingdom of light. The dead heart can be quickened into a spiritual existence, and that in a single moment, by faith in Jesus Christ.

This cure was perfected at once, and it remained with the youth. The most charming point about it was that the Lord Jesus said, "Thou dumb and deaf spirit, I charge thee, come out of him,

AND ENTER NO MORE

into him." Enter no more into him—there is the glory of it! Though the epileptic fit was ended, yet the young man would not have been cured if the devil had returned to take possession of him again. The Saviour's cures endure the test of years. "Enter no more into him" preserved the young man by a life-long word of power.

I never dare to preach to anybody a temporary salvation. "Believe in the Lord Jesus Christ and thou shalt be saved," not for to-night merely, but forever. When God saves a man he *is* saved; not for weeks and years, but eternally. If Christ turns the devil out of him he shall enter into that man no more forever. Now, this is a salvation that is worth your having, and worth my preaching. A temporary, I had almost said, *a trumpery salvation*, that saves a man for a few months and then lets him perish, is not worth preaching or having; but that which so makes a man new as to put into him "a well of water springing up into everlasting life"—that is worth worlds. I will tell you

A STORY OF CHRISTMAS EVANS

which I like to tell on this point. Christmas Evans was once describing the prodigal's coming back to his father's house, and he said that when the prodigal sat at the father's table he sat there and did not eat, and every now and then the tears began to flow. His father turned to him and said, "My dear son, why are you unhappy? You spoil the feasting. Do you not know that I love you? Have I not joyfully received you?" "Yes," he said, "dear father, you are very kind, but have you really forgiven me? Have you forgiven me altogether, so that you will never be angry with me for all I have done?" His father looked on him with ineffable love and said, "I have blotted out thy sins and thy iniquities, and will remember them no more forever. Eat, my dear son."

The father turned round and waited on the guests, but by and by his eyes were on his boy, they could not be long removed. There was the son weeping again, but not eating. "Come, dear child," said his father, "come, why are you still mourning? What is it that you want?" Bursting into a flood of tears a second time, the son said, "Father, am I always to stop here? Will you never turn me out of doors?" The father replied, "No, my child, thou shalt go no more out forever, for a son abides forever." Still the son did not enjoy the banquet; there was still something rankling within, and again he wept. Then his father said, "Now, tell me, tell me, my dear son, all that is in thy heart. What do you desire more?" The son answered, "Father, *will you make me stop here?* Father, I am afraid lest, if I were left to myself, I might play the prodigal again. Oh, constrain me to stay here forever!" The father said, "I will put my fear in thy heart, and thou shalt not depart from me." "Ah! then," the son replied, "it is enough," and merrily he feasted with the rest. So I preach to you just this—that the great Father when He takes you to Himself will never let you go away from Him again.

Whatever your condition, if you trust your soul to Jesus, you shall be saved, and saved forever.

"Once in Christ, in Christ forever:
Nothing from His love can sever."

"But what if we fall into great sin?" says one. You shall not abide in great sin. You shall be kept and preserved by that same power which has begun the good work, for it will surely carry it on even to the end.

Just two or three sentences and I have finished. I have been speaking about the devil throwing some down and tearing them when they are coming to Christ. Are there any of you who do not know anything about it? Well, I am glad that you do not. If you come to Christ without being thrown down and torn I am glad of it. I have endeavored to help those that are terribly tormented; but if you are not so tried, do not wish to be.

After I was preaching Jesus Christ from this platform once, there came a man into the vestry who said to me, "Blessed be God that I entered this Tabernacle. *I come from Canada, sir.* My father, before he found true religion had to be

LOCKED UP IN A LUNATIC ASYLUM,

and I always thought that I must undergo a similar terror before I could be saved." I said, "No, no, my dear friend, you are to believe in the Lord Jesus Christ, and if you do that, despond or not despond, you are a saved man." This Gospel I preach to you. Believe in the Lord Jesus Christ. Trust Him quietly, humbly, simply, immediately. Trust Him to make you a holy man—to deliver you from the power of the devil and the power of sin, and He will do it; I will be bound for Him that He will keep His word. Jesus is truth itself, and never breaks His word. He never boasts that He can do what He cannot do. He has gone into heaven, and He is therefore "able to save them to the uttermost that come unto God by Him, seeing He ever liveth to make intercession for them." Only trust Him. Trust Him to overcome the evil you have to fight with. You will conquer it, man, if you will only trust Jesus. Woman, there is hope for you if you will trust the wounded, bleeding, dying, risen, living Saviour. He will battle for you, and you shall get the victory.

God bless you, every one, and may we all meet in heaven to praise the Son of God forever and ever.

[PORTION OF SCRIPTURE READ BEFORE SERMON—Mark 9: 2-29.]

THE IRON HALL FOR THE MOODY AND SANKEY SERVICES.

On the next page is a picture of the great Iron Hall at Islington, in the north of London, in which the American evangelists are now holding services. When Mr. Moody accepted the invitation of the London clergymen to labor in their city this year, arrangements were immediately commenced for rendering the mission thorough in its work and accessible to all classes. Without any appeal being made for funds a sum worth *thirty thousand dollars* was placed at the disposal of the committee, by a few wealthy Christian gentlemen.

It was decided after consultation not to hold the meetings in churches or existing halls, but to erect a temporary structure for the purpose. The danger of fire and the inadequate means existing in London for dealing with large conflagrations being taken into account, it was decided that this structure should be of iron. That being settled, the next question that arose was how to save the time that might be lost in moving the building from place to place; for it was determined that the services should not be held alone in one quarter of the vast area covered by the city and suburbs of London. The people whom it was most important to attract to these services are widely scattered, and even if the building in which the services were to be held was situated in the very centre of the city, there would be thousands of people unable to attend them on account of the distance. The shifting of the location of the services was therefore a necessity, and then the moving of the hall became a serious consideration. As there was no lack of funds, it was decided to build two halls; the second to be ready for occupation by the time the services were terminated in the first. Thus the evangelists will remove to the second hall without the loss of a single day, and the demolition and reconstruction of the hall first used will be immediately commenced. It will be erected on the site selected for the third series of services, and will be completed by the time the evangelists close the second series. An effort will be made to prevent the attendance of people who may be desirous of following the evangelists from place to place. Tickets will be distributed in the immediate locality of the hall for the benefit of residents, and the holders will have the preference of admission.

The halls, as will be seen from the picture of one of them, are exceedingly plain and unpretentious in appearance, but they are well adapted for the purpose, and their acoustic qualities are excellent. They have seating accommoda-

The Iron Hall in which Messrs. MOODY AND SANKEY are holding their Services in London.

tion for fifty-eight hundred persons. All around the hall appropriate texts are displayed.

The services commenced on Saturday, November 3d, with a united prayer-meeting. On the following day—Sunday—there was an early morning meeting for Christian workers at eight o'clock, for which no tickets were required. At eleven o'clock there was an ordinary evangelistic meeting, admission by ticket only. At three o'clock a meeting for women only, and at half-past six one for men only. Tickets were not required for either of these gatherings. Each week-night there is a meeting at eight o'clock, and Bible readings at three o'clock every afternoon excepting Monday and Saturday.

There is a general disposition on the part of clergymen of all denominations to assist in the great work, and thus indirectly much good is being done by drawing together Christian workers who do not often associate together. Lest the clergymen of the Episcopal Church should feel any diffidence in attending and assisting, the eminent bishop who took part in the recent convention in Philadelphia and who has often visited this country—Dr. Thorold, Bishop of Rochester—has written a letter to a London clergyman which has been published. In the course of the letter Dr. Thorold says: "I am sincerely glad that you should give counsel and sympathy to our good kinsmen, the American evangelists, who propose to help us with our overwhelming work in South London this winter. Their success will, moreover, be far more complete if you can show them how to reach that class of the population which I have reason to know they did not lay hold of in their last visit to the metropolis, and which, alas! still baffles the Church's activities, though not outside her duty, purpose, and care. May I add that these men are personally known to me. More than once I have come across their track in their own country, and have heard nothing but good of them. To call them schismatics is to trifle with language. To suspect them of sectarian motive is to do them a grave injustice. Their religious services are simple, reverent, and deeply impressive. Their recent labors, not only in our largest provincial towns, but also at our two great English Universities, are *standing the hardest test, that of time.* Should any one doubt if their doctrine is pure, or their work solid, let them *do what I myself have done*, and hope to do again, go to judge for himself. He will probably come away touched to the quick by the tenderness, pathos, and manly thoroughness of what he will hear there, perhaps just a little sorry that their secret is not yet quite his own. This I am sure about, that all earnest workers for souls, of whatever school among us, if they cannot altogether go with them, will pray for them. My own desire is that God will raise up ten thousand such men to proclaim redeeming love."

THE BIBLE AND THE NEWSPAPER.

The Evacuation Day Celebrations in New York last Monday, in which hundreds of thousands of people participated, were to many merely a pleasant holiday. In more thoughtful people, however, they awakened glorious and patriotic emotions. The recollection that just a century ago the last vestige of foreign dominion was swept away from this great country, and the emblem of foreign power was torn from the mast and replaced with the Stars and Stripes, as the British fleet sailed through the Narrows, is to a patriot a stirring memory. The descendants of those who fought so valiantly in the patriot army in that gallant struggle could best appreciate the full meaning of the centennial celebration. Yet it is strange that the proclamation of spiritual emancipation won for the world by Christ with His blood is often heard with listless ears by those for whom He won it, and they prefer to remain under the degrading tyranny of Satan (Isa. 61 : 1).

The Discovery of a Cave in a Mountain Stored with the proceeds of a series of burglaries has caused considerable excitement in a village in Westchester County, N. Y. A hunter observed a man entering a hole on the side of a hill, which is thickly wooded, and, being curious, he followed him. He found that the cavity was about six feet square, and had been made comfortable by artificial means. His suspicions were excited, and he gave information to the police, who arrested the man found in the cave, and forced him to disclose its contents. Behind large rocks fixed in the back of the cave spacious cavities were found, full of plate and valuables belonging to people whose houses have recently been robbed. The production of a rope with a noose at the end induced the man to open up the whole place, and led to the identification of a large amount of property by the owners. The burglar's apparently reputable life and the ingenuity with which he had constructed his hiding place doubtless encouraged him to hope that he would escape detection, but the whole bad scheme is now exposed and the criminal forced to disgorge his ill-gotten wealth. If we can imagine the agony of shame the burglar must have endured in the exposure, we can form some idea of the effect on impenitent sinners of the revelations of that day when every secret and hidden sin shall be brought to light (Rom. 2 : 16).

A Member of Napoleon's Old Guard Celebrated his ninety-sixth birthday in Philadelphia, on November 19th, by an entertainment of an association to which he belongs. He is a native of Nice, and enlisted in the French army in 1806. Being wounded in one of the battles fought when he was a mere recruit he was made a lieutenant, and after the overthrow of the Emperor Napoleon he followed "the Little Corporal" to his sad exile in St. Helena. Among the most precious of his possessions is his commission, *a crumpled and faded parchment*, on which the seal of the great Napoleon is still legible. He came to this country soon after the death of his imperial master. It is very natural for the faithful officer to be proud of the treasured relic of the famous emperor, though Napoleon was a man whose principles and policy good men regard with abhorrence. With how much better reason may the soldiers of the Prince of Peace prize their commission (II Timothy 1 : 11, 12).

A Man Almost a Centenarian Applied for naturalization papers in California on November 7th. He is an Irishman, who has passed his ninety-ninth birthday, but is anxious to become a citizen of the United States before he dies. He has a practical as well as a sentimental motive in applying for naturalization. Having settled on Government lands, at Camptonville, he wishes to perfect his title for the benefit of his heirs. It is believed that this is the first time the United States has received so venerable a citizen. Most men at that age would not think it worth the trouble to transfer their allegiance. Christian workers in urging aged men to give up the devil's service and become followers of Christ are often met with the objection, "I am too old to change now," yet they have more weighty reasons for changing than has the aged Irishman. Even ninety-nine years past are nothing compared with the duration of the eternal future before them (I Peter 4 : 3).

A FATAL HOLIDAY.

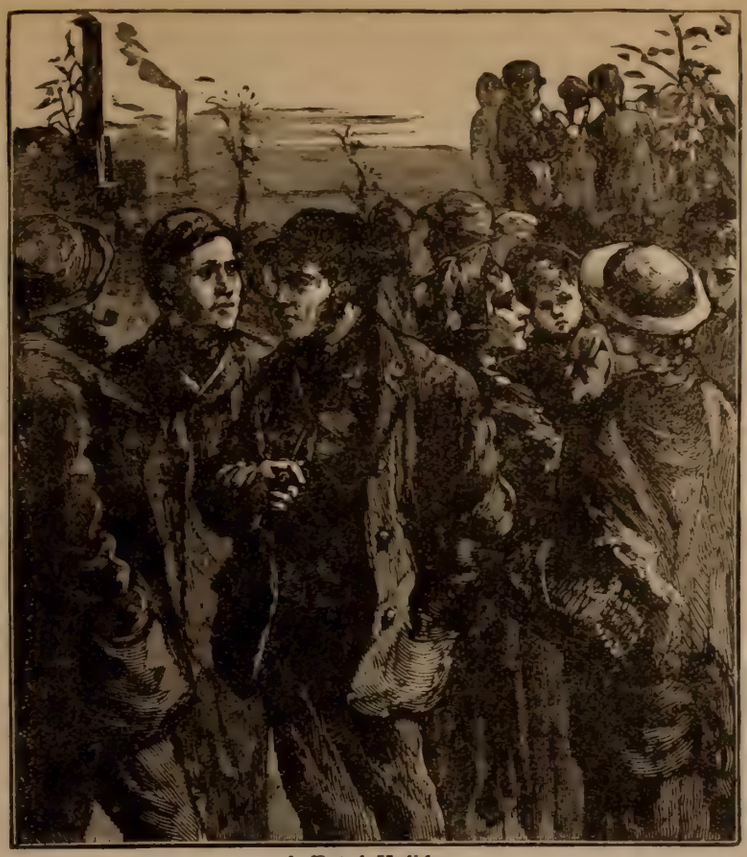
(See Illustration.)

THE scene was a public park on the outskirts of a great city, from the dirty streets of which thousands of workingmen, taking advantage of a legal holiday, had come for recreation and a little fresh air. Of course, as with almost all places of amusement, the opportunities for innocent enjoyment are often abused, and much

is done which is neither elevating nor refining. But that arises from the vulgar and depraved tastes of the vicious element, which exists among workingmen as it does among those who call themselves the "upper classes."

It was in the pleasant summer-time, and the park was densely crowded with men, women, and children, laughing, shouting, and singing, with that freedom and heartiness which only people whose holidays are few can really experience. Here and there, groups more boisterous than others in their jollity break out into awkward and grotesque movements meant to represent dancing. Men with pipes in mouth and hands in pocket jostle women with children in their arms. Not roughly, for childhood is always respected, nowhere more tenderly than among the poor. That is if they are sober; if they are drunkards, all the fine feelings of their nature are burned up by the scorching fluid, and woe betide the children dependent on their love!

Now and again a group of men, meeting others, would recognize city acquaintances and stay for a few words of greeting, a joke or two, perhaps, and good-humored raillery on each other's dress or personal appearance. Among these groups was one of three men clad unlike most of the others, in their working dress. One of these, looking back, said:



A Fatal Holiday.

"I say, Joe, look here! D'ye see who is behind us?"

"Not I," answered the man addressed, whose accent, dress, and fondness for the pipe showed that he, like his companions, was a recent importation from Europe. "I see no one I know," he said, taking his pipe for a moment from his mouth; "who is it?"

"Why, it's Fred. Fred Newton, and I declare he has got the missus and all the children!"

"Ah, that's the sort of chap he is, is it? Well, I never thought much of him on the other side, but since he has been here he's got to be a reg'lar milksop!"

"Shall we speak to him, Joe? Take a rise out of him, p'raps."

"By all means," answered Joe, sententiously, "anything for fun."

"Hullo, Fred!" shouted the first speaker, turning round and looking toward Newton and his family; "hullo! What are you doing here?"

"How do, Walker?" replied Newton, coming forward. "Glad to see you here; this is better than spending the day loafing around a bar in the city. Ah! Joe and Bill, too; enjoying yourselves, eh?"

"Tidy, mate, tidy," they answered with one voice, and Bill added, "Do you always take them along to look after you, to see you don't get to harm?" pointing jocularly to his family.

"Well, you see," explained Newton, "the wife needs a change as much as I do. She ain't afraid, bless you, of my going wrong, but she likes to be with me, and I like to have her. I ain't ashamed to bring my wife out, and we couldn't enjoy it if we did not have the little 'uns with us to enjoy it too."

"Lucky dog!" said Bill Reddin; "I can't afford to bring my missus. But then you see I ain't a teetotaler."

"Nor I," said Jem Walker; "and if I was I don't think I should come out with such a caravan as that. I get on better without 'em. They're best at home on a day like this, and we mean to have a good time before we go back, and they might be in the way, d'ye see? If you was anything of a man you'd leave the woman and children and come with us."

"Let the poor chap alone," exclaimed Joe, contemptuously; "let him alone. He can't help hisself. Come along, boys. Good-by, Newton."

Newton bade his fellow-workmen good-by, and returned to his own little family group. His wife noticed a slight cloud upon his brow, and took an early opportunity of asking its cause.

"Oh, it is nothing, Jane," said he, returning to his usual cheery manner, "nothing, only my mates chaffing me as usual about being a teetotaler."

"Well, well, never mind them, Fred. Never mind them. I am sure from their looks they need to be teeotal, or do something to improve their condition."

Fred took his wife's advice, and banished from his mind all thought about his fellow-workmen. The day sped all too swiftly for the little party, and when the evening came, and they had returned home cheered and strengthened by the day in the open air, Fred and his wife knelt together, while their children were grouped around, and thanked their heavenly Father for keeping them during the day from all harm.

While they were thus engaged a tragedy was taing place all unknown to them, which made the prayer Newton had uttered no meaningless formality.

Newton was up betimes in the morning, and off to his work. But, strangely enough, not one of the three companions he had met at the park the previous day turned up at the factory. The breakfast-hour came, then the dinner-hour, and, at last, evening, with its welcome relief from toil. As Newton walked home, he noticed crowds round the boys selling the evening papers, who were shouting out something about a "dreadful tragedy." He stopped, bought a paper, and, opening it, read with horror that, in a drunken brawl, Jem Walker had been mortally injured by his two companions, Reddin and Joe, who had been arrested. The report said, and Newton could easily believe it, that there appeared to have been no malice, for the men were evidently good friends. But there is a stage on the way to stupid intoxication in which a man becomes quarrelsome. Before he becomes senseless and sleepy he is apt to have a desire to quarrel and fight. Unhappily the three men had arrived at that stage at the same time, and a fight ensued in which Walker had received a fatal blow.

Newton visited the men the following day in the prison, and learned that they would probably be tried for manslaughter and escape the rope with a long term of imprisonment. Poor fellows! No men could be more sorry than they for the crime they had committed. But what sorrow can undo an act which had left a wife and children desolate, and had sent a fellow-creature into eternity unprepared for the great change? It is the knowledge that such cases are constantly occurring which nerves and strengthens those who are laboring for prohibition.

POVERTY'S PREY.

A SERIAL STORY.

(*Continued from page 751.*)

Euclid Robbed.

BLACKETT'S hatred and vengeance were no mean forces which Euclid could afford to forget or disregard. His enemy had him at an advantage, inasmuch as he could neither go in nor out of the house without passing the door of his room, where he might be lurking in ambush against him. Euclid was a peaceable, inoffensive old man, who had kept himself aloof from his neighbors in dread of falling into disturbances. It worried him to feel that he had made such a man his enemy, and at times he reflected on the possibility of moving; but Victoria's ill health and weakness seemed to make that impossible, even if he could find an equally cheap attic in the neighborhood.

He did not know it, nor did Victoria; but for some time past a rumor had pervaded the house that old Euclid, the water-cress seller, was a miser—a miser, also, of the old-fashioned type, who kept his money in hard cash, and in his own hands. Some of his neighbors said he carried untold wealth about with him in the old waistcoat which he always wore, summer and winter, under his linen blouse. Others guessed that every chink and crevice in the walls of his garret contained banknotes and coins, and that Victoria's constant ill health was nothing but a blind to account for her never leaving the treasure unguarded.

Both Euclid and Victoria became the objects of unusual attention; and Victoria, especially, was surprised and embarrassed by the friendly visits of her neighbors during her father's absence in the daytime, who came to offer her any assistance she needed. But Victoria was now quite independent. Bess made the bed, and scrubbed the floor, and did the little shopping that had to be done; and the sick girl had never been so comfortable and cared for in her life.

No doubt it was Bess herself who had innocently set these rumors afloat. No one can tell whether she had hinted at it in any confidential talk with Roger, or whether some prying neighbor, listening in the common entrance, had overheard her telling her mother of the wonderful sight she had beheld through the chink in old Euclid's door. Bess was too busy to hear anything of these whispered reports, and they were not likely to reach the ears of Euclid and Victoria. Neither of these ever spoke of their treasure in the presence of Bess, and Victoria always carefully removed it from under her pillow before Bess made the bed. It had not grown at all since Mrs. Fell's funeral day; nay, once it had been broken into to pay the rent. Yet neither of them repented befriending Bess.

One consequence of Bess living up in the garret was, that it became a not unusual circumstance for Roger Blackett to mount up there, partly for her sake, and partly to seek a refuge from his father's cruel tyranny. Blackett knew it very well, but, with a crafty foresight that this might be useful some day, feigned an utter ignorance of this new intercourse. Roger seldom showed his face when Euclid was at home; but Victoria soon grew used to seeing him creep in timidly, with his terrified, downcast face, and crouch on the hearth before the handful of fire, showing her the bruises on his arms and shoulders and back, where his father had been flogging him. He was an idler, weaker boy than David Fell, with less energy to swim against the tide of evil that was ready to sweep him away in its current. But as yet he had never fallen into the hands of the police; and now he promised Victoria, as he had been wont to promise Mrs. Fell, that he would always be a good boy, and keep from being a thief.

To Victoria it was pleasant to have this fresh young life of Bess and Roger coming about her to divert the dreary solitude of her illness. She had had no companionship except that of an old man borne down by cares; and Euclid was amazed to find how cheerful she grew, and how much less the winter was trying her than he had feared. The change, though he did not grudge Bess her home, was not so welcome to him as to Victoria. The mere fact that he could never speak of his own aim in life before Bess, nor count over his hoard as he had been used to do, made him more anxious about it; and he could not get the thought of it out of his head while he was away all day crying his cresses in the distant streets.

"Victoria, my dear," he said one evening, when he was home before Bess, and had treated himself to a hasty and furtive glance at his treasure, "I'm castin' about in my mind if we couldn't find a safer place for it, now we've so many strange folks about us. If I only knew somebody as 'ud take good care on it for us."

"It's never from under my pillow, father," answered Victoria, with a smile. "It's as safe as safe can be. Don't you fidget, daddy."

"If I could only lock the door when we go out i' th' mornin'," sighed old Euclid.

"And leave me locked up all day!" said Victoria, laughing.

"Bess has been with us four weeks," he went on, "and we haven't put a penny to it. And Blackett gives me a curse every time he catches sight on me."

"Father," she said earnestly, "I'd ten times rather be buried in a parish coffin than turn Bess away into the streets."

"Ay! so would I for myself, lass," he answered. "But it 'ud be hard work to me to follow thee in a parish coffin."

It was still as dark as midnight at four o'clock the next morning, when Euclid and Bess, after giving Victoria a cup of tea, left her to sleep away the remainder of the night until daybreak. Her best and soundest sleep generally came to her after they were gone, and she was alone in the quiet garret, past which no foot could tramp, and above which was the roof inhabited only by the sparrows.

If Euclid and Bess could have looked through the panels of Blackett's door as they passed it, they would have seen that he was up, and listening; and that Roger was cowering behind him, with a scared and haggard expression on his wretched face. In about a quarter of an hour after their departure, Roger was being pushed on by his father, with smothered threats and curses in his ears, up the dark staircases, and past the doors of the rooms, whose inmates would be all astir in another hour or less. Roger crept slowly and reluctantly up the last steep flight, and lingered a moment at Euclid's door, while Blackett stood half-way below him, a black figure in the deep gloom, beckoning to him with a threatening gesture to go onward.

Roger pushed the latchless door gently, and found that it was not fastened within, but yielded at once to his touch. The small fire of coals and wood, lit by Bess, had smouldered down, and showed only a line of red between two lowest bars; yet the faint light it gave fell upon the pale face of Victoria, already sleeping a quiet and restful slumber. He looked from that pale, sleeping face, back to the tall black figure in the darkness, with its uplifted and clinched fist menacing him, and he strode noiselessly into the room.

Still he paused for some minutes, dreading to go on, though not daring to go back. Victoria was kind and good to him; but his father was *threatening to kill him* if he did not execute his commands. Why had he ever learned that old Euclid was a miser, and had heaps of money? and, oh, how could it be that he had ever betrayed to his father the secret he had found out—that Victoria guarded some precious bundle under her pillow? If he must be a thief, he would a thousand times rather steal from any one than her.

A very slight, but to Roger a very terrible, sound upon the staircase, filled him with a sudden courage. He stretched himself on the floor, and crawled forward to Victoria's side. Very warily and softly his fingers stole up, and under her pillow, where *the precious bundle* lay. He drew it so slowly and gently toward him, that, though Victoria moved a little restlessly, and put her hand up sleepily as if to guard it, she did not wake. In a few moments it lay in his grasp, and he was crawling back across the floor to the dark staircase. The door creaked a little on its rusty hinges as he closed it after him; and he heard Victoria's voice calling out drowsily, "Good-by, father."

It was after midday before Victoria got up; for she was neither so hungry nor so cold in bed, and it saved firing to lie still as long as she could bear it. She had asked Roger the day before to come up for some pence to buy chips and coal, and he had promised readily to do it; but he did not come. She had just chips enough to kindle the fire, and sufficient coal to keep it alight till Bess or her father should come home. But she could not help wondering what cruelty of his father's was keeping him away, as she watched the tiny tongues of flame, which had to be carefully cherished lest they should die out altogether before the coal was lit.

She felt hopeful and happy. The late February days were come, and the sky was clearer; the dense fogs were almost gone for another spell of summer weather; and the clouds that still hung gray above the streets had gleams of blue breaking through them. The deepest misery of the year was over. The days were longer, and would soon be warmer. There was no dreary midwinter to tide over. Victoria, watching her small fire, not quite kindled yet, sang feebly to herself in a piping, tremulous voice; and her wan face wore a brighter smile than it had done for months.

"Why, there's father comin' up the stairs!" she exclaimed. "He's more than an hour early."

It was Euclid, who came in with an empty basket and a pleased face. He had had uncommon good luck, he said, as he sat down before the fire, and stretched his wrinkled old hands over the flame and smoke. He had been reckoning up as he came along home, and he could spare a coin or two to add to the hoard. Now Bess was away, and sure to be away for another hour or more, he could count the money over, and feast his eyes upon it—the only pleasure he had in the world.

"It does my old heart good, Victoria, my dear," he said, turning up the old soap-box on end. "It's as if it made up for all the pipes I never smoke, and the victuals I never eat, and the sights as I never see. Make the door fast, my dear, and you and me'll have a treat."

Victoria fastened the door with a forked stick, brought from the market, laughing a low, quiet laugh, in which Euclid joined hoarsely, yet heartily. It was as great a treat to him to hear her laugh as to count up his money.

"I've heerd a learned man—a great scholar he was," said Euclid, "as had read a heap o' books—talk o' bein' *as rich as creases*; but whatever he could ha' meant by it, I could never make out yet. I've puzzled over it many and many a hour. If he'd said as cold as creases, or yet as green as creases, I could ha' understood. But as rich as creases, Victoria, my dear!"

"Don't ask me, father," she answered, "I'm no scholar. We've lived on creases; but we've never got rich on 'em."

"Ay, we've lived and died on 'em," said Euclid contemplatively. "If we could have all the money as ever we spent, all that's gone in rent, and victuals and clothin' and ceterer, we might, maybe, ha' grown rich by creases; but then where should we ha' been?"

Victoria had lifted up her pillow as he spoke, half to himself and half to her. She stood for an instant gazing down in bewilderment. The old cotton handkerchief, once white with a red border round it, but grown yellow and dingy with age, and with much knotting and unknotting—the familiar little bundle that had been her father's purse ever since she could remember—did not lie in its accustomed place. She pushed aside the parcel of rags which served Bess as a pillow; but it was not there. She shook the clothes with a trembling hand, and then sank down on the bedstead, sick and faint with alarm.

"Father!" she breathed in a low, gasping voice, "*it's gone!*"

For a moment old Euclid gazed at her in a dreamy, absent manner, muttering, "As rich as creases!" as though he did not hear her speak.

"Father!" she cried again, in a louder tone, "our money's gone!"

"Gone!" he repeated.

"It's not here!" she answered. "It's been stolen! stolen! I remember now. There was a click of the door, after I'd fallen asleep, and I called out, 'Good-by, father!' and it was a thief! O father, father! what shall we do?"

Euclid had started to his feet, and stood trembling and shivering with the shock of terror. Gone! Stolen! The little hoard of money he had scraped together with so many hardships and cares, so much labor and self-denial! The money he might want, before the bleak winds of March were gone, to bury his last child in her own coffin. Was it possible that God would allow a thief to steal in, and rob him of such a sacred treasure? Euclid's heart answered, Yes, it was possible; it had come to pass, this overwhelming disaster, and his very soul seemed to die within him.

He sat down again in his broken old chair; for he felt too feeble to hold himself up, and he hid his withered, ashy-pale face in his hands. All the misery and privation and pinching poverty of his sixty years of life seemed to rush back upon him, and roll like a full tide over his crushed spirit. After all his toil and suffering, he would be forced to go upon the parish, if not to-day or this week, well, in a few weeks, or in a few months at the farthest. He might as well give up at once; for he could never save so much money again.

And Victoria! Now, if she should fall ill, even a little worse, she must be taken away from him, and go into the workhouse hospital, to die there, among strange bad women, uncared-for, weeping her last bitter tears on a parish pillow; while he, parted from her, was perhaps laying his old gray head on another parish pillow, and turning his face to the wall to hide his bitter tears.

"I must stir up," he said at last, rising stiffly and slowly from his chair, as if he felt himself to be a very old, infirm man: "I must fetch the police, Victoria."

It was not long before a policeman mounted up to Euclid's garret, and heard the whole story of the loss. Nor was it very long, after inquiring who visited them the oftenest, and after seeking a little information among the neighbors, who very eagerly supplied it, before he fixed upon Roger and his father, who bore the

worst character in the house. Before an hour had passed, Roger was lodged in the nearest police-station, and Blackett was being sought for in all his usual places of resort.

But Blackett was nowhere to be found. He had taken his glazier's tools, and a sheet or two of glass on his back, and gone away into the country to seek for stray jobs in the shape of broken panes. There was no trace of the lost money in his room; and though Roger, in his fright, had owned to having stolen it, and added that he had given the whole of it to his father, there was no evidence to prove the truth of his assertion. Roger's terrified statements were full of contradictions and falsehoods. He was ready to assert or deny anything, and he was remanded until his father could be found and summoned; while Euclid and Victoria were bidden to hold themselves in readiness to appear whenever their evidence should be wanted.

(To be continued.)

DAVID'S FRIEND, JONATHAN.

S. S. Lesson for Dec. 9, 1 Sam. 20 : 32-42. Golden Text, Prov. 18 : 24. By Mrs. M. Baxter.

Jonathan's Intercession with his Father—Saul's Oath—Not his Own Master—His Pursuit of David—Effect of a Spiritual Atmosphere—God's Mode of Working on His Enemies—Jonathan Incredulous of his Father's Duplicity—Painful Discoveries in the Christian's Life—Freedom in Real Love—A New Convenant with Jonathan—The Love Jesus Seeks—Power of Christian Equanimity—Sympathetic Friendship.

FROM the moment that David and Jonathan made a covenant together Jonathan never swerved from his devoted love to David. When Saul spoke to him and to his servants that they should slay David, Jonathan saved his life by sending him to hide, and by reasoning with his father Saul, and he so far prevailed that "Saul sware, As the Lord liveth, he shall not be slain." So David was restored to favor until his military prowess in another encounter with the Philistines again roused the evil spirit in Saul, who attempted for the second time to murder him in the heat of his jealousy. "Without me ye can do nothing," said our blessed Lord (John 15 : 5); Saul had sworn that David should not be slain, but the Lord was departed from him, and the enemy who possessed him was more than a match for him; his intentions may have been very good, but in the time of temptation he was

NOT HIS OWN MASTER.

Saul could not say like David, "The Lord is my Shepherd, I shall not want" (Ps. 23 : 1). He pursued David to his own house, from which he escaped with the connivance of his wife Michal, Saul's daughter, and he came to Ramah, where the old prophet Samuel lived. Saul sought him even there, but the spiritual atmosphere of the place was such that Saul's messengers were affected by it. The company of prophets were prophesying, and Samuel standing as appointed over them, and the Spirit of the Lord which was upon them, came also upon the messengers of Saul, and they too prophesied. Saul's purpose, however, was not accomplished; so he came in person to "Naioth in Ramah; and the Spirit of God was upon him also, and he went on, and prophesied."

How wonderfully God works! The very man who came to Naioth, impelled by Satan to slay him whom the Lord had anointed king over Israel, was disarmed by the power of the Spirit of God which was in the place, and took hold upon him! Thank God this is no unusual case; again and again we have seen a very fury of anger or jealousy completely overthrown by a high-toned spiritual atmosphere, it cannot live out of its own element—self. Did Saul think of the first time he had come under this blessed influence, and had prophesied, when "God gave him another heart?" We know not; this, however, is clear, Saul never really yielded himself up to God in true repentance and confession, and thus his temporary coming under the power of the Spirit of God passed away without any definite result.

David fled thence and met with Jonathan, and pleaded with him, "What have I done? what is mine iniquity? and what is my sin before thy father, that he seeketh my life?" Jonathan was ignorant of the fact that his father had broken his oath to him; with a son's affection, he could not bear to think so badly of his parent, and he said to David, "God forbid; thou shalt not die: behold, my father will do nothing either great or small, but that he will shew it me; and why should my father hide this thing from me?" David knew Saul better, and he said, "Thy father certainly knoweth that I have found grace in thine eyes; and he saith, Let not Jonathan know this, lest he be grieved; but truly as the Lord liveth, and as thy soul liveth,

THERE IS BUT A STEP BETWEEN ME AND DEATH."

Jonathan had relied upon his father's word, he was divided between loyalty to his friend and loyalty to his father. Oh, how many young Christians there are who cannot bring themselves to believe that a kind and loving mother is in reality an unsaved soul, or that a believing mother who urges them to take part in the vanities of the world is, after all, not consecrated to the Lord. Often in life we have to endure the painful shock of discovering that our friends and relations, and much more frequently that we ourselves are not all we thought; and we have to learn God's lesson, "Cursed be the man that trusteth in man, and maketh flesh his arm."

David's eyes were fully open to his danger, but he wanted his friend to be undeceived, therefore he requested him to excuse his absence from the king's table on the morrow, when there would be the feast of the new moon, and that it should be a test by which Jonathan might discover what was the mind of his father toward David. If Saul should say, "It is well," then David's fear was unfounded; but if he was very wroth, then both would know that evil was determined against him. David spoke as though he was almost ready to doubt Jonathan, saying, "Deal kindly with thy servant; for thou hast brought thy servant into a covenant of the Lord with thee; notwithstanding, if there be in me iniquity, slay me thyself; for why shouldest thou bring me to thy father?"

Jonathan could take anything from David, their friendship was unselfish, each one considered the other; we find none of that exacting love between them which we often meet with among Christians, where one exacts all the thoughts, attention, and occupation of the other, seeking to get personal gratification out of the other, and turning friendship into the most complete slavery.

REAL LOVE KNOWS NO BONDAGE;

where real love exists, all fear of offending or hurting another is taken away. When a real covenant of the Lord exists between two friends, all compulsion, all exaction ceases; it is just the Lord knitting together in Himself two of His members, whose only but perfect tie the one to the other is Himself.

Jonathan was not hurt by David's words, but he assured David that if he knew evil were determined against him, he would tell him. Thus David's love for his friend appeared. "Who shall tell me? or what if thy father answer thee roughly?" Jonathan was willing to bear his father's roughness for David's sake. But as David had made him the guardian of his life so he made David the guardian of his life, "Thou shalt not only while yet I live shew me the kindness of the Lord that I die not; but also thou shalt not cut off thy kindness from my house forever." * Jonathan knew that David should reign, and although he himself was the heir apparent to the throne, no particle of jealousy could be discovered in his relations with his friend. "And Jonathan caused David to swear again, because he loved him; for he loved him as he loved his own soul."

* [David kept his oath. See II Samuel 9.]

Jesus calls His disciples "friends" (John 15 : 13-15). The world hates Jesus as Saul hated David, self in our own hearts usurps the place of Jesus as Saul did that of David. But our beloved Lord seeks from us love like that of Jonathan,

A LOVE WHICH GIVES ALL,

which divests itself of all, makes *all* we are and *all* we have to be His; but which at the same time *claims all;* and that not for ourselves only, but for our seed, our children natural and spiritual. Jonathan made David swear again, and Jesus loves to have us put in a claim upon the faithfulness of His promise. "So Jonathan made a covenant with the house of David, saying, Let the Lord even require it at the hand of David's enemies."

They then agreed upon a sign by which David should know what was Saul's mind toward him. Jonathan would be in the field and shoot; if he should say to the lad who bore his arrows, "Behold, the arrows are beyond thee," then David should know that evil was determined against him by Saul. It was as David had said; Saul missed him from the feast, and in his anger bitterly reproached Jonathan for his choice of David, declaring that as long as the son of Jesse lived upon the ground Jonathan's kingdom should not be established. And when he inquired what David had done to deserve this anger Saul threw a javelin at him to smite him. God's king and man's king must be at enmity, God's government and man's; and sore indeed would be the position of such as Jonathan who are in the world, but whose hearts bow to the Lord's anointed, were it not for the covenant which exists between Jesus and them. But Jonathan was faithful, as faithful to David at court as he was when alone with him. And, thank God, in any position of life when there is a real surrender to Jesus, and He is allowed to reign and have His way, although the outward circumstances may seem to make a holy life impossible, the Lord will use all those circumstances to bring out the strength of the hidden relationship.

Between those two friends it was an understood thing that David was to reign, and even at court Jonathan said nothing against it, but maintained the cause of his friend Nothing has such power over worldlings as

THE SPIRIT OF CHRIST IN HIS PEOPLE.

When worldlings see the "friends" of Jesus full of calmness and cheerfulness when all goes wrong, when petty vexations occur, when a servant has left the rooms dirty, when a visitor who is come for no real purpose hinders most important work, if the child of God can speak quietly but encouragingly to the servant, and say to the visitor cheerfully, "The Lord's work needs me just now," they wonder and think, "These people are different from me."

On the third day of the feast Jonathan went out and shot as he had arranged, then sent the lad home, and "David arose out of a place toward the south, and fell on his face to the ground, and bowed himself three times; and they kissed one another, and wept one with another, until David exceeded." Jonathan was at last fully undeceived about his father, and that father's treachery robbed him of his friend, yet his grief was not equal to David's. Jonathan had David's word to rely on, while David knew that his life was safe in the Lord's hands, but he loved to minister to Jonathan. Again David is a type of Jesus; none can feel as He does the affliction of His own people. "In all their affliction, He was afflicted" (Isa. 63 : 9). "And Jonathan said to David, Go in peace, forasmuch as we have sworn both of us in the name of the Lord, saying, The Lord be between me and thee, and between my seed and thy seed forever." If David went away, he had nevertheless his word to rest upon, just as it sometimes happens that we have not the same conscious enjoyment of the presence of Jesus, but His Word remains ever with us, and ever the same, "And he arose and departed; and Jonathan went into the city."

The Christian Herald for 1884.

THE editor of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD has a few words to say on behalf of the publishers, to the friends of the paper That is not an uncommon occurrence, as every week, with undeviating regularity, the two parties are brought into friendly, and as there is substantial reason to believe, profitable communication. But this week a subject is dwelt upon which is very seldom referred to in these columns. That subject is the journal itself.

First. There is an agreeable duty to perform. The circulation THE CHRISTIAN HERALD has attained during the comparatively short time it has been published in this country, is unparalleled in the history of religious journalism. That fact is remarkable, because the paper has been so little advertised and the army of canvassers it is generally thought necessary to the prosperity of a weekly journal to employ, has not been employed by THE CHRISTIAN HERALD. Yet the readers of the paper have continued increasing in number year by year. The present circulation is therefore almost wholly due to the kind efforts of voluntary canvassers, who have introduced the paper to their friends. The sincere thanks of the publishers are due to them, and are hereby tendered.

Second. The friends of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD will be pleased to learn that God is using the paper in the work of converting souls and in strengthening, encouraging, and comforting His people. It is the conviction that the paper is being thus used, that has induced its friends to work in order to extend its influence. The year now drawing to a close has been in this way the most remarkable in the history of the paper. The hearts of all engaged on the paper have been gladdened by reading testimonies from every State of the Union, of the good it has been the means of doing. For these results the publishers claim no merit. They are, however, humbly thankful to God who has given to their efforts His blessing, without which the best efforts would have failed.

Third. It is possible that much more good may be done in the coming year. THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, as heretofore, will rely chiefly upon the efforts of its friends everywhere to extend its circulation. It depends upon them whether the growth of its subscription list shall continue and increase in regular progression. If every subscriber could secure one other subscriber—which would not be a difficult undertaking—the list would, of course, be doubled at once. But more than that might be done. It is not necessary to canvass; it is only necessary to show any number of the paper, and to say that it is a fair specimen of the other numbers. Those, too, who desire to do so, can have a bundle of back numbers for distribution by sending a postal card to the Manager; and a statement of terms will be sent to any one who will act as agent in his own locality.

Fourth. THE CHRISTIAN HERALD will continue—God willing—in the future, the same work, on the same lines, as in the past. If it is possible by divine help to make it brighter, more interesting, and more useful than it has been, neither labor nor expense will be spared in the attempt, but there is no intention to abandon the general plan which God has blessed. It is intended that, as heretofore, every number shall contain:

I. The portrait and biography of some eminent person.

II. A verbatim report of the sermon Dr. Talmage preached on the Sunday morning immediately preceding the day on which the paper is issued.

III. An article expounding some portion of the prophecies of the Word of God.

IV. A series of short anecdotes and incidents furnished by evangelists and Christian workers in all parts of the world.

V. A new sermon by Mr. C. H. Spurgeon, the eminent London preacher, which by a special arrangement with his publishers is sent in proof sheets to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD the day before it is published in England.

VI. Pictures illustrating scenes of foreign missionary work, or passing events, or stories of a directly evangelistic influence.

VII. An exposition of the International Sunday-School lesson, written by Mrs. M. Baxter, for the assistance of teachers.

VIII. An instalment of a serial story free from sensationalism and distinctly religious in its tendency.

IX. A summary of the events of the week, viewed from a Christian point of view, giving information as to public matters of general interest and advocating general social and political reforms, and individual abstinence from intoxicating liquors.

This is a list of the chief and prominent features of each number, and, though there are generally other features, those above mentioned are *never omitted.* A journal adhering without deviation to that programme, and with no denominational bias, every Christian pastor may recommend to his congregation with confidence, and every Christian worker may usefully recommend to his friends. If those subscribers who have assisted in circulating THE CHRISTIAN HERALD in the past will continue their efforts, and those who have hitherto neglected to introduce it, will now commence to show it and recommend it, and if all who read it will pray that God will bless it, the year 1884 will be a year of extended usefulness for the paper and the good it has been enabled to do in the past will be only the first fruits of an abundant harvest.

Below are a few extracts from a large number of letters containing similar testimonies, which have been recently received from subscribers in various States who bear witness of the good work the paper is doing in their respective localities.

Dr. Talmage writes: "I congratulate the *Christian Herald* on its widening field. The paper is full of compressed information, and bears evidence of having an especial mission. Mr. Fernie has proved his rare qualifications for this sphere of editorial work, and has displayed a unique faculty for spiritualizing ordinary events, which otherwise might pass without any significance."

The Rev. Charles F. Deems, D.D., LL.D., writes: "For several years I have been a reader of the *Christian Herald*, and have enjoyed it. No man of sense critically approves all departments of any newspaper, whether edited by himself or another, but, with this abatement, I can cordially recommend the *Christian Herald* as bright, instructive, interesting, and trustworthy. It is remarkable for being *timely*. It does not give old news, nor uncertain news, nor useless news, nor wicked news, but much news that is interesting and instructive. Every week I send my copy away, sometimes to distant parts of the earth, believing it will do good."

The Rev. A. J. Gordon, D.D., of Boston, Mass., writes: "It would give me great pleasure to distribute copies of the *Christian Herald* in my congregation. I will call especial attention to them. I value the paper very highly, and am constantly recommending it."

From Australia. M. John Esler, of Stewart's Camp, Riverena Plains, N. S. W. Australia, writes: "I am a regular reader of your widely-circulated paper, which I get from New York by mail. I spend many happy hours in the loneliness of the Australian Bush reading its valuable pages. I should like to express my gratitude to its editor and to the writers whose articles it publishes. God grant the *Christian Herald* a still wider circulation, and bless it still more in the salvation of souls."

From China. The Rev J. N. Hayes, of Shanghai, China, in renewing his subscriptions, writes: "We enjoy your most excellent papers in our China home."

Argusville, N. Y. "Your worthy paper finds a higher regard from year to year in my estimation, and should be sorry to do without it."—REV. W. S. THRALL.

Bethel, Me. "May the dear Lord bless you abundantly for the good work constantly being done by your precious little paper."—REV. JACOB HORTON.

Detroit, Mich. "I have read your paper for four years, and have derived much pleasure and spiritual benefit from its perusal."—L. W.

Orangeville, Ill. "You deserve the appreciation of the Christian public in furnishing so good a paper at so low a price, and you have it. Everybody likes the *Christian Herald.*"—REV. F. W. STUMF

Constantine, Mich. "I may say that I esteem your paper very highly, and its weekly visits are most welcome. I always look forward to them."—REV. WM. S. BUCK.

Eddystone, N. Y. "We are always glad when the day comes for the *Christian Herald* to arrive."—REV. W. A. COFFIN.

Fort Worth, Tex. "I think this paper is the best Christian moralizer I ever read. May God bless you in your editorial labor."—H. C. J.

Olean, N. Y. "My family as well as myself consider it indispensable."—O. P. BOARDMAN.

Springfield, Ala. "I have never seen a paper I like more. It is so helpful, so sunny, so rich in good things."—REV. JAMES B. HALL.

Vernon, Ala. The *Christian Herald* has already been a blessing to me. By grace it has taught me the sweet simplicity of Jesus' salvation, the vine-like clinging to Him who is able to save us."—J. T. A.

Philadelphia, Pa. "My husband says he would rather give up one meal a day than do without the *Christian Herald.*"—E. P. J.

Chicago, Ill. "It is one of the most interesting papers I ever read, touching as it does on all important topics concerning Christianity."—E. ALLEN.

Walker Station, Tex. "We cannot do without the *Christian Herald.* The time of its arrival is looked forward to with much interest, and it would be missed as a very dear friend. It was my great comforter during a recent spell of severe illness. May God bless your paper to others as He has blessed it to us."—R. G. S.

Lykens, Pa. "It is an excellent paper; I do not know how I could do without it."—REV. N. A. BARR.

Rice's Landing, Pa. "We cannot do without you. You are a part of our household."—REV. J. POWER BAIRD.

Big Spring, Pa. "I have been taking this paper for over four years, and it is one of the most welcome in our home."—REV. J. J. LOWERY.

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Norwood, Iowa. "I regard it as one of the best publications issued. Especially interesting are those short paragraphs on the signs of the times."—C. P. F.

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* Stories of this kind are always read with pleasure in the office of the CHRISTIAN HERALD.—ED.

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD AND SIGNS OF OUR TIMES.

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SIR MOSES MONTEFIORE, BART.

Celebration of his Hundredth Year—His Famous Philanthropies — His Family — Marriage and Successful Business Career—First Visit to Palestine—A Jewish Rabbi's Admission in New York—A Memorable Journey—Honored by his Queen—Mission to Russia—Hopes of Jewish Nationality—Public Labors.

ON November 8th there were celebrations in all parts of the world in honor of the distinguished philanthropist whose portrait appears this week on the first page of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD. On that day, according to Jewish reckoning, Sir Moses Montefiore entered on his hundredth year. He was really born in Leghorn on October 24th, 1784, but that day in the Jewish calendar being the 9th of Heshvan, which this year fell on November 8th, that day was regarded as the anniversary of his birth. It was not by his own race only that the anniversary was enthusiastically celebrated. Sir Moses has been a general philanthropist. His ears have been always open to the cry of his brethren in distress, but they have never been closed against appeals from Christians for philanthropic objects. He has given freely, in some cases lavishly, and has not hesitated to sacrifice personal ease and incur personal peril, if by doing so he could save others from danger or relieve the sufferings others endured. Such devotion is deservedly honored, and on his birthday telegrams, letters, and personal visits from distinguished personages proved how widely and how sincerely he is respected.

Dr. Kohler, the eminent Jewish Rabbi of New York, in preaching a sermon on the occasion, styled him

THE JEWISH PEABODY,

the Peter Cooper of the Israelitish nation. This tribute is the more noteworthy because it came from a preacher of the Reformed school, against which Sir Moses Montefiore has waged relentless war. Sir Moses has no sympathy with the Reformers, who have renounced the dietary and ceremonial laws of Moses, and who have neither the expectation nor the desire to return to Palestine. Yet, in spite of this divergence of theological views, Dr. Kohler was warm in his eulogy. He said: "What won him the esteem of all who knew him, Jew or Gentile, was, beside his utmost integrity, his *genial courtesy and friendliness*. Owning a beautiful estate at East Cliff Lodge, near Ramsgate, he frequently found the Duchess of Kent with her daughter, the present Queen of England, walking in his pleasant park grounds. So he at once begged her to accept of him

A GOLDEN KEY

to give her admittance at all times without ceremony. There was hardly any charitable object brought to the notice of the public to which he is not a large and regular contributor. Frequent shipwrecks having occurred on the cliff near his residence, which opens a wide view upon the wide ocean, he at once devoted large sums to the relief of the unfortunate deprived of their supporters. *Like Abraham's house*, the East Cliff mansion was, and still is, open to every supplicant. Denial of help is unknown."

The Montefiores were of Italian descent, and made their first appearance in England, it is stated, not long after Manasseh-ben-Israel's eloquent intercession with Cromwell procured the re-admission of the Jews. From this period, also, the Jews date England's commercial prosperity, on the ground that they being then shut arbitrarily from arts, agriculture, and all professions, were compelled to concentrate their attention upon trade. Later, when the debarred professions were thrown open, they won successes in law, learning, art, and statesmanship, and members of the Montefiore family distinguished themselves in science and literature as well as in commerce.

Moses Montefiore received commercial training, and was admitted to membership in the Stock Exchange.

HIS MARRIAGE.

In 1812 he married Judith, daughter of L. B. Cohen, Esq.; and the sister of Judith united the Montefiore and Rothschild families by becoming the wife of Nathan Mayer Rothschild. In 1814 he was elected gabay or treasurer of the Portuguese synagogue, and in 1824 assisted in founding the Alliance Insurance Office, of which he was elected the first president, which position he has held to the present time—a period of sixty years. His integrity and courtesy have intrenched him in the esteem and friendship of all with whom he had dealings to an extraordinary degree.

His marriage, besides being a singularly happy one, showed his independence of mind and superiority to the prejudices which then prevailed. His family had joined, as immigrants from Italy usually did join, the Sephardim, or Spanish congregation. He, however, wedded an Ashkenazi, or German Jewess. The line of demarkation between the two "nations," as they were called, was then strongly marked; they had but recently agreed to meet together to assert their common interests as Jews in the Board of Deputies, and marriages between them were still infrequent. Judith, Lady Montefiore, was a person of singularly well cultivated mind, much industry, and literary attainments. She entertained for her husband, as may be seen from her interesting privately printed diaries of the journeys to the East which she undertook with him, the deepest admiration and affection. To her her husband bowed his head affectionately every Sabbath eve, as he recited in prayer the words from Proverbs, "Many daughters have done virtuously, but thou excellest them all." He loved her with a devotion rare in these days, and she gave him not only the ardent affection of a true wife, but cordially sympathized with him in the dominating principle of his life. To her he confided his hopes and plans, and from her he received wise counsel and encouragement, and when she died in 1862 he grieved as only great minds can grieve. He erected over her remains a monument, the facsimile of that erected in memory of Rachel "in the way of Ephrath which is Bethlehem;" he endowed a scholarship in her name at the Jews' Free School, and gave other generous testimony of his regret in the way she would herself have chosen.

The Montefiores prospered in business, their alliance with the Rothschilds assisting them materially in their enterprises. In 1840 Moses retired from the business, though his brother, Abraham, continued and realized a much larger fortune. Henceforward he and his wife, having no children, devoted their lives exclusively to philanthropic labors.

Prior to that, however, in the year 1827, they made their

FIRST TRIP TO THE HOLY LAND

together, following the impulse not merely of piety and love for the spots so sacred to mankind, but also of generous sympathy with its unfortunate inhabitants, whom they desired to offer assistance. Without distinction of creed or blood they lavished their charity in large measure upon the people there. In 1837, when Syria was ravaged by earthquakes, pestilence and famine, the noble pair started a second time to the sacred land of their fathers, to minister to the relief of the poor sufferers and to distribute money among whomsoever applied in the various towns and districts. Nor was Sir Moses satisfied with mere momentary relief. He spared no efforts in examining into the condition of every household of the poor, and by drawing up accurate statistics, being desirous to elevate the general, social and material position of the Jews of the Holy Land. He wanted to lift them from a state of pauperism and wretchedness to independence.

Dr. Kohler, referring to this period, says: "Already he had conceived the plan of a Jewish colonization in Palestine. He went to the Viceroy of Egypt, generously offering him on behalf of the Jews a sum worth $5,000,000 as a fund to start a bank for the purpose of buying up the land and rendering the Jewish inhabitants a farming and industrial people. His offer was not accepted. The plan was not supported, but never given up by him or English Jews and their friends. You hear it re-echoed in 'Daniel Deronda.' Some say it formed the pet scheme of Lord Beaconsfield's 'Eastern politics.' It is again taken up and pursued by Lawrence Oliphant," and Dr. Kohler then made an admission, the force and significance of which, coming as it did from a Jewish Rabbi of the Reformed school, cannot be overestimated. He said: "Surely if the national hopes of the orthodox Jew for a restored Jewish Kingdom will, under the pressure of constantly repeated persecutions and ostracisms, in some shape or other be realized, and *I am now inclined to believe in its possibility* without infringing on the cosmopolitan Messianic mission of the Jewish people, Moses Montefiore was instrumental in laying the foundation."

A MEMORABLE JOURNEY

was that Sir Moses undertook to Damascus in 1840. A Roman Catholic priest had suddenly disappeared from Damascus, and the Jews were accused of having murdered him. Eight Jews were arrested and were *subjected to torture* of the most revolting character, to force a confession of guilt from them. One or two of them in their indescribable agony made a confession, but an investigation of their statements showed they were innocent, and had only accused themselves in the hope that they might be killed outright instead of enduring further suffering. Then sixty-four Jewish infants were seized, carried away from their mothers and kept on scanty fare, with the expectation that maternal love might wring from the distressed parents a confession. But it was useless, the Jews were innocent, and the authorities were devising other ingenious methods of torture, when Sir Moses Montefiore arrived in company with the distinguished French Jew, M. Crémieux, and by personal intercession induced the Pasha of Egypt to put an end to the horrible persecution.

On his return to London he was elected sheriff of London and Middlesex, and in this capacity was knighted by the queen on the occasion of her first visit to the city. He was subsequently raised to the rank of baronet, and the queen, the more strongly to mark her regard for him, granted him a privilege in connection with his escutcheon, which is regarded as exclusively the mark of the highest orders of the peerage.

From Alexandria the philanthropist went to Constantinople, where he had an audience with the Sultan of Turkey, and secured for the Jews of that country many concessions previously denied them. Only two years afterward Montefiore was again in Palestine. A terrible epidemic had broken out and the death rate was appalling. Sir Moses Montefiore found his brethren in abject misery without hospital or medical attendance. He immediately established a dispensary in Jerusalem with a supply of medicines, employed a physician and nurses to attend to the sick, and defrayed the entire cost out of his own pocket for three years until the health of the community was restored.

The year 1846 found Sir Moses Montefiore and his wife enduring the rigor of a Russian

WINTER IN ST. PETERSBURG.

As usual, it was the sufferings of his people that caused the journey. The semi-barbarous Czar Nicholas was engaged in persecuting the Jews, and had issued an edict, the effect of which would have been fatal to thousands of them, and would have consigned many thousands besides to abject poverty. Sir Moses interceded for them, and the charm of his manner, his disinterested sympathy, and his appeals to the Czar's clemency, procured a withdrawal of the edict. On his way back to England he visited the Jewish settlements in several countries, and cheered them by his sympathy and counsel.

In 1858 the Mortara case, which has become historic, agitated the Jewish community. The Mortaras were a Jewish family living at Bologna, then under the misgovernment of the Pope. They had a Roman Catholic nurse girl who, in-

yet been made manifest, or seen, what or how glorious we shall be." No saint has ever yet been glorified, and, therefore, made fit for heaven, or to be presented before the Father and the holy angels, and when one is glorified and presented, at that same time all will be glorified together. This event is called the "manifestation of the sons of God." "For the earnest expectation of the creation waiteth for the manifestation of the sons of God" (Rom. 8 : 19).

(To be concluded.)

ANECDOTES RELATED AT THE EVANGELISTIC MEETINGS IN SCOTLAND.

Perfume from the Gutter.—At a Meeting in Cowcaddens, Glasgow, Mr. Lawson said: "Many years ago the people of Paris used to throw out the offal of fish and other garbage into the streets to be carted away as useless, but a clever man found out a way to extract from this filth a sweet scent, so pleasant and good that people are glad to buy it at a high price. This is an example of what men can do with vile materials; but God can do greater and mightier things with man than this, He can and will take the vilest person out of the mire and slime of sin's foul gutter, and make him glorious like His own Son by the transforming power of the Holy Spirit."

Prayer in a Wayside Inn.—At Cowcaddens the Rev. Mr. Carstairs said: "I have great faith in the power of prayer; I do not mean mere repetitions of certain words, but the true cry of the heart of man to God. There was one part of our work in South Africa which made me shrink and quiver. No report will ever be made about it, but it was such that we felt our own inability to undertake it unless we were very specially supported by God. After the deputation was arranged we met in a wayside inn, and knelt to ask God for wisdom to overcome this difficulty in the path of our duty. Two months after we were brought back to that same spot—the only place in all our journeyings which we re-visited—to return thanks to God for His marvellous answer to our pleading cry."

A Mother's Parting Gift.—Dr. Wallace Said: "I was standing in a railway-station waiting for my train, meanwhile watching the various scenes which took place around me. I saw an elderly lady with her son, a noble-looking youth, waiting for the train to start. The lad was starting for San Francisco. The instant before the train moved, the weeping mother rushed to the stand where books and flowers were sold; pulling out her purse she took from it a coin which she threw to the salesman, and snatching up a pure white lily, she hastened back to her boy, and handing him the flower, cried, while the tears choked her utterance, 'Willie, come back as pure as *that!*' She knew he was going into the midst of great temptations, and give him an emblem of what he ought to be. God would have us all to be like Christ, His own dear Son, the 'Lily of the valley.'"

A Devil's Castaway Saved.—Mr. Simpson said: "A poor degraded woman came into a meeting, something like this one, to wait till darkness fell, that she might unseen throw herself into the Clyde, and so end, as she thought, her miserable existence; but the Lord loved and was pitiful to this poor woman. Cast out as she was by Satan, whom she had served so faithfully all her life, and dressed in the regimentals of sin, the Lord Jesus had mercy upon her. She was induced to wait till the after-meeting, where I talked with her, and she was constrained by the Holy Spirit to put her trust in Him who never failed man yet. I arranged to meet her on the Sabbath in another meeting, but how to find her out of the two thousand five hundred assembled there was the question. I asked one of those in charge, 'Is so-and-so here?' 'Come this way, there she is.' A few seats away from where I stood, I saw her, but *so* changed! Her face was bright and clean; she had on the same old rags, but they were neatly arranged and clean. I went over the forms and asked, 'How is it with you to-night?' 'I am happy, sir. Jesus loves me, and I am trusting in Him.' She has continued trusting, and has never been disappointed since. Her life is full of sunshine and unspeakable joy."

The Children in the Coalhole.—Mr. Scroggie said: "I was conducting some meetings in Stockton-on-Tees, where I met a man who in bygone days was a great drunkard. This is what he told me: 'When you were here many years ago I attended one of your meetings, and the Spirit of God laid hold of me so that I was a changed man from that time. At night when I got home, my wife was cowering in a corner, and my children were hid in the coalhole. I asked my wife, "What's the matter?" "We thought you might be drunk, and beat us." "I'll never do that again," I said; "I've given my heart to Jesus." My wife straightened up and put her arms round my neck; the children came out of the coalhole, and I kissed them as a father ought. Now we are very happy together, and Jesus is the comfort of our hearts, and the joy of our home.'"

An Officer's Prayer while Drowning.—The Rev. Mr. Douglas said: "A man in the full enjoyment of health and vigor, an officer on board a ship sailing in the Pacific Ocean, fell overboard. Not being a swimmer, he was in great danger of being drowned before help could reach him. Just as he was sinking for the last time, he cried out, 'O God, save me for Christ's sake!' Then all sense of time went from him, and when he came to himself he was lying on the deck of his ship. He remembered his prayer, and his heart rose to God in gratitude for not only saving his body, but also his soul from death. In speaking about his conversion afterward, he said, 'I wasn't half a man till Jesus saved me. Jesus has made a man of me.' We are all formed to be temples of the living God, and unless we let Him fill our souls we are incomplete."

A Talk under a Tree.—Mr. Douglas Said: "When I was a student in the Edinburgh University, I was walking along with a friend in a park, and noticed a sickly, weary-looking man sitting under an old tree. I said to my friend, 'Come, let us talk with this man; he is ill and unhappy.' Going up to the man, I said, 'Friend, you seem unhappy; are you a Christian?' 'I don't believe that any one can tell that.' 'You mean to say that we don't know whether we are saved or not, till we die?' 'That's it.' 'I am a divinity student, and would never enter a pulpit unless I could tell something better than that. God says, "That He *so* loved the world that He gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life" Do you believe that?' 'I do.' His face actually changed where he sat, so that he looked well again almost. After some more conversation, he said, 'Thank you, gentlemen, for speaking to me; though I was saucy at first, yet I was asking in my heart, "What must I do to be saved?"'"

A Passion for Saving Souls.—The Late Rev. W. Gebbie, parish minister of Dunlop, who died on August 2d, at the age of seventy-three, had what is commonly called a passion for "saving souls." In order to introduce the subject of personal religion to those whom he wished to converse with, he was in the habit of frequently thinking out a new plan of attack. He would sometimes begin by asking the unsuspecting listener, "Have you heard the news?" "No; what is it?" "Jesus Christ has died for the sins of the world." "Oh, that is no news." "Indeed, I am glad you know it, and hope you have accepted it personally." Another time he would startle the rough workman at his side, in the train or elsewhere, by asking, "Can you fight the devil?" "No," the workman would reply, "I can't." "Then," said Mr. Gebbie, "I hope you have got some One to fight him for you." "I am not sure of that," would grudgingly come as a reply, which gave the eager speaker the opportunity he longed for to sow the seed beside all waters. On still another occasion he would pose the quiet, thrifty-looking woman by his side by asking, in an earnest way, "Have you paid all your debts?" The indignant answer would be, "Of course I have," an answer which was at once followed by the quaint remark, "I mean your debts to God." After breakfast, he would sally down the town with a bundle of tracts in his pocket, addressing himself to all and sundry with wonderful tact and unfailing good-humor. To a group of workmen he would say, "Would you take a tract from an old man?" which at once put the roughest on his good behavior; while to children he was wonderfully fascinating, and would seek out his nicest picture-tracts to please them.

MESSRS. MOODY AND SANKEY IN IRELAND.

IN connection with Messrs. Moody and Sankey's recent visit to Limerick some testimony-meetings were held, at which the following are some of the testimonies given: A thick-set, somewhat rough-looking man of the artisan class, said: "I have sinned against God and man, and I am like one who has been

PLUCKED FROM THE JAWS OF HELL.

The first night I went to Mr. Moody's meeting I was very nearly persuaded, but I held on till the next night, when Mr. Moody's discourse convinced me very much. He spoke of the young man who complained of his feelings, and to whom he pointed out that it was not Noah's feelings that saved him, but the Ark. That went like an arrow to my heart; he was simply describing my own case. I said: 'Lord Jesus, here I am.' Immediately it seemed as if the devil whispered to me, 'If you tell anybody you are saved you will be a hypocrite.' I said, 'Get thee behind me, Satan.' This is the first time I have ever spoken about it; may God give me strength!"

A STURDY COUNTRYMAN,

past middle life, said: "My dear friends, it is fifty years since I began to pray; but up to last night they were *the prayers of a hypocrite.* I was asking with my lips, but never with my heart. Last night, in this meeting, I could think of nothing but the beautiful words that fell from the lips of our young friends who testified for Christ. I was then led to accept my Saviour, and I trust He will keep me to the end. I have also the privilege of telling you that without any prompting my two sons here have done the same thing."

Then he called on his two sons—fine, handsome fellows of twenty or thereabouts—to rise and testify, and when they got up in succession, declaring that they had embraced the truth of the Gospel, the heart of the meeting was deeply touched. It was a scene over which the angels must have been hovering, ready "to carry the tidings home to the new Jerusalem."

Another young man said: "Mr. McGranahan showed me that if I came to God as my Father He would not turn me away. Satan came to me with his temptations before I got home, but as soon as I reached my room I threw myself on my knees and committed myself to my Saviour. I would say to every young man here, This is the only way of escape; get on your knees, and Satan is sure to go. He has not troubled me since, and I hope he never will."

"Indeed he will," said a more experienced brother sitting near by. Major Whittle backed up this remark: "Satan will trouble you, but then you have found out the way to defeat him. I remember when a boy I used to have some trouble at school, because another boy—an Irish boy, too—

WANTED TO THRASH ME.

I was afraid to go there. But I had a big brother who rather liked a scrimmage, and I felt safe when I was with him. That Irish boy always let me alone when my big brother was with me. So when you meet with temptation keep close to your big Elder Brother, the Lord Jesus Christ, and you always will be safe."

CHRISTIAN HERALD AND SIGNS OF OUR TIMES.

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THE MANAGER,

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A Favor will be Conferred on the Manager and office-staff of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD if subscribers, whose terms expire at the close of the year, would kindly remit their renewals *during this month.* Arrangements are always made to deal with the large influx of subscriptions which come in during the first week of the new year, but in spite of this, mistakes and delays have heretofore occurred in making up the new list. If our friends would kindly send on their subscriptions as soon this month as is convenient, instead of waiting until January, the manager would be obliged to them and the possibility of disappointment would be reduced.

CURRENT EVENTS.

The Democratic Caucus of Members of the House assembled in Washington on Saturday, and chose Mr. John Griffin Carlisle, of Kentucky, as the candidate of the party for the Speakership of the Forty-eighth Congress. The caucus, after some preliminary debate on the question of ballot or open voting, proceeded to the nomination of candidates, and Mr. Carlisle was nominated on the first ballot. The numbers stood Carlisle 104; Randall 52; Cox 32. Of Mr. Carlisle's supporters, twenty-one were from the West and seventy-one from the South. New York divided its vote between Mr. Randall and Mr. Cox. While the choice of Mr. Carlisle is hailed with satisfaction by a large and influential section of the Democratic Party, another section does not conceal its regret. The latter section, indeed, apprehends that it will materially injure Democratic prospects in 1884. Mr. Carlisle is styled "a moderate revenue reformer," and it is expected that he will so frame the committees as to bring before the House a reduction of the tariff. His doing so will go far toward making the question of protection or free trade the main issue in the Presidential election.

One of the Most Important of the Annual Reports is that of the Secretary of the Interior. It will receive close attention on account of the interest excited by the progress of the Indian schools. Secretary Teller reports that although the appropriations last year for the education of Indians were, in his opinion, far below the actual wants of the service, great progress was made. Ten new day schools have been established during the fiscal year. The capacity of the boarding schools now in existence, including Carlisle, Hampton, and Forest Grove, is 5025, and the capacity of the day schools 4000, making a total of 9025. The capacity of boarding and day schools, old and new, is about 11,000 persons. The idea of placing at least one half of the Indian children in labor schools is again recommended by the secretary. The total expense of the Indian service, it is stated, cannot be less than $5,500,000 annually. Secretary Teller expresses his belief that it is possible, "with a wise and judicious treatment of the Indian question, to prevent the recurrence of hostilities between the Indian and his white neighbors that have marked nearly every year of our history." If the Indian is to become a civilized being, says the secretary, it must be by the aid of the Government, intelligently directed, and one of the first steps is to fix the Indian in *a permanent home.* To this end, the reservation should be reduced in size commensurate with the wants of their occupants, and a fee-simple title thereto given to the tribe, to be held for the benefit of the members, according to Indian polity, until such time as the Indians themselves shall choose to divide it. The surplus lands of such reservations should be bought by the Government and parcelled out to actual settlers only. The proceeds of the land so sold should be used, not in providing food only for the Indians, but in the purchase of stock, farming implements, and in the education of their youth. "The Indian must be taught to labor and care for himself, by persuasion if possible, by compulsion, if necessary."

The Record of the Foreign Commerce of the United States during the past year is summarized in a report issued by the Chief of the Bureau of Statistics. From this it appears that the total amount was larger than for any year in the history of the country. The list of exports includes the following noteworthy items: Cotton, $247,328,721; breadstuffs, $208,040,850; provisions, $107,388,287; tobacco, $22,095,229; mineral oils, $44,913,079. These five items alone make up an aggregate of $629,766,166, which exceeds the value of the same products exported the previous year by nearly *fifty-four million dollars.* The exports of manufactures do not show a like increase. They amount to $111,890,000, which is but slightly in excess of the total of the previous year. The total exports of all kinds during the past year exceeded the total imports by more than *one hundred million dollars.*

A Very Significant Suggestion is Made by the Attorney-General in his annual report. Among several matters obviously suggested by the Government failure in the Star Route trials is that of the constitution of juries in the trials of Government officers. Mr. Brewster believes such trials should not be by an ordinary Washington jury. The report describes the influences that protect wealthy defendants in the District of Columbia, and enable them to escape punishment. The Government should be allowed, it is said, to secure a change of venue or to go to trial before a special or struck jury. Mr. Brewster suggests that the desired end may be attained by providing that the United States courts of Maryland shall have original jurisdiction over all crimes committed in the District of Columbia that are offences against the general laws of the United States, so that trials may be conducted in Maryland before juries drawn from the people of that State.

The Supreme Court of Florida has Affirmed the constitutionality of the recent enactment forbidding licenses for the sale of intoxicating liquors, except upon a petition of a majority of the voters of the election district. The people in any election district of the State will in future be able to declare absolute prohibition if they choose.

Thanksgiving-Day this Year was Marked in New York by a more extensive effort to render it enjoyable to the poor than in any former year. Large numbers of destitute people were gathered at the Bowery Branch of the Young Men's Christian Association, the Five Points Mission, the Newboys' Home, the Howard Mission, the Home for the Friendless, and other missions, where, by the liberality of philanthropists, a good dinner was provided. One of the most interesting gatherings was in a ferry-house on the eastern side of the city, where Dr. Kennion has been laboring during the past year in the cause of Gospel Temperance. A rough board table and benches were placed in the store-room of the ferry-house, and provisions consisting of bread, turkey, pie and coffee, were spread before each place. A number of ladies and gentlemen had gathered at the head of the room. Dr. Kennion distributed the tickets to the impatient crowd outside, recognizing all who had signed the pledge or who were connected with the mission. The men supplied with tickets were admitted in groups of thirty, and after a blessing had been asked they attacked the provisions vigorously. Several selections from the Scriptures were read, and hymns were sung by the visitors.

The Rev. John S. Inskip, whose Paralytic seizure was mentioned recently in these columns, is gradually recovering from the attack. In a letter to a contemporary Mrs. Inskip states that her husband is now able to walk about his house and garden. He was able to attend a meeting of the National Camp-Meeting Association in Philadelphia last week, and is fully conscious, though able to talk but little. His entire restoration is possible in time, if he is careful, and if arrangements are made to assist him in his work. His unexpected presence incited thanksgiving and deep feeling among his associates.

Sojourner Truth, the Well-known Colored lecturer, died on November 26th at Battle Creek, Mich. She believed herself to be a hundred and eight years old. It is known that she was born a slave in Ulster County, New York, and had arrived at maturity when slavery was abolished in the State in 1817. She spent the remainder of her life in lecturing and preaching, and was enabled by the blessing of God to lead a large number of the most depraved of her own race to the Saviour.

Mr. W. Forbes, of London, England, who has been giving addresses in various parts of Canada and the United States, was in New York for two days last week. On one evening he delivered an address at the York Street Church, Brooklyn, at the request of Mr. Francis Murphy, who is conducting special services there. The following evening Mr. Forbes accepted an invitation from the Rev. George F. Pentecost to speak in the Tompkins Avenue Church. On both occasions he delivered a soul-stirring and deeply interesting address, which was listened to with close attention. He is this week holding evangelistic meetings in Philadelphia, and next Sunday he has, at the request of the Tompkins Avenue Church, arranged to commence a series of Gospel services at the Ellery Street Mission, Brooklyn, which was founded and is supported by Mr. Pentecost's congregation. Mr. Forbes's visit to this country is drawing to a close. It has been fruitful of spiritual blessing in many cities. Wherever Mr. Forbes has gone his apparently inexhaustible store of anecdotes, his apt illustrations, and his stirring appeals have rendered his services memorable in the churches. His letters may continue to be sent to the office of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, 63 Bible House, New York.

The Rapid Increase in the Number of Divorces granted in recent years is causing alarm in all quarters where men are concerned for the moral welfare of the country. In the course of a lengthy examination of the subjects ome weighty opinions have been uttered by Judge Barrett of the Supreme Court, who is noted for his caution in granting divorces. One of the causes of the frequency of divorce, which he believes should be removed, is that of juvenile marriages. Speaking of marriage as a civil contract, he said: "Nowhere can a minor enter into any other contract that will bind him to the extent of sixpence. But as soon as a boy and girl have arrived at the age of fourteen years, the law allows them to enter into this most important of all contracts, without any restraint or conditions, and makes it perpetually binding upon them. If they discover their mistake and find that a continuance of their union means perpetual unhappiness, there is no relief for either of them but the divorce court." The judge believes that much good may be done by making the marriage ceremony more formal and solemn than it now is, especially in New York, where people may be married without any ceremony at all. He also strongly urged united and harmonious action of all the States in passing a uniform divorce law.

Mr. Francis Murphy's Temperance Revival work in Brooklyn is proceeding with remarkable success. More than a thousand persons signed the pledge during the week he was at the Hanson Place Church. Last week he was at the York Street M. E. Church, and this week he is holding meetings in the Nostrand Avenue M. E. Church. One of the most gratifying features of the movement is the reclamation of a large number of dissipated men, whose slavery to alcohol had brought their families to the verge of destitution.

A Strange Spectacle in the Sky was Witnessed on several evenings last week all over the country. It is mentioned in the journals of Eastern, Western, and Southern cities. Soon after the sunset gun was heard, the western sky was all aglow with a rosy tint, which deepened as darkness came on. Tongues of fire seemed to be curling upward all over the south-western horizon. In many cities, especially on the eastern coast, it was believed that an extensive conflagration was in progress, and in several places experienced firemen turned out in readiness for the summons momentarily expected, and telegrams were despatched inquiring the locality of "the great fire." The illumination continued for more than an hour. Several explanations have been put forward by scientists, but none of them satisfactorily account for the phenomenon. Professor Brooks expresses his belief that it is caused by large quantities of meteoric dust in the air, or that the world is passing through the tail of a comet. The appearance has caused much comment, and while it is doubtless susceptible of scientific explanation, the student of prophecy is reminded by the astonishment produced, that our Saviour specially mentioned "wonders in the heavens" as one of the signs that would indicate to the waiting believer the nearness of His coming (Luke 21 : 25.)

A Sailor's Ill-Luck, as Described by Himself, reveals a glaring want of perception of mercy. Dr. Dowknott, of the Medical Mission in New York, recently related the incident at a public meeting. A seafaring man had come to him for medical help on account of a wounded hand. The injury had been sustained in reaching shore from a wrecked vessel. Its owner appeared to be without any sense of gratitude to God for his spared life. Indeed, he was loud in his complaints of what he called his "ill-luck." Three times within little more than a year he had escaped in time of disaster at sea, lives being lost in every instance, and in the last instance he was washed ashore with the injury already mentioned. After hearing his recital of narrow escapes the missionary asked him if after all this he was not conscious of God's great mercy to him in thus sparing his life, and he appeared oblivious of all except his injury. Ultimately, however, by the blessing of God he was led to the Saviour. He is not the only man whose perception of trouble is keener than his perception of mercy.

Deadly Wires are, it is Averred, Suspended in the streets of many of our cities. Last week a runaway horse threw a coupé against an electric light pole in New York, and breaking it the wire fell in the street. Another coupé came up soon after, and the horse stepped on the wire. He instantly got a shock that lifted him off his feet, and he fell on the wire, and could not be moved by several persons who attempted to do so The driver caught hold of the animal's head and harness, and received a shock that upset him, and two or three bystanders who tried to lend assistance had some unpleasant experiences of electricity that they are not likely soon to forget. At length the wire was cut, and after a while the horse was able to regain his feet and was led slowly to the stables. The animal was apparently very weak, being just about able to stand. The driver is still confined to his bed. An expert in electric lighting states that the light wires are exceedingly dangerous, and that for a man to handle one of them, under certain circumstances, would inevitably cause his death. An effort is now being made to compel the companies to put the wires underground, and until that is done people will be very careful how they come in contact with them. They have need to exercise similar caution in dealing with sceptical scientists who, while pretending to give light to the world, carry spiritual death in their train (1 Tim. 6 : 20, 21).

A Tornado-Proof House has been Erected in Minnesota. The frequent recurrence of cyclones in that State, involving the destruction of all the houses in the path of the storm and sometimes causing the death of the inmates, has suggested to a wealthy Minnesota man the building of a house which shall be tornado-proof. The one he has erected has its corners acute and its sides sink into retreating angles. The roof has curves and grooves like a shell, and the walls are thickest below, and almost like those of a fortress. *The whole structure is anchored*, and the seams in its woodwork run in oblique lines. It may be hoped that the man whose foresight has prompted him to provide, like the man Christ described, for material storms has also led him to make provision against eternal disaster (Matt. 7 : 24, 25).

A Nap that Cost $500 was Enjoyed by the captain of a ship which arrived in San Francisco on November 19th. Late that night a British ship from Honolulu was sighted, and she was boarded by the customs officer, who asked for the ship's manifest. The captain had retired to rest, and on the Custom House officer awaking him he became indignant, denounced the intrusion as "Yankee impudence," and bade the intruder come around in the morning. He finished his sleep in peace, but the next day he was arrested and fined $500 for entering the dock without presenting his manifest. It was probably the most costly sleep that captain ever enjoyed, and he doubtless deeply regrets his somnolency. There are many men similarly disposed sailing life's voyage. We hope they are Christians, but they are too sleepy to show by their lives what they are. Jesus warned all such of their danger (Mark 13 : 35, 36).

The Discovery of Two Graves at Plymouth, Mass. recently, recalls a pathetic incident in the lives of *the Mayflower pilgrims*. It will be remembered that in the records of the colony it is stated that so many men died the first winter that it was deemed prudent to conceal the number of graves by levelling and sowing corn upon them lest the Indians, learning the weakness of the colony, should attack it. In making improvements on Cole's Hill, two graves have been discovered. One was opened on November 27th, and was found to contain the skeleton of a middle-aged man, five feet nine inches in height. In another grave the skeleton of an elderly man was discovered. These are the only graves of the first settlers which have been positively identified. Tablets will be placed to mark the exact spot. They are the graves of brave, God-fearing men, whose memory will never be forgotten (Prov. 10 : 7).

A Shower of Snails Startled the Citizens of Hartford, Conn., on November 25th. A despatch from that city says : "Millions of minute shining snails, each encased in its own little spiral and shining shell, came down upon the west part of Hartford, falling visibly through the sunshine, and by their appearance giving to some beholders the impression that it was snowing. This snail-shower appears to have extended over a space perhaps half a mile square. The sidewalks were covered with the shining little creatures. They are very small, unlike any American snail—though they may be known to the scientists—and in size are not half as large as a pea. They were alive, most of them, and thousands survived the ensuing cold weather for several days. Where they came from is a question no one as yet has been able to answer." It is supposed that being so exceedingly light and frail they must have been dislodged and carried away by the high wind that was blowing. The Psalmist, describing the destruction of the wicked, uses an illustration of which this incident is a parallel (Psa. 58 : 8, 9).

A LUTHER SERMON AT THE TABERNACLE.

A New Sermon by Pastor C. H. Spurgeon.

"But the just shall live by his faith."—HABAKKUK 2 : 4.

Luther a Hero and a Saint—The Gospel of Habakkuk—The Same Gospel—I. A Man of Faith a Just Man—Just in the Gospel Sense—Righteousness Counted to Him—Impelled to the Right—II. A Just Man has Faith—Lack of Faith an Injustice—Outward Purity Insufficient—Responsibility of Belief—A Murderer's Statement—III. By Faith the Just Man Shall Live—A Narrow Statement—No Other Way to Live—A Broad Statement—The Way of Life all Through—An Unqualified Statement—Suggestive—Life in its Lowest Sense—In its Highest Sense—Includes Strength—Incidents of Luther's Life—Forced to Live by Faith.

THIS text is three times employed by the Apostle Paul as an argument. Read Romans 1 : 17, Galatians 3 : 11, and Hebrews 10 : 38 ; in each of these cases it runs, "The just shall live by faith." This is the old original text to which the apostle referred when he said, "As it is written, The just shall live by faith." We are not wrong in making the inspiration of the Old Testament to be as important as that of the New ; for the truth of the Gospel must stand or fall with that of the prophets of the old dispensation. The Bible is one and indivisible, and you cannot question the first Testament and retain the New. Habakkuk must be inspired, or Paul writes nonsense.

Yesterday, four hundred years ago, there came into this wicked world the son of a miner, or refiner of metals, who was to do no little toward undermining the Papacy and refining the Church. The name of that babe was Martin Luther.

A HERO AND A SAINT.

Blessed was that day above all the days of the century which it honored, for it bestowed a blessing on all succeeding ages, through "the monk that shook the world." His brave spirit overturned the tyranny of error which had so long held nations in bondage. All human history since then has been more or less affected by the birth of that marvellous boy. He was not an absolutely perfect man ; we neither indorse all that he said nor admire all that he did ; but he was a man upon whose like men's eyes shall seldom rest, a mighty judge in Israel, a kingly servant of the Lord. We ought oftener to pray to God to send us men—men of God, men of power.

I wish to take my little share in commemorating Luther's birthday, and I think I can do no better than use the key of truth by which Luther unlocked the dungeons of the human mind, and set bondaged hearts at liberty. That golden key lies in the truth briefly contained in the text before us—"The just shall live by his faith."

Are you not a little surprised to find such a clear Gospel passage in Habakkuk ; to discover in that ancient prophet an explicit statement which Paul can use as a ready argument against the opponents of justification by faith? It shows that the cardinal doctrine of the Gospel is no new-fangled notion ; assuredly it is not a novel dogma invented by Luther, nor even a truth which was first taught by Paul. This fact has been established in all ages, and, therefore, here we find it among the ancient things, a lamp to cheer the darkness which hung over Israel before the coming of the Lord.

Let us now examine this text, which was the means of enlightening the heart of Luther, as I shall tell you by and by.

I. I shall in the outset make a brief observation upon it ; a man who has faith in God is just. "The just shall live by his faith ;" the man who possesses faith in God is

A JUST MAN ;

his faith is his life as a just man. He is "just" in the Gospel sense, namely, that having the faith which God prescribes as the way of salvation, he is by his faith justified in the sight of God. In the Old Testament (Gen. 15 : 6) we

are told concerning Abraham that "he believed in the Lord; and He counted it to Him for righteousness." This is the universal plan of justification. He who makes the life and death of God's great propitiation to be his sole reliance and confidence is justified in the sight of God, and is written down among the just by the Lord Himself. His faith is imputed to him for righteousness, because his faith grasps the righteousness of God in Christ Jesus.

But the believer is also just in another sense, which the outside world better appreciates, though it is not more valuable than the former. The man who believes in God becomes by that faith moved to everything that is right, and good, and true. His faith in God rectifies his mind, and makes him just. In judgment, in desire, in aspiration, in heart, he is just. His sin has been forgiven him freely, and now, in the hour of temptation, he cries, "How then can I do this great wickedness, and sin against God?" He believes in the blood-shedding which God has provided for the cleansing of sin, and, being washed therein, he cannot choose to defile himself again.

II. Upon that observation, which is vital to the text, I dwell no longer, but advance to another which is the converse of it, namely, that

A MAN WHO IS JUST HAS FAITH

in God. Else, let me say, he were not just; for God deserves faith, and he who robs Him of it is not just. God is so true that to doubt Him is an injustice; He is so faithful that to distrust Him is to wrong Him—and he who does the Lord such an injustice is not a just man. A just man must first be just with the greatest of all beings. It would be idle for him to be just to his fellow-creatures only; if he did a wilful injustice to God, I say he would be unworthy of the name of just. Faith is what the Lord justly deserves to receive from his creatures. A truly just man must, believe in God, and in all that He has revealed.

Some dream that this matter of justness only concerns the outer life, and does not touch man's belief. I say not so; righteousness concerns the inner parts of a man, the central region of his manhood; and truly just men desire to be made clean in the secret parts, and in the hidden parts they would know wisdom. Is it not so? We hear it continually asserted that the understanding and the belief constitute a province exempt from the jurisdiction of God. Is it indeed true that I may believe what I like without being accountable to God for my belief? No, my brethren; no single part of our manhood is beyond the range of the divine law. To say that the rightness of the outward life sufficeth is to go clean contrary to the whole tenor of the Word of God. I am as much bound to serve God with my mind as with my heart. I am as much bound to believe what God reveals as I am to do what God enjoins.

I see not also, my dear friends, what reason there is for a man to be just toward his fellow-men when he has given up his belief in God. If it comes to a pinch, and a man can deliver himself by a piece of dishonesty, why should he not be dishonest if there be no higher law than that which his fellow-men have made, no judgment-seat, no Judge, and no hereafter? A few weeks ago a man deliberately killed his employer, who had offended him, and as he gave himself up to the police, he said that he was not in the least degree afraid nor ashamed of what he had done. He admitted the murder, and owned that he knew the consequences very well; he expected to suffer about half a minute's pain upon the gallows, and then there would be an end of him, and he was quite prepared for that. He spoke and acted in consistency with his belief or his non-belief; and truly there is no form of crime but what becomes logical and legitimate if you take away from man faith in God and the hereafter. That gone, break up your commonwealth; there is nothing to hold humanity together; for without a God the moral government of the universe has ceased, and anarchy is the natural state of things.

III. But now I come to the point upon which I mean to dwell. Thirdly, by this faith

THE JUST MAN SHALL LIVE.

This is at the outset *a narrow statement;* it cuts off many pretended ways of living by saying, "The just shall live *by faith.*" This sentence savors of the strait gate which standeth at the head of the way—the narrow way which leadeth into life eternal. At one blow this ends all claims of righteousness apart from one mode of life. You must come right out from confidence in everything that you are or hope to be. You must tear off the leprous garment of legal righteousness, and part with self in any and every form. Self-reliance as to the things of religion will be found to be self-destruction; you must rest in God as He is revealed in His Son Jesus Christ, and there alone. The just shall live by faith; but those who look to the works of the law are under the curse, and cannot live before God.

The same is also true of those who endeavor to live by sense or feeling. They judge God by what they see; if He is bountful to them in providence, He is a good God; if they are poor, they have nothing good to say of Him, for they measure Him by what they feel, and taste, and see. If God works steadily to a purpose, and they can see His purpose, they commend His wisdom; but when they either cannot see the purpose, or cannot understand the way by which the Lord is working unto it, straightway they judge Him to be unwise.

LIVING BY SENSE

turns out to be a senseless mode of life, bringing death to all comfort and hope.

"Judge not the Lord by feeble sense,
But trust Him for His grace,"

for only by such trust can a just man live.

The text also cuts off all idea of living by mere intellect. Too many say, "I am my own guide, I shall make doctrines for myself, and I shall shift them and shape them according to my own devices." Such a way is death to the spirit. To be abreast of the times is to be an enemy to God. The way of life is to believe what God has taught, especially to believe in Him whom God has set forth to be a propitiation for sin; for that is making God to be everything and ourselves nothing. The same is equally true of fancy. We often meet with a fanciful religion in which people trust to impulses, to dreams, to noises, and mystic things which they imagine they have seen; fiddle-faddle all of it, and yet they are quite wrapped up in it. I pray that you may cast out this chaffy stuff, there is no food for the spirit in it. The life of my soul lies not in what I think, or what I fancy, or what I imagine, or what I enjoy of fine feeling, but only in that which faith apprehends to be the Word of God.

But, secondly, this is

A VERY BROAD STATEMENT.

Much is comprehended in the saying—"the just shall live by his faith." It does not say what part of his life hangs on his believing, or what phase of his life best proves his believing; it comprehends the beginning, continuance, increase, and perfecting of spiritual life as being all by faith. Observe that the text means that the moment a man believes he begins to live in the sight of God; he trusts his God, he accepts God's revelation of Himself, he confides, reposes, leans upon his Saviour, and that moment he becomes a spiritually living man, quickened with spiritual life by God the Holy Ghost. All his existence before that belief was but a form of death; when he comes to trust in God he enters upon eternal life, and is born from above.

Yes, but that is not all, nor half; for if that man is to continue living before God, if he is to hold on his way in holiness, his perseverance must be the result of continued faith. The faith which saves is not one single act done and ended on a certain day; it is an act continued and persevered in throughout the entire life of man. The just not only commences to live by his faith, but he continues to live by his faith; he does not begin in the spirit and end in the flesh, nor go so far by grace, and the rest of the way by the works of the law. Faith is essential all along; every day and all the day, in all things. Our natural life begins by breathing, and it must be continued by breathing; what the breath is to the body, that is faith to the soul.

The same door by which life came in at the first is that by which life continues to enter. If any man saith to me, "I once lived by believing in Christ; but I have now

BECOME SPIRITUAL AND SANCTIFIED,

and therefore I have no longer any need to look as a sinner to the blood and righteousness of Christ;" I tell that man that he has need to learn the first principles of the faith. I warn him that he has drawn back from the faith; for he who is justified by the law, or in any other way beside the righteousness of Christ, has fallen from grace, and left the only ground upon which a soul can be accepted with God. Ay, up to heaven's gate there is no staff for us to lean upon but faith in the ever-blessed Saviour and His divine atonement.

I beg you to notice, in the third place, what *a very unqualified statement* it is. "The just shall live by his faith." Then, if a man have but a little faith, he shall live; and if he be greatly just, he shall still live by faith. Many a just man has come no further than striving after holiness, but he is justified by his faith; his faith is trembling and struggling, and his frequent prayer is, "Lord, I believe; help thou mine unbelief;" yet his faith has made him a just man. Sometimes he is afraid that he has no faith at all; and when he has deep depression of spirits, it is as much as he can do to keep his head above water; but even then his faith justifies him. I do not say that little faith will give us the strong, and vigorous, and lion-like life which Luther had; but we shall live. The statement makes no distinction between this and that degree of faith, but lays it down still as an unquestionable truth, "the just shall live by faith." Blessed be God, then, I shall live, for I do believe in the Lord Jesus as my Saviour and my all. Do you not also believe in Him?

Ay, and is it not singular that this unqualified statement should not mention any other grace, as helping to make up the ground on which a just man lives? "The just shall live by his faith;" but has he not love, has he not zeal, has he not patience, has he not hope, has he not humility, has he not holiness? Oh, yes, he has all these, and he lives *in* them, but he does not live *by* them, because none of these so intimately connects him with Christ as does his faith. Other graces are needful, but faith is the life of them all. We do not undervalue love, or patience, or penitence, or humility, any more than we depreciate the eyes or the feet of the babe. Still, the means of the life of the spiritual man is that mouth by which he receives divine food from the truth revealed by the Holy Ghost in sacred Scripture. Other graces produce results from that which faith receives, but

FAITH IS THE RECEIVER-GENERAL

for the whole isle of man.

This, dear friends, to proceed a little further, is *a very suggestive statement*—"The just shall live by his faith;" because it wears so many meanings. First, the righteous man is even to exist by his faith, that is to say, the lowest form of grace in a righteous character is dependent upon faith. But, brother, I hope you will not be so foolish as to say, "If I am but a living child of God, it is all I want;" no, we wish not only to have life, but to have it more abundantly. See yonder man rescued from drowning; he is yet alive, but the only evidence of it is the fact that a mirror is somewhat bedewed by his breath; you would not be content to be alive for years in that poor fashion, would you? You ought to be grateful if you are spiritually alive even in that feeble way; but still we do not want to remain in a swooning state, we wish to be active and vigorous. Yet even for that lowest life you must have faith.

Life also means strength. We say of a certain man, What life he has in him; he is full of life,

he seems all alive. Yes, the just obtain energy, force, vivacity, vigor, power, might, life—by faith. Faith bestows on believers a royal majesty. The more they can believe, the more mighty they become. This is the head that wears a crown; this is the hand that wields a sceptre; this is the foot whose royal tread doth shake the nations; faith in God links us with the King, the Lord God Omnipotent.

I would sum up and illustrate this teaching by mentioning certain

INCIDENTS OF LUTHER'S LIFE.

Upon the great Reformer Gospel light broke by slow degrees. It was in the monastery that, in turning over the old Bible that was chained to a pillar, he came upon this passage—"The just shall live by his faith." This heavenly sentence stuck to him; but he hardly understood all its bearings. He could not, however, find peace in his religious profession and monastic habit. Knowing no better, he persevered in penances so many, and mortifications so arduous, that sometimes he was found fainting through exhaustion. He brought himself to death's door.

He must make a journey to Rome, for in Rome there is a fresh church for every day, and you may be sure to win the pardon of sins and all sorts of benedictions in these holy shrines. He dreamed of entering a city of holiness; but he found it to be a haunt of hypocrites and a den of iniquity. To his horror he heard men say that if there was a hell Rome was built on the top of it, for it was the nearest approach to it that could be found in this world; but still he believed in its Pope and he went on with his penances, seeking rest, but finding none. One day he was climbing upon his knees the Sancta Scala which still stands in Rome. I have stood amazed at the bottom of this staircase to see poor creatures go up and down on their knees in the belief that it is the very staircase that our Lord descended when he left Pilate's house, and certain steps are said to be marked with drops of blood; these the poor souls kiss most devoutly.

Well, Luther was crawling up these steps one day when that same text which he had met with before in the monastery, sounded like a clap of thunder in his ears, "The just shall live by his faith." He rose from his prostration, and went down the steps never to grovel upon them again. At that time the Lord wrought him a full deliverance from superstition, and he saw that not by priests, nor priestcraft, nor penances, nor by anything that he could do, was he to live, but that he must live by his faith. Our text of this morning had set the monk at liberty, and set his soul on fire.

No sooner did he believe this than he began to live in the sense of being active.

A GENTLEMAN, NAMED TETZEL,

was going about all over Germany selling the forgiveness of sins for so much ready cash. No matter what your offence, as soon as your money touched the bottom of the box your sins were gone. Luther heard of this, grew indignant, and exclaimed, "I will make a hole in his drum," which assuredly he did, and in several other drums. The nailing up of his theses on the church door was a sure way of silencing the indulgence music. Luther proclaimed pardon of sin by faith in Christ without money and without price, and the Pope's indulgences were soon objects of derision. Luther lived by his faith, and therefore he who otherwise might have been quiet, denounced error as furiously as a lion roars upon his prey. The faith that was in him filled him with intense life, and he plunged into war with the enemy.

After a while they summoned him to Augsburg, and to Augsburg he went, though his friends advised him not to go. They summoned him, as a heretic, to answer for himself at the Diet of Worms, and everybody bade him stay away, for he would be sure to be burned; but he felt it necessary that the testimony should be borne, and so in a wagon he went from village to village and town to town, preaching as he went, the poor people coming out to shake hands with the man who was standing up for Christ and the Gospel at the risk of his life. You remember how he stood before that august assembly, and though he knew as far as human power went that his defence would cost him his life, for he would, probably, be committed to the flames like John Huss, yet he played the man for the Lord his God. That day in the German Diet Luther did a work for which ten thousand times ten thousand mothers' children have blessed his name, and blessed yet more the name of the Lord his God.

To put him out of harm's way for a while a prudent friend took him prisoner, and kept him out of the strife in

THE CASTLE OF WARTBURG.

There he had a good time of it, resting, studying, translating, making music, and preparing himself for the future which was to be so eventful. He did all that a man can do who is outside of the fray; but "the just shall live by his faith," and Luther could not be buried alive in ease, he must be getting on with his life-work. He sends word to his friends that he who was coming would soon be with them, and on a sudden he appeared at Wittenberg. The prince meant to have kept him in retirement somewhat longer, but Luther must live; and when the Elector feared that he could not protect him, Luther wrote him, "I come under far higher protection than yours; nay, I hold that I am more likely to protect your Grace than your Grace to protect me. He who has the strongest faith is the best Protector."

Luther could not be still; he must speak, and write, and thunder; and oh, with what confidence he spoke! Doubts about God and Scripture he abhorred. Melancthon says he was not dogmatical; I rather differ from Melancthon there, and reckon Luther to be the chief of dogmatists. He called Melancthon the "soft treader," and I wonder what we should have done if Luther had been Melancthon, and had trodden softly, too. The times needed a firmly assured leader, and faith made Luther all that for years, notwithstanding his many sorrows and infirmities. He was a Titan, a giant, a man of splendid mental calibre and strong physique; but yet his main life and force lay in his faith. He suffered much in exercises of the mind and through diseases of body, and these might well have occasioned a display of weakness; but that weakness did not appear; for when he believed, he was as sure of what he believed as of his own existence, and hence he was strong. If every angel in heaven had passed before him and each one had assured him of the truth of God, he would not have thanked them for their testimony, for he believed God without the witness of either angels or men.

This man was

FORCED TO LIVE BY HIS FAITH,

for he was a man of stormy soul, and only faith could speak peace to him. Those stirring excitements of his brought on him afterward fearful depressions of spirit, and then he needed faith in God. If you read a spiritual life of him you will find that it was hard work sometimes for him to keep his soul alive. Being a man of like passions with us, and full of imperfections, he was at times as desponding and despairing as the weakest among us; and the swelling grief within him threatened to burst his mighty heart.

Luther's faith laid hold upon the cross of our Lord, and would not be stirred from it. He believed in the forgiveness of sins, and could not afford to doubt it. When he came to die his old enemy assailed him fiercely, but when they asked him if he held the same faith his "Yes" was positive enough. They needed not to have asked him, they might have been sure of that. And now to-day the truth proclaimed by Luther continues to be preached, and will be *till our Lord Himself shall come.* Then the holy city shall need no candle, neither light of the sun, because the Lord Himself shall be the light of His people; but till then we must shine with Gospel light to our utmost. Brethren, let us stand to it that as Luther lived by faith even so will we; and may God the Holy Ghost work in us more of that faith. Amen and Amen.

[PORTION OF SCRIPTURE READ BEFORE SERMON—Galatians 3.]

[The prayers of the readers of this Journal are requested for the blessing of God upon its Editors in America and England, and those whose sermons, articles, or labors for Christ are printed in it; and for its weekly circulation of more than 250,000 copies to be blessed by the Holy Spirit to the conversion of many sinners and the quickening of God's people. Mr. Spurgeon and Dr. Talmage especially request prayer every Sunday morning on behalf of their labors.]

THE MOHAMMEDAN PROPHECY OF EL MAHDI.

A CORRESPONDENT at Jerusalem says: "Paying a visit to my old friend the Imâm of the principal mosque here, I fell into a conversation with him about the Mahdi, the Mumahid, and Moslem opinions respecting the return of our Lord Jesus and the future religious history of the world. The Imâm, who is a person of learning and influence, very kindly offered to note down for me what he had gathered upon these subjects from Mohammedan writers. The chief source of this information is a book called 'El Isha'ia,' written in the year 1076 (*circa* 1652 A.D.) by Said Mohammed ben Rasool, who was Mufti at El Medina; the introduction to which work states that the author compiled it from more ancient books, as Dur-el-manthur, Khasais el Kubra, by Sayooty, the writings of Nur-ed-din Ali Es-Samboody, etc.

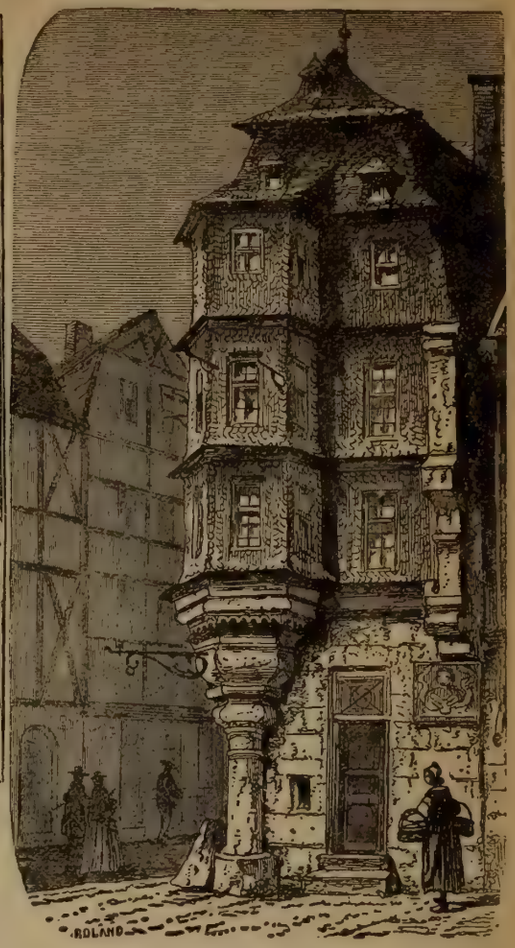
"The learned (Ulema) differ in opinion with reference to the true mahdi. Some say there is no other mahdi but our Lord Jesus; but the truth derived from various traditions of the Prophet appears to be that the mahdi is not Jesus, but another. It is said that he will be born in El Medina, and some say in the west (Africa). He will be Caliph at Jerusalem. He will restore all that Nebuchadnezzar took in the time of the Kings of Israel to Rome in Italy, whose ruler is called the Pope, and will bring back all the precious vessels and jewels of the Temple, and all kings will pay homage to him.

At the time of his appearance the earth will be full of injustice and darkness, but he will fill it with justice and equity. He will treat his subjects with justice. Money will be so abundant that it will be reckoned by measure and not by counting. He will administer justice to the oppressed, and be hospitable; he will do what he says, and say what he knows; he will conquer Rome in Italia which is called Custanteyeh (Constantinople); he will witness the great slaughter in the plain of Acre, or according to some in the valley of Dabikitain near Aleppo; he will destroy the oppressors and establish the faith; he will awaken spiritual life in Islam and raise it after its degradation and death, and will impose taxes on those who are not Moslems; he will conquer China, which is surrounded by a wonderful wall . . . and will send a letter to the King of China admonishing him with Moslem sermons that the King will embrace Islam with all his kingdom, and himself set out with an army of 600,000 men, drawn from those who have been converted to Islam in China. Meeting the horsemen of El Sifiany he will kill many of them, so much blood being shed that it will reach to the horses' heels. The next few years are expected to witness these events."

The New York *Herald* of November 23d, gives the following account of El Mahdi: "Five years ago the Arab chief now known as El Mahdi, who was a petty prince of one of the tribes below Kordofan, withdrew himself from his followers and became a hermit, thus seeking to involve his very existence in mystery. This proceeding at once increased his fame. From Zaouia to Zaouia of the Senoussia, and consequently from Mecca to Morocco, the attention of the faithful was assiduously called to the following prophecy:

"'On the 1st of the month of Moharrem, in

Martin Luther Called by Frau Cotta.



The House at Eisleben, Germany, in which Martin Luther was Born.

the year 1300 (November 12th, 1882), will appear El Mahdi or Messiah. He will be exactly forty years of age, and of noble bearing. One arm will be longer than the other. His father's name will be Mohammed and his mother's name Fatima, and he will be hidden for a time prior to his manifestations.'

El Mahdi's father was the founder of a sect of semi-religious fraternities which seem destined to cover the whole of North Africa with a web of Moslem Freemasonry. His name was Mohammed, and persons who had seen the younger remember that his right hand reached as far as his knee, thus fulfilling all the requirements of the prophecy. El Mahdi came forth from his retirement and stationed himself on the Island of Abba in the White Nile. He absolved his followers from all allegiance to other powers, and ordered them to discontinue the payment of tribute to the Khédive of Egypt. The refusal of the tribute was an act of rebellion which the Khédive has made several abortive attempts to punish. The latest, this disastrous expedition under General Hicks."

THE LUTHER CELEBRATION.

(*See Illustrations on this page.*)

The picture on the left of this page represents the scene described in the life of Luther, published in last week's number of The Christian Herald. Luther, the poor student at the University of Erfurt, was frequently obliged to turn out into the streets, where his clear, sweet voice was heard singing carols. All knew the bright-eyed, intelligent youth with the musical voice, but he had no friend so bountiful and so considerate as the good Frau Ursula Cotta, who, one day seeing him in tears, called him into her house and asked the cause of his trouble. Luther told her that his necessities were so urgent that he thought he must abandon study and go back to Mansfeld to work with his father in the mines. Happily, that trouble was averted, and afterward Frau Cotta took care that he should always have a warm welcome in her home.

The picture on the right is of the house in Eisleben in which the great reformer was born. The correspondent of the New York *Herald*, who attended the celebrations last month, thus describes the house and other objects of interest in the ancient city:

"The building in which he was born is commonly known as Luther's house. It is a small two-story structure, with high gable ends, in the large Gasse, or Lutherstrasse, not far from the Post Office. Above the door is a relief representation of the Reformer. In the popular belief the house was formerly considered incombustible, until a fire broke out in August, 1689, by which the upper story was destroyed, but four years later the damage was entirely repaired by donations from all parts of Germany.

LUTHER'S BIRTH-ROOM,

however, in the first story, was actually proved incombustible, and remains unscathed to this day.

"*The Luther relics* preserved in the house include his oval writing-table and seal, showing a heart and cross in a rose. A wedding ring, also shown here, is the only copy of the well-known original, with a crucifix and the inscription 'Doctori Martino Luthero, 1525.' The rooms of the building, which are now used as a school for poor children, are decorated with a number of interesting old paintings or epitaphs, the largest of which represent Nebuchadnezzar, by Lucas Kronach. It is some ten feet wide, and the centre figure of three men in a fiery oven, protected by angels, bears Luther's features. Another painting shows ancient Eisleben with the resurrection of Lazarus in the foreground, with portraits of Luther, his wife, Catherine, and his mother. There are also other portraits of the Reformer, with those of the Saxon Electors, his protectors.

"The house in which Luther died stands in the same city close to the market square and St. Andrew's Church, in which he preached so often. It was bought by the Prussian Government in 1862 from its private owners and thrown open to the public after being restored to its original condition. *Luther's arm-chair* still stands in the corner of the room in which he passed his last days."

ADA WINTHROP'S BROKEN HEART.

Over a newly made grave in a cemetery surrounded by trees a young lady was bending. She was weeping bitterly, watering the earth with the salt rain of unavailing sorrow. By her side, leaning on the stone at the head of the grave, was her cousin, Julia Dobbs, her most intimate friend, who was a year or two younger, but slightly taller than the mourner. Julia possessed a romantic temperament, and while she evidently sympathized deeply with her sorrowing cousin a judicious observer would have seen that she was not the best companion a bereaved girl could have. This connection with a broken heart seemed a luxury to her which she would be sorry to forego. She was "intense" in the sense which that word now conveys in the vocabulary of long-haired youths and lackadaisical young ladies. To have a broken heart and to live a desolated life at eighteen would have been a distinction among other "intense" young ladies, but as she was heart-whole herself the next best thing was to be the chosen friend of one who was heart-broken.

Ada Winthrop had none of her cousin's romance. Her grief was sincere, and she cared not whether people noticed it or not. Ever since she had seen her dear dead lover laid in the silent grave she had mourned with a sense of desolation too deep for a thought of anything else. The picture her mind had drawn of a happy future by the side of the young clergyman, whom she almost idolized, was blotted out. The joys of communion with his stronger spirit, of working for him and with him for the good of others were buried in his grave. If Ada Winthrop had been a Roman Catholic she would have entered a convent and have spent the remainder of her life in seclusion and self-communion. At times the

natural elasticity of youth would assert itself, and she would smile through her tears, but she checked herself, as if a smile were a wrong to the memory of the departed. Or if she did not check herself her cousin Julia would draw the harrow of recollection across her heart, and the tears would start afresh. Ada Winthrop was fast sinking into unnatural and foolish melancholy.

"Do you remember that sermon," said Julia, "he preached on the death of that little boy in the village? He spoke of the possibility of the spirits of the dead watching us as we go about the familiar paths. I wonder if he is looking down at us now?"

"Yes," said Ada, "I remember, I do not think I forget anything I heard him say. Oh, why was he taken away from me! I shall never, never be happy again."

"I do not see how you can be, Ada," said her companion. "If I were in your place I think I should weep myself to death. I should wear the deepest mourning, whatever people might say. I think you were wrong to listen to our friends about that. You were as good as married. Many a widow does not feel half so much grief as you do. It would not do to put it on now, of course, but I should have done it at the first."

Robert's Appeal to Ada Winthrop.

"I do not trouble about that, Julia. I only think of him. I do not care whether people know I grieve or not. There, we must go home now." She kissed the sod with a sad farewell caress, and taking Julia's offered arm she turned to take the path homeward which she regularly paced in her daily visit to and from the grave.

The two girls walked slowly beneath the shade of the trees, Julia still continuing to recall to Ada's memory some word or look of the departed that would start again the rain of tears from Ada's eyes. It was a foolish course, but it suited Julia's romantic disposition. She would have despised her friend if any abatement could have come to her grief.

As they approached an opening in the wood they were startled by the sound of footsteps, an unusual sound there at that time of day, the path to the cemetery being little used.

"It is my brother Robert," said Julia a minute or two later. "Where can he be going?"

"I am glad I have met you," the young man said as they came together. "I think you might go down to the Dawson's cottage. There is sad trouble there. I can do no good, but I think you could."

"Ada has trouble enough of her own, Robert," said Julia. "I wonder you have not more consideration for her than to want her to go into more. Her load is heavy enough, poor girl, without taking up that of other people. My poor child," she said, turning to Ada, "no one can understand you."

"You are foolish, Julia," said her brother; "you are making Ada worse. It would be the best thing she could do to go on this errand of mercy. It would lighten her own sorrow to sympathize with other people and to help them. Down there, in that cottage, there is sorrow enough to move any heart."

"What is the matter, Robert?" Ada asked. "If I can do anything I should like to go."

"That is right," said Robert, "I am sure you can. Mrs. Dawson died suddenly this morning, and her husband is away in Europe, and there is no one with the two little children but an unsympathetic hired girl. Come and see if you can dry their eyes."

"It is real mean of you, Robert, to worry Ada," said Julia. "Don't go, dear, you are exhausted with your own grief."

"Julia, I am surprised at you," Robert said. "You are getting quite hard-hearted and selfish. Would you deprive those poor motherless children of a comforter in their sorrow?"

"Say no more," said Ada, "I will go with you, Robert, if you will take me," and releasing Julia's arm she placed her hand on that of Robert and accompanied him to the house of mourning.

"Mamma, mamma, I want my mamma," were the first words Ada heard in childish treble as she entered the home death had desolated. The little curly-headed boy of three years who uttered them was stubbornly refusing to be led away from the door of the death chamber, and the Irish girl was alternately trying threats and coaxing to move him, while another child, only just able to walk, was crying, miserable and neglected in an adjoining room. Ada picked up the young rebel at the head of the stairs and kissed him. "Come with me, won't you?" she said. "I want to tell you why mamma does not come."

"Yes," said the child, "why don't she? I ain't naughty, I promised her I'd be good, and I have been."

Ada carried him down-stairs, and tried with all tenderness to explain to him what death is, and then she took him to the room and showed him the loved form lying placid and motionless. The child dimly understood, and clinging to Ada wept silently until she carried him away. Then she went to the other bereaved little one and ministered to it to the best of her ability. It was a sorrowful task, but when she left the cottage with a promise to return soon, it was with a lighter heart than she had felt since her own crushing sorrow had fallen upon her. She had left sunshine behind her where she had found only gloom.

Day by day for three weeks she paid regular visits to the cottage, and was welcomed by the little ones and by the Irish girl who found her own path brightened by Ada's help and assistance. They looked out for her for hours before she came, and ran to meet her with cries of joy. She thought no less tenderly of her dead lover, but her thoughts were drawn out of herself and occupied themselves in active service. Tiny hands smoothed the wrinkles from her brow and dried her eyes when the tears came. She took the children with her to the grave of her lover, and then crossed with them to the grave that held what was so dear to them. In cheering and comforting them her own heart was comforted.

When Mr. Dawson returned, Ada ceased her visits, but a day or two afterward he called upon her with his children to thank her for her kindness. He was too much depressed to say much, but begged for his children's sake that Ada would continue to come to them. They climbed on her lap and kissed her, and added their entreaties to their father's, and seemed so overjoyed to see her that she knew, as she never expected to know again, the joy of love given and reciprocated. It was not strange; the wise king had said three thousand years before, "He that watereth shall be watered also himself," and Ada was realizing the truth of his words. The affection between Ada and her little friends increased, until after the lapse of two years, much to her cousin Julia's chagrin, she said a timid "yes" in answer to Mr. Dawson's often-urged appeal to her that she would become a mother to the children she had loved and comforted.

POVERTY'S PREY.

A SERIAL STORY.

(*Continued from page 767.*)

Money Well Lost.

FOR the next few days, Euclid, a broken-spirited, hopeless old man, dragged his heavy feet over his old rounds, crying, "Cre-she! cre-she!" mournfully, as if by some cruel magic a spell had been cast over him, and he was doomed to tread the dreary streets, with bowed-down head and dragging limbs, uttering no other word but "Cre-she!" His eyes discerned nothing save Victoria being carried before him in a parish coffin. He did not even see Blackett, on the evening of his return from his expedition after work, lying in wait to watch him come home, and jeering after him as he shambled along the passage and up the stairs.

It had been a hard day's work for Euclid, and he was long behind his time. Bess and Victoria had been looking out for him anxiously the last hour or more; and they made much of him, as if they could not do enough to comfort him. But he sat silent and downcast, and only shook his shaggy gray head despondently when Victoria gave him a cup of tea.

"Daddy!" she said, "what's ailin' you?"

"You know, Victoria!" he answered sadly and reproachfully. "God hasn't helped my poor old legs to keep you and me off the parish. Your poor mother when she lay a-dyin', with you on her poor arm, she said as she were sure He'd do as much as that; and He hasn't."

"Have you been to ask help of the parish?" inquired Bess, with eyes round with wonder and alarm.

"No, no, child! not yet!" he replied, a tinge of brownish red creeping over his grim yet pale face. "It's not come to that as yet. But, as I come down the street here in the dusk, there walked alongside, of me a parish funeral—not a real funeral, only the shadow of one, as you may say; and I knowed it were Victoria's. It were Victoria's!" he repeated, his voice breaking down into a sob.

"Father!" cried Victoria, "daddy! how do you know as I shall want a funeral or a coffin?"

Euclid lifted up his head, and checked his sobs, gazing at the only child left to him, with his dim old eyes half blinded with tears.

"I've been thinking," she went on, "as we've been almost making believe as if I must want a coffin o' my own very soon. Maybe God hasn't let us keep that money, because He doesn't mean me to die just yet. I've been thinkin' hard ever since it was stole; and that's what's come into my head, father. Perhaps God knows I sha'n't want a coffin o' my own yet; and there was some harm, maybe, in our settin' our minds on it."

"Not want a coffin!" repeated Euclid incredulously.

"No," she said, with a faint smile. "I think the thought of it has helped to make me ill. I could go to the p'leece-court after the money was stole, and I'm none the worse for it; and the p'leece has been here to bid us go again to-morrow, and I feel quite sharp and stirred-up like. And *I've slept sounder since the money's been gone* away from under my head. It was always sayin' quietly in my ear, 'I'm goin' to buy you a coffin! I'm a-goin' to buy a coffin for you!' And then I'd dream of my funeral, and you being left all alone, father. No, God doesn't mean me to want a coffin yet, I think."

Old Euclid sat motionless and speechless, his bowed head lifted up, and his hands firmly grasping his knees, as he gazed fixedly at his daughter. She was very pale, very thin, a small, delicate, weakly creature; but her eyes were brighter, and her face happier, than he had seen them since she was a little, untroubled child, not old enough to understand his difficulties and toil. The tears started to her eyes for a moment as she met his gaze; but she laughed and nodded to him as she wiped them away. If God meant to leave him Victoria, how could he fret about her coffin?

His sleep was disturbed that night; but the waking thoughts that drove it away were happy ones. Had he thought himself an old worn-out man a few hours before? Why, there were years of work in him yet; and he would start afresh after to-morrow. If he could only lay by a little every day he could soon replace his lost treasure. But it should never lie under Victoria's pillow again, to sing *that dismal song* into her ear. He must find a banker for it; and it should grow without her knowledge. Then his heart softened toward Roger, poor lad! What could he do with such a father? One of his own boys had died about his age; and he thought with peaceful regret of him, blending the two lads together in his half-waking, half-dreamy thoughts.

Bess had to start off for the market alone the next morning, leaving Euclid to go to the police-court to appear against Roger. He and Victoria set out in good time, and had to wait a long while in the large entrance-court of it, while a squalid and rough crowd of men, women, and children gathered together. Victoria, in her long seclusion in her garret, had been kept very much apart from her neighbors; and the brutal faces, and rough, coarse manners of this crowd frightened her. She was glad when an officer summoned her and her father into the court.

They had been there before; yet still the place looked vast and imposing to them, though it was but a small and dimly lighted hall. There were about fifty spectators in it, standing in a small space at the back, looking on and listening in almost unbroken silence. Roger stood at the bar, opposite the magistrate, looking miserable and bewildered. Blackett, dressed decently, like a thoroughly respectable workman, glanced toward him, from time to time, with a glance that made him shiver. Euclid and Victoria gave their evidence again; and the policeman who had arrested Roger told what he had said in admission of the theft. There was no doubt of his guilt; but was his father an accomplice?

There might be a strong suspicion of it in every mind; but there was no proof. Blackett told the magistrate that Roger was a confirmed liar, as well as a confirmed thief. He had often beaten him for his bad conduct, and done his utmost to correct him. He himself had been so hard up for money on the day of the robbery, that he had been compelled to go out and seek work through the country. Not a shilling or a penny could be traced to him; and, if the lad swore he had given it all to him, it was only one out of a thousand lies. He would be glad to have him sent to prison, where he would be taken care of, and taught a trade.

"I've got somethin' more to say," exclaimed Euclid, stepping briskly into the witness-box as soon as Blackett quitted it.

He stood in it as if it had been a kind of pulpit, and he a rugged, unkempt, grim old preacher. His ragged gray hair fell over his wrinkled forehead almost to the shaggy eyebrows, under which his dim and faded eyes gleamed again for a few minutes with his earnestness and resolution. He grasped the wood-work before him with both his hands, and turned his gaze alternately from the magistrate to Roger.

"Don't you send him to jail, your worship!" he exclaimed in a tone of fervent entreaty. "I forgive him free, and Victoria forgives him. It were the money for her coffin he stole; and it's come to her mind as God doesn't mean to let her die yet, and she'll not want a coffin as soon as I thought. I was afeard the parish 'ud have to bury her. The parish!" he cried in a shriller voice, which rang through the court. "I was afeard o' that, or I'd never ha' gone for the police—never! He's only a young, little lad, your worship; and, if you send him to jail, he'll grow up a thief. His two brothers has been in jail, and they're both thieves for good now. I can't call 'em jail-birds; they're jail-chickens, your worship. Oh, your worship! try summat else with Roger. Try what keepin' him out o' jail 'ill do; for it's done no good to his brothers. It makes my heart sore to think as Victoria and me should ha' helped at makin' him a thief. Jail's no good for young lads; no good at all. I'm a old man, and I've seen enough of it. If you'll only let him go free, your worship, I'll forgive him; and Victoria forgives him. Only let us never sit at home o' nights, and think as he's been sent to jail, and made a thief of, by her and me."

Euclid had spoken rapidly and eagerly, utterly disregarding the somewhat feeble efforts of the nearest policeman to silence him. All who were in the court listened, as men always listen to urgent, warm-hearted pleading. Victoria's sad and wan little face, turned toward Roger, pleaded for him as eloquently; and the boy, dropping his face into his hands, broke out into a loud cry as Euclid finished speaking. A gentleman, who was sitting on a seat behind the officials of the court, wrote a few words hurriedly on a slip of paper, and had it passed to the magistrate, who glanced at it, and then turned to Euclid.

"At your request," he said, "I shall not pass sentence on this lad to-day, but remand him for another week. Some inquiries shall be made into Blackett's circumstances and means of helping to pay for the maintenance of his son, and also if any industrial school is open to take him. Blackett, if your two older sons are thieves, it speaks very badly for you; and I shall direct the police to keep an eye upon you and your movements. You may go now."

There was an ominous scowl of hatred on Blackett's face as he crushed past Euclid and Victoria on their way out. Euclid caught sight of it; but he did not speak of it to Victoria, who was overjoyed to think of Roger escaping the doom that had threatened him, and very proud to think that her father had spoken up so well before the justice. It would be something to remember and talk of for many a long day.

But when Bess, coming home in the evening, heard the good news about Roger, she burst out into a passion of sobs and tears. It was not that Roger was saved, but that David was lost. "O mother! mother!" she cried again and again, "if they'd only done the same by him! And mother always said he'd ha' made a good man like father!"

It was two or three days after this, when Euclid and Bess had come in from their cress-selling in the evening, that a loud, strange knock at the door of their garret struck alarm into the hearts of all the three. Blackett had not hitherto molested any of them; but they lived in daily terror of him, and some of their neighbors had warned them to look out for danger. Victoria and Bess uttered a low scream, and Euclid shuffled across the floor to fasten the staple; but already a hand had pushed it a little wider open from the outside, and he could see in the dim light that it was a stranger who was standing there, and a stranger not in the dress of a policeman.

"May I come in?" asked a pleasant voice.

"Air you a friend, or air you a enemy?" inquired Euclid.

"A friend, surely!" answered the stranger. "My name is Dudley, John Dudley; and I bring you news of Roger Blackett. I saw you and Victoria in the court the other day."

"Come in! come in!" exclaimed Euclid, throwing the door wide open; "you're kindly welcome."

The daylight still lingered in the garret, and they could see plainly the pleasant yet grave face of the gentleman who entered, and whose simple and easy manner made them feel confidence in him at once. Victoria set the only chair there was for him, and he took it as if he had been a familiar guest; while Euclid seated himself on the soap-box, and the two girls on the side of the bed. Mr. Dudley looked at them both inquiringly.

"You were frightened when I knocked at the door?" he said.

"Ay, ay!" answered Euclid. "We're all scared a'most to death at Blackett. He's like a ragin' lion; and we canna go in nor out without passin' by his door, sir."

"I'm afraid he'll be worse," said Mr. Dudley; "for he is to pay half a crown a week for the keep of his son Roger."

"Then we shall ha' to flit somewheres," said Euclid mournfully, "and we've lived here nigh upon ten years, me and Victoria. It's hard upon peaceful folks like us, and Victoria can't take away her pretty picters. Look here, sir! we've been ten years a-gettin' 'em together; and, if we are forced to flit, we must leave 'em all behind us."

Above the fireplace, against the wall of the projecting chimney, there was a collection of poor, coarse wood-cuts out of cheap illustrated papers, pasted upon the whitewashed plaster close against one another as they had come into Victoria's possession. Euclid pointed them out with pride mingled with sorrow as he thought of how these treasures must be left behind if they were compelled to quit the garret for other lodgings. He sat down with a heavy sigh after he called Mr. Dudley's attention to Victoria's favorite pictures.

"Are you fond of reading, as well as of pictures?" asked Mr. Dudley.

"None on us can read," answered Euclid. "Victoria was always too weakly to go to

school wi' a lot o' rough lads and lasses, she's so nesh and simple. And little Bess there is no scholar; she gets her livin', like me, sellin' creases. Bess is a old neighbor's child, sir, not mine; and Blackett's hated me ever since I took her to live with me and Victoria. He said he'd make the place too hot for me then; but now—"

He shook his gray head dejectedly, and glanced up at his collection of pictures with a fond and regretful gaze.

"I thought the other day in the court, when you pleaded for poor Roger, that you must be a religious man," said Mr. Dudley.

"Oh, dear, no!" answered Euclid in a surprised tone. "I don't rightly know religion; it's above me; for I'm no scholar. I should like it, maybe, if I knew it; and my wife, she was a good woman, she was."

(To be continued.)

DAVID SPARING HIS ENEMY.

S. S. Lesson for Dec. 16, 1 Sam. 24 : 1–17. Golden Text, Matt. 5 : 44. By Mrs. M. Baxter.

Saul's Persistent Malignity—David's Reliance on God—Saul Called off—A Formidable Expedition against David—The Temptation in the Cave — David Waiting God's Deliverance — Vengeance Committed to the Lord's Hand—Saul's Humiliating Admission—His Oath Taken and Broken—Not his Own Master—A Second Opportunity—David's Triumph.

SAUL'S enmity to David continued unabated; so mad was his rage that he went so far as to slay all the priests of the Lord, because Abimelech the high priest had sheltered David. He pursued him to Keilah, recently delivered by David out of the hand of the Philistines, and David then fled to the wilderness of Ziph. The time-serving men of Ziph acquainted Saul with his hiding-place; but David was in safer hands than Saul's, and he cried, "Save me, O God, by Thy name, and judge me by Thy strength" (Ps. 54 : 1). Saul's religion at this time was all self; he said to the Ziphites; "Blessed be ye of the Lord; for ye have compassion on *me*;" David's religion was a simple but unbroken counting upon God, to whom he committed his cause.

David fled to the wilderness of Maon, and now all possibility of escape seemed to be cut off, for "Saul and his men compassed David and his men round about to take him" (1 Sam. 23 : 26). But David's prayer for safety must be answered,

GOD COULD NOT

leave one real cry of His child unheard, and He had an instrument ready. A messenger came to Saul saying, "Haste thee, and come; for the Philistines have invaded the land." Thus Saul was called away, and David escaped to the strongholds of Engedi. There were always those around King Saul who would make it their business to find out David's hiding-place and to tell the king. Oh, how like those in our own day, who think to betray the cause of men of faith by driving them from pillar to post, by hunting down, with merciless logic, all their testimony to God's present power and grace, for soul and body, who seek by superior numbers to overpower the minority who trust fully in their God!

Saul took "three thousand *chosen* men," well drilled and exercised in war, to overcome the man of faith with his six hundred, who might have been looked upon then as the "rag-tag and bobtail" of Israel. How is it Saul needed so large a host for so mean an enemy? He must have felt there were serious odds against him; but did he really take into account that he was fighting against God?

TEMPTATION IN A CAVE.

Saul followed David to "the rocks of the wild goats," and there ventured alone into a cave. Looking in he could see only darkness, but David and his men within it, who saw him enter, were unperceived by him, and there he was completely surrounded by his unseen foes. David's men could see but one thing, that the Lord had delivered David's enemy into his hand, but their leader knew God better than his men did; and his heart was set more upon winning Saul to the right than upon personal revenge. David was king in God's sight, not in his own; his cause was God's cause, he would have no right to ask God to save him by *His* might, if he were to deliver himself by his own power. So "David arose, and cut off the skirt of Saul's robe privily," and his heart smote him even for doing so much as that, "And he said unto his men, The Lord forbid that I should do this thing unto my master, the Lord's anointed, to stretch forth mine hand against him, seeing he is the anointed of the Lord." Thus David's men were restrained from their thoughts of vengeance, and Saul quitted the cave unmolested.

David followed him and called to him "My lord the king," bending himself to the ground with as much respect as though Saul had been worthy of it, for as long as God suffered Saul to retain the throne of Israel David would treat him as king, for *he took his cue from God*. And then he said, "Wherefore hearest thou men's words, saying, Behold David seeketh thy hurt?" And then he made the king aware of the imminent danger which he had just escaped; how his men had bid him kill Saul, and how he had forborne on conscientious grounds, and said, "I will not put forth mine hand against my lord; for he is the Lord's anointed." Then he showed Saul the proof of his having been completely in his power, showing him the skirt of his robe which he had cut off, and called on him by this proof to acknowledge that there was neither evil nor transgression in his hand, and that he had not sinned against the king who, nevertheless, sought after his soul (or life) to destroy it. And he continued,

"THE LORD JUDGE

between me and thee, and the Lord avenge me of thee; but mine hand shall not be upon thee." Here was David's strength, he would have nothing to do with Saul, but really passed him over to God. Is this really our case with those who do us evil? How do we act when men malign us, misunderstand us, take advantage of us, misrepresent us? Do we take up our own cause and justify ourselves? Or do we commit the matter to God without touching it, without attempting to right ourselves? If we conduct our own cause, God will leave us to do it; if we trust it over to Him, let us leave Him to it. "The Lord avenge me of thee;" these were terrible words for Saul, and the Lord remembered them. Thus David sought to awaken a sense of shame in Saul, "After whom is the king of Israel come out? after whom dost thou pursue? After a dead dog, after a flea. The Lord therefore be judge, and judge between me and thee, and see, and plead my cause, and deliver me out of thine hand." Now God was to be Judge and Advocate, how could that cause be lost? how could there be a doubt of the issue?

For the moment David's words produced the strongest impression upon the weak-minded but impressionable king. "Is this thy voice, my son David?" he said, and then with weeping eyes he made the acknowledgment: "Thou art more righteous than I: for thou hast rewarded me good, whereas I have rewarded thee evil." Glorious victory! Here was the servant of God justified by the very man who was treating him as a political offender! How much greater the victory than if David had slain him! From that moment David must have risen in the eyes of both Saul's followers and his own; "He that is slow to anger is better than the mighty; and he that ruleth his spirit than he that taketh a city" (Prov. 16 : 32). Saul himself was amazed, and said, "For if a man find his enemy, will he let him go well away? wherefore

THE LORD REWARD THEE GOOD

for that thou hast done unto me this day." And then Saul owned that which he knew about the future, "Now, behold, I know well that thou shalt surely be king, and that the kingdom of Israel shall be established in thine hand. Swear now therefore unto me by the Lord, that thou wilt not cut off my seed after me, and that thou wilt not destroy my name out of my father's house."

Oh, how mad it was of Saul to continue this contest, which he knew to be against God! Yet how frequently we see that when God is forcing conviction upon unwilling souls, and they *know* the hand of the Lord is upon them, and they *know* that truth is not on their side, the resistance to Him is greater than at any other time! Have we not many of us experienced this, when God was leading us out into a line of His truth which we had opposed, just when light was dawning, the fear to lose that which we had already has driven us to a desperate opposition? Oh, how Saul—oh, how self needs to die, that Christ, our David, alone may reign within us! "David sware unto Saul. And Saul went home." But David was not restored to his position at court. Saul had been obliged to invoke blessing on him, and he had put Saul into God's hands; but no real change took place in Saul's heart; the demon of jealousy might be stilled for the moment, but Saul was his slave, and he had not done with him yet.

A second time the Ziphites came to Saul, to tell him of the hiding-place of David (ch. 26). One would expect that now, after all which had passed, Saul would have indignantly refused to hear them and would have spoken to all men of David's noble forbearance to him. Alas! no. He was under the power of the enemy, and again he went forth with three thousand men to seek David. David could hardly believe it possible, and sent out spies, and at last understood that Saul was come in very deed. Oh, how we see in Saul a man who had every opportunity and yet, because God was departed from him, nothing outward *could* change him.

ONLY GOD WITH HIM

could make him different. "David arose, and came to the place where Saul had pitched." There lay his enemy sleeping, and all the three thousand men asleep, too; the very sentinels on guard were asleep, "because a deep sleep from the Lord was fallen upon them" (ch. 26 : 12). Saul was in the most guarded part of the camp, in the very midst, and David inquired of two of his men, Abishai his nephew, and Abimelech the Hittite, "Who will go down with me to Saul to the camp?" Abishai volunteered. They must have passed company after company, perhaps at least a thousand men, before they came to the place where Saul lay, with "his spear stuck in the ground at his bolster;" and a cruse of water at his head. Abishai, with all the energy of a young man, said, "God hath delivered thine enemy into thine hand this day; now, therefore, let me smite him, I pray thee, with the spear even to the earth at once, and I will not smite him the second time." But David looked at things from God's point of view; he knew a closer guiding of God than that of circumstances, for circumstances would all have pointed strongly to his now taking advantage of Saul; and he said, "As the Lord liveth, the Lord shall smite him; or his day shall come to die; or he shall descend into battle, and perish."

David could afford to let opportunities slip, because he was counting upon God; thus he again declared that he would not stretch forth his hand against the Lord's anointed. But he took the cruse of water and the spear and went away to a hill far enough to be clearly out of the camp, and then cried aloud to Abner in irony that he kept his lord so ill that he had been in danger of his life, and called him to mark where was the king's spear and where the cruse that was at his bolster? Saul awoke, and knowing the voice, hearing what had happened, upon David's appeal to him, said, "I have sinned: return, my son David: for I will no more do thee harm, because my soul was precious in thine eyes this day: behold, I have played the fool, and erred exceedingly." Again David's triumph was complete. Let us really and always commit our cause to the Lord, act in His Spirit by His guidance, and we shall find that to "resist not evil" (Matt. 5 : 39) is the divine way and the way of blessing and victory.

FOREIGN TOPICS.

A Verdict of Guilty has been Rendered against O'Donnell, the Irish-American who shot Carey on board the South African steamer. The trial was held last week, and the jury considered for two hours on Saturday before giving their verdict. The prisoner, who had maintained his levity and indifference throughout the trial, burst into a torrent of oaths and curses when sentence of death was pronounced. He had expressed his confidence from the time the crime was committed in his acquittal, and the verdict and sentence appeared to strike him with amazement. The shooting was admitted by the prisoner, but it was claimed to have been done in self-defence, and an effort was made to prove that Carey had a pistol in his hand when he was shot. General Roger A. Pryor, who was sent over by the Irishmen in America to defend O'Donnell, did not address the court. The prisoner and his counsel thought that the fact of his appearing for O'Donnell and his being paid to do so by Irishmen in America would prejudice the jury and lead them to conclude that O'Donnell in "removing" Carey acted as an authorized agent of the Invincibles.

The Friendly Relations of Germany and Spain have been cemented by the visit of the heir of the German Crown to Madrid. The reception accorded to him by the King of Spain, the Government, Spanish society, and by learned bodies has been of the most hearty and cordial character. Courtesies have also been interchanged directly between the two courts, and the Emperor of Germany has sent an autograph letter of thanks to King Alfonso thanking him for the kindness shown to his son. The King is reported to have said in the course of an interview with a distinguished personage connected with the diplomatic corps, "I hope the French will now let us alone. The people in France must be endowed with very little political sagacity to believe that I was going to make a hard-and-fast alliance with Germany. Like all good Spaniards, I am fully aware that the best thing for Spain is to live on good terms with all our neighbors, and especially our next-door neighbors. But it is very hard to find one's self every day insulted with impunity by the press of a neighboring country that, with the same breath, insists upon our devoted friendship." It is evident that the Spanish incident has resulted in the more complete isolation of France in Europe.

Another French Outrage in Madagascar is reported. Advices from Zanzibar say that the British man-of-war Dryad, which has arrived there, reports that a French man-of-war bombarded the unfortified town of Vohemar, on the north coast of Madagascar, on November 8th, without giving any previous notice. Five British subjects were killed and much property belonging to neutrals was destroyed or plundered. The effect of this intelligence is to widen the breach already existing in the cordial relations of England and France.

Advices from Khartoum Tend to Confirm the report that General Hicks and his Egyptian army have been annihilated by El Mahdi. A despatch to the London *Times* from Khartoum says that a Copt merchant who witnessed the battle between the Egyptian army and the forces of El Mahdi saw Ala-ed-Deen Pasha, Governor of Khartoum, killed at the opening of the battle. He says that Hicks Pasha was slain by a lance on the third day of the battle, when the last cartridge of the Egyptians had been fired. The men in Hicks Pasha's army had then been without water for three days, and the soldiers were offering $4 for a drink. The fugitives, if any, from the Egyptians, must have been slain or captured while making for well-known wells. It is doubtful what El Mahdi's designs are, but it is expected that his first step will be to attack Khartoum, which cannot be held by its garrison. The Egyptian troops will in all probability fly from the city when El Mahdi approaches, and Colonel Valentine Baker, with a small force of about 2000, has been ordered forward to interpose between the retreating garrison and El Mahdi. If the conquering fanatical leader decides on attacking Tripoli he will be fought by the French, but if he moves on Egypt or goes to Mecca to have himself proclaimed Mohammed's successor he will come into conflict with the English forces.

No News from Tonquin of Importance was published last week. An impression prevailed in Paris that the government had received intelligence of some disaster to the French arms, but if it had it did not disclose it. A request for information made to the French Premier was evaded, though he admitted that the situation was grave. A cable despatch from Paris on November 26th indicates that England has intimated to France that there are limits to her proceedings which she cannot pass without danger of European complications. It says: "The British Foreign Office, acting upon the conviction that the contemplated blockade by France of the Chinese ports would never be respected by English shipowners, has caused the strongest possible representations to be made to the French Government to the effect that such a blockade will be almost certain to disturb the peaceful relations of England and France. The French Government has been categorically informed that should any British ship be captured while running a blockade by a French war vessel, a popular agitation would break out in England that would inevitably compel the active interference of the British Government in such a manner as could not be otherwise than disagreeable to France."

An Agreement Respecting the Suez Canal project has been arrived at by M. De Lesseps and the English shipowners. The difficulty existing was caused by the reluctance of M. De Lesseps to accord the Englishmen the share in the control they considered was due them as citizens of the country that uses the canal most. The convention concluded on November 29th provides that either the present canal shall be enlarged or a second canal shall be constructed. A commission of engineers and shippers, half of whom are to be English, will decide the question. Seven new directors, chosen from English shippers and merchants, are to be admitted as members of the board. A consultative committee of English directors is to be formed in London. The company is in future to bear all the expenses resulting from accidents on the canal, excepting collisions, or resulting from damage to the company's property, provided ships are not in fault. From January 1st, 1884, pilotage dues are to be abolished, and from January 1st, 1885, transit dues are to be diminished according to the rate of dividend.

The Russian Officials who Aided the Jeannette party of shipwrecked explorers have all been rewarded by the Czar. General Tchernaieff, the commander of Yakutsk in Siberia, where the distressed Americans were so kindly received, has written a letter to Engineer Melville informing him of the Czar's condescension. The general gets the following personal letter of thanks from the Czar: "The Emperor announces his imperial thanks to the Governor of Yakutsk, General Tchernaieff, for all official acts, and for his humane attentions to the American officers and men, the survivors of the Arctic steamers Jeannette and Rodgers." The other officials received silver medals of merit. The peasants who fed them and helped them on their way to Yakutsk get medals and presents of money, and the exiles who acted as interpreters and messengers have had their papers sent to St. Petersburg with recommendations to mercy, and will probably obtain some commutation of their sentences.

The White Cross Army is a New Organization established in Great Britain, having for its object the promotion of social purity. It is making great progress in the North of England. The London *Christian* thus speaks of the army and the circumstances that have called it into existence: "The Blue Ribbon movement has a noble mission, and we rejoice in its widespread success; but its work is not higher or more important than that which aims to put *a social ban on impurity*, and to stem the torrent of abuses which flow from its prevalence. There is ample room and deep need for united and organized effort to uphold purity of life and conversation among old and young. Offences against morality are grievously winked at and tolerated on every hand by many who might and ought to be quick and strong to put them down." The White Cross Army endeavors to remedy the injustice which fixes the stigma of the sin on the woman alone and lets the man go free.

The Moody and Sankey Meetings in London continue to be thronged by vast multitudes, and the English newspapers report that a large proportion are now church-goers. The London *Record*, a Protestant Episcopal journal, after describing the meetings, pays the following tribute to the American evangelists: "We must express our profound conviction that few men are more entitled to the gratitude of the Church of England in particular than the two evangelists who have now been once more welcomed to London. Mr. Moody said on Sunday morning that he had personally met with the fruits of the London work of 1875 in almost every place he had since visited, both in Europe and America; but we need not go beyond the metropolitan area itself to find reasons to thank God for that work."

Rev. Griffith John, Missionary of the London Missionary Society at Hankow, China, whose portrait and life appeared in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD of May 25th, 1882, has translated the Gospel of Mark into easy Wên-li, and the Gospel of John is in the printer's hands. It is expected that this version will be very popular.

The Growth of Socialism in England.—Referring to the recent International Trades Union Conference in Paris, an English journal states that "the delegates have shown that the official representatives of workmen still retain a wholesome dislike of fussy attempts on the part of the State to control the operation of economic forces. Behind the leaders of trades unions, however, there is evidently a growing party which has ardent faith in the power of governments to make an end of poverty. Multitudes of working men seem to be eager to take part in some great movement against both capitalists and landlords. It is constantly said that there is no danger of all this ferment leading to socialistic agitation. But the fact that twenty-five years ago socialists were a small and obscure party in Germany, whereas now there is not a village in the empire in which they are not to be found, is ominous. What reason is there for believing that the development of socialism may not be even more rapid among ourselves? The gulf between rich and poor is as great here as anywhere."

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An Illustrated Work on the Unfulfilled prophecies of the Bible, by the Rev. M. Baxter, entitled: "Forty Coming Wonders," may be had from the office of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, 63 Bible House, New York, by remitting one dollar. It is a book of 528 pages, is handsomely bound in cloth and contains fifty full-page pictures and diagrams representing the scenes described in the prophecies of Daniel and in the book of the Revelation. It also contains a resumé of the opinions of other expositors, and extracts carefully collated from the works of all the most eminent writers on prophecy, from the earliest ages of the Christian era down to those of recent date. It thus forms the most useful and complete guide the student can have in entering on the study of that portion of the Word of God. The book may also be obtained for one dollar from any bookseller, who can procure it from the American News Company.

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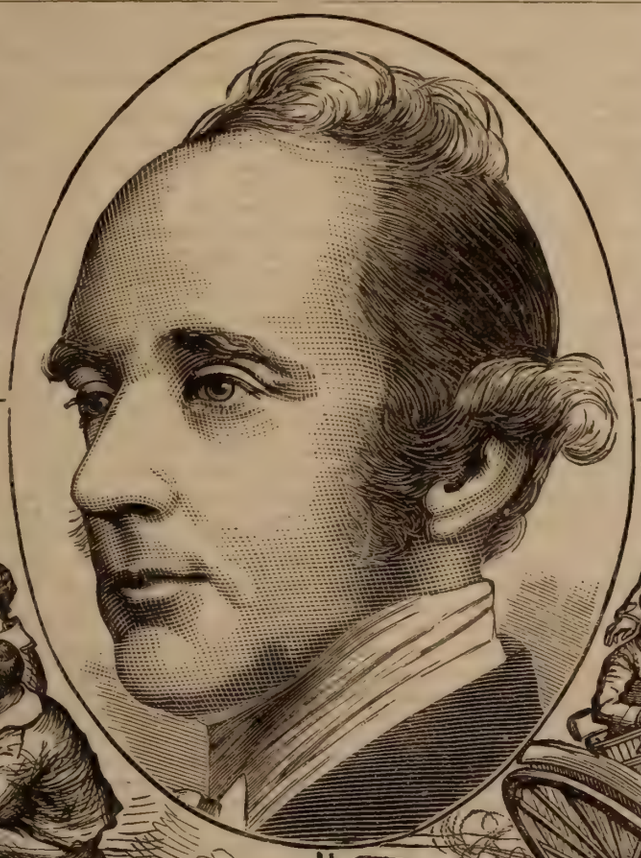

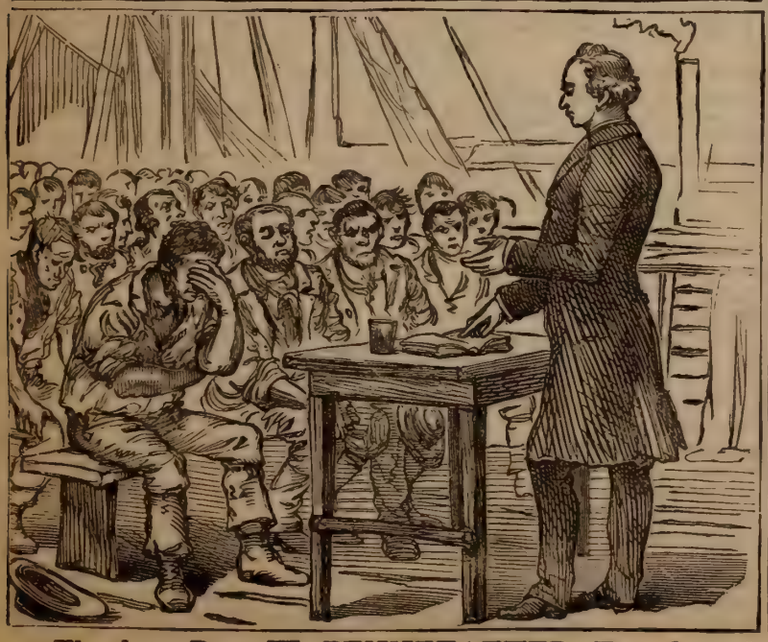

The late Rev. W. PENNEFATHER, Founder of the Mildmay Park Missions—Scenes in his Life.

THE REV. W. PENNEFATHER.

Born in 1816—Parentage, Early Years, and Religious Impressions—Bible-reading Boys at School—Trinity College, Dublin—Physical Weakness—Evangelistic Work in Ireland—An Interesting Convert—An Alarming Incident of Travel—Appointed to a Curacy—Removes to Mellifont in 1844—Travel and Marriage—Incumbency of Trinity Church—Work among Bargemen—Interest in Prophecy—Multiplying Agencies—The First Conference in 1856—Ministry at Mildmay—Illness and Death.

THE fame of Mildmay Conference Hall is world-wide. Most American Christians are familiar with its name. Many have visited it in their transatlantic excursions and have learned something of the work carried on there. They have come away stimulated to more active labor in the cause of Christ and impressed with a conviction that careful thought and systematic effort render Christian labor, faith, and love to souls more efficacious than they could be if unorganized. As it is in business so it is in religion, order and system lead to success. The church on earth is an aggressive institution; it is engaged in a warfare against mighty foes, and its campaigns ought to be carefully thought out and directed. Otherwise there is danger that workers may crowd on one point and hinder each other, while other strongholds of the enemy are left unassailed. This is the kind of work of which Mildmay has become the centre. From it radiate missions of all kinds. It has a night school for instructing adults, an Invalid Kitchen, a Dorcas Society, a Medical Mission, a Regular Service for Deaf Mutes, a Home for Inquirers, a Printing-Office, an Office for the Deaconess Work, a Nursing House, Two Hospitals, Bible Flower Mission, Cab Mission, Railway Mission, Convalescent Home, Training College, and several other branches of usefulness. It is impossible to form an estimate of the amount of good done through all these agencies. Eternity alone will reveal it.

Naturally the work has grown and developed from a small beginning, but the conception of it, the vital force that has spread into so large and potent a force were there at the first. The portrait on the first page this week is that of the founder of Mildmay, a man whose piety and Christian energy are bearing fruit now though he has passed away from the scene of his earthly labors.

Mr. Pennefather was *born* in Dublin, Ireland, on January 5th, 1816, and *fell asleep* in Jesus on April 30th, 1873, at the age of fifty-seven. His father was for thirty-six years one of the most honorable of Irish judges; and his mother came of an estimable family. William's early childhood was remarkable chiefly for an amount of energy and vivacity of mind which contrasted somewhat strangely with a very languid and delicate constitution. He was not sent to school until he was thirteen years of age, at which period he became a pupil in an admirable academy at Westbury, near Bristol, where his name was long remembered, and many who knew him there have since spoken of him as "the saintly boy."

EARLY RELIGIOUS IMPRESSIONS.

It is difficult to discover when his heart was first given to God, but it is evident that it was in his early years, and the loving entreaties of a godly sister were evidently used to foster the growth of spirituality in the boy's soul, and he went to school as one who had already and unalterably taken the Lord for his God.

Even in these early days he had begun to exercise that strong personal influence for which he was afterward so remarkable, and in spite of petty persecution which it involved, a little band of boys regularly assembled for Bible-reading and prayer under his leadership. (*See frontispiece.*) The lads used to meet in one of the dormitories, where they would read and discuss some passage of Scripture. This class was much blessed to many, and left its traces long after young Pennefather had departed from the school.

In 1832 the youth was placed under the care of the Rev. W. Stevens, at Levens Parsonage, near Kendal, after which, in the summer of 1834, Mr. Pennefather returned to his father's house in Dublin, and entered at Trinity College as a student. He was then only eighteen years of age. But it soon became apparent that the state of his health was such as to make further study impossible, and to set aside all present prospect of continuing his college course. At one time there was considerable apprehension of consumption, but after a protracted season of weakness and suffering it was discovered that there was no organic disease.

From earliest childhood it had been the longing of his heart to enter the ministry of the Episcopal Church, and God was preparing in His own way, though it might seem a dark way, to fulfil this cherished desire.

EVANGELISTIC WORK IN CONNEMARA.

In January, 1837, Mr. Pennefather was permitted to resume his studies at Trinity College, residing, however, at his father's house, and attending the classes, lectures, etc., daily. In the summer of 1839 we find him interesting himself in a little flock of Protestants at a place called Roundstone, on the wild western coast of Connemara, who were reported to him as being in great ignorance, without either church or pastor, and who would give a delighted reception to any minister who would visit and preach to them.

The long vacation had begun; he had some time at his disposal, and he commenced at once. On the first Sunday of vacation Mr. Pennefather held his first services in the place, and on the Monday visited an afflicted young woman who had been confined to her bed for four years.

AN INTERESTING CONVERT.

This young invalid had been brought up a Roman Catholic, and was hired by an English lady, who took her to church, where she was converted from the errors of Romanism. Her conversion exasperated her Roman Catholic acquaintances, and soon after her public profession of faith she was waylaid and beaten so violently that she was not able, at the time of the young student's visit, to leave her bed, yet he found her blessing God for her heavy chastisement, praying for her enemies, and confessing that her happiest hours had been spent on that sick-bed.

The same afternoon Mr. Pennefather went to a friend's house at Ballinahinch, to meet the mail-car in the morning, which passed near the spot. This gentleman lived in imitation of the ancient princes of Connemara, his house without an avenue, in the midst of heath and rocks. The following morning he left the house referred to in a gig for the purpose of meeting the mail, and as they were passing over a river on a bridge, the parapet of which was broken down, he said to the servant,

"THIS IS A DANGEROUS SPOT."

At that moment the horse reared, the shafts were broken, the gig upset, and both riders were nearly precipitated into the river beneath, but, providentially, they escaped, without sustaining any damage. (*See frontispiece.*)

In 1840 Mr. Pennefather took his B.A. degree at Dublin University, and the following year he was ordained and appointed to

AN IRISH CURACY.

Space will not allow us to follow Mr. Pennefather through the laborious details of a parochial minister's life. Here and there we find bright gleams of promise; but the sphere was a difficult one, and diligence, rather than any marked success, seems to characterize the records of his ministry at this early period.

In July, 1844, he was presented with the living of Mellifont, near Drogheda. The parish was very extensive, with a population of 4500; but the Protestants were few, and scattered over a wide area, which made the pastoral work fatiguing and unsatisfactory. Outwardly it presented some attractions, but regarding it from a ministerial point of view, Mr. Pennefather always looked back on his residence at Mellifont as a time of trial and discouragement, a time in which God was preparing him in much loneliness for a future of active and varied service.

MARRIAGE.

The next few months were full of employment, and comprised, in addition to the regular services, mission-room services and cottage-lectures, and much evangelistic effort on behalf of the Irish Society; but failing health compelled moderated activity, an enforced absence from home, and visits to Germany and England. In the early part of the summer of 1847 we find him spending some time in the beautiful English county of Kent, where he met the beloved Christian lady who afterward became his wife.

On September 16th, in the same year, he *married* Miss Catherine King, eldest daughter of Admiral King, and after a pleasant honeymoon amid the natural beauties of Westmoreland, the devoted minister and his bride returned to Mellifont, where, in the month of November, they rendered exemplary service to a starving and fever-stricken population. The straitness of his means at this time may be learned from a letter which, in January, 1848, Mr. Pennefather wrote to his brother Richard, in which he says: "My income from this parish is under £84 ($420). My door is besieged by half-starving creatures, just out of fever, craving for food."

REMOVAL TO ENGLAND.

In the early part of this year (1848) he was offered and accepted the incumbency of a church in England. Though the thought of leaving Ireland was painful and perplexing in the extreme, he nevertheless viewed the appointment as from God, and trusted Him for all that was to follow. Upon arriving at the scene of his labor, he was conducted to a small lodging, and soon discovered that his church was destitute of all architectural beauty, in a town, far from picturesque, situated in a wide plain and with an uninteresting population. Very soon, however, the canal basin, with its dingy coal-wharf and the rows of dirty, squalid-looking cottages, with their duck-ponds and ditches, were among his most favorite resorts, for here he had abundant opportunity of proclaiming the salvation of the Saviour whom he so dearly loved.

WORK AMONG BARGEMEN.

This period of Mr. Pennefather's life was characterized by much activity and blessing. His work among the bargemen was highly appreciated, and its results decidedly encouraging. He had obtained an old boat, which was converted into a sort of floating chapel, fitted up with a desk and benches, and capable of holding about one hundred persons. Here a simple service was held on Sunday evening, and also during the week. It was a touching sight to see the men who had just turned in from their rough work among the rubbish-heaps and coal-dust so melted under the power of God's truth that sobs and tears unrepressed testified to their emotions. A number of these men became regular attendants at the church. The change in the lives of many of the people was striking, so manifest, indeed, that a jesting article in one of the local papers closed with the remark, "In Walton, at any rate, the Millennium must have begun." (*A picture on the frontispiece illustrates one of these services.*)

INTEREST IN PROPHECY.

The subject of unfulfilled prophecy, especially in connection with the second coming of Christ, had been one of deep interest to Mr. Pennefather almost from his childhood. When scarcely more than a boy, he had the privilege of intercourse with many deeply-taught students of Scripture, some of whom were in the habit of meeting at the invitation of Lady Powerscourt, for the study of prophetic truth. In after years "the blessed hope" became an integral part of his spiritual life, and permeated his whole ministry. He was for many years a member of the Prophetical Society, which met in April and November of each year, and always rejoiced to talk with those who were daily looking for the coming King, and it was his delight to meet a little band, among his own flock at Aylesbury,

have now stood firm so long, when previously you always fell?' Slowly and with tears in his eyes, he answered, 'Only that formerly I always used to keep myself, but now I let Jesus keep me, and I have faith to believe that He is strong enough to help and keep me.' That is the great secret. If only Jesus keep us, then all will be well with us."

What an Irish Papist Found.—At a Noon-day prayer-meeting, Mr. Jack said: "During the Irish revival of 1869, a poor ignorant Papist woman, going along a road, found a Presbyterian token of admission to the Communion Table. On one side of the token were the words, 'This do in remembrance of Me.' 'Who is the Me?' was her mental query. She inquired at the house of a Protestant family about it, and had the Gospel explained to her. It made her long for a more intimate acquaintance with the Lord Jesus. Her neighbors reported her case to the minister, who called upon the poor woman, and had the inestimable joy of leading her to Christ. When he rose to leave, he asked for the token, but she replied, 'Ah, no, I'll not give you the token till I give it to you at the Lord's Table.'"

Lifted from the Lowest Depth.—Mr. Douglas said: "Long years ago Professor Finney was preaching in a meeting like this. He was a man greatly blessed by God to the awakening and salvation of sinners. At the end of his address a man who was a most accomplished villain, hardly any infamy was too low for him, provided he could effect it without getting into contact with the law, rose and said, 'I am convinced that what these men say is true; the question then is, "Shall I leave this building saved or unsaved?"' A breathless silence pervaded the whole assembly, and after a slight pause he continued, 'Must I go unsaved? No; I must, I will trust in Christ.' What a glorious burst of praise rose from that meeting when he sat down! This man became as anxious after the salvation of souls as before he had been greedy after sin."

Covering a Hole in a Window.—Major Colquhoun said, at the Broomielaw: "A missionary while going his rounds one day, entered a miserable-looking room in which a workingman was lying ill on a pallet of straw upon the floor. The missionary read to him from his Bible, 'This is a faithful saying and worthy of all acceptation, that Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners, of whom I am chief.' 'Ah, yes! that's mine!' said the sick man. 'How so? What d'ye mean?' 'I got the *British Workman* and thought I read it all, but somehow I missed that text. My wife takes a glass too much, and tore up the paper to cover the hole in the window. I have good eyes, and as I lay helpless I read and re-read that text till it brought peace and salvation to my soul.' The invalid's face was lighted up, and his eyes sparkled with joy, as he told the story. The missionary went on his way rejoicing, cheered and comforted by the incident, which showed the power of the Lord."

Forbidding an Execution.—Major Colquhoun said: "At Havana, in the Island of Cuba, the inhabitants rebelled against the might and power of Spain. So strong were the rebels that the authorities had great trouble in putting them down. A seaman was seized by some Spanish soldiers, and charged with being a recruiting-agent for the rebels. The charge was not true, he being there on his legitimate business. He was of British parentage, but an American by residence, so he appealed to the British and the American consuls for help and protection. They protested against the action of the Spaniards, declaring the man's innocence, but without effect, for the sailor was condemned to be shot. In the cool of the morning a firing party marched outside the town with the British-American sailor in their midst, and soon they were ranged with loaded rifles ready to send death into the victim of injustice. Mr. Hayward, the British consul, said, 'I appeal and protest against this illegal execution.' The Spanish hidalgos, with an expression of contempt, replied, 'Too late, señors; too late; the man must die.' Then the order was given, 'Ready, present.' At that critical moment Mr. Hayward threw the British flag around the almost fainting man, shouting, 'In the name of the Queen, hold!' Following his example, the American consul flung the Stars and Stripes over him also, saying, 'In the name of the United States I forbid you to fire.' Sullenly the order was given to ground arms, and return to the barracks. The man was saved, not by the consuls, nor by his own power, but because he was covered by the flag of his country, which represented its power. So the sinner who places himself under Christ will be covered by Him, and saved from misery and endless torment."

THE APPROACHING TRANSLATION OF THE LIVING SAINTS.

By Rev. J. R. Graves, LL.D.

(*Continued from page 775.*)

THE DAY OF REWARDS.

It is when Christ comes for His saints that they will appear before Him to be justified by their works and receive the judgment of awards for all they have labored and endured, sacrificed and suffered for Him in this world. "We [Paul is addressing Christians] must all appear before the judgment-seat of Christ, that every one may receive the things he hath done, whether good or bad" (II Cor. 5 : 10; Rom. 14 : 12). Then will the parable of the talents be fulfilled and the servant who made ten talents, by the faithful use of the talents intrusted, be made ruler over ten cities, and the one who made five, over five cities, while the evil, who was only a professed servant, will be left with those whose resurrection will be to shame and everlasting contempt. That there will be different awards, positions of honor and glory, according as our works are found to be by the impartial Judge, is recognized by the inspired writers under both dispensations.

Salvation is solely by grace, and is not in the least conditioned upon our works; but God graciously rewards His children for each good work they have done from the right motive, love to Him, even the giving to His disciples a cup of cold water; but there will be some, and very many ministers, who will receive no reward in that world, no position of honor, but barely salvation.

Paul, in his first letter to the church at Corinth (ch. 3), seems to address a warning to ministers and master-church-builders under Christ, the Great Architect, and he warns his fellow-laborers to take heed with what material they build upon the foundation Christ has laid. "And if on this foundation any one build up gold, silver, costly stones, wood, hay, straw, the work of each will become manifest, for the day will show it, because it is revealed by fire, and so every one's work, whatever it is, the same fire will prove. If the work of any one remain which he built up, he will receive a recompense; if the work of any one shall be consumed, he will suffer loss; he himself, however, will be saved, but as through a fire." Escape with nothing but his bare life.

This will be the day that the prizes will be awarded to Christians—not salvation, which is a free gift and not contingent upon works, but something more than salvation, and which does depend upon the Christian's works and his faithfulness in this life.

THE CORONATION DAY.

Those who are rewarded with the highest vocation, *i.e.*, to reign with Christ, will receive their crowns at Christ's coming, but not before. There can be no doubt of this. Peter says: "And when the chief Shepherd shall appear, ye shall receive a crown of glory that fadeth not away" (I Pet. 5 : 4). Paul says: "Henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness, which the Lord, the righteous Judge, shall give me at that day; and not to me only, but unto all them also that love His appearing" (II Tim. 4 : 8).

It is clearly implied that there will be some Christians who will stand ashamed in the presence of Christ at His coming: "And now, little children, abide in Him; that when He shall appear we may have confidence, and not be ashamed before Him at His coming" (1 John 2 : 28).

And it is also implied that there will be many eminent members and ministers who will not receive a crown of righteousness, *i.e.*, of personal right doing—not of Christ's righteousness—for this is given only to those saints who have well done and been faithful—those to whom Christ can say, "Well done, good and faithful servant, thou hast been faithful." What multitudes to whom Christ will be unable to say this!

This coming was what the faith of the primitive Christians took hold of, and constituted their "blessed hope"—for this they suffered, for this they looked, waited and prayed. "Looking for that blessed hope, even the glorious appearing of the great God, even our Saviour Jesus Christ" (Titus 2 : 13). "Be patient, therefore, brethren, unto the coming of the Lord. Behold, the husbandman waiteth for the precious fruit of the earth, and hath long patience for it, until he receive the early and latter rain. Be ye also patient; stablish your hearts; for the coming of the Lord draweth nigh" (James 5 : 7, 8). "And to wait for His Son from heaven, whom He raised from the dead, even Jesus, which delivered us from the wrath to come" (1 Thess. 1 : 10). "And the Lord direct your hearts into the love of God, and into the patient waiting for Christ." (II Thess : 3 : 5)

Will not my reader now turn back to Matt. (24 : 42 and on) and mark what our Lord says of the unwatchful goodman, of the faithful and wise servant, and of the evil servant who will not believe in his Lord's immediate coming: "Watch therefore; for ye know not what hour your Lord doth come. But know this, that if the goodman of the house had known in what watch the thief would come, he would have watched, and would not have suffered his house to be broken up. Therefore be ye also ready; for in such an hour as ye think not the Son of man cometh. Who then is a faithful and unwise servant, whom his Lord hath made ruler over his household, to give them meat in due season? Blessed is that servant, whom his Lord when He cometh shall find so doing. Verily I say unto you, That He shall make him ruler over all His goods. But and if that evil servant shall say in his heart, My Lord delayeth His coming; and shall begin to smite his fellow-servants, and to eat and drink with the drunken; the Lord of that servant shall come in a day when he looketh not for Him, and in an hour that he is not aware of, and shall cut him asunder, and appoint him his portion with the hypocrites." (Matt. 24 : 42–51).

Then follows the parable of the ten virgins which as yet has not had, and which will never have, a fulfilment until at the coming of Christ, for His saints, to own, manifest and reward them; and I introduce it here as another and conclusive proof that His coming will be premillenial.

That parable at least teaches this great truth, that only those who are prepared and are truly waiting for the appearing of the Bridegroom will be received and blessed by Him. While the only apparently but not really prepared will be rejected by Him; and also this other fact, that it will be *too late to prepare when the summons is heard.*

Will we not, as good servants, heed our Master's earnest, loving warning to watch and be ready for His coming? whether it be to-night or to-morrow—it is not far off—it is nearer than we imagine. Let us heed the words, the last words, of the Bridegroom: 'Behold, I come as a thief. Blessed is he that watcheth, and keepeth his garments, lest he walk naked, and they see his shame" (Rev. 16 : 15). "Behold, I come quickly, and My reward is with Me." The prayer of the waiting Bride of Christ is, "Even so, come, Lord Jesus, come quickly."

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CURRENT EVENTS.

The President's Message, Sent to Congress on Tuesday, December 4th, has been well received by the press of both the great political parties. Its suggestions are moderate, conservative and sagacious, and they are expressed clearly and forcibly. They, of course, are not approved by every one, but those who disapprove deem them worthy of respectful consideration. In dealing with *foreign affairs*, the President announces that our relations with other nations are "upon a friendly footing." He mentions several countries with which commercial treaties have been made, notably Corea and Madagascar. He calls attention to the action of the British Government in sending to this country large numbers of paupers who will become a burden on the community, and advises a revision of legislation with the view of preventing them entering the States either directly or through Canada. He also suggests that the time has arrived when the wrongs inflicted on American shipowners at Cuba, Puerto Rico, and other ports, which the Spanish Government is slow to redress, may be appropriately met by measures of retaliation. On *financial questions* the President's recommendations are disappointing. He does not advise any legislation tending to diminish the national revenues, preferring to wait until the results of the bill passed last session can be fully realized. He is, however, opposed to the rapid extinction of the debt. The difficulty then arises of the disposal of the enormous surplus which must accumulate. That will not long remain a difficulty if the President's recommendations respecting our harbor defences and the protection of our commerce at sea are acted upon. In all countries those two ways of getting rid of money are very efficient. It may be hoped, however, that Congress will recognize the claims of the overburdened taxpayers to some measure of relief, the passage of which the surplus justifies. The President recommends a radical and extreme mode of dealing with *the Mormon question*. He advocates the abolition of the Territorial Government and the assumption of absolute political control of the Territory by Congress, its acts to be carried into effect through a national commission. The *reduction of postage on local letters* to one cent, and a government supervision of inter-State communications by telegraph are the most prominent of the minor suggestions made in the message. The general tone of the message indicates that President Arthur desires a quiet and uneventful session of Congress, and that he has not overlooked the fact that there will be a Presidential election in 1884.

Secretary Folger's Report Attracts Little less notice than the President's message. According to the Secretary's estimate the financial year ending June 30th next will close with *a surplus of eighty-five millions*, which will be forty millions more than is required for the sinking fund. He believes that if there is no change made the revenue will continue to increase and will produce a net surplus of sixty millions in the following year. To avoid this the Secretary is of opinion that "*there ought to be a reduction of taxation.*" He is, however, like the President, opposed to reduction this year. Ultimately the taxes on imports are those which he thinks it will be best to reduce, especially imports of raw materials and sugar and molasses. In making changes in *the internal revenue* the Secretary urges reduction rather than repeal. As to the *national bank circulation* he advises that the banks be permitted to issue notes to the value of ninety per cent of the average market value their bonds attained during the year preceding the issue of the notes. At present the circulation is largely over-secured. A suspension of the *silver coinage* act is recommended, only one-seventh of the dollars coined last year having gone into circulation. The Secretary recommends the *redemption of the trade dollars* in standard dollars, dollar for dollar, but the President disagrees with him, and advises that they should be bought up at a trifle over their bullion value. These financial problems are just now the most prominent of all political questions, and it would be well if every citizen who desires to give an intelligent vote next year would study them and watch the policy of the two parties in dealing with them.

Another Effort to Suppress Polygamy in Utah is made in a bill introduced by Senator Edmunds, which he characterizes as a supplementary measure to that which he framed and which was passed by the last Congress. The new bill requires, under severe penalties, that every marriage shall be recorded in a proper court, and that husbands and wives shall be compelled to testify in any case where bigamy or polygamy is charged. It also abolishes all elective offices in the Territory, and vests their functions in a commission, and deprives women of their power to vote at elections. So sweeping a measure is certain to excite a determined opposition.

A Call Signed by General Grant and Thirty-nine other prominent men was issued last week, for assistance in founding an International Bimetallic Monetary Association. We are requested to assist in giving publicity to this movement, and we do so gladly, believing that it is high time this question was definitely settled. At present the United States are bearing an almost intolerable burden in attempting almost single-handed to maintain the silver standard. If the gentlemen who signed the call will now make the attempt to induce other nations to adopt the two standards, they will learn whether our self-sacrifice has any prospect of success. If other nations will not follow our example, and are determined not to adopt the double standard, then it will be obvious that no useful purpose can be served by our persisting in our present policy.

A Deplorable Calamity Occurred on Sunday, December 2d, about midnight on the Atlantic. A pilot boat and her yawl were run down by the Guion steamer Alaska, and all on board perished. It appears that the Alaska, which left Liverpool for New York on November 24th, when about seventy-five miles from port signalled for a pilot, and was answered by a boat which now proves to have been No. 8. There were four pilots in the boat and a crew of six men who managed the yawl. One of the pilots entered the yawl to go aboard the ship, but when he was alongside, and before he had caught hold of the rope ladder thrown out to him from the Alaska, the big steamer's head drifted around and crashed into the pilot boat which was waiting to pick up the yawl, and sank her instantly. Those on board the yawl saw what happened, and their agitation was so great that they forgot their own dangerous position, and, being lifted by a swell, the yawl capsized and they, too, were drowned. Passengers on the Alaska say they heard heart-rending cries from the drowning men. One cried, "For God's sake save me! I am a father." A still more dreadful utterance was heard, "*Oh, save me, I am not fit to die!*" The Alaska lowered a boat and threw over an illuminated buoy, but not one of the men on board the pilot boat and the yawl was saved. They probably drifted astern and were crushed by the propeller. The Alaska remained near the place all night, and at daybreak, there being no sign of the wreck, continued her voyage to New York.

An Interesting Anniversary was Celebrated in New York on December 2d. It was the eleventh anniversary of the Church mission to deaf-mutes. Rev. Thomas Gallaudet, D.D., explained the system of *idea language* established and developed by his father and himself, and showed by his address to the one hundred and fifty deaf-mutes present, how perfectly he could make himself understood by them. To the audience he said: "My mother was a mute and I learned the language of signs as soon as I did the English language. My wife is a mute and I have spent my life among mutes. Signs and motions have been gradually built up into a system which is now entitled to be called a language—the language of motion—a pantomime of ideas. Some mutes are taught to speak, but in rare instances. I speak to the mutes in this idea language, which means that I do not spell out the words it would take to express ideas; in fact, I never think of words or language at all, but am able frequently by a motion to express completely my meaning. Only proper names have to be spelled with the fingers. There is no English or French or Spanish or German in this idea language; it is universal, and mutes of different nationalities can converse as readily as those of the same." Dr. Gallaudet's father established in 1817, at Hartford, Conn., the first school for deaf-mutes in the United States.

The Condition of the Freedmen is the Subject of a paper contributed to *Harper's Weekly* by Frederick Douglass, who has abundant opportunities of making himself acquainted with the progress they are making. He claims that mentally, morally, and materially there are signs of considerable advancement. There are, he states, from two to three hundred thousand colored children attending school, and both the children and their colored teachers have demonstrated their capacity for learning in a remarkable degree. Of the moral progress Mr. Douglass is constrained "to speak in a lower tone," but there, too, he believes "there is a visible and growing improvement in honesty and chastity." For proof of the material progress made, Mr. Douglass quotes official figures, showing that in the State of Louisiana alone, the colored people pay taxes on twenty million dollars' worth of property; that five years ago in Georgia they paid taxes on six millions, and he believes that in North Carolina and Virginia there is similar prosperity. Mr. Douglass has sanguine expectation of the benefits to be derived from the Slater fund.

A Suit for Damages against a Liquor Dealer has recently been tried in Newburg, N. Y. William Kiles, of Woodbury, a laborer, drank considerably at a liquor saloon kept by a man named O'Sullivan on the afternoon and evening of Saturday, August 18th. The next morning his dead body was found by the side of the railroad track, between Central Valley and Highland Mills stations. He had evidently been killed by the cars. His widow brought the suit against O'Sullivan, claiming that the beer he sold her husband contributed to his intoxication, which intoxication, she alleged, was the cause of Kiles's death. A verdict for $1750 was rendered against O'Sullivan.

Mr. W. Forbes is Holding Gospel Services this week at the Gospel Hall, corner of Park and Marcy Avenues, Brooklyn, under the auspices of the Tompkins Avenue Congregational Church, of which Dr. George F. Pentecost is pastor. The mission commenced last Sunday night, when the Hall was crowded with attentive listeners. Mr. Forbes's mission in Philadelphia last week was eminently successful. Some remarkable cases occurred of rescue from the vice of drunkenness, through the power of the Saviour. Over seven hundred persons signed the pledge and assumed the Blue Ribbon. Among those who welcomed Mr. Forbes to Brooklyn is a gentleman who writes that he had the pleasure of hearing Mr. Forbes at Gainsborough, England, last year, and wishes to bear testimony to the good and lasting work Mr. Forbes was enabled to do there, when the whole city was powerfully moved, and the effects of which are still manifest among the people.

A New Seminary has been Established in Virginia by the friends of the Late Rev. Dr. Plumer, whose portrait and life appeared in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD of July 21st, 1881. It has been chartered as the "Plumer Memorial Female College," in honor of the distinguished divine whose name it bears. It is located at Wytheville, Va., a town on the Norfolk and Western Railroad, one hundred and thirty miles southwest of Lynchburg. Its Board of Trustees has determined to raise an endowment of $50,000 to make tuition free.

A Day of Special Prayer for Temperance in the customary week of prayer was urged by the committee of the Women's National Christian Temperance Union on the managers who arrange the topics for the week. It was announced on November 1st that the request had been rejected, and the Conference of the Women's Christian Temperance Union therefore resolved to set apart the second Tuesday in January for that purpose, and to request ministers of churches to observe the day.

A Remarkable Scene at Jerry McAuley's Cremorne Mission was witnessed recently. It is described in the excellent periodical called *Jerry McAuley's Newspaper*, which records the work of the mission. A few weeks ago a lady saw a young girl from Illinois weeping in a store. She spoke to her, and elicited from her the cause of her trouble. She had been brought to New York for immoral purposes and was deserted, alone and friendless. The lady called a messenger boy and directed him to take the girl to Cremorne, where she was received and was persuaded to return home. The lady went a few nights afterward to Cremorne to learn how her protégé had fared. She remained to the service, and was there deeply impressed. Ultimately she was led to the Saviour. She confessed that she was the proprietor of three houses of ill-fame in the city, and was becoming wealthy by the profits of sin. She immediately closed all the houses, sold the furniture, and *gave away the proceeds*, and on November 28th she was publicly baptized at the mission, and is now happy in poverty, earning her bread by the labor of her hands.

Seven Shipwrecked Sailors were Brought to New York on Saturday last by *the State of Pennsylvania* of the State Line. They were taken off the water-logged ship Benefactress on November 28th. The Benefactress was on her voyage from Quebec to Greenock with a cargo of timber when she experienced a series of gales, which continued from November 15th to November 17th. The ship behaved well for some time, but at length a heavy sea struck her, and she turned almost on her beam ends. The cabin and forecastle were flooded, and when the spars were cut away and the ship righted, she rolled heavily in the trough of the sea. The pumps being injured there was no means of getting rid of the water that had been shipped, and the men were consequently forced to remain on deck day and night. Their thirst was intolerable, as no water could be obtained from the casks in the hold, and they had nothing to assuage it but a few apples. Nine days they remained on the barque, which seemed about to break up under them every moment. On November 26th fifteen men resolved to leave the wreck, and in spite of the captain's protests they took the only boat left, and departed. There was a gale that night, and the captain thinks they must have perished. Two more days of anxiety were passed, and then the State of Pennsylvania came in sight and took the seven survivors off and brought them to New York. It is hoped that the boat with the fifteen men may have been picked up by a passing ship, but there is reason to fear that it was lost. It would appear that in this case, as in some spiritual cases, the wisest course was to wait for rescue rather than attempt self-deliverance (Jer. 3 : 23).

The Conversion of a Liquor Dealer and his wife was announced at a public meeting in New York last week. They at one time did a large trade, and their receipts would sometimes amount to a hundred dollars on Saturday and Sunday, for they had no conscience about Sunday or any other of God's appointments. But while they were living on the ruin of others the devil was busy plotting theirs. They virtually sank into the pit which by trade they digged for others (Proverbs 26 : 27). They became a dissipated pair and lost their business. By and by in their poverty they came to some meetings conducted in one of the lowest parts of this city in the interest of the lost. For some time they had supposed that no man cared for them, soul or body, but to their surprise they learned that they were the objects of Christian solicitude. "And now," said the gentleman who related the incident, "they are rejoicing in the saving knowledge of the Lord Jesus Christ. They give a very clear and intelligent testimony concerning their hope in Him."

A Case of Wanton Mischief is Reported. There is a dangerous wreck—that of the Nankin—sunk in New York Bay. Over the spot where it lies a gas-lighted buoy has been placed as a warning to passing vessels. The buoy consists of a small can, on the top of which is a gas-lamp, which shows a distinct light at night. The lamp is protected by heavy iron basket-work. In spite of the protection, however, the glass in the lamp was recently found by the naval inspector of buoys to be smashed, and the iron screws twisted out of place. The glass bore marks of having been punched with some sharp instrument, and the screws had *evidently been turned with a screw-driver*. It is thought that some person, filled with more alcohol than intelligence, has done the injury. A reward of $250 has been offered for information which will lead to the discovery of the person or persons implicated. It may be hoped that the miscreant who did the infamous deed will be discovered and punished. His mischievous prank might have caused a wreck. Moral wrecks have frequently been caused by a similar spirit of mischief (Prov. 10 : 23).

An Announcement Recently Made by an Official indicates his own kindness of heart. General Pritcher, Superintendent of the State Soldiers' Home in Bath, Steuben County, N. Y., makes public announcement of the fact that the Home is now full to its utmost capacity, and that it will he useless for men to go there expecting to get in. "I plainly see," he says, however, "that one of my most trying duties this winter will be to tell many a poor, foot-sore old fellow, who has made his way here expecting to find a shelter for the winter, that we have no room for him." It is easy to understand how the necessity of refusing such applicants admission must distress any compassionate man. The aged soldiers, too, who are thus turned away from the doors of the refuge will naturally bemoan their hard lot. The soldiers who fight under Christ's banner need be under no apprehension that a similar fate will befall them. There will be room in the refuge Jesus has provided for the poorest and the humblest (Heb. 4 : 9).

JEHOVAH HATH SPOKEN: WILL YE NOT HEAR?

A New Sermon by Pastor C. H. Spurgeon.

"Hear ye, and give ear; be not proud: for the Lord hath spoken. . . . But if ye will not hear it, my soul shall weep in secret places for your pride; and mine eye shall weep sore, and run down with tears, because the Lord's flock is carried away captive."—JEREMIAH 13 : 15-17

God's Design in Threatening—To Prepare the People for Grace—I. There is a Revelation—The Divine Voice—Clear and Plain—Unchangeable—Cheering—II. It Should be Suitably Received—By Accepting it—By Repentance—III. Pride Preventing Reception—Pride of Intellect—Of Self Esteem—Too Great to be Saved—Of Self Righteousness—Self Love—IV. An Earnest Warning—Already Out of the Way—Stumbling on the Mountains—Mystery Everywhere—V. Resort for Friends of the Impenitent—Secret Unavailing Tears.

IN this chapter Jeremiah had proclaimed the judgment of God against His sinful people under two very striking figures. Israel had been to God what a girdle is to a man; the people had been bound closely about Him in His great love and favor; but on account of their sin the Lord would put them away, and they should be hidden by the Euphrates till their beauty was marred; till, in fact, like a rotten girdle, their whole state had become decayed. "Thus saith the Lord, After this manner will I mar the pride of Judah, and the great pride of Jerusalem." Then He spake to them by a second parable—"Every bottle shall be filled with wine;" and He showed how God's wrath would come upon the people to fill them with a judicial drunkenness, so that they should become besotted, and in their delirium should strive one with another to their mutual undoing. The Lord declared that thus He would "dash them one against another, even the fathers and the sons together."

THUNDER-CLAPS OF JUDGMENT.

Thus, under two homely but exceedingly terrible figures, Jeremiah preached the law to the people, that they might be humbled under a sense of sin. Had they but felt the force of this teaching they would have begun to mourn for their sin, and, under dread of wrath, they would have cried for mercy. Taking it for granted that this might be the case, though, alas! it did not so happen, the Lord gave to His prophet an interval for proclaiming mercy. After those two great thunder claps of judgment came a gracious shower of grace.

The prophet, in what we may venture to call an evangelistic style, exhorts the people, and addresses to them the characteristic Gospel precept—"Hear ye, and give ear; for Jehovah hath spoken." His words remind us of Isaiah's exhortation—"Incline your ear and come unto me: hear, and your soul shall live;" and again—"Hearken diligently unto me, and eat ye that which is good." Under the Gospel "faith cometh by hearing, and hearing by the word of God;" and so Jeremiah doth, as it were, in these verses preach the Gospel to the backsliding house of Judah. This is ever God's design in threatening judgment; He desires to prepare the people for His grace. I would take up the prophet's strain by the help of the Lord, praying to be a partaker of His earnest and tender Spirit. Oh, that to-day those who have never heard the voice of the Lord in the inward parts of their being may hear it and live! O Holy Spirit, work thou to that end!

I. We will enter upon our subject at once, for there is much to speak of. The first head will be this: listen, O my hearers, with deep attention, for

THERE IS A REVELATION.

Read the text—"Hear ye, and give ear; be not proud: *for the Lord hath spoken.*" If the Lord had not spoken, the silence would have deepened and established your natural darkness, and if you had been inquiring after God your heart would have cried, "Oh, that He would break this dreadful silence!" But here you have the great source of comfort and instruction

—"Jehovah hath spoken." Is not this a just call for the attention of all His creatures?

The voice which we are bidden to hear is *a divine voice*, it is the voice of Him that made the heavens and the earth, whose creatures we are. Jehovah hath spoken! If it were but the voice of prophets apart from their Master, it might be but a slight sin to refuse what they say; but since Jehovah hath spoken, shall men dare to be deaf to Him? The sacred Scriptures are the record of what God hath spoken: receive them with the reverence which they deserve as coming from God only, and as being, therefore, pure truth, fixed certainty, and unerring right.

It is a word most *clear and plain*, for Jehovah hath *spoken*. He might have taught us only by the works of His hands, in which the invisible things of God, even His eternal power and Godhead are clearly seen. What is all creation but a hieroglyphic scroll, in which the Lord has written out His character as Creator and Provider? But since He knew that we were dim of sight and dull of comprehension, the Lord has gone beyond the symbols and hieroglyphs, and used articulate speech such as a man useth with his fellow: Jehovah hath *spoken!*

Moreover, I gather from the expression in the text that the revelation made to us by the Lord is *an unchangeable and abiding word*. We are not living in a period of gradual revelation, as some imagine; Jehovah hath spoken, and He openeth not His mouth a second time. He hath closed the canon of Scripture with a curse upon him that shall add to or take from the words of the book of this prophecy. Jehovah hath spoken! Beloved, this revelation is pre-eminently *a condescending and cheering word*. The very fact that the great God speaks to us by His Son indicates that mercy, tenderness, love, hope, grace, are

THE BURDEN OF HIS UTTERANCE.

His Son Jesus is full of grace and truth, and therefore that which He now speaks to us is not only truth, but grace; it is truthful grace and gracious truth which God speaks to us by Jesus Christ. Oh, the richness of that message, the height and depth of love which it contains! Who can refuse to listen to the heavenly music of mercy?

If all workmen should throw down their tools, and say, "We will hear what God the Lord shall speak," and if merchants should close their shops and counting-houses for awhile, and come together without delay crying, "Everything must stop till we have heard what the Lord hath spoken;" would it be any more than right reason would suggest to thoughtful and right-minded men? O sirs, if God has spoken, every ear should surrender itself to attention, for surely never could the sense of hearing be more honorably and profitably employed.

II. Secondly—and I have already anticipated it—since there is a revelation, it should be

SUITABLY RECEIVED.

If Jehovah hath spoken, then all attention should be given; yea, double attention, even as the text hath it, "*Hear ye, and give ear.*" Oh, brothers, I fear that we give far more attention to the distracting voices of the world than to the soul-satisfying voice of the God of all grace. How eager men are after the treasure which melts before their eyes—how they will drink in every syllable by which they may learn how to be rich; but when God speaketh, who brings in both His hands eternal and abiding riches, men are deaf as the adder, careless as the beasts of the field. He saith, "I have called, and ye refused; I have stretched out my hand, and no man regarded." Is this right or wise? Surely, if Jehovah speaks we are bound by all that is just, and good, and grateful to wait in reverent silence till we know His mind. Let a general hush go through the universe, and let all ears with solemn reverence await the sound of the voice of the Lord.

Then it is added, as if by way of directing us how suitably to hear this revelation—"*Give glory to Jehovah your God.*" There ought to be in hearing and reading the revelation of God a constant giving of glory to the Lord. His speaking is a manifestation of His glory, as when the sun ariseth his light is spread abroad; you and I are to reflect that light even as the valleys rejoice in his brightness of the noontide. Let us stand, as it were, this morning to be shone upon by the Lord, ready every one of us, to reflect that light which cometh from on high. Give glory to God at once by worthily hearing His Gospel. How is that to be done?

Stand thou still, and hear the word of the Lord. Glorify the Lord by *accepting* whatsoever He saith unto thee as being infallibly true. Believe in the Lord your God, so shall ye be established; believe His prophets, so shall ye prosper. Know what the Lord has said, and let it stand to thee as sure and steadfast truth. Seek for no further reasons to sustain thy faith; but let "Thus saith the Lord" stand to thee in the stead of all arguments. In these days this virtue is lightly esteemed, for the Saviour's words are still true—"He that loveth Me not keepeth not My sayings." In all its length and breadth, whatsoever the Lord saith we believe; and we desire to know neither less nor more than He has spoken.

We must receive the word, however, in a hearty and honest manner so as to act upon it. We must therefore *repent of the sin* which the Lord condemns, and turn from the way which He abhors; we must loathe the vice which He forbids us, and seek after the virtue which He commands. We give glory to God when we

PENITENTLY CONFESS

that we have broken His holy law, and grieve because we have so done. But we must go further than repentance and the acceptance of the truth as truth, we must further reverence the gracious voice of God when He bids us believe on Christ and live. He has couched that message of love in so blessed a form that He who does not accept it must be wantonly malicious against God and against his own soul. For the Lord does not demand that by penances and acts of mortification, and feelings of misery and despair, we are to purge ourselves from sin; but He has graciously declared—"He that believeth on Him is not condemned." "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved." If Jehovah has spoken in such a manner, if the sum and substance of what He has spoken is that "God hath set forth His Son Jesus Christ to be a propitiation through faith in His blood," then we must and will give ear to Him.

There is no part of God's word at which the human mind should kick. If our hearts were in a right state we should fling open all the doors of our mind, and say, "Come in, O sacred truth, come in! Thou art welcome to my heart of hearts since thou comest from my God." If Jehovah speaks ought we not instead of cavilling, and questioning, and disputing, and raising difficulties, just to say, "Speak, Lord, for Thy servant heareth?" When the Lord says to us, "Seek ye My face," our heart should at once reply, "Thy face, Lord, will I seek." I think that point is clear. There is a revelation, and that revelation ought to be suitably received.

THE OBSTACLE.

III. But thirdly, pride in the human heart prevents such a reception. The text runs, "Hear ye, and give ear; *be not proud:* for the Lord hath spoken." And further on the prophet says—"If ye will not hear it, my soul shall weep in secret places *for your pride.*" The prophet here puts his finger upon the blot. Why is it, my dear hearers, that there are any among you this day who have heard God's word year after year and yet have not received it? The secret reason is your pride. Perhaps pride prompts you indignantly to deny the accusation.

In some it is the *pride of intellect*. They do not wish to be treated like children; they are not content to receive the kingdom of God as a little child, and so when Jesus says, "Except ye be converted, and become as little children, ye shall not enter into the kingdom of heaven," they reply that they intend to think out a Gospel for themselves. To lay the inventiveness of thought on one side, and simply to believe what Jesus teaches, is not to their mind; they will not humble themselves to a fact so little self-exalting. Well, sirs, if you shut the door of the kingdom against yourselves because you are too wise to enter, be this known unto you, that the poor have the Gospel preached to them, and that they receive it. If you will destroy yourself to indulge your own conceit, well, so it must be; but the day shall come in which your regret shall know neither measure nor end. Oh, let none of us be so proud as to lift up ourselves in opposition to that which Jehovah hath spoken!

In some others it is the *pride of self-esteem*. "No," say they, "this Gospel which we have heard so often is too simple—we are capable of something more elaborate." We care not to be

SAVED LIKE PAUPERS;

we care not to be freely forgiven as those who have nothing to pay. That no composition will be accepted, not even a farthing in the pound of our own merit—is a doctrine too lowering to our dignity." They set the Gospel on one side because it sets them on one side. They are *too great to be saved*. God save us from such folly. It may well make us weep to think that any man should be so far gone astray from right reason as to throw away eternal bliss in order to walk with haughty steps through this poor life.

Some have a *pride of self-righteousness*. They are good, they have kept the commandments from their youth up; they have attended to religion, they have seen to it that all rites and ceremonies have been duly performed upon them, and they thank God that they are not as other men are. This righteousness of theirs is a garment respectable enough for them to wear, and therefore they reject the righteousness of God. O ye proud, I would to God ye knew that ye are naked, and poor, and miserable. While sin ruins many in the outside world, I fear self-righteousness ruins more among those who attend places of worship. They say "we see," and therefore their eyes are not opened; they cry "we are clean," and therefore they are not washed from their iniquity.

In some, too, it is the *pride of self-love*. They cannot deny their lusts. To cut off right-hand sins, and pluck out right-eye iniquities, cannot be endured by them. Their hearts are set upon a certain evil pleasure, and they cannot give it up. The Gospel of Jesus Christ demands of those who receive it that they shall be saved not *in* their sins, but *from* their sins; it comes to give us renewal as well as rest, purity as well as pardon, sanctity as well as safety; and there are many who, because of their foolish self-indulgence, cannot deny themselves any seeming joy, but must needs fill themselves with the poisoned sweets which delight the flesh. O friend, I wish that this pride were taken from thee, and that it seemed wisdom to thee to deny thyself life itself for the present rather than miss the hope of life eternal.

The *pride of self-will* also works its share of ruin among men. "Who is the Lord, that I should obey His voice?" is the cry of many beside Pharaoh. The unrenewed heart virtually says—"I shall not mind these commands. Why should I be tied hand and foot, and ruled, and governed? I intend to be a free thinker and a free liver, and I will not submit myself." Just so, and you are free to lose all hope of heaven, my friend, free to destroy yourself. If this be your choice, then who is to hinder you in it! I know that I cannot. Oh, that the Lord will lead you to a better mind. Who is to blame but yourself? So I pass from mournfully considering this great evil which prevents the revelation of God from being properly received.

IV. Fourthly, hence there comes

AN EARNEST WARNING.

The prophet has put it—"Give glory to the Lord your God, before He cause darkness, and before your feet stumble upon the dark mountains." I desire to explain this with deep humiliation of spirit on my own part, and with much

trembling lest any one of you should ever by experience know the truth of these words. Listen, my friend, thou who hast rejected God and His Christ till now. *Thou art already out of the way*, among the dark mountains. There is a King's highway of faith, and thou hast refused it; thou hast turned aside to the right hand or to the left, according to thine own imagination.

Being out of the way of safety, *thou art in the path of danger even now.* Though the sunlight shines about thee, and the flowers spring up profusely under thy feet, yet thou art in danger, for there is no safety out of the King's road. If thou wilt walk according to His bidding thou shalt be quiet from fear of danger, for no lion shall be there; but inasmuch as thou art now thine own keeper and thine own law, and thou followest in thine own ways, thou art in great peril. The unbeliever is condemned already, because he has not believed on the Son of God. Escape, I pray thee, while thou mayest, and enter upon that one road which is strait and narrow, but leadeth unto life eternal—the way of faith in Jesus.

If thou wilt still pursue thy headlong career, and choose a path for thyself, I pray thee remember that

DARKNESS IS LOWERING

around thee. The day is far spent! Around thy soul there are hanging mists and glooms already, and these will thicken into the night-damps of *bewilderment.* Thinking but not believing, thou wilt soon think thyself into a horror of great darkness. Refusing to hear what Jehovah has spoken, thou wilt follow other voices, which shall allure thee into an Egyptian night of confusion. Thou wilt go on meditating and excogitating, or criticising and trifling, till thou art enveloped in a cloud of doubts, wrapped as in a dense smoke of speculation, and well-nigh smothered in exhalations of unbelief. Thou shalt not know what to do, nor what to think, nor what to say, nor whither to betake thyself, for thou wilt have renounced thy guide and quenched thy torch.

Meanwhile, there shall overcloud thee a darkness bred of thine own *sin and wilfulness.* Thou shalt lose the brightness of thine intellect, the sharp clearness of thy thought shall depart from thee, professing thyself to be wise thou shalt become a fool. For after that darkness there comes

A STUMBLING,

as saith the text, "before your feet stumble upon the dark mountains." He who is going to think out his own way apart from revelation, will meet with mysteries which he cannot surmount. There are mysteries in revelation, but these rise before us like hills of light; while to those who trifle with the word of the Lord there shall arise mountains of gloom. I care not what philosophy you take, whether it be old or new, openly profane or faintly sprinkled with Christianity, you will never get rid of mystery—it is essential to the limited capacity of the human mind confronted by boundless truth.

There are also dark mountains of another kind which will block the way of the wanderer—mountains of dismay, of remorse, of despair. Woe to that man who finds himself travelling at midnight, without a guide, without a road, amid tremendous mountains, impassable to human feet. Ah, when a man comes into the land of doubt, which is a land of darkness, as darkness itself, and of the shadow of death, without any order, and where the light is as darkness—how terrible his case! I say no more—thank God, my hearers, you are not there yet! Therefore hearken to Jehovah's voice, and give glory to God ere He send a thick darkness over all your soul, even darkness that may be felt, and your feet stumble, never to rise again.

After that stumbling there will come

BITTER DISAPPOINTMENT.

The man finding that he cannot discover his way sits down awhile, and says to himself, "I will wait till the moon rises, or the day dawns. Many before me have come to a pause; no doubt light will come." He looks and looks and looks again, but all in vain, for thus saith the prophet, "While ye look for light, he turns it into the shadow of death." Dread word—*death!* Terrible shade which death casts over men's minds! That shadow is coming on the man as years advance, and he has no light with which to dispel it. The physician cannot remove the death shadow—the disease is incurable.

I do not know what may ever happen to me in this life; perhaps it shall come to pass that I may be visited with severe physical infirmities, and possibly these may cause me mental depression and anguish; but this one thing I know, I have committed my mind, my heart, my whole intellectual nature to His keeping who has promised to preserve His own. I desire to believe nothing but what He tells me, to do nothing but what He bids me, and to yield myself to no influence but that which He ordains for my direction; and, therefore, it seems to me that having done this for many a day I can with unstaggering confidence say at the last, "Father, into Thy hand I commit my spirit." Believing in God I am not fearful of the future. Neither dark mountains nor dark death can cause the believer to stumble, for he cries, "I know whom I have believed, and I am persuaded that He is able to keep that which I have committed unto Him against that day." But oh, if God be true, what will become of you who will not hear Him? If the Bible be true, what must be your portion who pretend to be wiser than the Holy Ghost? You must assuredly wander into that endless captivity from which there can be no redemption.

V. So now I have to close, but not till I have delivered my burdened heart once more. If the people would not submit to God, the prophet determined what *he* would do. There remains for

THE FRIENDS OF THE IMPENITENT

but one resort. The loving prophet cries, "If ye will not hear it, my soul shall weep in secret places for your pride; and mine eyes shall weep sore, and run down with tears, because the Lord's flock is carried away captive." He cannot do anything more, he has no other message to deliver. He cannot hope that God will brook their insults and invent another way of saving them. He has told them the truth, and if they refuse it he will lay no flattering unction to their souls. He will deliver the word of the Lord once more, and if they again refuse he will go home to mourn for them.

He could not help those who would not be helped by God. If they refused to hear, he does not speak to them of "a larger hope" yet to be revealed, another season of probation, or a future revelation which would override the present world. Ah no, he loved men too well to invent for them fools' paradises; he dared not imitate the old serpent in the garden by insinuating—"Ye shall not surely die." I fear that the garments of many modern divines are steeped in the blood of souls whom they are deluding with their "larger hope," which is but a larger snare of Satan. Jeremiah had a brave though tender heart; he did not truckle to men, and sing pretty ditties to them, as preachers nowadays are prone to do; but he told them they would stumble in the darkness, and that nothing remained for him but to sigh out his soul over their ruin.

What a burden it is that so many should cause us this

UNNECESSARY SORROW,

for if men turned to God our joy would exceed all bounds. O my hearers, why will you distress me? Turn ye, turn ye, why will ye die? What excuse can you urge for your folly in choosing to perish? What motive can be strong enough to make you leap into the fire when Christ is waiting to be gracious to you? We have labor enough in preparing and delivering our weighty messages, without the added grief of seeing you reject them to your own destruction. Our throes of heart are sometimes grievous enough before we preach a sermon lest we should not preach aright; why must we be driven to this further misery? We exhaust ourselves while pleading with you; why should we have to sit down in sorrow because you will not believe our report? O blessed Spirit of God, touch all hearts this day, for Jesus' sake. Amen.

[PORTION OF SCRIPTURE READ BEFORE SERMON—Jeremiah 13: 1–17; John 1: 1–18.]

SAVED, SO AS BY FIRE!

By the Rev. J. C. Whitmore.

"WHO'S got a copper for poor Peter? I'll stand on my head! or give you a dance! or sing you a comic song for a copper, or a drop o' beer. Now, who's going to throw the first copper into the old hat toward getting a dinner for poor Peter?"

Hungering and despised, weary and sick at heart—yet "no man gave unto him." Some looked upon him with a half-smile of pitying forbearance, regarding him as scarcely a responsible being; others, especially the younger men, made no attempt to hide their disgust at his presence, but openly bade him go and leave them to eat in peace the dinner *they had earned.* Amid all, he stood bearing with a sickly attempt at laughter the hard words and coarse hints directed against him.

With the same sickly smile upon his face, he passed out upon his wretched way. From house to house poor Peter went upon his miserable, profitless way; meeting everywhere with the same contemptuous treatment, the same scornful rejection. As the day closed, and night came, he sought his miserable home. It was in a narrow court at the end of a filthy lane. He entered the open door of one of the houses—always left open night and day, for the sufficient reason that the whole house contained nothing worth stealing. He ascended a narrow staircase, and passed into a close, dimly-lighted room, which filth and squalor made rife with fever and death. There were dirty bundles of mingled straw and rags, intended for beds, in three of the four corners of the room; an old broken table, two chairs without seats, one old saucepan and a little crockery—and *this* was home!

Without a word of greeting he sat down, ignorant and careless whether his wife and children had been fed during his absence; and he began to prepare for rest. His toil-worn wife glanced keenly at him from under her bent brow, and then timidly said, "There's a bad message concerning Nellie, Peter; she must have caught the fever when she came here last week. I went down to see her this afternoon; but a boy came late this evening to say she was very bad and wanted you to go and see her." As the poor wife spoke, she looked up fearfully, as if uncertain in what manner such unwelcome intelligence would be received.

He made no reply, but replaced his worn shoes upon his weary feet, and went forth into the sharp night. Shivering with cold as the bleak wind met him, he steadily, and for a time silently, held upon his way. At length he began muttering, "Nellie! Nellie! down with the fever! I'd sooner it had been all the others together! Poor Peter's one lamb, the despised drunkard's last hold and hope in life! Nellie down! bright-eyed Nellie! I wish I knew there was a God! I'd pray to Him and ask Him to spare Nellie to me; but I haven't believed in any God for years; if I had, I shouldn't be as I am now! But Nellie always loved me; when all the rest ran away afraid, Nellie never did; she came the closer, and looked up—wondering what mad devil had got into father, but certain it would not hurt *her.* And I never did beat little Nellie, drunk or sober! Haven't I gone hungry myself many a time with little Nellie's halfpenny loaf safe in my pocket? And I know I drank harder, because I missed her so, when she went away from me to service. Why didn't I, why couldn't I, keep sober, and have little Nellie with me at home?"

Struggling on as fast as he was able, and muttering fitfully to himself as heavy gusts of rain

A Journey in Old Times.

Beatrice Grey's Momentous Ride.

fell on him, he went through the darkness and cold until he reached the house where his daughter had found much kindness and a good home as a servant. Nellie was lying as if exhausted, her face colorless, her lips black and swollen, and her breathing hard and difficult. A low, wild cry that he could not repress broke from him; and then his face was covered by his hands, as he sank upon his knees by the bedside.

The sound roused the dying girl; she looked wildly and unconsciously around until her eyes met the shrinking figure by the bedside. Then thought and the old love returned to her; she gently raised the bowed head until it rested upon her hot, laboring bosom; and his arms were flung around her with an intensity that said he knew not how to let her go.

"Leave me alone with father a little while, nurse, dear," said Nellie; "I have something I must say to him before I go." The woman left the room silently; and they were alone.

"Father! darling father!" she said, her arms clinging lovingly round his neck, "I am dying, and I want you to pray to our Father in heaven for me!"

A low groan that seemed wrung from the depths of a breaking heart was the only reply he was able to give; but it caused the fever-glittering eyes to fix more intently upon him, and the hot arms to tighten around him as she spoke again. "I want you to think of our old home, father, where you used to twine my hair round your fingers as I climbed upon your knee, and so remember how you always loved Nellie! I wish such times may come again, though I shall not be with you; and so I ask you to pray for me and yourself too."

With an outburst of sobs and tears, that shook the dying girl as a leaf in the autumn wind, her father for the first time in a long life uttered words of earnest prayer to God. He gasped forth, "God in heaven, have mercy upon my darling and upon me!" The barriers once broken down, the pent-up deluge burst forth. With his daughter's arms around him, her hot breath upon his tear-stained cheek, there the poor drunkard pleaded earnestly for mercy; and though the words were labored and interrupted, they were earnest and heartfelt—and they *were heard.*

A few days, and what had been Nellie was laid in a green spot until the great awakening. Peter fought the hard strife—and conquered; clinging to his work, to Nellie's Bible, and to prayer. Among the vilest he goes upon his way, speaking of Jesus, of Nellie, and of hope; himself a living Gospel to the drunkard, a breathing proof of the infinite willingness of the Son of God to rescue and to save.

A JOURNEY IN THE OLD TIMES.

"Only twenty minutes more," the driver said, and his words fell on the ears of the two passengers on the box beside him with significance. But the emotions they awaken differ widely. The two—father and son—are about to be permanently separated. The young man to pursue a business career in the great city, the father to labor on his farm as he had done for thirty years past. The separation has spread gloom in a happy family circle, but it had to be made. The boy has a fine opening, and mother and father were willing he should take it. The mother's good-by was said nearly twelve hours before at the door of the farm. Now it is the father's turn, for he has accompanied his son a day's journey on his road. A few words in a choking voice are quickly said, and the two have parted, the son to continue his journey, the father to await the passing of the coach homeward.

The coachman understands well enough the boy's sensations, and is not surprised that his short answers are uttered in a voice husky with tears. How many similar partings had he seen! He is accustomed to it, but it had not blunted his sympathies, and he says a few kindly words of encouragement to the boy at his side.

How many of us can remember such a parting scene. Thirty, forty, fifty years have passed away since then, but as we think of it we feel the nipping air in our faces, see the passing country from our elevation, the backs of four good horses are in front, and the tune the coachman is humming sounds in our ears. Ah! that scene was of long ago, how much has passed since then! But the old coach and its team still have a tender spot in our memory.

BEATRICE GREY'S MOMENTOUS RIDE.

A True Incident.

"And so you are going to be married next week, Miss Grey? I most sincerely wish you all the happiness you deserve." The speaker was a real estate agent, and he addressed a young lady who had ridden over from her father's farm in the country to give some instructions to the agent which had been submitted to her decision by her affianced husband. He was absent in a distant State, but he was coming back soon to be married and to live in the neighborhood.

"Yes, I am going to be married, Mr. Bertram," was the reply. "I cannot say that I have very sanguine hopes of excessive happiness, but I dare say we shall be as happy as other married couples. It is a kind of lottery, you know. I fancy there are not many utter blanks nor many great prizes."

"Well, I hope you will have one of the prizes. I know your husband will have one, and I hope he will appreciate it as he ought."

"Oh, it is late in the day for you to pay compliments," said Beatrice Grey, with a blush and a smile which showed that the flattery was not distasteful to her. "I suppose Mr. Lovell thought me a prize or he would not have taken the trouble to win me. At any rate, he showed his admiration in a more practical way than some people did."

"That is a very unkind thrust at a very old friend, Miss Beatrice," said the young man. "I should have expected sympathy not reproaches from you at such a time as this. You are cruel."

"No, I am not cruel, I only speak the truth, Mr. Bertram, and we have known each other so long that we can afford to speak truthfully to each other. I think Mr. Lovell's homage is more practical than that shown by empty compliments. But I must go or it will be dark before I get through the wood, and then I shall be scared."

"If you will permit me, I should be delighted to accompany you home, Miss Grey. It may be the last opportunity we shall have of private conversation, for after you are married your husband may not approve of our friendship, and there are some things I should like to explain to you."

"Be quick, then, and have your horse around, for I do not want to be late."

The horse was soon at the door, and Fred Bertram, as idle and unprincipled a man as ever lived, was cantering away at the side of the woman who had fascinated him for years.

"Tell me, Beatrice," he said, "why you chose Lovell for a husband? I should not have expected you two of being smitten with each other."

"Oh, we women do not choose for ourselves. Men come around and view us as if we were slaves in a market, and if they approve they make us an offer, and we can accept it or not; but if we refuse we may stay at home all our lives and never be asked again. That would not suit me. Mr. Lovell is a worthy man, he has a good income, and he likes me, and I have

accepted him, and there is an end of it."

"Pardon me, Beatrice, not the end; the beginning I should rather say. And not a very hopeful beginning, either. I do not see how you can be happy on such terms. And apart from that, Lovell being so sedate and dull and religious, he will be a perpetual reproach to you. He will not let you dance, or go to the theatre, or even laugh above your breath. You will be miserable."

"No, it will not be so bad as that," said Beatrice, "but I expect I shall be dull."

Bertram rode close to his companion's side, and bending down whispered a few words in her ear. She looked up at him with a flushed face, and shook her head, but before that ride was over the vain, pleasure-loving little woman had consented to break her promise to her lover and become the wife of Fred Bertram.

Many years have passed away since those two faithless ones rode together under the trees. They have been years of trial and sorrow for both. They began a life of pleasure and frivolity which lasted but a year or two. Then came poverty, sickness, children whom neither parent knew how to train, and at last death separated them. The injured lover still lives, and the sight of his happy home with a wife who loved and honored him added to the remorse Beatrice experienced as she thought of the sterling gold she had rejected for the tinsel of vain show.

Interview between Wilberforce and Wesley.

VISIT OF WILBERFORCE TO WESLEY.

NEARLY a century ago the interview occurred which is depicted in the illustration on this page. The scene was the old house attached to the Chapel in the City Road, London. The two men, attired in the quaint garb of that time, were men whose influence in their own day was immense, and extends in ever widening circles into our time. It was an interview between William Wilberforce and John Wesley. The former, by his persistent efforts, continued during twenty years, succeeded in inducing his countrymen to abolish slavery in the British dominions by fair and peaceable means. His more violent followers would have had an act of emancipation passed setting the slaves free at the expense of the slaveholders; but Wilberforce regarded the project as one of spoliation, and resisted the advocates of it. He contended that as the law had sanctioned the right of property in slaves it was due to those who had embarked in speculations depending on that sanction being continued that they should receive compensation for the loss which must ensue. The slaveholders were compensated at the expense of the nation, and the slaves were set free.

The visit to Wesley occurred on February 24th, 1789, just prior to the session in which Wilberforce first proposed to the House of Commons the abolition of the slave trade. It is not known what passed at that interview, but there is reason to believe that the conversation was a serious and earnest one. John Wesley's account of it is this: "Mr. Wilberforce called upon me, and we had an agreeable and useful conversation. What a blessing it is to Mr. Pitt to have such a friend as this!" The notice in Wilberforce's diary is as brief: "I called upon John Wesley—a fine old fellow. The bustle and hurry of life sadly distract and destroy me. Alas, alas, I must mend! May God enable me!" Wilberforce was then under thirty years of age, but he had already given evidence of his marvellous powers. In all the brilliant circle of wits and statesmen which he frequented there was no member of it whose conversation exercised so potent a charm over all who listened to it as did that of Wilberforce. Even Sydney Smith, the prince of wits, did not eclipse him, and there was no greater conversational enjoyment for the foremost men of that time than to get the two wits together and to listen to their good-humored jokes and repartees. All who knew Wilberforce at that time predicted for him a brilliant future.

The young member of Parliament had indeed a brilliant future before him, but its brilliance was of a character utterly different from that expected by his friends. About the time of his interview with Wesley a change came over him which completely revolutionized his life. We know from his diary, published some years after his death, that he was under deep concern about salvation when he went to see Wesley, but that he had not then found the light. The entry in Wesley's diary, however, shows that the great preacher saw reason for hope that the light would come to the earnest seeker.

Wilberforce was first aroused from the gaiety and frivolity of his life of pleasure while on a tour through Europe. He and an intimate friend were travelling together, when a book fell into their hands which powerfully moved them both. It was "The Rise and Progress of Religion in the Soul," by Doddridge. They read it together, and from that they proceeded to the study of the Greek Testament. The Spirit of God blessed that study, and Wilberforce hurried home to get spiritual advice from the most eminent theologians of the day. John Newton especially he desired to see, and it was to John Newton more than any other that the great emancipator owed under God the emancipation of his own soul.

After his conversion Wilberforce had to decide an important question. He was in doubt as to whether he ought to abandon his Parliamentary career and devote himself to the preaching of the Gospel. He considered the matter carefully and prayerfully, and ultimately decided that his opportunities for usefulness would be greater in his own sphere than in any other. It was like the duty "of beginning at Jerusalem," to begin Christian work and to lead a Christian life in that godless circle. But Wilberforce did it by the help of God. Two objects Wilberforce set before himself—"the Reformation of Manners" and "the Abolition of the Slave Trade," and to these he devoted his long and useful life. He was throughout encouraged, at various crises of his career, and at times when after defeat his spirit was sinking within him, by letters from Wesley urging him to go on in the good fight.

POVERTY'S PREY.

A SERIAL STORY.

(*Continued from page* 783.)

In New Quarters.

EUCLID'S dense ignorance of Scripture truth might have appalled some men, but Mr. Dudley was a constant visitor in the slums of a great city, and he was too much accustomed to the darkness to be found there to be greatly surprised. He was surprised, however, for the spectacle of the old man standing in court and appealing to the judge for mercy on the prisoner who had robbed him of all his poor savings, had led the listener to think such magnanimity must be the product of religion. Euclid's answer, however, proved that religion had nothing to do with it. But Mr. Dudley realized how such a man would be impressed with religious truth. He resolved, therefore, to discover how much or rather how little Euclid did know.

"Do you know nothing of our Lord Jesus Christ?" asked Mr. Dudley.

"I've heard the name," he said reflectively. "Oh, yes, of course I've heard the name; but I've had no time to inquire into such things, and they puzzle my head when I hear talk of them. Jesus Christ! Ay, I do know the name well, sir. My wife knew all about Him, I dare say. She died when Victoria were born. Poor dear! She could say texts and hymns—lots as I forgot; but some on 'em I remembered long enough to teach 'em to Victoria. Victoria, my dear, do you know anythink o' Lord Jesus Christ?"

"Not much, father," she answered tremulously, and leaning forward with her pale, eager face in gaze at the stranger, who was beginning to talk about what she had often longed to hear.

"You've heard of Queen Victoria?" said Mr. Dudley.

"Ay!" answered Euclid, "there's a many streets and taverns called after her."

"If you heard," continued the stranger in a very quiet, yet clear, impressive voice, "that Queen Victoria was so filled with trouble and sorrow for folks like you, that she had sent her own son, and that he had quite willingly left the splendid and beautiful palace where they live, to come and live in this street here among you, working for his own bread like all of you are doing, and spending all his spare time in teaching the children, and nursing the sick people, and helping the neighbors in every way he could, never growing tired of them, but trying to make them as good as himself, what would you think of him?"

"I'd lay my hands under his feet!" cried Bess in an eager tone.

"There'd be no goodness like that in this world!" said Euclid.

"And if he went on," continued Mr. Dudley, "week after week, month after month, and year after year, never going home to his mother's palace, only sending messages to her from time to time, because he was bent upon making you all as good and as happy as himself, and fitting you to go and live with him as his friends in his own palace; and if some of you loved him, but most of you hated him, and those who hated him raised a mob against him, and killed him, and he had only time to send a last message to Queen Victoria, and the message was, 'Mother, forgive them: they do not know what they are doing,' what should you say to that?"

"There never was such goodness!" exclaimed Euclid, while Victoria's dark eyes were fastened on the stranger.

"Suppose he was even now in the street, and you heard his voice calling, 'Come to me, all you that labor and are heavy-laden, and I will give you rest!' would you go to him?" asked Mr. Dudley.

"I'd follow him to the end of the world!" answered old Euclid, striking his hands together, and half rising from his seat, as if to start instantly on his pilgrimage.

"That's one o' mother's texts," said Victoria in a timid voice.

"Yes," continued Mr. Dudley, "they are the words of Jesus Christ, the Son of God. Did you never hear this: 'There is joy in the presence of the angels of God over one sinner that repents?' Do you think that is true?"

"Ay, it must be true," answered Euclid; "for my wife's gone to heaven, and she'll have joy, I know, over Roger, if he turns out good."

"Those are the words of Jesus Christ, the Son of God," said Mr. Dudley. "And now, if you could look down into the street, and see such a man as we spoke of, the queen's son, looking round him sorrowfully on the drunken men and miserable women and wretched children here, and you could hear him say, 'I am come to seek and to save those who are lost,' should you believe him?"

"I should! I should!" said Euclid, with tears in his dim old eyes.

"Jesus Christ said that," continued Mr. Dudley. "And if you could hear Him say to you and Victoria and Bess, 'Let not your hearts be troubled: ye believe in God, believe also in Me. In my Father's house there is plenty of room; I am going to prepare a place for you all. And, if I go, I will come again, and take you there myself, that where I am you may be also.' Tell me, what would you say to that?"

"God bless Him!" cried old Euclid, sobbing; while Victoria's eyes shone with a bright light, and Bess listened with parted lips.

"The very night before His enemies killed Him, Jesus Christ said that, and left it as a message to every one who should believe in Him," said Mr. Dudley. "What a pity you have not known Him all your lives! 'God so loved the world that He gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life.' If you could read, Euclid, there is a small book which tells us all we know of Jesus Christ, the Son of God; and all He said and did is as true for us now, as it was then, before His enemies rose against Him, and crucified Him."

"I'm afeard I'm too old to learn now," said Euclid regretfully; "but Victoria there has plenty o' time, if anybody 'ud teach her; and, if she's not a-goin' to die soon, it 'ud be company for her to have that little book. And Bess must learn somehow. I never knew as Jesus Christ said anythink like that, 'Come to Me, poor laborin' folks, when your load's heavy, and I'll give you rest;' and 'There's joy in heaven over sinners when they repent;' and 'I'm come to find and save lost folks;' ay, and all the other words you've told us. 'They don't know what they're doin'.' Ah! that's true. It's true of me, and true o' Blackett and Roger and all on us! No, no! we don't know what we're doin'!"

"I'll find some one to teach Victoria and Bess," said the stranger; "and Roger will be well taught. He is going down the river to the ship Cleopatra, where he will be trained for a seaman, and taught how to read and write. I thought you would be glad to know that."

"Oh, if Davy could only ha' gone where Roger's goin'!" said Bess sorrowfully.

Mr Dudley listened attentively to the story of David Fell's crimes against his country and her laws, and the measure of stripes meted out for them; and, learning the name of the jail where he was now imprisoned, he went away, promising to see them again soon.

John Dudley went away with a heavier heart than when he came to bring good news of Roger. If one boy was saved, the other seemed irretrievably lost. He knew too well one inevitable result of sending boys to prison—the forfeiture of their only wealth, the wealth of a good name. If David came out of jail neither degraded nor corrupted by contact with confirmed criminals—a thing he hardly dared to hope—he would still bear about with him, at the very beginning of his life, the stigma of being a convict and a felon!

Dudley's blood boiled and his heart ached with mingled indignation and sorrow, as he paced slowly along the narrow and dirty street which had been at once David Fell's school and playground. Scarcely a decent man or woman met his eye, and his ear heard oaths and speeches such as had been the common language surrounding David from his earliest childhood. Yet what had the boy been guilty of? Untaught, untrained, with no instruction but the vile and coarse lessons of a London slum, he had kept true to the only faith he had—his faith in an honest and industrious father. He had striven to his utmost to be honest and industrious, and he had not failed. His crimes had been—begging for his mother when she was dying of hunger; and resenting—hotly, perhaps, but bravely—an insult to his mother's good name, when that was maligned by the man who had robbed her.

Misery and degradation and crime lay all about Dudley as he turned homeward; and for the moment it seemed a hopeless task to endeavor to raise this dead mass of a city's lowest population from its ignorance and savagery. And what if the law did not aid him? If the best of these young barbarians, yielding to his natural instincts, broke the laws he did not know, and was arrested by a Christian people, not to be wisely and gently dealt with, but to be set forevermore against society, every man's hand against him, and his hand against every man, what chance was there for him and his fellow-laborers to work any deliverance?

John Dudley paced along the streets, deep in thought, yet taking unconscious notice of the groups of loafing, ill-fed, ill-clad lads who thronged the causeways. His mind was pondering over a book he had been reading lately—a very popular book, which has been a favorite with the people. It was "Tom Brown's School-Days." The school was Rugby; the head master, Dr. Arnold, a man called to his post by God Himself, and set there as a pattern and example to all schoolmasters. Every boy in the school was the son of a well-to-do, if not a wealthy, father. But, oh, the scrapes those boys got into, and got out of! the crimes against English law they committed! Had the same measure been meted to them that every day was meted to these desolate, degraded, uncared-for street-lads, how many a brave and worthy gentleman—ay, and magistrate—of the present day must now have been a gray-haired convict in penal servitude!

He had known boys and girls under fifteen years of age sent to jail for breaking down a rotten fence; for throwing a stone, and unintentionally breaking a window; for snatching an apple off a stall, or a penny loaf out of a baker's shop; or for stealing a few turnips from a field, and a handful of corn from a sheaf. But what were these trespasses compared with many committed, day after day, by schoolboys in every school in the kingdom? No doubt the schoolboys were punished; but they were not cast, in the name of law and justice, into a gulf from which there was no clear escape in this life.

By and by his thoughts turned to old Euclid. It was quite plain that he must move away from his garret, now Blackett's hatred was so greatly provoked. But where must he go? Could nothing better be found than that miserable attic, with its thin roof of slates and lath-and-plaster ceiling, as the sole shelter against the frosts and snows of winter and the hot sun of summer? No wonder that girl looked like a ghost, with her small, wan face, and emaciated frame! Could nothing be done for them?

At last his face brightened, and he turned hastily southward, toward the river. He went on nearly to the docks, and then entered a short and quiet street. A fresh breeze blew up from the water, chilly enough this February night, but giving promise of a pleasant air on a summer's day. He paused at a little store with miscellaneous wares displayed in a bay-window with small panes, and with a door divided across the middle, the upper part of which was open. As he pushed open the lower part, a sharp little bell tinkled loudly, and in an instant an elderly woman appeared in the doorway of an inner room.

"I'm coming in, Mrs. Linnett," he said.

The small kitchen beyond the shop was scantily furnished with an arm-chair cushioned with home-made patchwork, two Windsor chairs, a table, and a kitchen-piece, combining a chest of drawers with a cupboard. But the walls were decorated with many cheap foreign curiosities; and over the fireplace hung a highly colored engraving of a three-master, all sails full set, and four little black figures, representing the crew, standing at equal distances along the bulwarks. A burning mountain in the distance, in a terrific state of eruption, and the intense blue of the sea and sky, suggested the Bay of Naples. Underneath were the words, "Barque Jemima; master, Thomas Linnett."

There was no light in the little kitchen, except that of the fire; but there was enough to show the placid and pleasant face of Mrs. Linnett, though it was partially concealed by a green shade over her eyes. John Dudley smiled as he looked at her.

"I think I've found you a little maid," he said, "and a lodger, if I pay a small portion of his rent. He's an honest old fellow, or I'm much mistaken; and he gets his living by selling water-cresses."

"It's a poor trade," remarked Mrs. Linnett tranquilly.

"He's as poor as a man can be, and keep off the parish," continued Mr. Dudley; "and he has a daughter very sickly, who will grow well and happy with a little mothering such as you will give to her. And there's a strong bright girl, whom they have adopted, and who is the little maid I spoke of."

"Three of 'em!" said Mrs. Linnett.

"You like to have plenty of folks about you," he answered persuasively: "and by and by the elder girl will help you to keep shop, and Bess

will clean and scrub, and you will be at leisure to be my Bible-woman. You shall teach sick and miserable people what you know about God and our Lord Jesus Christ."

"And them three—do they know?" inquired Mrs. Linnett.

"They know nothing," he said. "None of them can read, and the old man has only one idea in his head—how he can keep off the parish, and bury his children and himself in coffins of their own. Try them, Mrs. Linnett. Old Euclid goes to the market every morning, and Bess might still go with him, and bring back a basketful of fruit or vegetables for the shop fresh every day. Only promise me to try them."

"You were pretty sure o' that afore you came in, Mr. Dudley," she answered, with a quiet laugh. "I couldn't say 'no' to you, as befriended me when Thomas Linnett died away at sea. Where would my little pension ha' been but for you? There's the front room up-stairs, and a closet as'll do for the old man to sleep in, and Bess 'll sleep with me. I've kep' them for old shipmates o' Thomas Linnett's; but they'll find lodgings close by, and my heart goes after those two young lasses as have everything to learn. They'll fill up my spare time when trade's slack."

"How often is trade slack?" asked Mr. Dudley.

"Not as often as you'd think, sir," she said cheerfully. "Bein' so handy to the docks, there's always some old mate or other droppin' in as knew Thomas Linnett. They step in here, or, if it's fine, they sit on the counter, and we talk of old times on The Jemima; and most of 'em 'ud spend more money in the store than I let 'em. Some of 'em leave their money with me for safety, and I've six or seven sea-chests in my room to be took care of. So there's not so much slack time for me as you'd suppose."

Old Euclid visited the new lodgings proposed to him the next day; for there was no time to be lost. Some caution was necessary in making the move, so as to leave no clew by which Blackett could trace them. To make sure of perfect security, the old bedsteads once belonging to Mrs. Fell were privately disposed of, as well as the broken chair and empty boxes. The rest of their possessions were packed up, and stealthily conveyed down-stairs at four o'clock in the morning, Euclid's usual hour for being about; and a hand-truck, sent by John Dudley, quietly carried them off. Later in the morning, Victoria, pale and trembling, descended the familiar staircase for the last time, and, clinging to Bess, passed Blackett's open door. He scowled at them as they went by, and muttered an oath; but he did not rise up to follow them. When they had safely gained the corner of a street, a hack took them up, and set them down at Mrs. Linnett's door.

(To be continued.)

DEATH OF SAUL AND JONATHAN.

S. S. Lesson for Dec. 23, 1 Sam. 31 : 1-13. Golden Text, Prov. 14 : 32. By Mrs. M. Baxter.

Saul's Godless Reign—Gathering of the Enemy—From Prayer to Witchcraft—The Battle—Defeat of Israel—Saul Wounded and a Fugitive—His Death—Saul a Type—The Policy of Self—A Contrast—Self Changed but not Annihilated—Cannot Kill Itself—How to be Rid of it.

THE time of Saul's destruction was hastening on. For more than twenty years he had dragged on his reign, keeping up appearances, with all the external insignia of power, but knowing that he was rejected of God, and that his kingship was in reality a hollow sham. The Philistines grew bolder in their warfare, and gathered together their armies to fight with Israel. Saul's courage failed, "he was afraid; and his heart greatly trembled" (1 Sam. 28 : 5). And well it might, for when he inquired of the Lord, "the Lord answered him not, neither by dreams, nor by Urim, nor by prophets." A man who cannot get an answer from God may well fear; if God is against him everything is against him, and how can he know that God is on his side, if he prays and prays and no answer comes? Saul had once chosen to be wrong with God rather than lose credit with the people, and now, when he would fain have had God on his side, it was too late. The poor unhappy man had recourse to sorcery, and sought out "a woman that hath a familiar spirit" (1 Sam. 28 : 7); although one of the acts of his reign had been to put away such out of the land. The spirit which she called up only confirmed Saul's worst fears; he had but a day to live, and then eternity! he had spent a lost life and he had to face

A LOST FOREVER!

The Philistines fought against Israel; there was no spirit in Saul to inspire his people to action; the Lord was not with him, and he knew it. No wonder then that "the men of Israel fled from before the Philistines, and fell down slain in Mount Gilboa." All resistance became useless; the word of God had gone forth, and Saul knew that his doom was hastening on. Had it been only for time, and he had no future to think of, it might have been bearable, but the spirit who was called up by the witch of Endor, had said, "To-morrow thou and thy sons shall be with me" (1 Sam. 28 : 19). Saul had the horrible anticipation of meeting God whom he had made his enemy, and now he and his sons too were going forth to certain death.

The first of them to die was David's beloved Jonathan; then Abinadab, then Melchishua. Part of the spirit's prediction was accomplished, but Saul still lived. The Philistines followed hard upon him, the pursuit was a hot one; God permitted it. "The battle went sore against Saul, and the archers hit him; and he was sore wounded." The end had come which long before had been determined by God, and the only question now was

HOW SHOULD SAUL DIE?

Saul said to his armor-bearer, "Draw thy sword, and thrust me through therewith; lest these uncircumcised come and thrust me through, and abuse me. But his armor-bearer would not; for he was sore afraid. Therefore Saul took a sword, and fell upon it." But self, of which Saul is a type, cannot kill self. In the very next chapter we read how a young man, an Amalekite, came to David, bringing with him the golden bracelet from the arm of Saul, and the crown which he had worn, with the tidings that Saul and Jonathan were slain. And in answer to David's question, "How knowest thou that Saul and Jonathan his son be dead?" the young man answered, "As I happened by chance upon Mount Gilboa, behold, Saul leaned upon his spear (probably the weapon with which he had thrust himself through); and, lo, the chariots and horsemen followed hard after him. And when he looked behind him, he saw me, and called unto me. And I answered, Here am I. And he said unto me, Who art thou? And I answered him, I am an Amalekite. He said unto me again, Stand, I pray thee, upon me, and slay me: for anguish is come upon me [or my coat of mail hindereth me, see margin], because my life is yet whole in me. So I stood upon him, and slew him, because I was sure that he could not live after that he was fallen: and I took the crown that was upon his head, and the bracelet that was on his arm, and have brought them hither unto my lord." Some suppose this story to have been an invention of the young man to curry favor with David; but Josephus relates that when Saul's armor-bearer would not slay him he called the Amalekite to do it.

SAUL IS A TYPE OF SELF,

the carnal mind which "is not subject to the law of God, neither indeed can be" (Rom. 8 : 7), and which Jesus calls on us to deny, "If any man will come after Me, let him deny himself" (Matt. 16 : 24). Self, like Saul, is always head and shoulders taller than anybody else; and it is the principle which governs us in our natural life, and which takes in our being that place which God claims as His. It is self in a man which feels hurt and wounded when he does not get the credit he desires for that which he does; Christ in us gives all the credit to God. It is self in us which retaliates when we are unjustly treated; Christ in us when He is reviled, reviles not again. Self in us pities itself, thinks it has a right to be noticed and sympathized with, when in physical suffering, when it cannot get room in the car, when the car-conductor won't stop, when some one *will* open a window and make a draught, or shut a window and it can't breathe; self thinks it is to be pitied in all these circumstances, and loves to relate them, and excite and receive the compassion it craves. Christ in us sees the hand of God in all these things, believes they are all working together for our good, and praises God for a little test of faith or patience.

Self in us feels hurt if other people are being praised, and all their merits discussed; their work for God related, and their zeal and love admired; self thinks it loses too much ground, and seeks to turn the conversation to its own zeal and devotion or that of its father, mother, brother, sister, uncle, aunt, or twentieth cousin; so that the party spoken of shall feel that self has as much to boast of as he has. Christ in us is pained when anything is said about ourselves, or our work, knowing that the Lord Himself does it all; but rejoices to hear that of others spoken of, and is glad of the grace of God in them. Self is conscious of the impression it makes upon a person or people in entering a room, Christ in us makes us unconscious of ourselves. Self is always ready to exact its rights as regards honor, comfort, convenience, property, etc., and self has generally a somewhat magnified view of what its rights are. Christ in us has no rights but the will of God, and can therefore always and under all circumstances praise Him.

Saul is an apt type of this rival of God in our hearts and lives. Self may be changed as Saul was, may have "another heart," and be "turned into another man;"

BUT SELF IS STILL SELF

and not Christ. Self may be changed from sinful self and worldly self to converted self, but the same self-seeking, self-esteem, self-pity, self-justification is there, only on another ground. Self may become sanctified self, and the passion of life may be holiness; self may be the essence of consistency, and yet be self still and not Christ. There may be the greatest devotion, the greatest self-sacrifice on one hand, but it may be for the object of attaining holiness in ourselves, for the satisfaction of being, and being known as, holy people; but this is self still. Christ seeketh not His own, Christ seeks not His own glory, nor His own will, nor His own ideal, and speaks not His own words. Numbers of most earnest devoted Christians do not discern how much of self there is in their spirit, in their work, in their aspiration after, and in their experience of holiness.

As Saul was rejected, so is self; God cannot mix with self, and thus self must die, but die by its own hand it cannot. If we attempt to mortify self, the very attempt strengthens it, it is only as self is handed over to God and ignored that its death comes about. And this is no rapid process. Self, although condemned, may linger on, constantly manifesting itself in one form or other where it is least suspected. But

HOW AM I TO GET RID

of self? many say. Thank God, He has told us. Our old man is crucified with Him that the body of sin should be destroyed, and therefore, "Reckon yourselves dead indeed unto sin." Surely if dead to sin then dead to self also. This is just what the Lord says, "Let him deny himself." Paul did this when he said, "Not I live but Christ liveth in me." Saul attempted his own destruction, but could not accomplish it, and God made use of the Amalekite; but Saul had to will it. This is all we can do. Our faith and our will go very much together—if we will to be dead, we gladly take by faith that place of death which God has given us, and to every claim upon self we answer, "Not I live but Christ." To praise, blame, injury, persecution, "Not I live but Christ."

FOREIGN TOPICS.

Another Massacre in Egypt was Reported on Monday last. A despatch from Cairo says: "A detachment of the Egyptian army was annihilated on Sunday, December 2d. The troops, chiefly negroes and Bashi-Bazouks, were marching with most of their Remingtons packed on camels, when, suddenly, over five thousand Bedouins, armed with spears and old muzzle loaders, attacked the detachment. The camels all stampeded. About six hundred troops managed to form a square—the blacks on three faces, the Bashi Bazouks on the fourth. The fight lasted only about twenty minutes, the Bedouins crying, 'Join us and kill the Christian dogs from Cairo!' All the Bashi Bazouks were killed. Many of the blacks threw up their hands, shouting, 'Aleikum salaam!' 'Peace be to you, true Mussulmans!' and then went over to the Arabs. The moral effect of this new victory of El Mahdi's followers is spreading like wildfire, his emissaries and dervishes appearing already in Upper Egypt and Assonan—the usual halting place for Cook's Nile tourists—and *preaching holy war*. The whole country is in a blaze. The rank and file of the Egyptian army at a favorable moment is likely to declare for the False Prophet, who is now regarded by the entire population as the true Messiah of Islam." The Sultan of Turkey offered to send an expedition to put down the revolt, but he was peremptorily informed by France that he would not be allowed to interfere.

An Effort to Save the Life of O'Donnell, the murderer of Carey, is to be made. His execution is fixed for December 17th. The friends of O'Donnell intend to present a memorial to the Home Secretary, asking that his sentence be commuted. The grounds on which the plea would be based are that it was not established in the trial that the murder of Carey was premeditated. A rumor that Mr. Lowell would use his influence on behalf of the condemned man was current last week, but is now contradicted. Mr. Lowell has received no instructions from the United States Government which, in his judgment, would justify him in interfering; it will be seen, therefore, that the hopes that commutation will be granted must be extremely feeble. The general feeling is that O'Donnell will suffer the penalty at the appointed time. The demeanor of O'Donnell in his prison continues to be exemplary. When informed of the date of his execution he received the intelligence with the most complete composure, and said to Father Fleming, who was with him, "I am quite ready to meet my fate. *I have done my duty.*" As he cannot read, his prayers are read to him daily. The prevalent opinion in England is that worthless as Carey was, and infamous and despicable as he was, he was entitled to protection, and that O'Donnell must be executed as a warning to lawless people in Ireland and elsewhere.

Apprehensions of a War between France and China still prevail. A despatch pubished, on December 7th, says news has been received in Hong Kong from Tien-Tsin, the port of Pekin, that the government of China refuses to withdraw or modify its claims in regard to Tonquin, and that *she prefers war* to the surrender of the province to France. Large bodies of troops are continually passing Hong Kong *en route* to the Tonquin border. Premier Ferry still withholds his reply to the despatch of Marquess Tseng, in which the latter asked that Admiral Courbet be instructed to cease operations against Sontay and Bacninh. Marquess Tseng, becoming impatient, asked that an immediate response be given. The French Government expects to hear at any time from Admiral Courbet that he has captured Sontay, Bacninh and Honghoa as well. The attack on Bacninh will, it is believed, be followed by a declaration of war. Foreign residents in China are seriously alarmed, as the Chinese do not discriminate between Americans and Europeans, but regard all alike as infidels. They recently wrecked a Christian chapel in Canton. Dr. A. R. Platt, our Consular representative at a Chinese port, recently said to a reporter: "A mob is likely to massacre the whole foreign population at any moment, for the feeling is very bitter. The Chinese Government, of course, does all in its power to arrest such a movement, but it could hardly protect foreigners in such an event. The Chinese are terribly fanatical, and the slightest excitement may precipitate horrible atrocities. I hope that war will not be declared between China and France, for the almost certain result to the foreigners living in Chinese ports is fearful to contemplate." The Viceroy, however, assured Consul Seymour that he was able to protect the American missionaries, and was determined to do so.

Evidences of Disunion in the British Cabinet increase. The members of it are delivering speeches in different parts of the country, and the sentiments they utter are so antagonistic that it is difficult to understand how they can work together harmoniously. Nevertheless, they deny that any division in the Cabinet exists, Mr. Chamberlain himself calmly declaring that he is quite unaware of any; but Lord Salisbury, in an amusing speech at Watford; catalogued the contradictions between the public statements by members of the Cabinet on franchise and other questions, and predicted Lord Hartington's ultimate surrender. The Tories threaten to question the Ministers at the opening of the session as to whether they will accept or reject Mr. Chamberlain's declaration in favor of manhood suffrage. Such an interrogation may possibly lead to an open split in the Cabinet.

The Barbarities of Russian Prisons are being exposed in the European press. The Paris correspondent of the London *Times* has sent to his journal a letter, which was *written in blood* by a Nihilist confined in the Troubletskoi Bastion at St. Petersburg. It describes the harrowing treatment received by the prisoners, and says their food is often mouldy and sometimes putrid; that dysentery and scurvy are prevalent, and that the doctor is afraid to touch the patients. Few medicines are prescribed, and when ordered they are generally countermanded. The number of those who go mad in consequence of their sufferings is daily increasing. Madmen are strapped down and whipped with the knout by the keepers. Fierce yells resound throughout the night. Many prisoners have committed suicide. It is said that one woman was outraged and then poisoned, but no inquiries into the affair were instituted by the authorities. Rats are the worst enemies of the prisoners. A woman with a babe was obliged to be constantly on the watch and to fight night and day to prevent the rats from devouring her child. The use of combs and soap is forbidden, and the prisoners, especially the women, whose hair is allowed to grow, are literally devoured by vermin. The jailers are only kind to those having money. Prisoners who refuse to answer questions are tortured, and cases of violation of women are frequent. The writer especially appeals to the civilized world in behalf of the women in the prison, whose situation, he says, is far worse than that of the men. An effort is being made to induce the Czar to personally investigate the charges.

A Riotous Attack on the Gospel Meetings in Ireland occurred on December 2d. Major Whittle was conducting meetings in Wexford when a mob attacked the theatre in which the service was being held, and *attempted to burn the building*. The mob took full possession of the town, broke the windows of a Protestant church and those of nearly all the houses in the place occupied by Protestants. The dresses of ladies who attended service at the church and theatre were torn off, and the gentlemen accompanying them were stoned, and several of them injured severely. The mob paraded the streets for several hours, singing, "God save Ireland!" The mob made *a bonfire of all the Bibles* and hymn-books that could be found. One Protestant gentleman was attacked and carried down to the harbor, the intention of his assailants being to drown him; but some respectable Catholics interfered and saved him. Another Protestant was chased through the streets, and finally sought refuge at the police barracks, where he was told that the police were unable to protect him. He was seriously wounded. The police were confined to the barracks throughout the riot. It seems that even Americans cannot safely preach the Gospel in Ireland. The shipload of food and the immense sums of money sent from America to relieve Irish distress and to save the people from starvation count for nothing as claims on the people for gratitude. They now reject the spiritual bread of life that would be the salvation of the country.

Messrs. Moody and Sankey are Laboring with constantly increasing success in London. Tickets for admission are eagerly sought by non-churchgoers as well as by Christian people. The large hall is crowded at every service, and the numbers who go away, unable to gain admission, would fill another hall almost as large. Mr. Moody has been led by the Holy Spirit to dwell frequently and with emphasis on the heinousness and fearful consequences of the sin forbidden by the Seventh Commandment. He rightly believes that the prevalence of this sin justifies a departure from the reserve with which the subject has hitherto been dealt with in promiscuous assemblages. The secular papers mention the services with commendation. The London *Graphic* especially speaks in terms of warm eulogy of the evangelists and their work. After remarking on the evident earnestness and disinterestedness of Messrs. Moody and Sankey and their marvellous power over the congregations who listen to them, it says: "Their audiences consist largely of small tradesmen, clerks, shop-girls and servants. Good influences diffused through one class are sure to filter through unseen ways into the classes lower down. The clergy of various denominations in the north of London have been almost unanimous in the hearty assistance they have given to Messrs. Moody and Sankey in a work which the Bishop of Rochester lately commended in such warm terms to the support of Churchmen."

Volume V. of the Christian Herald and Signs of our Times is now ready, bound in cloth, containing all the numbers for 1882 with complete index. Price $3, including postage. Ten per cent less to ministers and the trade.

A New Magazine, Devoted to the Subject of faith healing, entitled *The Lord that Healeth Thee*, will be issued early in January, and *twice a month* afterward. The editor is the Rev. W. E. Boardman, formerly of Philadelphia, Pa., but now Superintendent of Bethshan, the house for faith-healing in London, Eng. The specimen copy sent us contains the following articles: Tidings of Faith Healing from Abroad; The Lord that Healeth Thee, by the editor; Reports of the Bethshan Weekly Meetings; The Last and Best Physician; Is not Sickness Sent for our Good? The Strife of Tongues, by Mrs. M. Baxter; An Incident Related at Trinity Church, Hackney, by Rev. J. Allen; Jottings from Bible Reading, Bethshan, by Miss. C. C. Murray; Questions and Answers. May be ordered through the office of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD. Single copies, five cents. Annual subscription, one dollar.

The Prophetic News and Israel's Watchman (London) for December, may be had from the office of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, price six cents. Annual subscription, seventy cents. It contains: Zechariah's Flying Roll: a Prophetical Monograph, by Rev. E. J. Hytche; The Twelve Signs: Being Israel's Banners Borne in the Wilderness, by Rev. J. H. Broome; Habbakuk's Vision of the Coming One, by Rev. C. Graham; Fallen Angels: their Place in Past, Present, and Future Ages, by Rev. T. J. Malyon; The Suspension of the Covenant Foretold by Zechariah, by Rev. J. H. Pember, a summary of Passing Events viewed in connection with Prophecy, etc.

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD AND SIGNS OF OUR TIMES.

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THE LATE REV. W. C. BURNS,

Pioneer Missionary to Amoy, China.

Born in 1815—Early Ambition—Decides to Become a Lawyer—Unexpectedly Visits Home—Prepares to Enter the Ministry—The Students' Missionary Society at Glasgow—Devotes Himself to Foreign Mission Work—Licensed to Preach in 1839—Takes Charge of the Rev. R. M. McCheyne's Congregation—A Remarkable Revival—Evangelistic Work from 1841 to 1844—Sets Sail for China in 1847—Work at Hong Kong, Amoy, etc.—Lam San Boils His God—Persecution of Converts—A Missionary Attacked—Mr. Burns's Last Days.

THE interest now manifested by European statesmen in the people and affairs of China is shared by Christians everywhere. But while those statesmen are speculating on the courage and warlike capacity of that vast empire and the probability of its opposing the French aggression on Tonquin by war, the Christian is chiefly concerned with the progress of missions in the benighted land. There is urgent need for prayer that war may be averted. China is naturally indisposed to submit tamely to seeing a province on her southern border, over which she exercises suzerainty, seized by the French, and while she clearly shrinks from a conflict, it may at any time be forced upon her. Should war unhappily ensue, the cause of missions will inevitably suffer. To the majority of the Chinese people all foreigners are alike. They are little likely to discriminate between the foreigner who ravages the country with fire and sword and the foreigner who carries the message of peace. Thus it is possible that the French aggression may retard missionary progress and even imperil the lives of the missionaries. At such a crisis the story of the life of a man who devoted his life to pioneer missionary work in China cannot fail to be read with interest.

William Chalmers Burns was a son of the Rev. W. H. Burns, D.D., and was born on April 1st, 1815, in the manse of Dun, in Angus, Scotland, of which parish his father was minister. Six years afterward the family removed to Kilsyth manse. He grew up a strong, sturdy youth, disinclined to intellectual pursuits, and with a strong desire to become a *country farmer*, but a circumstance occurred which changed at once the current of his thoughts, and opened a new and, as the event proved, a permanent change in his character. A maternal uncle, a lawyer in Aberdeen, who happened to be on a visit to Kilsyth, detected in William evidences of a vigorous intellect, which he believed would repay cultivation. He therefore invited him to spend a winter in Aberdeen, and take advantage of the training of the grammar school of the far-famed city, then at the very height of its fame. The invitation was accepted, and the lad, who was then thirteen years old, speedily felt the fascination of the place, and became ambitious of literary distinction.

From the school he creditably passed in 1829 to the University, standing in the fifth place among more than a hundred competitors for an open scholarship in Marischal College. He obtained honorable distinction in all his classes, and returned home in 1831, having completed, as he believed, his education and full preparation for the work of life. The profession he had chosen was that of

A LAWYER.

His father, who, seeing with pleasure his educational advancement, had earnestly desired his dedication to the Christian ministry, was disappointed, but feeling that in such a matter the boy should follow his inclinations he gave his reluctant consent, and a few months afterward he was settled with his uncle, Mr. Burns, a Writer to the Signet in Edinburgh.

God had, however, designed William for a far higher and nobler work than that which he had chosen for himself, though, as yet, he had no knowledge of Christ. About the middle of January, 1832, he suddenly and unexpectedly walked one evening into the dining-room at the manse, where his mother and sisters were sitting. His grave and earnest face and his manner, so different from his ordinarily careless, frivolous deportment, showed that he had news of importance to impart. In answer to their anxious queries he said that he had been brought from darkness into light and desired henceforth to consecrate his life to the service of the Saviour. He had walked all the way from Edinburgh, a distance of thirty-six miles, to obtain his parents' consent to his abandoning the legal profession in order to become

A PREACHER OF THE GOSPEL.

That consent was gladly given, and he reentered the University of Aberdeen to prepare himself for ministerial labor. He subsequently went to the University of Glasgow to complete his theological studies. There he formed the acquaintance of Norman McLeod, James Halley, and others, who afterward became famous, and with them he enjoyed intimate friendship.

In the University at this memorable period was

A STUDENTS' MISSIONARY SOCIETY,

of which Mr. Burns was throughout his course an active and zealous member. This was a sort of focus and rallying-point of everything that was most earnest and Christian, both in the divinity hall and in the undergraduate classes. Here William Burns was ever peculiarly at home, and breathed an element which was to him more than any other congenial and inspiring. It was here, and especially while listening to the weighty and earnest words of a missionary—Dr. James Kalley—who was about to sail for China, that he first rose to the full idea of that entire and absolute consecration of his whole being and life to the service of Christ which in his subsequent ministry distinguished him. It was there that he formed his first definite purpose of devoting himself to the mission field.

HE WAS LICENSED TO PREACH

by the Presbytery of Glasgow on March 27th, 1839. He had already offered himself to the India Committee of the Church of Scotland Missionary Society, as ready to go to Hindostan. Just at this time he was invited by the Rev. Robert M. McCheyne, who was going as one of a deputation to visit the Holy Land, to take charge of his congregation at Dundee. This he accepted as a valuable opportunity of labor while he waited for entrance on the labor to which he had consecrated his life.

A REMARKABLE REVIVAL

took place in Scotland from 1839 to 1841, in which Mr. Burns was marvellously used by God for the conversion of souls. This work of grace began at Kilsyth, where he was preaching from Psalm 110 : 3. The preacher pleaded so earnestly with the people to close with God's offers of mercy, and the Spirit of the Lord became so mighty upon their souls as to carry all before it, like the rushing wind of Pentecost! The whole tone and spirit of the place seemed changed, and an air almost Sabbatic brooded over it, which strangers recognized.

From 1841 to 1844 Mr. Burns was engaged continuously in

EVANGELISTIC WORK,

chiefly in Newcastle-upon-Tyne, Edinburgh, and Dublin. He always sought the lowest and most depraved classes of the people, and though exposed at times to insult and danger from those whom he addressed, successfully carried the Gospel of Christ to multitudes. In 1844 he was led in the providence of God to visit Canada, where the same blessed results attended his Gospel-preaching, although he met with violent opposition from the Roman Catholic populace. It was on his return from Canada in 1846 that at length the longed-for call came to him to enter the field of missions to the heathen. He had been *nine years* in this preparatory training in the home-field when, at the age of thirty-one, he was sent forth as

A MISSIONARY TO CHINA.

The mission to China of the Presbyterian Church was commenced in 1847, and Mr. Burns was set apart as the first missionary of that Church, by the Synod at Sunderland in the month of April in the same year. Two years previously, the Church had resolved to undertake a mission to China. For two years they waited upon God in prayer, at the same time making diligent search for some one qualified for the work; but none appearing, the Committee had actually agreed to recommend the Synod in 1847 to abandon China, and turn to India instead, when, to the surprise and delight of the Committee, Mr. Burns presented himself at the Synod, and on the Convener asking how soon he could go out, he replied with characteristic readiness, "*To-morrow.*" He was at once accepted, and on April 21st, 1847, solemnly ordained for the purpose.

He set sail from Portsmouth in the ship Mary Bannatyne, on June 9th. His farewell to his native land was full of tenderness and of brave hopefulness. After a voyage, not unattended with peril, of *five months*, the vessel anchored in Hong-Kong Bay at midnight on November 13th. At Hong-Kong Mr. Burns remained for *twelve months*, engaged in the study of the language, and at the same time ministering with much acceptance to a small congregation of English people. At the end of that time he had acquired such a knowledge of the language as to be able to make preaching excursions among the natives.

At length, in 1850, he made an attempt to establish himself at Canton, but suitable premises not being obtainable he

PROCEEDED TO AMOY,

to join Dr. Young, a member of his former congregation at Hong-Kong, but who had now commenced to work for Christ as a missionary of the Gospel. There he arrived on July 5th, 1851, rapidly acquired the new dialect, fitted up at his own expense a little chapel, and found good opportunities of preaching "the glad tidings" among the numerous towns and villages on the island of Amoy. As a proof of his earnest desire for the prosperity of the mission he sent home a whole year's salary as a contribution to the funds of the society; in regard to which it was remarked by the Convener, "Surely that field is ripe unto harvest when the reaper sends home his own wages to fetch out another laborer."

From this era his labors were truly abundant, though as yet little blessing could be seen. But three years later there were visible blossomings and buddings of the coming spiritual vintage; and at this very time Mr. Burns commenced a preaching tour which led to the awakening of many souls and the rapid extension of the native church.

TWO NATIVE CHRISTIANS

accompanied him on the occasion, whose history may be briefly noticed. *Cheng-Choan* had been *a fortune-teller*, and possessed great fluency of speech. He had been attracted by the preaching at the Mission-room in Amoy. On the first occasion he was driven away by a remark of the door-keeper, who, unhappily, was not a Christian. A year afterward the fortune-teller came again. *An American missionary* asked him, "Are you well? Is your heart at peace?" It was not; but as the result of listening to the Gospel, he yielded himself to Christ, and consecrated his rare powers of speaking to the service of God. The other man, Tiek-Choan, a schoolmaster, hearing of the new religion, could not understand why they should tell these Gospel stories to the people *without asking for money*. There is a class of story-tellers in China who narrate a story to the crowd, and then stop in the most thrilling part of it and ask for money. Tiek determined in his heart to discover the secret of this strange generosity. He, too, listened to the story of the Cross, and was won by the Saviour's love.

With these two men as his companions, Mr. Burns went as far as Pechuia, a country market-town about twenty miles distant. Here a house was hired for preaching, and the message of salvation was attentively listened to, and a considerable number turned to the Lord. Among those who, at this time, abandoned their idols to serve the living God was a young man named

Lam San, who early showed much decision. On the annual occasion of the birthday of

"THE GOD OF THE FURNACE,"

he took the god and put it in a pot of water, boiling on the fire (*see frontispiece*). The idol having been thus defaced was afterward found by Lam's mother, and both parents beat their son unmercifully for his conduct. Some of the other converts going to comfort the son under this treatment, so reasoned with the parents, showing that if the idol could not take care of itself, it surely did not deserve their protection, that their sentiments underwent a sudden and entire change, and in a day or two afterward they, with their four sons, brought out all their idols and ancestral tablets, and publicly destroyed them in the view of the people.

In the year 1862 a considerable interest was manifested in the Gospel at a village called Khi-boey, about thirty miles distant from Pechuia. It appears that at the beginning of this year, a man named *Chioh* left the Mission-hospital at Amoy to return to his own village of Khi-boey. He had received Christ, and at once became a missionary to his fellow-villagers. Mr. Burns spent several days there the same summer, and was cheered to find a congregation gathered of about thirty Christian worshippers. As usual, they had to bear much opposition from their neighbors, and in the beginning of 1863, during the idolatrous festivities of the Chinese new year,

A SERIOUS PERSECUTION

broke out against the young Christians, owing to their refusal to contribute toward these heathen practices.

Not long afterward Chioh, in whose house the Christians had been in the habit of assembling, was driven from his home, and on his attempting to take refuge in the house of another Christian, the roof was broken by a mob, and Chioh prevented from entering. His widowed sister was then attacked, and her son threatened with death unless their demands for money were complied with; a sword was brandished over the lad's head while they required that he should cease to worship God. This he resolutely refused, declaring himself ready to die rather than renounce his faith. Chioh and another went down to Amoy for advice, and Mr. Burns at once returned with them to see what could be done. While he was attempting to pacify the enraged villagers, one of the converts was set upon by a number of men armed with bludgeons and pikes, and severely beaten, and would probably have been killed but for the intervention of Mr. Burns (*see frontispiece*).

An interesting incident was witnessed at Anhai about the same time. Two children were to be baptized. As the family lived at a distance of three miles from the chapel, the father was seen on the Sunday morning carrying his two infants slung from the ends of a long bamboo pole on his shoulders, as the Chinese commonly carry burdens; on the one end a basket was slung, in which a little boy sat, and on the other a cradle holding an infant of two months. The wife, who was not then even an inquirer, accompanied her husband to be present at the ceremony (*see frontispiece*).

We have space to mention only one more incident. In the year 1875, a missionary, named Campbell, had an almost miraculous escape from death at the village of Peh-tsui-khe. A fierce, lawless clan by the name of Gaw, on the plea that a Mission-room being built for the native Christians, interfered to prevent it, and the chief, named Gaw-a-chiu, sent a band of between thirty and forty armed men to attack and plunder the Christians. One midnight, Mr. Campbell was awakened by the smell of fire. He discovered that his bed-room was burning, and that the house was completely surrounded by

A FEROCIOUS BAND OF MEN

armed with spears and knives, determined on taking his life. On attempting to escape he was driven back by the spears into the fire (*as shown in the frontispiece*). Escape seemed impossible, but committing himself to God, he made a last effort, and dashing out of the burning pile, he made his way through the dense smoke, which covered his retreat. Cold, exhausted, and almost naked, he remained concealed all night on the hill-side, and the next day under a burning sun made his way, with the help of a native preacher, to Ka-gi, where he was supplied with food and clothing. The shock and injuries sustained on that terrible occasion by Mr. Campbell were so serious as to require a furlough at home for rest and recovery.

As the pioneer of Protestant Christian missions in China, the name of Mr. Burns will ever be fragrant in the memory of the entire Church of Christ. His best monuments are to be found in sinners led to the source of life in Hong-Kong, Amoy, Swatow, Tat-hau-po, Pekin, and New-chwang, in Manchooria, besides at numerous missionary stations in remote and intervening villages and towns adjacent to those great centres.

LAST DAYS AT NEW-CHWANG.

In New-chwang Mr. Burns secured a dwelling-house and a Mission room, and with two native assistants carried on the work, finding the people very willing to listen to the Gospel message. There he remained, abundant in labors, from the end of August, 1867, to the day of his death, April 4th, 1868. We would gladly dwell on the events of his last days on earth, but our limits forbid. Let it be simply told that his death at the age of fifty-three was like a calm and radiant sunsetting. His last words were, "For Thine is the kingdom, and the power, and the glory."

The Presbyterian Church, under whose auspices Mr. Burns labored with such apostolic zeal, now employs about twenty-two European missionaries, and more than seventy native evangelists, besides students, missionary ladies, and a missionary teacher. J. E. Mathieson, Esq., Mildmay Park, London, is one of the honorary and devoted Secretaries.

THE CHINA INLAND MISSION,

the outcome of the sanctified genius and earnestness of the Rev. J. Hudson Taylor, has also a band of devoted and noble-hearted men and women laboring for Christ in China. Besides these, a small band of earnest agents represent the Baptist Missionary Society. In addition to these a noble band of *American* missionaries are laboring with success in the benighted land. The area of China Proper is 1,300,000 square miles; the population of China is more than 300,000,000, or about six times that of the whole of the United States. In other words, China contains about one-fourth of the entire population of the world. Surely the claims of a heathen land like this should lead many Christians to devote themselves personally to the work of winning its people to Christ, or to furnish liberal contributions for others to undertake the enterprise, through the Missionary Societies, in order that the Gospel of salvation may be communicated to the perishing millions of China.

THE BIBLE AND THE NEWSPAPER.

A Ghastly Discovery was Made on an Island off the Chinese coast by an American crew, one of whom has written an account to the newspapers. He states that the crew of the Hannah Rice while on their way to Mungur, on Shantar Bay, in Siberia, stopped at Big Shelter Island to enjoy some duck shooting. They crossed the island, and to their amazement discovered a vessel a cable's length from the beach. She had been hauled out on a high tide. A short distance from her, in a very exposed position, was a log cabin banked high on three sides with earth. "On approaching it," says the sailor, "we were startled to see lying a few yards from the door the detached bones of a man. Pushing open the door an overwhelming stench greeted us. We fell back precipitately, but finally mustering courage again advanced, and what a horrible sight met our gaze. Almost at the threshold lay a decomposed body. In a corner opposite the door lay another, and in a bunk built on the side was still another, making four in all. They were entirely unrecognizable, being nothing but masses of putrid flesh We found quite a store of salt beef, hard bread, tea, molasses, tobacco, etc.; also, two rifles, three old rusty sabres, and some ammunition." Near the bodies was a log-book containing entries showing that the men had died from scurvy alone and far from succor. It was a terrible death to die in that great solitude. That lonely island was a type of what this world would have been after sin entered it but for the infinite pity of God. When it was utterly lost and ruined He put forth His hand and provided a remedy (Isa. 59 : 16).

A Physician was Killed by his Remedy at North Salem, N. Y., last week. At an inquest held in that place on December 10th on the body of a well-known physician who had died suddenly the day before, the testimony showed that the doctor had for several weeks been suffering from a nervous attack, and that in order to steady his nerves he took a strong dose of morphine. When he had taken it he told his wife, and medical aid was summoned, but too late to save his life. Physicians tell us that the action of morphine is not to remove a disease or to cure, but to so act upon the brain and nerves as to render them less susceptible to pain and produce equanimity and restfulness. In this case the doctor had better have borne the pain. It is so in the case of people under suffering from conviction of sin. Worldly friends prescribe a treatment of theatres, dances, and other pleasures, and spiritual life is often quenched forever by their prescription (Mark 4 : 19).

A Perilous Escape of two Ladies from a Burning building in Baltimore, Md., on December 10th, is described in a despatch from that city. It was a high building, and when it was all in flames the spectators were horrified by seeing two ladies clinging to the iron balcony from the second-story window screaming for assistance. A gentleman ran and fetched two hair mattresses, which he placed under the windows below the balcony. The smoke poured from the window, and the young women let go their hold. One of them, instead of dropping, jumped, and struck her back against the stone steps and broke her spine, receiving injuries which will prove fatal. The other simply dropped upon the mattresses, and escaped severe injuries, though she was badly bruised and sprained. It is probable that the lady who jumped did not understand the instructions of her rescuers, or that she obeyed a natural impulse against simple passivity. It is such a natural impulse that frequently keeps sinners from rescue by Christ. They cannot understand that they must give up trying to save themselves, and, releasing their hold of all else, simply fall into His arms (Rom. 10 : 3, 9).

The Grip was Given and Taken at the Meeting of the Brooklyn Bridge Trustees last week. Colonel Paine, the inventor of the grip fixed beneath the cars on the bridge, presented to the trustees the right to use it and all its appliances forever. An endless steel cable is kept running to Brooklyn and back on the bridge by powerful engines, and the difficulty has been to devise a secure grip under the floor of the cars which would grasp the cable so firmly as to maintain its hold even when the cars were crowded. The success achieved by Colonel Paine was shown by the report of a Bridge official, who stated that Colonel Paine's grip had been applied and released 24,402 times, and had failed to take the car across only four times. The number of persons who had travelled in the cars so drawn across the bridge was 561,520. The motion of the cars excites surprise in the minds of country visitors, who from the river watch them go across, apparently without motive power; but they understand it when they see the strong cable and the powerful machinery underneath the car that is applied to it. So men go safely through this life and clear over the river of death who have a firm grasp on Jesus and trust to Him for safety (II Cor. 3 : 4, 5).

THE VACANT CHAIR.

A Sermon by Dr. Talmage.*

"Thou shalt be missed, because thy seat will be empty."—1. SAMUEL 20 : 18.

Saul's State Dinner—David's Vacant Seat—Association in the Home—I. The Father's Vacant Chair—Reserved for Him—Don't Crowd it—Influence like that of a Throne—Napoleon's Chair—Joy which killed a Father—II. The Mother's Chair—Music in it—The Voice from the Chair—A Wayward Son's Reformation—III. The Invalid's Chair—The Power of Patient Suffering—IV. The Child's Chair—A Potent Throne—Music Stopped by a Babe in California—An Array of Vacant Chairs—V. The Pastor's Chair—No Vacant Chairs in Heaven.

SET on a table the cutlery and the chased silverware of the palace ; for King Saul will give a state dinner to-day. A distinct place was kept at the table for his son-in-law, a celebrated warrior, David by name. The guests, jewelled and plumed, come in and take their places. When people are invited to a king's banquet they are very apt to go. But before the covers are lifted from the dishes Saul looks around, and he finds a vacant seat at the table. He says within himself, or perhaps audibly, "What does this mean? Where is my son-in-law? Where is David, the great warrior? I invited him, and expected him." What a scene is this, a vacant chair

AT A KING'S BANQUET!

The fact was that David, the warrior, had been seated for the last time at his father-in-law's table. On the previous day Jonathan had coaxed David to go and occupy that place at the table, saying to David in the words of my text, "Thou shalt be missed, because thy seat will be empty." The prediction was fulfilled. David was missed ; his seat was empty. That one vacant chair spoke louder than all the occupied chairs at the banquet.

In almost every house the articles of furniture take a living personality. That *picture*, in regard to which a stranger won't see anything remarkable either in its design or its execution, is more to you than all the pictures of the Louvre or Luxembourg. You remember who bought it, and who admired it. And that *hymn-book*, you remember who sang out of it ; and that *cradle*, you remember who rocked it ; and that *Bible*, you remember who read out of it ; and that *bed*, you remember who slept in it ; and that *room*, you remember who died in it. But there is nothing in all your house so eloquent and so mighty-voiced as the vacant chair. I suppose that before Saul and his guests got up from this great banquet there was a great clatter of wine-pitchers, but all that racket was drowned out by the voice that came up from the vacant chair at the table.

Millions gazed and wept at John Quincy Adams's vacant chair in the House of Representatives, and at Mr. Wilson's vacant chair in the Vice-Presidency, and at Henry Clay's vacant chair in the American Senate, and at Prince Albert's vacant chair in Windsor Castle, and at Thiers's vacant chair in the councils of the French nation. But all these chairs are unimportant to you as compared with the vacant chairs of your household. Have these chairs any lessons for us to learn? Are we any better men and women than when they first addressed us?

I. First, I point out to you

THE FATHER'S VACANT CHAIR.

Old men always like to sit in the same place and in the same chair. They somehow feel more at home ; and sometimes when you are in their place, and they come into the room, you jump up suddenly, and you say, "Here, father, here is your chair!" The probability is it is an arm-chair ; for he is not as strong as he once was, and he needs a little upholding. The hair is a little frosty, the gums a little depressed, for in his early days there was not much dentistry. Perhaps a cane, and old-fashioned apparel ; for although you may have suggested some improvement, father doesn't want any of your modern fashions. Grandfather never had much admiration for new-fangled notions.

I sat at the table of one of my parishioners of a former congregation, and the aged man was at the table, and his son was presiding at the table ; and the father somewhat abruptly addressed his son and said, "My son, don't now try to show off because the minister is here. Your father never liked any new customs or manners. I prefer the old way of doing things." And he never looked so happy as when, with his eyes closed, he sat in the arm-chair in the corner, contented, from his wrinkled brow to the tips of his slippers. The waves of all the past years of his life broke at the feet of his chair. Perhaps sometimes he was a little impatient, and sometimes he told the same story twice, but over

THAT OLD CHAIR

how many blessed memories hover! I hope you don't crowd that old chair, and that it does not get very much in the way. Sometimes an old man gets very much in the way ; especially if he has been so unwise as to make over all his property to his children, with the understanding that they are to take care of him. I have seen in such cases the children crowd the old man's chair clear to the door, and then crowd it clear into the street, and then crowd it into the poor-house, until at last the old man fell out into his grave. But I hope that with you your father's chair was a sacred place, and the children used to climb up on the rungs of it for a good-night's kiss, and the longer he stayed the better you liked it. But that old chair hasn't been used now for some time. The furniture-dealer wouldn't give you fifty cents for it, but it has the influence of a throne in your domestic circle.

NAPOLEON'S CHAIR.

I saw in a French palace, and in the throne-room, a picture of the chair that Napoleon used to occupy. It is a beautiful chair ; but the most significant part of it was the letter N embroidered on the back of the chair with purple and gold. And your father's old chair sits in the throne-room of your heart, and your affections have embroidered on the back of that chair the letter F. Oh, that all the prayers offered upon that old chair had been answered, and that all the counsel uttered from that old chair had been listened to and practised. Speak out, old arm-chair.

History tells us of an old man whose three sons were victors in the Olympic games, and when these three sons came back with their garlands, and put them on the father's brow, the old man was so rejoiced at the victories of his three children that he fell dead in their arms. And you who are running the race of the Christian life which is set before you may win a victorious wreath of joy and Christian usefulness, and put it on your father's brow, or on the vacant chair, as a tribute to the memory of the departed. Speak out, old arm-chair. Oh, how true with reference to your father are the words of my text, "Thou shalt be missed, because thy seat will be empty."

II. I go a little farther on in your house, and I find

THE MOTHER'S CHAIR.

It is very apt to be a rocking-chair. She had so many cares and troubles to soothe that it must have had rockers. I remember it well—an old chair, and the rockers were almost worn out ; for I was the youngest, and the chair rocked the whole family. It made a creaking sound as it moved, but there was music in the sound of that chair ; it was just high enough to allow us children to put our heads into her lap. Ah, what a chair that was! It was different from the father's chair. It was entirely different. You ask me how. I cannot tell ; but we all felt it was different.

Perhaps there was about that chair more gentleness, more tenderness, more grief, when we had done wrong. When we were wayward father scolded, but mother cried. Oh, it was a very *wakeful* chair. In the sick days of childhood other chairs could not keep awake. That chair always kept awake—kept easily awake. That chair knew all the old lullabies, and all those wordless songs that mothers sing to their sick children, songs in which all pity and affection and sympathetic influences are combined. That old chair has stopped rocking for a good many years, and it may be set out in the loft or garret, but it has a queenly power to-day.

THE VOICE FROM THE CHAIR.

When at midnight you perhaps went into that grogshop to get the intoxicating draught, didn't you remember the voice that said, "My son, why go in here?" And, louder than the boisterous encore of the theatre, a voice saying, "My son, what do you here?" And, when you went into the house of sin, a voice saying, "What would your mother do if she knew you were here?" You were provoked at yourself, and you thought it was superstition and fanaticism as your head got hot with your own thoughts, and you went home and went to bed ; but no sooner had you touched the bed than a voice said, "What! a prayerless pillow?" Man, what's the matter? The fact is you are too near your mother's rocking-chair.

But pshaw! you say, there's nothing in that ; I am a great distance from where I was born. I am three thousand miles from the Scotch kirk whose bell was the first music I ever heard. Can't help it. You are too near your mother's rocking-chair. Oh, you say, there can't be anything in that ; that chair has been vacant a long while. I can't help that. It is all the mightier for that. It is powerful in its reminiscences, that mother's vacant chair. It whispers, it speaks, it weeps, it carols, it mourns, it prays, it warns, it thunders.

A WAYWARD SON.

A young man went off waywardly from the parental roof, and broke his mother's heart with grief. And while he was away from home the mother died. The telegraph brought the son, and he came into the room where her lifeless body lay. He looked upon her face, and he cried out, "Oh, mother, mother, what your life could not do your death shall accomplish. This moment I give my heart to God." And he kept his promise. Another *victory for the vacant chair*. With reference to your mother the words of my text were fulfilled, "Thou shalt be missed, because thy seat will be empty."

III. I go on a little further, and I come to

THE INVALID'S CHAIR.

What! how long have you been sick? Oh, I have been sick ten, twenty, thirty years. Is it possible? What a story of endurance! There are in many of the families of my congregation these invalid chairs. The occupants of them think they are doing no good in the world. But that invalid's chair is a mighty pulpit from which they have preached all these years—*trust in God*.

One day in last July, on an island just off from Sandusky, Ohio, I preached last summer, and there was a great throng of people there ; but the throng did not impress me so much as the spectacle of just one faith—the faith of an invalid who was wheeled in on her chair. I said to her afterward, "Madam, how long have you been prostrate?" (for she was lying flat in the chair). "Oh," she said, "I have been this way fifteen years." "I said, "Do you suffer very much?" "Oh, yes," she said, "I suffer very much ; I suffer all the time. Part of the time I was blind. I always suffer." "Well," I asked, "can you keep your courage up?" "Oh yes," she replied ; "I'm happy, I'm very happy indeed ;" and indeed she looked the happiest of any on the ground.

Oh, what a means of grace to the world are these invalid chairs! On that field of human suffering the grace of God gets its victory : Edward Payson, the invalid ; Richard Baxter, the invalid ; Robert Hall, the invalid ; and ten thousand of whom the world has never heard, but of whom all heaven is cognizant. The most conspicuous thing on earth for God's eye and

* Dr. Talmage did not preach at the Brooklyn Tabernacle last Sunday ; we therefore publish a sermon by him which has never before appeared in this journal.

the eye of the angels to rest on, is not a throne of earthly power, but it is an invalid's chair.

Oh, these men and women who are always suffering but never complaining, because they love the Lord Jesus, and are submissive to the will of the heavenly Father! These victims of spinal disease, and neuralgic torture, and rheumatic excruciation, they will hear the roll-call of the martyrs at last; and they will soon rise to the martyr's throne, and they will wave the martyr's palm.

But when one of these invalid chairs becomes vacant, how sad it is! No more bolstering up the weary head; no more changing from side to side to get an easy position; no more use of the bandage, and the cataplasm, and the prescription. That invalid chair may be folded up, or taken apart, or set away, it will never lose its queenly power. It will always preach the grand lesson of *trust in God and cheerful submission.* Suffering all ended now. With respect to that invalid, the words of my text have been fulfilled—"Thou shalt be missed, because thy seat will be empty."

IV. I pass on, and I find one more vacant chair. It is a high chair. It is

A CHILD'S CHAIR.

If that chair be occupied, I think it is the most potent chair in all the household. All the chairs wait on it; all the chairs are turned toward it. It means more than David's chair at Saul's banquet; at any rate it makes more racket. It is a strange house that can be dull with children in it.

How a child breaks up worldliness, and it keeps you young at sixty, seventy, eighty years of age. If you have no child yourself, adopt one. It will open heaven to your soul. It will pay its way. It is a crow in the morning, which will give the day a cheerful starting; and it is glee at night, which will give the day a cheerful close. Don't you like children? Then you had better stay out of heaven, for there are so many there they would make you crazy, hundreds of millions of them. Some of the disciples told the mothers to keep their children away from Christ. "You bother Him," they said; "you trouble the Master." Trouble Him, indeed! He has filled heaven with that kind of trouble.

A BABE IN CALIFORNIA.

A pioneer in California says that for the first year or two after his residence in Sierra Nevada County there was not a single child in all the reach of a hundred miles. But a Fourth of July occasion came, and the miners were gathered together, and they were celebrating the Fourth with oration, and poem, and a boisterous brass band. And while the brass band was playing an infant's voice was heard crying, and all the miners were startled, and the swarthy men began to think of their homes on the eastern coast, and of their wives and children far away, and their hearts were thrilled with home-sickness as they heard the babe cry. But the music went on, and the child cried louder and louder, and the brass band played louder and louder, to drown the infantile interruption, when a swarthy miner, the tears rolling down his face, got up and shook his fist, and said, "Stop that noisy band, and give the baby a chance!"

Oh, there is pathos in it, as well as good cheer in it; and there is no sound in nature that can rouse and melt and subdue the soul like a child's voice. But if, alas! the child's voice becomes hushed in the silence of death, the high chair then becomes a higher chair, and there is desolation all around you. I cannot speak from experience, thank God, but in three fourths of the homes of my congregation there is a vacant high chair. Sometimes you think you will never get over it. There is no one to put to bed at night; no one to ask strange questions about God and heaven. Oh, what's the use of that high chair? It is to call you higher. What a drawing upward it must be to have a child in heaven!

And then it ought to be such

A PREVENTIVE

against sin. When father is going away into sin he leaves the living children with their mother; but if the father is going away into sin, what is he going to do with his departed and glorified child, floating about him, and hovering over his every wayward step? Oh, speak out, vacant high chair, and say, "Father, come back from sin; mother, come back from worldliness. I am watching you; I am waiting for you." With respect to your child, the words of my text have been fulfilled—"Thou shalt be missed, because thy seat will be empty."

My hearers, I have gathered up the voices of your departed friends this morning, and tried to intone them into one invitation upward. I set in array

ALL THE VACANT CHAIRS

of your home and social circle; and I bid them cry out this morning, "Time is short, eternity is near. Take my Saviour. Be at peace with my God. Come up here where I am. We lived together on earth; come, let us live together in heaven." Oh, let us answer to that invitation, "We come. Keep a seat for us, as Saul kept a seat for David. But that seat shall not be empty."

V. I have been very earnest this morning, because I realize the fact that the day will come when

THE PASTOR'S CHAIR

will be empty. From this point, how often I have looked off into your friendly faces! I have seen a great many beautiful and thrilling sights, but never anything to equal what I have witnessed when in this church I have looked upon you when you rise for the doxology.

Seated in this chair, sometimes, I have greatly rejoiced at seeing the multitude coming to God. Then again I have trembled for fear that men would reject the Gospel. I wonder what this chair will testify when I have left it for the last time! Will it tell of a useful life, of an earnest ministry, of a pure Gospel? God grant it may. The most powerful sermon that is ever preached is by the vacant chair of the pastor, the Sabbath after he has been carried away from it.

And oh, when we are all through with this world, and we have shaken hands all around for the last time, and all our chairs in the home circle and in the outside world shall be vacant, may we all meet at the marriage supper of the Lamb, washed in His most precious blood, clothed in His spotless righteousness, and sanctified by His Holy Spirit. Thank God, there will be

NO VACANT CHAIRS IN HEAVEN!

Sermons for the Times, a new Pamphlet of Dr. Talmage's sermons is now ready. Among the twenty-six sermons it contains, are those on the following subjects: The Six Wings; Whisperers; Gnats and Camels; Dreams; The Horse and his Rider; Sunset; Out of Ivory Palaces; The Newspaper; Changes in Heaven. May be had from the office of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD. Price, thirty cents, including postage.

WILL ROUND'S NARROW ESCAPE.

(*See Illustration on page* 813.)

"WHERE is Round gone?" asked a saloon-keeper, whose bar-room was in a village on the Eastern coast, as he entered from the cellar with a bottle in his hand.

"I don't know," said one of the loungers; "he started up two minutes ago and staggered about, and then plunged out into the street. Gone home most likely, I guess. He seems to be pretty full to-day."

"He's always pretty well on," said the florid beer-seller. "I don't think he's worse than usual," and he went to the door and looked out, and then, apparently seeing the object of his search, went after him.

"What makes Joe so anxious about Round?" said one of the men. "Didn't pay for his beer, I guess."

Presently the beer-seller came back with a dollar bill in his hand and a look of satisfaction on his face.

"Did you find him, boss?"

"Yes I found him," said the man with an oath, "and I made him shell out, you bet. He wasn't too drunk to know he hadn't paid. He's going to walk across the bay to his home, he says. He'll have to step along if he don't want to be drowned, for the tide's coming in pretty fast."

"Guess it wouldn't be much loss to the world if he should be drowned," said one of the loungers. "Round's nothing but an idle loafer now, though I remember when he was as smart a man and as good a workman as any along the coast. He hasn't done a day's work now for above a year. He's too muddled now to know how to build a boat."

While Round's companions were thus commenting on his character he was stumbling along among the rocks alongshore. Not one of the men whom he associated with cared enough about him to follow him and help him along or dissuade him from taking the dangerous cross-cut to his home. How dizzy he felt! How his head ached! And his feet seemed to have escaped from his control, and when he lifted them up they fell heavily here and there like lifeless blocks of wood. How he wished he was at home that he might lie down and sleep. He knew he would be better after a sleep. Why should he not lie down on this soft sand among the rocks for a few minutes? It looked very inviting to the stupid, dazed man. He looked down, and resisted no longer. Ten minutes' sleep would put him all right, and he could then get home easily. He stretched his weary limbs on the sand, and settled his head against the rock with his soft felt hat between for a pillow.

Ten minutes, twenty minutes slipped away, and Round still slept the sleep of the drunken. The incoming tide surrounded the little hillock on which he lay, and was slowly, surely rising toward him. Another ten minutes, and two men in a little fishing boat saw a man up to his middle in water, wildly gesticulating and calling to them. They were humane men, and though time was precious they put their boat about and waited. Round waded as far as he could, and then stretched himself to swim. It was a terrible sight to see that struggle for life by the stupid, bewildered man. It would have ended fatally if they had not thrown him a rope and drawn him in.

That was Will Round's last debauch. He was saved that day from more than drowning. His narrow escape frightened him, and the two men who had rescued him took advantage of his scare to make him sign the pledge, which God enabled him to keep. He often declared that in that struggle to reach the boat he seemed to live years. He saw his home, his weeping wife and children; he saw the boat-builder's yard where he used to work, and the saloon where he obtained the poison that had placed his life in peril. The dashing waves and the boat he was struggling to reach appeared to vanish, and his fight with the waves was mechanical until he seized the rope and held on for dear life. Will afterward clung to teetotalism as he clung to that rope, and it saved him to his family and to society.

Evangelical Work in Belgium will Receive an impetus, it is hoped, from the appointment of three Swiss preachers to labor in that country. The Belgian *Christian*, describing the work now in progress, says: "Pastors, evangelists, Scripture-readers, and colporteurs are pursuing their work with zeal and with blessing in many parts of the field of labor. During the last five months 88,835 tracts, in addition to Bibles, portions, and religious books, have been distributed. Sunday evening meetings for the reading of the Bible are held in private houses. In some of these from twenty to fifty Roman Catholics have been present. The Bible is also read and listened to with respect and attention in workmen's lodgings. One of the readers says: 'I find no difficulty now in this work, and what is done is grand, *but I wish I could see more conversions.*' The seed sown will, doubtless, spring up and bear fruit."

ANECDOTES RELATED AT THE EVANGELISTIC MEETINGS IN SCOTLAND.

A Wonderful Change.—Mr. Miller Said at a recent meeting: "I will tell you an incident which will show the power of a prayerful Christian wife. The man was one of the worst cases I ever knew. He was completely under the power of drink, and continued so until his children had grown men and women. His wife prayed faithfully all these years. Their children became Christians, and joined their prayers to hers. Lately he was converted to Christ, and the transformation is something wonderful to behold."

A Scotch Magistrate's Last Sermon.—Mr. Arthur said: "The last night I was in this church it was for the purpose of relieving and comforting one who felt the premonitions of his last illness on him. Bailie Govan had served God long and faithfully. His *employés* looked to him as to a father, and he was a true and faithful friend. His last act in public was to deliver the message of God in this church from the words, 'As it is appointed unto men once to die, but after this the judgment' (Heb. 9 : 27). It was delivered faithfully and earnestly; he felt that his time was short, and he yearned over the souls of men with a great longing for their salvation. He went straight home from the meeting to his bed, from which he never rose again."

A Dying Woman's Great Gladness.—At a noon prayer-meeting in Glasgow lately, the Rev. John Stewart said: "A Christian woman was dying, rejoicing in the Lord. Now and then her heart was like to burst with gladness at the prospect of seeing Jesus, whom she dearly loved. One of her visitors was surprised at the evident joy of the departing believer, and asked, 'What is the cause of your gladness?' She answered, 'I have God's own promise in His own Book that I am going home.' 'Have you no other token?' 'Yes,' she said, 'I was glad when they said unto me, "Let us go into the house of the Lord." I am going there now to dwell forever in the Father's house in which there are many mansions.' 'They that trust in the Lord shall be as Mount Zion, which cannot be removed, but abideth forever'" (Psalm 125 : 1).

A Man Cured of Self-Sufficiency.—The Rev. James Scott said: "I spoke to a gentleman the other day, and found him to be a man of great intelligence, but his mind was unable to grasp the idea of a personal Christ. He said, 'For twenty years I have been seeking salvation, and have not found it.' 'What prevents you doing so?' I inquired. He said, 'My difficulty is this—no one has ever personally indorsed Christ's promise to me.' 'I can do that,' I replied; 'I have found Him to be faithful to all that He has promised.' We conversed some time, and soon I learned that he had no Christ in his religion; his efforts had been directed to save himself, and do without Jesus altogether, but failure was the result. We have reason to believe that he is now resting solely on Christ as his Saviour."

An Eagle's Sudden Death.—Captain Hatfield said at one of the meetings: "Some years ago a man interested in the habits of our native birds was watching the flight of an eagle. It rose from its eyrie with a spring, and soared upward until it was a speck in the distance, far, far beyond the reach of man or man's power. The watcher was absorbed in admiration of the noble bird, with the strong, easy beat of its wings as it flew toward the sun. Suddenly, he saw it begin to come near the earth; looking a moment, he perceived it was falling as though a shot was in its heart. Soon it fell at his feet lifeless. Surprised, he examined the body, but at first he found nothing to account for its death; but on a closer scrutiny he was able to trace the path of a small insect which had clung to its feathers and bored its way right to the heart of this kingly bird, thus in a moment causing its death. Among men we often see a similar thing happen. One standing head and shoulder above his fellows, outwardly all is noble and good, until some hidden sin, indulged, finds its way to the heart and he falls to earth powerless for further earthly good. Examine yourselves, friends, lest some secret sin, doing the destroying work of hell, is eating its way to your vitals."

An Aged Soldier's Request.—Mr. Arthur said: "Sir Colin Campbell was reviewing a number of troops one day, when an old man stepped out of the crowd, and saluting him, said, 'General, do you know me?' 'Yes, my man, I saw you in a battle thirty years ago,' was the reply. Sir Colin put his hand into his pocket for money to give to the man, but the old soldier said, 'No, no, Sir Colin, I don't want your money, but I do want you to do something for me.' 'What is it?' 'My son is in the Inniskilling Dragoons which you are to review next week; call him out of the ranks, and tell him you knew his father.' This man was satisfied if a man in power noticed him and honored him before his son; but those who are faithful to Christ will be honored by God before the whole world."

Weaned from Whiskey Toddy.—Mr. Deware said: "Personal example is more powerful than any amount of mere talk. I became a total abstainer thirty-seven years ago, when I was a teacher in a factor's family. The first night I spent in the house the toddy was put on the table as usual. There were present the factor, the minister, the doctor, and myself, the teacher. On seeing the whiskey I asked myself, 'Is it right for me to join in these drinking habits; are they becoming in a Christian man?' I decided they were not, so I declined to take any toddy. Next night my tumbler was rather ostentatiously put aside, and I was subjected to a good deal of personal banter, especially from the ladies. What was the result? Why, one by one the party gave it up, till they were all teetotalers, and all this from the example of one youth."

An Afghan Hero Captured for God.—A Fine-looking man rose and said: "On the 16th of October, 1879, I was in a most dangerous position. It did not look at all possible that I could escape with my life. I was in a most fatal engagement during the Afghan war. The thought went through my mind, 'If I am shot, where shall I be?' Thank God, I was not shot, my life was spared; the serious impression wore off my mind, and I lived in sin as bad as ever. Yet my strange escape kept coming back to my memory over and over again. When I came home I learned that special prayers had been made for me on that day by my friends. This made me resolve, with God's help, to turn over a new leaf; so I went to a small evangelistic meeting, creeping in very much like a thief. For a week I endured great agony of mind; the mere turning over of the leaf gave me no comfort. One night I went to the tent, where a young man spoke to me about John 3 : 16, and said, 'Whosoever! d'ye believe that?' I looked into his earnest face, and felt constrained there and then to give myself to Christ. I went home a happy man, and have been rejoicing in my Saviour ever since."

An Old "Invincible" Society.—Professor Lindsay said: "Last Sabbath night there was in a corner of this church a poor fallen woman, and the Gospel for her was in the name *Mary Magdalene*. The Gospel for every one is in the names 'Matthew the publican' and 'Simon the Canaanite.' Matthew was a tax-gatherer, a renegade Jew, an outcast. Is it possible for a man to be socially lower than Matthew was? It is not. Simon was a Canaanite, which means that he belonged to the most strict sect of the Pharisees. This sect was divided into three: first, there were the common Pharisees; then, the zealots; then, the Canaanites. The last named was *a secret society*, and the meaning of their name is 'the dagger men.' They were the most religious, the most strict in observance of the law, and the most patriotic of all the Jewish nation, for each member was bound to assassinate every Roman official when he could do so with safety, and for this purpose always carried a peculiar dagger on their persons. The man who was hated and despised and the man who was almost worshipped were both disciples of Jesus. Is not the Gospel in these two names? It is to every one, however *good* or however *bad* they may be."

THE RESTORATION OF THE KINGDOM OF ISRAEL.

By Rev. T. J. Malyon, LL.B.

Prophecy in the Psalms—Commencement of the Kingdom—The Tune Hidden—The Manner Declared—The Teaching of the Vision of the Metal Image—The Kingdom of Triumph—Prophetic Testimony—Universal Empire—New Testament Confirmation—The Coming Universal King.

As the separation between the kingdoms of Israel and Judah did not take place till after the death of David, the son of Jesse; and as the condition of the children of Israel could not at that, or any time since elapsed, correspond with well-known passages in Ezekiel and Hosea,* it follows, as a necessary consequence, that either the former David must be raised from the dead, and actually sit again upon the throne of Israel, or some person typified by him must (if there be meaning in language or truth in prophecy) be yet expected to occupy that station in future. The general consent of Jewish and Christian interpretation admits that David is spoken of in the sacred Scriptures as a type of the Messiah; and that David himself speaks continually in the person of the Christ, rather than in his proper character, is a point now sufficiently ascertained, and additional illustration may be deemed superfluous.

Our Lord's last declaration to His disciples is decisive as to the prophetical and typical relation of the Book of Psalms, and their application to transactions manifestly subsequent to His incarnation and sufferings. "All things must be fulfilled which are written in the Law, and in the Prophets, and in the Psalms, concerning Me" (Luke 24 : 44). The duty of a Christian inquirer is to follow the line and rule of interpretation adopted by the Saviour, when, "beginning at Moses and all the prophets, He expounded to them in all the Scriptures the things concerning Himself (verse 27). The mode He pursued as to His *suffering*, is equally applicable to His *triumphant* kingdom; and the result of comparing Scripture with Scripture will be, that a kingdom is yet to come, in which Christ will sit on the throne of David as king of Israel; and that this can be neither the kingdom of God within us, nor the eternal throne of God in the highest heaven, is manifest from the consideration, that the literal David (His father according to the flesh) never could be supposed to set up the one, and never can be expected to sit upon the other.

With this preliminary remark, which, if correct, must never be lost sight of in the inquiry, we proceed to search the Scriptures, and to consider what grounds they afford to sanction the *expectation* of a kingdom of Israel yet to come, or, rather, to be restored in the person of the Messiah, as a descendant of David, according to the flesh.

At the first coming of the Saviour to establish His spiritual kingdom, the children of Israel, to whom He was sent, were preoccupied by the numerous and distinct declarations of prophecy concerning their final deliverance and emancipation on the establishment of the kingdom given by covenant to David, and at that time subjugated by the Romans. Nothing could, therefore, be more natural than the *expectation* expressed by the disciples of Emmaus: "We trusted that it had been He which should have redeemed Israel." Our Lord said nothing at the time to refute such an expectation as groundless, but upbraided the disciples for not observing and believing what the prophets had also spoken concerning the sufferings which were to *precede*;

* Ezekiel 27 : 22; Hosea 3 : 4, 5.

"Ought not Christ to have suffered these things?"

Afterward, when the question was distinctly put to Him, "Lord, wilt Thou, *at this time*, restore *again* the kingdom to Israel?" His answer cast no doubt on the *expectation itself*, but respected only *the time* of its accomplishment: "It is not for you to know the times and the seasons which the Father hath put in His own power" (Acts 1 : 6, 7). "To everything there is *a season and a time* for every purpose under the heaven" (Eccl. 3 : 1), and the season was now arrived for a more complete establishment of *the spiritual kingdom*, which the disciples had before been commissioned to set up immediately, beginning at Jerusalem—a manifest proof that, neither in the question of the disciples nor in the answer of our Lord, was any reference had to the spiritual kingdom, for that had no *fixed time of commencement; and the set time* for its enlargement was come, and was already *known*.

It is worthy, however, of remark that, at a period when the knowledge *of the time* of another kingdom (that of Israel) was hidden,

THE MANNER OF ITS COMMENCEMENT

was specially declared: "This same Jesus which is taken up from you into heaven shall so come in like *manner* as ye have seen Him go into heaven." "A cloud received Him out of their sight." The coming of Christ and the kingdom to come are manifestly coincident. When the kingdom of Israel was first established (Exod. 19 : 5, 6), the Lord said unto Moses, "Lo! I come unto thee in a thick cloud" (ver. 9). When John, "in the kingdom of patience," received a fuller revelation concerning the Son of Man coming in His kingdom of *power*, he says, concerning that, "Behold! He cometh with clouds" (Rev. 1 : 7). Our Lord testified the same to Caiaphas: "Ye shall see the Son of Man sitting at the right hand of *power*, and coming in the clouds of heaven" (Mark 14 : 62). This declaration, being made to a high priest, might refer to the same testimony in the prophecy of Daniel, by which it appears that the kingdom to be set up is the same with the *kingdom of Israel*. When

THE METAL IMAGE

representing the monarchies or kingdoms of *this world* is broken by the stone which becomes a mountain and filleth "*the whole earth*," the toes represent the ten or several sovereigns of the Roman empire: "In the days of these kings shall the God of heaven set up a kingdom which shall never be destroyed" (Dan. 2 : 44); or, as explained in the same verse, "The kingdom shall not be left to other people, but it shall break in pieces and consume all these kingdoms."

In the corresponding vision of the four beasts (chap. 7), the prophet is told, "These great beasts, which are four, are four kings (or monarchies) which shall arise out of the earth;" and, on the destruction of the last, "one like the *Son of Man* came with the clouds of heaven," to whom there was given "dominion and glory, and a kingdom, that all people, nations, and languages should serve Him," which is afterward (verse 27) said to be "under the whole heaven," and, by consequence, *over and upon the whole earth*. And this kingdom is thrice (ver. 18, 22, and 27) said to be given also to the saints of the Most High.

Compare these expressions with the promise of Christ to His disciples: "I appoint unto you a kingdom, as My Father hath appointed unto Me." "In the regeneration, *when the Son of Man shall sit on the throne of His glory*, ye also shall sit on twelve thrones, *judging the twelve tribes of Israel*" (Matt. 19 : 28). "Ye shall see Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob, and all the prophets, in the *kingdom of God*." "And they shall come from the east and the west, and from the north and the south, and shall sit down in the *kingdom of God*" (Luke 13 : 28).

THE KINGDOM OF TRIUMPH.

In order to elucidate the proposition that this triumphant state of the Church on earth is the kingdom of Israel promised to the Messiah as the seed of David, nothing is requisite but candidly and cautiously to examine the several passages, or the most prominent, in which mention is made of David's kingdom as the subject of promise and of prophecy; and a more legitimate conclusion can scarcely be drawn than *this*, that whatever received only a partial accomplishment in the person of the literal David, remains to be fulfilled in the person of his antitype, the Messiah; and that whatever was not fulfilled at the *first*, remains to be completed at the *second* coming of Christ.

The argument of the Apostle (Acts 2 : 29) concerning the resurrection of Christ, to show that David in spirit spoke of Christ, will apply with equal force to the kingdom as well as to the person of David; David's kingdom is passed away, but that of Christ *when set up*, is never to be removed. The kingdom in question is not to commence, as has been shown, till the second advent, or mission, of Christ, at the restitution of all things. (Acts 3 : 18–26.) Those things which God before had showed by the mouth of all His prophets, that Christ should *suffer*, He hath *so fulfilled;* and of those times (when He shall come to reign), when He will restore all things, and, above all, the kingdom of Israel, "God hath spoken by the mouth of all His holy prophets. God promised to Abraham that in his seed, "which is Christ" (Gal. 3 : 16), all the families of the earth should be blessed. He promised to David, "I will set up *thy Seed* after thee, which shall be of thy sons; and I will establish His kingdom. He shall build Me an house; and I will establish His throne forever. I will be His Father, and He shall be My Son; and I will not take My mercy away from Him, as I took it away from Saul"—in whose person the Theocracy of Israel was first interrupted (II Sam. 7 : 12 and I Chron. 17). These passages compared with Psalm 89, Heb. 1, Rom. 1, and especially Acts 2 : 30, show that Christ and His kingdom, and not that of a literal David, was the great and ultimate scope of the promise.

TESTIMONY OF THE PROPHETS.

Accordingly, Isaiah testifies the same in his most distinct prophecy of the Prince of Peace. "Of the increase of *His government* there shall be no end, upon *the throne of David, and upon His kingdom*, to order and to establish it with judgment and with justice from henceforth even forever. The zeal of the Lord of hosts *will perform this*" (Isaiah 9 : 7). So chap. 24 : 23—"The Lord of hosts shall *reign* in Mount Zion, and Jerusalem, and *before His ancients* gloriously." So chap. 32 : 1—"A king shall reign in righteousness, and princes shall rule in judgment;" and chap. 1 : 26—"I will restore thy judges as at the first, and thy counsellors as at the beginning; afterward thou shalt be called 'The city of righteousness.'" So Jeremiah 23 : 5, 6: "I will raise unto David a righteous Branch, and a King shall reign and prosper, and execute judgment and justice *in the earth*." See also Jer. 33 : 14–16, proving the same position beyond all controversy.

Other passages might be adduced, but those have been selected which refer distinctly to *the regal dispensation of the Son of Man*, under circumstances not realized at His First Advent.

It remains briefly to advert to a few of the passages in the New Testament not already noticed, confirmatory of an *expectation*, recognized even by heathen writers, at the First Advent of Christ. "An old and firm opinion had prevailed over all the East, that it is written in the ancient books of the priests, that some one coming out of Judea should obtain

"THE EMPIRE OF THE WORLD."

(See Suetonius, Life of Vesp. chap. 4; Tacitus's History, book v., chap 13; and Josephus, book v., chap 13, sect. 4.) It originated, as is supposed, in the prophecy of Balaam, "A sceptre shall rise out of Israel;" "Out of Jacob shall come HE that shall have dominion;" and possibly the Agag and the Amalek of that chapter may have more reference to the Anti-Christian enemies, whose destruction is to precede the last kingdom of Israel, than is generally supposed. (Compare Num. 24 with Ezek. 38, Jer. 7 and Revelation 18 and 19.)

The first and most remarkable testimony is that of Gabriel to the Virgin: "The Lord God shall give unto Him *the throne of his father David;* and He shall reign over *the house of Jacob* forever, and of His kingdom shall there be no end" (Luke 1 : 32, 33). And, to omit the citation at length of passages which must be familiar to every Christian reader, it may be remarked, that our Lord was born and died "King of the Jews;" that He was adored *as such* by the Gentiles in the manger, and reviled *as such* by Jews, on the cross. The chief priests and scribes could neither obtain from Pilate an alteration in his superscription, neither could they vary the terms on which the kingdom of Israel was to be maintained. "Let Christ, the King of Israel," said they among themselves, "*descend now* from the cross, that we may see and believe" (Mark 15 : 32); whereas God had sworn unto David, that, "He would *raise up* Christ to sit on *His throne*" (Acts 2 : 30). He was to ascend and to sit down on the throne of His Father, before He would give to His followers to sit on His throne, when all His foes should be made His footstool. To those who thought that "the kingdom of God would immediately appear," He had testified by a parable that He was "*to go away to receive this kingdom, and to return to set it up* (Luke 19 : 12); and thus the penitent on the cross asked a participation of His glory, when the crown should succeed. He had seen the superscription, and cried out, "Lord, remember me when Thou comest IN (not *into*) THY KINGDOM" (Luke 22 : 42).

The Jews, however, would not have "this man to reign over them," or this God to reign in them. They, like their forefathers, would be as the nations: "We have *no* king but Cæsar." And this is the language of many among them still; "but that which cometh into your mind shall not be at all, that ye say, We will be as the heathen;" "For in Mine holy mountain, in the mountain of the height of Israel, saith the Lord God, there shall all the house of Israel, all of them in the land, serve Me" (Ezekiel 20 : 32–40).

THE COMING UNIVERSAL KING.

"Blessed is the king of Israel, that cometh in the name of our Lord;" "Blessed be the kingdom of our Father David" (John 12 : 13; Mark 11 : 10), was the proclamation when Christ entered Jerusalem. And then was one prophecy of Zechariah fulfilled (9 : 9); But another of the same prophet yet remains to be accomplished (Zech. 2 : 10–13): "When the Lord shall inherit Judah His portion, in the holy land, and shall choose Jerusalem again." "These things understood not His disciples at the first" (John 12 : 16), neither do they seem to understand them now; for if our Lord had intended this inauguration of His kingdom, as the seed of David on the throne of His father according to the flesh, as its last and only manifestation, how could He teach His disciples that the kingdom of God would not be nigh at hand or commence till the "times of the Gentiles should be fulfilled." How could He teach us to pray "Thy kingdom come," if already and altogether established? He told His followers that "Jerusalem is the city of the Great King;" and when has it yet been, as it is to be, "a quiet habitation, a tabernacle that shall not be taken down, not one of the stakes whereof shall ever be removed?" Never has this yet taken place; nor, to all appearance, will it, till the Theocracy of Israel be restored, and all its ancient forms of administration be concentrated in *one*, for the name of the city from that day shall be "The Lord is there;" "Jehovah is our Judge; Jehovah is our Lawgiver; Jehovah is our king" (Isaiah 33 : 20-22).

"Shout, O Israel; be glad and rejoice with all the heart, O daughter of Jerusalem. The Lord hath taken away thy judgments; He hath cast out thine enemy; THE KING OF ISRAEL, the Lord, is in the midst of thee; thou shalt not see evil any more" (Zeph. 3 : 14, 15).

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THE MANAGER,

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A Favor will be Conferred on the Manager and office-staff of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD if subscribers, whose terms expire at the close of the year, would kindly remit their renewals *during this month*. Arrangements are always made to deal with the large influx of subscriptions which come in during the first week of the new year, but in spite of this, mistakes and delays have heretofore occurred in making up the new list. If our friends would kindly send on their subscriptions as soon this month as is convenient, instead of waiting until January, the manager would be obliged to them, and the possibility of disappointment would be reduced.

CURRENT EVENTS.

The Republican National Committee in Session in Washington, D. C., on December 12th, decided that the national convention for the nomination of the party candidates for President and Vice-President, shall be held in Chicago on June 3d, 1884. Senator Sabin, of Minnesota, succeeds the late Mr. Marshall Jewell as chairman. Mr. Frye's proposal to change the basis of representation in the convention was discussed, but it was decided to leave it to the decision of the convention. The committee's action in this matter, though not unexpected, causes considerable dissatisfaction in the North. The principle of the change advocated by Mr. Frye is, that the number of delegates any State shall be entitled to send to the convention, shall be determined by the number of Republican voters in that State. Under the present system it is determined by the number of votes the State has in the Electoral College. If the change had been made, the number of delegates from the twenty-three Northern States would have been nearly three times the number of those sent by the fifteen Southern States. The selection of Chicago as the meeting place is considered by politicians an indication that the strength of President Arthur in the committee is inferior to that of some other prominent candidates for the nomination.

An Important Measure Designed to Remedy some of the existing evils of bankruptcy has been introduced in the House by Mr. Adams of New York. It is a comprehensive scheme, and the bill covering it consists of 128 sections. The measure will need the close and careful study of business men, as it is proposed to make it of uniform application in all States, and it introduces some radical changes in the present law. Among the leading features of the bill is one section prohibiting creditors from voting for an assignee who is *a relative of the bankrupt*. Many other important changes are proposed by the bill, among which are the following: The composition section provides that not less than thirty cents on the dollar shall be paid to every creditor; otherwise the debtor is not entitled to a composition. Where security is given it must be approved of by the court, and any person proving a false or fictitious debt under this section shall be punished by a fine of not more than three times the amount so proved or by imprisonment of not more than two years, or both, thus making it a penal offence. The penal section has a new and very strict clause framed to check the practice of purchasing and selling "in contemplation" of bankruptcy. It provides that any person who purchases any goods or chattels which have been purchased on credit and which remain unpaid for, shall be punished by imprisonment for not more than three years. It will be seen that the persons who framed the bill have noted some recent glaring frauds. There is urgent need for legislation on this subject, but until this measure can be examined in detail it is impossible to decide whether its provisions are just. There is need that the interests of the debtor should be protected as well as those of the creditor, but the most important of all requirements is that it should make fraud difficult and punishable.

The Senatorial Caucus of Republicans on December 13th decided to nominate General Anson G. McCook, of New York, for the vacant Secretaryship of the Senate. The decision was significant on account of the reasons given for opposition to Mr. Gorham. The opponents of Mr. Gorham took the ground that his attitude as a journalist in respect to the Garfield-Conkling differences and to the Star Route trials had been such as to create bitter enmities toward him, and that his nomination for the Secretaryship would have a tendency to revive party differences which were in process of healing. The policy of the newspaper which Mr. Gorham controls and its extreme utterances during the progress of the Star Route trials caused much astonishment at the time, and the action of the caucus shows that it did not escape the notice of the leaders of the Republican party.

The Question of the Vote on the Prohibitory amendment in Ohio, which was declared lost, is being reopened. The Cleveland *Leader* gives the following account of the investigation as far as it has gone at present: "Satisfactory progress is being made in the work of recounting the vote on the second amendment. The errors and discrepancies between the vote actually cast and that returned, thus far discovered, induce the belief that *the amendment was fairly carried* at the recent election. Acting upon this belief, the persons having the recount in charge will extend their investigations to every polling precinct in the State. It will be remembered that this prohibitory amendment only lacked about 37,500 votes to secure adoption. It is estimated that many more than this number of votes were polled additionally for the amendment and kept back in making the returns, either through unintentional errors, a misunderstanding of the instructions given by the Attorney-General, or by deliberate fraud."

The Destruction by Fire of Another Theatre in New York, the second this season, occurred on December 14th. Like the burning of the Windsor Theatre, the destruction of the Standard on Friday was accomplished in a marvellously short time. In less than half an hour the large building was a complete ruin. Providentially the fire broke out before the audience assembled; had it occurred an hour later it is probable that a large number of lives would have been sacrificed. It is stated that certain precautions, which might have saved the building, such as an iron screen to the stage, were not provided. Theatre-goers may wisely heed the warning conveyed by these conflagrations. Beside the moral danger incurred in attending theatrical performances there is a distinct physical risk. Three theatres have been burned in the city within a year, and in each case the audience was saved by only an hour. The catastrophe in Brooklyn seven years ago this month is, it appears, liable to be repeated in all its horror at any time, owing to the peculiar liability of theatres to fire.

The Work of Helping City Waifs was Described at a meeting of the Children's Aid Society held in New York on November 27th. It appears that sixty thousand homeless children have already been placed in homes in the rural districts, and that temporary assistance in clothing, feeding, and instructing three hundred thousand others, has been rendered by the society. It has now six lodging houses, twenty-one industrial schools, and fourteen night schools. Much of this work is done by means of small subscriptions from the public, but the larger part is the result of the private munificence of the trustees and ladies in this and other cities. Some of these support a night school; others supply hot dinners to some of the schools—a most needed charity; others pay for prizes in the lodging-houses for attendance or economy among the boys; others supply the fund for "starting boys in business;" others aid in the sewing classes of the schools, or the religious and secular instruction of the boys in the lodging-houses; others again supply Christmas or Thanksgiving dinners, and others pay the cost of finding homes for particular children. It is satisfactory to learn from the police statistics that there has been a marked decrease in the number of juvenile vagrants and criminals since the society has been at work. This report, taken in connection with the society's record of individual cases, may encourage other cities to organize similar institutions.

A Memorial to Congress on the Subject of the liquor traffic was adopted on December 7th at a conference held in New York under the auspices of the National Temperance Society. General Clinton B. Fisk offered a resolution that the conference ask Congress to provide for the appointment by the President of an impartial commission to investigate and report upon the liquor traffic, its relation to pauperism, disease, crime, taxation and the general public welfare, and also the results of license and prohibitory legislation in the different States. The resolution was passed unanimously. It was stated that the Senate had four times passed a bill providing for such a commission, but it had been in each case defeated in the House.

An Ex-Alderman of New York Furnished last week a practical evidence of the necessity of greater care being taken in the selection of men for positions of so great responsibility. A woman who was charged with keeping a disorderly house was arrested, and when bail was demanded, an ex-alderman offered himself as bondsman. The judge refused him, saying that it was "a farce to have keepers of disorderly houses arrested under such circumstances." The ex-alderman then said that he would give real estate bail, and the justice should take it." The justice answered that he would be obliged to take twenty-four hours to consider, as the case properly belonged to another justice. The ex-alderman then muttered, addressing the magistrate, "You won't always be there; a time will come when I will be as good as you are." The justice then told him that if he continued to use remarks of that nature he would have him locked up. The ex-alderman became exceedingly demonstrative, when the justice directed an officer to remove him from the court-room, and he was promptly ejected.

A Gift of $150,000 to Princeton College was announced by President McCosh at the meeting of the Board of Trustees on November 8th. Dr. McCosh said that Mrs. Robert L. Stuart, of New York, had given to the college $150,000 for the purpose of placing the Department of Philosophy on a working basis. This money was given in memory of her late husband and his brother, Mr. Alexander Stuart.

An Extraordinary Temperance Movement has been in progress during the past two weeks at Flemington, N. J. Two reformed drunkards commenced meetings on their own responsibility, and though unsupported by any temperance society, succeeded in reaching the most depraved inhabitants. The whole place has been aroused, and the nightly meetings have been attended by numbers so large that overflow meetings had to be held in various churches. A reform club of two hundred members has been organized to discover and prosecute violators of the excise laws.

On Sunday Last Mr. W. Forbes Preached in the morning at First Place Methodist Episcopal Church, Brooklyn. In the afternoon he gave a Gospel temperance address to a large audience in Chickering Hall, New York, and in the evening he preached at Madison Square Garden. Mr. Forbes has done a great deal of speaking and preaching in the cause of Gospel temperance *gratuitously* since he has been in America. It has been suggested by some of his friends here that as much good has resulted from his labors, it would be an act of graceful appreciation to present him with a small testimonial. We believe this is now in progress. If any of our readers would like to contribute, they may forward the money to this office, and it will be handed to the treasurer of the fund, and acknowledged in these columns.

The Well-known Building in Boston, Mass., which for nineteen years has been the headquarters of Dr. Cullis's faith-healing work has been enlarged and renovated. It was reopened on December 10th. An adjoining house has been purchased and connected with the original building, and the whole fitted up for use at a cost of $32,500. It was stated in the course of the dedicatory services that the contributions received during the nineteen years during which the mission has been carried on amounted in the aggregate to $600,000, and the sums received day by day varied from one dollar to two thousand dollars.

The Christian Work among the Jews of New York, conducted by the Rev. Jacob Freshman, is making progress. The services held in Cooper Union are well attended every Sunday evening. During recent Sundays Israelites came out, publicly professing Christ, and were baptized. Last Sunday, December 16th, Mr. Freshman baptized an Israelite and his wife. A delightful time is anticipated with the Hebrew-Christian Sunday-schools at the Christmas festival, to be held December 27th, in the Seventh Street Methodist Episcopal Church.

A Saloon Keeper in Ohio has Issued a Curious notice to the public. It runs as follows: "To all whom it may concern—know ye that, by the payment of $225, I am permitted to sell intoxicating liquors at my saloon in this city. To the wife who has a drunkard for a husband, or a friend who is unfortunately dissipated, I say emphatically, give me notice in person of such case or cases in which you are interested and all such shall be excluded from my place. Let mothers, fathers, sisters and brothers do likewise, and their requests will be kindly regarded. I pay a heavy tax for the privilege of selling liquors, and I want it distinctly understood that I have no desire to sell to drunkards or minors, or to the poor or destitute." If the saloon-keeper also excluded from his place all who would be better without the liquor he might close his store without loss of business.

Twenty-Three Days Buried Under a Hay-stack. Some boys playing around a haystack near Lacrosse, Wis., on December 10th, noticed something strange about it, and removed a portion of the hay, when, to their astonishment, they found a living man in a horrible condition of emaciation. Help was secured, and the poor wretch was extricated. He was almost dead, and was barely able to speak in a whisper. He said his name was Christian Anderson, that he crawled under the haystack on the night of November 17th to keep warm, and that the stack caved in upon him. He struggled hard, but was unable to extricate himself. He cried out, but no one heard him. His story was not credited at first, but inquiries made in the vicinity showed that it was probable, and his emaciated condition confirmed it. The man states that the hay fell upon his hands and arms and feet, but left his head and body comparatively free. He suffered intensely from thirst and mental agony. He says that he could hear people passing during the first few days of his imprisonment, but could not make them hear. Later he was too exhausted to call out. The hospital doctors entertain hopes of his recovery. The man's misery must have been aggravated by the knowledge that help was frequently near, yet he could not avail himself of it. The man who puts his trust in God need never fear being so situated with regard to Him (Ps. 34 : 15, 17).

The Rev. E. Payson Hammond is Conducting services at Darby, Penn. In a letter recently received from him, he says: "We are having good meetings here. Numbers are finding Christ. The meetings are held in a most beautiful building, given to the Presbyterian Church in Darby by Mr. Baird, in commemoration of his father, the locomotive builder. I well remember the time when in 1835 he arose in one of the meetings I was conducting in Dr. Adams's church, in Broad Street, asking us to pray for him. The stand he then took may have been one of the causes that led to the building of this church for Christ."

An Heiress has been Found in a Kitchen in New York. Superintendent of Police Walling was asked recently to search for Magdalene Heintweimer, a Bavarian woman, whose aunt had died in the German town of Messing and had left to her a large sum of money. It was learned last week that the woman was living as a servant in Watts Street. She had been employed previously at Hartmann's Hotel, which was burned in connection with the Windsor Theatre. It is strange that the aunt, if she intended to make Magdalene her heiress, should have permitted her to continue in a menial occupation, instead of preparing her for the good fortune awaiting her. Christians are taught that they are heirs of God, but He gives them during their life earnests of their future possession, and they know that their occupations here are intended to fit them for its enjoyment (Rom. 8 : 17, 18).

A Millionaire's Unbidden Guest was Punished for his intrusion in New York last week. On December 12th Mr. William H. Vanderbilt gave a magnificent reception, for which two thousand invitations were issued. Early in the morning, when guests were arriving, a man dressed in very plain clothes slipped in the basement unobserved and catching up two chairs made his way up-stairs to the ball-room. He was arrested as a suspicious person by a detective, who ejected him from the mansion and lodged him in jail on suspicion of being there for a felonious purpose. His excuse for his act was that he wanted to see the floral decorations, but he declared that he never expected the sight would cost him so much trouble. He will probably recollect in future that at private entertainments it is not safe to appear without an invitation. To the great banquet of all ages—the marriage supper of the Lamb—the invitation is general. Only those will be excluded who have wilfully spurned the invitation (Luke 14 : 23, 24).

Capturing a Bride in Idaho is an Achievement described by a writer on Indian customs in a contemporary. This is the manner in which the courting is done: In the first place it must be borne in mind that the young squaws are more fleet of foot than the bucks. Now, when a buck fancies a squaw, he provides himself with a lariat, as he would if he intended to lasso an animal. When the squaw sees her admirer approaching she behaves after her fashion, in the manner of other young ladies. She runs, and the buck runs after her. If she does not wish to be caught, she quickens her pace and is soon beyond reach of the rope. If, on the contrary, she does not object, the noose slips easily over her head and the prize is won. After all, the essence of the courtship does not vary much from that of civilized society; it is only the manner that differs. When men plead as an excuse for falling into sin the power and temptation of Satan, it is often the case that they, like the squaws, are a willing prey. Satan never yet captured a victim who made use of all the means of escape God provides for the tempted (James 1 : 14).

FATHERS IN CHRIST.

A New Sermon by Pastor C. H. Spurgeon.

"I write unto you, fathers, because ye have known him that is from the beginning." . . . "I have written unto you, fathers, because ye have known him that is from the beginning."—1 JOHN 2 : 13, 14.

An Important Subject—An Unchanging Conviction—The Destiny of Modern Thought—I. Who are the Fathers?—May be Young Men—Persons of Maturity—Of Stability and Strength—Men of Heart—Tender—II. The Prominent Characteristic of a Father—Knowledge Concentrated—Its Object Peculiar—Special—III. The Message to the Fathers—Love one Another—Not the World—Beware of Lust—Be Watchful—Prepare for the Coming of the Lord.

OBSERVE the difference in the two verses: John first says, "I write," and then, "I have written." When in two former discourses* I preached upon the beloved apostle's address to the young men and the children, I gave you as full an interpretation of this difference as I could command, and I need not now repeat it. Certain additional thoughts occur to me, which I will give you, that the matter may be still clearer. The apostle John says, "I write," and by and by, "I have written;" this shows, I think, *the importance of his subject*. If he has already written upon it, he must think it to be a very necessary and valuable truth if he writes upon it yet again. A man does not discourse repeatedly upon the same subject if he be a man full of matter, as this inspired writer was, unless he feels that it is of necessity that he return again and again to his subject till he has impressed it upon the minds of his audience. Nails which are important to a structure must be driven in with diligence. Foundation stones should be laid with scrupulous care; and truth, which is fundamental, should be repeated by the teacher till the disciple has learned it beyond all fear of ever forgetting it.

This form of speech also reveals *the unchanging conviction of the writer*, who, having written once, is glad to write the same things again. This shows a mind made up and decided, from which proceeds consistent testimony. In these fickle times certain of

OUR PUBLIC TEACHERS

must feel unable to say of any one subject, "I write," and "I have written;" for before the ink is dry they have need to blot out what they have put upon paper, and to write an amended version of their religious ideas. Scarcely for a month at a stretch do these loose thinkers abide in one stay: they are such wandering stars that no chart could ever mark their position for three weeks together. They might say, "I write, but bless you, dear people, I do not know what I wrote six months ago. Very probably my former opinion is not now true, for all things are flowing on, and my head is swimming with the rest. I am *a man of progress;* forever learning, and never coming to the knowledge of the truth. Blot out what I wrote a year ago, and read with care what I write to-day."

To which we reply, Dear sir, we cannot take much notice of what you write now, because in all probability in another week or two you will retract it all, or improve it from off the face of the earth. Neither shall we pay much attention to you then, for you will probably be on the move as soon as ever you have said your say. We decline to learn what we shall have to unlearn. We will wait in our present knowledge until you have reached something certain for yourself. Perhaps in twenty years' time, when you have pitched your gypsy tent, it may be worth our while to hear where it is; but we do not commit ourselves even to that promise; for as the progress you are now making is into deeper darkness, you will probably end in seven-fold night.

I rejoice, dear friends, in the fixity of the Christian's faith; I know nothing of improvements and growths in the Gospel of the Lord

*"A Sermon to the Lord's Little Children," and to "Young Men in Christ," published in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD on April 12th and May 3d, 1883.

Jesus, which is summed up in these words, "Jesus Christ the same yesterday, and to-day, and forever." I believe that God the Holy Ghost has given us in the Scriptures a perfect and entire revelation which is to be received by all Christians without addition or diminution. I do not believe that apostles, martyrs, confessors, and teachers have been living for these nineteen hundred years upon falsehoods; I prefer the faith of saints in glory to the day-dreams of those whipper-snappers who nowadays claim to lead us by their "thought." Our mind is that of David when he said, "I hate vain thoughts." If it be a question of thinking we can think as well as they can, and our thoughts about the modern theology are full of sorrowful contempt. Peradventure the doctrine is new, though even this we doubt; but if it be new it is not true, for truth must necessarily be as old as the everlasting hills.

We observe that the word "meditation" is now seldom used, and "thought" is the modern idol. Just so; we meditate on revealed truth; but this notion of *thought* sets aside truth, and sets up mere fancy. We refuse to be of this vagrant party of thinkers; we are of

THE SETTLED RACE

of believers. We can say—What we have written, we still write; what we have preached, we still preach; for inasmuch as we have preached that which is revealed in Holy Scripture, to that truth we stand and shall stand, God hepling us If we live a thousand years, at the close of life we shall have nothing more nor less to say than the fixed, immutable, eternal truth of God. We hope to understand the truth better, but we shall never discover better truth.

"I write," and "I have written," also indicate *the abiding need of men;* they require the same teaching from time to time. I suppose that John alludes to his Gospel when he says, "I have written," and now, a little later, he writes his Epistle, and says "I write"—giving in each case the same teaching. Men's natures are still the same, men's spiritual conflicts and dangers are still the same, and hence the same truth is suitable, not only from day to day, but from century to century. There is but one

FOOD FOR SOUL HUNGER,

and but one help in spiritual danger. The true teacher evermore comes to men with the same truth, because men continue to have the same dangers, necessities, sorrows, and hopes. The fathers who needed that John should write to them previously, still needed that he should write to them the self-same thing. Though they may have grown more fatherly, they have not outgrown apostolic teaching.

Many years ago, when some of us were mere boys, we listened to the Gospel of Jesus, and our hearts leaped as we embraced it; it was the life and joy of our spirit; and now to-day, after having advanced far in the divine life, if we hear one of those simple sermons that first brought us to Christ, concerning the precious blood of Jesus and child-like faith in Him, it suits us quite as well as in those early days. I have noticed with regard to well-grown Christian people, that when I have given a purely evangelical discourse, meant only for sinners, and not at all designed for the edifying and comforting of full-aged saints, they have sucked it in with as much delight as if they were themselves newly converted. After all, though you and I are not now fed upon milk, yet

A DRAUGHT OF MILK

is still most refreshing. Though we can now digest the solid meat of the kingdom, yet the children's bread has lost none of its relish in our esteem. The elementary truths are still sweet to our hearts; ay, sweeter than ever they were.

Concerning the fathers, I am going to inquire three things this morning: First, *who are they?*—"You fathers." Secondly, *what is their peculiar characteristic?*—"Ye have known him that is from the beginning." And, thirdly, *what is the message to them?*—"I have written unto you, fathers." What is it that John has written to fathers in the Church of God?

I. WHO ARE THE FATHERS?

We usually associate that idea somewhat with age; but we must take care that we do not make a mistake here, because age in grace, albeit that it may run parallel with age in nature in many cases, does not always do so. In the Church of God there are children who are seventy years old. Yes, little children displaying all the infirmities of declining years. It is not a pleasant sight to see gray-headed babes, yet I must confess I have seen such, and I have even been glad that I could dare to go the length of hoping that they were babes in Christ. One would not like to say of a man of eighty that he had scarcely cut his wisdom-teeth, and yet there are such; scarcely out of the nurse's arms at sixty years of age, needing just as much care and comfort as sucklings at the breast.

On the other hand, there are fathers in the Church of God, wise, stable, instructed, who are comparatively young men. The Lord can cause His people to grow rapidly, and far outstrip their years. David as a lad was more of a father in God than Eli in his old age. Growth in grace is not a time growth. In eternal matters years count for little. The Lord gives subtlety to the simple, to the young men knowledge and discretion. Solomon was wise while yet young; in some respects wiser than when he was old. Some youths have been like Joseph, men with God before they were men among men.

Nevertheless, as a usual thing, it is to be expected that advancement in grace should be accompanied with advancement in years, and it is so often so that we are wont to call those who are fit to look after the souls of others "the elders of the Church," not necessarily because they are old men, but because they are instructed in the things of God.

THESE ARE THE FATHERS,

then, men who have aged in grace, have come to the full development of their spiritual manhood, and have been confirmed in that development by the test of time and trials. Believers when they have in the course of years shown themselves able both to labor and to suffer, are fitly ranked among fathers. Why do we call the early writers the fathers of the Church? Not, I think, because we owe more to their teaching than to those of a later period, but because they were the first men, the pioneers, the vanguard, and so the fathers of the Church. The first and earliest members of a church will become fathers in due time if they continue in the faith, grounded and settled; their years of persevering holiness entitle them to respect.

"Fathers," again, are *persons of maturity*, men who are not raw and green; not fresh recruits, unaccustomed to march or fight, but old legionaries who have used their swords on others, and are themselves scarred with wounds received in conflict. These men know what they know, for they have thought over the Gospel, studied it, considered it, and having so considered it have embraced it with full intensity of conviction. These are the

WATCHMEN ON THE WALLS

who detect where insidious doubt is creeping in, where deadly error under the guise of truth is slily undermining the faith of the Church; to that end the Lord has instructed them and given them to have their senses exercised to discern between good and evil. Among them are men who have understanding of the times to know what Israel ought to do. If you are such fathers, dear brethren, I rejoice in you; if you are not such as yet, aspire to this eminence, and pray the Lord that you may not be long before you arrive at the ripeness and sweetness which belong to mellow Christians who are prepared for the great ingathering.

"Fathers," again, are *men of stability and strength.* If burglars are planning to attack a house they care little about the children, and make small account of the boys; but if fatherly men are about, the thieves are not eager for an encounter. Even thus the arch-deceiver has hope of injuring the Church by deceiving the little children and the young men, but the stalwart men of God, who walk in the midst of the household, looked up to by everybody, are not so readily blown to and fro. As the Spartans pointed to their citizens as the real walls of Sparta, so do we point to these substantial men, as under God the brazen walls and bulwarks of the Church. Men who are well taught, confirmed, experienced, and trained by the Spirit of God are pillars in the house of our God.

But there is something more than this in

CHRISTIAN FATHERHOOD.

The fathers of the Church are men of heart, who *naturally care for the souls of others.* It is not for himself that he lives, but for that dear family which is gathered about him. He is not wholly comprised within his own personal self, for he lives in all the house; he lives especially in his children. Their suffering or their want would be his suffering and his want. His heart has grown larger than when he was a child or a young man; for now his heart beats in all that household, of which he is the life. It is a grand thing when Christian men and Christian women come to this, that they are not perpetually thinking of their own salvation, and of their own souls being fed under the ministry, but they care most of all for those who are weak and feeble in the Church.

Having this care upon him the father *comes to be tender;* he partakes somewhat of the tenderness of a mother, and thus is called a nursing father. A true father, such as fathers should be, has a tender love for all the little ones. He would not hurt them; nothing would be more painful to him than to grieve them; on the contrary, he studies to give them pleasure, and lays himself out for their good. It is a great blessing to the Church when the leading spirits are loving; not rough and uncouth, domineering or hectoring, but gentle and Christlike. Oh, my brothers, who take the lead, let us bear and forbear, and put up with a thousand trying things from our Master's children whom He has committed to our care. Let us make ourselves the servants of all.

Not yet have I quite reached the full meaning of a father; for the father is *the author, under God, of the being of His children;* and happy is a church that has many in it who are spiritual parents in Zion, through having brought sinners to Christ. Happy are the men by whose words, and acts, and spirit, and prayers, and tears, men have been begotten unto God through Jesus Christ our Lord. What an honor it is to be such a father! I hardly think we can put any one among the fathers until he has won some heart for Jesus.

Thus have I described the fathers. They are never very numerous—they are never so numerous as they ought to be. Paul saith, "Yet have ye not many fathers;" but wherever they are, they are the strength of the Church. I have seen in the army a number of veterans marching in front, an ornament and an honor to the whole company. Such men we have in the Church of God, and such we need; men that are not flattered by opposition, nor made to lose their heads by excitement. They believe in God, and if others doubt, they are not infected by their folly. They know; they are certain; they have put their feet down, and will not move from their persuasion. When the time comes for action, they are ready for it; and throw their whole weight so heartily into the war that every charge tells. God send us regiments more of these in this evil day and preserve to us such as we have!

II. Secondly. What is

THE PROMINENT CHARACTERISTIC OF A FATHER

in Christ? Read the text. "I write unto you, fathers, because ye have known him that is from the beginning." He repeats the expression without alteration. Observe here *the concentration of their knowledge.* Twice he says, "Ye have known him that is from the beginning." Now, a babe in grace knows twenty things; a young man in Christ knows ten things; but a father in Christ knows one thing, and that one

thing he knows thoroughly. It is very natural for us at first to divide our little stream into many rivulets; but as we grow gray in grace we pour it all into one channel, and then it runs with a force efficient for our life-work. May it come to this with us all, "I determined not to know anything among you, save Jesus Christ, and Him crucified." May all our knowledge be focused as with a burning-glass upon this one point. May the adorable person of Him that was from the beginning fill the entire horizon of our thought. Oh, to have one heart, one eye, for our one Lord; and for Him alone!

Note, next, *the peculiarity of their knowledge as to its object:* they know "him that was from the beginning." Do not the babes in Christ know the Lord Jesus? Yes, they do; but they do not know Him in His full character. They know Him as having forgiven their sins, and that is much, but it is not all. Yonder is the blessed Christ, and I, a poor sinner, look to Him just as He comes to me, and I am lightened, and become one of His little children. Yes, and as I grow and become a young man, I approach nearer to Jesus, and get another view of Him; for I overcome the Wicked One even as He did, and thus I stand side by side with Him in the conflict. But if I come to be a father I enter into fellowship with the great Father Himself; for it is union with God the Father that makes a man a father in God.

Believers see Christ in a fashion similar to their own. I scarcely need allude to that which I have often mentioned to you, that every man in the Old Testament who saw the Lord saw him in

A CHARACTER LIKE HIS OWN.

Abraham, the pilgrim, saw Christ as a pilgrim. Jacob, the struggler, saw the covenant angel wrestling with him through the night. Moses, the representative of a people tried as by fire and yet continuing, saw the Lord as a burning bush. Joshua, the valiant warrior, saw the captain of the Lord's host as a man with a sword drawn in his hand. The three holy children saw the Son of God in the burning, fiery furnace, even as they were themselves. When you become a father in Christ you see Christ from the Father's point of view; not as newly come to save, but as "from the beginning" the Saviour of men.

Yes, but I want to notice again, that *this knowledge is in itself special:* the knowledge itself is remarkable as well as the object of the knowledge. "Ye have *known* him." A dear servant of Christ on this platform the other evening sat beside me; he belonged to quite another part of the Church of Christ, but he said to me of such and such a person, "You know, dear brother, he is

ONE THAT KNOWS THE LORD;

he is not merely a Christian, but he knows our Lord; you and I know what that means, do we not?" I could only look at him with a deep look of loving appreciation. Yes, we do know the Lord as a living, bright reality, a daily friend, councillor, and companion.

III. Thirdly, dear friends, what is

THE MESSAGE TO THE FATHERS?

I would indicate that message very briefly, by referring you to the context. John has been saying to you, dear fathers, and indeed to all of us who are in Christ, that we should *love one another*. If you are truly fathers you cannot help loving all the family; the fatherly instinct is love, and fathers in Christ should be brimful of it. Little ones should be induced by our loving spirit to come around us, feeling that if nobody else loves them we do, if nobody else cares for them we do. I have known a father in Christ to whom a convert would speak much more readily than he would to his own earthly father or mother. I suppose they see an invitation in the faces of these fathers. May you and I be just such persons, and may the Holy Spirit use us for the good of our fellows.

The next message immediately succeeds the text: "*Love not the world*, neither the things that are in the world." Oh, dear fathers, you must not love the world, for it passeth away, and this is specially true of you. If any Christian man might love the world, and I hope none will do so, certainly the fathers may not. You know so much of Christ that you may well despise the world; and you are so soon going home that you ought to set little store by these fleeting things. You have all the marks of what they call declining years—I call them *ascending years:* you will soon be gone from the world and its changing vanities, therefore do not set your love on earthly treasures. Hold wealth with a loose hand, be ready to depart, for depart you soon will. Before the morning watch you may be gone to your Father's house on high. "Love not the world."

Another duty of fathers is also mentioned here. While they are not to love the world they must take care that they *do not fall victims to any of the lusts of this present evil world*, such as the lust of the flesh.

CAN FATHERS EVER FALL

that way? Ah me; we have to speak very solemnly and admit that the most advanced saint still needs to be warned against the lust of the flesh, the indulgence of appetites which so readily lead men to sin. Then there is the lust of the eye. David fell into that when he repined because of the prosperity of the wicked, and was obliged to confess, "So foolish was I, and ignorant." He looked at the prosperous wicked till he began to fret himself about them. That lust of the eye, in desiring more for yourself and envying those that have more—never let it happen to a father. And the pride of life—that thirsting to be thought respectable, that emulation of others, that struggling after honor and such like—this must not be in a father. You are men, and must put away childish things.

The next exhortation to the fathers is that they should *watch*, for, says the apostle, "Ye have heard that antichrist shall come, even now are there many antichrists." Oh, valiant fathers, keep ye watch and ward. I marvel much that members of churches agree to the choice of ministers who are not sound in the faith, nay, who do not seem to have any faith at all. How comes this about? We used to have in our Baptist churches substantial men who would as soon have brooked Satan at their own table as an unsound preacher in the pulpit. There used to be a company in the north of Scotland called "The Men." Why, if heresy had been preached before them, they would have been as provoked as Janet Geddes when she threw her cutty stool at the head of the preacher. They would not have endured these modern heresies as the present effeminate generation is enduring them.

Let the new theologians have liberty to preach what they like on their own ground, but not in our pulpits. Alas! the leading members in many churches are Christians without backbones, molluscous, spongy; snails I would call them, only they have not the consistency of a snail's shell. They are ready to swallow any mortal thing if the preacher seems clever and eloquent. Cleverness and eloquence—away with them forever! If it is not the truth of God, the more cleverly and eloquently it is preached the more damnable it is. We must have the truth and nothing but the truth, and I charge the fathers in Christ all over *England and America* to see to this. Get ye to your watch-tower and guard the flock, lest the sheep be destroyed while they are asleep.

Lastly, it is the duty of the fathers to

PREPARE FOR THE COMING OF THE LORD.

How beautifully it is put in the twenty-eighth verse, "Abide in Him; that, when He shall appear, we may have confidence, and not be ashamed before Him at His coming." It is addressed to you all, for you are all little children, but it is specially incumbent upon those of you who are fathers. Arouse all your faculties! Watch for the coming of the Lord, and keep your loins well girded. Jesus may come to-day; this Sabbath may be the last Sabbath of this dispensation; yet He may not come for ten thousand years for aught I know; therefore weary not if you wait through a long night. Be sure that He delayeth His coming, for He will surely return at the day appointed. Only let us hold fast that which we have received, and while we are waiting for the midnight cry, He will come, and will not tarry; therefore go ye forth to meet Him.

"Hold the fort, for I am coming,
Jesus signals still:
Wave the answer back to heaven,
By thy grace we will."

[The prayers of the readers of this Journal are requested for the blessing of God upon its Editors in America and England, and those whose sermons, articles, or labors for Christ are printed in it; and for its weekly circulation of more than 250,000 copies to be blessed by the Holy Spirit to the conversion of many sinners and the quickening of God's people. Mr. Spurgeon and Dr. Talmage especially request prayer every Sunday morning on behalf of their labors.]

SELIM HISHMEH,

The "Boy" who was with Mr. H. M. Stanley when he Found Dr. Livingstone at Ujiji.

SELIM HISHMEH, *whose portrait we give on page* 812, is an Arabian, of the tribe of Moab. He was born at Nazareth, Palestine, in 1859, and is therefore now twenty-four years old. When quite young his family removed to Jerusalem, and on Mount Zion there made their future home. Among the advantages of the change, his father, the chief of the tribe, was securing better education for his children. Selim was sent to Bishop Gobat's school, and the progress he made was rapid and thorough. He acted as a dragoman when he left the school, and among other travellers he guided through the country was Mr. H. M. Stanley, who was so pleased with the lad that he did not wish to part with him, so he engaged Selim to accompany him for a time, saying that he would take Selim to where he would get more education, which was very gratifying to the young Arab, although his departure was against the desire of his mother and other friends. This was in 1870. The travels of Mr. Stanley are too well known to require any narrating here. Suffice it to say that Selim accompanied him on his visits to Constantinople, Sebastopol, Odessa, the Caucasus, the Caspian Sea, Persia, India, and Central Africa.

He was with Stanley in his famous search for Livingstone, and rendered important service. When all but despairing of the object of their search, a company of Arabian merchants was met, and from them Selim got news of the whereabouts of Dr. Livingstone (*as shown in the picture on page* 812); so acting on that information Stanley's party after a few days' hard marching came to Ujiji and found the veteran traveller.

The following extracts from Mr. Stanley's book, "How I Found Livingstone," show the high opinion he formed of Selim and his sense of his obligations to his young dragoman:

"Speke's 'Faithful' has proved as cowardly as any of them. Selim, the Arab boy from Jerusalem, has proved brave and faithful."

Again: "The most important member of the expedition, next to myself, was Selim, the young Arab boy, a Christian from Jerusalem. He was educated by good Bishop Gobat, and if all the Arab boys of his school turn out as well as Selim, Bishop Gobat deserves the highest praise for his noble work. Without Selim I must have perished at Mjuto, without Selim I could not have so well obtained the friendship of the chief Arabs in the interior, neither could I have well communicated with them, for though I understood Arabic, I could not speak it. I employed this boy in January, 1870, since which time he has travelled with me through Southern Russia, the Caucasus, and Persia. In my service he was honest and faithful; he was without fear and without reproach; and I feel while recording these praises of him, that they are totally insufficient to convey my sense of the services he has rendered to me."

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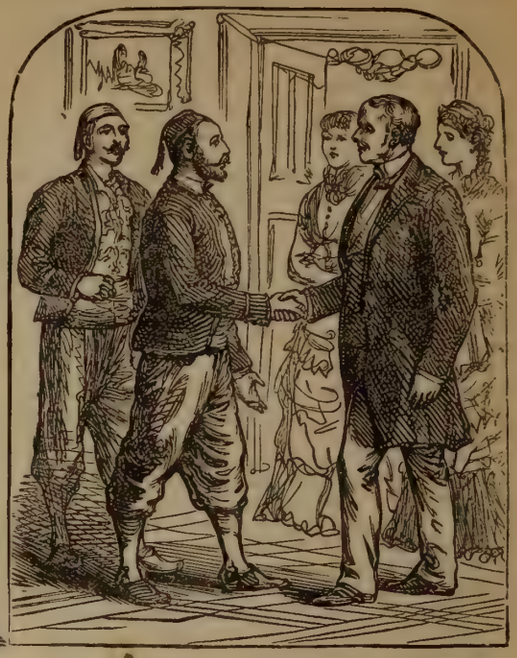
Selim Inquiring for Dr. Livingstone.

Selim Hishmeh, Mr. H. M. Stanley's Dragoman.



Selim Introduced to Dr. Livingstone's Family.

On the conclusion of the Livingstone expedition Selim returned to his own country and took service as dragoman under Messrs. T. Cook & Son, the famous firm who organize excursions in foreign lands, notably in Palestine. Subsequently Selim obtained employment in the United States Consulate. While so engaged he conducted a party of American travellers through the country, and entered into friendly relations with them. Out of that connection grew a painful misunderstanding. There are, of course, two sides to the story, and it is not easy to reconcile them. The actual outcome was that in 1880 Selim came to this country. He appears to have expected that he and five companions who had come over with him would have been educated and supported at the expense of his newly-made friends. They, on the other hand, allege that they engaged Selim and the other Arabs to travel through the country on exhibition. Selim complained that he "was stared at as if he were a monkey," and appears to have bitterly resented the experience to which he was subjected. However, the exhibition travelled around for nearly a year, the difficulties and unpleasantness increasing during the whole time.

Eventually, when they were at Yarmouth, Nova Scotia, the crisis came, and Selim and the other Arabs separated from the exhibitors and started on their own account. They also procured from Palestine curiosities made of the wood cut from the olive trees and cedars of the Holy Land, and sold them at good prices. With the profits of the sale and of the exhibitions Selim defrayed the expenses of a passage home for four of his companions. Selim and his cousin were left, and they subsequently became acquainted with several wealthy members of the Society of Friends in Maine and Massachusetts, from whom they received much kindness. A subscription was opened on their behalf, and soon the two young men had the satisfaction of standing on the deck of the Devonia bound for Glasgow, on their way back to Palestine.

On their arrival in Glasgow Selim remembered that he had the address of two Scottish gentlemen to whom he had acted as guide in Palestine, and he determined to spend the few days of waiting for the Liverpool steamer in looking them up. Mr. Alexander Dobie and his son, the gentlemen referred to, received Selim's communication with delight. They went to call upon him, and invited the two young men to remain at their house as guests for a time. The invitation was gladly accepted, and Selim and his cousin enjoyed the hospitality of the Scottish home, and subsequently accompanied their hosts to their town house in Edinburgh.

The strangers attracted considerable attention in Edinburgh; and, among others, they were introduced to Mrs. Bruce, the

DAUGHTER OF DR. LIVINGSTONE,

in the discovery of whom Selim had taken so active a part. Both Mr. and Mrs. Bruce received the strangers with all gladness of heart. (*The picture on this page illustrates the reception.*) The friends to whom Selim was introduced were impressed with his intelligence and anxiety for knowledge. It was eventually proposed that if sufficient money could be raised Selim should be kept and educated. Through the liberality of friends the idea was carried out. He was sent to the University of Edinburgh for two years, with the view of his becoming a *medical missionary* for Central Africa. It was also deemed proper to send his cousin home to Palestine, which was done. The progress he has made in his medical studies up to the present time has been so encouraging that it has been urged by some of his devoted well-wishers, particularly some in America, that, as his education would necessarily be very incomplete without one or two additional years at the college, that an effort should be made to secure that object. It is not yet definitely settled; still, from what is known, it is probable that the necessary funds will be forthcoming, and Selim will yet go out to labor in the same field as the devoted man whom he assisted Stanley to find and relieve.

FRANK THIRLWELL'S DEFICIENT COURAGE.

Frank Thirlwell, on the death of his father, came into possession of a thriving plumber's business, which the old gentleman had established and developed until his son, who was also a clever workman, naturally considered himself on the high road to fortune. Frank, who had but recently attained his majority, entered upon his new responsibilities with no little ardor and confidence. An old friend of his father having one day expressed to the young man his hopes that the business would succeed under his management, Frank answered at once, "I intend to *make it* succeed. The success of every business depends on the amount of energy at the back of it; and whoever knows me knows that whenever I put my hand to a thing, failure is out of the question."

In the buoyancy of his youthful spirits it never occurred to Frank that it is not for him who puts on his armor to talk like him who takes it off. His success at school and his popularity in company, and, above all, his triumph in winning the heart of a beautiful young lady who had rejected more than one tempting offer, had ministered to his self-esteem. He had too much good sense to be a coxcomb, but too little experience and too sanguine a temperament accurately to measure the probabilities and contingencies on a just estimate of which all wise action depends. Consequently the judicious advice of his father's friends and the caution of his aged mother, who saw with dismay that Frank was less industrious and less frugal than during his father's lifetime, fell on deaf ears.

He had been in business on his own account about nine months when he received a visit from an old schoolfellow, who, like himself, was now carrying on the business of his late father. The two young men talked over their prospects and discussed the chances of becoming rich. Frank could scarcely have had a more dangerous friend, for young Fletcher was one of those ambitious schemers who despise the old methods of making a fortune. He believed in luck, and predicted that some day he would be a millionnaire. Frank listened, and the humdrum work of the plumber's shop grew more repulsive than ever. It seemed stupid to continue counting gains by hundreds when thousands were being made in a day. Frank knew he must work and save at the present rate until he was fifty before he could afford to retire from business; and then what would be left of life to enjoy?

"Now, here is a scheme I am engaged in," said Fletcher; "with a little more capital it would be a splendid success." He produced a packet of papers and drawings, and Frank Thirlwell listened to his explanations, and examined the papers. There seemed certainly to be money in it. Two thousand dollars stood to Frank's credit in his bank, which he regarded as capital for his business. But now might not a share in Fletcher's scheme be a better use for it? He would try. Frank wrote a cheque for the whole amount, which his friend carried away with him, congratulating Frank on his courage and sagacity.

The plumbing business after that seemed to be still more irksome than before. It was too slow. Frank Thirwell engaged a foreman who managed it, and relieved his mind of its petty details. Day-dreams now were the young man's chief occupation, and he saw himself in imagination surrounded with wealth and luxury, and his wife dressed fashionably and riding in her own carriage. After three months he thought he

Frank Thirlwell Listened and Considered.

Will Round's Narrow Escape. (*See page* 805.)

would see Fletcher and ascertain how matters were progressing.

"Glad to see you, old boy," said that worthy, as Frank met him on his way from the depot. "How is the plumbing business getting on? I thought of coming to have a talk with you. That affair you and I went into would be all the better for another two thousand dollars if you can put it in."

Frank's countenance fell. "What!" he said, "doesn't it pay?"

"It must eventually, but these things take time and money—especially money. If you can put in that two thousand I speak of, that will help it along. I would do it myself, but I am in so many things, and my business does not pay so well now as it used to do."

"No," said Frank, "I can spare no more. I have put into it every cent I have outside the business."

"I am sorry for that," Fletcher answered gloomily. "You aren't trustee for anybody, are you? It would be a good investment."

Now, as it happened, Frank had in his hands a considerable sum belonging to his mother which he could use if he chose in this way. He knew his mother would not consent, but he might easily use it without her knowledge and replace it when the scheme began to pay. The temptation was powerful, and it grew stronger as he entered his friend's house and saw the splendor in which he was living. All produced, as Fletcher said, by speculations like that. There was to be a ball that night; would not Frank stay for it?

"No," Frank said, he would go home and consider this matter of the trust money and write him. It cost a struggle, but Frank decided the next day that he would not put his mother's money in jeopardy.

That evening, sitting at his quiet tea-table, his wife read to him from the evening paper a glowing description of the entertainment "given last night at the mansion of our esteemed fellow-citizen, Mr. Fletcher." Frank sat listening gloomily. Had he acted wisely in staying his hand, he asked himself, as his wife read on. Perhaps he had been a fool and a coward. His thoughts were so busy that he scarcely noticed when the reading stopped. He was in doubt. That night he besought divine guidance, and then the glaring wickedness of the suggestion made itself clear to him. Early the next morning he wrote refusing to advance his mother's money.

"Very well," Fletcher replied, "go on plodding. You have not enough courage for speculation."

"If the courage needed is the courage to do wrong I have not, thank God," was Frank's devout comment. He discharged his foreman, settled down to work, and bade good-by to speculation.

Scarcely a month afterward Frank opened his newspaper as he rode down to business in the car, and was startled by the glaring headline: "Suicide of Mr. Fletcher." He read on with palpitating heart. The cause of the rash act was unknown. There were, however, disquieting rumors abroad. Defalcation was suspected; even forgery was hinted at. It all came out the following day. His friend, it appeared, had not lacked the quality he falsely called courage. Frank never recovered his two thousand dollars, but with a grateful heart he thanked God that he had been preserved from risking his mother's money. He is plodding on still, but he is cured of the haste to be rich, which always brings a snare.

An Old Question Repeated in a Strange Place. A gentleman in the civil service in Washington, D.C., sends us the following interesting communication: "It is a common sight in the corridors of the Capitol, at Washington, during the sessions of Congress, to see little knots of men in earnest conversation, devising means for political preferment, scheming for some gigantic draft upon the nation's treasury, or busy in lobbying through some pet bill; but on a recent day a man bearing the marks of a sinful life approached another, and with great earnestness asked, 'What shall I do to be saved?' The one appealed to replied that he could not tell him, but directed him to the committee room of a gentleman who has long been employed at the Capitol. This gentleman, not knowing the errand of the seeker after knowledge, informed him on his first request for some conversation, that he was too busy to admit of it. 'But,' persisted the earnest seeker, 'I'm lost, and I want to know what I must do to be saved.' The reply this time was, 'Come right in, and if necessary, I will give you all day,' and in that committee room, never before used for that purpose, this seeker after, not political favor or fortune, but his soul's salvation, was joyfully pointed to the living way by one who but two years since was himself lost in sin."

Political Teaching by Contrast was Resorted to in the late campaign in Iowa. At one of the large Amendment gatherings, where thousands of people congregated, *a school-house on wheels* was marched through the streets, drawn by four horses, and preceded by a brass band, and in the house a school-teacher was teaching the children. This was followed by a saloon fitted upon wheels, with a representation of a bar, drunken men, and a bar-keeper tempting boys to drink. These were accompanied by a banner, on which was inscribed, "Look on this picture, and then on that."

POVERTY'S PREY.

A SERIAL STORY.

(*Continued from page* 799.)

A Disappointment.

MRS. LINNETT'S home was by no means a luxurious abode. The good old lady was too poor to afford elegant furniture, but she was scrupulously neat and clean, and such relics as she had retained from her more prosperous days, when her sailor-husband came home from his voyages with a well-filled pocketbook, had been carefully preserved. If the dead sailor could have looked in at his widow's rooms he would have been content. If there was no luxury there was comfort, and the old lady was well satisfied.

To Euclid and Victoria and Bess, the place seemed a little palace. The old garret with its poor ricketty bedstead, its empty boxes to serve as chairs, and its miserable surroundings, formed the only comparison for the new-comers. Here there was peace and quietness and cleanliness and comfort. As they entered they stood and looked around with delighted wonder.

One of the many old shipmates who had sailed in The Jemima with Thomas Linnett had papered the front room with a cheerful paper of red roses, and had festooned the window with strings of some foreign beans of a bright scarlet. The old egg-shaped grate, with high hobs, had been polished till it glittered in the firelight. Victoria's bed stood in the corner, ready made; and Euclid's was also ready in a little closet

opening at the top of the narrow stairs. Over the chimney-piece hung an oval looking-glass, cracked across the middle, which had once belonged to some ship's cabin, and had found its way into Mrs. Linnett's possession; and on each side of it was a picture in a black frame. Victoria stood on the threshold of this sumptuous dwelling-place, gazing at it with wondering eyes, till she suddenly broke down into tears.

"Oh, it's too grand!" she sobbed. "We can never pay the rent here."

"To be sure you can," said Mrs. Linnett, soothing her tenderly. "And by and by you'll more than pay the rent, my dear, when you are strong enough to help me in the store; and that won't be long, my poor precious! There's the fresh breeze blowing off the river; that'll make you strong. And there's me to look after you, poor dear, that never knew what it is to have a mother! And father'll be as happy as a king to see you picking up your roses. And there's Bess—why, she'll be as good as a fortune to me, I know; she'll save my old legs and arms so. And it's a mile nigher to the market; and Bess shall go and buy me apples and oranges and green-grocery for the store; and we'll sell all the cresses as Mr. Euclid brings home of an evening. And you'll see if he doesn't more than pay the rent!"

It was a constant marvel to Euclid how Victoria grew stronger and brighter. Presently her pallid cheeks gained a faint tinge of red, and looked fuller and rounder; her eyes were happier, and her step less languid. She had no long, solitary hours now. Even when she was alone in her room, she could call Mrs. Linnett or Bess to her at any moment. Unknown to Euclid, Mr. Dudley provided more nourishing food for her than she had ever had in her life; and she was thriving upon it, as well as upon Mrs. Linnett's motherly care. It was like a new life to Victoria.

She learned to read and write with astonishing rapidity, leaving Bess far behind, and filling Euclid's old heart with fatherly pride in her. He could not keep himself from boasting of his daughter's learning to the saleswomen from whom he bought his cresses. His purchases in the market were of more importance now, as he had to keep the shop supplied with fresh fruit and vegetables; and, as Mrs. Linnett reckoned his services as worth a shilling a week to her, he felt well paid for his trouble. "The winter's woe was past" in very truth. He had lost his hoarded savings, and would never get them back; but what were they to Victoria's returning health, and the sight of her dear face as it greeted him evening after evening, looking out for him to come home, from Mrs. Linnett's door?

The only sorrow that sat by their fireside was the thought of David in prison. Bess was always talking of him, and of the day when he would be discharged. They counted the days till that would come. Old Euclid knew it as well as Bess; and Mr. Dudley pondered over the matter as much as they did. What was to be done with David when he came out of prison? How could the grievous wrong that had been done to him be set right? Could it ever be set right in this world?

"Davy'll be out next week," said Bess one evening, when they were all gathered round Mrs. Linnett's fire. Bess was sorely troubled She could never forsake David; that was impossible. But would Euclid and Victoria and Mrs. Linnett be willing to let her go away with him in his disgrace, and lose sight of her forevermore? She knew too well into what a gulf of misery and degradation she must fall with David, and a strange horror crept over her as she thought of it; but none the less was she ready to go away with him from this pleasant and sure shelter, rather than be guilty of deserting him in his dire distress. No, never could she forsake Davy!

"There's a verse you read last night, Mrs. Linnett," said old Euclid, "as has been runnin' in my head all day. I've not got the words quite true, I know, ma'am; but it's somethink like this: 'God doesn't want one o' these little young ones to be lost.' Somethink o' that sort it is."

"Ay, I know," answered Mrs. Linnett. "'It is not the will of your Father in heaven that one of these little ones should perish.' Jesus Christ said it: it's His words."

"It's like him," said Euclid, with a smile on his gray face. "It seems as if he was always a-sayin' somethink beautiful. And just afore that there was somethink about a sheep going astray, and gettin' lost on the mountains, and how he'd rejoice over it when it was found again; and then he says it's the same with the little ones; they sha'n't perish either. Poor Davy! he's gone astray; and he's no more than a young lamb as doesn't know the right way. What are we to do to set him right again, so as he shouldn't perish? If it's God's will, it must be done, I reckon."

"Where should Davy go but here?" asked Mrs. Linnett, in a hearty, cheery voice, which made the downcast heart of poor Bess leap for joy. "If you and he 'ud sleep together in my bed, Bess shall have the closet, and I'll sleep with Victoria. We shall shake down somehow. And Captain Upjohn, my old shipmate, says he'll take him with him to Sweden; and they'll be away six weeks or more, and his hair'll be grown, and he'll look all right when he gets back. Maybe he'll take to a seafaring life, and then he'll get on well, I know."

"Oh, if mother only knew!" cried Bess.

The day before David's release from jail was a great day in Mrs. Linnett's little house. Bess scrubbed every floor, and rubbed every article of furniture, as if they could not be bright enough to give David a welcome. All the while she was thinking of the many things she would have to tell him—of Roger's theft, and Blackett's hatred; and of Mr. Dudley and Mrs. Linnett, and this new happy home in which she found herself.

Mrs. Linnett, who dearly loved a little festival, was making wonderful preparations for a dinner far beyond a common meal to-morrow; and Victoria was helping her to wash currants and stone raisins for a pudding. None of them spoke much of the coming event, though their hearts were full of it; for, lying beneath the gladness, there ran a strong undercurrent of grief for the past, and of vague dread of the future.

"I wish Jesus Christ was only here now!" cried Bess, flinging her arms round Mrs. Linnett's neck, and sobbing on her shoulder. "I'd go and tell Him every word about Davy, and ask Him if He thought him bad enough to be sent to jail. If He was livin' anywhere in London, I'd crawl to Him on my hands and knees, if I couldn't walk, and tell Him all about it."

"He knows all about it, Bess," answered Mrs. Linnett, "and He'll make it up to him in some way. Only I wonder, I do wonder, as Christian folks can let it be! If the Queen 'ud only think about it, or the grand Lords and the Commons, as the newspapers speak about, they'd never let it be, I know. They'd find some other way to punish children. But we'll try and make Davy forget it when he comes home."

Mr. Dudley had found out the usual hour for the discharge of prisoners, and it was settled that Euclid and Bess should be waiting for him when the outer door of the jail was opened. Bess was awake long before it was time to get up in the morning. It was an April day, six full calendar months since David had left home in the autumn to go begging for his mother. Euclid had time to make his early round, and sell his cresses for the workingmen's breakfasts; and he had resolved to make the rest of the day a holiday.

Bess met him as he had just finished his sales, and then they turned their steps in the direction of the city prison. They were both happier and gayer than they had been since David went away; but Bess was especially glad. For, after all, in spite of the sorrow which cast so deep a shadow over her life, still David was coming back to her, and he was her own. He belonged to her, and she belonged to him. And Davy had always been so good to her.

They reached the prison a few minutes before the appointed hour, and paced up and down under its gloomy walls, blackened with dust and smoke, and towering high above the bent old man and half-grown girl who trod half-timidly under their shadow. The heavy gates were shut close, and no sound was to be heard beyond them. The porter's closely barred window and thick door seemed to forbid them to knock there and make any inquiry; but they had none to make.

They continued to pace to and fro patiently, with the meek and quiet patience of most of the honest and decent poor, not expecting any notice to be taken of them, or wishing to give any trouble. To and fro, to and fro, until the nearest church-clock, and the jail-clock within the walls, struck an hour behind the time, and still the prisoners were not set free. Again the weary footsteps trod beneath the gloomy shadows, and both Euclid and Bess fell into an almost unbroken and anxious silence. How was it that David was still kept in prison?

At length the door of the porter's lodge was opened, and a warder came out, having it instantly and jealously closed after him. Old Euclid summoned courage enough to address him.

"Sir," he said respectfully, "is there anything gone wrong inside the jail?"

"Why do you want to know?" inquired the warder, with a sharp glance at them both. "What are you hanging about here for?"

"We are waiting for this lassie's brother—David Fell," he answered; while Bess gazed up eagerly, yet timidly, into the warder's face. "His time's up to-day, and we've been looking out for him to take him home with us."

"Why, the prisoners have been gone this two hours," replied the warder. "We let them out an hour earlier than usual; for we've some great visitors coming to see the jail, and we wanted to get on with business. They didn't make any objections, not one of 'em, I can tell you. You make haste home, and you'll find him there."

But Euclid and Bess knew that they could not find David at Mrs. Linnett's, and they retraced their homeward path sadly and heavily. If he had thought of going to any home, it must be to that old, unhappy place, where his mother had died the day after his second conviction; and thither neither Euclid nor Bess dared go, for fear of Blackett. It was six weeks since they had secretly quitted it, and not a soul among their old neighbors knew where they had found a new roof to shelter them. They had trusted no one with that precious secret.

Yet Bess could not bear the thought of losing David. They must not lose him. Alas! they guessed too well where he must be. But how could they get to him, and let him know what friends and what a home were waiting to welcome him?

The feast was ready by the time they reached home; but none of them had a heart for it. Mrs. Linnett, however, took a cheerful view of the misfortune, and assured them Mr. Dudley would know how to find David without bringing any danger to Euclid. Mr. Dudley looked in during the evening, and, upon hearing the news, started off at once in search of David. He was almost as anxious to find the lad, and take him home, as Bess herself could have been.

David had been at the old house: that was quickly and easily learned. He had knocked at two doors, and been driven away from them both as a thief and a jail-bird; but nobody could tell where he had gone to. At last Mr. Dudley made an inquiry at Blackett's own door; but all he could learn was, that Blackett himself had left his old lodgings for good that very day, and had taken care not to leave his address.

For the second time—or, as the prison report registered it, for the third time—David Fell had

been released from jail after three months. David knew the prison report was wrong. More than this, he had not felt that his first offence had deserved so severe a penalty. Now, when he had been defending his mother's good name, and seeking the restoration of her property, his whole boyish nature had risen rebelliously under a sense of cruel injustice.

He would do it again, he cried within himself; yes, if all the magistrates and policemen in the whole world were looking on. Why should his mother be cheated out of the only treasure she possessed? and how could he stand by, and hear her called what Mr. Quirk had called her? His mother was as good as any woman in London, and he was ready to fight anybody who gave her an ill name.

He was but a boy still. In many homes he would have been reckoned among the children, and his faults of temper would have been passed over, or leniently dealt with. He was in jail for a brave, rash action, which most men would have applauded in their own sons. Each time the trial that consigned him to an imprisonment of three months had not occupied more than five minutes. Police-courts are busy places, with a constant pressure of affairs to be despatched; and a police-magistrate has not time to investigate the statements of boys who, nine times out of ten, are telling a lie in order to escape punishment. David had been caught red-handed in his transgression of the law; and the law, framed as it had been against wrong-doers, swept him, in its resistless current, into jail.

(To be continued.)

REVIEW OF THE QUARTER'S LESSONS.

S. S. Lesson for Dec. 30. Golden Text, Isaiah 55 : 8. By Mrs. M. Baxter.

Satan Inculcates Independence—Varieties of Conversion—Mistaken Notions of Sanctification—No Independence of God—A Striking Contrast—Selecting the Link of Communication—The People's Remedy—Human Thoughts Invariably Fail—Saul's Ideas—Why Saul was a Failure—A Better Representative—Led of God—The Saul and David in the Soul.

"FOR my thoughts are not your thoughts, neither are your ways my ways, saith the Lord." Man was created to receive the impress of God; He made him receptive, made him finite, but capable of containing the infinite, the creature but capable of receiving the Creator. Throughout all time it has been the aim of our great enemy to reverse the right order of things, and to bring about in man the same kind of independence of God through which he himself fell. Many of God's children have to tell how their conversion took place quite differently from what they had imagined; they thought they would have had quite another experience, more like something which they had read in books, and God had to bring round their thoughts to His in order to save their souls. It is equally so about sanctification; so many imagine they are going to be filled with a conscious holiness, which will make everything like temptation an impossibility, and in which they will be filled with such joy that they cannot help speaking to all around them of the love of Jesus; and they will have such a blessed experience that nothing more can be desired, they will be independent of God altogether.

GOD'S THOUGHT IS QUITE ANOTHER.

Wherever He leads us, it is into the path of complete and ever-increasing dependence upon Him; to find Him our sanctification, and to possess nothing in ourselves at all, but all, yes *all*, in Him. Many sick ones who are seeking healing fall into the same mistake. They imagine that some Christians possess a kind of healing virtue, or that there is more efficacy in their prayers than in the prayers of others, that they can bring a greater force to bear on God than others can, and therefore they want to place their case in the hands of these Christians, not in the hands of God. There are others who really do look to God for healing, but they believe that the moment they are anointed for healing, or the moment they themselves pray about it, that moment all pain and disease ought to leave them, and they are totally disappointed if it is not so. God's thought is to heal the whole being—spirit, soul and body. He may see, as in the case of the paralytic, that the soul needs a touch of God yet more than the body, and He will not touch half the being and leave the other half untouched; He cannot work out our ideas, but calls us to enter into His.

In the history of Saul and David, we see most

STRIKINGLY IN CONTRAST

the thoughts of God and the thoughts of man. When God saw that the priesthood was falling into declension, and that He needed a witness who could be a communicating link between Him and the people, God did not search out the most learned and talented among the sons of Eli; He did not lay the least stress on superiority of family, but sought out a little child, one who, at any rate, would not resist Him, who would be teachable, easily led, and who knew how to listen. This child was virtually the judge as well as the chosen prophet. By this child, God spoke to His people, and God in that boy had more influence in the land than had either priests or nobles. This was God's thought. When Samuel's mother sang, "He raiseth up the poor out of the dust, and lifteth up the beggar from the dunghill, to set them among princes," perhaps she little thought that her words were going to be fulfilled in the life of her own son.

But we shall remember, in the course of our lessons, how Samuel grew old, and his sons, whom he had made judges, "walked not in his ways;" then man began to plan a new remedy, and instead of trusting God to put the wrong things right, the people

HAD THEIR SUGGESTION READY,

and wanted God to come into their thoughts, by making them a king. Sometimes God answers prayer in judgment. He let Samuel see His thoughts about this matter, and proclaim them to the people; but so set were they upon their own, that in face of any and every consideration they still clamored for a king. Oh, how sadly does the Lord speak of their obstinacy by the prophet Hosea, "O Israel, thou hast destroyed thyself; but in me is thine help. I will be thy king: where is any other that may save thee in all thy cities? and thy judges of whom thou saidst, Give me a king and princes? I gave thee a king in mine anger, and took him away in my wrath" (Hos. 13 : 9, 10, 11).

Saul was chosen, yes, and blessed; but man's thoughts can never answer in the long run. It was now the king himself who must be tried and proved, to see if he would run in God's thoughts or his own. God had declared war against Amalek; no life must be left in an Amalekite, nothing that breathed, whether man or beast, must be left alive; this was God's thought, and He called on Saul, as He had previously and successfully called on Samuel, to carry out His thought. But

SAUL HAD IDEAS OF HIS OWN.

"What a pity," perhaps he thought, "to slay Agag without getting a little extra glory out of a captive king. It would be so to my credit as a warrior to have this regal captive to show. And then the sheep and oxen; it is a heavy tax on the people to have so often to offer sacrifice; we will keep them for sacrifice, it cannot be wrong, because the motive is right." But, Saul, thou hast not taken into consideration that these are *thy* thoughts, not God's. Saul was a failure because he was seeking to improve upon God, instead of carrying out His purposes; he had forgotten himself, he had taken the position of God's representative in being made king, and now he was representing, not God, but himself and the people. It was enough: Saul must be rejected, he had failed through his independence of God.

Oh, how often in a day does the choice come to us between God's thoughts and ours! He wills that we should be careful for nothing; His thought is to be our caretaker. When we are anxious, perplexed, fidgety, unrestful, it is because we are not really depending upon God; we are undertaking something, calling for something; the weight of the responsibility rests upon us; we have not committed it out of our hands into His. As His children we are called to represent our loving Father, and we are acting as though He had no care for us, as though He left us to ourselves, and did not condescend to details; we act as though not only the hairs of our head were left unnumbered by God, but as though He had never heard about our business, our family cares, our church perplexities, etc., or as though He were indifferent about these things.

God needed another and a better representative in Israel, and He found His choice in a simple shepherd lad, the youngest of a family of eight, unknown by man, but simple enough to let himself be

LED BY GOD.

And now a conflict began between the man after God's own heart, His representative, His willing, supple instrument, and the man after man's ideas, who was rejected of God. It was not David who opposed Saul, but Saul who could not endure the presence of David. Saul, rejected by God, became a cypher as to real power; and when things came to the push it was David, not Saul, through whom deliverance came. Let us apply this to our own hearts. There, also, Saul and David have played a part; Saul, the strength of our own nature, *our* talents, *our* experience, *our* strong will, *our* endurance, *our* power in whatsoever it manifests itself. David is Christ in us. God's choice, God's anointed. His holy anointing oil does not fall upon the flesh of man (Ex. 30 : 32); it is in Jesus our High Priest that we are His anointed ones. Now, how shall it be when we are in real danger? when Philistine hosts compass us, and some champion of darkness challenges to single combat, who shall fight him—Saul? In *real* conflict Saul is nowhere. *Our* strength may be great in logic, great in word, great in idea, but when it comes to the actual conquest of an evil temper, a besetting sin, an evil habit, either in ourselves, our children, or our servants, Saul is afraid, our own resources fail. It needs a David, it needs Christ Himself to come and do this real work. Saul could not so much as face Goliath—David conquered him. Oh, how many there are who labor with all the energy which they possess to conquer the evil within them! Sometimes they force themselves, sometimes try to force God by their earnestness in prayer, while all the time God's anointed is on the field only waiting His opportunity to do the whole work—waiting until the matter is put into His hands. There was one who understood David, Jonathan; and he was as his own soul. Jesus may be rejected in His fulness by the chief part of professing Christians, but

WHERE HE IS UNDERSTOOD

there is a David-and-Jonathan friendship, a love which is "wonderful, passing the love of women" (II Sam. 1 : 26), a love which is "strong as death" (Can. 8 : 6).

David was again and again put to the proof whether he would take matters into his own hands, or simply trust God; he chose the latter. When, in two several instances, Saul was brought within his reach, he would not slay him; he had put his cause into the hands of God, and *he* would not interfere. Even when Abishai wanted to smite the sleeping Saul, David hindered him, though the responsibility would have been another's, he would not have lifted his own hand against the Lord's anointed; the opportunity seemed a most favorable one, but David had made it God's business, and he left it to Him. So it is when we know Christ in us; then there is no falling back upon natural resources, it is just a simple reckoning upon God Himself, and not upon either persons or circumstances; then we seek to carry out only His thoughts as He reveals them unto us, thus disowning and disregarding "our thoughts."

FOREIGN TOPICS.

The Proposed Visit of the German Crown Prince to the Pope is causing much speculation in Europe. It is generally regarded as a concession to the head of the Romish Church on the part of the German Government, and as a sign that the Emperor and Prince Bismarck are about to withdraw from the contest with the Pope on the question of the appointment of Roman Catholic bishops in Germany. A difficulty of court etiquette has also arisen out of the contemplated visit. The Pope would desire to show his appreciation of the courtesy of the Prince by returning his visit, but as the Prince will stay at the palace of the Quirinal during his visit to Rome, the Pope objects to go there. It is the residence of the King of Italy, whom the Pope considers his enemy.

The Expedition against El Mahdi Despatched by the Khédive of Egypt appears to be utterly inadequate for the purpose. It is commanded by Baker Pasha (Colonel Valentine Baker, formerly of the English army), and consists of little over six thousand men, a large proportion of whom are pressed into the service, and have no courage nor fighting capacity. Telegrams from Egypt say that the officers of the expedition enter upon the campaign with the gloomiest forebodings, and that Baker himself protested against being sent on so hopeless a business. Meanwhile Turkey announces herself ready to despatch an army into the Soudan of ten thousand regular troops. An unconfirmed rumor was current on Monday that the Khédive and his cabinet had decided on resigning unless England undertook the subjugation of El Mahdi or permitted Turkey to come to the rescue. The English commissioner in Egypt has informed the Egyptian Government that England will interfere only to secure the maintenance of order in Egypt proper. Sir Evelyn Wood, who commands the British forces in Egypt, has informed his government that no force can successfully attack El Mahdi which is not accompanied by mountain guns and apparatus for boring for water on its way. Such an expedition, he estimates, would cost one hundred million dollars.

The Programme of El Mahdi is one of Universal dominion. Statements to that effect have been made by travellers in Egypt, and they are now confirmed by the correspondent of the New York *Herald*, who says: "The question between the False Prophet and his enemies is not a mere question of disputed territory. If the whole of the Soudan, the whole of Egypt, or even the whole of Africa were surrendered to him to-day he would only be more aggressive than ever. He aspires to nothing less than the universal allegiance of Islam, and the condition of his existence is that he shall go forth conquering and to conquer. His object is to insert himself like a wedge between Egypt and her outlying provinces, and his mere presence in Egypt proper would so arouse the latent fanaticism of the entire population that the soldiers who reluctantly make up Sir Evelyn Wood's Egyptian 'army' and Baker Pasha's 'gendarmerie' and their English officers would be very lucky indeed to escape the fate of Hicks and his companions in arms. The False Prophet has not by any means yet pronounced his final word, and this new wave of Moslem fanaticism will scarcely fail to make itself felt, not only in Egypt, but in Tripoli, Tunis and Algeria, and cause uneasiness in Turkey and Central Asia and redoubled vigilance in British India."

A Warning to American Missionaries in Egypt has been promulgated. It appears that the Copts have conceived a bitter hostility toward them, and a popular outbreak is apprehended. Great excitement prevails among both Mussulmans and Christians, and the Governor of Siout has sent warning to the Egyptian Government of the threatened danger. The following list of missionaries in Egypt is published by the daily papers. They are all sent out by the Board of Foreign Missions of the United Presbyterian Church, whose headquarters are in Philadelphia. The names of these missionaries are: Rev. John Hogg, D.D., Rev. J. R. Alexander, Rev. John Giffen, Mrs. M. E. Giffen, and Misses M. J. McKown and E. E. Newlin. The other missionaries from the same organization in Egypt are as follows: At Cairo, Rev. Gulian Lansing, D.D., Rev. Andrew Watson, D.D., and Misses Eliza F. Johnston, Maggie A. Smith, A. Y. Thompson, and H. M. Conner. At Alexandria, Rev. S. C. Ewing and Miss Mary A. Frazier. At Mamsoorah, Rev. A. M. Nichol and Miss Isabella Strong. At Fayoum, Rev. William Harvey. There is a mission training college at Siout, which is attended by over two hundred students, mostly Egyptians, who are educated for missionary work among their native tribes. There is also a training school for young Egyptian girls.

The Annamites have Killed the King France set over them. A despatch from Hue, the capital of Annam, dated December 6th, states that the king had been poisoned, and that the people had declared war against France. It appears that guerilla warfare has been going on ever since the French troops entered Annam, but the people who fought against the invader had to contend, not only against the French, but against their own king, who regarded them as rebels against his government. A despatch to the New York *Times* says: "At Paris the diplomatic status as between Premier Ferry and the Marquis Tseng remains unchanged. The French Government has received advices *via* Saigon, which announce that a general rising of Annamites is threatened for the purpose of invading Cochin-China. Admiral Courbet is in need of reinforcements, and asks for six thousand men; otherwise he says he must abandon the attack on Bac-Ninh, in order to give needed assistance to Hue. Orders have been sent to Cherbourg to despatch five gun-boats, and to Toulon to despatch six gun-boats. Eight other gun-boats, to be of such make that they may be taken to pieces, and of the smallest draught that leave the Loire, are designed to penetrate the Bac-Ninh Canals."

Mr. Alfred Tennyson, the Poet Laureate of England, is to be made a peer with the title of Baron Tennyson-D'Eyncourt of Aldworth. Mr. Tennyson is a very popular poet in England, and the English people are pleased that his merits should be recognized by royalty, but they ridicule this particular form of recognition. A prominent journal observes: "That Tennyson should receive the personal recognition and admiration of his countrymen would be proper, but to make him, his son, and his son's son a legislator is a proceeding as exquisite in absurdity as to create the peer hereditary poet."

Mr. Parnell has been Presented with the sum of $190,000 by his admirers at a banquet in his honor in Dublin on December 11th. This large sum is a practical proof of a gratifying kind that there is not so much poverty in Ireland as was supposed. Mr. Parnell made a speech in accepting the gift, in which he denounced the present administration in Great Britain, the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, and the present and former Secretary of Ireland. He concluded by saying: "Although our present progress is slow, we are adding to the impetus which was given to the national cause in the days of the great League movement. We must be patient if we wish to win. Coercion cannot last forever. It is certain that it rests with Irishmen to determine at the next general election whether a liberal or tory government shall rule England. This is a great force—that if we cannot rule ourselves we can cause England to be ruled as we choose. We are determined that this generation shall not pass away until it has bequeathed to those who come after us the great right of national independence and prosperity." The London *Times*, commenting editorially on the speech, said: "There was never a more uncompromising defiance flung in the face of the English nation or government than when Mr. Parnell in his speech in the Rotunda at Dublin, on Tuesday evening, declared war upon constitutional principles and the connection between England and Ireland. It is impossible for the public men of England to regard this renewal of Irish warfare with indifference or contempt. *The situation is serious, and will tax the ability of English statesmen to the utmost.*" The general impression of the whole world is, however, that the situation long ago had passed the point indicated by the *Times*.

Messrs. Moody and Sankey's Meetings in London are being marked by many signs of deepened intensity and popular interest. Many workers have distributed the tickets for the various meetings among the poor of the adjacent districts. The interest thus shown has in general been highly appreciated, and the result is seen in crowded audiences, which are unmistakably composed largely of the working class element. The choir consists of some two hundred voices. The attendances have been continually on the increase. Nearly five thousand people have filled every inch of sitting and standing room available. The Bible-readings held in the afternoon have been less numerously attended, and the majority of the audiences have largely consisted of ladies, but attendances of three thousand persons have not been infrequent. Mr. Moody has, as usual, conducted both of the daily meetings throughout the mission, repeating several of his addresses and readings to his fresh hearers. The large audiences are deeply impressed. Mr. Sankey and the choir sing numerous hymns before Mr. Moody delivers his address, most of those present joining very heartily in the refrains. In response to the customary requests toward the close of the addresses, that those who are willing to decide for Christ at once would rise to their feet, large numbers stand up. The inquiry meetings were subsequently attended by one half the audiences, and with these Mr. Moody and the staff of stewards and workers engaged in personal conversation. A novel feature in connection with the mission is a children's service held on Saturday afternoons.

The China Inland Mission.—The Rev. J. Hudson Taylor, addressing a meeting in Edinburgh recently, stated that the China Inland Mission, which was started by himself thirty-five years ago, has now one hundred and twenty missionaries, who have preached throughout the whole of the forty provinces of the empire. In response to his appeal some months ago for seventy additional missionaries, up to that time he had procured thirty-five.

A New Magazine, Devoted to the Subject of faith healing, entitled *The Lord that Healeth Thee*, will be issued early in January, and *twice a month* afterward. The editor is the Rev. W. E. Boardman, formerly of Philadelphia, Pa., but now Superintendent of Bethshan, the house for faith-healing in London, Eng. The specimen copy sent us contains the following articles: Tidings of Faith Healing from Abroad; The Lord that Healeth Thee, by the editor; Reports of the Bethshan Weekly Meetings; The Last and Best Physician; Is not Sickness Sent for our Good? The Strife of Tongues, by Mrs. M. Baxter; An Incident Related at Trinity Church, Hackney, by Rev. J. Allen; Jottings from Bible Reading, Bethshan, by Miss. C. C. Murray; Questions and Answers. May be ordered through the office of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD. Single copies, five cents. Annual subscription, one dollar.

The Prophetic News and Israel's Watchman (London) for December, may be had from the office of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, price six cents. Annual subscription, seventy cents. It contains: Zechariah's Flying Roll: a Prophetical Monograph, by Rev. E. J. Hytche; The Twelve Signs: Being Israel's Banners Borne in the Wilderness, by Rev. J. H. Broome; Habbakuk's Vision of the Coming One, by Rev. C. Graham; Fallen Angels: their Place in Past, Present, and Future Ages, by Rev. T. J. Malyon; The Suspension of the Covenant Foretold by Zechariah, by Rev. J. H. Pember, a summary of Passing Events viewed in connection with Prophecy, etc.

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RICHARD T. BOOTH,

The American Gospel Temperance Evangelist. Born at Ithaca, U. S., in 1844—Serves for Three Years in the Union Army—Marries in 1867—Commences to Drink, Neglects Business, and Sinks into Poverty—A Temporary Reform—A Second Fall—Self-destruction Meditated—Ab-Wife's Successful Appeal—Becomes an His stainer and a Christian—Work as a Temperance Evangelist—Trip to Europe—A Collision at Sea—Work in London.

THE portrait which appears on the first page of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD this week is that of Mr. Richard T. Booth, the accomplished American temperance orator, who three years ago crossed the Atlantic to engage in temperance work in Great Britain, and whose labors there have been remarkably successful. He was born at Ithaca, N. Y., in 1844. His parents were poor, and at the early age of ten years he was sent to work in a cotton factory. At the outbreak of the war he entered the army and served in the 111th Regiment, New York Volunteers. He was engaged early in the war, and was taken prisoner. After his exchange he rejoined the army and was in the battles of the Wilderness and Gettysburg. At the close of the war he settled in Moravia, N. Y.

On January 1st, 1867, Mr. Booth *married* Mary J. Durling, of Seneca Falls, N. Y. She was a Christian, and had been reared in a Christian home. Shortly after marriage the young couple commenced business in Seneca Falls, and there Mr. Booth first came under the alluring influence of

THE "SOCIAL GLASS."

Up to this time he had been, if not a pledged, at least a practical, abstainer, and had no appetite for the drink. In two and a half years the habit acquired such a mastery over him, that it had to be satisfied at any cost, and his wife and children were brought to want. Of this period Mr Booth himself says:

"At last I could no longer endure the scorpion-like stings of outraged conscience, and in my remorse I resolved to

END MY MISERABLE EXISTENCE.

One day when hovering on the very brink of the fatal precipice, I met in the street a young gentleman of the town, who had many a time been my boon companion, and who was the possessor of great wealth. With a kind heart and an open hand he proffered me assistance, which enabled me to remove to Moravia. There, through the devoted care of my wife and mother, I regained health and strength. After my recovery I went to Ithaca, the home of my childhood, and started forth in life afresh with high hopes and good prospects. Prosperity and friends returned. But in an evil hour I partook of a glass of lager beer. The appetite returned and reasserted its power, and again I found myself on the downward way.

THE GREAT CRISIS OF HIS LIFE.

"At last there came the great crisis of my life. One morning about four o'clock, after a night's carousal, I found my way to my miserable home. As I approached, I observed that the lamp was burning low, and there was no face watching for me as usual at the window. I thought that for once my patient wife, quite worn out, had retired to rest, having given up all hope of my return. As I ascended the steps I looked through the little window at the door, and there I saw her kneeling in the centre of the room.

"I entered the house, and feeling was so dormant within me that I tried to pass her prostrate form on my way to the sleeping apartment. In an agony of despair she seized me and pulled me down on my knees by her side. She threw her arms about my neck, and this was her prayer, 'My God, have mercy on me and save him!' Smitten with anguish, out of the depths of my helplessness, I repeated her petition, 'My God, have mercy on my wife, and save me!' God mercifully heard and answered our united cry. From that moment to this not a single drop of the accursed, soul-destroying liquor has passed my lips. I rose from my knees a saved and sobered man. Soon afterward I signed the temperance pledge, and set up the family altar in my now happy home; a new and blessed era in my life's history was begun."

AN ADVOCATE OF THE BLUE RIBBON.

Within a few days of his conversion Mr. Booth appeared on the platform as an advocate of the Blue Ribbon temperance movement. His *first temperance address* was delivered in Ithaca, and from that time to the present he has been assiduously and successfully engaged in fighting the foe that had so often conquered him in bygone days.

Early in the autumn of 1877 he was joined in his public work by Mr. J. Reed Smith, who, like himself, was a reformed man. They clasped hands, and engaged in the Blue Ribbon enterprise with enthusiasm, and with a deep-set determination born of experience. The young men went to the New England States, and began a mission in the city of Holyoke, Mass. They held successful meetings, and a large number of persons formerly addicted to drunkenness signed the pledge and donned the blue ribbon. A week was devoted to East Hampton, and then a campaign was begun in Greenfield, Conn. Here they were also favored with wonderful success.

Among the places next visited, and in which similar beneficent results were experienced, were North Adams, Fitchburg, Clinton, West Brookfield, and Turner's Falls, closing their first year's New England campaign at the town of West Somerville.

The second year of the joint labors of the temperance evangelists was inaugurated by a camp-meeting at Sterling Junction, Mass. It commenced on September 3d, 1878, and lasted for eight days. There were present many of the leading workers and speakers on this theme in America. Colonel Luther Caldwell, Colonel Pearce, Miss Frances E. Willard, and other well-known friends of the cause, delivered addresses. The railroad companies provided extra trains for the throngs that daily visited the camping-ground. From this time onward to the month of October, 1879, Messrs. Booth and Reed visited about fifty different centres of population in the New England States, and, among others, the city of New Bedford, Mass., where much good was done.

After two years of service, Mr. Smith and Mr. Booth parted at the close of their work in the city of Keene, N. H., where they met with great success. Mr. Smith returned to the practice of his profession as a stenographer, while his companion in labor continues to devote himself to the work of Gospel temperance.

FINAL MEETINGS IN AMERICA.

About the middle of March, 1880, Mr. Booth was called to speak in the city of Lockport, N. Y., where he labored for four weeks. From Lockport Mr. Booth proceeded to Malden, and there conducted a fortnight's meetings, which were concluded by a grand "farewell" in view of his impending departure for Great Britain. Many friends wished him to cross the ocean that he might devote a brief holiday to rest and the recruiting influences of change of scene in Great Britain and France.

Mr. Booth sailed for England in *the Anchoria* of the Anchor Line, and was on board that vessel when she collided with *the Queen* on June 13th, 1880. (*See frontispiece.*) The two ships returned to New York, and on July 21st Mr. Booth again embarked for England, this time on *the Scythia*, of the Cunard Line. The voyage was safely accomplished, and Mr. Booth on landing proceeded to London, where, on August 7th, he was formally welcomed by a number of earnest English workers at Hoxton Hall, and many kind and brotherly greetings were uttered. There, in the absence of Mr. Noble, he continued to labor for five or six weeks. Invitations were then responded to from the provinces, and he gave addresses at Newmarket, Tunbridge Wells, and other places in and near London. He afterward proceeded to Scotland, speaking to large audiences in the cities of Edinburgh, Glasgow, Greenock, and Peebles.

A GROG-SELLER'S PLEDGE.

On January 9th, 1881, Mr. Booth entered upon a ten days' mission at Cardiff, South Wales, where the work was solid and deep. Over seven thousand signatures were taken during his stay, and the meetings have been continued with no small success since his departure. An incident occurred at Cardiff that deserves to be placed on record as the first of its kind, in the advocate's experience, in Great Britain. A saloon-keeper who had long kept a house of very low repute, and was about to commence the business in another, went to one of the meetings of the series and signed the pledge, amid a scene of indescribable enthusiasm. The people threw caps, handkerchiefs, and shawls into the air in token of their delight. His wife, two sons, a daughter, and two brothers followed his example. The liquor dealer went next day to the prayer-meeting and knelt down on the floor in the presence of all who were assembled. Mr. Booth asked him if he would there and then give his heart to God, to which the man replied, "I have done so; I am trusting in Jesus this moment."

Mr. Booth afterward held meetings at Darlington, Kidderminster, Ipswich, Leeds, Leicester, and other towns, where he was cordially received and where he was very successful. In the summer of 1882 he paid a brief visit to America for rest and recuperation, but returned to England in August and recommenced his labors.

AT THE TABERNACLE.

At the request of Mr. Spurgeon Mr. Booth in August commenced a mission in the Metropolitan Tabernacle, which was eminently successful. At an immense meeting held on September 8th, 1881 the vast edifice, which is capable of accommodating *seven thousand persons*, was filled to overflowing. Mr. Spurgeon presided.

In addressing the meeting he said drunkenness was one of the worst of sins. It was an awful sin in itself. He would say that the worship of Bacchus was one of the most degrading that could befall a fellow-being. It was a degradation beyond the worship of the wooden image or the stone idol. He had seen youth blasted and old age without hope on account of this besetting evil. Was it, he asked, not killing a man when the attributes that make man above the brute creation were taken from him, and when he was left by his fellow-men to reel to and fro; when his tongue became speechless; when his eyes could not see; when he *blubbered and stammered*, and when, in fact, he or any one else did not know what he was about? This evil of intemperance was the burglar that opened the door for the admission of other foul and fell intruders. It blighted hopes and blasted prospects; it ruined men day by day, from the young branch to the aged stem of the social circle, and its effects were sadly visible everywhere around them.

A TESTIMONIAL.

On Tuesday, September 12th, another meeting was held in the same building for the purpose of making a presentation to Mr. and Mrs. Booth as an acknowledgment of the good effected during the ten days' mission. Mr. Dunn, one of Mr. Spurgeon's elders, dwelt upon the marvellous work which had been accomplished in their midst. Up to that evening 21,695 persons had taken the blue ribbon, and no fewer than 11,325 had signed the pledge. They were also thankful for the spiritual blessing that had resulted from Mr. Booth's labors. He begged Mr. Booth's acceptance of *a timepiece* suitably inscribed as a farewell expression of esteem, and bearing the signature of Mr. Spurgeon and his brother. Mr. Smithers, secretary of the committee, presented Mrs. Booth with *a flower-basket*, while Mrs. Smithers, as representing the ladies' committee, handed Mr. Booth *an ink-stand*. Mr. Spurgeon next presented Mr. Booth with *a set of his sermons*.

THE THREE SICKLES.

Dr. Talmage's Sermon, Preached in Chicago on Sunday, Dec. 16, 1883.*

"Say not ye, There are yet four months, and then cometh harvest? behold, I say unto you, Lift up your eyes, and look on the fields; for they are white already to harvest."—JOHN 4 : 35.

Interval between Planting and Reaping—A Harvest in a Day—The Spiritual Harvest—Immediate Results Promised—The Value of the Crop—What a Man is Worth—Men Wrongly Placed on the Ladder—The Money-Test Worthless—Millionnaires Despoiled—Sickles for the Spiritual Harvest—I. Preaching—Reapers to Stoop and Kneel—Everywhere and Always—An Artist's Disappointment — II. Christian Song — Soldiers Singing at Luthen—III. Prayer—Luther's Prayer for Melancthon—Dr. Prime in a Mausoleum—The Handless Hospital Patient—The Time to Reap—The Sickle of the Sunday School Teacher—Three Trumpet Blasts—An Infamous Club in Philadelphia Converted—A Great Undertaking—What is Faith?

IN hyperborean regions the farmers sow the seed right after sunrise and reap the crop before the sunset of the same day. But the day is six months long. In Palestine four months elapse between the planting and the reaping. No farmer having scattered the seed in the ground expected to get the crop until four months had gone by. "Now," says Christ, "I do not want you to think that because you have to wait a certain number of months to get the natural harvest, you will have to wait as long as that for the spiritual. I want to show you that there is such a thing as immediate results. 'Say not you, there are yet four months, and then cometh the harvest? Behold, I say unto you, lift up your eyes and look on the fields, for they are white already to the harvest.'"

THE SPIRITUAL HARVEST.

Recently there was great rejoicing all over the land. With trumpet and cornet and organ and thousand-voiced psalm we praised the Lord for the temporal harvests. We praised God for the wheat, the rye, the oats, the cotton, the rice, all the fruits of the orchard and all the grains of the fields; and the nation never does a better thing than when in the autumn it gathers to festivity and thanks God for the greatness of the harvest. But I come to-day to speak to you of richer harvests, even the spiritual. How shall we estimate

THE VALUE OF A MAN?

We say he is worth so many dollars, or he has achieved such and such a position; but we know very well there are some men at the top of the ladder who ought to be at the bottom, and some at the bottom who ought to be at the top, and *the only way to estimate a man* is by his soul. We all know that we shall live forever. Death cannot kill us. Other crafts may be drawn into the whirlpool or shivered on the rocks, but this life within us will weather all storms and drop no anchor, and ten million years after death will shake out signals on the high seas of eternity.

You put the mendicant off your doorstep, and you say he is only a beggar; but he is worth all the gold of the mountains, worth all the pearls of the sea, worth the solid earth, worth sun and moon and stars, worth the entire material universe. Take all the paper that ever came from the paper-mills and put it side by side and sheet by sheet, and let men with fleetest pens make figures on that paper for ten thousand years, and they will only have begun to express the value of the soul.

Suppose I owned Colorado and Nevada and Australia, of how much value would they be to me one moment after I departed this life? How much of Philadelphia does Stephen Girard own to-day? How much of Boston property does Abbott Lawrence own to-day? The man who to-day hath a dollar in his pocket hath more worldly estate than the millionnaire who died last year. How do you suppose I feel, standing here surrounded by thousands of souls, each one worth more than the material universe? Oh, was I not right in saying this spiritual harvest is richer than the temporal harvest? I must tighten the girdle, I must sharpen the sickle, I must be careful how I swing the instrument for gathering this grain lest one stalk be lost.

I. One of the most powerful

SICKLES FOR REAPING

this spiritual harvest is the *preaching of the Gospel.* If the sickle have a rosewood handle and it be adorned with precious stones, and yet it cannot bring down the grain, it is not much of a sickle, and preaching amounts to nothing unless it harvests souls for God. Shall we preach philosophy? The Ralph Waldo Emersons beat us at that. Shall we preach science? The Agassizes could beat us at that. The minister of Jesus Christ with weakest arm going forth in earnest prayer and wielding this sickle of the Gospel shall find the harvest all around him waiting for the angel sheaf-binders. Oh, this harvest of souls!

I noticed in the fields that the farmer did not stand upright when he gathered the grain. I noticed he had to stoop to his work, and I noticed in order to bind the sheaves the better he had to put his knee upon them. And as we go forth in this work for God, we cannot stand upright in our rhetoric and our metaphysics and our erudition. We have to stoop to our work. Ay, we have to put our knee to it or we will never gather sheaves for the Lord's garner. Peter swung that sickle on the day of Pentecost, and three thousand sheaves came in. Richard Baxter swung that sickle at Kidderminster, and McCheyne at Dundee, and vast multitudes came into the kingdom of our God.

REAP EVERYWHERE AND ALWAYS.

Oh, this is a mighty Gospel! It captured not only John the lamb, but Paul the lion. Men may gnash their teeth at it and clench their fists, but it is the power of God and the wisdom of God unto salvation. But, alas, if it is only preached in pulpits and on Sabbath days! We must go forth in our stores, our shops, our banking-houses, our factories, and the streets, and everywhere preach Christ. We stand in our pulpits for two hours on the Sabbath and commend Christ to the people; but there are one hundred and sixty-eight hours in the week, and what are the two hours on Sabbath as against the one hundred and sixty-six?

Oh, there comes down the ordination of God this day upon all the people, men who toil with head and hand and foot—the ordination comes upon all merchants, upon all mechanics, upon all toilers, and God says to you as He says to me: "Go teach all nations. He that believeth and is baptized shall be saved, and he that believeth not shall be damned." Mighty Gospel, let the whole earth hear it! The story of Christ is to regenerate the nations, it is to eradicate all wrong, it is to turn the earth into a paradise.

An old artist painted the Lord's Supper, and he wanted the chief attention directed to the face of Christ. When he invited his friends in to criticise the picture, they admired the chalices more than they did the face, and then the old artist said: "This picture is a failure." And he dashed out the picture of the cups, and said: "I shall have nothing to detract from the face of the Lord; Christ is the all of this picture."

II. Another powerful sickle for the reaping of this harvest is

CHRISTIAN SONG.

I know in many churches the whole work is delegated to a few people standing in the organ-loft. But, my friends, as others cannot repent for us and others cannot die for us, we cannot delegate to others the work of singing for us. While a few drilled artists shall take the chants and execute the more skilful music, when the hymn is given out let there be hundreds and thousands of voices uniting in the acclamation. On the way to grandeurs that never cease and glories that never die, let us sing. At the battle of Luthen a general came to the king and said: "Those soldiers are singing as they are going into battle. Shall I stop them?" "No," said the king; "men that can sing like that can fight." Oh, the power of Christian song!

When I argue here, you may argue back. The argument you make against religion may be more skilful than the argument I make in behalf of religion. But who can stand before the pathos of some uplifted song like that which we sometimes sing:

"Show pity, Lord, O Lord forgive!
Let a repenting rebel live!
Are not Thy mercies large and free?
May not a sinner trust in Thee?"

III. Another mighty sickle for the reaping of this Gospel harvest is

PRAYER.

What does God do with our prayers? Does He go on the battlements of heaven and throw them off? No. What do you do with gifts given you by those who love you very much? You keep them with great sacredness. And do you suppose God will take our prayers offered in the sincerity and love of our hearts and scatter them to the winds? Oh, no! He will answer them all in some way.

Oh, what a mighty thing prayer is. It is not a long rigmarole of "Ohs" and "Ahs" and "Forever and ever, Amens." It is a breathing of the heart into the heart of God. Oh, what a mighty thing prayer is! Elijah with it reached up to the clouds and shook down the showers; with it John Knox shook Scotland; with it Martin Luther shook the earth. And when Philip Melanchthon lay sick unto death, as many supposed, Martin Luther came in and said: "Philip, we can't spare you!" "Oh," said he, "Martin, you must let me go; I am tired of persecution and tired of life. I want to go to be with my God." "No," said Martin Luther, "you shall not go; you must take this food, and then I will pray for you." "No, Martin," said Melanchthon, "you must let me go." Martin Luther said: "You take this food or I will excommunicate you." He took the food, and Martin Luther knelt down and prayed as only he could pray, and convalescence came, and Martin Luther went back and said to his friends: "God has saved the life of Philip Melanchthon in direct answer to my prayer." Oh, the power of prayer!

HAVE YOU TESTED IT?

Dr. Prime, of New York, in his beautiful book entitled "Around the World," describes a mausoleum in India which it took twenty thousand men for twenty-two years to build—that and the buildings surrounding—and he says: "Standing in that mausoleum and uttering a word it echoed back from a height of one hundred and fifty feet; not an ordinary echo but a prolonged music, as though there were angels hovering in the air." And every word of earnest prayer we utter has an echo, not from the marble cupola of an earthly mausoleum, but from the heart of God and from the wings of angels as they hover, crying: "Behold, he prays!" Oh, test it! Mighty sickle for reaping this Gospel harvest; the sickle of prayer!

It does not make so much difference about the posture you take—whether you sit, stand, or kneel, or lie on your face, or in your physical agonies lie on your back. It does not make any difference about the physical posture, as was shown

IN A HOSPITAL

when the chaplain said, as he looked over the beds of suffering: "Let all those wounded men here who would like to be prayed for lift the hand!" Some lifted two hands, others lifted one hand, some with hands amputated could only lift the stump of the arm. One man, both his arms amputated, could give no signal except to say: "Me! Me!" Oh, it does not make any difference about the rhetoric of your prayers, it does not make any difference about the posture, it does not make any difference whether you can lift a hand or have no hand to lift, God is ready to hear you. Prayer is answered. God is waiting to respond.

THE TIME TO REAP.

"But," says some one, "when is this harvest

* We are indebted for the report of this powerful sermon to the kindness and courtesy of T. B. Preston, Esq., of the New York *Herald.*

to be reaped?" My text tells you, Now. "Lift up your eyes upon the fields, for they are white already to the harvest!" How many have you reaped for God? Do you ask me how many I have reaped for God? I cannot say. Now can you say how many you have reaped? I hope there are some who have been brought into the kingdom of God through your instrumentality. Have there not been? Not one? You, a man thirty-five, forty, fifty years of age, and not one? I see souls coming up to glory. Here is a Sunday-school teacher bringing ten or fifteen souls. Here is a tract distributor, bringing forty or fifty souls. Here is a man you never heard of who has been very useful in bringing souls to God. He comes with a hundred and fifty souls. They are the sheaves of his harvest. How many have you brought? Not one. Can it be?

WHAT WILL GOD SAY?

What will the angels say? Better crouch down in some corner of heaven and never show yourself. Oh, that harvest is to be reaped now. And that is this instant! Why not be reaped for God this morning?

"Oh," says some man, "I have been going on the wrong road for thirty, forty, fifty years; I have gone through the whole catalogue of crime, and I must first get myself fixed up." Ah, you will never get yourself fixed up until Christ takes you in charge. You get worse and worse until He comes to the rescue. "Not the righteous; sinners Jesus came to call." So you see I take the very worst case there is. If there is a man here who feels he is all right in heart and life, I am not talking to him, for he is probably a hypocrite. I will talk to him some other time. But if there is a man who feels himself all wrong, to him I address myself.

Though you be wounded in the hands and wounded in the feet and wounded in the head and wounded in the heart, and though the gangrene of eternal death be upon you, one drop of the elixir of divine life will cure your soul. Though you be soaked in evil indulgences, though your feet have gone in unclean places, though you have companioned with the abandoned and the lost, one touch of divine grace will save your soul.

I do not say you will not have struggles after that. Oh, no! But they will be a different kind of struggles. You go into that battle, and all hell is against you, and you are alone, and you fight and you fight, weaker and weaker and weaker, until at last you fall, and the powers of darkness trample on your soul. But in the other case you go into the battle, and you fight stronger and stronger and stronger until the evil propensity goes down, and you get the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ. Oh, come out of your sins! Have you not been bruised with sin long enough? Have you not carried that load long enough? Have you not fought that battle long enough?

THREE TRUMPET BLASTS.

I rattle the gates of your sepulchre to-day. I take the trumpet of the Gospel and blow the long, loud blast. Roland went into battle. Charlemagne's army had been driven back by the three armies of the Saracens, and Roland in almost despair took up the trumpet and blew three blasts in one of the mountain passes, and under the power of those three blasts the Saracens recoiled and fled in terror. But history says when he had blown the third blast Roland's trumpet broke. I take this trumpet of the Gospel and I blow the first blast: "Whosoever will." I blow the second blast: "Seek ye the Lord while He may be found." I blow the third blast: "Now is the accepted time."

But the trumpet does not break. It was handed down by our fathers, to us, and we will hand it down to our children, that after we are dead they may blow the trumpet, telling the world that we have a pardoning God, a loving God, a sympathetic God, and that more to Him than the throne on which He sits is the joy of seeing a prodigal put his finger on the latch of his father's house. I invite any one the most infidel, any one the most atheistic, I invite him into the kingdom of God with just as much heartiness as those who have for fifty years been under the teaching of the Gospel and believed it all.

When I was living in Philadelphia a gentleman told me of a scene in which he was a participant. In Callowhill Street, in Philadelphia, there had been

A POWERFUL MEETING

going on for some time, and many were converted, and among others one of the prominent members of *the worst club-house in that city*. The next night the leader of that club-house, the president of it, resolved that he would go down and get his comrade away. He came to the door, and before he entered he heard a Christian song, and under its power his soul was agitated. He went in and asked for prayer. Before he came out he was a subject of converting mercy. The next night another comrade went to reclaim those two who had been lost to their sinful circle. He went, and under the power of the Holy Ghost became a changed man. And the work went on until they were all saved and the infamous club-house disbanded. Oh, it is a mighty Gospel! Though you came in here this morning a child of sin, you can go away a child of grace, you can go away singing:

"Amazing grace, how sweet the sound
That saved a wretch like me;
I once was lost, but now am found,
Was blind, but now I see."

Oh, give up your sin! Most of your life is already gone. Your children are going on the same bad road. Why do you not stop? "This day is salvation come to thy house." Why not this moment look up into the face of Christ and say:

"Just as I am, without one plea
But that Thy blood was shed for me,
And that Thou bidst me come to Thee.
O Lamb of God, I come, I come."

God is going to save you. You are going to be among the shining ones. After the toils of life are over, you are going up to the everlasting rest, you are going up to join your loved ones, departed parents and departed children. "Oh, my God," says some man, "how can I come to Thee? I am so far off. Who will help me, I am so weak? It seems such

A GREAT UNDERTAKING."

Ah, my brother, it is a great undertaking. It is so great you cannot accomplish it, but Christ can do the work. He will correct your heart and He will correct your life. "Oh," you say, "I will stop profanity." That will not save you. "Oh," you say, "I will stop Sabbath-breaking." That will not save you. There is *only one door* into the kingdom of God, and that is faith; only one ship that sails for heaven, and that is faith. Faith the first step, the second step, the hundredth step, the thousandth step, the last step. By faith we enter the kingdom. By faith we keep in. In faith we die. Heaven a reward of faith. The earthquake shook down the Philippian dungeon. The jailer said: "What shall I do?" Some of you would say: "Better get out of the place before the walls crush you." What did the Apostle say: "Believe in the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved." "Ah," you say, "there's the rub."

WHAT IS FAITH?

Suppose you were thirsty, and I offered you this glass of water and you believed I mean to give it to you, and you come up and take it You exercise faith. You believe I mean to keep my promise. Christ offers you the water of everlasting life. You take it. That is faith.

Enter into the kingdom of God. Enter now. The door of life is set wide open. I plead with you by the bloody sweat of Gethsemane and the death-groan of Golgotha, by cross and crown, by Pilate's court-room and Joseph's sepulchre, by harps and chains, by kingdoms of light and realms of darkness, by the trumpet of the archangel that shall wake the dead, and by the throne of the Lord God Almighty and the Lamb, that you attend now to the things of eternity.

Oh, what a sad thing it will be if, having come so near heaven, we miss it! Oh, to have come within sight of the shining pinnacles of the city, and not have entered! Oh, to have been so near we have seen the mighty throng enter, and we not joining them! Angels of God, fly this way! Good news for you. Tell the story among the redeemed on high! If there be one there especially longing for our salvation, let that one know it now. We put down our sins. We put down our sorrows. Glory be to God for such a hope, for such a pardon, for such a joy, for such a heaven, for such a Christ!

RETROSPECT OF THE YEAR 1883.

The year now approaching its close will not be regarded by the historian as a notable one in the history of the country. Compared with other years it has been uneventful. That it has been so is, in many respects, a cause for thankfulness. The material prosperity of the country has been undisturbed. Neither internal commotions nor complications with other nations have given us cause for apprehension. As we look back at other years in our history, and read intelligence of the state of affairs in other lands, we are enabled to realize the blessings of an uneventful year.

There are positive as well as negative reasons for gratitude. The abundant harvests, with which God has blessed us, call for praise to Him who "crowns the year with His goodness." From all sections of the country the same acknowledgments have been received of a plentiful return from the labors of the tiller of the soil. Our manufactures and our trade have also been prosperous, and there are signs in all our cities and villages of progress in wealth and comfort. While the political economist explains this gratifying condition of the country according to his philosophy, the Christian patriot prefers to offer his thanks to the Almighty Giver of all good, and ascribe to Him the praise for continued national prosperity.

The

POLITICAL

history of the year, though not marked by any startling changes, is not altogether barren. Early in the year the bill known as the Pendleton bill for the reform of the civil service was passed by the House, and received the signature of the President.

The attention of Congress was, however, mainly taken up by the discussion of the Tariff bill. As was expected, this question provoked a protracted conflict. The sections of the country are opposed to each other on the subject, and each policy has prominent and able advocates. The bill finally passed was an extremely moderate measure, in which the interests of monopolists were carefully regarded. There are indications that this question will be the crucial one in the approaching Presidential election.

The House of Representatives has now again passed into the control of the Democratic party, and the election, by that party, of Mr. Carlisle, of Kentucky, to the Speakership is taken as an indication that a majority of the members would look favorably on further reductions in the tariff.

The rapid progress made in the extinction of our public debt excites the astonishment of the whole world. During the fiscal year, which ended on June 30th last, $137,250,000 was paid off, and in the four months following that date $40,000,000 more was paid.

The elections last fall showed that the Democratic tidal wave of 1882 had lost some of its force. In Ohio a Democratic victory was scored, owing chiefly to the division of public sentiment on the Temperance question rather than to political enthusiasm, but in other States the phenomenal majorities of the year before were largely reduced or wholly disappeared.

THE MORMON QUESTION

during the year has apparently made no progress toward solution, except that the craft and arrogance of the Mormon leaders has strained the forbearance of the Government and the people nearer to its limit. The Edmunds' bill, excluding

polygamists from office, is considered a failure. The polygamists obeyed the letter of the law, but succeeded in retaining control of the Legislature and of the most important offices. Governor Morgan's report indicates that the Edmunds' bill served no practical purpose, and he intimates that there is no hope of putting an end to the ulcerous growth on the nation's life other than by a change of government to one but little removed from pure despotism.

Among the events which will render the year memorable are some of a

SOCIAL

character. One of these was the adoption of a new time standard, affording greater convenience to travellers. After November 18th the railroad time in all cities—and in most cases the general public time—was regulated by the meridian under which the city falls. Thus, instead of there being over fifty standards in the country there are but five, and each of those is an exact hour different from the next.

Another change affecting the masses was the reduction, on October 1st, of domestic postage from three to two cents on half-ounce letters. The unusual appearance of a surplus in the Post-Office suggested this reduction, which is one duly appreciated by the people. The Postal Department granted also another boon to the public in the shape of postal notes, which were issued to the public on September 3d.

An important achievement was completed on August 22d, when the two ends of the Northern Pacific Railroad were joined. A gold spike was used on the occasion. Another great triumph of engineering skill, with which the year 1883 will be associated, was the completion of the New York and Brooklyn Bridge, the most imposing structure of the kind in the world. The triumph of fourteen years of labor, anxiety, and heavy expenditure was won when, on May 25th, 1883, the mayors of the two cities formally received the new means of transit, and President Arthur declared the bridge open. Memorable days also were those of the Newburgh Centennial and the centennial celebration of Evacuation, both of which were observed with enthusiasm and appropriate ceremonies.

The courts of law have in two celebrated cases shed distinction on the year 1883. After a trial of portentous length a Washington jury, on June 14th, pronounced the Star Route defendants "not guilty." As one of the defendants had admitted his guilt in the hearing of the jury, and as he was not excepted from the general verdict, the country had no difficulty in forming an estimate of the character of the jury. The second case referred to was the decision of the Supreme Court of the United States, rendered on October 15th, that the famous Civil Rights Act was unconstitutional.

The people have not been allowed the opportunity of becoming apathetic in the cause of

TEMPERANCE.

There has been no relaxation in the energetic efforts of temperance workers, and the tendency has increased, not to rest satisfied with the acquisition of individual converts, but to push forward for prohibition. Nowhere has the movement been more persistently pressed than in the great State of Ohio. There, in the October election, two amendments to the Constitution on the subject were submitted to the popular vote. Both were declared lost, but the majority against absolute prohibition, according to the official report, was only 70,793 in a total vote of 711,681, and grave doubts exist whether on a recount there would be any majority against it at all. The probabilities are that if the votes had been truly and honestly counted Ohio would take its place among prohibition States. In Iowa a smiliar battle has been waged during the year. The Prohibition Amendment, carried by the people at the previous election, was declared invalid by the Supreme Court, on the ground of technical informalities. It could not be resubmitted at the October election, but the people practically voted upon it by voting for members of the Legislature pledged to put the Amendment formally before the people. The friends of temperance have every reason for encouragement in the records of the year's results.

The

RELIGIOUS

event of the year was the celebration of the four hundredth anniversary of *Martin Luther's* birth. In the pulpit, in the press, and on the platform of public assembly there was evident a desire to honor the memory of the hero of the Reformation. It was not confined to members of the denomination which bears his name; Protestant Christians of all denominations joined with enthusiasm in the celebration.

The Centennial Conference of the Protestant Episcopal Church, held in Philadelphia in October, was an occasion of much interest.

By the good providence of God, who watches over all our ways, the fatal

DISASTERS

of the year have been comparatively few. The sinking of the Proteus in Arctic waters on July 25th was a disaster, the full consequences of which we are as yet unable to realize. The Proteus was laden with stores for the relief of Lieutenant Greely and his companions of the American expedition at Lady Franklin Bay. The news that she was caught in the ice and crushed aroused anxiety about the safety of the Greely expedition, of which nothing has now been heard for two years.

One of the most conspicuous fatalities of the year was the calamity on the newly-opened Brooklyn Bridge on Decoration Day. Inefficient police supervision resulted in a block of pedestrians on the bridge, followed by a panic and a desperate struggle for life, in which twelve persons were crushed or trampled to death, and many others seriously injured.

The burning of the Newhall House in Milwaukee, Wis., on January 10th, was another terrible catastrophe. One hundred persons are believed to have perished in the flames. The sinking of a dock and the drowning of sixty-five people at Tivoli, near Baltimore, on July 23d; a terrific cyclone at Rochester, Minn., on August 21st, and a destructive fire at Savannah, Ga., on October 31st, were also notable calamities, which, especially in the localities where they occurred, will prevent the year 1883 ever being forgotten.

IN FOREIGN LANDS

the year has been one of perturbation and uneasiness. *France* has had two little wars on her hands, neither of which can bring any glory to the Republic. The bombardment of defenceless towns in Madagascar, and the wresting, by force, from the native government, concessions it would not grant freely, is not a proceeding of which a Frenchman can be proud. The indignities put on Mr. Shaw, a British missionary in Madagascar, involved a difficulty with England, which France compromised by the payment of an indemnity. She is now engaged in a war in the far East, where she has seized the province of Tonquin in spite of the remonstrances of China—remonstrances which even yet threaten to end in war between the two countries.

A personal matter has occasioned a coolness between France and her nearest neighbor. The young King of Spain, returning from a visit to the Emperor of Germany, passed through Paris on his way homeward, and intended to remain in that capital a few days. But the German Emperor, in order to show courtesy to Alfonso, had made him a Colonel of Uhlans, an honorary title held by other royal personages in Europe. The Parisians, however, resented the visit of the "Uhlan King," mobbed his carriage, howled at him, and generally insulted him. The German Emperor and Prince Bismarck readily comprehended the cause of Alfonso's unpopularity, and adroitly widened the breach between France and Spain by sending the Crown Prince on a visit to the Spanish capital. The cordiality of his reception there must have been gall and wormwood to the French Government and people. A coarse personal insult offered by a prominent French official to the King of Italy was also noted in Germany, and the Crown Prince took in Rome on his return journey, thus cementing the friendship between Italy and Germany.

The Czar of *Russia* ventured, after a long delay, to undergo the ceremony of coronation on May 27th. Threats were freely made, and predictions hazarded that the Nihilists would take a hand in the programme, and elaborate precautions were taken to insure the safety of the Czar and his guests. The ceremony was performed safely with costly barbaric magnificence.

A revival in a particularly revolting form of the Jewish persecutions was witnessed in Hungary, where ten Jews were tried for the murder of a girl named Esther Solymosi. It was alleged they had decoyed her into their synagogue, and killed her to obtain human blood for use in the Passover bread. The falsity of the charge was fully proved, but it was evident that hatred of the Jews is prevalent in the district, and public sympathy was with the prosecution.

England has not succeeded in conciliating the people of Ireland. There is no abatement to be seen of the hatred of English rule in that unhappy land, and the hatred has been manifested with characteristic malignity. On two occasions dynamite has been exploded in the public thoroughfares—once near a government building, and once in a tunnel through which a train was passing. Innocent and inoffensive persons were injured in each case.

Egypt continued a source of trouble to England during the year. An outbreak of cholera caused a large number of deaths, and later the activity of El Mahdi, the Mohamedan false prophet, has led to a massacre in the Soudan. General Hicks, an English officer in the Egyptian service, is reported to have been killed with all his troops after three days' hard fighting with El Mahdi and his fanatical followers.

In English domestic affairs the chief interest has centred in the Gospel Temperance movement, which has been effectively aided by Mr. Murphy, Mr. R. T. Booth, and other American workers. The organization of the Blue Ribbon Gospel Army, under the presidency of the Rev. M. Baxter, has been signally blessed during the year in this field of labor. Messrs. Moody and Sankey have continued their mission work in England and Scotland with blessed results, and are now engaged in London, where they expect to remain during the greater part of next year.

THE OBITUARY RECORD

of the year on both sides the Atlantic contains the names of many noble workers in Christ's cause as well as many distinguished politicians and public men. In America we have lost, in politics, Alexander H. Stephens, at the time of his death Governor of Georgia; Marshall Jewell, ex-Governor E. D. Morgan, Postmaster-General Howe, Judge Blair, and Judge Jere. S. Black; in philanthrophy, William E. Dodge and Peter Cooper; in science, Dr. J. Marion Sims and Dr. George M. Beard, and in Christian labor, Dr. Edwin F. Hatfield, Dr. Titus Coan, the missionary, Professors Krauth, Cocker, and Wilson, beside many other eminent laborers in the Gospel field.

Death has been busy, too, in Europe. On New Year's Day Leon Gambetta, the French statesman, died; a few days later Gustave Doré, the famous artist, and on August 24th the Comte de Chambord, the head of the French Bourbons. Germany was called to mourn Wagner, the composer. Russia lost her veteran statesman, Gortschakoff and her famous novelist Ivan Tourguénieff. Greece lost her eminent statesman and patriot, M. Commoundouros. In England Dr. Moffat, the grand old missionary of South Africa and the father-in-law of Dr. Livingstone, went to his reward. In the death-list of that country there are also the names of Mr. Thomas B. Smithies, the philanthropist, Captain Mayne Reid, the novelist, Dr. Colenso, the Bishop of Natal, William Chambers, the Edinburgh publisher, Sir George Jessel, the learned Jewish judge, and J. R. Green, the historian.

THE GRACE OF GOD FOR ALL.

S. S. Lesson for Jan. 6, Acts 15 : 1–11. Golden Text, verse 11. By Mrs. M. Baxter.

Dissension in the Early Church—The Influence of False Brethren—A Journey to Jerusalem—Working for Christ by the Way—The Meeting in Jerusalem—Christian Pharisees—Satan's Vexatious Operations—Paul's Dividing Line—The Judaizing Spirit—Peter's Conclusive Argument—Self Glory in the Churches—The Close of the First Council.

THE early Church was not exempt from the trial which many of God's children have experienced; especially those who in their meetings give the fullest liberty to the Spirit of God. There were those who abused this advantage and made use of it to introduce teachings out of harmony with the free grace of God, which Paul and his followers taught. Some who "came down from Judea taught the brethren, and said, Except ye be circumcised after the manner of Moses, ye cannot be saved." This led to "no small discussion and disputation with them," on the part of Paul and Barnabas. Was this the Church which once was of "one heart and one soul?" Alas! yes, but declension had already set in; things were not as they had once been.

"FALSE BRETHREN"

had already become an expression understood (Gal. 2 : 4) among them. It was at last determined that Paul and Barnabas, the representatives of greater liberty, of real spiritual experience and evangelization, "should go up to Jerusalem unto the apostles and elders about this question."

There were no express trains running in those days, and work for God could be done on the journey other than screaming against the noise, across a crowded car, with no certainty of being understood. They "being brought on their way by the Church (*i.e.* conveyed and lodged by brethren who counted it an honor), passed through Phenice and Samaria, declaring the conversion of the Gentiles: and they caused great joy unto all the brethren." It is very probable that the men of Judea, who had raised the question about circumcision, caused very little joy to their brethren on the journey. Doctrinal questions are poor food for hungry souls; they may have their place; Paul, who had Christ for his wisdom, did not introduce them everywhere, but he never found any place where he could not tell of the things which the Lord had done, rousing the spirit of praise and joy everywhere.

When they arrived

IN JERUSALEM

they were in no hurry to introduce their side of the question, which brought them thither, as we have known many do, who are full of the question of election, or of infant baptism, or of church position, or of the coming of the Lord. They were "received of the Church," and before any disputing took place, "they declared all things that God had done with them." If in the provinces, these glorious tidings of God's grace among the countries in Asia Minor had caused joy, how much more should the Jerusalem Church rejoice, praise God, and sit at the feet of God's servants to learn through them something of missionary zeal. Alas! it was not so; a spirit of debate was abroad among them, which took occasion to manifest itself. "There rose up certain of the sect of the Pharisees which believed, saying, That it was needful to circumcise them, and to command them to keep the law of Moses." Paul's journey to Jerusalem at this time was not of man:

"I WENT UP BY REVELATION,"

he said, "and communicated unto them that Gospel which I preach among the Gentiles" (Gal. 2 : 2). What was there peculiar in Paul's preaching? Only that he insisted on the real thing; "newness of life" (Rom. 6 : 4); "a new creature" (II Cor. 5 : 17); old things passing away and all things becoming new; the old man put off and the new man put on (Eph. 4 : 22–24); that those who were dead in sins should be quickened together with Christ (Eph. 2 : 5) and be made "dead indeed unto sin, but alive unto God through Jesus Christ" (Rom. 6 : 11); and all through the free grace of God (Rom. 3 : 24; Gal. 2 : 16–21; Eph. 2 : 8, 9). These realities, which must be experienced, and the fruit of which every man must see, were the staple of Paul's preaching among the Gentiles.

Paul had private interviews with "them which were of reputation," and the result was that even Titus, one of his Greek converts who accompanied him, was not compelled to be circumcised, so thoroughly were they convinced that Paul was in the right, seeking to make men Christians without compelling them to be Jews. All this trouble was brought about by "false brethren unawares brought in, who came in privily to spy out our liberty which we have in Christ Jesus, that they might bring us into bondage." Satan is never at a loss to find "false brethren" at hand, who are ready to serve his purpose in bringing children of God into bondage. Whenever a question about doctrine, or about some outward form is so brought to work upon us as to cause us constant harass and perplexity, we may be sure

SATAN IS AT THE BOTTOM OF IT.

When God gives us light upon anything in which we are in darkness, although it may humble us very much, yet such a joy comes over us that He has so lovingly opened our eyes, and the step He shows us is so clear, that instead of harassing us, it calms and strengthens us. God permits these false brethren to try our faith, but there is one sure way of meeting them; it is by renouncing all controversy and coming to the Lord Himself about the question, in restful assurance that He will give us light. If we are quiet and still, He will not fail to show His mind, and then He will enable us to act like Paul in relation to these false brethren, "To whom we gave place by subjection, no, not for an hour" (Gal. 2 : 4, 5). In Paul's eyes, seeing as he did in the light of the Holy Ghost, the world was not divided into Jews and Gentiles, but into Christians and worldlings, and he saw such a union among those who were Christ's as to sink all differences of nationality and position; "There is neither Jew nor Greek, there is neither bond nor free, there is neither male nor female: for ye are all one in Christ Jesus" (Gal. 3 : 28).

The apostles and elders came together to consider this matter of

JUDAIZING THE GENTILE DISCIPLES.

After much had been said on both sides, Peter rose up and spoke with all the authority of an eye witness, reminding the elders how God had chosen in the first instance, to make use of him to preach to the Gentiles, referring to the glorious work in the house of Cornelius (Acts 10). "And" he said, "God, which knoweth the hearts, bare them witness, giving them the Holy Ghost, even as He did unto us; and put no difference between us and them, purifying their hearts by faith." What could be stronger evidence? If God gave the Holy Ghost to uncircumcised, equally as to circumcised, what advantage was it for a believing Gentile to be circumcised? Peter's words were a confirmation of Paul's own teaching. "In Christ Jesus neither circumcision availeth anything, nor uncircumcision; but faith which worketh by love (Gal. 5 : 6); "but a new creature" (Gal. 6 : 15). Then Peter continued, "Now therefore why tempt ye God, to put a yoke upon the neck of the disciples, which neither our fathers nor we were able to bear? But we believe that through the *grace* of the Lord Jesus Christ we shall be saved, even as they." Peter had seen with his own eyes the work of God among the Gentiles, and his heart warmed when he heard Paul and Barnabas describe what God had done by them, he rejoiced at the triumphs of God's grace; yes these Gentiles were indeed saved, and saved by grace, and only through grace could the circumcised Jews be saved.

The heart of man is

SET ON SELF-GLORY;

one man will pride himself on his pedigree (never reckoning from Adam); another's pride is in the country to which he belongs; one will value himself on his being a churchman; another equally on his being a Wesleyan or a Baptist; another will think he has attained the acme of distinction in being a Plymouth Brother. Some again will value themselves on their cleverness in business, some on a special talent, some on their external attractions, some on their Bible knowledge, some on their zeal, some on their self-denial and devotion. But all self-valuation is antagonistic to grace. Grace is God meeting us in our need, in our nothingness, in our powerlessness, coming in to take a place which we have abdicated; the smallest self-complacency shuts out God. It was evident enough from the results that Paul and Barnabas, working in the grace of God, had achieved more than those who would condemn them.

After Peter's speech "the multitude kept silence, and gave audience to Barnabas and Paul, declaring what miracles and wonders God had wrought among the Gentiles by them." They told of their work in Cyprus, in Pisidian Antioch, in Iconium, where there was so much blessing in the conversion of Jews and Greeks, and where signs and wonders were done by their hands (Acts 14 : 1–3), and then of Lystra, where Paul had been stoned and yet healed by the Lord the same day, and of Derbe. All this produced a profound impression, and subsequently James decided that the Gentile Christians should not be constrained in any way to conform to Jewish usages other than that they should abstain from pollutions of idols, from eating things strangled, from eating blood, and from fornication. Thus ended the first council of the Christian Church, and the Lord gave victory to the word of His grace.

ANECDOTES RELATED AT THE EVANGELISTIC MEETINGS IN SCOTLAND.

A Canny Schoolmaster's Advice.—Sir Wilfrid Lawson, who was present at one of the meetings, related this incident: "There is an old story told of a canny Scotchman, whose son was starting for himself in the world. His parting advice was, 'Noo, Jock, mak' money honestly if ye can, 'cause it's the best; *I've tried baith plans* mysel', but mak' money.' Some here have tried sobriety and drinking, and know abstinence to be the best plan by personal experience. Be sure you take the best plan and get your fellow-men to follow your example."

A Choirmaster's Prayer.—Mr. Moodie, the conductor of the Mizpah Choir, said: "For many weeks prior to Mr. D. L. Moody leaving Scotland, I prayed that God would give me something special to do for Him. I am no speaker, but I was willing to do what I could. At the great meeting a year and a half ago at which this brotherhood was formed, Mr. Moody said, 'Stand up, all those who are in favor of forming a choir.' When they obeyed, he turned to me and said, 'Mr. Moodie, there's your choir.' That's how God answered my prayer."

Croakers Convinced of Error.—Another brother said: "I was bad enough, worse than I care to tell you, up till five years ago, when I accepted Christ as my Saviour from sin and death. When I stopped drinking, my friends told me that I would die if I stopped it suddenly, but not only did I stop drinking, and still live, but smoking as well; the desire for them was taken completely away from me, and they have never troubled me since. The salvation of Christ is a present one, and He is quite able to preserve from falling those who trust Him."

Converted through His Daughter's Death.—Major Colquhoun said: "Death is calling away some of our number. Before coming to this happy meeting I attended the funeral of a young girl, who was converted at Cowcaddens on April 25th, 1883. She has since then been modestly working for Jesus, doing all in her power to win souls, besides testifying by her walk and conver-

sation to the power of God over her heart. Her mother's testimony before the large crowd of mourners was: 'Oh, she was a good girl; she was a good daughter to her mother.' Her sister also bore similar evidence. The men were greatly moved by it, and we hope that her death will not be without fruit." This young Christian's death has, we learn, led to her father giving himself up to Jesus, so that the Major's hope is realized.

A Monument of Divine Mercy.—A Member of the Mizpah Band, in Glasgow, at one of its recent meetings, said: "I'm not ashamed to own my Lord nor to defend His cause. For more than ten years I was a *drunkard*, and part of that time I professed to be an *infidel*, but it was mere outward profession, for my conscience told me loudly that there was indeed a God. Two years ago I was awakened by the Holy Spirit of God to a sense of my sins, and praise be to His Name, He redeemed me from them, and has kept me rejoicing ever since. I am a monument of His mercy, and desire to live only for Christ."

A Drunkard's Wife's Prayers Answered.—Another friend said: "It affords me great pleasure to testify to the saving power of God. I see to-night the faces of many who prayed for me during the years I revelled in sin. My wife prayed for me for ten and a half years without failing in her faith; her life and conversation moved my whole soul to think of my folly and loathe it, but it was only after a great struggle that I was enabled by the Holy Spirit to give up my sins and accept Christ as my Saviour, but thank God, He has made me to know His mighty power, and daily fills me with 'joy unspeakable, and full of glory.'"

A Very Common Stumbling-Block.—The Rev. Dr. Fergus Ferguson said: "I was told by a brother-minister that he had a series of special meetings in his church. At one of these a brother from the country spoke on the text, 'Come unto Me, all ye that labor and are heavy-laden, and I will give you rest.' After the service a woman came into the vestry and said, 'I couldn't go home to-night without telling you that I got rest while you were speaking.' He answered, 'I am very glad to hear it; what part of the address was blessed to you?' 'It wasn't the address, sir, but the text.' 'Did you never hear it before?' 'Oh yes, often; but somehow when you read it I was struck with the thought that I was looking for rest in some feeling in myself instead of going to Jesus for it.' This is the stumbling-block of very many anxious souls, they are peering into the darkness of their own hearts, and do not look to the bright Star of Bethlehem for guidance."

A Backslider Conquered by Song.—Major Colquhoun said: "For more than a year now this outside singing has been kept up night after night in rain and sunshine, in frost and snow, in wind and calm. In West Milton Street a woman has been lying ill with a deadly disease for the last four months. She knows that health can never visit her again, though death may delay his approach. While lying in her room the window was opened so that she might hear the sweet melodies which floated over the church, carrying a message of peace to her weary soul. She sent for me yesterday, and I learned her sad story. In early life she was a member of the Baptist Communion. Having great love for music, and a beautiful voice, she led the choir. When in her teens she married, and her husband induced her to sing for money in music-halls, and used the money she earned to get drink. She stopped going to church, and has been separated from all godly influences since her marriage, but the hymns sung by our friends at the street-corner have been the means of awakening her, and now she is calmly resting on Jesus."

A Heart-moving Scene.—"I Remember a scene in Manchester which moved me greatly. I had gone to preach a teetotal sermon, and the matron of a House of Refuge for fallen women said to the lady with whom I was staying, 'I wish you would get that minister to speak to my girls. I like to get a teetotal minister to speak with them, as it is drink which has brought them to us.' Next day the lady got out her carriage and drove me to the place. My hostess was well known in the House, and was loved by the inmates, so that when we entered, the eighty girls rose to their feet out of respect to her. The matron said, 'Before the minister speaks we will sing the hymn, "I heard the voice of Jesus say, Come unto Me and rest."' The voices of these poor women singing the Gospel-hymn overpowered me so that I could not speak for some little time. They saw I was greatly moved, and my emotion spread to all in the room. When I was able to control my feelings I told them that Jesus whom they sang about was able and willing to save them from *all iniquity*. It was a Gospel Temperance sermon, preached long before such a phrase as 'Gospel Temperance' was spoken, and I have reason to believe it was blessed to the salvation of many there."

THE MAHOMMEDAN ANTICHRIST'S 1260 YEARS.

By the late Rev. W. Girdlestone, Author of "Observations on the Prophecies," etc.

THE period of 1260 years* is to be dated from the establishment of Mahommedan imposture, which took place in the year A.D. 630, when Mahommed seized possession of the city of Mecca, which thenceforth became the sacred capital of Mahommedanism, and synchronizes therefore with the taking away of the daily sacrifice (Rev. 11 : 2, 3).

Mahommed did not establish his religion or his power till he was master of Mecca; from that time the Mussulman armies poured into Syria, and out of Syria they came down upon Jerusalem.

The little horn of Dan. 8 is described as being a tyrannical king, not inheriting power of his own, but gaining it by the help of others; he is to succeed by the exercise of his understanding and craft; he is to practise and prosper, and to destroy wonderfully, particularly the *mighty* and *holy* people; and by peace shall he destroy many, and, above all, he shall stand up against the Prince of princes; he is to arise within the precincts of one of Alexander the Great's four kingdoms, and at a time when the transgressors shall be come to the full.

The transgressors are those who departed from the Christian faith once delivered to the saints; and at the time of Mahommed's appearance, no age, no church, not even Rome herself in the darkest ages, ever witnessed such a medley Christianity, composed of heathenism, Judaism, and Gnosticism, with its variety of schisms and heresies branching and sprouting out of that pestiferous sect, as then disgraced the Greek Church. Had not Mahommed found the soil thus ready prepared, thus richly manured with the rottenness of corruption, and watered to his hand by the poisonous flood from the dragon's mouth, he would not have dared to plant his deadly upas tree, and from under its branches circumscribe with his bloody scimetar an empire which astonished and for ages has amazed the world.

We see in this horn religious tyranny and overbearing character; but he begins and proceeds in his career by dark sentences and craft, by mysterious revelations and persuasion; he destroys not only by the sword but seduction, not only the mighty but the holy people, not only in war but in peace, and he sets himself up against the Prince of princes, our Lord Jesus Christ. He arises at a time when the transgressors are come to the full, and stretches his dominion over the south, and the east, and the *pleasant land*.

I think that no description of the impostor Mahommed can be given more applicable to him than this; he retired to his cave, and there hatched his pretended mysterious revelation; he came forth, and persuaded a few. By their help his tenets spread, by their assistance he was raised to power, and established that power by the possession of Mecca in the year 630; from thence he pushed his dominion, with the sword in one hand and the Koran in the other, four hundred leagues toward the south and toward the east, which included the *pleasant land* of Judea.

His Koran is a medley of dark sentences; he prospered no less by his craft than by his sword, for he formed his religion to suit the different tastes, the different manners, the vicious and corrupt inclinations of the people he labored to convert as well as to subdue. To gain the Jew, he reverenced Moses. To entice the Christian, he acknowledged the authority of Jesus Christ. And to reconcile all, he gave a sanction to their worst passions, and indulged their fiercest appetites. He appeared at a time when all seemed ripe for such an apostasy, when the transgressors were come to the full; when Judaism was degraded, Christianity corrupted, and heathenish customs, rites, and manners seemed to preponderate in the mixture of all. But whatever reverence he might pay to Moses or Christ, however he might acknowledge the divinity of their missions, he set up *his own* as superior to theirs, and exalted himself above the Prince of princes.

The Mahommedan impostor "took away the daily sacrifice, and set up the abomination of desolation" in the following sense:

The *Romans*, when they conquered the Jewish nation, warred not against the *religion* of the Jews, they regarded not their superstitions (as they called them) or their ceremonies, these were everywhere tolerated; but their object was to break the *political* power of this contumacious people, to bend them to their yoke, and to quell their turbulent dispositions; and this they conceived was the more easily to be done, by destroying their city and temple, and driving them out of their country.

Not so the *Mahommedan conquerors;* they laid their axe at the root of religion, they conquered only that they might convert; they gave their vanquished foe his country, but subverted his religion. It was against the pure worship of the Lord Jesus Christ, which was typified by the Jewish sacrifice, that the Mahommedan arms and Mahommedan craft were levelled; and, as I conceive it, this was the daily sacrifice, or the *atoning sacrifice*, the true worship, which was taken away and annihilated, as it were, by the Arabian prophet and his followers.

Thus we see that the daily sacrifice was taken away by Mahommed in the year A.D. 630. Add to this 1260 years, the era of the prosperity of the Mahommedan little horn, and we reach the year 1890.

[NOTE BY REV. M. BAXTER.—The foregoing extract from the prophetic exposition published in 1820, by Mr. Girdlestone, a clergyman of the Episcopal Church, is valuable, as foreshowing that the 1260 years of Mahommedan temporal power would terminate about A.D. 1890, which is the terminating epoch of other dates. The 63 years which have elapsed since Mr. Girdlestone's exposition have signally verified his views, for the Turko-Mahommedan Empire is greatly shrunk in size and weakened since 1820, and as it is the bulwark and mainstay of the Mahommedan religion, the collapse of one of them will involve that of the other.

In the *year-day* fulfilment the little horn of Dan. 8 is the *Mahommedan* Antichrist for 1260 *years*, and the little horn of Dan. 7 is the *Papal* Antichrist also for 1260 *years*. But in the future *literal day* fulfilment the last personal *Infidel* Antichrist will be not only the little horn of Dan. 8, but also the little horn of Dan. 7, for 1260 literal *days*, as the term of his persecuting temporal power; as such he will combine in himself the peculiar distinctive features both of Mahommed and the Pope. They have been, in fact, precursory types of him.]

* The time, times and half a time (Daniel 7 : 25; 11 : 13; 12 : 7) or three and a half years, reckoned according to Jewish mode of 360 days to the year give 1260 years. This is the predicted duration of the supremacy of the Mahommedan power.

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CURRENT EVENTS.

This Session of Congress Promises to be as prolific in abortive bills as its predecessors. Up to the close of last week the House had received seventeen hundred and sixty bills and sixty-two joint resolutions; the Senate, six hundred and ninety-five bills and fifteen resolutions. Thus the total is already very large, and it is predicted that when Congress meets after the holidays the aggregate of papers and measures before it demanding attention, if not legislation, will run up to four or five thousand. The House bills, like those of the Senate, will largely disappear in the hands of the House committees.

Mr. Keifer, the Speaker of the House, in the last Congress, is threatened with an investigation of his conduct in respect to a matter which caused much public comment at the time. It will be remembered that he discharged one of the stenographers of the House just prior to the recess, and gave the place to his nephew, who consequently was able to draw full salary during the recess when the services of a stenographer are not required. On December 20th, while the House was discussing a resolution proposing to give one month's extra pay to discharged employés, Mr. Reagan moved to commit the resolution to the Committee on Accounts, with instruction to inquire and report whether persons had been discharged at the close of the last session and others put into their places who had performed no duties. Mr. Keifer has also received a snub from his own side of the House. He appears to have expected that the Republicans would recognize him as their leader this session, but though only a few days have elapsed since the House met, his leadership has been repudiated three times. His subserviency to the notorious Mr. Robeson, when in the chair, and his unfairness in the appointment of the committees alienated even those who only a few months ago enthusiastically worked for his election.

A Proposal to Augment the Navy by Building seven new vessels in addition to those already ordered, was made in the Senate on December 17th by Senator Hale. It is exceedingly unfortunate for the country that, owing to past experience, propositions of this character give rise to suspicions of jobbery. On this particular proposal the New York *Times* significantly remarks: "It is undoubtedly true that the navy is in a dilapidated condition, and that it should be reinforced and augmented. It is also true that the national Treasury is now in a better condition to permit the rebuilding of the navy than at any other time since the closing of the Civil War. But it should be said that intelligent observers of public affairs will view with a certain anxiety any project for augmenting the navy that may emanate from Secretary W. E. Chandler, Senator Hale, or ex-Congressman Robeson."

Another Attempt to Relieve Lieutenant Greely and his companions at Franklin Bay or to meet and assist them if they have commenced the perilous journey homeward is to be made. President Arthur has appointed a commission to take charge of the preparations. The new commission is already at work. Its first meeting was held December 21st, when some preliminary matters were disposed of, and the general line of procedure discussed. General Hazen, who is a member of the commission, said that the commissioners intended to use all possible diligence, as they realized that no time was to be lost. It was hoped to have the relief party ready to start in May and have the vessel or vessels composing it off the coast of Greenland in June. Everything connected with the expedition had been referred to the commissioners, who were to decide when it was to start, how it was to be fitted out, and where it was to go. It was proposed to seek the advice of skilled arctic explorers and navigators, and suggestions were expected from various valuable sources. Lieutenant Schwatka, who made a trip to the arctic regions in the Eothen, had already been communicated with and had agreed to furnish the commission with his views on the matter in detail.

Significant Speeches were Delivered in Irving Hall, New York, on Sunday, December 16th, when the delegates from the French trades-unions were entertained by the New York branch of the International Union. They all predicted the approach of a social revolution. The orator of the day was introduced as "our much-hated and much-beloved *John Most*," and proceeded at once about his truculent business. After reviewing in sanguinary terms, the labor strifes in Europe and America, he pronounced "Paris the Mecca of the working men." "The French," he shouted, "have often shed their blood against oppression, and have many a time flaunted the black flag of hunger from their barricades and died beneath its sombre folds. It is asked what will the Communists give in place of what they will destroy. That is not to decide now. *First, let us wipe out, tear down, annihilate.* Then we can talk of building up." This sentiment was greeted with a frenzy of applause, and one excitable citizen jumped to his feet and, pointing to the red flags of the Paris Commune which were suspended over the platform, shrieked at the top of his lungs, "Vive la Commune! Vive la dynamite!" Herr Most evidently desires to commence with the easiest part of the programme.

The Death of Dr. Thomas S. Kirkbride, the eminent authority on insanity, is announced. He died December 17th, aged seventy-four. Dr. Kirkbride had attained a world-wide reputation in the branch of science to which he had given special study. He was a descendant of Joseph Kirkbride, of the Parish of Kirkbride, in the county of Cumberland, England, *who came to America with William Penn.* He received his education at Trenton, N. J., whence he came to Philadelphia to pursue his medical studies in the medical departmentment of the University of Pennsylvania, which institution conferred upon him the degree of Doctor of Medicine in March, 1832. In the autumn of 1840 a new institution for the insane, now well known as the insane department of the Pennsylvania Hospital, was so near its completion that it became necessary to select a superintendent. To this post, in October, 1840, Dr. Kirkbride was elected, and he was the head of the institution ever after. Under the promptings of Dr. Kirkbride an association of the Medical Superintendents of the Insane Asylums of America was formed in 1866, of which he was President for eight years. He was the author of the volume on "The Construction, Organization, and General Arrangements of Hospitals for the Insane," and one on "Rules for the Government of Those Employed in the Care of the Insane." In addition, he contributed a number of valuable monographs and reviews to the *American Journal of Insanity* and other periodicals. The present use of the humane system of managing insane persons is mainly due to Dr. Kirkbride's efforts.

Mr. W. Forbes Gave an Address on Friday last at the Brooklyn Tabernacle, Dr. Talmage's. As Mr. Forbes leaves New York on Friday next, a conference of temperance friends and a valedictory meeting will be held in the Lecture-Room of Association Building, Twenty-third Street and Fourth Avenue, New York, at 7.30 P.M., on Thursday, 27th. Any of our readers will be welcome to this meeting. Communications for Mr. Forbes may be sent to this office.

Contributions to the Hospital Saturday and Sunday Fund, in New York, are earnestly requested by the committee in New York. In so good a cause it is unnecessary to say a word beyond the publication of the committee's notification. Hospital Saturday and Sunday are December 29th and 30th. Gifts toward current expenses, the endowment of beds, or for building purposes may be designated for any hospital in the city, and will be forwarded through the treasury of the association to the hospital named. Contributions, however, are especially solicited on the days named for *the general fund*, which will be distributed among the associated hospitals, according to the by-laws of the association. Collections will be made in all the churches on Sunday next and in all the synagogues next Saturday. The other channels for contributions are auxiliary associations, through committees in exchanges, and subscription lists circulated in exchanges and among the trades, subscription lists in the hands of the managers of each of the hospitals, and collection boxes at the elevated railway stations. Money or checks may be sent to Charles Lanier, the General Treasurer, No. 26 Nassau Street.

An All-Day Prayer-Meeting in Chicago was conducted on December 10th by Miss Jennie Smith. The meeting commenced at nine o'clock in the morning, and continued without interruption until nine in the evening; the hall was crowded during the entire day. Many of the pastors of the churches in the city were interested, and took part in the services. Miss Smith gave a history of her illness and cure through faith and prayer at the services in the evening.

The New Misssonary Bishop of the Episcopal Church in North Dakota, the Rev. William David Walker, was consecrated on December 20th at Calvary Episcopal Church, New York, with impressive ceremonies. At 11 o'clock the male choir, which consisted of sixty students from the General Theological Seminary of this City, dressed in black collegiate gowns, marched up the aisle singing the processional hymn, and took places on either side of the chancel. They were followed by about two hundred visiting clergymen, clad in white surplices, who took seats in the centre of the church facing the altar; after them came the officiating bishops, and lastly the newly elected bishop. The bishops were met at the altar steps by Assistant Bishop H. C. Potter and given seats within the chancel rail. The sermon was preached by Bishop Coxe, who briefly reviewed the early missionary work of the Church in this country since it has been under an episcopacy of its own. At the conclusion of his address the order of consecration was taken up and finished. Bishop Clark, of Rhode Island, acted as the presiding bishop, and the candidate was presented by Assistant Bishop Potter. The services ended with the communion. Bishop Walker graduated from the General Theological Seminary in 1862, and has been connected with Calvary Church ever since. Sixteen years ago he was made Missionary Rector of Calvary Chapel, and through his exertions the building, which cost $60,000, was erected.

FOREIGN TOPICS.

The Crown Prince of Germany has been Enthusiastically welcomed in Rome, where he arrived on December 17th. The King of Italy met him at the depot, and cordially greeted him as he stepped from the car. The city was illuminated in his honor, and crowds of citizens cheered the prince as he passed through the streets. In order to accommodate the scruples of the Pope, the Prince left the Royal Palace, the Quirinal, where he was staying as the guest of the King, and drove to the German Embassy. From that place he drove to the Vatican to have an audience with the Pope. Subsequently a representative of the Pope visited the Prince at the German Embassy, after which the Prince returned to the Quirinal. The private interview between the Pope and the Prince lasted an hour, and the European journals are speculating as to the probable subjects discussed.

A French Victory is Announced as Having been won before Sontay, which is regarded as the key of the Red River delta. It is to the west of Bac Ninh, and occupies a commanding position either for controlling Tonquin or for operating against China. Sontay at last reports was said to be occupied by Chinese troops, but whether they are actually Chinese or only Black Flags, for whose actions the Chinese Government is not held responsible, is unknown. The French admiral, telegraphing the report of his victory, states that a combined attack of the flotillas and land forces was made on five villages on the road to Sontay, and though they were strongly fortified and bravely defended they were captured by the French troops. The march to Sontay was then commenced. Sontay is defended by a citadel constructed of bricks and masonry and supported by earthworks. Its capture was announced in a brief telegram from Hong Kong on Saturday last. The French force appears to have suffered heavy losses.

The Dynamite Conspirators Arrested in Glasgow have been tried in Edinburgh and convicted. There are eight of them beside Callaghan and McDermott. They were charged with being members of a secret society the object of which is to overthrow the authority of Queen Victoria in Ireland, and to constrain Parliamentary legislation in regard to Ireland, and that, acting with Featherstone and Dalton, they conspired to blow up public buildings at Glasgow. The prisoners pleaded not guilty, and brought witnesses, chiefly relatives of the accused, to prove an alibi. The jury on December 21st rendered a verdict against five of them of "guilty," on all the counts of the indictment, and against the other five of guilty on the minor charges. The former five were sentenced to penal servitude for life, and the latter to penal servitude for five years.

The Responsibility for the Cimbria Disaster, which occurred on January 19th, nearly a year ago, has not been fixed by the Court of Inquiry. The Cimbria, it will be remembered, was sunk by collision with the British steamship Sultan in the German Ocean. Four hundred immigrants are believed to have been on board. The court, in its judgment, leaves the question of the responsibility for the collision undecided, but attributes it to the Cimbria porting her helm and the Sultan starboarding hers, and to the fact that both vessels omitted to reverse their engines at full speed. The manner in which the Sultan was managed after the collision, the court says, showed that her officers lost their presence of mind, and thus failed to aid the Cimbria. The general opinion at the time was that the captain of the Sultan displayed carelessness and inhumanity, but the court apparently considers the charge not proven.

O'Donnell, the Murderer of Carey, Paid the penalty of his crime on December 17th. The British Government courteously replied to the request of President Arthur, presented by Mr. Lowell, for delay, that the grounds of the application had been already considered and decided. There was, therefore, no reason for postponing the execution, and it accordingly took place in Newgate Jail, in private, on the day fixed. O'Donnell is reported to have overcome the agitation he manifested at his trial, and to have died calmly and with fortitude. It is doubtful if a man ever sacrified his life for a more unworthy cause. The man he killed was one of the vilest of the vile, and at the time of his death was fleeing from the vengeance of his former associates. He planned and superintended the execution of the Phœnix Park murders, and then assisted in bringing to punishment the men who did his bidding. It is no wonder that his escape from the gallows exasperated the relatives and friends of his victims, as it did the majority of his fellow-citizens. But O'Donnell, whether acting on his own responsibility or as the delegate of others, in killing the worthless fellow broke the law, and, just now, respect for the law is a lesson Ireland needs to learn. That was doubtless the reason why the self-constiuted avenger of blood was not spared.

Mr. Shaw, the English Missionary to Madagascar, whom the French admiral ill treated, in the course of an address recently given in England, corrected the impression that the whole of Madagascar had been Christianized. Three fourths of the island were still in the darkest heathenism. The missionary work on the eastern side of the island had met with very grave opposition; indeed, the work for a time had been altogether upset. Mr. Shaw enlarged upon the defenceless condition of the seven "villages" destroyed by the French, whose idea of law, he thought, was very different from that of other people.

Mr. Moody is now at the World's End. That is the familiar name applied to Stepney, the London suburb in which the Iron Hall now stands. It is surrounded by the class included in the term "outcast London," and those interested in the denizens of the slums will thus have a chance of showing their practical Christianity. The ministers are going in heartily with the movement. One of them lends his church for overflow meetings. As a memorial of the work at Wandsworth, Dr. Watney has made over the site upon which the hall stood to six gentlemen on a lease for ninety-nine years. Here a temporary structure, capable of seating one thousand persons, will be run up as soon as the hall is removed. In addition to giving the site, Dr. Watney will also bear all the preliminary expenses. In this structure the services will be continued, and in course of time a permanent building will be erected, to become a centre of religious effort for the locality.

Mr. R. T. Booth, the American Temperance orator, whose portrait appears on the first page, is about to visit Australia for the benefit of his health. He was entertained at a farewell meeting in Southampton before embarking. Canon Wilberforce, who presided, paid an eloquent tribute of respect to the work and worth of Mr. Booth. He had, he said, had abundant opportunity of testing his character, and declared that he had never seen an action or heard a word that the most carping critic could object to. He pointed out that Mr. Booth had been the moving spirit in the great work of reform now going on up and down Great Britain. Another speaker said: "Mr. Booth has held thirty-five missions in all the principal cities and towns of the United Kingdom, and addressed some hundreds of meetings. The results are enormous. At Longton, where his first mission was held, 6000 signed the pledge; at Birmingham, 51,000; at Bristol, 25,000; at Brighton, 21,000; at the Metropolitan Tabernacle, 12,500. As to the permanency of the work, I have made an independent inquiry in some cases, and find that at Liverpool, the 'black spot on the Mersey,' and the most drink-besotten city in England, 92 per cent have remained firm; at Swansea, 90; and in other towns 85 per cent. Mr. Booth is accompanied to Australia by Mr. T. W. Glover, an energetic agent of the United Kingdom Alliance, which is the organization in charge of the Prohibition movement in Great Britain.

MOURNERS, INQUIRERS, COVENANTERS.

A New Sermon by Pastor C. H. Spurgeon.

"In those days, and in that time, saith the Lord, the children of Israel shall come, they and the children of Judah together, going and weeping: they shall go, and seek the Lord their God. They shall ask the way to Zion with their faces thitherward, saying, Come, and let us join ourselves to the Lord in a perpetual covenant that shall not be forgotten."—JEREMIAH 1:4, 5.

God Bringing Back the Banished Ones—An Opportunity to Return—A Greater Emancipator than Cyrus—The Wanderer Anxious to Return Rightly — Those who Returned to Zion—I. Mourners—No Welcome for the Impenitent—Mourning Overcoming Hatred—The Penitent Forgives Enemies—Going and Weeping—The True Turning Point—Going and Seeking—II. The Mourners Become Inquirers—People who Know too Much—III. The Inquirer Becomes a Covenanter—Short-Time Men—No Reserves—A Perpetual Covenant—A Changed Statue—Renewing the Covenant.

THE previous part of this chapter declares the overthrow of Israel's cruel oppressor: "Babylon is taken, Bel is confounded, Merodach is broken in pieces." The Assyrian and Babylonian power had been the great tyrant of the ages, and the Lord had employed it for the chastening of His people, until at last Israel and Judah had been carried away captive to the banks of the Euphrates, and the land of their fathers knew them no more. This was the mournful song of the exiles, "By the rivers of Babylon, there we sat down, yea, we wept, when we remembered Zion." What a turn would come! In the day when God would reckon with Babylon, and punish the haughty people for their cruelties and oppressions, then should Israel and Judah come to their own again. God doth devise means for bringing back His banished ones, and among those ways we usually see the overthrow of their conquerors. When, therefore, the Lord deals with Babylon in a way of vengeance it is that He may deliver His own people.

I will not talk much with you concerning the Chaldeans and the Jews, but I would speak concerning ourselves. We, too, by nature are in banishment, far off from our God and the abode of His glory. It is a great blessing when the times come, and they have come, when there is an opportunity and

AN INVITATION TO RETURN.

To-day the power of the adversary is broken, and we may flee out of the Babylon of sin.

At such times, when the Lord is leading men to seek His face, questions arise, anxieties abound, and difficulties multiply. The lost tribes could not come back from Babylon by merely thinking of it: the way was long and dangerous, the paths were unknown and difficult, and they who came back to Zion found the journey to be no promenade of pleasure or parade of pomp. It is so with the Lord's banished when He gives them a heart and a will to return to Him; they are not, therefore, restored to the Father's house at once: they may have to persevere through months of weary pilgrimage before they come to their desired abode. I earnestly desire to be the means in the hand of God of answering questions, removing fears, and clearing the way for those who have begun to seek the Lord.

Every one who is really seeking the Lord desires to be sure that he is seeking aright; he is not willing to take anything for granted, since his soul is of too much value to be left at hazard. He does not even believe in his own judgment of himself, but when he thinks his face is toward Zion, he still

ASKS THE WAY.

He inquires, "Are my feelings like those of the truly penitent? Am I believing as those do who are justified by faith? Am I seeking the Lord in a manner which will be pleasing to Him?" They have so long been as lost sheep, going from mountain to hill, that they have forgotten their resting places, therefore in their

confusion they are afraid of going wrong again, and so they inquire with eager anxiety.

Perhaps we may show them from this Scripture how others sought and how others found, and this may be a guide and a comfort to them; for albeit there are differences of operation, and all do not come to Christ with equal terrors, or with equal joys, yet there is a likeness in all the pilgrims to the holy city. "As in water face answereth to face, so the heart of man to man;" the experience of God's people in its root principles is evermore the same. All coming sinners endure like griefs, and pass through similar struggles: the same desires, the same fears, the same hopes, and by and by the same realizations are to be found in all those who seek unto the Lord their God.

Looking carefully at the text, we perceive that those who came back to Zion by God's gracious leadership, were first *mourners;* secondly, *inquirers;* and thirdly, *covenanters;* for they ended by joining themselves unto the Lord in a perpetual covenant.

I. To begin at the beginning, the Lord's restored ones during the processes of grace were first of all

MOURNERS:

"In those days, and in that time, saith the Lord, the children of Israel shall come, they and the children of Judah together, going and weeping; they shall go, and seek the Lord their God." Oh, my hearer, after all your sins I will not believe that you are truly coming to God, if there is not about you a great *sorrow for sin and a lamenting after the Lord.* Some seekers are made to drink of this bitter cup very deeply; the wine of astonishment is long kept to their lips; their sense of sin is terrible, even to anguish and agony. I know that there are others who do not taste this bitterness to the same degree; but it is in their cup, for all that, only the sweet love of Christ is revealed to them so soon and so fully that the healthful wormwood of penitence is veiled beneath the exceeding sweetness of gracious pardon.

While the heart feels no compunction concerning its wanderings, no mourning over its guilt, no grief at having grieved the Lord, there can be no acceptance with God. There must be a shower in the day of mercy; not always a long driving rain causing a flood, but the soft drops must fall in every case. There must be tenderness toward God, if we expect reconciliation with God. The heart must cry, "How could I have sinned against so good a Lord! How could I have stood out against His love! How could I have refused my Saviour and His abounding grace! My God, forgive me!" Of all the ransomed it is written, "They shall come with weeping, and with supplications will I lead them."

Observe that this mourning in the case of Israel and Judah was so strong that *it mastered other feelings.* Between Judah and Israel there was an old feud. They were brethren, and it ought not to have been so; but they had become bitter adversaries of each other. Yet now that they return unto the Lord, we read, "The children of Israel shall come, they and the children of Judah together." O happy union in

A COMMON SEARCH

for God! One of the first results of holy sorrow for sin is to cast out of our heart all forms of enmity and strife with our fellow-men. If a man, professing to be a penitent, drew back at the sight of another who also came penitently to Christ, and said, "I can have nothing to do with him," I should unhesitatingly declare him to be a hypocrite; or even if he were sincere, I should have to tell him that to a certainty the Lord could not and would not accept his repentance or grant him peace. If thou wilt not forgive thy brother, how shall God forgive thee? As Aaron's rod swallowed up all other rods, so a sincere sorrow for sin will remove all readiness to take offence against our fellow-sinners. In the secret chambers of their souls the truly penitent say, "Everything that I have against any man is gone now, for I remember nothing but that I have offended against my God. If the Lord will forgive my wrong, everything I have had to bear from others shall be as the small dust of the balance, not worthy to be considered or thought of in the day of infinite grace."

I am trying so to preach that I may help you who are seeking the Lord to discover whether you are coming aright. This shall be one simple test to you—you cannot be coming home to your Father unless there is some degree of mourning for sin, some smiting upon the breast, some bemoaning of yourself because of your iniquities; and again, for certain, you cannot be coming to the Lord aright unless there is a blotting out altogether from your heart of every offence that every man may have committed against you in past times.

Keeping close to the text, we notice again that the exiles on their return *were mourning while marching.* Observe the words—"going and weeping." We might have thought, perhaps, that when they began to go to their God, so much light would break in upon them that they would cease to weep: but no, it is "going and weeping." A true heart that is coming to God takes the road by Weeping-Cross; it feels its sin, its guilt, its undesert, and it therefore mourns. The closet is sought out and prayer is offered; but in the supplication there is a dove's note, a moaning as of one sorrowing for love. When the prayer is over, there is a dissatisfaction with the prayer, a smiting on the breast, as much as to say, "I pray but coldly compared with the way in which I ought to pray."

Turning the text round, we read not only of "going and weeping," but also of weeping and going. The holy grief here intended does not lead to sitting still, for it is added "they shall go." When the prodigal cries, "I will arise and go to my Father," then a work of grace is certainly begun, but not till then. It is not enough to say, "I perish with hunger;" but when there follows upon it, "I will arise, and go to my Father, and will say unto Him, Father, I have sinned," then we have reached

THE TRUE TURNING POINT—

salvation has come to our house. True mourning for sin leads the sinner to the cross. When thou talkest about repentance, if thy repentance be with thy back to the cross, away with thy repentance. The way to repent is with your eye upon the sacrifice, viewing the flowing of the sin-atoning blood, marking every precious drop, gazing into the Redeemer's wounds, and believing in the love which in death opened up its depths unsearchable.

We must not pass over that last word, "They shall

GO AND SEEK

the Lord their God." This, dear hearer, shall be a guide to you as to whether your present state of feeling is leading you aright. What is it you are seeking? "I am seeking," says one, "I am seeking peace." May you soon obtain it, and may it be real peace; but I am not sure of you. "I am seeking," says another, "the pardon of sin." Again, I pray that you may find it; but I am not sure of you. If another shall reply, "I am seeking the Lord; for I desire above all things to have Him for a friend, though to Him I have been an enemy;" then I have good hope of Him. I rejoice over the heart which is crying, "I want to see my Father's face, and hear Him say, 'I have blotted out thy sins;' I want to dwell with God, to serve Him, to obey Him, to grow like Him. There has been a quarrel between Him and me, and other lords have had dominion over me, but now I desire that He shall be my Lord and King, and myself His loyal humble servant, and His beloved child. I hunger and thirst after God!"

You see, brethren and sisters, we require a great many things in order to be saved, and yet one thing is needful. I would represent it in this form: Here is a little child, picked up from the gutter, diseased and filthy, unclad, unfed; and if you ask me to make out a catalogue of what the child wants you must give me a sheet of foolscap paper to write it all down, and then I fear I shall leave out many things. I will tell you in one word what that poor infant requires—it wants its mother. If it gets its mother it has all it needs. So to tell what a poor sinner wants might be a long task; but when you say that he wants his heavenly Father you have said it all. This was what the prodigal needed, was it not? He needed his Father, and when he came to his Father all his necessities were supplied. O souls, you are seeking aright if you are seeking your God. Nothing short of this will suffice. This may greatly aid you to judge whether you are in the right way or no.

II. Secondly, these mourners became

INQUIRERS.

We read in the second verse of our text, "They shall ask the way to Zion with their faces thitherward." They knew something, that is clear, for they turned their faces in the right direction; but having been born and nurtured in Babylon, the road to Jerusalem had never been trodden by them, the route was strange and new. They knew within a little the quarter in which Zion lay, and they looked that way; but they did not know all about the road; how should they? The saving point about them was that *they were not ashamed to confess their ignorance.* Minds that the Lord has touched are never boastful of their wisdom. There are may persons in the world who would be converted if they could but consent to be taught by God's Word and Spirit; but they are such wise people,

THEY KNOW TOO MUCH

to enter the school of grace.

It is clear from their asking their way that *these inquirers were teachable.* They not only yielded to be instructed, but they were eager to be taught; and therefore they asked for information. It is a hopeful sign when children ask questions; if we can get them to desire knowledge, the desire will be more valuable than the knowledge itself. The way nowadays is to cram the memory; but if our youths could be brought to hunger for knowledge, and to ask questions, their minds would be much more effectually benefited. It is a great mercy for a poor seeking sinner to have a teachable spirit, so as to pray, "Lord Jesus, write Thy Gospel upon my heart. Here it is, ready to be written on. Only tell me what Thou wouldst have me to do. I make no reservation—I am willing, by Thy help, to do it; or if there be nothing to be done but to sit at Thy feet, tell me that, and I will do this as Thy grace enables me."

At the same time, note concerning those that are coming to the Lord and His people, that *they are questioning, but they are still resolved.* They ask their way to Zion, but they have set their faces like flints in that direction. They ask how they can be right with God, not as a matter of curiosity, but because they mean to be at peace with Him; by God's grace nothing shall turn them aside from their God and His temple, and hence their anxiety to be surely right. They do not raise questions by way of quibbling that they may have an excuse for sitting still, but they question because they are in downright earnest. True penitents will have Christ or die. Therefore with solemn resolve, lest perchance they should be misled, they ask their way, determined to walk therein.

Though they ask the way, we may remark further that *they know whither they are going.* They ask their way *to Zion.* They wish to know how they can become fellow-citizens with the people of God, how they can behold the great sacrifice, how they can eat the true passover, how they can be accepted worshippers of Jehovah, and how they can enjoy fellowship with Him; they ask their way with understanding, for they know what their heart is seeking. They ask their way, not to somewhere or other, but to Zion; not to some imaginary blissful shore that may be or may not be, but they seek

God's own dwelling-place, God's own palace, God's own sacrifice.

III. Now we come to the last matter; these inquirers become

COVENANTERS,

for they said one to another, "Come and let us join ourselves to the Lord in a perpetual covenant that shall not be forgotten." Oh, that word "covenant!" I can never pronounce it without joy in my heart. It is to me a mine of comfort, a mint of delight, a mass of joy. Time was when theology was full of covenant truth; nowadays these grand old doctrines are laid aside by our wise men as too commonplace for their enlightened minds. I do not believe that some modern preachers could say "covenant;" they could not frame to pronounce it aright. The doctrine of the "covenant" is a kind of shibboleth by which we may know the man of God from the false prophet.

We pray the Lord, "Give us this day *our* daily bread." How came it to be *ours?* Why, because it was guaranteed us in the covenant; covenant provision has made it ours, and therefore we may ask for it as ours. Have I any right to ask God for what is not mine in Christ Jesus? As sinners we sue for mercy and crave for the sake of grace; but when we come to be children, we can also appeal to other attributes, and especially to faithfulness, which is a great covenant security. We can now say, "My Father, since I am Thy child I am an heir of God, joint-heir with Jesus Christ; therefore give me of the fulness which Thou hast treasured up in Him on my behalf." The upper springs are ours, and the nether springs shall not be withheld.

"He who hath made my heaven secure
Will here all good provide.
Since Christ is rich, can I be poor?
What can I want beside?"

Returning to the text, from which I have diverged a little: these inquirers become covenanters, for we read that *they seek to be joined unto the Lord*—"Come and let us join ourselves to the Lord." The mischief of our fallen state arose from our trying to be distinct and independent of our God. The younger son said, "Give me the portion of goods that falleth to me." See, he has received his share in ready-money and off he goes to the far country. What does he do when he penitently returns? Why he joins himself to his Father. Nothing in the house is his, he has had his portion of goods long ago; but he lives at home because he is one with his Father, and cannot be shut out from the house of his Father. He is in communion with his Father, and so he is a partaker of all his Father's goods.

Next, notice *for how long a time this covenant is to be made*—"Let us join ourselves to the Lord in a perpetual covenant." In our English army of late they have enlisted

"SHORT TIME" MEN.

A good brother came to join the church last week who is in the Reserve, and I said to him, "You are not coming to unite with us for two sixes, the first six with the colors and the other six as a reserve man—you have come, I hope, to fight under the colors as long as life lasts." "Ay, sir," he said, "I give myself up to the Lord forever." No salvation is possible except that which saves the soul forever. It must be an everlasting salvation or no salvation. And yet some professors try to be off and on with God; they are wonderfully good on the Sabbath; but they slip their regimentals off on Sunday night, and there is no accounting for them during the week. I do not know where these double-faced people are to be found on a Monday night, but I fear they are up to no good. These chameleons change their color according to the light they are in. Their religion is a sort of play-acting, a kind of masquerade. Beware of a religion which you can put on and off.

In the Capitol at Rome I saw *one of the Roman Emperors*, and I remembered well his majesty's brutal countenance; soon after I saw the gentleman looking very different; I should not have recognized his imperial highness at all if it had not been for the name; the fact is, they had put another wig on him. Oddly enough, certain of those statues are so carved that a series of stone head-dresses can be put upon them; and this makes a mighty difference in their appearance. I am afraid that to some professors their religion is a wig, which so wonderfully changes them when they put it on or take it off, that you would not think they were the same people. A real man of God has his religion interwoven into the warp and woof of his being; he could not be other than he is whatever his circumstances might be.

Note, further, that this joining to God these covenanters intended to carry out in a most solemn way; "let us join ourselves to the Lord in a perpetual"—agreement? or promise? No. "*Covenant*" is the word. It is a profitable thing for the soul to covenant with God. Dr. Doddridge gives a form of personal covenant in his "Rise and Progress," and I have been told that some persons have written it out and even signed it with their blood. I believe that such a formal transaction may lead a soul into bondage. This covenanting is not to be performed quite so literally, but that it should be done *really* I do believe. That a man should give himself to the Lord in set and solemn form at some time in his life I believe to be a great help to his after perseverance; and if he will renew his covenant every now and then it may greatly help to his keeping it.

I have known some believers, and I think they did wisely, take a part of a day for the special object of

GIVING THEMSELVES ANEW

to the Lord. They have said, "Lord, I do this day, as a poor sinner, solemnly put my trust in Thy Word, and in Thy Son, and in His atoning sacrifice; and, doing this, I feel that I am not my own, for I am bought with a price; and I now ask for grace that from this day forward I may be wholly Thine. Not only I, but my wife, and my children, and my substance, and all that I have I give to Thee, my Lord, admitting that nothing which I have was ever mine, but always Thine. I pray that Thou wilt be my God forever and ever, and be my guide even unto death, and that after death Thou wilt receive me to glory."

Such a covenant as this will bear to be looked back upon and repeated. You can gladly say—

"High heaven that heard my solemn vow,
That vow renewed shall daily hear,
Till in life's latest hour I bow,
And bless in death a bond so dear."

You are coming to the Lord rightly, my dear friend, if you are yielding body, soul, and spirit unto Him to be His forever. There is no fear about your safety when you join yourself unto the Lord by a perpetual covenant.

One word more remains to be spoken: those who came mourning and inquiring, when they became covenanters felt that they had a nature very apt to forgetfulness of good things, and so a part of what they desired in their covenanting with God was "a perpetual covenant *that shall not be forgotten.*" God will never forget, yet may you pray, "Lord, remember me when Thou comest into Thy Kingdom." The fear is lest *you* should forget. What is your view of that possibility? Would it not be terrible? Let us therefore pray the Lord that it may be a perpetual covenant, that shall never, never, not even for an hour be forgotten.

Ask the Lord to write this covenant upon the fleshly tablets of your heart, that it may be there for ever. O Zion, if I forget thee may my right hand forget her cunning! Sooner than I should forget Thee, O my God, suffer me speedily to die! Let me not live to become so false, so wicked, as under stress of infirmity or temptation, even for a moment to turn aside from Thee! Beloved brother, take hold on Christ this morning with a renewed grip, and say, "Lord, Thou knowest all things; Thou knowest that I love Thee: suffer me not to forsake Thee. Hold Thou me up, and I shall be safe. I would be Thine living, Thine dying, and Thine forever and ever." Thus desiring and pleading, all will be well with you. May the God of the everlasting covenant bless you. Amen.

RICHARD BAXTER ON THE BATTLE-FIELD.

(*See Illustration on next page.*)

IN the course of the war between Charles I., King of England, and his army, and the army of the Parliament under the Christian and patriotic general, Oliver Cromwell, the latter earnestly solicited Richard Baxter, the far-famed author of "The Saint's Everlasting Rest," to become one of his chaplains. Baxter, whose life was already crowded with the activities of holy service, could not at first see his way to comply with this request, but ultimately he left his charge at Kidderminster, and gave himself up to the duties of the chaplaincy. Though an extremely delicate man, his courage, amid the dangers of the field, was no whit behind that of the bravest of the brave. Our illustration represents him in the act of giving spiritual succor to one of the wounded Ironsides, and is a fitting illustration of the beneficence and usefulness of his whole life.

Richard Baxter was born at Burton, Shropshire, on November 12th, 1615. His father was one of the noble band of Puritans from whose numbers came the little group of heroes who sailed to this country in the Mayflower. He was educated at Ludlow, and took charge of the grammar school at Wroxeter for a short time. When about twenty years old he was supposed to be in a consumption. In 1634 he resided at court, in London, but was disgusted with its frivolities. He was at that time ordained, and spent the remainder of his life in service for Christ with tongue and pen. He was tried before the infamous Judge Jeffreys for preaching and writing Christian books, and sentenced to a long term of imprisonment. He died on December 8th, 1691, soon after his release from prison, aged seventy-six.

PERIL OF A MISSIONARY'S FAMILY DURING A HURRICANE IN SAMOA.

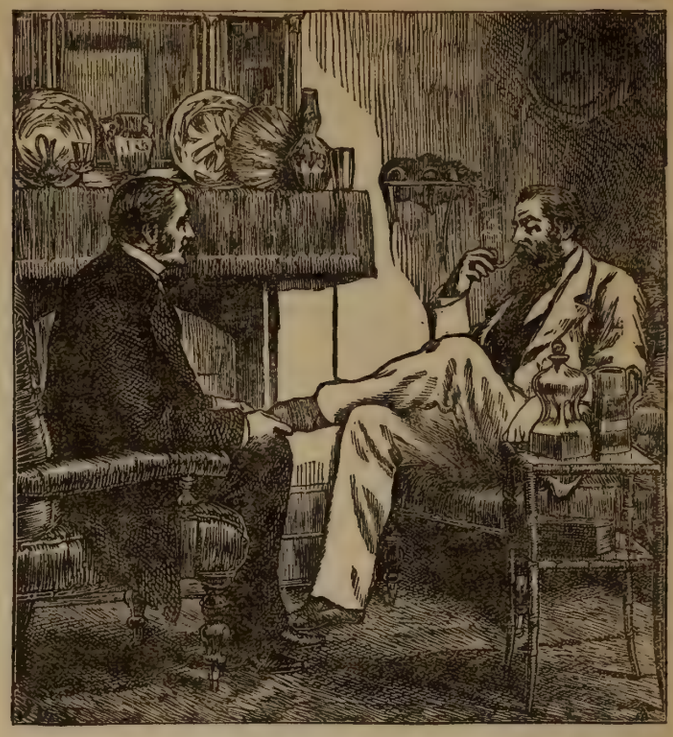
(*See Illustration on page* 829.)

THE Samoas are a volcanic group of islands in the Western Polynesia, about three thousand miles from Sydney, New South Wales. During the first three months of the year most violent hurricanes rage throughout Polynesia. Our picture depicts one of these visitations, which occurred at the Samoa group in January, 1865. The Rev. Martin Dyson, a missionary, resided with his family at the small island of Manono, and on Saturday, January 28th, a very severe hurricane swept over the place. It began to show signs of violence about noon, when one tree at the end of Mr. Dyson's house was torn partly up by its roots, and fell on the house. Mr. and Mrs. Dyson and their youngest child were in the room nearest to the falling tree at the time, and although it was fully expected that it would have crushed in upon the family, they were protected by the kind hand of God.

The branches prevented the heavy trunk from breaking through the wooden building. In falling, the tree tilted over, and leaned on the house, the top part, with its long branches and large leaves, covering the end of the building which was most exposed to the hurricane, which blew from the north. The elastic and small, but long and numerous, branches of the tree, falling on the end of the house and its roots on one side still retaining their hold upon the soil, the tree was thus prevented from being fully uprooted, and the full weight of the tree was also prevented from crushing in the rafters.

After detailing his escape, Mr Dyson says in a letter to a friend: "The hurricane increased in fury during the afternoon. Then, about nine o'clock in the evening, it suddenly ceased, and the wind veered round to just the opposite quarter, south-west, and recommenced blowing,

A Puritan Chaplain and the dying Ironside.



The Clergyman's Intercession.

though less violently, throughout the night. We were drenched with the rain, but 'by the good hand of our God upon us,' escaped without sustaining the slightest personal harm. I ascribe all to the care of God over us, for which, when I remember this occurrence, I ever give thanks."

THE BIBLE AND THE NEWSPAPER.

A Novel Device for Learning Lessons was adopted by a school girl in Brooklyn, N. Y., last week. She endeavored during one evening to learn the lesson set her by her teacher, but failed, and retired to rest in despair. An hour or two afterward her mother, entering the child's bedroom, was surprised to see a paper lying on the head of the sleeping girl. Written upon it was the lesson that had given her so much trouble. She naïvely explained her idea afterward. She had written out the lesson and placed it carefully on her head before she went to sleep in the hope that "somehow *it would get into her head*" in the night. Older people laugh at such a device; they know lessons cannot be learned by contact. But they are not so wise in religious matters. Numbers of people seem to think that contact with God's people, association with a church and a scrupulous observance of sacraments and ceremonies will avail them, forgetting that Christ said "Ye must be born again" (Gal. 6 : 15).

The Victim of a Curious Superstition has Died in San Francisco. A Chinese woman was washing her feet in one of the houses in the Chinese quarter when she accidentally spilled some of the water on one of her own countrymen. It is believed by the Chinese that such an accident will bring misfortune to the person upon whom the water thus falls, and it becomes the duty of the careless person to present to the other a certain amount of candy and coin to avert the evil. The woman did as this strange superstition commanded, but the man was not satisfied, and threatened to shoot some one in the house. A few hours later he returned and deliberately shot the woman. Ignorance, superstition, and cruelty are inseparable companions, as the Scripture assures us (Psalms 74 : 20).

Why it was Decided not to Build a Hotel in a town in Georgia is explained by a local editor. A project was started to build a hotel, and a committee formed to solicit subscriptions. One gentleman to whom the committee applied was noted for his liberal hospitality and for his readiness to entertain strangers. His answer to the application was, "What do you want of a hotel here? Every respectable person who comes to town puts up with me and is welcome, and *every disreputable person leaves town because he cannot put up anywhere.*" The committee regarded the existing arrangement as beneficial to the town, and it is stated that no hotel will be built. As a rule a traveller feels that his prospect of securing accommodation in a town where he is a stranger, depends rather on his possessing money than character, but it appears that there is at least one place where character is the indispensable requisite. If this hospitable gentleman were gifted with penetrating and unerring judgment, there are many people welcomed elsewhere who would do well to avoid being benighted in that town. A day is coming when a test will be applied to those who would enter into another guest chamber (Matt. 22 : 12).

The Remarkable History of a Treasured Coin has been related by its possessor. It is a five-dollar gold-piece, dated 1807. The present owner received it from a lady, in whose possession it has been since 1847, when it was bequeathed to her by her father, who died in that year. He had owned it since 1812. It came into his possession as *his first earnings* after he arrived in this country. He said while he lived "it should never be spent unless it had to go for bread." For sixty-nine years it has never been in circulation. The lady had intended to present it to her nephew, but he died last year, and she decided to invest it as part pay for a cradle *inclosure for his grave.* It is singular that a coin treasured so many years should, after all, have been used to pay for a tomb and not for bread. It is a coincidence that the first time we read in the Bible of money being used it was for the same purpose—to purchase a grave (Gen. 23 : 16).

THE CLERGYMAN'S INTERCESSION.

"I CONSIDER your conduct fraudulent; you have deceived us, and I believe you have done so wilfully. I shall advise the house to oppose any settlement of the debt under a hundred cents to the dollar." So spoke Mr. Henry Day, the junior partner in a large wholesale firm, to a poor, downcast, trembling man who stood on the opposite side of his desk.

"No, sir, no, do not say that," pleaded Mr. Long, the unhappy debtor. "I have deceived you, I know, but wilfully?—oh no, I was deceived myself. The statement of affairs I gave you a year ago I honestly believed to be correct. I had no idea that it could appear anything like it does in the accountant's figures."

"Ah! well," said Mr. Day, "it comes to the same thing; the statement you prepared was false, or you would not be obliged to suspend payment now. This practice is most injurious to business; it must be stopped. You ask us for credit and you tell us you are worth so much over and above your liabilities; a year afterward we find you have less than nothing. You have not lost it all in a year, I suppose? Your statement was false, sir, and fraudulent, and you ought to go to State's prison."

"But let me explain," interposed poor Long, his face burning with blushes.

"No, sir, I will listen to no explanation; the figures speak for themselves. You may consider us among the creditors who will vote against an arrangement."

The creditor turned away as he said so, and the debtor went to his home with a heavy heart. His wife opened the door to him, her face silently asking what success he had met with, and his face gave her silently the melancholy news. Their furniture must be sold, their paltry little treasures, prized for old association's sake far above their intrinsic value, must be knocked down at far less than their value, and they must be stripped of everything; and even then there would not be enough to satisfy the creditors. Gently and lovingly the wife put her hand in her husband's and led him into the dear old parlor where they had spent so many happy hours. Three little curly heads were bending over the table at their lessons, and three loving faces were raised for a kiss from papa, who to them was all that was good and honorable, whatever Mr. Day might say. Philip Long groaned as he thought of these children's future, and sitting down buried his face in his hands.

A few minutes later a hand was laid on his shoulder, and a sympathetic voice said, "I heard you were in trouble, my friend, and I thought I would come and offer you sympathy at any rate. I wish I could offer you more substantial help."

"Ah, Mr. Pearson, is it you? I am glad to see you," said Mr. Long, looking up and

cheering under his pastor's friendly greeting.

"Can you tell me your trouble?" asked the kind clergyman. "Do not do so if it gives you pain. I am sure you have acted conscientiously. Let me pray with you. There is no comfort equal to that of carrying all trouble to God. Let us do as the disciples did—let us go and tell Jesus."

The broken-spirited man arose, and leaving his wife and children together, went with his minister into another room.

"The worst part of my trouble," he said, when they had sat down, "is that I have given cause to the world for suspicion. A creditor to-day told me I had been guilty of fraud."

"He had no ground for the charge, I am sure," said the clergyman.

"I am afraid he had, sir, from his standpoint. About a year ago he asked me, as the account grew larger, to furnish the house with a statement of my affairs. I did so. I placed to my credit all my stock at the price I paid for it, and all the money owing me, exactly as it stood on my books, and on the other side the account, all the money I owed. The balance to my credit was such that the house continued to give me credit. When I was obliged to suspend payment the creditors sent an accountant to prepare a statement of affairs. He valued the stock at its market-price, which was less than I had given for it. Many of the debts owing me he wrote off as bad, so decreasing one side the account, and on the other side there had been law expenses, arrears of interest, and other things which increased it, leaving the balance on the wrong side. His statement, therefore, when compared with mine, showed a glaring disparity. That was the reason Mr. Day charged me with deceiving them, and called my conduct fraudulent."

"I understand," said the minister. "You took a hopeful view of your position, and the accountant did not. Which do you consider correct?"

"In a sense they are both correct. If the goods were forced into the market they would not realize more than the accountant's valuation, but if I had an opportunity to sell them they would realize the value I set upon them. So, too, with the debts. If my debtors had time they would pay in full, but if they are pressed they cannot pay."

"Yes, I think I understand your position. Have you explained this to your creditors?"

"I tried to do so this afternoon, but Mr. Day would not listen to me. If I could have persuaded him to deal mercifully with me, I think, as he is the largest creditor, the others would have done so too."

"I am very sorry for that," Mr. Pearson said. "What a blessing it is that God never treats us so, but always listens to our cry. Let us tell Him about this matter."

Philip called his wife, and together they knelt, while their pastor besought the Friend of the poor to comfort and support them. Then with a few encouraging words he left them.

"I will go and see this Mr. Day," said the minister to himself, as he turned into the street. "I may perhaps, God helping me, do some good." He consulted a directory in the nearest drug-store, and was soon at Mr. Day's door.

Mr. Day was a bachelor, and the clergyman found him in cosey apartments comfortably ensconsed by an open fire, reading, and smoking a favorite meerschaum. He had risen from poverty, and still in private indulged in a pipe, though in company he smoked cigars as his friends did. He received Mr. Pearson courteously, but when he learned the good clergyman's errand his brow clouded. But he listened patiently, continuing to smoke, as with some considerable tact the minister tried to remove the misunderstanding about the wilfulness of the deceit.

"Excuse me, sir," said Mr. Day, "you are not a business man, and do not see this conduct in its right light. Wholesale houses are continually being deceived in this way. We must protect ourselves against these false balance-sheets, and this man ought to be made an example of. I am aware that a man in difficulties naturally tries to encourage himself by taking a hopeful view of the situation, but he ought to have more courage. Long probably did deceive himself, as you say. Perhaps I was a little hasty in charging him with fraud. But still it is clear he deceived us, and as a business man I consider him culpable. You, as a clergyman, see things from a different standpoint."

"I hope," said Mr. Pearson, "we have the same standard of morality, but, as you say, in a question of mercy or justice perhaps I have a different standpoint from yours. May I describe mine?"

"With pleasure, sir. I shall be glad to know how you regard these business matters which I think you cannot understand."

"I regard them in the light of our relations to God," said Mr. Pearson. "The best among us is but a bankrupt debtor before Him. We have miserably failed in our duty, and our only hope is in His mercy freely offered through Jesus. We may well show the mercy to others we desire for ourselves. The prayer we are taught at our mothers' knee inculcates that duty."

The words touched a tender memory in Mr. Day's heart, probably the only tender one there. "I had a pious mother, sir; I know well the prayer to which you allude. I have forgotten most of her teaching, but I remember that. I have often wished I could realize the peace she had. The cares and anxieties of business make one careless of such matters. But your words carry my mind back to the old longing like the chords of a familiar tune. Is it possible without cant and without humbug to look forward to the future beyond the grave without terror?"

Philip Long's troubles were forgotten as Mr. Pearson explained to the hard business man the plan of salvation, and pointed him to the cross which had supported the faith of the mother long dead but not forgotten. The hours passed away while this conversation went on, and at last Mr. Day begged the minister to pray with him that God would have mercy upon him. Mr. Pearson gladly consented, and when he took his departure he left his newly-made friend holding feebly but hopefully to the light revealed. Mr. Day's last words were: "Please ask Mr. Long to come and see me again in the morning. We will see what can be done for him. If he is an honest man he shall have a chance of paying his debts in full, if a little time and a little additional capital can do it. I owe him more than that for the blessing he has been the means of sending to me to-night.

It was a joyful errand that took Mr. Pearson to the house of distress late that night, and it diffused sunshine in anxious, troubled hearts. Philip Long had his "chance," and proved himself worthy of it. He has long since discharged all his liabilities, and is honored and respected by all who know him, not least by the wealthy merchant, who dates his new life from the hour of Philip Long's gloomiest experience.

Peril of a Samoan Missionary. (*See page* 827.)

POVERTY'S PREY.

A SERIAL STORY.

(*Continued from page* 815.)

The Easy Path Downward.

THE prison was not the one from which David had just been released; but there was a mournful sameness to it. He did not feel like a stranger there. He had had one night free—a night and day with his dying mother; and now three more months stretched before him. But this time he was sullen and moody, brooding over his injuries. There was no longer the hope to sustain him of learning a trade, by which he could maintain his mother and Bess. He felt sure his mother would be dead before this second term was over, and it would be best for little Bess to have nothing to do with a brother who had been twice in jail.

David became insolent and refractory. What did it matter if they put him into the black hole, where no single ray of light could enter? The darkness could not affright him; or, if it did, he would harden himself against it, as he hardened himself against every punishment or expostulation. He could not put his wretchedness into words; you might as well ask of him to paint on canvas a picture of his prison-cell. His tongue was dumb; but his memory and the passion of his heart were never silent. They were forever muttering to him in undertones of revenge and hatred and defiance.

David completed his fourteenth year in jail. The heavy-browed, sullen-faced boy, who was discharged from his second imprisonment in April, could hardly have been recognized as the lad who had gone out, ashamed though resolute, to beg for help the preceding October. He slouched along the sunny streets, under the blue sky, bright with glistening spring clouds; but he paid no heed to sunshine or cloud.

In old times there had been the changes of the seasons even for him and little Bess in their squalid street; but they had no more power over his sullen moods. He sauntered on, not homeward (he knew too well there could be no home for him), but toward the old familiar

place, the only spot he knew well on earth, where, at least, he would find faces not altogether strange to him, if they were not the faces of friends, and where alone he could learn any tidings of Bess. But he did not hurry; there was no mother now to be hungry for a sight of him.

Still, when he reached the house, he went straight to the old door, and knocked. A stranger opened it, and looked suspiciously at him. There was no Mrs. Fell there. She had never heard of such a person. She had only come into the house three weeks ago, and she was too busy getting her own living to go gossiping among the neighbors. She slammed the door to in his face, and he heard her draw the bolt on the inside. He had not caught even a glimpse of the poor, dark room, which had once been his home.

"I'll go upstairs, and ask Victoria," said David to himself.

He mounted the stairs slowly and quietly, not with the buoyant step of an active and restless lad, but with the hesitating, listless tread of a culprit. He was ashamed of facing either Euclid or Victoria, and he was almost afraid that their door would be shut in his face. But when he reached the foot of the last staircase, leading only to their garret, he saw the door open, and he mounted more quickly.

Yes, the door was open, propped open with a brick, to prevent it from banging to and fro on its hinges; but the garret was quite empty. There was no trace left of its former tenants, except the pictures which Victoria had pasted over the fireplace. All was gone—the broken chair, the corner cupboard, the poor flock-bed from the floor, the black kettle, and little brown teapot; there was nothing left. David sat down in the corner where Victoria's bed had been, and hid his face in his hands. If there had been a faint hope left in his heart of finding friends and a refuge here, the glimmer of it died away into utter darkness. He was absolutely alone in the world which had been so cruel to him.

It is possible that he fell asleep for very sorrow; but after a long while, as the dusk of evening was creeping on, he roused himself, and slowly descended the stairs. On the second floor he tapped with a trembling hand on a closed door, and quietly lifted the latch. He knew the workman who lived there with his wife and children. They were sitting at supper; and the man, calling out, "Who's there?" looked up, as David put his pale face round the door.

"I'm looking for my mother!" he said, in a faltering voice.

"Your mother!" repeated the man, rising angrily. "I know what you want, you jail-bird! Get out o' this at once, you skulking thief!"

But David did not wait for him to reach the door. He closed it hastily, and ran down-stairs to escape if he was pursued. As he was passing into the street, he heard his name called through Blackett's open door. He stopped instantaneously, catching at a straw of hope. Perhaps Roger could tell him what had become of Bess.

"Come in, David Fell," called the voice of Blackett himself, "come in! Now you're tarred with the same stick as my lads, you needn't stand off from me no more. You and me'll be as thick as thieves now. Come in, my lad," he added in as kindly a tone as he could assume. "I'm right sorry for thee, and I've news for thee."

For a moment David hesitated, remembering his mother's dread of her neighbor; but Blackett came to the door, and dragged him in, in no way roughly.

"You've come to look after your poor mother?" he said gravely.

David nodded.

"She's dead—died the very night after you was booked for another three months," said Blackett.

David did not speak. No change passed over his hard and sullen face. He had known it all the while in the dreary solitude of his prison-cell. He would never see his mother's face again—never! Yet, as he stood there opposite to Blackett, he felt as if he could see her lying in the room beyond on the sacking of her comfortless bed, with her white face and hungry eyes turned toward the door, watching for him to come in.

"And Bess is gone away—nobody knows where," continued Blackett, eyeing the boy with a keen, sinister gaze, "on the streets somewhere. There's not much chance for Bess, neither."

David flinched and shivered. Should he ever see little Bess again? Never again as he had been used to see her. He could recollect all his life through having her given into his care and keeping—a younger, smaller, feebler creature, dependent upon him. He had played with her, and fought for her. They had eaten and been hungry together, and had had every event of their lives in common, until he was sent to jail. Was little Bess likely to be sent to jail too? Girls as young as Bess were sent to prison; and the chances were all against her keeping out of it.

"Queen Victoria and my Lord Euclid are gone," went on Blackett, with a sneer. "They made a moonlight flit of it, and they hadn't the manners to leave their address behind 'em. They carried all their fortune with them."

Still David did not speak, but stood looking into Blackett's face, with a forlorn and listless strangeness, which touched even him with its utter loss of hope.

"Come, come, my lad! never say die!" he exclaimed. "Take a drop out o' my glass here, and pluck up your spirits. Take a good pull at it, David. You haven't asked after Roger. He's in better luck than you. He cribbed a parcel of money from under Victoria's pillow, and my Lord Euclid had him took up for it. I was always in hopes of gettin' him off my hands, the poor hang-dog! But he had grand luck. Old Euclid sets to and pleads for him to the justice; and they found out as it was a sin and a shame to send a lad like him to jail—a lad o' fourteen! And they've sent him to school!—to school, David, where he's quite the gentleman!"

But here David broke into a loud and very bitter cry. Why had they not done the same with him? Oh, why had they committed him to jail, and sent Roger to school? He hid his face in his hands, and hot tears of anger and despair rolled down his cheeks.

"They've made an order on me for half a crown a week," continued Blackett, after a pause. "I've paid it six weeks, and now I'm giving 'em the slip. I'm a-going to cross the river into Surrey to-night; and, if you'll come along with me, I'll say you are my son, and I'll pay your lodgin' to-night. An old neighbor's son sha'n't sleep in the streets. Come, David! You haven't got another friend in this place; and I don't ask you to be a thief. You shall get your livin' quite honest, if you can. You're not a lazy hound like Roger, or I'd have nought to say to you. But you'll always be worth your bread and cheese, if you can get work. Come, and we'll get supper at the tavern afore we start."

"I'll come," said David. At the word "supper" he felt how hungry he was; and he remembered that he was penniless. Blackett had already disposed of his few possessions to the tenant who had taken his room; so there was nothing now to be done but to pick up his bundle of clothes, and his glazier's tools, and, as it was already night, to take his departure across the river, where he was as yet unknown by sight to the police. David Fell followed him as his only friend.

Blackett was as good as his word. He did not in any way interfere with David's efforts to obtain work by which he could live honestly. He counted surely upon what the result would be; and, when he saw David start off morning after morning on his fruitless search, he would thrust his tongue into his cheek, and chuckle scornfully, causing the lad's heavy heart to sink yet lower. But no one else was kind to him; and, though he had a lurking dread and distrust of Blackett, there was no one else to give him a morsel of food. Blackett gave him both food and shelter, and of an evening he took him with him to the haunts of men like himself; and among them David perfected the lessons he had begun to learn in jail.

The brave spirit of the boy was broken; his powers of endurance were gone. He could no longer bear the gnawings of hunger and the cravings of thirst, as he had done as long as he could hold up his head before any one of his fellow-men. He felt compelled to slink away from the eye of a policeman, fancying that all the force knew him. And he had indeed the indelible brand of the prison-house upon him. He had a sullen, hang-dog expression; a skulking, cowardly gait; an alarmed eye, and restless glance, looking out for objects of dread. When he was hungry—and how often that was!—he no longer hesitated to snatch a slice of fish or a bunch of carrots from a street-stall, if he had a good chance of escape. To march whistling along the streets, with his head well up and his step free, was a thing altogether of the past now.

He made no effort to find Bess. If there had been any faint, forlorn hope in his heart, when he left jail, of still doing something better than drifting back into it, it had died away entirely before he had been a fortnight with Blackett. The courage he had once had was transformed into a reckless defiance of the laws and the society that had dealt so cruelly with him. What did he owe to society? Why should he keep its laws? He soon learned to say that his consent had not been asked when they were made; and why should he be bound by them? A rich man's son had all his heart could desire, and might break many of the laws of the land, because he could afford to pay a fine for it; while he, David Fell, left by society to live in degradation and forced idleness, was hurried off to prison for innocent offences such as his had been. A strong sense of injury and injustice smouldered in his boyish heart.

Summer came and went; and a second winter dragged down the poor again to their yearly depths of suffering and privation. David was in jail once more, this time for theft, at which he laughed. Prison was a comfortable shelter from the cold and hunger of the dreary mid-winter; and, if he had only luck enough to keep out of it in the summer, it was not bad for winter quarters. He learned more lessons in shoemaking, by which he could not get an honest living outside the jail-walls among honest folk. The time for that was past. He did not try to find work when he was free again. Henceforth the work David's hands would find to do was what God's law as well as man's law, call crime. But whose fault was it?

Nearly a year and a half had passed since Euclid and Victoria and Bess had found a home with Mrs. Linnett; and, though Mr. Dudley had done all in his power to discover David, every effort had failed. One July evening Bess was crossing London Bridge. The light from the setting sun shone upon the river, which was rippling in calm, quiet lines, with the peaceful flowing-in of the tide. Bess stood still for a few minutes, gazing westward to the golden sky. She was a prettier girl than even her own mother had thought sadly of her becoming; but this evening her face was brighter than usual. Her eyes sparkled, and her lips half parted with a smile, as her thoughts dwelt on some pleasant subject apart from the beauty of the sunset. She took no notice of the loungers on each side of her, who, like herself, were leaning over the parapet of the bridge, and gazing down on the river. But, as she roused herself from her pleasant girlish revery, and turned away to go on homeward, a hand was laid on her arm, and a voice beside her said in a low tone, "Bess!"

(To be continued.)

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